



From the New York Tribune.

LAST WORDS.

BY ELMINA WALDO CAREY.

Wrap my baby in his blanket,
With his broiery of blue,
Lay him in his little cradle
Softly, as I used to do.

Warm the pillows by the embers,
Lest the cold should make him wake;
Gently, gently, put him from you,
From his hand the rattle take.

Sit unwearied by his cradle,
Turn it from the sunlight glow;
Should a dream disturb his slumber,
Rock him gently to and fro.

Promise me to be as careful
As his mother would have been;
Teach him love, and thou wilt teach him
Farthest thing from every sin.

I am weary, very weary,
And I've nought to leave behind,
But my innocent young baby,
That to earth my thoughts can bind.

When the grave clothes are about me,
If, with wild and bitter cry,
He should press his face against you,
Smooth him with a lullaby.

I have done and life is ebbing,
Take my baby from my arms,
But, until my eyes are darkened,
Let me see his matchless charms!

THE CANAL COMMISSIONERS.

More high-handed Outrage—New and unparalleled Scheme by which the Public is to be Robbed and the Public Money to be Corruptly used!!!

The Appropriation bill of the last session of the Legislature, appropriated \$175,000 to the North Branch Canal, \$175,000 towards the avoidance of the Planes on the western slope of the Allegheny Portage railroad, and \$98,000 to the Philadelphia and Columbia railway. Relative to this we take the following from the West Chester Register and Examiner. Its senior Editor was an attentive member of the last Legislature, and is fully acquainted with all the circumstances attendant upon the grant of these appropriations. He says:

"We have been assured that the Canal Commissioners, ALTHOUGH DENIED BY THE LEGISLATURE THE AUTHORITY, OR THE MEANS TO DO SO, have UPON THEIR OWN RESPONSIBILITY, entered into contracts on the three great divisions, for which heavy appropriations were made, FOR A FAR GREATER AMOUNT OF WORK THAN THEY WERE AUTHORIZED BY LAW TO LET, OR CAN HAVE THE MEANS TO PAY FOR!! Relying upon the action of the next Legislature, they will have incurred before the close of the season, A DEBT OF MUCH MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A MILLION OF DOLLARS. On the North Branch Canal, the liabilities incurred cannot fall much short of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars; on the Columbia railroad, there will have been incurred liabilities to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars at least, and we expect a far greater amount; while on the Allegheny Portage, four hundred thousand dollars will not cover the amount of work contracted for. It will thus be seen, that, in reality, a MILLION OF DOLLARS OR MORE WILL BE EXPENDED BY THE CANAL COMMISSIONERS, or that liabilities to that amount will be increased during the present year.

ALL THIS IS IN ADDITION TO THE ORDINARY AND EXTRAORDINARY REPAIRS OF THE LINES."

Every citizen of the Commonwealth is interested, deeply interested in this question. We ask our readers to notice what is charged in the above extract by a gentleman of character and extensive means of information. He says the Canal Commissioners have transcended the authority given them by the Legislature so far that they have contracted for work to the amount of nearly, if not quite, ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS!!!

We well remember when the Legislature were determining the question of appropriation to these works. We remember that the Canal Commissioners were anxious that a loan should be made sufficiently large for the immediate avoidance of all the Planes on the Portage railroad. We re-

member that, not content with recommending this loan, they were daily in the halls of legislation, appealing to members, and to members of their party particularly, to place this immense fund in their hands.— And we remember that not satisfied with this, they had one of their Engineers and many of their pimps boring to secure this object to control this fall's election! The Legislature, however, did not yield to these entreaties and an appropriation of \$175,000 was made to the Portage railroad, with a proviso that it should be devoted to the western slope of the mountain.— Assurances were given by authority of the Canal Board that no more work would be put under contract than that amount would pay. The commentary upon these assurances we have in the statement given above, that the Canal Commissioners have transgressed the law, and entered into contracts on this one work to the amount of more than four hundred thousand dollars, or at least TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE THAN the Legislature of last winter contemplated! The Canal Commissioners have thus sought to bind the honor of the Commonwealth, and compel the next Legislature to place in their hands an amount of money out of which they and their friends may grow rich!

What we object to is this: that the Canal Board have by a high-handed and illegal proceeding attempted to deprive all future Legislatures of all discretion over the question, and have attempted to make themselves in effect the Legislative branch of the Government. We want to know where these monstrous evasions of Law and Constitution are to stop.

First. The Law and Constitution have been basely violated by the Canal Board in the appointments of William Brindle and Timothy Ives.

Second. The Law has been violated and the State Treasury robbed by the Canal Board granting Free Tickets to traveling politicians.

Third. The State has been swindled out of at least \$38,000 by the Canal Board selling a piece of railroad for \$15,000 which they said last winter they could sell for \$50,000, and which originally cost the State \$500,000!

Fourth. The public officers publicly boast that instead of attending to their duties they will use their positions to carry the State this fall for William Bigler, and thus ensure themselves a continuance of Plunder without fear of detection.

Fifth. The Canal Commissioners have during the entire summer, ALL BEEN ABSENT from their posts in pursuit of pleasure or politics, although the law of 1830 says, they "shall devote their whole time and attention, by personal examination, to the general and especial superintendence and repairs of the public works, finished and in progress."

Sixth. Whilst they have been absent, their Clerk has made out estimates of money required to repair a breach in the canal, and without the approval of the men elected to have charge of this Department, has drawn and expended large amounts of the People's money!

Seventh. While they have been absent, and when they could not possibly have had a meeting, the fare on the Philadelphia and Columbia railroad has, without shadow of law, been reduced at a particular period to accommodate certain politicians who were holding a meeting on the route of the road.

Eighth. They have created many new and entirely unnecessary offices, and for political ends solely, have appointed many new officers, who receive large salaries and perform no labor!

Ninth. The Canal Commissioners in violation of a positive law now upon the Statute book, are compelling laborers on the North Branch canal to receive, in payment of their claims, the depreciated small notes of the banks of other States! And

Tenth. We have here the proof that the Canal Commissioners, to accomplish a political purpose this fall, have entered into large contracts for work not authorized by the Legislature; so that before the next Legislature meets, they will have incurred a "DEBT OF MUCH MORE THAN A

QUARTER OF A MILLION OF DOLLARS!!!" All of which is exclusive of the large amounts asked by, and given to, the Canal Commissioners, to keep up and make repairs on the lines now in existence!!!

Thus it is, Tax-payers of Pennsylvania, that your money is spent, SQUANDERED WITHOUT LAW, AND AGAINST YOUR CONSENT! Thus it is that these corrupt Locofoco officers are daily seeking to cripple the Treasury, and prevent the payment of the Public Debt by Gov. Johnston! With difficulties such as these, he has been contending ever since he was elected to office. They have embarrassed him, but he has nevertheless, under these unfavorable circumstances, swept out of existence more than HALF A MILLION OF THE STATE DEBT. What more could he have done if we had had honest Canal Commissioners in office, who would have managed the public works with economy, who would have discouraged Speculation, and who would have had but one object, and that the noble one of rescuing Pennsylvania from the difficulties into which Locofoco counsels and Locofoco officers had led her. Re-elect Wm. F. Johnston Governor. Elect John Strohm Canal Commissioner. Elect a Whig Legislature. Give the Whig party an opportunity to reach and drive out the Plunderers, and to introduce numerous healthy reforms. And the day will not be far distant when Million after Million of the present debt will gradually disappear, until we remember it not, except as an evidence of the recklessness of Locofocoism.

On the other hand suppose you elect Wm. Bigler Governor, Seth Clover Canal Commissioner, and a Locofoco Legislature. You close the door to investigation. You pay a premium upon villany. You bid Plunderers in their career of crime. The people's substance will be eaten out, and the people themselves will continue, as now, the subjects of a heavy taxation, which will continually be demanded to feed others whose characters unfit them for offices of Trust.—Har. American.

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules from the papers of Doctor West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together, as general remarks in the journey of life:

Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear.

Never to show levity when people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it; nor on any account to retaliate.

Never to judge a person's character by external appearance.

Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company; so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions.

Not to dispute with a man more than 70 years of age, nor with a woman, nor an enthusiast.

Not affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself, and those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Not to obtrude my advice unasked.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanity or their vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct, and note my feelings.

On all occasions to have in prospect the end of life and a future state.

A PRETTY BELT.—"Come here, Kate, love. Now tell me what does b-e-l-t spell." "Don't know, marm." "How stupid! What is put round your waist every day? Come now, speak out. What do you look so sheepish for? answer me directly. What is put round your waist every day?" "Sniggle Fritzes' arm; but he never kissed me but once."

Never betray confidence of any kind, but particularly that of woman.

From the Zanesville Courier.

"JUGS HAS RIS."

Oh! you ought to hear Sam Jones relate 'Bout the good old times in our native State! When almost every gushing rill In the Buckeye State could boast its still; When the strong, pure juice of the rye and corn Was flowing on from right to mourn, And every man could get a HORN!

Oh LIKIER was cheap, far cheaper than now— A man could live without keeping a cow! But Temperance has KUM, Temperance AS IS, And the price of our grog and jugs HAS RIS.

Now Billy! just wipe 'em tears from your eye, And HINT me to OYE Distillery! Dark ruins lie scattered here and there, Where once our large Distilleries were; But the stills are gone, and the woman's decay'd And their owners are in the Churchyard laid. For Temperance has SPILED the LIKIER trade! And now, if you'd drive the fog from your throat, You must carry a Flask in your hat or coat:

For Temperance has KUM, Temperance AS IS, And the price of our grog and jugs HAS RIS.

O CRACKERY! the joy good Rum will inspire, When a ring is made round the tavern fire! Ah! what can compare with the Bar-room seat, When the joke goes round, and the song and treat! But the HANDSOMEST places I ever saw Are all shut up by the License Law, And we must GOGGLE our LIKIER alone and raw! Does I best of our freedom? no, no SURE? I MOUT if LIKIER was cheap and free,

But Temperance has KUM, Temperance AS IS, And the price of our grog and jugs HAS RIS.

I keeps my jug in the Cole-hole below, But there it's cost and trouble you know; Every time I gets dry I must go to the cellar, And the wimmen folks play sich tricks on a feller! As sure as my name in Swipey P. Soakum If I'm pizen'd to death? may Beelzebub choke 'em!

For they puts in my jug that Tartarized oakum, And I pekakany and Dragon of rotum! One half of my LIKIER, as I am a sinner, Went stay in that place where I puts in my dinner, But Temperance has KUM, Temperance AS IS, And the price of our grog and jugs, HAS RIS.

SWIPEY P. SOAKUM.

OPPOSED TO MATRIMONY.

"Is your family opposed to matrimony?" "Wal, no, I rather guess not, seem' as how my mother has had four husbands, an' stands a pretty smart chance for havin' another."

"Four husbands? Is it possible?"

"O, yes. You see, my mother's christened name was Mehitable Sheets, an' dad's name was Jacob Press; an' when they got married the printers said it was puttin' the sheets to press. When I was born they said I was the first edition. An' you see, mother use to be the tarnation critter to go to evenin' meetin's. She used to go out pretty late every night, an' dad was afraid I'd get in the same habit, so he used to put me to bed at early candle light, cover me up with a pillar, an' put me to sleep with a boot jack. Wal, dad had got up every night an' let mother in; if he didn't get down and open the door pretty darned quick when she cum, he'd ketch particular thunder; so dad used to sleep with his head out of the window, so's to wake up quick, an' one night he got his head a little too far out, an' he slipped out altogether; an' down dad cum, calumnum right down on the pavement, an' smashed him in ten thousand pieces!"

"What! was he killed by the fall?"

"Wal, no, not exactly by the fall. I rather kinder sorter guess as how it was the sudden fetch up on the pavement that killed him. But mam she cum hum, an' found him lyin' thar, and she had him swept up together an' put in a coffin, an' had a hole dug in the buryin' ground, an' had dad put in an' buried up an' had a white oak plank put up to his head, an' had it white-washed all over for a tombstone."

"So your mother was left a poor lone widow?"

"Wal, yes, but as she didn't mind that much; wasn't long before she married Sam Hide; you see she married Hide because he was just dad's size, and she wanted him to wear out dad's clothes. Wal, the way old Hide used to hide me was a caution to my hide. Hide had a little the toughest hide of any hide except a bull's hide, and the way Hide used to hide away liquor in his hide was a caution to a bull's hide.—Wal, one cold day old Hide got his hide so full o' whiskey that he pitched head first into a snow bank, and there he stuck an' friz'd to death. So mam had him pulled out, an' had him laid out, an' then she had another buryin' groud' an' had him buried,

an' then she had another white oak plank put up at his head an' white-washed all over, an'—"

"So your mother was again a widow."

"O, yes, but I guess she didn't lay awake long to think about it, for in about three weeks she married John Strong—an' he was the strongest headed cuss you ever did see. He went a fishin' the other day an' got drowned, an' he was so tarnal strong headed, I'll be darned to darnation if he didn't float right agin the current, an' they found him about three miles up the stream, an' it took three yoke o' cattle to haul him out. Wal, mam had him buried along side o' t'other two, an' had a white oak plank put up at his head, an' white-washed all over nice, so there's three on 'em all in a row."

"And your mother was a widow for the third time."

"Yes, but mam didn't seem to mind it a tarnal sight. The next fellow she married was Jacob Hayes, an' the way mam does make him haze is a caution, now I tell ye. If he does anything a leetle out of the way, mam makes him take a bucket and white wash brush an' go right up to the buryin' ground an' white wash the three old planks, jest to let him know what he may come to when she's planted him in the same row, an' got married to the fifth husband. So you see my family arn't a tarnal sight opposed to a dose of matrimony."

A California Widow.

An elderly gentleman and lady were riding a few days ago, in an omnibus.— Opposite them sat a pleasant looking, young married lady, with a fine chubby boy in her lap. Conversation arose between the two parties. A steamer from Chagres had just arrived, and the good looking lady with the chubby juvenile, wished to know the news, remarking that her husband had been away fifteen months that day, and she was very anxious to hear from him. And then the good looking lady indulged in a pathetic dissertation on the discomforts and annoyances of wives when their husbands go off and stay so long from their homes.

"True, madam," remarked the elderly gentleman, who had never known the pride and pleasure of paternity: "but then that fine little fellow must be a great pleasure and comfort to you," chucking at the same time the jolly little fellow under the chin, who had stared at the old gentleman's spectacles—"a remarkable fine boy—what may be his age, madam?"

"Just three months sir," replied the proud young mother.

"Three months!" remarked the elderly lady—"three months; I thought you said your husband had been gone fifteen months?"

The good looking lady blushed very deeply, but soon recovering from the momentary confusion, and remembering, ejaculated—"Oh but he has wrote once!"

FEMALE LOVELINESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments, which properly belong to Indians and African princesses. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage, or upon a ball-room floor, but in daily life, there is no substitute for simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Father," exclaimed the hopeful son and heir of a gentleman of our acquaintance, on Friday last, while the latter was congratulating the youth upon his smartness in his scholastic studies—the youngster having attained eight years of age—"Father, I'm an American, ain't I?"

"Yes, my boy, you are," responded the delighted parent.

"Well, Father, you ain't, are you?"

"Not by birth, my son."

"Well, then," exclaimed young America, in a thoughtful manner, "when I grow to be a man; I will be able to kick two like you—wont I?"

An examining committee about to test the capacity of an individual for school teaching, put the following questions:

"At what period did France produce her greatest general?"

"At what period?" pausing and scratching his head: at what—ah! you have got me there sure."

"Well was it before or after Christ?"

"Before or after Christ!—before or after—well old horses, you have got me again certain!"

The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness, we don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be, or how velvety her lips, if she wears a scowl, even her friends will consider her ill-looking, while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with smiles, will be considered handsome if her face is coarse enough to grate nutmegs on. As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Girls, think of this.

Carrying politeness to excess, is said to be raising your hat to bow to a young lady in the street and allowing a couple of dirty collars and a pair of socks to fall upon the side walk.

Mrs. PARTINGTON says that just before the last war with England, circumstances were seen around the moon nightly, shooting stars perambulated the earth, the desk of the sun was covered with black spots of ink, and sonics swept the horizon with their operic tails. Every body said it prognosticated war and sure enough it did come. Its costiveness was felt throughout the land, but the bravery of General Jackson, expiated the American citizens, and foreign dominion soon became a by-word.

A western paper says:—Nearly all the suicides in this country are by foreigners. Yankees rarely make way with themselves, for nearly every one thinks he has a chance of becoming President, and at any rate, his curiosity prompts him to live on just to see what he will come to.

Libelous.—An exchange paper says "The Turkish costume may do well enough for some ladies, but we know of females who would be more appropriately clad in Tartar costume."

Pleasure owes all its zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a schoolboy in happiness for a year. The fun connected with its possession will expire in an hour. Now, what is true of schoolboys, is equally true of men. All they differ in is the price of their fiddles.

The man that will take a newspaper for a length of time, and then send it back "refused" and "unpaid for" would steal a blind dogs dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.

Yes, he would do worse than that. He would marry a girl on trial, and send her back to her father at the end of the honeymoon, with the words "dont suit" chalked on her back.

A gentleman speaking of Cincinnati, says, "its most appropriate name would be the Hamburg of America."

"Yes," replied another, "I think it will be the Metropolis of the United States."

A RESURRECTION ANECDOTE.—An old toper, who had long been accustomed to sucking the stopper, being, on one occasion, 'pretty much as usual, I thank ye,' his wife procured a coffin, and got some men to put him into it and carry him to the grave yard. This being done, they watched to see what he would do when he came to himself. By-and-by, having slept off the fumes of the liquor, he awoke, and the top of the coffin being unfastened, he threw it off, and sitting up began to stare about him in every direction. At last, being fully persuaded that there was nobody there, his keeper having hid himself behind a grave stone, he muttered, in a drowsy tone—"Well, I guess that I am the first one that's riz, or else Pam plaguey belated."