

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER. BY SANDERSON & CORNMAN.

CARLISLE.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1859.

OUR FLAG.

"Now our flag is hung to the wild wind free, Let it float o'er our fatherland."

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1840.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, AND AN INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

An Independent Treasury, whose officers responsible to the people, instead of privileged corporations, shall guard the people's money.

The balance of the volunteer toasts drunk at the two democratic celebrations in this county will be found on our first page.

BENJAMIN CHAMPNEYS, Esq. has been appointed by the Governor, President Judge of the 2d judicial district, in the place of Oristus Collins, ousted by the Supreme Court.

Military Encampment.—A three days' encampment of the 2d Battalion of Cumberland Volunteers will take place at Mechanicsburg on the 3d, 4th, and 5th of September.

The Herald of last week denies, whether by authority from a higher quarter or not we are unable to say, that the remarks of one of the students to which we made allusion were intended for any particular party.

We have no disposition to say any thing farther on the subject, unless we are compelled to do so from a sheer sense of duty—and even then it will be done with considerable reluctance, as we are disposed to be friendly to the College so long as it is properly conducted.

The Mountain in labor.—After nearly four months of excessive labor and toil the venerable Charles JUMP-OUT-OF-THE-WINDOW Penrose, has caused to be published in his organ at Harrisburg, which will doubtless be copied by all the smaller fry in the State, a long-winded and bombastical declamation.

edly about federalism, democracy, banks, riots, mobs, butchers and bullies; but since he has at this late day sent forth this production to the world, he might as well have informed the people that this is (or at least purports to be) the self-same three days' speech which elicited the cutting, sarcastic and overwhelming reply from Col. Parsons, and which so effectually used up his honor that he has never since attempted to make another speech in the Senate.

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And when he thinks good easy man full surely His greatness is a ripening—rips his shoot, And then he falls—as I do.

Public Sentiment.—By papers received from almost every quarter of the State and also of the Union, we are enabled to gather public sentiment respecting the next Presidential election.

Assuming, then, our position to be correct, that public sentiment on the anniversary of our National Independence is a sure index of popular feeling, we have no hesitation in avowing it as our firm belief that Mr. Van Buren will be elected with an overwhelming majority.

The more knowing ones of the federal party are now almost ready to yield without a struggle.—They see the fate that is rapidly approaching their party.

These are our honest sentiments, founded in some degree on the enthusiastic feeling for Mr. Van Buren, manifested at the innumerable celebrations which took place on the 4th inst. Can we be mistaken in the "signs of the times?"

State Loan.—The Secretary of the Commonwealth has given notice that, in obedience to the requisition of the "act authorizing a permanent loan to pay temporary loans," which will become due the present summer, he will receive proposals at his office until the 1st day of August, for loaning to the Commonwealth, for the purposes set forth in the said act, the sum of \$1,150,000, at a rate of interest not exceeding five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

A correspondent enquires: "Who is Col. Hetrick, that figures so largely as the President of the Omnium Gatherum celebration of the 4th?" Answer.—We cannot tell, as we never heard of such a Colonel before.

News.—An able writer in the Piney Woods Planter, estimates the interest on banking capital paid by the people of Mississippi, at \$16,128,000 per annum!

DOG EAT DOG.—A correspondence is now going on, says the Baltimore Sun, through the public prints of Vicksburg, Miss., between persons connected with the Commercial and Rail Road Bank, of that place, calculated to open the eyes of the community to a species of villainy, seldom, if ever before, exhibited to the world.

President Van Buren.—We learn from the New York Evening Post, that the President left that city on his journey to the northern part of the State, on Tuesday week.

Everywhere, through Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, has the President been received with the greatest enthusiasm. People all appear anxious to pay their highest respects to the Chief Magistrate of the Republic for his lofty patriotism and exalted civic services.

I cannot, gentlemen, in justice to my own feelings, refrain from embracing this opportunity to express the high satisfaction which I have derived from my visit, for the first time, to the interior of your great and prosperous commonwealth.

Another toast that excited a momentary curiosity was from the pen of that "wonder work" man, John Gillen. Och, by my shout, Johnny, it would have cured one of the King's evil to have heard ye palavering that man among men—that firm and consistent politician, Maj. John Harper.

That such will be the case to a great and highly gratifying extent I cannot doubt, for among the impressions made upon my mind during a brief visit to Europe, a few years since, a short portion of which I spent in some of the German States, was a strong conviction that by no other people would political institutions, as free as our own, be embraced with more sincerity or maintained with greater tenacity, than by the people of those States.

During his visit to the city, on the 4th inst., the President attended the celebration of Independence by the Sabbath Schools, on Staten Island, and partook of the dinner served up on the occasion.

The Sun says:—"In the midst of the woods was raised a large tent, where the President of the U. S. and Gov. Seward were received, with the officers appointed for the occasion.

Gov. PORTER and the Secretary of the Commonwealth, Mr. STUECK, have both been confined to their chambers by indisposition for the last two weeks.

Accidents.—As usual, the papers abound with accounts of accidents that occurred in different places on the 4th inst.

A number of advertisements omitted this week will appear in our next.

For the Volunteer. The "Omnium Gatherum" Celebration.

"Now there was a stout sturdy fat, And merry Morgan Murphy, O, And Murdoch Mags and Trinick Spangs, McLochin and Dick Davy, O!"

Another toast that excited a momentary curiosity was from the pen of that "wonder work" man, John Gillen.

It is, gentlemen, but a natural consequence that an scholar should admire and laud another. There is an affinity existing between mighty intellects, which inclines them to regard each other with affection and admiration; and if opportunity permits, weaves around their hearts the soft bonds of amity and friendship; whilst under the influence of this principle, Orator-Tommy, perchance, penned this puff.

There was another toast given by a fellow who talked so much and so fluently about Garrison, Turkey-buzzards and Crows, that one must needs come to the conclusion that he possessed of a real locomotive stomach, or he would not be able to digest one-half of these eatables, even with the assistance of a wee bit of Porter.

I had intended reviewing some more of the toasts, but the length of my remarks already admonishes me to stop.

HANOVER STREET. July 15th 1859.

For the Volunteer.

Messrs. Editors.—On looking over the toasts purporting to have been given at the Conglomerated, Federal, Whig, Anti-masonic, Abolition party celebration, on the 4th inst. I was wonderfully struck with the vastness of the opposition that exists between their real, and their avowed sentiments and actions.

By William Calf Martin. "Woodburn, Gorgas, and Miller; three calves with men's clothes on."

But, without dwelling upon the party and its principles, let us turn our attention to a few of the toasts given at the above mentioned celebration.

By Thomas H. Burrows; the scholar and statesman, he stands on that high ground calumny cannot reach; the poisoned arrows of detraction fall harmless at his feet; and those who attempted to traduce him are now wallowing in their own slime, loathsome rebels, sots, and vagabonds."

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On the morning of the fourth, the village weans that sober subdued appearance which always precedes an important event; people old and young wear their holy-day dresses; the school boy, free from the reach of the birch for the time being, wears a look of contentment, little dreaming how evanescent are all these things; and the "flag of my country" unfolds its banners on either side of the rail-road, on the top of two enormous

rebels, sots, and vagabonds." But, Tommy, more anon. When time permits, and the printers agree, I shall trace your life upwards—give a description of your principles, and negro-loving propensities—and also a description of your classic figure, particularly of that massive brow of thine, upon which intellect has set its mark, &c. &c.

By John Sycophant McCartney. "Charles B. Penrose, and those high-minded and honorable Senators of the State Legislature of Pennsylvania. The able defenders of Constitutional Liberty, and the maintenance, (at the hazard of their lives), of the due administration of the Laws, against 'mob Law, and hired assassins,' for the overthrow of civil and religious Liberty. They deserve to be rewarded by being elevated to a more exalted station in the councils of the nation."

"Birds of a feather, &c."—This old maxim, we see, yet holds good—and it awards a ready solution for the motives which influenced the author of the above sentiment, to offer his adulation at his chosen shrine. It is natural that one renegade should love another, especially if their apostasy was produced by the action of the same cause.

Messrs. Editors.—On looking over the toasts purporting to have been given at the Conglomerated, Federal, Whig, Anti-masonic, Abolition party celebration, on the 4th inst. I was wonderfully struck with the vastness of the opposition that exists between their real, and their avowed sentiments and actions.

Democracy; a name assumed by the looters to cloak their designs upon the money and liberty of the people." It is a common saying that the Lawyers beat the drum for lying. If true, we must say that this young scion of the legal profession bids fair one day to become quite eminent in his profession; at least in this part of it. Now, his toast contains rather a palpably false assertion, and evinces more of that cuteness we are wont to expect from the disciples of Mercury. Democracy is the broad banner under which we have battled ever since the parties of our country first sprung into existence—and whilst our opponents have marched and counter-marched, wheeled and turned to the right about, and gone through a variety of evolutions, our course has been straight forward, under the well marked and clearly defined flag of democracy. But the whigs and their peevish allies now wish to slich from us the name of democracy, and hope by the aid of this Talisman to lure the people on to their destruction, and thus be enabled to revel and batten upon their substance. But they have yet to learn that the people are governed by principles; and not by names; and that they are too intelligent to be guzzled by such stuff as daily emanates from the purile stomachs of brats & beard-less aspirants after political favor.

I have thus, Messrs. Editors, made some remarks on a few of the Catalinian toasts; if these meet with your approbation, I shall follow them up with others. CARLISLE.

For the Volunteer. The Village Celebration.

The Fourth day of July went off, as it has always done in our village, amid a world of eclat. Good old republican Shippensburg ever acquits herself with credit on such occasions; for, although her citizens may be suffused with a Rip-Van-Winkle drowsiness for a six months beforehand, like beauty newly awake, her energies are but pent up to burst forth with renewed vigor to hail the day of our independence.

It is not the least interesting part of our admirable system of civil government, to see all classes of the community come forward thus spontaneously, with hearts and hands, rejoicing in a nation's freedom. Here is no sickly attempt got up by an interested aristocracy, to express a happiness which is never felt; nor modern conventional rules of society, where all is banished but wearisome forms. Here is an unreserved freedom where none desire to be vicious, and the chief emulation where all are known, is in the cause of virtue.

On the morning of the fourth, the village weans that sober subdued appearance which always precedes an important event; people old and young wear their holy-day dresses; the school boy, free from the reach of the birch for the time being, wears a look of contentment, little dreaming how evanescent are all these things; and the "flag of my country" unfolds its banners on either side of the rail-road, on the top of two enormous