

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

\$2 00 per annum, in advance—
\$2 50, if not paid within the year.
No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until arrears are paid.

American Volunteer.

BY GEO. SANDERSON.]

“OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG.”

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

Whole No. 1361.

Carlisle, Pa. Thursday June 18, 1840.

New Series—Vol. 5, No. 2.

AGENTS.

JOHN MOORE, Esq., Newville.
JOSEPH M. MEANS, Esq., Hopewell township.
JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq., Shippensburg.

DR. WM. EVANS' CAMOMILE PILLS.

A severe case of Piles cured at 100 Chatham street.
The passage of the teeth through the gums produces troublesome and dangerous symptoms.

Beware of Counterfeits.
Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress.

DR. HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS.

INTERESTING & APPLICABLE TO THE AFFLICTED WITH Diseases of the Stomach, or Nerves; Such as Dyspepsia, either Chronic or Casual, under the worst symptoms of restlessness; Loss of Sleep, and General Emaciation; Consumption, whether of the Lungs or Liver; Liver Affections; Jaundice, both Bilialy & Spasmodic; Costiveness; Worms of every variety; Rheumatism, either Acute or Chronic; together with Gout, Scrofula, Pains in the Head, Back, Limbs, and Side; Typhus Fever, Scarlet Fever, Putrid Sore Throat, Fever & Ague, Splanchnic Prolapsion of the Heart and Arteries, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Weakness, The Dantourens, Gramps, Female Obstructions, Heartburn, Headache, Cough the Common or Humid, and the Dry or the Whooping; Asthma, Gravel, and Dropsy.

The Blood has hitherto been considered by Empirics and others, as the great regulator of the human system, and such is the devoted of the adherents to that erroneous doctrine, that they content themselves with the simple possession of this salutary medicine, without enquiring into the primary sources from whence Life, Health, and Vigor emanate, and vice versa pain, sickness, disease and death.

HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS

have never been known to fail in effecting two very gratifying results, that of raising from the bed of sickness and disease those who have tested their efficacy, and thus amply rewarding Dr. Hunt for his long and anxious study to attain this perfection in the HEALTHY ART.

CERTIFICATES.

FEVER AND AGUE CURED.
Dear Sir—Believing it a duty I owe you as a successful practitioner, as well as those who may be similarly afflicted, I take pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I have derived from the use of your valuable medicine.

HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS.
After much suffering from Fever and Ague, during the spring of 1832, and the following year, and the necessary injuries attendant on a large family, a highly respectable member of the community, and whose veracity cannot be doubted: Mr. Septimus Kendall of the town of Westerlo, county of Albany, was for 27 years troubled with a nervous and bilious affection, which for 7 years rendered him unable to attend to his business, and during the last 3 years of his illness was confined to the house.

Mr. Wm. Tucker, having lately been restored to a sound state of health, through the efficacy of Dr. Hunt's Botanic Pills, thinks it an indispensable duty to state certain facts relative to the disease under which he had long suffered. The symptoms were a painful obstruction, with a constant rejection of food, head-ache palpitation of the heart, loss of spirits, a troublesome dry cough, dizziness, tightness at the chest and difficulty of breathing, almost constant pain in the side, loins, and shoulders, accompanied with much languor and debility. These affections, together with an unusual degree of flatulence, brought on such a state of extreme weakness, as to prevent him from attending to his business, and his health appeared fast beyond recovery. His friends and relatives became alarmed at the melancholy prospect, and strongly recommended Hunt's Botanic Pills, to be administered, and in a few days produced astonishing relief, and finally realized a perfect restoration to sound health.

WILLIAM TUCKER.
Beware of Counterfeits.
Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress.

DR. WM. EVANS' SOOTHING SYRUP, FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

To Mothers and Nurses.
The passage of the teeth through the gums produces troublesome and dangerous symptoms. It is known by mothers that there is great irritation in the mouth, and gums during this process. The gums swell, the secretion of the saliva is increased, the child is seized with frequent and sudden fits of crying, watching, starting in its sleep, and spasms of peculiar parts; the child shrieks with extreme violence, and thrusts its fingers into its mouth. If these precursory symptoms are not speedily alleviated, spasmodic convulsions universally supervene, and soon cause the dissolution of the infant.

Beware of Counterfeits.
Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress.

DR. WM. EVANS' Camomile & Aperient Pills.

Another very severe case of Inflammatory Rheumatism cured by Dr. Evans' Medicine.
Mr. John A. Carroll, of the county of Westchester, town of North Castle, New York, had been severely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for fourteen months with violent pains, in his limbs, great heat, excessive thirst, dryness of skin, limbs much swollen, was not able without assistance to turn in bed for six weeks. Had tried various remedies to no effect.

Beware of Counterfeits.
Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress.

ENVIABLE DISTINCTION.

IN the midst of a general and, in many instances not unfounded prejudice against many of the medical remedies of the day, Dr. W. E. VANS' PILLS have the enviable distinction of an universal approbation. They are perhaps the only medicine publicly advertised that has the full and unreserved testimony of medical men in its favor, if not the only one which gives full satisfaction to its purchasers.

More conclusive proofs of the efficacy of Dr. Wm. Evans' Camomile and Aperient Pills.
The following certificate was handed to us by Mr. Van Schaick, of Albany, a highly respectable member of the community, and whose veracity cannot be doubted: Mr. Septimus Kendall of the town of Westerlo, county of Albany, was for 27 years troubled with a nervous and bilious affection, which for 7 years rendered him unable to attend to his business, and during the last 3 years of his illness was confined to the house.

Beware of Counterfeits.
Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress.

Of whom may be had.
Dr. Wm. Evans' Camomile & Aperient Pills.
Do. Soothing Syrup.
Dr. Hunt's Botanic Pills.
Dr. Goode's Female Pills.
Do. Fever and Ague Pills.
Dr. Evans' only Office, 3, South Seventh street, Philadelphia.



P. E. T. R. Y.

From the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times.
The Girl with the Hole in her Stocking.
'Now dance up to that girl With a hole i' th' heel of her stocking.'

There's a sweet pretty damsel who trips round the street, With a lip that at sorrow seems always a mock- ing; Any bright, sunny day if this fair one you meet, You will know by the hole in the heel of her stocking!

Her locks are like the raven's—her eye the gazelle's, And her foot is so short that it does not need dock- ing; Her bust is perfection—but—shudder ye belles!— There's a devilish great hole in the heel of her stocking!

When I saw her first at Miss Fitzmagig's rout, Like a patent trip hammer my heart was a knock- ing; But when I turned round as she pass'd, I cried out, Ye Gods on Olympus!—a hole in her stocking!

The next time I met her, the sweet little dear On her lover's arm was leaning, her arms intor- locking; I was chilled to the heart, and shed many a tear, For that horrid great hole in the heel of her stock- ing!

Oh, would she were mine! if it made me a coxcomb, I would buy her a bundle of green or grey cock- ing; I'd sit cross legg'd a month, or I'd ride the Bronzo Horse, Till I booted up that hole in the heel of her stock- ing!

Ah, sweetest! enough are the woes of each day, To stir up this noddle, and set it to rocking; But if not for my sake, for charity's pray, Buy a needle, and darn up that hole in your stock- ing.

THE YOUNG BRIDE.—Observe that slow and solemn tread, when the young bride takes her wedded one by the arm, and, with downcast looks and a heavy heart, turns her face from "sweet home," and all its associations, which have for years been growing and brightening, and entwining so closely around the purest and tenderest feelings of the heart.

She has just bid adieu to her home! she has given the parting hand—the parting kiss! With deep and struggling emotions she has pronounced the farewell and oh, how fond, and yet mournful a spell this word breathes! and perhaps 'tis the last farewell to father, mother, brother, sister!

Childhood and youth, the sweet morning of life, with its "charm of earliest birds," and earliest associations, have now passed. Now commences a new, a momentous period of existence! Of this she is well aware. She reads in living characters—uncertainty, assuming that where all was peace—where all was happiness—where home, sweet home was all in all unto her. But these ties, these associations, these endearments she has yielded one by one, and now she has broken them all asunder. She has turned her face from them all, and witness how she clings to the arm of him for whom all these have been exchanged!

See how she moves on; the world is before her, and a history to be written, whose pages are to be filled, up with life's loveliest pencillings, or, perhaps, with incidents of eventual interest—of startling fearful record! Who can throw aside the veil, even of "three score years and ten," for her, and record the happy and sunbright incidents that shall arise in succession, to make joyous and full her cup of life—that shall throw around those embellishments of the mind and heart, that which crowns the domestic circle with beauty and loveliness, that which sweetens social intercourse and softens, improves, and elevates the condition of society.

Oh! young man, ever be to the young bride what thou seemest now to be; disappoint her not! What has she not given up for thee? What sweet ties that bound heart to heart, hand to hand, and life to life, has she not broken off for thee? Prove thyself worthy of all she has sacrificed. Let it ever be her pleasure, as now, to cling with confidence joy and love to that arm. Let it be her stay, her support, and it shall be well repaid. Her's is an enduring—an undying love! Prosperity will strengthen it—adver-

sity will brighten and invigorate it, and give to it additional lustre and loveliness! Should the hand of disease fall upon thee, then wilt thou behold woman's love—woman's devotion! for thou wilt never witness her spirits wax faint and drooping at thy couch!—When thine own are failing, she will cling to thee like a sweet vine, and diffuse around thy pillow those sweet influences and attractions that shall touch the master-springs and nobler passions of thy nature—that shall give new impulse to life! Her kind, voice will be like music to thy failing heart—like oil to thy wounds! Yes! she will raise thee, restore thee, and make thee happy, if any thing less than an angel's arm can do it.— Morality and Sentiment.

SIXTH CENSUS.

Interrogatories to be put to the head of each family by the Deputy Marshal.
Who was, on the 1st day of June, 1840, the head (master, mistress, steward, overseer, or other principal person, as the case may be,) of this family?

What number of free white males were there on that day (June, 1st, 1840,) in this family, including any who might have been occasionally absent?
Under 5 years of age Of 50 and under 60 Of 15 and under 20 Of 70 and under 80 Of 20 and under 30 Of 80 and under 90 Of 30 and under 40 Of 90 and under 100 Of 40 and under 50 Of 100 and upwards

The same questions are repeated with regard to females—and also with regard to free colored persons, male and female, and slaves.
What was the occupations of the persons of this family?

What was the name and age of any pensioner for revolutionary or military services, who resided with this family on that day?
What number of white persons were there on that day, in this family, who were blind? Deaf and dumb, under 14 years of age, Deaf and dumb of 14 and under 25, Deaf and dumb of 25 and upwards, Insane and idiots at public charge, Insane and idiots at private charge.

The same questions concerning persons of color.
What number of white persons, over 20 years of age, were there in this family on that day, who could not read and write?
At each university, college, academy, school, and common school, inquire what was the number of students at that place of education on that day?
What was the number of students at public charge?

Mines, Iron.
What is the number of your furnaces for casting iron?
How many tons of iron were cast by you in the year 1839?
How many tons of fuel did you consume?
How many men were employed by you, including those engaged in mining?
What is the amount of your capital invested?

Coal.
How many bushels of bituminous coal were raised by you in 1839?
How many men were employed by you?
What is the amount of your capital invested?
Agriculture.
What is the number of your horses and mules?
How many neat cattle have you?
How many sheep?
How many swine?
What is the estimated value of your poultry of all kinds?
How many bushels of wheat did you grow in 1839?
How many bushels of barley?
How many bushels of oats?
How many bushels of rye?
How many bushels of buckwheat?
How many bushels of Indian corn?
How many bushels of potatoes?
How many pounds of wool?
How many pounds of hops?
How many pounds of wax?
How many tons of hay?
How many tons of hemp and flax?
How many pounds of tobacco?
How many pounds of rice?
How many pounds of cotton have you gathered?

How many pounds of silk cocoons?
How many pounds of sugar?
How many cords of wood have you sold?
What is the value of the products of your dairy?
What is the value of the products of your orchard?
What is the value of your homemade or family goods?

Products of the Forest.
What was the value of the lumber you obtained from the forest in 1839?
How many barrels of tar, pitch, turpentine, and rosin did you make?
How many tons of pot and pearl ashes?
What was the value of the skins and furs you obtained from the forest in 1839?
How many men were employed by you?

MANUFACTURES. Brick and Lime.
What was the value of bricks or lime manufactured by you in 1839?
How many men do you employ?
What is the amount of capital invested in preceding manufactures by you?
Hardware, Cutlery, &c.
What was the amount of hardware, cutlery and nails you manufactured in 1839?
How many men do you employ?

How many persons do you employ?
What is the number of your fulling mills?
What is the number of your woolen manufactory?
What is the value of your goods manufactured in 1839?
How many persons do you employ?
What is the amount of your capital invested?
Hats, Caps, Bonnets, &c.
What was the value of the hats and caps you manufactured in 1839?
What was the value of straw bonnets you manufactured in 1839?

How many persons do you employ?
What is the amount of capital invested?
Leather, Tanneries, Saddleries, Shoemakers &c.
How many sides of sole leather did you tan in 1839?
How many sides of upper leather?
How many men do you employ?
What is the amount of your capital invested?
How many other manufactures of leather, such as saddleries, manufactures of shoes, boots &c., have you?
What was the value of articles manufactured in 1839?
What is the amount of your capital invested? Soap and Candles.
How many pounds of soap did you make in 1839?
How many pounds of tallow candles?
How many pounds of sperm and wax candles?

How many men do you employ?
What is the amount of your capital invested?
Liquors, distilled and fermented.
How many distilleries have you?
How many gallons did you make in 1839?
How many breweries have you?
How many gallons did you make in 1839?
How many men do you employ?
What is the amount of your capital invested? Mills.
How many flouring mills have you?
How many barrels of flour did you manufacture in 1839?
How many grist mills have you?
How many saw mills?
What was the value of their produce or manufactures in 1839?
How many men do you employ?
What is the amount of your capital invested? Houses.
How many brick and stone houses have you built in 1839?
How many frame or wooden houses have you built in 1839?
How many men do you employ?
What was the value of constructing or building said houses?
Products of all other manufactures and mechanic arts not enumerated.
What is the value of all articles you manufactured in 1839, which are not enumerated?
What is the amount of your capital invested?

THE FARMER PRESIDENT.
The way the federalists manufacture the above named article, is an improvement in the science, and is performed near about in the following manner. An old gentleman who once held a commission in the army, was forced, for reasons perfectly well known to the world, to resign his commission, to make room for that intrepid patriot, and Roman statesman, Gen. Andrew Jackson, and then retired, no doubt in disgust, to a farm, from whence he was taken, out of pure benevolence, and made Territorial Governor, where, it is said, he furrowed pretty "considerable" deep into the Treasury—not as a Swartwouter, but merely as an office holder. Lately, by the force of native intellect, heightened and strengthened by a liberal education, he is made county clerk in Cincinnati, for which important and learned services, he reaps thousands of dollars annually! It is said, by those who know him best,—we refer to his immediate neighbors—that he farms and clerks both by proxy—that is he has the labors of each performed by underlings, while he receives the profits. A little over four years ago, a party whose leaders and projectors were of the Hartford Convention, but now are the modern Whigs, selected this old man as the favored object of their devotions—not because he was considered the best man, but because, in confusion of family feuds, he was supposed to be the most available candidate. He still resides on his farm, except when removed by a certain committee appointed as conscience keepers, when his presence might be prejudicial to the completion of their designs.—He is called William Henry Harrison. Four years since he visited Pennsylvania, in an elegant carriage, such as farmers don't generally use, drawn by eight or ten nice, modest, ruffe-shirted Whigs, and exhibited in the city of Philadelphia. Such is the farmer whom the Whigs would make President. But the people say NO!—State Capitol Gazette.

Excitement.—A man drinks three glasses, and he is in a state of excitement. A person receives a box in the ear, and he is excited. You stick your elbow into a fellow boarder's soup at table, and he is excited. You call a man a thief or a liar, and he is excited. You kick him with a sharp toe boot, and he is excited. You pull his nose and spit in his face, and he is excited. In short, you can do nothing in the world without creating excitement—save one thing; hire a man to saw wood by the day, and such an example of coolness and Christian patience as he will exhibit, is enough to kill old folks.

METHODIST CHURCH.—The increase in the Methodist Episcopal Church, during the four years ending in September last, was 515 ministers and 89,781 church members. Since the accounts were made up in September, the ascertained increase is 14,000, making a total increase of upwards of one hundred thousand members. At the General conference of 1836 the number of ministers belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church was 2,781, and of members, 650,678. In September, 1839, 3,290 ministers, and 740,459 members.

ANECDOTE.
The wife of a ridiculous British Whig one of those temporary butterflies which he spangle themselves with fortunes, thieved away from the industrious citizens of the nation by means of shipplasters, paper stocks, lottery tickets, and other fictitious processes, lately went into a thread store kept by a democrat in the Bowers, and after busying the clerk for nearly two hours, purchased a single spool of thread. She thought it too vulgar, however, to carry it home, and requested to have it sent. No sooner had she left the store than a hand cart was procured, the spool deposited in it, taken to the door of her residence, dumped on the side walk after the fashion of a ton of coal—for which she was obliged to fork over twenty-five cents carriage money.—[New York Era.]

THE GRAVE.
The grave! the cold, dark, narrow gravel how silent, yet how eloquent. Its damp sods seem to press upon the heart with the weight of mortal sorrow, and the stern chill of oblivion. How vain, how worthless are all the joys of earth, when standing upon the brink of that which so feelingly reminds us of man's littleness. Yet of his immortality—of time and eternity. Before this petty heap of dust bends the pride of the strong in heart. The ambition that spurred nations from its feet—the intellect that made its own immortality—the avarice that transmuted blood and tears to gold by its accursed alchemy—the revenge that consumed on its unholy altar, alike priest and victim—the lust that melted the pearl of price in the Circean cup of pleasure—all, all is hushed in the presence of this lowly monitor, as the mouldering relics that sleep beneath its bosom. Yet, amid this silence, and desolation springs there no flower of hope, child of a brighter sky, and a more genial clime? Read we no lesson of virtue, written as with the finger of Truth in the dust of mortality? Yes! Religion's bow of promise spans it with the hues of Heaven, and while it teaches man the true value of all that is passing away, it points his aspiring, though humble spirit, to the future—the glorious, the unchangeable.

MURDER.
A black man named Perry Braddock, early yesterday morning, killed his uncle, Stephen Gibbs, also a black man, of about forty-five years of age, one in the morning. Between twelve and one in the morning, he went to a house in Barn's court—running west from Seventh street, below Shippens-

where his uncle, with his wife and daughter residing. There had been some trifling misunderstanding between them; but nothing from which could be thought that violence would have proceeded. He was quiet at first, though he soon became noisy, and the watch were appealed to remove him. He promised them to behave himself, and they retired, he fastening the door after them; they outside, distinctly hearing him say to himself "By G—d, I feel as if I could kill somebody."—According to the testimony of a woman who was in an adjacent room, he sat quietly enough until the candle which was burning in the room sunk into the socket and went out. Braddock then exclaimed:—"Bring us a light! bring us a light! the devil is at work! he is killing all the bears and the lions; and I believe I'll kill the old man! At this the woman alluded to and the wife & daughter of the deceased fled for assistance, leaving the murderer and his victim alone. After a time they returned, finding the body of Gibbs upon the floor, bespattered with brains and blood, and the head of the old man reduced to a shapeless mass, not a piece of the skull an inch square remaining. The instrument of the murder was a heavy iron pot, with which he had retreated to the ceiling, putting in an antic disposition, probably that the belief might be induced that he was insane. He placed the pot on his head, took a position in a corner, and armed himself with an axe, and thus prepared, bid defiance to the force brought against him, defending himself desperately, and wounded several of his assailants. A blow which he aimed at the head of one of the city watch, cut through a stout tarpaulin, and hurt him severely, though not dangerously. He was at length secured, and taken before Alderman Hoffman, of Moyamensing, by whom he was committed. Braddock occasionally indulges in drink to a beastly degree, and at these times his conduct has been always outrageous; but he has never been known to display a single sign of insanity; though after awaking from sleep in the morning, he pretended to the utmost astonishment and ignorance when informed of the reason of his incarceration.—Phil. Gaz.

Excitement.—A man drinks three glasses, and he is in a state of excitement. A person receives a box in the ear, and he is excited. You stick your elbow into a fellow boarder's soup at table, and he is excited. You call a man a thief or a liar, and he is excited. You kick him with a sharp toe boot, and he is excited. You pull his nose and spit in his face, and he is excited. In short, you can do nothing in the world without creating excitement—save one thing; hire a man to saw wood by the day, and such an example of coolness and Christian patience as he will exhibit, is enough to kill old folks.

METHODIST CHURCH.—The increase in the Methodist Episcopal Church, during the four years ending in September last, was 515 ministers and 89,781 church members. Since the accounts were made up in September, the ascertained increase is 14,000, making a total increase of upwards of one hundred thousand members. At the General conference of 1836 the number of ministers belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church was 2,781, and of members, 650,678. In September, 1839, 3,290 ministers, and 740,459 members.

ANECDOTE.
The wife of a ridiculous British Whig one of those temporary butterflies which he spangle themselves with fortunes, thieved away from the industrious citizens of the nation by means of shipplasters, paper stocks, lottery tickets, and other fictitious processes, lately went into a thread store kept by a democrat in the Bowers, and after busying the clerk for nearly two hours, purchased a single spool of thread. She thought it too vulgar, however, to carry it home, and requested to have it sent. No sooner had she left the store than a hand cart was procured, the spool deposited in it, taken to the door of her residence, dumped on the side walk after the fashion of a ton of coal—for which she was obliged to fork over twenty-five cents carriage money.—[New York Era.]

THE GRAVE.
The grave! the cold, dark, narrow gravel how silent, yet how eloquent. Its damp sods seem to press upon the heart with the weight of mortal sorrow, and the stern chill of oblivion. How vain, how worthless are all the joys of earth, when standing upon the brink of that which so feelingly reminds us of man's littleness. Yet of his immortality—of time and eternity. Before this petty heap of dust bends the pride of the strong in heart. The ambition that spurred nations from its feet—the intellect that made its own immortality—the avarice that transmuted blood and tears to gold by its accursed alchemy—the revenge that consumed on its unholy altar, alike priest and victim—the lust that melted the pearl of price in the Circean cup of pleasure—all, all is hushed in the presence of this lowly monitor, as the mouldering relics that sleep beneath its bosom. Yet, amid this silence, and desolation springs there no flower of hope, child of a brighter sky, and a more genial clime? Read we no lesson of virtue, written as with the finger of Truth in the dust of mortality? Yes! Religion's bow of promise spans it with the hues of Heaven, and while it teaches man the true value of all that is passing away, it points his aspiring, though humble spirit, to the future—the glorious, the unchangeable.

MURDER.
A black man named Perry Braddock, early yesterday morning, killed his uncle, Stephen Gibbs, also a black man, of about forty-five years of age, one in the morning. Between twelve and one in the morning, he went to a house in Barn's court—running west from Seventh street, below Shippens-