AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

CARLISLE:

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1839.

OUR FLAG.

"Now our flag is flung to the wild wind free,
Let it float o'er our 'father land,"
And the guard of its spotless fame shall be,
Columbia's *chosen band!*"

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.—Democracy asks in vain, what claim have the banks to use this public treasure as their own,—again to convert it into an engine of ruinous expansions and contractions of the currency, and of new political panics and pressures, to enforce submission to the Money Power.—*Hon. James Buchanan's Toast.*

BOROUGH MEETING.

The Democrats of the Borough of Carlisle are requested to attend a public meeting at the house of Maj. JACOB REHRAR, on Friday (to-morrow) evening the 30th inst. at early candle light, to nominate suitable persons for Delegates to the County Convention. It is to be hoped that every democrat in the borough will be found at his post on the occasion.

MANY.

August 29, 1839.

To Correspondents.—'Scouting Major,' and 'Civitas,' are inadmissible. Both appear to be founded on personal pique, and as a controversy of this kind is of no public interest that we can conceive of, we decline the publication of either.

New Post Office.—A Post Office has been recently established at Wormleysburg, in this county, and JACOB LONGNECKER, Esq. appointed Postmaster.

Pitts' Machine for Thrashing & Cleaning Grain. We invite the attention of our farmers to the advertisement of Mr. Pitts, in another column. This machine is highly spoken of in the 'Cultivator,' edited by Judge Buel of Albany, N. Y. who is well known as one of the greatest Agriculturalists in the Union.

We were somewhat in error last week in making up our table for the next Congress. Our strength in the Indiana delegation is only *five* instead of six—and in Kentucky *two* instead of three members. This will make a difference of four votes against us, and will leave parties stand, so far as elections have already been held, 119 democrats to 111 federalists.

Campbell's Trial.—We invite attention to the account of this trial, taken from the Huntingdon Advocate, which is published in another part of this paper. By reference thereto our readers will perceive with astonishment that by means of a *packed* Jury and other expedients equally base and infamous, the vile slanderer, the notorious Bob Campbell, has been screened in a great measure from the punishment he so richly deserved. If any thing were yet wanting to open the eyes of the people to the wicked disregard of all law and justice and equity which characterized the leaders of federal antimasonry, the trial at Huntingdon, and also the "Treason and Riot cases," as they are familiarly called, at Harrisburg, must abundantly suffice. With such Jurors and such Witnesses, no man, who will not "basely bow the knee to the image of Baal," (antimasonry,) is safe either in his person or estate.

Some of the *most respectable* of the Buckshotonians in this borough, the *elite* of federal whiggery—such as Doctor T—y, Dan Eckles, A. Creigh, &c. &c. are in ecstacies at the result of Bob Campboll's trial, and swear right lustily that it amounts to a verdict of guilty against Gov. Porter! What wiseacres these fellows must be! Why don't they tell their federal followers, that Campbell was acquitted by an antimasonic jury upon the condition of paying about $500 in the shape of costs, &c.—This is a strange acquittal to be sure. What! fine a man $500 for being innocent of the charge brought against him, and then call this an acquittal! What admirable logicians these Buckshotonian leaders are!

T—y says that he will "spend twenty dollars to defeat *one* man who will be a candidate this fall!" If T—y would appropriate a portion of that money to pay the individual alluded to what he owes him, it would redound much more to his credit! Do you take, T—y, or shall we come out a little plainer next week?

When T—y talks of spending twenty dollars on the election, it makes even our *devil* laugh! Impy says to his certain knowledge, T—y is'nt worth *twenty cents*, let alone twenty dollars! We rather guess the fellow is more than half right—at least if his honest debts were all paid.

The Pretended "Riot" Cases.—The Keystone of the 21st inst. says:

"Up to the time of our paper going to press, the proceedings against the citizens who frustrated the Burrowes conspiracy last December, had not been reached in Court. The traitorous Conspirators are, however, all here, with an entire litter of *hired swearers* at the elbow, ready and eager to do the dirty bidding of their masters. Robespierre STEVENS, with impious audacity stamped as with a heated iron upon his brazen countenance, is here. Marat BURROWES,

"——— the channels of whose yellow blood,
Ooze to the skin, and stagnate there to mud,"

is seen lurking like a bird of evil omen around the Court House, a pale and dejected personification of the effects of horror stricken conscience upon the outer man. Danton PENROSE, with his hypocritical smile, so typical of the treachery of him who wears it, serves to complete a trio, whose schemes of "TREASON, stratagem and spoil" had well nigh drenched a peaceful commonwealth in the blood of her best citizens, all awaiting with breathless impatience the empannelling of a *packed Jury* to consummate their infamous designs."

Our cotemporary certainly don't mean to include Messrs. *Phillips, Eckels, Bergner* and *Hall* of this Borough, who accompanied Mr. Penrose to Harrisburg as witnesses on the occasion. The great *respectability* of these gentlemen, and the *high* character they sustain in this community for *veracity*, are sufficient to exonerate them from the above charge. Besides, they are the principal leaders in that party which boasts of being in exclusive possession of all the "decency and respectability" of the borough.

Col. M'ELWEE's second letter will be found on the first page. We hope our readers will not fail to give all the letters as they appear (for we design publishing them) an attentive perusal. They form an admirable and faithful history of the celebrated "Buckshot War" from its inception to its termination, and is a faithful portrait of the villainy and rascality of those who sought to involve the Commonwealth in the horrors of a civil war.

DELEGATE ELECTIONS.

We hope our democratic friends throughout the county will bear in mind that Saturday next is the day fixed upon by the Standing Committee for the election of delegates in the different townships and boroughs, and we trust that every man will feel it to be a bounden duty he owes to himself and the party to be in attendance upon the occasion. The next County Convention, which is to assemble on Tuesday next, will be an important one, and will have more important duties to perform than has ever heretofore devolved on a similar body in this county; for, in addition to members of the Legislature, Commissioner, Director of the Poor, and Auditor, they will have the nomination of proper persons to fill the different County Offices, which are now, for the first time, to be elected by the people.

The Delegate system of nominating candidates for the various offices has long been in vogue in this county. It is one of the time-honored usages of the party, and is the only means of concentrating public opinion and securing the ascendency of democratic principles. It has, moreover, outlived opposition after having successfully breasted every storm which has been raised by the enemies of republicanism, and is now looked upon, and very justly too, as scarcely inferior in importance to the general election itself. Even our enemies have pretty generally adopted it, and in this respect are following in the footsteps of their democratic predecessors.

Seeing, then, that these primary elections are all-important to insure our wonted success in this county, it is to be hoped that every man who can leave home will turn out to the township elections on Saturday next. Let there be a full and free expression of the popular will—and let men of intelligence, experience and stern political integrity, who will carry out the wishes of their constituents and act for the welfare of the whole party generally, be selected as delegates to the County Convention;—and when they do meet let every man be willing to sacrifice somewhat of personal predilections on the altar of public good—let a ticket be formed of 'good men and true,' and our word for it, they will be elected by an overwhelming majority.

Once more, let us urge upon every genuine democrat in the county to *attend* the delegate elections. The crisis is an important one, and requires of every man to be found in the line of his duty.

VOLUNTEER ENCAMPMENT.—The encampment of Volunteers for the purpose of drill and improvement in military tactics, will commence at Mechanicsburg on Wednesday next, the 4th Sept. & will continue for three days. We understand from Maj. REHRAR, the officer commanding, that the most ample accommodations, in camp equipage &c. are provided for as many companies as shall think proper to join in the encampment. Already, it is ascertained, there will be *eleven* companies in attendance, and the probability is that two or three more will be added to the list. There will also be a number of field officers in attendance by express invitation.

Those of our readers who are fond of military display, would do well to visit the encampment, as it will doubtless be a splendid affair.

The Governor is expected to review the troops in person on Thursday or Friday.

The "Riot" Cases.—We understand that the Court now in session in Dauphin county, on Monday last *quashed* the indictments gotten up by Penrose, Stevens & Co., against Charles Pray, Geo. W. Barton and others who were charged with treasonable and riotous conduct at Harrisburg in the month of December last, or during the 'Buckshot' campaign. Thus endeth the miserable Robespierian conspiracy against the liberties of the people, & it has covered with shame and confusion the Triumvirate who basely attempted to usurp the government and establish a despotism on the ruins of the republic.

We forbear further comment at present, as the Harrisburg papers of this week will doubtless give a full history of the proceedings in Court, from which, in our next, we shall extract for the benefit of our readers.

It is a characteristic of Federalism to *practise* itself what it condemns in others. Mr. Penrose professes to be shocked at the idea of a majority of democrats being found on the Jury in Cumberland county, but appears to be delighted at the *packed* Anti-masonic Juries in Dauphin and Huntingdon. This is only the 'stop thief' cry, however, to cloak over the villainies of his party, and the "talented Senator" may utter his magpie chatter from now until doomsday without being able to convince the people of any thing else.

Commodore PATTERSON died at Washington on Sunday last, after an illness of 30 hours.

Gov. *Porter* returned to the seat of government on Friday last, considerably improved in health.

A considerable excitement took place in Baltimore the beginning of last week, in consequence of one of the nuns having escaped from the Carmelite convent in that city. A mob was immediately raised, and it was feared at one time that the buildings connected with the establishment would be destroyed; fortunately, however, the Mayor and Police, aided by a strong military force, which was kept on foot from Monday to Wednesday, were able to keep down the rioters without any serious attempt having been made upon the convent. From the certificate of several of the most emminent physicians in the city, it would appear that the nun in question was laboring under insanity, which was the cause of her escape, and not in consequence, as it was first supposed, of ill treatment. This erroneous supposition was the cause of the riot. About 30 of the ringleaders were arrested on Tuesday, and the city was again restored to its usual quiet.

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

Extract of a letter, dated GALVESTON, Aug. 7.

Our troops have had two battles with the Cherokee Indians—they first fought on the 15th and 16th July, in which the Indians were driven back with a loss of 12 or 16 killed; our loss 2 killed. On the 21st our army again overtook them, and a contest ensued which resulted in the total defeat of the Indians, with from 3 to 500 killed. This occurred in the Red Land Country, about Nacogdoches.

Correspondence of the American Volunteer.

NEW YORK, August 24, 1839.

At about 3½ o'clock on Wednesday last, "Harry of the West" the great "Pacificator" and chief of the clan of modern Whigs, made this ungodly city glad by his arrival from Poughkeepsie. He was received at the landing by a committee appointed for the purpose, and drawn through several streets of the city, with the long tailed multitude at his heels, to the Park, where he delivered himself of a good extemporaneous speech and was then drawn to the Astor House, where rooms were provided for him. At night he and I attended the Bowery Theatre that is to say, I went there to amuse myself and see the fashions, and Henry went there like a ring-tailed monkey, to exhibit himself to the pit and gallery. His appearance, upon entering the boxes reserved for him, was the most ludicrous and awkward imaginable—I have seen Mr. Clay in Washington and have heard him speak upon the floor of the Senate—his manners and gesticulation there, I conceived to be the perfection of grace and ease. You may well imagine my astonishment then, to see him stalk into the box the very personification of a great lank loafer. The whole house arose and cheered him right lustily, and Mr. Clay stood still and bowed with about as much grace as though his legs were without joints and a bar of iron were lashed to his back bone.

Yesterday, in compliance with an invitation from the whigs of the city of Brooklyn, Mr. Clay paid a visit to that place. I had the curiosity to join the procession to follow him through half the streets of that beautiful city. The scene was altogether charming and picturesque—every door, every window and every balcony, was crowded with beauty, intelligence, bright eyes, and perfumed whiskers. Mr. Clay made it a point to bow incessantly whether he had any thing to bow at or not—he seemed to consider it an indispensible part of the performance. Whatever else Mr. Clay may have discovered by peeping up into the grated balconies crammed with beauty and fashion, it is certain that he saw more bright eyes and beautiful teeth, natural and porcelain, than it will ever be his happy lot to behold again in one day if he lives to the age of Methusaleh. Indeed, every body seemed to welcome Mr. Clay with a hearty *grin*, as though a countryman of Davy Crocket's could not reciprocate any other form of greeting. He was several times stopped to receive a wreath of flowers, or boquet, which was usually presented to him by a small girl, upon whom in return he bestowed one of the most graceful kisses that his big eloquent mouth would allow—a circumstance which the little Miss will relate to her grand children 60 years hence.

The procession finally halted, and some one read to him a clever little address of welcome. To this, Mr. Clay replied in an extemporaneous address of about 15 minutes in length. It is true he had a meagre supply of materials from which to weave his speech, but his remarks were trashy and commonplace in the extreme. If Mr. Clay was 30 years younger, and was endeavoring to secure his own election to some petty office in Kentucky by making stump speeches in his own favor, as he was formerly accustomed to do, I should expect to hear precisely the same kind of harangue as that of which he delivered himself upon this occasion.—The gist of it was, "the Democrats are making a fuss about their recent victories in the South and West, but don't despair, my friends, better luck next time, as Jacob Faithful said when he burnt his mouth with a spoonful of hot soup—every thing still depends upon the State of New York—if I am elected, we'll have a U. States Bank and remarkably fine times if not, not."

Mr. Clay leaves the city to day for Boston.

The Steam Ship "Liverpool," which arrived at this port last Monday, leaves to-day. The arrival or departure of a British Steamer is becoming so frequent as to excite little or no interest except perhaps on account of the intelligence of which she may be the bearer. No starting, no gasping, no wondering is elicited, no sitting up nights to watch, nor running eagerly to the wharves is indulged in, when one of these mighty moving palaces completes her trans-atlantick journey, and moves majestically, like a "thing of life," up the harbour to her moorings at the foot of Clinton Street. The great disideratum of navigating the ocean by steam is at last accomplished, the general excitement created by the novelty and stupendous magnitude of the enterprize is allayed, and we now begin to look upon it as a matter of course, or "a regular business transaction" as James Watson Webb did upon the circumstance of selling his body to the U. S. Bank and his soul to Beelzebub, for $52,500. The Liverpool brought foreign despatches up to the 1st inst.—The Sultan is dead—a great war rages in Egypt—Daniel Webster has made a great speech and a great impression before the British Agriculturist society, the Chartists have perpetrated another riot at Birmingham, and somebody has insulted pretty Victoria during one of her airings in Hyde Park. To this I might add that the cotton market has considerably improved since the last advices, but I know that the rise or fall of a cent or two on a pound of cotton is a subject which the substantial yeomanry from which your patronage is derived do not care a fig about. They are content with a plenty of their own excellent sour krout and sausages, and in this they act like philosophers.

Yours &c.

SLAM.

For the Volunteer.

Messrs. Editors:—It has been hinted that the regularly nominated ticket of the democratic party will be opposed in the coming contest by volunteer candidates. We regret to hear it; not, because we apprehend defeat; but because every such instance of uneasy ambition has been signally rebuked, which has ended in a secession from the party. It is vain for any man in the county to suppose he has sufficient individual popularity to secure his election, independent of party support. He cannot effect it. We speak boldly and say, he would meet with overwhelming defeat, without seducing any considerable number of democrats from their duty.

We are aware, that some of our opponents are officiously engaged in endeavoring to promote this end; and we hope every democrat will pause before he steps into the fatal whirl. No *democrat* will attempt it. At most—supposing what *will* not happen—he could only defeat the regular ticket, without securing his own election. And can any man of republican feelings ask such a result? Would any prefer a political foe to a friend? Volunteering has been essayed in this county before, and mark the issue. Overthrow in every instance. Be then admonished by the past.

We now possess a large standing majority; increased by the vigorous impulse given to democratic principles, by the treasonable conduct of some of our enemies during the past year; this majority is firmly united; resolved never again to suffer political dissension to mar our constant ascendancy. Against it no volunteer can prevail. The party will not risk the dearest interests to gratify individual caprice.

Let no man think himself overlooked, if he does not receive a nomination. Whilst there are more expectants than offices, some must be disappointed. Let them wait for a season, and their claims will be heard. No man of merit will long remain unnoticed.—By resisting the nominees, he declares his disapprobation of the delegate system; and cannot expect any assistance from those who have long seen and felt its invaluable efficiency in party action. To insure a strong decided democratic majority, we want only party unanimity. We ask every patriot to come up manfully to his duty—to give his warm, zealous, unwavering support to the regular nominees—be they whom they may—the chosen of the assembled delegates, the representatives of every district in the county.

HOPEWELL.

For the Volunteer.

Messrs. Editors:—It is with a feeling of humiliation, that I have read the editorial matter in the "Herald and Expositor," for the last few weeks. My connection with a Christian Church impels me to my present task, else I would willingly omit it. I must blush for the cause of religion when it rests its claims to reception upon such a pillar. I grieve to think, that, for political effect, the worst of men would pervert our revered system of Divine faith to the most unholy purposes; would essay to shield, under hollow pretences, most wicked secular designs. Our excellent faith has suffered more disparagement from spurious advocates, than from all its open and avowed foes. Iscariots, whilst professing meekness and humility, have imposed more dishonor and opened a greater breach for irreligious assault, than the fiercest pens of the fiercest sceptics. Whilst men, unmasked, assail our religion, they may be promptly met and rebuked; but the hypocrite, whilst by *profession* he advocates; by *action* he belies and betrays his Divine Master.

The sacred desk has ever levelled the thunder of its eloquence, and the acuteness of its erudition against human depravity, and with but partial success. The fervour of ardent piety and the zeal of earnest conviction has joined issue with the infidel, and skilfully wielding the christian sword, it has parried his thrust, thwarted his renewed sallies, disarmed his stubborn fury, divested him of his fictitious strength, and left him utterly prostrate. But the hollow hearted pretender, who, rapt in the christian robe, skulks around the out posts, to beset, with assassin intent, the christian avenues, to poison the streams and to carry disease into the very heart of the christian camp, may still riot in the fulness of his success. He may boast, what the infidel cannot, that he has crippled the action, obstructed the progress, and effectually baffled the efforts of the christian ministry. While the source is corrupt will the stream be pure? Would you expect a limpid current from a muddy fountain head?

Come then, Mr. Expositor, let us commune together. You have, for a season, doffed your filthy raiment, and put on the armour of morality and religion. You denounce war against every vice, with which the aspirants to political favor may be bleared. This would be well; but you, yourself, stand charged with many and great moral delinquencies. You openly avow your own depravity. Your paper has long palpably and groundlessly libelled men of irreproachable character. You knew it, when the libels were first promulged, and even, allowing you did not, you were convinced of it afterwards; and yet shamelessly persisted in reiterating them. Your pen and press have long been engaged in advocating and defending rickety partizans, forsworn patrons, and debauched party champions—men bearing the impress of every crime, in the black catalogue of vices. In one paragraph you wear the livery of Heaven, in the next the garb of Satan. You beckon with the dexter hand—you hurl the poisoned shaft with the sinister.

Now, since you have relieved the church of its responsibility, and taken the care of souls upon your own shoulders, you purpose to pursue a new course. You spurn the humble and lowly teaching of the pious parson, and are about to inculcate morality by manifesting, from example in your own person, and that of your *meek* patron, iniquity in its most deformed and bestial shape. You seek to deter others from crime, by showing its tortuous hideousness, in your own crime-scarred and withered countenances.

But, Captain, think you, that you will succeed! think you, that Beelzibub will ever reform the world? 'Do not as I do but as I say,' you exclaim. But do you not reason with some object, either to deceive or convince? You ask us to adopt your logic irrespective of the logician. But do we credit the friendly professions of the assassin, when he holds the blood-stained dagger protuding from its gory sheath? Do we applaud the *honesty* of the *Bankrupt*, when he has swindled his confiding creditor out of his just dues? Commend we the slanderer, while he malignantly discusses, through his pestilential jaws, our unsullied reputations? Moreover your reasoning is only what we hear every sabbath, and in every church, pronounced from the sacred desk, and with the additional corroboration of moral rectitude in the teacher. The advocate of morality must win success by virtuous example. But, in truth, Captain, you care little about moral reform and religious activity. You wish merely to carry out the *politic* schemes of your *humble minded* patron, to link your shattered and sinking vessel to the church, believing that it may drag you into some secure haven.—Ah sir, we see your fierce, malignant eyes peering through the hedge. Your wolfish howling has admonished the shepherd and his flock of your bloody intent.

But you profess an anxiety for the cause of Christendom. Why this uneasiness for others, and not for yourself? Surely you do not regard yourself as incorrigible in iniquity? or are you irredeemably depraved? If so, how dare you instruct others? If not, can we think you sincere? Come let us illustrate. Suppose you (merely for argument's sake) had lived for several years in a moral community; that you had, habitually, betaken yourself to the besotting chalice; had reeled, times out of number, from the Inn to your dwelling; had been hurled from the public house for gross impropriety of conduct; & had presented to the medley throng, on every public occasion, a sallow, jaundiced, emaciated face, wild, bewildered and striped with the maddening drug. Suppose further that you had engaged in some public business, under the *benevolent* auspices of a *kind benefactor;* had purchased on credit; squandered the profits; lost the public confidence; and, then surrendered your estate back into the hands of your *generous patron*, to the manifest injury of your confiding creditors. Suppose, again, you were notoriously known as an ardent devotee of the gaming board; that you had long and with "bitterness of spirit" returned from it penniless, to the great prejudice of the creditor. Suppose, once more, that you were publicly known, as unusually profane, obscene, above all others, in your intercourse with men; in short, that you were destitute of even moral principle; willing to labor for any cause, and to advocate any men and any tenets, for temporary aggrandizement.

Now allowing these suppositions to be correct, (none of which, of course, have application to yourself, but are used merely for illustration,) would you expect reputation for sincerity? And, now, can you, who avow your immorality expect better success? I have stated, perhaps, a strong case; but your delinquencies may be but a degree less; and yet sufficient to pre-determine the moral community against your imposture. As well might you expect that the protestations of Arnold or Penrose on the side of patriotism; of Judas and Stevens on the part of morality, would gain public credence, as your lachrymose sorrowings. You might scream away your lungs, and grow hoary as a "talented Senator," ere you make one convert. You are rowing against the current of public opinion.

Before you invite others to the moral banquet, be first invited yourself. Let your soul, bowed "in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of inquity" be first cleansed before you strike the chains from the less immoral. At least, do not bring reproach and irreligion upon christianity by your conduct. If you be unclean, essay not to pollute religion; "remain without the camp" until the besom of purification shall have swept your soul. Even if your inquity be "greater than you can bear;" yet call to mind that, altho' your "sins be as scarlet," yet even *you* may be made white as the "leprous Miriam."

CHURCHMAN.

For the Volunteer.

Messrs. Editors:—Parturiunt montes; nascitur ridiculus mus. The Expositor conceived; the mighty 'Cobbler' was born. At last, the world has been blessed; happy, thrice happy we! What coruscations of genius! what unutterable streams of light! What indiscribable brilliancy of wit! Sacre! Sacre! Ah, celestial Polyhymnia! thou who hast unlocked the mightiest mind that ever though't; thou who hast poured divinity—the mellow words, the mellifluous conceptions; the majesty of inimitable fancy, into a human mind. How gracefully, under thy auspicious smiles, trip—thought on thought! How exquisitely succeed, rapid as the lightning's dart, the flash of fancy, the subtile interlacing of new and living metaphor; the tinselled grace of rhetorical flourish; the keen elegance of acuminated satire. Thou, who in the freaks of whimsical caprice doth sport and frolick in the waste of common intellect, that shot the rays of thy celestial fire from 'cobblers' mental seat; thou who hast rested the wrath of anger in the bowels of this muse—created luminary. Verily, verily! ineffably felicitous him, upon whose countenance sits thy magic smirk!

Seriously we must admire the acute penetration of the many *horned* Cobbler. What a shrewd calculator! He hath sadly missed his way. If he be not more successful in finding 'Jacob's ladder,' than in guessing your correspondents, woe betide him. He was so deeply merged in mental mud and in the evanescent ebullitions of folly, as to produce nought but a lame, deformed, puny off-spring—indicative of the idiocy of its parent. We do say, that for imbecility of thought, irrelevancy of matter, feebleness of invective, gross defects in diction, total absence of satire, want of unity, disgusting folly, and incoherent ignorance, it is the most silly, low and witless jargon that ever found access to a public press. Cobbler would do well to return to his fetid paste-horn and lodge therein till he hears the 'last trump.' Things of a like nature have a strange sympathy for each other; he would, consequently, fare well. He has perpetrated the vilest odo, that ever offended a decent community's *olfactories*. He possesses not even the merit of being *shallow*.—What a bitter comment on the 'all talented party.'

CICERO.

For the Volunteer.

Messrs. Editors:—I told my wife the other day, that I had a notion to write a letter to the printers. Why, says she—what about? Why says I about many things—men of almost every character and trade are corresponding with the printers, and you know the folks call me jack of all trades, and I would not deserve the name if I did not take a hand at every thing that's going on. Well done says she, you are too conceity, you'll make a laughing stock of yourself if you offer to write for the printers. Why? says I. Because, says she, you never studied Latin, nor Murray's grammar, nor Allgeebray, nor even Mathew Matticks. I don't mind that, says I—I learned Dilworth's spelling book, grammar and all, through and through, and cyphered through "the young man's best companion" and the school master's assistant, and I have read the declaration of independence and the old and new constitutions of Pennsylvania, and Burrowes' address to the people after the last election, and I read a great many newspapers, and I think I know enough to write the printers a letter now and then; and if if aint just spelled right, and wants a little grammar, they can easily fix it so as to be understood. Well, well, says she, you had better be a little cautious how you write, and not tell all you know about people, lest you "draw an old house over your head," for there's Dr. B., and Jo Rifner, and Charley Penrose, and Dan Eckles, and G. W. Crabb, and that black leg gambler as they call him, of Adams county, and many others, and they all hate the truth to be told of them; it makes them as mad as hens, and if you offend them, they will try to hurt your trade; you know how they have done with others. Never mind for that, says I,—I'm a little better off than some people; if they injure me in one trade, I can turn my hand to another.

So, Messrs. Printers, I determined to write you one letter, any how—and if you dont like to print it, you can jist pit a line or two at the bottom of it, and say its a leetle too sharp.

Now I'll tell you what pit me in the greatest notion of writing—I saw a notice in the Herald, telling you that a "Cobler" had whit his knife for the purpose of giving you a paring. I jist looked round my shop—thinks I, here's tools of every description,—if a "cobler" with a single knife, can make an impression on democracy, which is neither "Leather nor Prunella" as the old fable says,—what may I do with all these tools upon whiggery? which is composed of a kind of *slime* which we learn from the *his-Tory* of the revolution, attached itself to the then expiring carcass of aristocracy, and which from its viscous nature, attracted the light particles of dirt and dust, which fuzzed about in the air like thistle blossoms, and adhered to it, until it has become an unseemly mass, and which from the continued decaying of the said carcass, is now a lump of indeterminable putrifaction. A dictionary is a first rate book, Messrs. Printers, I had to look at mine four times in writing the last sentence.

I shall close at present, with the promise to let you hear from me again.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

For the Volunteer.

THE HYPOCRITE.

Act IV. Scene I. A Printing Office. George Cantwell seated in his arm chair after a night's debauch, wearing a puritanical countenance and casting up his accounts of wine taken inwardly, and dollars and cents lavished outwardly at the gambling table. A picture of the prodigal son over the chimney place.

Cantwell, (sciliquizing.) I am opposed to drunkenness—*hic!* drunkenness did I say? yes I am a *tetotaller* this morning. I was kicked out of a grog shop last night, and am obliged to use a cushion just now *secundum artem*—*hic!* There's latin for the rascally locofocos. A plague upon all drunkards say I, and who am I but the redoubtable Geo. Cantwell, the moral and religious editor of the Chronicle of Billingsgate—*hic!* The fact is, a little cider or soda water would do me no harm this bright morning—I am out of sorts amazingly from looking at some locofocos drinking last night—*hic!* Now whenever I get drunk it will be in moral, righteous and godly company—*hic!* Tom Cunningham and Thaddeus Stevens are prime hands—but stop! let me consider—I am ordered by Charley to write a sermon against drunkards—*hic!* Well, here goes, *(taking a pen in his hand.)* drunkards are—*hic!* That's well understood, my correspondent the Cobler must be a great beast, besides being a fool—a beast of eight horns—just think of it—but mum, he belongs to our party.—Here goes again, *(writing)* drunkards are all 'squires, members of the legislature and congressmen, and all 'squires, members of the legislature and congressmen are drunkards—no stop! I made a mistake—these fellows are all locofocos, and all the locofocos are drunkards, that's it. What a clear head I have this morning—*hic!* That's enough for the drunkards. Now for the gamblers—they are all locofocos for a certainty, or they would not have stripped me of my last farthing. I feel like that prodigal son over the mantle piece, this morning; but Charley is my banker and I'll say *(writing)* the locofocos are a rascally set of blacklegs, for Martin Van Buren was elected President and in consequence thereof, Charley and I lost our bets—*ergo* Martin Van Buren is a gambler, and so are they all. What a horrible vice! and the worst of it is, when we pious people do wager our money we are generally in the vocative. Charley must have lost many hundreds on Muhlenberg's election too, but never mind old Nick has paid the bill at last. Now for it, I'll take vengeance on the whole party for the loss of my money on Porter's election. (Writing.) *Base miscreants, infamous traducers, slithy assassins, prowling jackalls, gorged vultures, dead lions, liars and hypocrites, whose characters taint the moral atmosphere, and offend the nostrils of decent and virtuous citizens like Geo. W. Crabb, Dan'l Eckles, and Charles B. Penrose!*—that will do. Now for a flourish—*(writing) we will* (like picus christians) *change the milk of human kindness into gall—seize the tomahawk in one hand and the scalping knife in the other—rear the stake and prepare the faggots—ring the war whoop of defiance in their ears, and roast the whole party alive on a larnal big gridiron, if we can catch them asleep some afternoon!* (Laying down his pen.) Now this is what I call a *moral lecture*—it is most certainly a very genteel-piece of composition, very decent and much to the purpose.—Since I have grown into favor with myself,

I'll put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam.

Standing Committee Meeting.

Pursuant to a call, the Democratic Republican Standing Committee of Cumberland county, met at the public house of Mr. Geo. Beetem on Monday the 12th inst., and was organized by the appointment of MARTIN DUNLAP, Esq. as Chairman, and *John Moore* and *David Hume*, Esq. Secretaries. The following members were present, viz: Martin Dunlap, John Moore, David Hume, A. S. McKinney, David Shaffer, R. R. Church, Wm. F. Swiger, Abraham Goodheart, John Irwin, Carey W. Ahl, John Goodyear, Jr., Geo. McFeely, Joseph Lobach, James Chestnut, and John Miller.—The following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, That it be recommended to the Democratic Republicans of the several townships and boroughs of Cumberland county, to meet at their usual time and place of holding elections on *Saturday the 31st of August inst.* to elect two Delegates to represent their respective townships and boroughs in the County Convention, which will meet in the County Hall on *Tuesday the 3d of September next*, at 1 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of forming a County Ticket, to be supported by the Democratic Republicans of Cumberland county.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers and published in the American Volunteer.

MARTIN DUNLAP, Chairman.

John Moore, } Secretaries.
David Hume, }

ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Republican estimates the number of houses which will be erected in that city the present year at twelve hundred.