

THE DESPERATE RESOLVE  
OR A FATHER'S LAST RESORT.

BY AUGUSTUS COMPTON.

In the year 1840, there lived in Mulberry street, a poor artist, named Frederick Jameson, with his wife and two small children, a boy and a girl.

Although very skilful in his profession, which was that of a portrait painter, he barely succeeded in earning enough to meet the wants of his family, or even to keep them from actual starvation.

They were in the third year of a miserable, but happy, existence, when Frederick Jameson, who had been employed upon a work which had proved to be a temporary relief to his hunger and freezing family, was one day called upon to finish a portrait of a young man, who was a man of about forty-five years of age, with a broad expansive forehead, restless gray eyes, and locks of red hair, which fell like a shadow over his hazel cheeks.

In one corner of the room sat his wife, a woman three years his junior, although the traces of sorrow and wear were imprinted upon her features, she gave a much better appearance than was to be expected from one who had been so long engaged in finishing some sewing which she had procured from one of those shop girls, so common in the city.

Now and then she would raise her eyes from her work, and glance mournfully at her husband; from him, her gaze would wander to the two pale, shivering children who sat at one end of the room, and who, though both cold and hungry, uttered no words of complaint.

"Master, what are we here to do, to eat pretty soon?" said one of the children, a little girl of five years of age.

A tear trickled down the mother's cheek as she answered:

"You poor girl, as soon as mother has finished this sewing she will go and get some money and buy some bread."

A sweet and gentle smile over the features of the girl, she answered:

"Oh, I'm so glad, you know, Johnny?" said she, turned as she spoke to her little brother.

"Yes," said Johnny, "clapping his tiny hands; and we'll have a nice warm fire, too, won't we, mother?"

"Yes, my children," said Mrs. Jameson, in a choked voice, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, and she raised her hands to her eyes.

"What makes you cry, mamma?" said little Mary, standing up to her side and patting her arms around her neck.

"Oh, it is nothing, my child," answered the mother, drying her eyes, and kissing the cheeks of her little girl; "now, go and sit down, and mother will go out in a few minutes and bring home something."

"My father, oh heavens, and in this condition: how strange that I did not recognize you before!" exclaimed the sailor, while his dark eyes filled with tears.

We will not pause to give the full details of this extraordinary meeting. Suffice it to say that William accompanied his father to the paternal roof, where his mother greeted him with an overwhelming joy.

William had been absent for nearly four years; but during that time he had managed to save up a few hundreds of dollars. With this sum he soon gladdened the hearts of the suffering family, and had them moved to a lodging of his own.

At this juncture, the moon which had been hitherto obscured by thick clouds, now burst forth, and her rays fell directly on the countenance of the young sailor.

"No, by heavens! that shall not be!" exclaimed the artist, rising up vehemently. "Money shall be had, if there is any in the city!" And, seizing his hat he rushed frantic towards the door.

"Good heavens, Frederick, what do you mean to do?" exclaimed his wife imploringly.

"I am going to get bread—bread for my starving children—if I have to buy it with blood!" And so saying, the half-frenzied husband rushed from the room.

He had descended the stairs and soon felt the cold air upon his forehead. He was now in the open street, which was, at this time, very deserted.

"Now, then," muttered he, "they shall give me money, my wife and children are starving; then, if they refuse me, this shall force it from them." And, as he spoke, Frederick drew a huge, sharp blade from beneath his coat.

A quick firm tread, denoted that some one was approaching at this instant. The dress of this person bespoke him to be a seafaring man, but this was not observed by the half-maddened Frederick.

"I believe I've hurt the poor devil; and then he looked so pitiful about his wife and children," said Frederick, "I'll give him a few pence of silver."

"Thank you, oh, thank you," muttered the poor artist.

"Oh, you mind that!" said the sailor, "Bill Jameson always—"

"Jameson!" interrupted Frederick, "did you say that your name was William Jameson?"

"It is," answered the young sailor, "and I've got parents living somewhere in the city."

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"My son, my dear boy, do you not know me?" said the sailor, "I am your father!"

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bury! Oh, you look mighty innocent! just as that fellow did, look into the bed with me! Don't be afraid, it won't bite, it's just a poor tooth, poor thing. You'll know it; for, as the honey says, it's just like you all over. Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody!"

To leave that New minute Mrs. S. had collected a room full of spectators—half of the inhabitants of the court—without the intention of unwrapping the baby. Aroused expectation met every countenance, as the jealous lady tore away the rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movements of which astonished everybody.

"It's full of the devil already," said Mrs. S., "that shows it's his." You'll soon see that it's like him in every thing."

At length all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby and made its escape through the back door. It was a big fat one!

Oswego Daily Times

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 9, 1857.

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any, except Reason who told them what he had very hard plug, but if that would do they were welcome to it. He told his wife, who was sitting on the floor, to get him his knife, but she not doing so, he started to get it, when Dana jumped up and knocked Reason down and stamped on his head and face, bruising him in a terrible manner.

Long took hold of Reason and pulled him off from Reason, and helped him up, and set him down on the side of a bed which was in the room. He got up again, when Dana stepped up to him and knocked him down the second time and bruised him as before, and striking him on the head with a chair, said if he got up again he would "knock his head off."

The party soon started out of the shanty and got as far as the town path, when Reason got up and came out, as he started at the time, to get a little fresh air. As soon as he made his appearance, Dana after him, looking him down a third time as before, leaving him among some weeds behind the house in a state of insensibility.

By this time the police officers got wind of what was going on. Special Police Officer David Quinlan was first on the ground and assisted in getting Reason into the shanty. He held but a few moments after he was carried in. The three men—Dana, Long and Lent were arrested and are now in custody. The Coroner's jury found Dana guilty of murder.

It is altogether one of the most approved crimes of the day, and is only equalled by the case of Sullivan on our own country.

THE DEMOCRATIC RUSE.

The utmost vigilance is required on the part of the Republican Party and the Republican Press, to guard against the efforts of their opponents to bewilder, mislead, or betray, in their apocalyptic zeal to attract the public attention in another direction than in the real path of safety and duty.

The Atlas & Argus, at the present time more than any other paper the particular exponent of Democratic principles and policy, knows full well what is the prevailing sentiment of the people of the Empire State—that it is boldly in antagonism to the further usurpations, and to the domineering and dictatorial spirit of the pro-slavery party—that it is their determination to put miles and bounds to its encroachments, and to its crimes against humanity—that it shall have no further extension in Territory, or make the first stride west of the Rocky Mountains—that in all our future Legislation it shall be treated as a thing of crime, of dishonor, and of reproach—that it shall not travel in the orange groves of Cuba, nor make fools of the senators of Mexico, as it has of the maidens of Virginia and the Carolinas—and that with their consent Slavery shall not make its home in Central America, under the shield of American protection, and under the guarantee of the American flag.

These the Democratic Press know to be the general and out-spoken sentiments of the people, and unless some way can be contrived to divert attention from the great National question of Slavery domination, the fall election is a mere matter of force as it relates to Democratic success.

It is the distress of the Atlas & Argus about a variety of things. It seems to see disorder every where, puff ruin in every breeze, and behold wretchedness every where, awful exclamation: "How the awful sights behold!"

The State Taxes form one subject for momentary distress, rendering it gloomy and sore because its assertions will not be believed by the people. That fails to direct the attention of Republicans from its purposes and object contemplated by the organization of their party.

The Lost Resolutions is another theme which is dwelt upon with absolute grandeur, and on which is lost some of the finest efforts and editorials of the Democratic Press. That, too, has failed to make the least impression upon the ranks of the Republicans, to the great chagrin of the weeping and trembling Democrats seeking office through duplicity, and schemes of fraud and deception.

The asserted complicity of the Republicans with the Know Nothings is another theme for free and easy gabble, as though it was not known that all sorts of allusions had been presented by the Democratic party to procure the votes and influence of the Americans. In this our opponents make exceedingly slow progress in their movements towards carrying the State at the fall election.

The game of "brags" has been resorted to, and the Arabic characters nearly exhausted in the attempt to enumerate the Democratic majority, and a Silver Gray American in Essex employed to "aid things along," modestly claimed only 10,000 in the city of Albany!

In the mean time, the Republicans remain calm, and look upon these schemes of the Democracy with the deepest complacency. They have not forgotten the course pursued by these presses and these men during the late Presidential canvass. They know full well that all the statements of Kansas outrages perpetrated upon the rights and persons of Free State men were stoutly denied by them, and denounced as slanders—that they did not even cease their taunts of "Freedom Strikers" and "Bleeding Kansas" under a Committee of Congress had declared under oath that the whole was true, and Gov. Geary on the honor of a man, had assured the American people and the world that the half had not been told. And should they believe now without backers? Should they be referred to now without certificates of a reformed character for truth and veracity? We should think not.

It is only one way can the Democracy be saved. Let them strike out boldly for the sentiments glowing in the Declaration of Independence—for Freedom against Slavery—Republicanism against Despotism—Virtue against Sin—the great National principles of Freedom, against the sectional schemes of plunder and usurpation—in this way, and in no other, are they entitled to justice, National Executive, or Legislative. In this way alone can they get abolition for past offenses.

NEWS AND OTHER PARAGRAPHS.

There are 88 towns in Massachusetts that have decreased in population since 1850.

The Albany Atlas complains that the water furnished to the inhabitants of some sections of that city, is tolerably filthy.

Justice King, of Chicago, has decided, on an application for a warrant, that to spit in a man's face, knock him down and kick him, is not an assault.

The President has confirmed the sentence of the Court Martial, dismissing Lieut. J. Barclay Carter from the army for drunkenness and insubordination.

We learn by the St. Louis (Canada) Review, that Solomon Northrup, the colored man kidnapped and sold into slavery in the Red River country, where he remained twelve years, was recently prevented from lecturing in that place by a mob.

The Chicago Journal contradicts the report that the Fond du Lac Railroad Co. had failed or suspended, and says that it is one of the best in the West. It also denies that Wm. B. Ogden, who is on its paper for \$300,000, has failed.

During August, the sales of Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood, the great hoopist silk manufacturers, amounted to \$200,000 more than the same month last year. Hatters of hoops will please resign themselves to their fate; it can't be helped.

Between the west gate of the Capitol at Washington and the Treasury Department, there is a distance of a mile and a half—along Pennsylvania Avenue, within this distance, there are forty-two licensed hotels and taverns, and nine groceries, which afford very ample accommodations to the thrifty.

Three-fourths of the vessels now fitted out in Liverpool, are rigged with wire rope. It is said to be one-fourth less in weight, and not half the bulk of hemp, and the cost is fully 25 per cent. less. It is also much less susceptible of atmospheric change, and vastly superior in strength to hemp, or any other fibrous material.

The Lowell Citizen says it has been decided to stop the Appleton mills for one month—shutting down the gates on Saturday night all the 5th of October; and that the Massachusetts and Prescott Mills will suspend operations in a few days for a couple of weeks or so. The mills of these corporations employ 1700 females and 520 males.

Mr. Robert Morrison, of Troy, the owner of those pleasant creatures, the pet bears, which took a couple of strangers for lunch a few evenings since, has been arrested, and will be properly punished. It is to be hoped, for recklessly exposing his man life to the ferocity of such a blood-thirsty animal, knowing him to be such—Mr. R. is abroad on \$1,000 bail. He may be imprisoned from two to four years.

Joseph Spratt, Esq., a lawyer of Water-town, returned home from Nova Scotia, Monday, after a fishing excursion in which he has succeeded in gaining robust health, bony palms, and the wages of a "green hand." He thinks that the sooner we get rid of the practice of catching the dogs and taking a trip like this, the less their chances for a free ticket to "habitué" etc.

Not less than \$5,000 worth of black-berries have been shipped from Madison, Ind., this season.

The Dry Goods Import for last week, ending Sept. 5, last year, was \$1,317,538, against \$1,948,512 the week ending Sept. 5, last year.

James L. Lyell, the Detroit broker, has arranged matters with his creditors and will resume business at once.

The bank circulation of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, among six millions of people, is less than that of the State of New York alone.

It is stated that the Niagara Bank, despite the adverse reports, is entirely sound. The circulation of the bank is under \$65,000, and its securities in the Department are 105,000.

Refuse all \$10 notes on the Lumberman's Bank, Wisconsin. A counterfeit so capably executed that even microscopic observation can detect no difference between it and the genuine is about.

Some French inventors have taken out a patent in England for splitting rocks by the generation of heat without causing an explosion. They used a substance composed of 100 parts of sulphur by weight, 100 of saltpetre, 50 of saw-dust, 50 of horse manure, and 100 of common salt. The saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four parts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until they are thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is then dried by a gentle heat in a room of dry exposure to the sun, and is fit for use. It is stamped in the holes bored for blasting rocks in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an explosion upward like gunpowder, but generates a great heat, which splits the rock.

On the 12th September, 1857, JOHN JAMES, son of John and Ann James, aged 4 years 3 months and 16 days.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

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POLITICAL.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Republican State Convention at Saratoga Springs on the 22d day of July, 1857, the following Resolutions were agreed upon at the time of holding the State Convention, as will be seen by the following notice:

The Republican Executive of the State of New York are requested to choose two delegates from each Congressional District to meet in STATE CONVENTION in the CITY OF SYRACUSE, on WEDNESDAY, the 22d day of SEPTEMBER next, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of choosing a State Ticket to be supported for the Office of SECRETARY OF STATE, TREASURER, COMMISSIONER OF STATE RESOURCES, SURVEYOR, and one JUDGE OF THE COURT OF APPEALS, one CANAL COMMISSIONER, and one STATE PRISON INSPECTOR.

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