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American Volunteer.

BY GEO. SANDERSON.]

OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG.

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 1372.

Carlisle, Pa. Thursday November 12, 1840.

New Series—Vol. 5, No. 22.

AGENTS.

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

EDGE TOOL MANUFACTORY.

The subscriber hereby informs the citizens of Carlisle, and the public generally, that he has taken the shop nearly opposite the Jail, where he will be prepared to manufacture to order, on the most reasonable terms, any article in his line of business, such as

AXES, MILL PICKS, &C.

He will also attend to Stealing and Grinding Axes. He solicits a share of public patronage.

JOHN HARRIS.

Carlisle, Nov. 5, 1840.

STRAY HEIFER.

Came to the plantation of the subscriber in Newton township, Cumberland county, on the 22d ult., a White and Red Spotted Heifer, with a bell on, about 2 years old.—The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

ELIAS DIEHL.

November 5, 1840.

CREDITORS' NOTICE.

TAKE notice that I have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, for the benefit of the insolvent Laws of this Commonwealth, and that they have appointed Monday the 23d of November next, for the hearing of me and my creditors, at the Court House, in the Borough of Gettysburg, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

JOHN DAVIS.

Nov. 5, 1840.

NOTICE.

The creditors of John Blessing, late of the County of Cumberland, deceased, will take notice that the undersigned an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of the County aforesaid, to settle and adjust the rates and proportions of the remaining assets of the estate of said deceased, in the hands of David Hume, Esq. his administrator, amongst said creditors, will meet for said purpose at the house of William S. Allen, in Carlisle, on Friday the 4th of December next, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day.

J. B. HONIAM, Auditor.

November 5, 1840.

Commissioner's Office.

The Principal Assessors of the different Boroughs and Townships, are requested to meet at the Commissioner's Office, in the Borough of Carlisle, on Monday the 23d instant, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, on business of importance relative to their duties in fixing upon the Standard, Rates, &c. for the Triennial Assessment. Punctual attendance is requested.

JOHN IRWIN, CIPK.

By order of the Board.

LIST OF LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office CARLISLE, Pa. October 31st, 1840.

- Abrahams Mary
Augenbaugh Isaac
Arnold Edward Gen
Bise John
Best Anders
Baldwin Sarah
Banks Wm R
Berkholder A
Bilymer Martin
Buchanan Wm
Brown James
Brown Robert
Bardon Mary
Beltzhoover G
Cline John
Clark Margaret
Carothers John 2
Christwell George
Cavis F D
Davidson Georg
Dinkle Henry A
Doran John
Drummond Elizabeth
Ebersole Jacob Sr
Fleiger Charles
Fortney Sarah 2
Fisher Samuel
Fannell Jacob
Fenstermaker Jacob
Fray Mr
Gamble William
Gargas John D 2
Gorrell Nancy
Greenwood Mr
Gill John
Hanna Sarah
Hugel Maria S
Hutt Edward
Hacket James
Humphreys Milton
Hoogston John
Hastford John
Hastings Fanny
Hays William
Hutton Sarah
Higgs Thomas
Hess Maria
Hall Owen E
Jarret George
Johnston Samuel Esq
Johnson John
Korting Kerulus
Kuhn John
Krichbaum Adam
Knappmann Adam
Kernes Abner
Leib Mary
Littlebury R.

M. LAMBERTON, P. M.

ATTENTION Light Infantry!

You are ordered to parade at the Armory, on Saturday the 21st inst. at 10 o'clock A. M., in the old uniform, with arms and accoutrements in good order.

JACOB REHRAR, Capt.
Nov. 5, 1840.
N. B. A Court of Appeal will be held on said day, and no further indulgence will be given.

ATTENTION George Washington Artillery!

You are ordered to parade at the Armory, on Saturday the 21st inst. at 1 o'clock P. M., in Blue Pantaloons with RED STRIPES. Punctual attendance is requested.

The Company will meet for drill at the Armory on Tuesday evening next. By order of the Capt.
C. COCKLIN, O. S.
Nov. 5, 1840.



THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where mortal man
Might find a happier lot?

Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death:
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest?
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death:
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blest?
Where grief may find a balm,
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stepped up to the bar, called for three glasses of brandy today, and sat down by his side.
'What the devil brings you here, Mary?' said he morosely.
'It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there,' replied the meek wife. 'There is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows.'

'But to come to such a place as this!' expostulated Tim.
'No place can be improper where my husband is,' said poor Mary. 'Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder!' She took up the glass of alcohol.
'Surely you are not going to drink that?' asked Tim in huge astonishment.

'Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and if brandy has that effect I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful to-day, and I really need something to support my strength.'
'Woman! woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that?' cried Tim, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.
'Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink—you can see how much good it does your father.'

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to conduct her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years.
The next evening, O miracle! he returned homeward with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house and heard him exclaim, 'oh mother! here comes father, and he is not drunk!' Tears rolled down the penitent's cheek, and from that hour he has not tasted strong drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling, and as soon as his emancipation from the thralldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs. Truesdell, she is the happiest of women, and never thinks without pride of her first and last visit to the dram shop.—N. Y. Sun.

Sabbath Scholars.

The first Sabbath School scholar who ever sat as a pupil at my side, was a man twenty-five years of age—the head of a family—the overseer of a large estate, who, when he entered the school did not know a letter.—In three Sabbaths he learned his alphabet—in six Sabbaths more he read. Twelve years after we parted, as teacher and pupil, during which time I had neither seen or heard of him, we very unexpectedly met.—He recognized his old teacher, offered me the congratulating hand of friendship, and said, 'I owe all that I am, and all that I have that is valuable, to the Sabbath School. When I once learned to read, I resolved on trying to look up a little. After leaving your school and neighborhood, I got private instruction in penmanship and arithmetic, and God has greatly blessed me.' I afterwards learned that in the state to which he had removed, he held a reputable rank as an intelligent Christian gentleman.

Take another case. In the spring of 1820, as the superintendent of a Sabbath School walked through a retired and fifth street in one of our large cities, his attention was arrested by a little boy, badly clad, who sat upon a large rock by the side of the street. On asking the boy where his father lived, he received this touching answer, 'I have no father.' The next question was, have you a mother? To this the little sufferer said, 'My mother's dead too, sir.' Who would not have wept over such a case. He had no father, he had no mother—he had no peaceful and happy home. When the Sabbath School was named he seemed pleased, and expressed a wish to attend, but said he had no clothes sufficiently decent, to wear to such a place. This difficulty was soon obviated, and the next Sabbath he made his appearance. A brighter countenance than his was scarcely ever seen. He learned rapidly; soon became one of the most reputable scholars in the school. He was sent by the charity of two gentlemen to a day school just six months. A place was now procured for him, in which he barely earned his food and raiment. Suffice it to say, that the once ragged, outcast, friendless orphan, is at this moment an intelligent, genteel and prosperous member of one of the most respectable firms in that city.—Watchman of the South.

Edward Gibbon, one of the three greatest of English historians, was born, in 1737, at Putney; was imperfectly educated at Westminster school and Magdalen College, Oxford; and finished his studies at Lausanne, under M. Pavillard, Cavallistic minister. It was, however, his having embraced popery that occasioned his being sent to Lausanne. Pavillard reclaimed him from popery; but, after having vibrated between catholicism and protestantism, Gibbon settled into a confirmed sceptic. In 1755 he returned to England, and entered upon the duties of active life. Till the peace of Paris, he was much engaged as an officer of the militia; but, during that time, he read extensively, and published in French, an Essay on the Study of Literature. More than twenty years were next spent in visiting France, Switzerland and Italy; and it was while he sat, musing, among the ruins of the Capitol, and the barbed towers were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing a history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire first arose in his mind. Several other historical schemes had previously occupied his attention. Of this great work the first volume appeared in 1776, the second and third in 1781, and the concluding three volumes in 1788. It raised him at once to the

summit of literary fame; but its artful attacks on Christianity, excited great disgust and indignation, and called forth several antagonists, who unfortunately possessed more of zeal than of discretion. One of them impeached his fidelity as an historian, and thus provoked a reply which gave the assailant ample cause to repent his rashness. Gibbon had already displayed his controversial powers in his Critical Observations, which demolished Warburton's theory respecting the descent of Aeneas. In 1774 he became a member of parliament, and, throughout the American war, he gave a silent support to the measures of Lord North; Liskeard and Lymeington were the places which he represented. A justificatory memorial against France, which he wrote in French for the ministers, gained him the place of a lord of trade; which, however, he lost when the board was suppressed by Mr. Burke's bill. In 1783 he retired to Lausanne, whence he twice returned to his native country. He died January 16, 1794, during his last visit to England. His posthumous works were published in two quarto volumes, by his friend Lord Sheffield. Exquisitely polished by timidity and affectation, happy in description, and in the delineation of character, full of deep and varied research, and imbued with a philosophical spirit, Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire would have been entitled to almost unqualified praise, had he not rendered it the vehicle of opinions calculated to unsettle the faith, or at least to shock the feelings, of every Christian reader.

COCKBURN, THE ROBBER.
We have an anecdote of Admiral Cockburn, and Commodore Barney, related to us many years ago on the Bladensburg battle ground, and which, as we have never seen it in print, we will give:
It will be remembered that Commodore Barney, with his marines, after the other troops had been driven before the enemy, gave the British so warm a reception, that, according to Col. Thornton's own account, they would not have continued the contest five minutes longer had not Barney's men, within that time been overpowered and beaten back. The Commodore, though wounded, continued to fight like a tiger, until his forces slaughtered and weakened, were compelled to retreat. Barney himself was too badly wounded to effect his retreat, and asked a soldier to place him in the shade of a little cedar tree to lay and await the issue. The soldier insisted in carrying him, but the Commodore would not consent, but requested him to load his pistols, and then make his escape. The soldier placed the loaded pistols in the Commodore's hands, and then he escaped, but was greatly at loss to divine the use the Commodore was to make of his loaded pistols, wounded and alone, and virtually a prisoner.

Presently, the British army came pressing on, and the Commodore was soon discovered by a young officer of inferior grade who, ambitious of the honor of capturing the Commodore, approaching him with an air of consequence and triumph, declared Barney his prisoner. 'I am no such a thing,' said the Commodore, 'and if you touch me I'll blow your brains out instantly.'

'Surely,' said the officer, 'you do not mean single handed and wounded to resist the whole army. What may be your meaning in refusing to be taken?' 'I mean, sir, simply that while I have ability to fire a pistol, I'll be taken by no insolent under-stopper. Bring an officer of my grade, and I will surrender to him.' The young man brought some general officer, who is not now recollectcd, and to him Barney at once surrendered, on being introduced to him. In company with that officer was Admiral Cockburn, (whose name is pronounced Coburn), and the officer introduced him to the Commodore. But as he pronounced the name Coburn, Barney did not at first know who the new admiral could be. Enquiringly he repeated, 'Coburn? Coburn?' and then thinking that it must be the same differently pronounced, added, 'ah, admiral Coburn; the same I suppose whom we call admiral Cockburn, of town and house burning memory.'

The valiant commodore, though a wounded, bleeding prisoner, could not repress the utterance of his scorn for the unsoldierly and unmanly conduct of the hen-roost admiral.

A FEMALE DISSENTED FROM A BOO.

A late English paper gives us an account of a singular discovery of murder.—An inquest was lately held in the parish church of Fannet, county of Donegal, at which it appeared that while some men were occupied in cutting turf, they discovered a body dressed in a dark stuff gown and flannel petticoat, with a scarlet handkerchief tied around the head. The body was in a state of the most perfect preservation, the flesh not in the least decayed or shrivelled, but perfectly firm and free from all unpleasant smell. The wretched woman had evidently been barbarously murdered; as her throat was cut in a most frightful manner—the hair, and a ribbon encircling the head, stained with blood, and the left arm broken. Several witnesses were examined, who clearly recognized and identified the body as that of Betty Thompson, wife of Owen McSwine, deceased, who suddenly disappeared in the month of May, 1811, under circumstances of the most suspicious nature. It was astonishing to see a body for thirty years unburied and unchanged as the day the unfortunate creature was murdered, and the clothes uninjured by time. Even the small pores, with which she was slightly marked, were clearly discernible from the powerful antiseptic properties of the bog. The figure was finely proportioned, and exquisitely formed, with beautiful dark hair flowing down the neck, as if veiling from the eye of nature the horrid deed of an unnatural assassin. To

the credit of the parishioners every exertion was made to throw light on the mysterious deed, but without effect. The jury found—'That the body was the body of Betty Thompson, who disappeared in the month of May, 1811, and that she came to her death in consequence of a wound inflicted on her throat with some sharp instrument, by some person or persons unknown.'

PUGILISM IN CHINA.—The art of self defence is regularly taught in China. It is much practised, although not countenanced by the local governments. In the penal code nothing appears concerning it. Tracts are printed which would, in all probability, accompanied by the wood-cuts, amuse the fancy in England. The Chinese have no pitched battles that we ever heard of; but we have seen a pamphlet on the subject of cudgelling, boxing, and sword exercise, in which there are many fanciful terms. The first lesson for a Chinese boxer consists of winding his long tail round his head, stripping himself to the skin, then placing his right foot foremost, and with all his might giving a heavy thrust for the purpose. He is directed to change hands and feet alternately, restraining his breath, and boxing the bag of sand right and left for hours together. This exercise the pugilist grasps in each hand a "stone lock," a heavy mass of stone worked into the form of a Chinese lock. Then being stripped, and the tail arranged as before, he practises thrusting out at a man's length these weights, right and left, till he is tired. He is to change feet and hands at the same time. This lesson is called "a golden dragon thrusting out its claws." Next comes "a dragon stretching his wings—a dragon dragging forth from his den—a drunken Chinaman knocking at his neighbor's door—a sphinx spreading her wings—a hungry tiger seizing a lamb—a hawk clawing a sparrow—a crane and a muscel reciprocally embarrassed," with various other specimens of fanciful nomenclature for divers feats of the pugilistic art.

Attempt to Drown a Wife.—On Thursday evening, a last maker, named Joel Rutan, residing at No. 5 Magin street, walked out about 9 o'clock with his wife Cynthia, in order to accompany her, to the house of her son, whose wife was ill, and who resided in West near Canal street. This son had a sloop lying near the foot of Stanton street, by which they were at first to direct their steps. The husband Joel, after walking for a time on the east side of the city, conducted his wife towards the western part by devious ways, until they had walked three hours, she complaining of the distance and he stopping in a porter house awhile to imbibe some stimulant. Coming out, he pursued his journey with her to the North river, near Canal street, and walked out on the pier behind some lumber, where, (being a powerful man,) he seized hold of her under her arms, and throwing her off the wharf into the river, hastened off as fast as he could, leaving her to drown or to save herself as she might be able. She rising to the surface caught hold of one of the wharf logs and kept herself above the water, calling for assistance as loudly as she could, and a watchman hearing her, procured assistance, got her out conveyed her to a bake house, and warmed her chilled body and thence took her to the watch house, and next morning to the Upper Police office, before Justice Palmer, where after a time she was able to relate her story and make a complaint against her brutal husband. In the course of Friday, officers T. M. Hopkins and Bird found Rutan in a porter house near the foot of Grand street, engaged in drinking, and arresting him he was taken to the Upper Police office before Justice Palmer, where he made light of the matter and said it would do her good to give her a ducking, and was sent to prison in default of \$1000 to bail, to answer Mrs. Rutan, who is a highly respectable and worthy woman, was sent to her son's house to reside.—N. Y. Signal.

The Methodists in Canada.—The Methodists in Canada now consist of nearly a hundred thousand souls. They have sprung up in a few years from very small beginnings, and under many disadvantages. It is not many years, says the Quebec Gazette, since the only Methodist preacher in Lower Canada was incarcerated several months in the Quebec goal for libel; and in Upper Canada, there were only a few wandering Missionaries. They have now numerous substantial Churches; a College of their own; and many able and respectable preachers.

Not in Haste.—A clergyman in the North, very homely in his address, chose for his text a passage in the Psalms.—'I said in my haste, all men are liars.' 'Ay,' premised his reverence by way of introduction, 'ye said in yer haste David, did ye? gin ye had been here, ye might had said it at your leisure, my man.'

A boy, whose honesty is to be recommended more than his ingenuity, once carried some butter to a merchant in a country village to exchange for goods. The butter having a very beautiful appearance, and the merchant being desirous of procuring such for his own use, he asked the boy to bring him all the butter his mother had for spare. 'I think,' said the boy, 'she can't spare any more; for she would not have spared this, only 'rat fell into the cream, and she did not like to use it herself.'

A Pleasant Town.—The Michigan Advocate published at Jackson, says: 'We have in this village one distillery in operation, and one in the progress of erection; one hall, three billiard rooms, fifteen places for retailing spirituous liquors, and the State prison.'

Pittsburgh.

It is estimated that the home manufacture and mechanical productions of this flourishing city and the adjoining villages, including a circuit of five miles square, amount to \$12,000,000 annually. Pittsburgh is celebrated for its high moral and religious character, and for the energetic means used to advance the cause of education. It contains one hundred schools of various kinds, public and private; nine Banks and Insurance Companies, employing a capital of 5,000,000; and sixty places for religious worship. That the population is a reading one, may be learned from the fact that twenty newspapers are printed in the city. Daily line of stage coaches and canal boats, 20; single and double lines of canal freight boats, 11; annual arrivals and departures of steam vessels engaged in the river trade, 2,500; annual sales in the various departments of merchandise, \$15,000,000; annual amount of freight or merchandise or produce passing through the account of non-resident owners, \$6,000,000.

This city, which has sprung up, as it were, in a day, is a convincing proof of the energy and enterprise of the American people.—Where Pittsburgh now stands a monument of the persevering spirit which has given us a national character, fifty years since was a wilderness. Instead of the yell of the savage, or the growl of the panther, we now hear the hum of active industry—the noise of the steam engine and water wheel, and the hearty yo-heave-ho of the stvedore and his gang. The forests have disappeared before the axe of the woodman, and their places usurped by streets filled with a busy stirring population, and the rivers are covered with steam and flat boats, instead, as formerly, with the canoes of the Indians.—When the canal from Beaver to Akron shall be opened Pittsburgh will find another outlet for her manufactures, and such is her situation, that she must go on increasing in wealth and population, with a rapidity that will even astonish the most enthusiastic.

ASIA.

Were the whole story told of the cruelties and oppressions, caused by the conquest of Central Asia by the British, humaning would shudder; and the dark and damning would cover with disgrace that nation which boasts to be the most civilized and refined of any on earth.—The North American of yesterday, in speaking of this subject says: 'It seems that the British Government is likely to have troubles on troubles with its conquered and oppressed East India provinces. It will be remembered that about two years since, the British dethroned a native prince in Afghanistan, Dost Mohammed, and set up in his place Shah Soojah, who had been living under British protection and probably British pay. The reason of this step was, that Dost Mohammed was not a sufficiently pliant tool. Shah Soojah, whom they pretended to restore to his rightful authority, is a brutal sensualist, a man universally despised and hated. He is an egregious tyrant, and his subjects are ready to burst from their bondage. Dost Mohammed, on the other hand, was respected and beloved.'

FAMILY ECONOMY.

A great deal may be saved in a family, and order and comfort promoted by the mistress knowing how things should be done, though she may not be required, in all cases, to do them herself; and a vast deal wasted, and many families ultimately reduced to want, for lack of economy in the household; and of intelligence and good supervision on the part of the mistress. The duty of women is to manage well the affairs of the household; and to qualify them for the performance of this duty, girls should learn what they ought to practice when they become women. Nothing is so great an accomplishment in a young married female—nothing of which a young man is so proud—and certainly very few things so conducive to the welfare and happiness of the married life—as a familiar acquaintance with domestic duties, and a cheerful willingness to perform them with fidelity.

The grand total capital represented by all property in Great Britain and Ireland is estimated at £3,620,000,000. The value of all sorts of public property is £103,000,000. The value of ships, lands, canals, railroads, mines, horses, timber, crops, &c. is estimated at £2,945,000,000. The value of all sorts of furniture, apparel, plate, specie, money in chancery, savings banks, &c. estimated at £280,000,000. The national debt is about £74,000,000.

Gov. Porter.

The Northern Pennsylvanian, published at Wilkesbarre, has raised at the head of its columns the name of David R. Porter, as the gubernatorial candidate for re-election in 1841. We extract the following paragraph from the article of the editor avowing his preference:

'From the first, we have viewed the course pursued by Gov. Porter in relation to the banks set forth in the recommendations contained in his special message, in a light essentially different from his opposers. The great interests of the State had become interwoven with its banking institutions, the speedy completion of our internal improvements depended in a great measure upon their aid; and it was however culpable they might have been in pursuing a course of extravagant speculation, to have crushed them at once would have been the destruction of our credit abroad, the prostration of our energies at home, together with the revulsion of a redundant paper currency would have brought distress and ruin to the doors of thousands of honest industrious citizens.'

Not so Bad.—A young lady being dreadfully frightened at a bull that had broken from his pasture, called to some men who were in the neighborhood to 'drive away that GENTLEMAN cow!'