THE STATE SENTINEL

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INDIANA

STATE SENTINEL.

"CROW, CHAPMAN, CROW!"

SPEAKING WITH THE FREEDOM OF A MAN, HIMSELF FREE, TO AN AUDIENCE OF FREEMEN.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY] [BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN.

Vol. I.] INDIANAPOLIS, AUGUST 4, 1841. [No. 2.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.

No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly, or indirectly by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.

A constitutional barrier against improvident loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.

A gradual return from an extensive credit system.

No national bank to swindle the laboring population.

No connexion between the Government and banking corporations.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.

No connexion between Church and State.

No proscription for honest opinions.

Fostering aid to public education.

From the Casket.

THE ROBBER CHIEF.

A story of the seventeenth century.

In the year 1667 the Black Forest was infested with poachers. When game was scarce they levied contributions on travellers, and having eased them of their property, they returned to conceal themselves in the woods. Robbers and poachers are almost synonymous; in fact, a man who steals a game at night, aimed to the teeth, is seldom backward in murdering any one who opposes him, and, when game is wanting, it is easy to replace it by a purse of gold; and with this advantage, there is no need of going to market to dispose of the spoil. Besides, it is merely drawing a trigger in either case. The chief of those marauders was a young man of good family, born at Aschaffenburg. Libertinism had hurried him into crime. In love with a young girl who had been refused to his addresses, he resolved to carry her off; and to avoid the pursuit of the law he joined himself to a knot of dissolute young men, who had already taken the Forest for their abode. Determined and intrepid, they soon became the terror of the game keepers and woodsmen, who were speedily quieted by an unseen fowling-piece, whenever an attack on these lawless men was meditated. After a time no one dared to pass through the Forest, nor even to travel alone in its neighborhood after dark.

Hans Rudinet, who had become chief of the band, soon grew tired of the young creature for whom he had first adopted the profession of a robber; the gentleman loved variety, and under different disguises traversed the neighboring villages, where, if he saw a handsome woman, he would watch her movements, and track her footsteps, until the desired opportunity arrived; when, pouncing on her like a bird of prey, he would bear her off to the Forest. Nine young women were in this manner taken away from the vicinity of Frankfort, eight of whom returned, soon or late, to their houses, some ill, some mothers, and all more or less desolate. Hans Rudinet left other spoils to his comrades, provided he kept the women to himself. An excellent marksman, the deer, the wild boar, or the goat that passed within two hundred paces of his arquebuss received its contents in his heart. If the Foresters assembled to attack the poachers, the latter allowed the former to advance deep into the forest; at a signal given by Hans, all fired at once, and rarely did it happen that a man unhurt escaped to carry the news to their neighbors. The comrades of Hans aimed at the trunk of their adversaries; but he invariably lodged his ball in the left eye of the man he singled out. When a poor wretch was found dead, with the left eye pierced, the peasants would say, 'This is the work of Hans Rudinet.'

These enormities could not bring on a catastrophe. The Senators of Frankfort assembled to devise means for destroying or dispersing this horde of brigands. Some troops were placed at their disposal, and all the young men of the district joined in the crusade proclaimed against the robbers; they were resolved to capture Hans Rundinet, and bring him, dead or alive, into the town. The forest was surrounded, and after a desperate resistance, all the poachers were taken, except the chief. They were conducted to Frankfort to be tried and executed, and a great part of the neighboring population hastened to be present at this spectacle. Men and women rejoiced in the downfall of their enemies, but the satisfaction was not entire, because Hans Rudinet had escaped. A young woman, holding a little child by the hand, stood near the gibbet, watching the executioner preparing to perform his office; when, turning to observe a man, who pressed close to her, she observed Hans, and was about to utter a cry, but he whispered, 'Silence, or that child shall soon be an orphan.' She was silent, but the words were heard by an officer of the police. He looked attentively at the man, for he knew that the girl was one of those who had passed some months in the forest with the poachers; and he felt little doubt but this must be Rudinet, for on comparing his features with those of the child, he perceived a strong resemblance. Acting on this opinion, he signed to two of his colleagues, and the three, seizing the man, conducted him before the senators.

'You have secured all the poachers but the chief, and we now bring him before you.'

A young woman who entered at the same time cried out, 'Pardon, pardon, for the father of my child!'

'Yes, I am Rudinet, and this girl has betrayed me, but I forgive her.'

'Tell the executioner that his day's work is not yet done,' said a senator.

'This fellow who has just seized me,' said Rudinet, 'was yesterday within two hundred paces of my arquebuss, as if I meant to have hit him in the left eye, but a sudden emotion of pity seized me; had I followed up my first idea he would have been dead, and I should not stand here before you.'

'You really can put a ball into a man's eye at two hundred paces?'

'Yes, I would engage to put in ten!'

'It is not possible,' said an arquebusier in attendance.

'You think so, because you are not expert yourself; do you think I resemble you? Well, if it will afford you any diversion, I am willing, before I die, to show you what a man can do with an arquebuss!'

'We should like to see it!' cried several persons.

'It is not to be so,' said a senator, 'and if he put a ball into the neck of a bottle, without breaking it, we will pardon him!'

'That would be easy,' observed Rudinet, while another senator remarked, that pardon should not be granted on so easy terms to one who had been so great an offender.

'No,' said he, 'nine young girls have been taken from their homes by him, and he shall fire nine balls, designing with them the cypher 9 in the vane over the gate *Erschleiamer*.'

Well, said; and if he fails in one ball, we will hang him.'

'Yes, yes!' roared the crowd, delighted at having two exhibitions, instead of one.

'I am quite content,' said Hans Rudinet, 'if pardon is to attend success!'

We will beg it for you!' cried the arquebusiers.

'It shall be granted,' said the senators.

'Give me then a piece and nine balls.'

'Place him under the gibbet, ordered the burgomaster, 'put a cord round his neck, and if he miss one shot, tighten it till you strangle him.

Hans Rudinet took the arquebuss, and examined it, without seeming disturbed by the preparations of the executioner, who was placing the cord as the burgomaster had indicated. He then put in the powder, ball, and wadding, and raising the piece, with careful attention he fired, and the vane turning on its pivot, showed that it was pierced through.

'There's nothing remarkably clever in that.'

'Oh, no; any body might do the same!'

'I would bet a trifle that the third ball hangs fast!'

'The second comes before the third,' said Hans coolly, 'look, there it is! have I placed it well?'

'Yes.'

Now then for the third; three, does it begin the curve?'

'Admirable!'

'Four—five—six; see I have made the circle; it remains but to put the tail to the cypher.'

Better and better; bravo, Rudinet, you are the best marksman in the world!

And the people, who a few minutes before would have thrown the poacher to death, now hoped for his safety. The arquebusiers almost trembled lest the remaining shots should be less true, and the girl pressed her child to her heart, which palpitated with the dread that an ill-directed ball should prove the signal for executing a man who had obtained possession of her person unlawfully. But the three other balls were fired with as much accuracy as the former ones, and the 9 was as well formed, as though the holes had been perforated by the hand.

'Vivat!' screamed the girl.

'Vivat!' shouted the arquebusiers.

'Vivat!' cried the people.

Rudinet was quickly relieved of his hempen cravat, and carried in triumph before the senators.

'How will you deserve the life which we spare you?' they asked.

'By employing it in learning to be an honest man!'

'Why did not you begin sooner?'

'Because my companions would not let me; but they are gone—may they rest in peace!—If this young woman will consent, I will marry her to-morrow, and the town of Frankfort shall not boast a more honest citizen than myself!'

Hans Rudinet kept his word; he became 'an honest citizen, a good husband, and tender father,' as we read on the headstone in a cemetery; and he was unanimously chosen for the chief of the arquebusiers.

TWO SCENES IN RICHMOND (VA.) are thus described by a writer in one of the papers of that city. [They relate to the night in which FANNY ELSSLER recently appeared in the Theatre of that city, and the first briefly describes that scene—]

"She floated about like a fair but very voluptuous looking spirit, and cut her toes hither and thither, and swayed her body to and fro in a way which was a caution to all inflammable young gentlemen, gray-headed or not. The lovely creatures who graced the scene looked on enchanted, and made all bright with their smiles; The vast crowd of men shouted and applauded with their whole might, and the beautiful dancing woman, giving them an extra flirt or two, which set them in a perfect agony of delight, made her bow—the curtain dropped, the dear Fanny tapping her Wring-your-neck-doll upon the shoulder, said 'dere, dere is te one tousand dollars almos—now let us go.' But the audience said no, and they shouted and screamed, and thumped for her to come out and———

"At that moment in an obscure hovel, open in many parts to the cold, biting winter, without fire, alone sat a poor woman, holding to her chilled bosom, her sick and dying babe, while upon a rude pallet of straw lay two shivering little creatures, her children, too. Her eye was heavy with watching, her cheek sunken with hunger and suffering, her heart filled with the very gall and bitterness of life. Still how truly, oh! how truly, answered that heart to the pang of a mother's love, as she gazed into the innocent face of her dying babe; how fast flowed the tears from eyes which had known little but sorrow and weeping through many weeping days—how deep and how fervent was the prayer which came up from the very fountains of privation and grief. There was no heart near to sympathise, no kind hand to aid, no soft voice to soothe—the physician's healing art, charity's angel arm, came not to soften the dying moments of her poor babe; and as life flickered and waved in its fair urn, and the sobs of the mother sounded in that solitary room, as in the agony of her grief she exclaimed, 'a few pence had saved thee to me, my sweet bale'—as the sleepers on the pallet of straw murmured in their uneasy slumber: 'Mother, dear mother, give me some bread'—as the keen wind came through the crevices and she clasped the dying child to her bosom; at that moment, a dancing woman, a stranger, with her wealth of thousands, and her ingots of gold and silver, made her last graceful bow, and took the princely sum which was hers for a few moments pleasant labor.

"As the spectators gave their last shout, the babe's innocent spirit winged its flight to Heaven, and the mother gazed in despair upon all that remained of her little prattler whom she so dearly loved.

"Such is life."

MICHAEL KELLY'S PONY.—Kelly for several years rode a brown pony, which had been presented him by the prince of Wales. This animal was the only being in Kelly's confidence, as regarded certain visits to somewhat questionable female acquaintances, and with the friendship of many such Mr. Kelly has honored. Poor Kelly was attacked seriously by gout, and could not be carried by his sagacious pony to Mrs. ———'s nor to Miss ———'s and, as there did not appear any chance of immediate relief, the pony was sent to friend Tattersall's. Here it was recommended as being remarkably quiet, any timid gentleman might ride it. It was accordingly purchased for the Rev. W. T. C———, at that time in a bad state of health, and who had been ordered by his physicians to take equestrian exercise. The invalid clergyman was not a first rate rider, and Michael Kelly's pony was of fixed and persevering habits, and of his own accord, regularly trotted up with his reverend owner on his back to several doors where it was any thing but reputable to be seen. There he waited habitually for his master to dismount. The Archbishop of Canterbury having notice of the fact, it was found necessary to sell the pony.

"AS GOOD AS THE BANK."—The old saying is getting out of date and credit of late. Time was when the simple assertion that a man was "as good as the bank," gave him unlimited credit—he could get trusted for any thing and to any extent—but now we are compelled to specify some particular bank if we intend to be of service. Listen to the following conversation:

"Is Simpkins's endorsement good?"

"As good as the bank."

"What bank?"

"Brandon?"

"Simpkins's name can't shine on paper to suit me."

So it goes. A man may be "as good as the bank," nowadays, and be no great shakes at that.

☞ "I wonder, neighbor Hodge, that you will drink rum, when pure cold water is so delicious a beverage." "Please your reverence, that is the very reason that I gets drunk over night, because cold water tastes so good in the morning."—*N. Y. Atlas.*

GREEN ROOM DROLLERIES.

Like a Fox.—It often occurs among the erratic luminaries of the stage, both the lesser and greater lights, that a slight wandering of mind will accompany shining natural parts.

A gentleman who was playing Iago one evening was touched a little in this way. He had a peculiarity of feature, which was not a decided resemblance yet reminded you in some way of a fox, and this in connection with sundry eccentricities of character, made him an object of facetious interest in the theatre, though a man of sterling capacities in his profession. At rehearsal some little jealous difference had taken place between Othello and our hero, Iago, and in the evening Iago was told by some good-natured-busy-body, that Othello had said he "*looked like a fox!*"

Iago said nothing until the celebrated third act came on, and then it seemed he had made up his mind to inflict a very subtile and curious revenge. After Desdemonia's exit, and Othello gave the cue—"Chaos is come again,"—Iago stepped deliberately nearer Othello, and spoke according to his part,

"My noble lord,"——

"What dost thou say, Iago?" [replied the Moor.]

["*I look like a fox, do I?*" said Iago, in an under tone and between his teeth, instantly following this extraordinary address with the proper words in the full voice and manner of Iago:]

"Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love?"

[Othello was thunderstruck and bewildered, nearly forgot his part, and no doubt turned pale under the Spanish brown that was on his face. A slight pause only took place and Othello made out to go on.]

"He did, from first to last; why dost thou ask?"

["*Like a fox, eh!*" muttered Iago again, and then went on.]—

"But for the satisfaction of my thought; No further harm."

"Why of thy thought Iago?"

["Yes, humph, *like a fox!*"]——

"I did not think he had been acquainted with her,"

"O, yes; and went between us very oft."

"Indeed—humph, hey? *like a fox!*"]——

"Indeed! aye, indeed;—discern'st thou aught in that?"

"Is he not honest?"

["*Like a fox!*"]—"Honest, my lord?"

"Ay, honest."

"My lord, for aught I know."—[*Like a fox!* hum.]

"What dost thou think?"

"Think, my lord?"—["*You think I'm like a fox! hey, hum!*"]

The perspiration fairly streamed down Othello's face, leaving streaks in the paint, as he saw in Iago's eye the determination to carry on this extraordinary prosecution through the whole act. He went on with his speech, concluding with,—

"If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought."

"My lord, you know I love you!"—["*Like a fox, d—n you!*"]

[So the scene progressed; and after Othello's next speech, Iago went on:—]

"For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest."—
["*Like a fox! yes, hey!*"]

["Hush," said Othello, in an under breath.]

"See you d—d first," said Iago, "go on with your part. You think I'm *like a fox! hey?*"]

"I think so too."

["Do you? d—n you!"]

"Men should be what they seem, ["*Like a Fox!*"]

"Or those that be not, would they might seem none."

"Certain, men should be what they seem."

["Yes, *like a fox!*—You said it, d—n you!"] The actor actually continued this thing through the whole third act of Othello, tormenting the man who had insulted him with a piece of revenge as ingenious as it was extraordinary. Poor R———, is now taking his long sleep, but this little reminiscence of his eccentricity, will be recognized by many who knew and loved him in his mirthful days that are past.

From the Charleston Mercury.

BRANDY AND SALT FOREVER.

The following testimonial "from one of sufferers" is quite irresistible as to the merits of the grand panacea. It is extracted from the London Comic Almanac:

"Sir—I take the liberty of addressing yew about the brandy and sawlt. I was afflicted with dreadful lownes of spirits & rewmatism which having aplied the abov has both disapeared. sir my way of anlying is the sawlt outside wenst a day & and the brandy IN twice every our. its effex is sumtims really astonishing. my wife takes the abav Medisin in her tea, & finds great benefits.

"sir your Most obodiant
TEMMAS SPOONEY.

"P. S. sir a neybor of mine Tride the abav on his wife he had bean Bad skalded killing a pig but Unlukky forgot to put in the sawlt. however it was awl verry wel, for the brandy alone cured his wife & now he's got the sawlt to Cure his bakun.

"T. S."

WILLIAM STROBE—Flourished in the reign of Charles I. and was, according to Wood, 'a pithy and sententious preacher, exquisite orator, and an eminent poet.' The following was taken from a very old manuscript volume:

On a Gentlewoman walking in the snow.

I saw faire Chloris walk alone,
When leathered rayne came softly downe,
And Jove decended from his tower,
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snowe flewe to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest,
And overcome with whiteness there,
For grief it thawed into a teare;
Thence falling on her garments hemme
To deck her frezed into a gemme.

QUIET AT LAST.—A bickering couple, residing near Manchester, were recently overheard in high controversy, and the repentant Benedict exclaimed, "I'm determined I'll have one quiet week with thee!" "But how wilt thou get it? how wilt thou get it? how wilt thou get it?" said his taunting spouse with that "iteration" which married ladies so provokingly practice. "I'll keep thee a week after thou 'rt dead!" was the tender rejoinder!

"WHO ARE YOU LOOKING AT?"—Perhaps it is not universally known that this phrase took its rise from the wife of a cross-eyed man. She was somewhat jealous, as her cherished one could look at another woman, while appearances seemed to say that he was looking at her. In order to ease her doubts on this subject, she would inquire, "who are you looking at?"

I say, Krasit, what does a fellow look like, gallanting a "gal" home in a thunder storm? D'ye give it up? Like a rain-bean, to be sure.

STANZAS.

'Tis past—the fond, the fleeting dream
Of love and hope is o'er,
And darkly steals life's troubled stream,
Unto the silent shore.
But still this broken heart of mine
Shall be thy memory's mournful shrine,
Till it is laid at rest with time,
Where grief is felt no more.

My sorrow seeks no lonely spot,
In some far desert place;
To me each scene where thou art not
Is but a joyless waste.
Where all around is bright and fair,
I only feel thou art not there,
And turn from what thou canst not share,
And sigh to be at rest!

I bow no more at beauty's shrine,
For me her charms are vain;
The heart that once hath loved like mine
Can never love again.
The wreathing smile, the beaming eye,
Are passed by me unheeded by;
And where thy ruined relics lie,
My buried hopes remain.

Life's latest tie hath severed been
Since thou hast ceased to be;
Our hearts the grave hath closed between,
And what remains for me
In this dark pilgrimage below!
A vain regret, a cherished wo—
And tears that cannot cease to flow
Whene'er I think of thee!

From the Pennsylvanian.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

LOONEY MCTWOLTER.

O pipes! *Jarvy's* a mannikin,
Whack on my back he hit me a polter;
Good luck! *Jonathan Stevenson*,
He is the boy that caught *Looney* McTwolter.
Workingmen, take good care,
Who lay *pipes* any where.
Reed, Rainey, McClay, and John Dawson;
Cash to fob
For such job
May buy a halter.
O pipes! Jonathan Stevenson
He is the boy that caught *Looney* McTwolter.

O hone! bad news is all I get;
We correspond—my letter's a choker,
Marrone! that I could write a bit,
Or that I e're knew a pen from a poker.
Bela, my darling, I'll ne'er forsake you,
Though your yarn is spun,
And my pipes done,
And we have been caught by a cunning New Yorker;
I'll declare
And you'll swear
Our necks from a halter.
O pipes! Jonathan Stevenson.
He is the boy that caught *Looney* McTwolter

SONG.

I loved her with the purest love
That ever human bosom knew;
The green leaf to the vernal grove
Was never half so true!
For oh! she was the sweetest flower
That ever graced a highland glen;
And proudly did I own her power,
For she was artless then.

She left her home among the hills,
And in the world she grew,
A worldly, flaunting thing of pride,
Unsteady and untrue;
Gay robes and jewels deck her now,
She seeks the gaze of men,
And is no more the flower I loved,
For she was artless then!

THE WEALTHY ABSENTEES FROM IRELAND.

On Erin's sainted isle what hand shall dare
To rear the flag of freedom high in air—
Or light again on altar-stones the blaze
That shed deep lustre on her better days!
What master mind shall rend the chains apart
Whose iron links are chill upon her heart!
Who from the rampart lion shall reclaim
The fields still voiceful with high deeds of fame!
Not those whose vampyre appetites deplete
Their father-land, now prostrate at their feet—
The absentees from earth and hallowed shrines,
Dissolving Erin's pearls in Tuscan wines—
Base renegades! who blush to own the soil
Which greedy tyranny has made their spoil.—
Not they! the outcasts of insulted home,
Bearing the brand of Cain where'er they roam;
Grey, pampered minions, parasites abroad,
Alike abhorred by nature and its God—
Consumers of the bread the laborers need,
Who starve, that glutted revelry may feed;
The thunderbolt of wrath would scorn to crush
Such moral traitors in its fiery rush!
Love they—blood-suckers, blighted, overgrown,
Till lazy infamy shall claim its own!
The blessed earth where serpents dare not spawn,
Lends not a turf to pile their graves upon.

Right's Ireland.

THE SLANDERER.

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those that glide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that passes them?
There are those who in the path of social life
Do bask their spotted skins in fortune's sun,
And sting the son—aye, till its healthful frame
Is changed to secret, festering sore disease,
So deadly is the wound.

TABLE OF ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

IMPROVED FOR 1841.

2 glances	make	1 bow.
3 bows	"	1 'How d'ye do!'
5 How d'ye do's	"	1 conversation.
7 conversations	"	1 acquaintance.
6 acquaintances	"	1 friend.
3 friends	"	1 lover.
9 lovers	"	1 wife.
1 wife	"	happiness or misery.

A TOUGH SMOKER.—The Philadelphia papers are cracking up an old gentleman, of the name of Painter, residing in the lower part of the county of Phila., who has smoked for the last sixty-seven years, on an average, about ten cigars a day, making in all a consumption of two hundred and forty-four thousand and five cigars, which at a cent a piece, would amount to $2,445,50. His body will do to cut up for *smoking tobacco*, when he dies!

There is, it is said, a "*Royal Cheese*," now on exhibition in London, manufactured from the curds of twenty hogsheads of milk.

THE MASON AND HIS SON.

The following fact occurred at Clangenfort in Carinthia, when the French army occupied that town. The thunder had much injured the point of the very high steeple of the principal church, and a mason, and his son were employed to repair it. A crowd of inhabitants assembled at the place to witness this perilous operation. The father, a man of fifty years of age, still vigorous and active, occupied first; his son followed him; they almost reached the summit; the spectators trembingly counted their steps, when they saw the son suddenly loose hold of the ladder and fall to the ground. A cry of terror arose. All crowded towards the unfortunate man, who lay shattered upon the pavement, without a sign of life. In the meantime the father continued to ascend, performed his task, descended with song fread, and appeared with a melancholy, but composed air before the spectators, who immediately surrounded him. All endeavored to console him; but they soon learned with horror, that the fall of his son was not accidental, for that he himself had precipitated him from the top of the steeple. "Heavens," exclaimed they, "is it possible! What fury! What madness!" "Listen to me," replied the father, without emotion:

"In our trade there are certain rules and customs. The oldest and most experienced ventures into danger first; the younger follows. According as one ladder is secured by cords, another is raised, which is at first fastened at the bottom to the top part of the other. Then the eldest ascends this ladder, which is only steadied at the bottom, and assisted by his companion, who supplies him with a cord, he proceeds to fasten it at the top. This is the work of the greatest danger. As I was occupied at the highest extremity of the ladder, I suddenly heard my son exclaim below me, 'Father, father, there's a cloud before my eyes. I know not where I am.' I instantly raised my right foot and gave him a kick, which struck him in the forehead, and he fell without uttering a word."

"Infamous wretch! Monster! What demon could have urged you to such a crime!" "Softly, gentlemen, I am assuredly to be pitied, much to be pitied, but I am far from believing myself guilty. In our trade it is well known, that if the head turns giddy in a dangerous position, where there is no means of assisting oneself, and of taking time to recover, that man is irretrievably lost.—Now such was the case of my son. From the moment that his sight was gone, there was no hope for him; in two or three seconds more he must necessarily have fallen, but before that in his last agonies, he would undoubtedly have grasped at the fastening ladder on which I was placed; he would have dragged it away, and we should have both fallen. In an instant I foresaw this inevitable result, and I prevented it by dealing him the blow which precipitated him, and which, saved me, as you see. Now tell me, ye who call me a monster, if I had allowed myself at the time, who would have supported his unfortunate wife and children, who henceforward have nothing to look for but my labors? To die for him would perhaps have been the duty of a father; but to die along with him without any utility, is, I believe, what neither religion nor justice requires."

During some moments a profound silence reigned throughout the assembled crowd; but the clamor recommenced; the mason was arrested, and conducted over to the tribunals. He there displayed such firmness as had known before the people. The judges, like the multitude, could not resist a first impulse of horror; but, upon reflecting on the situation in which he was placed, and the motives he had assigned for his conduct, they absolved him. But his reasoning, however horrible, was just; it evinced a presence of mind to which, in spite of his laudable daring, they could not refuse their admiration.

TO MAKE A BEAUTIFUL FIRE-SCREEN.—Draw a landscape on paper, with Indian Ink, representing a winter scene, or mere outline; the foliage is to be painted with muriate of cobalt for the green, acetate of cobalt for the blue, and muriate of copper for yellow, which when dry will all be invisible. Put the screen to the fire, and the gentle warmth will occasion the trees, flowers, &c. to display themselves in their natural colors, and winter be changed to spring. When the paper cools, the colors disappear, and the effect can be reproduced at pleasure.

CAUTION.—The editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, cautioning the British Ministry against entering on a war with this country, uses the following language: "When America was only a sapling, she put you to one hundred and seventy millions of expense, in your unsuccessful attempt to cut her down. Her boughs have sent forth far since then—her trunk has grown in width and firmness—she is now a national bank full fifty years of age, guarded and touch, and unbroken—I will take a pretty sum of money to cut down this sturdy stem. Pray, think of it in time."

CLAYTON SPEAKS.—"THE LIVING SKELETON."—When that extraordinary being denominated the "Adamine Vivant," was brought over from the continent as an exhibition, Major W———, the speculator of the affair, observed that this skeleton was very fond of, and always gallant to the English ladies. My friend Barnaby remarked, "That it would be a bad thing for the country, as it might have an effect in thinning the population."

CORPORATIONS.—When will the people become convinced of the injurious effects of chartered companies upon individual rights? The very fact that individuals go to the Legislature to be chartered shows clearly that they want something which they have not, and which individuals of the community generally have not. They want a privilege above their fellow men.

"DO YOU want any body for harvest?" inquired a little Irishman of a stout brawny farmer. "Yes, but *you're* too short," replied the husbandman. "Arran, now, and do ye cut yere corn at the top?"

A GOOD TOAST.—At a late agricultural dinner in Massachusetts, the following toast was given:—

"The games of fortune: shuffle the cards as you will, *Spades* will always win."

"You seem better *fed* than *taught*," said a rising to a wagoner, who stopped his way. "Of course," replied the fellow—"*we feed* ourselves, *you teach* us."

GOOD SENTIMENTS.—Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism and virtue.

Agriculture, aided by science, will make a the nation a great one.

Bulwer very finely remarks, that king and priests are no more identical than justice and attorneys.

DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits.

No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly, or indirectly by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States.

A constitutional barrier against improvident loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith.

A gradual return from an extensive credit system.

No national bank to swindle the laboring population.

No connexion between the Government and banking corporations.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks.

No connexion between Church and State.

No proscription for honest opinions.

Fostering aid to public education.

From the Chicago Democrat.

THE BANKER AND THE STAGEMAN.

A certain bank President paid his fare for 250 miles in advance, and wished to be taken through as expeditiously as possible. All of which the honest stageman intended to do; but after going one hundred miles, he found that the reste which there connected with his, had been broken up by the pretended misfortunes of several of the contractors. After sitting in the tavern rising two hours, anxiously waiting for the stage to be driven up, he was informed of the true state of the case. So seeking the stageman, he thus accosts him:

'Driver, I understand you are broke?'

"I is false,' replies the driver, with much emphasis, 'we have merely suspended.'

'For how long?'

'Can't tell.'

'But can't you guess?'

'Why, if I should guess, I should say until there was a general resumption throughout the line.'

'Poor consolation indeed. But how many contractors are there in all?'

'From a dozen to twenty.'

'Is not Mr. B. one of them?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, I should think he would be the last man thus to impose upon the public.'

You judge him correctly. He would gladly resume to-morrow, if the rest would.'

'And what do the rest say?'

'Each one says he is ready when the others are; and many say they wont resume till Mr. B. does.'

'And what does Mr. B. say to this?'

'Why, he says he can wait as long as the rest of them.'

'How discouraging! If I do not arrive at P. in four days, I am undone, and my family too! Is there no other stage line in this vicinity?'

'No, sir, not within fifty miles.'

"Well, then, bad as it is, my best course is to go back with you.'

'I am sorry to say that you can't do it!'

'Why not; are you broke too?'

'No, sir, I tell you there is no break to the case. We have *only suspended!*'

'But what means this?'

'Why, sir, if you must know, we are a part of a general system whose interests are the same. And it is no use for two or three contractors to stand out alone.'

'But have the contractors given you such orders?'

'Yes, sir, they just told me that a general suspension had just taken place among the contractors, and that they could do a better business by stopping.'

'How can they do a better business by stopping?'

'Why, the price of horses has risen down east, and they can do better by sending them there to sell, than by taking up a stage here until they get a chance to buy them at a low price again. In particular, as no one can get their lines now, money is tight.'

'Well, I see plainly that you are all looking out for your own private interests, and do not care how much injury you inflict upon the public. But just pay me back my money and I will get home the best way I can.'

'Your money has been paid over to the contractors, sir, and here is their due bill for your balance, good when over the lines resume again.'

'But I want the money. I know that I shall ever see it, travel as I may.'

'You can't have it. Here is our rule, we pay the public contractors, as a matter, the business of your claim. Your claim has taken its course from domestic happiness and plenty to carry them speedily to unbounded enjoyment and affluence and left them as our stage leaves you on your journey, worse than they were before. Your feeble calls or speech whenever it can make money thereby, to the detriment of the public as the selling of our horses injures you. Your bates pretend to be waiting for each other, the same as our contractors do, when they do not intend to resume so long as it for their interest to do otherwise; you sent for Beadle, and Hoffle says he won't resume till you do—when we send your bills to you, you say you have suspended and prompt us to pay on demand, as soon as you resume. Now we owe you the fare on the balance of your journey which we will not fix to you by promising to pay on demand, but it will be paid whenever we resume, and we shall resume with the rest, do. Now, Mr. Banker, if there is any wrong in this suspension business, just remember that you first set the example. And if our contractors are rascals and knaves, do you mean to what a set of scamps you rather yourself?'

As we got no explanation, the Banker walked off, to ruminate nothing, I dare upon his folly.

THE WRONG PARTY.—This exciting topic has been, for some time, wielded from the field of discussion, passed by to be resumed again with increased vigor. In a few days, perhaps, in the meantime we have the highest respect, admired to in a way that it would have shocked the feelings of delicacy in the world, and yielded by running hours of our negotiations. Has such a thing ever been devised, our English differences from long danger. I have not spoken upon the merits of the question, but the Senator from that State who sits on my right (Senator Williams, Kentucky) knows my opinions. He knows that I have believed that annexing would save the right of Maine but for war, and secure for our Government—Preparation for war was inevitable, war, and says the place of the State. This has been my opinion, and to that point have all my labors tended. I have avoided speeches, I have supposed all discussions of Maine, and I have no ratio of Representatives with new States. I do not claim now, and desire it is my opinion that the only way to avoid war, and to avoid war, and war with England, is to avoid all such subjects of dispute, and to confine our business to domestic affairs, which we have, in the sunshine, hope and rain.

I [illegible] the "wise counsels of the Government" [illegible] the opinion of the Senator, [illegible] and save the rights of Maine—[illegible] instead of preparing for the assumption of the countenance, [illegible] the government are seeking to [illegible] the necessary means [illegible] the nation, in defiance of the mandate of [illegible] of [illegible]. What an [illegible] our countenance?" [illegible]—*Eastern Breakfast.*

[illegible] the danger of [illegible] and keep [illegible] the [illegible]

A wise man [illegible] slow in fostering [illegible] and [illegible].