

# A M E R I C A N V O L U N T E E R .

BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.]

"NOT BOUND TO SWEAR IN THE WORDS OF ANY MASTER."—HORACE.

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

VOLUME 26, NO 46.

CARLISLE, Pa. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1839.

NEW SERIES--VOL. 3, NO 50.

## Terms of Publication.

**The American Volunteer** is published every Thursday morning, in the white frame building, (rear of the court house,) at *Two Dollars* per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, or two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year.

No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of a term, will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements will be thankfully received, and published at the rate of \$1.00 per square for three insertions, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. Those not specifically ordered will be inserted till forbid.

Handbills, Blanks, Cards, &c. neatly executed at short notice, and at moderate prices.

## AGENTS FOR THE VOLUNTEER.

The following Gentlemen will please act as agents for this paper, subscriptions received, and money paid to either of these individuals will be acknowledged by us.

JOHN MOORE, Esq. Newville.  
JOSEPH M. MEANS, Esq. Hopewell township.  
JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq. Shippensburg.  
DAVID CLEVER, Esq. Lee's 34 Roads.  
JOHN McHAFFY, Dickinson township.  
ABRAHAM HAMILTON, Ogestown.  
GEORGE F. CAIN, Esq. Mechanicsburg.  
FREDERICK WUNDERLICH, do.  
JAMES ELLIOTT, Esq. Springfield.  
DANIEL KEYSER, Esq. Churchtown.  
JACOB LEWENCKER, E. Pennsboro' township.  
GEORGE ERNEST, Cedar Spring, Allen tp.

## For the American Volunteer. An Enigma.

It is formell like the globe, and 'tis placed in its centre;  
It commends every tongue—every mouth it will enter;

It is always in fashion—the first to be odd;  
It departs not from home; yet it wanders abroad;  
It grows in each kingdom, and in every soil;  
It is fond, too, of labor—the partner of toil;

It appears in all seasons—belongs to all nations;  
It has many connections and worthy relations;  
It presides o'er the ocean—reigns likewise on shore;

It leads every object—it enriches our store;  
It attends all our actions—directs every omen,  
It turns one into ten—hates men and loves woman;

It is seen in the morning—gets brighter in noon;  
It is hid in the sun, though it shines in the moon;  
It is shown in the rainbow, likewise in the snow;  
It will follow our foot-steps wherever we go;

It is shunned in the palace—beloved in the cot;  
It is found in our bosoms, what'er be our lot;  
It rules in accounts, when we balance our coffers;

It begets every order, whatever be our offers;  
It is sure to be foremost on every occasion;  
It joins any court—proud to make an oration;  
It is part of our reason and also our hope;

It does honor to God—'tis a prop to the Pope;  
It will pass through each and half every door;  
It despises the rich, but is kind to the poor;  
It aids all our knowledge, our morality, too;

It lends double service for lovers to woo;  
It is taught with our lessons in all we receive;  
It is mixed with our doctrines in all we believe;  
It assists us to make joy—it abides in the foe;

It dwells in the regions above and below;  
It is present in wo, and is absent in mirth;  
It was ne'er owned in heaven, hell, nor in earth;  
It leagues with the coward as well as the bold;

It combines with the hero, the young and the old;  
It embraces all points, yet it stands in the wrong;  
It is courteous to those who are robust and strong;  
It clings to the doctor, the parson, the patron;  
It favors the bachelor, widow and matron;  
It is kept from the father—bestowed on the mother;

It disowns every sister, and courts every brother;  
It forms a companion in forming a quorum;  
It is heard in each council, in college and forum;  
It prevails in the flood, and it roams thro' the wood;

It was ne'er caught in evil, but always in good;  
It soars with ambition, joins pupils in school;  
It boasts of wisdom—though the heart of a fool;

It was partial to Solomon—monarch of song;  
It is melody sweet to the musical throng;  
It is marked as the soul, or the essence of glory;  
It will mingle its voice and be heard in each story;

It is known through the land as the third of our sorrow;  
It may sleep in the night, but it wakes in the morrow;

It was ne'er found in silver, but always in gold;  
It has merits so various they ne'er can be told;  
It will stand by the pilot that weathers the storm;

It is useful in commerce in many a form;  
It is shut from our notice ten months in a year;  
It is only in two it presumes to appear;  
It delights much in books, though it will not read;  
It disowns the lawyer for it will not plead;  
It belongs not to the wise, 'tis half of a fool;

It is not a carpenter, but half of a tool;  
It clothes us with raiment—supplies us with food;  
It is hoped this Enigma is well understood;  
It is in the congregation—not the hypocrite;

It is no backslider,—but part of a piperite;  
It is in the sermon—also the exhortation;  
It is not in happiness—but admonition;  
It will assist to go out, but not to come in;  
It is partial to goodness, but not to sin;

It is not in the heat but always in the cold;  
Its name is little; though it is hard to be told;  
It is shut from our notice six days out of seven;  
It is always with one, but ne'er with eleven;

It was never known to smile, but often to frown;  
It desires not to be up, but always to be down;  
It disowns hatred and malice, but cleaves to love;

It is in the mountain's top—also the flat grove;  
It is in the town and in every neighborhood;  
It glories in a room—also th' surrounding wood;

It is serviceable in the forming of books;  
It is never with the wise, though always in their looks;

It is always in the rose, but not the lilly;  
It wanders about home, but not with the silly;  
Its name will be told, tho' by little billy;

A. J. K.  
Carlisle, May the 17th 1839.

## FIGURES WON'T LIE.

We have already called the attention of our numerous readers to the fact that the affairs of the present Administration were more economically administered, than that of John Quincy Adams. The Federal Whigs persisting in their unfounded charges of extravagant expenditure, we are induced to copy the following from the Norwich Aurora.

**Old Dominion.**  
**PUBLIC EXPENDITURES.**—We are told by the federal press, that the expenditures of the Administration of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren were much greater than those of the administration of Mr. Adams. Thirteen millions a year is said to be the extent of the public expenditures during Mr. Adams' administration, and thirty nine millions during that of Mr. Van Buren. In order to present the fairest aspect for both parties, we offer the following comparisons and arguments:

1st. In the first place the appropriations for 1839 amount, in round numbers, to the sum of \$88,000,000. Of this, the item of \$10,000,000 must be deducted, which was appropriated for the contingency of employing 50,000 volunteers for the Maine service.

That will not be needed; so we may reduce the sum from \$88 to \$88 millions.

2d. The Post Office, during Mr. Adams' administration, was a separate department. It collected and paid out its own money; but the law has since been altered, and an appropriation is now annually made for its support, though not one dollar of the appropriation is ever paid by the Treasury.

The sum appropriated this year, for this branch of the public service, is \$5,000,000. This sum deducted from \$88,000,000, reduces the ordinary expenditures to \$83,000,000.

3d. But we have another deduction to make—the sum of \$1,850,000 for the Florida war, over and above the expenses of the regular army;—a measure for which the administration is not responsible. This deduction reduces the ordinary expenses to \$81,150,000.—But there is more yet.

4th. The policy of removing the Indians West of the Mississippi was specially approved by Mr. Adams, but its execution was not attempted until after the close of his term of service. As the expense of the measure is not chargeable to the profligacy or extravagance of the Administration, and is no part of the ordinary expenditures of the Government, the appropriations may with great propriety be deducted. The amount is \$1,665,000, which lessens the \$81 millions down to \$79,485,000.

5th. Then comes an appropriation of \$2,500,000 for pensions, which is probably five times as much as was paid during the administration of Mr. Adams; and as this is not for the support of the Government, and the Administration is not responsible for it, it must be deducted, as a matter of course, from the \$8 millions. The amount of the expenditures for the support of the Government is thus reduced to \$76,985,000.

6th. Then comes three extraordinary appropriations for the protection of the Northern and Western frontiers and for a military road, incident to our present relations with the British and Indians, which reduces the \$8 millions down to \$16,253,000.

7th. The survey of the coast, which is no part of the expense of supporting the Government, requires an appropriation of \$90,000, which, deducted from the gross sum, reduces the \$8 millions down to \$16,163,000.

8th. The public buildings make necessary the following appropriations:—for the Treasury building, 100,000; for the post office building, \$150,000; the new patent office, \$50,000; for a jail in Washington, \$80,000; for the Custom House in New York, \$150,000; for the Custom House in Boston, \$75,000. These are all proper items for deduction and reduce the \$8 millions down to \$15,610,000. This sum we doubt not, might be reduced still lower; but we are willing to please the Federal press by allowing that it takes \$15,610,000 a year to support the Government under Mr. Van Buren's administration. Now if thirteen millions was nothing but an economical expenditure 12 or 14 years ago, it is most manifest, considering the altered condition of the country, that 15,610,000 is less in proportion to the wants of the people than 13 millions then was, and consequently that *Mr. Van Buren's administration is more economical than was that of Mr. Adams.*

**Garlic.**—In one of our exchange papers we find described the following simple process for separating garlic from wheat:

To Farmers.—Possibly it may not be generally known, that many of the farmers in the Eastern States separate their grain from the garlic by a simple process. It is nothing more than constructing a box in the form of a hopper, at an elevation of about 4 or 5 feet from the barn floor, into which the grain is emptied, when it again passes out through an aperture at the bottom of not more than an inch or two in diameter; and falling upon the floor, the greater gravity of the grain precipitates it, leaving the garlic floating upon the surface, which is removed by a boy with a coarse brush without any difficulty. If the grain is not rendered perfectly clean by this process it is nearly so.

## THE SABBATH WRECKERS.

A LEGEND OF DUNBAR.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1877; a few small clouds, tinged with red, sailed slowly through the blue heavens; the sun shone brightly, as if conscious of the glory and goodness of its Maker, diffusing around a holy stillness and tranquility, characteristic of the day of rest; the majestic Frith flashed back the sun-beams, while, on its bosom slowly glided the winged granaries of commerce; there, too, lay its islands, glorying in their strength—the May, shrouded in light, appeared as a leviathan sunning in its rays—land the giant Bass, covered with sea fowl, rose as a proud mountain of alabaster in the midst of the waters.

A thousand boats lay along the shores of the Dunbar. It was the herring season; and there were many boats from the south, and from the north, and also from the coast of Holland.

Now, tidings were brought to the fishermen, that an immense shoal was upon the coast; and, regardless of its being Sabbath morning, they began to prepare their thousand boats, and to go out to set their nets.

The Rev. Andrew Simpson, a man possessed of the piety and boldness of an apostle, was then minister of Dunbar; and, as he went forth to the kirk to preach to his people, he beheld the unhallowed preparations of the fishermen on the beach; and he turned them sternly for their great wickedness.

But the men were obdurate, the prospect of great gain was before them, and they mocked the words of the preacher. Yea, some of them said unto him in the words of the children to the prophet—“Go up, thou blasphemous! We went from boat to boat, counselling, entreating, expostulating with them, and praying for them.

“Surely,” said he, “the Lord of the Sabbath will not hold ye guiltless for this profanation of his holy day.” But, at that period, vital religion was but little felt or understood upon the borders, and they regarded not his words.

He went to one boat, which was the property of members of his own congregation, and there he found Agnes Crawford, the daughter of one of his elders, hanging upon the neck of her husband, and their three children also clung around him, and they entreated him not to be guilty of breaking the Sabbath for the sake of perishing gain. But he regarded not their voice; and he kissed his wife and his children, while he laughed at their idle fears.

Mr. Simpson beheld the scene with emotion, and approaching the group—“John Crawford,” he exclaimed, addressing the husband, “you may profess to mock, to laugh to scorn the words of a feeble woman, but see that they return not like a consuming fire into your own bosom when hope has departed. Is not the Lord of the Sabbath the Creator of the sea as well as of the dry land? Know ye not that ye are now braving the wrath of Him before whom the mighty ocean is a drop, and all space but a span? Will ye, then, glory in insulting His ordinances, and delight in profaning the day of holiness? Will ye draw down everlasting darkness on the Sabbath of your soul? When ye were but a youth ye have listened to the words of John Knox—the great apostle of our country; ye have trembled beneath their power, and the conviction that they carried with them; and when ye think of those convictions, and contrast them with your conduct this day, does not the word *apostate* burn in your heart? John Crawford, some of your blood, have embraced the stake for the sake of truth, and will ye profane the Sabbath which they sanctified? The Scotsman who openly glories in such a sin, forfeits his claim to the name of one, and publishes to the world that he has no part or communion with the land that gave him birth. John Crawford, hearken unto my voice, to the voice of your wife, and that of your bairns, (whose bringing up is a credit to their mother), and be not guilty of this gross sin.” But the fisherman, while he regarded not the supplications of his wife, became sullen at the words of the preacher, and springing into the boat, seized an oar, and, with his comrades began to pull from the shore.

The thousand boats put to sea, and Mr. Simpson returned sorrowful to the beach to the kirk, while Agnes Crawford and her children followed him. That day he took for his text, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;” and, as he fearlessly and fervently denounced the crime of Sabbath breaking, and alluded to the impious proceedings of the day, his hearers trembled, but poor Agnes wept aloud, and her children clung around her, and they wept also, because she wept. But, ere the service had concluded, the heavens began to lower. Darkness fell over the congregation—and first came the murmur of the storm, which suddenly burst into the wild howl of the tempest. They gazed upon each other in silent terror, like guilty spirits stricken in their first rebellion by the searching glance of Omnipotence. The loud voice of the psalm was abruptly hushed, and its echo mingled with the dreadful music of the elements, like the bleating of a tender lamb, in the wind that sweepeth howling on the mountains. For a moment, their features, convulsed and immovable, were still distended with the song of praise; but every tongue was silent, every eye fixed. There was no voice, save heaven's. The church seemed to rock to its foundations, but none fled—none moved. Pale, powerless, as marble statues, horror transfixed them in the house of prayer. The steepie rocked in the blast, and, as it bent, a knell,

untold by human hands, pealed on the ears of the breathless multitude. A crash followed. The spire that glittered in the morning sun lay scattered in fragments, and the full voice of the whirlwind roared through the aisles. The trees crouched and were stripped leafless; and the sturdy oak, whose roots had embraced the earth for centuries, torn from the deep darkness of its foundations, was lifted on the wings of the tempest. Darkness was spread over the earth. Lightnings gathered together their terrors, and clothed in the fury of their fearful majesty, flashed through the air. The fierce hail was poured down as clouds of ice. At the awful voice of the deep thunder the whirlwind quailed, and the rage of the tempest seemed spent.

Nothing was now heard save the rage of the troubled sea, which, lashed into foam by the angry storm, still belloved forth its white billows to the clouds, and shouted its defiance loud as the war-cry of embattled worlds.—The congregation still sat mute, horrified, death-like, as if waiting for the preacher to break the spell of the elements. He rose to return thanks for their preservation, and he had given out the lines—

“When in thy wrath rebuke me not,  
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me;”

when the screams and howling of women and children rushing wildly along the streets rendered his voice inaudible. The congregation rose, and hurrying one upon another, they rushed from the church. The exhortations of the preacher to depart calmly were unheard and unheeded. Every seat was deserted, all rushed to the shore, and Agnes Crawford and her children, also, in terror, with the multitude.

The wrecks of nearly two hundred boats were drifted among the rocks. The dead were strewn along the beach, and amongst them, wailing widows sought their husbands, children their fathers, mothers their sons, and all their kindred; and ever and anon, an additional scream of grief arose, as the lifeless body of one or other such relations was found. A few of the lifeless bodies of the hardy crews were seen tossing to and fro, but the cry for help was hushed, and the yell of death was heard no more.

It was, in truth, a fearful day—a day of lamentation, of warning, and of judgment. In one hour, and within sight of the beach, a hundred and ninety boats and their crews, were whelmed in the mighty deep; and, swelling on the shore between Spittal and North Berwick, two hundred widows wept their husbands lost.

The spectators were busied carrying the dead, as they were driven on shore, beyond the reach of tide-mark. They had continued their melancholy task for near an hour, when a voice exclaimed—“See! see!—one still lives, and struggles to make the shore.”

All rushed to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, and a young man was perceived, with more than mortal strength, yet laboring in the whirling waves. His countenance was black with despair. His limbs panted with suffocating pangs. His limbs buffeted the billows in the strong agony of death, and he strained with desperate eagerness, towards the projecting point of a black rock. It was now within his grasp, but in its stead, he clutched the deceitful wave that laughed at its deliverance. He was whirled around it, dashed on it with violence, and again swept back by the relentless surge. He threw out his arms at random, and his deep groans and panting breath were heard through the sea's hoarse voice. He again reached the rock—he grasped, he clung to its tangled sides. A grimar moaned thro' the multitude. They gazed upon one another. His glazed eyes frowned darkly upon them. Supplication and scorn were mingled in his look. His lips moved, but his tongue uttered no sound. He only gasped to speak—to implore assistance. His strength gave way, the waters rushed around the rock as a whirlpool. He was again uplifted upon the white bosom of the foam and tossed within a few yards of the walling but unavailing crowd.

“It is John Crawford!” exclaimed those who were enabled to recognise his features. A loud shriek followed the mention of his name—a female rushed through the crowd, and the next moment the delicate form of Agnes Crawford, was seen floating on the wild sea. In an instant a hundred plunged to her rescue, but, before the scream of horror and surprise raised by the spectators when they beheld her devoted but desperate purpose, had subsided, she was beyond the reach of all who feared death. Although no feminine amusement, Agnes had delighted in buffeting the waters from a child, as tho' she felt a home upon their bosom; and now the strength of inspiration seemed to thrill through her frame. She again appeared, and her fair hand grasped the shoulder of the drowning man! A shout of wild joy rang back to the deserted town. Her father, who was amongst the multitude, fell upon his knees. He clasped his hands together—“Merciful heaven!” he exclaimed, “Thou who stillest the tempest, and holdst the waters in the hollow of Thy hand, protect—protect my child!”

The waters rioted with redoubled fury. Her strength seemed failing, but a smile of hope still lighted up her features, and her hand yet grasped her apparently lifeless burden. Despair again brooded on the countenance of her friends. For a moment she disappeared among the waves, but the next, Agnes Crawford lay senseless on the beach, her arm resting on the bosom of him she had snatched from a watery grave—on the bosom of her husband.

They were borne to their own house,

where in a few moments she recovered; but her husband manifested no signs of vitality. All the means within their power, and that they knew, were resorted to effect his resuscitation. Long and anxiously she wept over him, rubbing his temples and his bosom, and, at length, beneath her hand his breast first began to heave with the returning pulsation of his heart.

“He lives!—he breathes!” she exclaimed, and she sank back in a state of unconsciousness, and was carried from the room. The preacher attended by the bedside, where the unconscious fisherman lay, directing and assisting in the operations necessary for restoring animation.

As John Crawford began to recover, the film of death that had gathered over his eyes began to melt away, and he gazed around in bewilderment, but unconscious of where he was, and he sunk in a troubled sleep; and, as he slept, and his strength returned, he cast forth his arms, in imagination yet grappling with death. He dreamed, and in his dream, he shouted for help. He prayed, and in the same breath he blasphemed and reviled the trembling spectators that his troubled fancy still pictured on the beach.

In a few hours the fisherman awoke from his troubled sleep, which many expected would have been the sleep of death. He raised himself in the bed, he looked around wistfully. Agnes, who had recovered, and returned to the room fell upon his bosom.—“My Agnes—my poor Agnes!” he cried, gazing wistfully in her face—“but where—where am I?—and my bairnies, where are they?”

“Here, father, here!” cried the children, stretching out their little arms to embrace him.

Again he looked anxiously around. A recollection of the past, and a consciousness of the present, fell upon his mind. “Thank God!” he exclaimed, and burst into tears; and when his troubled soul and his agitated bosom had found in their relief, he inquired eagerly—“But O, tell me, how was I saved?—was I cast upon the beach? There is a confused remembrance in my brain, as though an angel grasped me when I was sinking, and held me. But my head is confused, it is fearfully confused, and I remember nothing but as a dream; save the bursting away of the dreadful storm, with the perishing of hundreds in an instant, and the awful cry that rung from boat to boat—a judgment has come o'er us!—a judgment indeed! O Agnes! had I listened to yer words, to the prayers of my bits o' bairns, or the advice of the minister, I wad have escaped the sin that I hae this day committed, and the horrors wi' which it has been visited. But tell me how, or in what manner, I was saved?”

“John,” said the aged elder, the father of Agnes, “ye was saved by the merciful and sustaining power of that Providence which ye this morning set at naught. But I rejoice to find that your heart is not hardened, and that the awful visitation—the judgment, as ye hae well described it, which has this day filled our coast with widows and orphans, has not fallen upon you in vain; for ye acknowledge your guilt, and are grateful for your deliverance. Your being saved is naughting short of a miracle. We a' beheld how long and how desperately ye struggled wi' the raging waves; we knew not who ye were, and when it was na in the power of any being upon the shore to render ye the slightest assistance. We saw how ye struggled to reach the black rock, and how ye was swept round it; and, when ye at last reached it, we observed how ye clung to it wi' the grasp of death, until your strength gave way, and the waves dashed you from it. Then ye was driven towards the beach, and some of the spectators recognised your face, and they cried out your name. A scream burst upon my ear, a woman rushed through the crowd—and then John—O, then!”—but here the feelings of the old man overpowered him. He sobbed aloud, and pausing for a few moments, added—“Tell him, some o' ye.” “O tell me,” said the fisherman; “a' that my father-in-law has said, or I kenred before. But how was I saved, or by whom?”

The preacher took up the tale. “Hearken unto me, John Crawford,” said he. “Ye have reason this day to sorrow, and to rejoice, and to be grateful beyond measure. In the morning ye mocked my counsel and set at naught my reproof. True, it was not the speaker, but the words of truth that were spoken, that ye ought to have regarded; for they were not my words, and I was but the humble instrument to convey them to ye. But ye despised them; and as ye sowed, so have ye reaped. But as your father-in-law has told ye, when your face was recognised from the shore, and your name mentioned, a woman screamed—she rushed through the multitude, she plunged into the boiling sea, and in an instant she was beyond the reach of help!”

“Speak!—speak on!” cried the fisherman eagerly; and he placed his hands on his heaving bosom, and gazed anxiously, now towards the preacher, and again towards Agnes, who wept upon his shoulder.

“The Providence that had till then sustained you, while your fellow-creatures perished around you,” added the clergyman, supported her. She reached you, she grasped your arm. After long struggling, she brought you within a few yards of the shore, a wave overwhelmed you both and cast you upon the beach, with her arm, the arm of your wife that saved you, upon your bosom!”

“Gracious heaven!” exclaimed the fisherman, pressing his wife to his bosom—“My ain Agnes! was it you!—was it you!—my

wife!—my saviour!” And he wept aloud, and his children wept also. “There is nae merit in what I have done,” replied she. “For who should have attempted to save ye, had I not? Ye were every thing to me John; and to your bairns.”

But the feelings of the wife and the mother were too strong for words. I will not dwell upon the joy and gratitude of the family, to whom the husband and the father had been restored as from the dead. It found a sorrowful contrast in the voice of lamentation and of mourning, which echoed along the coast like the peal of an alarm-bell. The dead were laid in heaps upon the beach, and, on the following day, widows, orphans, parents, and brothers, came from all the fishing towns along the coast, to seek their dead amongst the drowned that had been gathered together; or, if they found them not, they wandered along the shore to seek for them where the sea might have cast them forth.—Such is the tale of the Sabbath Wrecks—of the lost brave of Dunbar.

From the Baltimore American.

## PERU AND CHILI.

By the arrival of the ship Natchez, Captain Hayes, at New York from Valparaiso, the New York Commercial has received official confirmation of the great battle between the Chilians and the army of the Protector, Santa Cruz, in which the latter was completely routed. The spoils of the victors were 3,400 prisoners, all the Protector's artillery, horses, &c. and \$900,000 in money. Generals Moran and Urdinnea were killed, and five other generals were made prisoners. Santa Cruz escaped with only twenty men.

The Chilian General Lafuente, expected to reach Lima on the 28th of January. The castle of Callao still remained in possession of the forces of Santa Cruz, who had there a garrison of 1,500 men.

**Naval Engagement.**—The Journal of Commerce states that about the time of the above battle, a sea fight took place at Cosma, which likewise resulted auspiciously for the Chilian arms. The vessels armed by General Santa Cruz, four in number, attacked the squadron of Commandant Simpson, composed of the corvettes Confederation and Valparaiso, and bark Santa Cruz, and were completely routed, with much damage, and the loss of the brig Arequipeno, having a crew of 70 men. The enemy's vessels were the Edmond of 30 guns, a bark of 18, the Arequipeno of 9, and the schooner Peru, with two swivels. [The engagement is said to have lasted two hours, at pistol shot distance.]

**Correspondence of the N. York Journal of Commerce.**  
VALPARAISO, March 2, 1839.

We have just received advices from Lima of the total defeat of the army of Santa Cruz at Yungay on the 20th of January. Santa Cruz escaped only with a few men, and arrived at Lima on the 24th. He has garrisoned the Castle of Callao with 1,500 men, under the command of General Moran, and supplied them with three months' provision. He again left Lima on the 28th for the south, with the purpose of reorganizing a new army. We think, however, in this he will fail, as his resources are completely exhausted. We consider the Confederation at an end. The probability is, there will be a revolution in Bolivia.

**ORIGINAL-EXTRACT.**  
“It was night; the wind whistling mournfully around an isolated dwelling, within which were seated two lone beings. A solitary lamp was flickering upon the table, and the dying embers barely reflected their brightness upon the hearth. Silence reigned supreme and undisturbed, except by a creaking of some loosened plank, as it listlessly swung in the breeze, when the old man suddenly rose, and with a solemn and stately pace moved across the room, when turning to his companion, with a serious air said:—“SALLY LET'S GO TO BED!”

To the heirs and legal representatives of CHRISTIAN COOVER, late of Dickinson township, Cumberland county, deceased.

**Take Notice,**  
That I will hold an Inquisition on a writ of Partition and Valuation, on the premises late of Christian Coover, dec'd., on Thursday the 6th day of June 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M. where all interested may attend.  
JOHN MYERS, Sheriff.  
Sheriff's Office Carlisle, }  
May 21, 1839. } 3c.

To the heirs and legal representatives of JOSEPH SHAW, late of the township of Dickinson, Cumberland county, dec'd.

**Take Notice,**  
That I will hold an Inquisition on a writ of Partition and Valuation, on the premises late of Joseph Shaw, dec'd., on Wednesday the 12th day of June 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M. where all interested may attend.  
JOHN MYERS, Sheriff.  
Sheriff's Office Carlisle, }  
May 21, 1839. } 3c.

**READ THIS!**—Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Prunus Virginiana or Wild Cherry.—This is a decidedly one of the best remedies for coughs and colds now in use—it allays irritation of the lungs, loosens the cough, causing the phlegm to raise free and easy; in asthma, pulmonary consumption, recent and chronic coughs, wheezing and choking of phlegm, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, croup, spitting of blood, &c. The syrup is warranted to effect a permanent cure, if taken according to directions which accompany the bottles. For sale at the drug store of J. J. MYERS & Co.

**POWDER**  
By the Keg, &c. received and for sale at the store of JOHN GRAY, Agent, Carlisle, April 4, 1839.