



AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

CARLISLE: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1839.

OUR FLAG.

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

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1840, MARTIN VAN BUREN, AND AN INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

- Assembly, ABRAHAM SMITH MCKINNEY, of Hopewell, JOHN ZIMMERMAN, of Monroe. Commissioner, ALEXANDER M. KERR, of Frankford. Director of the Poor, SAMUEL ECKLES, of Allen. Auditor, THOMAS H. BRITTON, of Southampton. Prætorian, GEORGE SANDERSON, of Carlisle. Register, ISAAC ANGENY, of Carlisle. Recorder and Clerk of the Courts, WILLIS FOULK, of South Middleton.

Democratic citizens of Cumberland county! The above ticket has been selected by yourselves, through your Delegates in County Convention assembled, with unparalleled unanimity. It is a ticket composed entirely of FARMERS, MERCHANTS and WORKING MEN—made up of the "bone and sinew" of your county. The candidates are opposed to federal misrule and extravagance—opposed to tyranny in every shape—enemies of the Buckshot war—and in favor of EQUAL RIGHTS, PEACE, PATRIOTISM, and a Government conducted by the PEOPLE themselves. In voting for this ticket you vote for men who will prove true to their trusts, and who will honestly and faithfully carry out your wishes and desires.

Rally! Rally!! Rally!!!

Democratic Meetings will be held as follows: At REHRAS'S, this (Thursday Evening.) At ALLEN'S, on Saturday Evening. At BEETEM'S, on Monday Evening. AND THEN FOR THE ONSET!

The following ticket has been agreed upon, to be run by the democrats to-morrow: Judge, HUGH GAULLAGHER. Inspector, WILLIAM GOULD. Assessor, DAVID SMITH.

DEMOCRATS ATTEND.—Tuesday next is the day to decide at the ballot boxes whether you still continue true to your principles and the Republican cause, or whether by supineness and indifference you will permit the common enemy to gain a victory over you. Remember, that the enemies of democracy are active & vigilant,—over on the alert to take advantage of your lethargy. And, although they are not this fall, as heretofore, acting openly and above board; they are yet, nevertheless, busily engaged in an under-hand and secret manner, marshalling their forces and preparing to steal a march upon you. They are besides secretly and publicly circulating the most infamous slanders and well-engendered falsehoods against the nominees on your ticket, endeavoring by such foul means to alienate the affections of the credulous and unsuspecting from the Republican faith. Will you listen to the siren song of these false-hearted charmers? Will you permit the proud flag of democracy to be sacrilegiously torn from the ramparts of your citadel, and trodden under foot by your ancient and merciless foe—and their own bloody ensign, having displayed upon its hateful folds, ABOLITION, TREASON, ANARCHY, TREACHERY and APOSTASY, to be unfurled to the breeze? We know you will not. Then rise in your might! Rally to the rescue. Once more to the ramparts to guard the citadel of democracy from the ruthless assault of the spoilers. GIVE ONE DAY MORE TO YOUR COUNTRY— and the pleasing sound will be echoed through your valley, that democracy is again victorious in old mother Cumberland.

"TO YOUR TESTS, O ISRAEL!"—Democrats of Cumberland, now is the time to set the seal of commendation upon the authors and abettors of the "Buckshot war." To to-morrow you will be called upon to give the first blow in defence of your liberties, against the unholy plans and infamous projects of the villain conspirators and the reckless crew who are under their control. We earnestly urge upon every one of you the necessity of turning out at the Inspector's election to-morrow, and also at the General Election on Tuesday next. Let nothing short of sickness or death keep you away from the polls. The enemy will turn out to a man—and it therefore behooves all true-hearted democrats to be up and doing, lest our infamous opponents steal a march upon us.

Attend the different elections yourselves—and take your neighbors along with you. Give to-morrow and Tuesday to your country, and the Goddess of Liberty will smile complacently upon your efforts. Once more, then, we urge you by all that is dear and sacred to man—the inestimable privileges you still enjoy—to turn out to the polls, and deposit your votes for the democratic candidates.

Case Files, you gnaw a file.—The hired slanderer of the Herald, not content with abusing the nominees on the democratic ticket, also permits, through the columns of his polluted sheet, a base attack to be made upon the character of JAMES WILLIS, Esq., our worthy Commissioner. This gentleman is too well known in Cumberland county, and his character too well established for honesty, integrity and political stability, to suffer from the vile abuse of the polluted crew about the Herald office. He is esteemed and respected by all who know him, and the infamous attacks upon his character will only recoil upon the authors of this calumny.

If the people of Cumberland county want a gambling shop established in the Recorder and Clerk's office, they will vote for the well-known Federal candidate. So think a correspondent.

"We shall meet again at Philippi!" says the infamous scoundrel whose foul mouthed attack upon three of the democratic nominees has put even some of his co-partners in iniquity to the blush, and utterly disgusted many of the more respectable of his political partisans. We shall meet again at Philippi, says the blackguard maniac of Charles B. Penrose. Yes, we shall meet, tho' impudential, and though thou art not yet a "goblin damned," still thy master and thee, and the whole tribe of infernals that surround thy loathsome carcass, and from the smoky caverns of thy sulphureous den behest forth blasting and mildew upon all that is fair and lovely in humanity, shall drag the poisonous cup to the bottom. Yes, though "The worm of conscience still be gnawing thy soul! Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest, And take foul traitors for thy dearest friends! No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine, Unless it be while some tormenting dream Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils! Thou evlish-marked, abortive, rooting hog! Thou, that was sealed in thy nativity, The slave of nature and the son of hell!

Thou rag of honor!—thou detested of the human kind!" We shall meet thee at "Philippi"—and we shall expose to the honest gaze of the community thou hast insulted by thy vile and abominable blackguardisms and obscene tirades, the miserably loathsome creature—the leprous villain, who now presides over the editorial columns of the Herald and Expositor—a sheet so vile and so contaminating in its character, as only to be approached with shovel and tongs—so deleterious to the morals of the community, that, like Hell itself, it "breathes contagion to the world!" Yes, thou craven-hearted wretch—notorious as thou art in all that is filthy and disgusting in human nature—we will enter the arena of morals and political rectitude with thee, and tear from thy shoulders the deceptive mantle that covers thy villainy and enables thee to feign sanctity when most thou playest the devil. We will talk of thy midnight debaucheries—of thy bacchanalian revels—of thy gambling propensities. We will discourse to thee of thy boasted invasion of the marriage chamber, of thy companionship at certain times with harlots and strumpets. We will commune with thee about the heinousness of fraudulent insolvency—the villainy of the scoundrel who would purchase on credit for the express purpose of enriching himself or his master at the expense of the honest and deserving.

Yes, we'll meet thee, thou black-hearted slanderer, on ground of thy own choosing—and if there yet exists a single spark of shame in thy malignant bosom, we'll mantle thy cheek at the thought of thy own degradation—"Abject slave that thou art—bound to the chariot wheel of a hypocritical wretch—himself the bribed and pensioned servant of the bank—how darest thou talk of honesty and independence? Notoriously debauched as thou art—a hellish libertine and an acknowledged adulterer—how canst thou talk of virtue and morality? Forcibly ejected as thou hast been out of our public houses for thy drunkenness and bestiality, how is it possible for thee to set thyself up as a lecturer on temperance and sobriety? As well might Satan himself become a preacher of righteousness, as for thee—poor, despicable, drunk, debauched and dishonest vagabond as thou art—to set thyself up for a pattern of honesty, integrity, virtue and morality!

How canst thou—brazen-faced lecher as thou art—who art notorious for blasphemy, drunkenness, debauchery and infamy—say against the character of thy neighbors? Look at home, thou assassin and murderer of character, and see if there be no heart-broken wife lingering out a painful existence in consequence of her husband's beastly intemperance and well known debaucheries! But enough from us—the searching pen of a "Churchman" has again taken the bankrupt hiring and his villain master in hands—and if their consciences are not "seared as with a hot iron," then must they feel under the withering rebuke he has given them from his caustic and well-directed pen.

We stated in our last that John Halbert is an abolitionist. We now repeat it, and call the attention of the people to the matter. John Halbert belongs to that fanatical class of men who wish to abolish southern slavery, who, without weighing the deleterious effects of such a measure, would let loose upon the community the shoal of these thievish blacks. In the abstract, we are all opposed to servitude; but the evil existing, are we to remedy it by incurring ten fold greater ones? Are we to throw the rain of southern thralldom upon the necks of northern freemen? Are the farmers, the mechanics and laborers to be plundered of their hard earnings by a multitude of idle, thievish and ignorant vagabonds, and this to gratify the misguided or wicked zeal of a few fanatics? The impolicy & inexpediency of such a measure must be apparent to all, and yet John Halbert, the itchy public aspirant, is one of these persons. Let the honest and reflecting citizen pause before he reposes office and authority in such a man. Consider the necessary consequences of a general adoption of this detestable doctrine, and consider that Halbert is anxious to effect it. Are you willing to make the stupid, unlettered and depraved negro your neighbor and advocate; are you willing to extend the right of suffrage; to share your civil offices, and fill up your public trusts with such men? If you are, cast your vote for Halbert; give him the power and you shall be gratified to the full; if not, give your suffrage to the democratic nominee; show to the world your detestation of these abominable principles; teach the drone who rests his claims to your support in Abolitionism, that abolitionism is the doctrine of the fanatic—a doctrine which policy & good sense alike condemn.

Let the people see to it.—If the citizens of Cumberland county want the Recorder and Clerk's office to be placed completely under the control of honest John M. Woodburn and the Egges, they will vote for Joseph Bauman—for it is notorious that this individual lives, moves, and has his existence through them, and is a mere tool in their hands. It is these men who first brought out the poor imbecile—and it is they who are now urging so strenuously his election.

We repeat, see to it Democrats, if you do not want that office placed in the hands of these federal demagogues. Vote for the regular democratic nominee, Willis Foulk, and thus defeat the vile schemes of the infamous crew.

Halbert feels very sore because we intimated in a former number that he was L.A.Z.Y.—and the lying vagabond of the Herald asserts that in so doing we evinced an hostility to the mechanics of our county. The hiring editor knew at the time he wrote that article that he was penning a vile falsehood—and Halbert must feel that the truth is sometimes a bitter pill to swallow. The shoe pinches accordingly.

Democrats! beware of the falsehoods and slanders of the opposition crew. They will circulate all manner of LIES from this till the election. This is their invariable custom. They slandered Thomas Jefferson, Simon Snyder, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren and David R. Porter—and, true to their principles; they are now engaged in the most villainous and shameful defamation of the democratic candidates on your County Ticket. Heed them not.

Beware of Spurious Tickets.—Democrats! the enemy will endeavor to deceive you with spurious tickets. They will have them printed with a portion of the democratic candidates upon them and some of their own men—they will, perhaps, have some with the names of the democratic candidates wrong spelled. Look well, before you deposit your vote. Examine closely, and be sure that your ticket contains the names of ABRAHAM S. MCKINNEY, JOHN ZIMMERMAN, GEORGE SANDERSON, ISAAC ANGENY, WILLIS FOULK, ALEXANDER M. KERR, SAMUEL ECKLES and THOMAS H. BRITTON. Nothing is too base or mean for the antinomian federal buckshotian crew to attempt—we therefore again urge upon you the necessity of examining carefully your tickets.

The last Herald charges the Auditor General with having refused to pay the troops who marched to Harrisburg last winter. Having no evidence of the kind in any other paper, or from any other source, we are disposed to doubt the truth of Crab's allegation. We rather suspect the cabal who surround that pure moralist, coined the story for political purposes—the Herald's disclaimer to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Messrs Sanderson & Co.—The 8th of October is fast approaching, and it is not improper that the people of the county should understand how old Millin feels in regard thereto. This staunch old township will well maintain her democratic principles. She will not bow from her duty; but recognizes with equal readiness our foes be they nominated or volunteers. A foe to democracy is politically a foe to republicanism—let him ask her support under what color or name he pleases. A majority strong, full, decisive—will show the cowardly march of democratic principles and democratic measures. The illiberal policy and narrow-minded behaviour of the enemies of democracy have long been discarded from the free-thinking and intelligent sons of old Millin.

The selection of a new Recorder and clerk of the Courts, now under discussion, has met with unqualified approbation from our democratic friends. Not a murmur or single expression of dissatisfaction is uttered. With us the volunteer candidates are regarded as foes—known generally to have arrayed themselves, hitherto, with our opponents. Let us, therefore, if we had professed democratic principles, their conduct now betrays them. To oppose the regular nominees is enough to secure their condemnation.—They can, at best, only obtain the whig vote. Every week previous to the election, we have seen them, and all so far as we know them, without merit or even common respectability.—Who, by the by, is Joseph Bauman? Let our friends be active, and all must succeed well.

A friend from Millin asks who is Joseph Bauman? We will tell him: Originally from Lancaster county, he settled in Carlisle; left it and took up his abode, for a time, at Mount Holly; returned to Carlisle; where he remained a few years, under the denomination of "Silve Doctor;" and then fitted for Pine Grove farm, where he continues, at present, under the federal sway of the Egges. (Without being known to the democratic family as a constituent part—the mere creature of political caprice—he applied to Governor Porter for the office of Register, and having failed of success, he now commits himself to the public, relying upon personal popularity, he awaits the election to serve his fellow citizens, as Recorder and clerk of the Courts. Now, without disparagement to this gentleman, or a disposition to offend his feelings, we boldly affirm, he is no earnestly deficient in an essential requisite of a public officer—common sense. The Doctor is a weak, silly-minded man, totally disqualified for any official function; the mere instrument of designing men, who urge him to such public essays merely to gratify their wanton propensities, or to effect an end, to which other and sensible men, would not lend themselves. Wholly unacquainted with the duties of a Recorder and clerk, it would be a kindness in his friends to induce him to withdraw. He possesses no simple claim, or merit, or fitness, which recommends him to the support of the people.

Messrs. Sanderson & Co.—Gentlemen—It is with reluctance that I at any time appear before the public in vindication of my character; but it is more particularly so on the eve of an election, when the public mind is unusually agitated. Suffice it to say that nothing but a sense of duty to the public, to myself and family, causes me at this time to notice the vile abuse and wanton slanders articles in the Herald and Expositor of last week. In the first place, the paragraph under the signature of said paper I pronounce, a collection of base unwarrantable slander, and as for the questions over the signature of "L. N. N. Y." I also pronounce them a collection of mean and contemptible indirect assertions or insinuations, without the sanction of a name or even the shadow of truth to support them; and the public can have no better proof of that fact than the circumstance of the writer thereof, like a mid-night assassin, appearing over a fictitious signature, being ashamed to give his real name to what he knows to be false in all intents and purposes. Very respectfully, yours &c. W. FOULK.

BOROUGH MEETING

At Monday's, on Saturday evening last. ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS. On motion, a committee of seven was appointed to report a preamble and resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting on the subject of the approaching election. The committee, after having retired for a short time, reported through the Chairman, James H. Grubb, Esq. the following, which, on motion, the meeting adopted unanimously. Whereas, we will be called upon again to exercise that inestimable privilege of free men secured by our Republican form of Government—the right of selecting by the ballot box our public functionaries—and the free expression of opinion is a privilege important to the proper exercise of this inestimable right. Therefore Resolved, That we view the coming election as one of deep interest to every republican, as the first which will be held under the amended Constitution, which was originated by, and adopted through the instrumentality of the Democracy of our State. Resolved, That we will cordially support the ticket nominated by the Democratic County Convention, and use all our influence to secure the success of the whole ticket by a triumphant majority; and would earnestly urge our democratic fellow citizens to activity and zeal, reminding them that the price of Liberty is unceasing vigilance. Resolved, That the low, vulgar and scurrilous attack made upon our County officer, in the last Herald, is alike disgraceful to the editor and the principles he professes to support, and is evidence of a low malignancy of mind, incompatible with that which ought to characterize the accredited Editor of a public press. Resolved, That a committee of three from each ward be appointed, to report to an adjourned meeting to be held on Tuesday evening next at the public house of Geo. Sheaffer—Committees of vigilance for the different wards and candidates for Judge and Inspectors of the General Election. JOHN HOLSAPPLE, President. Martin Cornman, John Grtz, Sen. Joseph Hershey, James Armstrong, V. Presidents. George Mathews, John Trough, Secretaries.

Correspondence of the American Volunteer. New York, Sept. 24, 1839. I regard Wall Street as the financial barometer by which merchants, bankers, brokers &c., are apprised of the true state and condition of the commercial and political atmosphere. There may be those among your readers who are not aware of the existence of such a spot, nor of the transactions of which it is the daily scene. Be it known unto such that Wall street is the place where are congregated most of the banks, brokers' offices, newspaper establishments & other insignia of magnificent grandeur for which this great bustling busy city is renowned. It is the place where bankers daily resort to regulate the rates of exchange, and to adopt measures for keeping honest money out of a large portion of their honest means. It is the place where brokers repeat to carry those measures into full and complete execution. It is the place where speculators go to crave such supplies as will enable them to monopolize the necessities of life, and thus starve, *ad libitum*, the industrious poor. It is, in fine, the place where merchants, financiers, editors, apple women, lawyers, loafers, small beer pedlars, politicians and pickpockets are huddled together in the most admirable confusion, betwixt the hours of 10 and 2 each day; each in the discharge of his or her peculiar official functions, and all alike, in their own estimation, possessing an honesty of intention and purity of motive "rarely equalled and never excelled." If a pressure is felt in the money market a remedy is sought here. If any mystery exists in matters of finance it is first developed here. If any change is taking place in public sentiment it is first seen here; and whether the commercial and political atmosphere is darkened by clouds or illuminated by sunshine, Wall street bears accurate indicia of its precise condition.

I have taken the liberty of writing this long preface to the announcement of the short fact that the stock of the U. S. Bank, which was selling two years since for 125c is now glutting the market at 10 1/4 to 10 1/2.—The recent movements of that institution have opened the eyes of even its friends.— Its extensive issue of post notes in Boston & here, by which a false aspect was given to trade, and by which business men were lured into a false security, has had a tendency to render it peculiarly obnoxious to the well-founded suspicions and distrust of the commercial community. A member of a very noted and wealthy firm in South street near Wall, whom I had long known as an uncompromising Whig and friend of the monster, announced in my hearing a few days since, the entire and radical change which had taken place in his sentiments since the defunctive policy and subtle treachery of the U. S. Bank had become apparent. This circumstance, together with an abundance of others which are occurring daily under my observation, and symptomatic of returning reason in a large portion of the Mammoth Bank party. The fact is, the U. S. Bank must go down, and with it must be engulfed Henry Clay and all his glittering hopes of reaching the chair of State. Another fact is, the Independent Treasury must be established, and with it the lasting honor and imperishable fame of Martin Van Buren. Impunity, and "talented Senators" may turn up their handsome aristocratic noses at this prediction, and fancy editors may affect to treat it with derision, while they are, nevertheless, compelled to contemplate its too certain and unavoidable reality.

On Friday last the British Queen arrived; having been out 17 days, and on Saturday the Great Western departed. On board the former came Mr. Ingham, who was sent out to Europe by some company in Pennsylvania to endeavor to negotiate a loan. It is said that he returns without accomplishing his object. The aspect of affairs in England is not materially changed by this arrival.— Cotton speculators and stock jobbers are "suffering some" as they undoubtedly ought, while agriculture was never more prosperous and encouraging.— Daniel Webster is *non est inventus*. Probably he is shooting grouse among the brais and mountains of bonny Scotland. It is openly rumored that the Queen is to bestow her hand upon Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg. The pretty little virgin would undoubtedly make him a charming helpmate. But my advice to her would be not to assume the silken bonnet. A King is a humbug—but to be the subject of a young, beautiful, tender, maidenly little monarch like Victoria—there is something inspiring and poetic in the very notion.— Democrat as I am, I can't say that I should urge any very serious objections. Mr. Henderson, Texian agent to France and England, also came passenger in the "Queen," and sings with us from both those nations the recognition of Texas.

I have just room to add that a very destructive fire occurred yesterday, consuming the National Theatre, three elegant churches and several private houses. The loss is said to amount to about \$250,000. A small portion only was insured.— Charles Keon, the celebrated tragedian, had just commenced an engagement at this Theatre, and was to have appeared last night, for the first time since his recovery from a short illness, in the character of Richard the Third.— The manager, Wallack, is supposed to be totally ruined. No lives were lost. SLAMM.

For the Volunteer.—Messrs. Editors.—My former communications were designed to show the insincerity of the Herald man's pretensions to morality, and his utter unfitness to advise or censure others in regard to moral behavior. His silence, in not vindicating his character

and sustaining the position he had assumed, is the evidence of his hypocrisy. It is proof clear and indisputable. He has allowed, by his conduct—the hollowness of his professions.— And, is any further corroboration needed? It presents itself in the flagrant inconsistency he evinces in supporting for office, at this moment, the very kind of man he was most loud in denouncing. Not only did he aid in bringing before the community men of notoriously intemperate and debauched practices, but he recommends with voice and pen such individuals to the public notice. Hand in hand, slander and denunciation, have been weekly blazoned forth from that print—the former most foul and malignant defamation of irreproachable reputations; the latter, a hissing outcry against vice and immorality. But mark the meanness of the hypocrisy—a hypocrisy so vile and shallow, that its rottenness offended every nostril before it could pervade or delude any man's judgment. The silliness and weakness of the ranting impostor is strangely different from common scoundrels. They usually plan their schemes with craft and foresight.— But this witless knave, dripping with corruption, swings in the very halter he had prepared for honest men.

The vagabond mercenary verifies profession, by action directly its opposite—decrying intemperance, he recommends to the public the rum-sucker; fiercely indignant at the inebriate, he supports and nominates for office the very manufacturer of the poisonous spirit—the wholesale distiller. In the opinion of this manikin, to injure one's self is an unpardonable social infraction; but to turn the maddening stream of intoxication, bubbling in the boiling fury of its dissolving elements, into the public thoroughfare and the private byway—to impel from an exhausted source, on the whole community; to unman, shatter and paralyze social energy and activity is a harmless practice—a sin expiated by the penance of suffering defeat on a political race course.

Thus far, the imposture of the many hiring has been exposed on the strength of his own declarations, his gross incongruities, and his public moral delinquencies. Now we advance a step farther, and laying aside the weapons of defence, adopt the language of accusation, and affirm the exact applicability of every line and sentence hitherto uttered, to the tortuous windings of this wormy cormorant. An itinerant hiring and shifting politician; a gambler and drunkard; swindler and whore-monger, he yet numbers other crimes more dark and loathsome. We may yet tear the veil from these coarse villainies.

The sensitive uneasiness betrayed by the yelping tool, and his flexed howling, under an insinuation of a dishonest interruption of his mercantile pursuits, spring not from the belief of a conscious injury. Let not the shrewdness of his unruddled conscience be disturbed by a shadowy spectre. Let not his honesty be startled at the thought of a phantasm. What if it should be boldly affirmed that fraudulent bankrupt is not an unapt appellation? What if it be shown that dishonesty marked the insolvency? Who dare deny it? Will the haggard debauchee call to mind a journey to the west? Will he remember the decaying state of his home business? Will he bear in mind the result of that adventure? Will he recollect the gratified expressions he uttered on his return at his bargain? And will he above all recall the startling truth, that in making an assignment, this dishonest ownership glided from his recollection; that no return appears of this "neat little business transaction?" Come, ye defrauded and wronged creditors, compel this unconscionable verobate to vomit forth his ill-gotten and faithlessly detained riches! make him disgorge it.— Convey the trashy skeleton—the merest remains of his hired wife, to an necessary of his dishonesty—he now stands ready to vindicate his villainy by the oath which such struggling sinners never scruple to take. Having gathered together the available fragment of his squandered substance—bankruptcy grinning in his bloated face—he pushed for the west—far from home and the reach of the creditor—there to invest it, to the shameless cheat of his confiding friends and unsuspecting benefactors.

Does any man suspect the course immorality which this wasted debauchee embodies? The jabbering fool has skulked too far into the vineyard of virtue; the feeblest eye shall see his maggoty rotteness. To indulge the wildest freaks and boldest extravagance of untamed passions, are but the least of this creature's monstrous crimes. To wanton in the fearful brutality of maddening appetites; to riot in the illicit love and frantic orgies of the shameless harlot; to prostitute habitually, in the arms of unchaste love, the husband's vows and the father's sacred obligations; and to carry shame and disgrace to the hallowed innocence of a neglected and dishonored family, has been the industrious and inveterate course of this graceless lecher.

Ay, more—steadily stealing upon, he has fixed his venomous fangs in the tender covering that alone shields unsuspecting virtue.— Having lured, again & again, to the home of an amiable wife, the object of his lustful longings—to facilitate the indulgence of his fierce passions—(*under the confidence of a generous protection,) the maidenhood of the inveigled innocent has been beset; her honor tampered with; and her virtue unwillingly plundered—the precursor of a life of disgrace and infamy. And, would you think it, the same ruthless empoverisher of the hopes and prospects of the poor and the helpless, sallied forth to boast the success of his diabolical plans? This is he who has ascribed his own base deeds to other men. This is he, who, in the midnight hour hath stolen forth to the filthy recess which contained the blasted and wrecked creature of his unholy schemes of those whose modesty departed under the guilty roof of this husband seducer. Yea, this is the wretch whose substance the pimp and the pander have conveyed to the haunts of licentiousness. It is he who divided with the bawd, in the ante-chamber of Richard the Third, the contiguous chamber, to the needy and importunate creditor.

We turn over another leaf, and a gloom tenfold more dismal and startling appears. The adulterous deeds of the craven mercenary, though at a distance, bespeak judgment on the evidence of his own shameless boasting. Ah, the bitter anguish of the dishonored husband, the keen remorse of the repentant wife; the prattling accents of the unconscious offspring—the lasting, living proof of a mother's weakness and infidelity—move the soul to indignation. The betrayal of confidence, the venues of besetting the virtuous wife in the absence of her natural protector; the fearless ingress to the domestic chamber of the helpless innocent—the anxious impatience and subtle wiles mark the savage ferocity of the demon incarnate.— The loveliness of youth, intelligence, respectability, brilliant hopes, fell a sacrifice to the gross lewdness of this man—of this wretch, who hath dared slanderously to belabor others for moral delinquencies.— Kind reader, do you yet suppose this bestial libertine capable of a true or trustworthy sentiment? Truth and he know not each other! His slanders are as hollow as his heart is depraved.

The impotent ravings and angry menaces of the scourged hiring awaken a further fact.— Let him fret and rage till his foul lungs cease to flow. Let him disgorge every drop of his malignant spleen, and let him unfold the "stirring scenes" about Harper's row—then one, perchance, will not escape. Nay, not indeed a "stirring scene," but one which the sycophantic inebriate may well remember. A long, lank, powerless form, lay stretched before his own door helpless as a babe.— Was this a stirring scene? Midnight brooded in sullen gloom; a silence still as the grave, spread around. No voice or living thing broke on the quiet calm; but still e'er and anon, the deep snoring, incoherent ravings, and bitter groans of a brute, disturbed the stillness.— It was a captive manacled in the bonds of intemperance. It was a nightly reveler—a beastly bacchanalian, hoarsely moaning in the keen anguish of a frantic delirium and the piercing pains of a strained, abused and sinking nature.— Can any doubt his identity. Go ask the itinerant hiring.

Such is an has been the slimy track traced by this dishonest bankrupt. Begotten in the womb of slander; he was born into the world an empty foot and croaking cauldron. Shame and desolation have travelled close on his footsteps. Wormy, wasted and idiotic—a shapeless mass of living matter—the very incarnation of vice and crime—he embodies every thing low, despicable and worthless—staining, by contact, the streams of purity and innocence, he has habitually pandered to his coarse and inordinate appetites, from the public virtue. P. ing crime on crime, and villany on villany, till the huge mass conceals his rancid frame by the grossness of its bulk; yet from these putrescent defences he steals forth to blast and blacken the unguarded magazines of moral excellence and purity. Hired, paid and kept, to calumniate and cloud the reputation of the honest and respectable, he well supports the character he was bribed to represent.— He stands forth a shocking exemplar of moral depravity and shattered imbecility. Vain, silly and malicious an ingrate and simpleton, we leave him the foulest pile of flesh and bones that has ever annoyed, for a long period, the presence of morality and virtue. CHURCHMAN.

For the Volunteer.—There is no system of government in the world so simple as our own; and yet of all political systems it is the most delicate in its structure, and requires the greatest caution and circumspection on the part of those who govern and direct its exquisite machinery. Like the sensitive plant it withers under the rude touch of its foes, and revives and expands only when beneath the guardian protection of those who watch with lively interest and joyful emotions its tender buds and lovely flowers, over which the Goddess of liberty hovers and smiles. A system therefore upon which hang the hopes of the world, needs to be an object of our greatest solicitude. If equality and freedom's deities have any charms to attract and bind us, then are we bound by every consideration—by the memory of the past, and the glowing anticipations of the future—to take means in order that our glorious government may with ease and facility, perform its native functions, and carry out the designs of those stern and indomitable republicans, who, amid the storms and tempests of archy and war, stood firmly upon the rock of truth, and embodied those principles which are now the birthright of every American, and which gladden the heart of the exile, and the worn and weary stranger the moment he touches the soil, which is hallowed by the footsteps of freedom.

The past, by its brazen tangle, tells how tenaciously the people have clung to their cherished institutions; and proclaims in a voice that cannot be misunderstood or silenced, that under the guidance of Jefferson, Monroe, Madison and Jackson, they have shown themselves to be the firm friends and unwavering adherents of the principles of our sires.

No great design was ever carried effectually into execution, without some organized plan having been devised or laid down to direct those operations which were intended to bring about the desired result. Our forefathers, in their daring resistance to the mandates of a cruel mother, rushed not blindly into difficulties and dangers. Long ere a blow was struck, or the green sod of Lexington was stained with the warm blood of the free,—had the wise of the land marked out the course which was proper to pursue, and which in their estimation would, as the result proved, effectuate our deliverance—and break with a giant arm, the cords that were cast around us. So wot we, if our desire is to preserve our liberties unimpaired, adopt a systematical plan whereby that great end can be secured. In accordance with this belief, the democratic party, who are the successors of the whigs and patriots of '76, have uniformly adhered to certain customs and usages, conceived, recommended, and established by the wisest heads and the purest hearts. The wisdom and the policy of maintaining these usages have been tested by seasons of trial, difficulty and danger. Our country, under the rule and direction of those men who were chosen by the democratic party, and in accordance with its usual customs, has stood amid the convulsions of States—the upheavings of the popular will—and the efforts of the foes of equality—as firm and undaunted as our own rock built & rugged Alleghenies under the storms and tempests of a thousand years. The principles which these usages tend to advance, and which govern us, are founded upon the rock of eternal truth—and are only destined to fall when the firm base of the cloud capped cliff shall melt away—and the