

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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American Volunteer.

BY GEO. SANDERSON.]

“OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG.”

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 1379.

Carlisle, Pa. Thursday December 31, 1840.

New Series—Vol. 5, No. 29.

AGENTS.

JOHN MOORE, Esq. Newell
JOSEPH M. MEANS, Esq. Hopewelltownship.
JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq. Shippensburg.

CREDITORS' NOTICE.

TAKE notice that we have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this Commonwealth, and that they have appointed the 2d Monday of January next, for the hearing of us Creditors, at the Court House, in Carlisle, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

NEW GOODS.

The subscribers have just received, and are now opening an splendid assortment of FALL and WINTER goods.

Legislative Keystone.

DURING the ensuing session of the Legislature, the Keystone will, as usual, be published twice a week and contain full reports of the proceedings in both Houses. The editors have employed competent Scribes to report at length the debates on all important subjects. Arrangements are also made, through a correspondent at Washington, to give early and correct accounts of the proceedings of Congress.

The terms of the Keystone are the same as heretofore. During the session semi-weekly \$2 00 For the year \$10 00 Any person forwarding us \$2 00 shall receive one copy free of charge.

AUCTION!

THE subscribers will sell at public auction, at their store room in North Hanover street, Carlisle, opposite the Carlisle Bank, their entire stock of

DRY GOODS.

consisting of Blue, Black, Olive, Invisible Green and Brown Broad Cloths; Cassinets and Cassinets of all colors and qualities; Flannels, Blauets, Merinos, Mousins de Laines, Silks, Calicoes, Tickings, Checks, Bleached and Unbleached Muslins, Silk and Cotton Handkerchiefs, Broche, Blanket and Chenille Shawls, Stockings, Gloves, Stacks, Shirt Bosoms, Collars, &c. &c.

Sale to commence on Monday the 11th day of January 1841, (being the first day of the Court) and to continue from day to day until all is sold. ARNOLD & Co. Carlisle, December 17, 1840.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, in the Blacksmithing business, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 7th inst. The books and accounts of the firm are left with David Smith, Esq. for collection, where those interested would do well to call without delay.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

North America Insurance Comp. Philadelphia. CAPITAL \$600,000.

THE above company through their Agency in Carlisle, still continues to insure all kinds of property in this and the adjoining counties at the lowest rates. The usual risk on stone or brick houses averages about \$4 per annum on each thousand insured.

LIST OF CAUSES.

For Trial at January Term 1841, commencing on the 11th day of January, A. D. 1841. Noble vs. Comly
Bryson vs. Myers
Cruse vs. Given
Albert & Co vs. Same
Withell & Co vs. Same
Jinks vs. Same
Adams vs. Same
C. V. R. Company vs. Piper
Stange vs. Moore & Biddle
McFarlane vs. Duck
Church vs. D. College et al
Leidig vs. Rupp
Junkins adms vs. Junkins Exr
Montgomery vs. Irvine
Moore & Biddle vs. Lyons
Jenkins et al vs. Abt
Reagle vs. Abt
Grubb et al vs. Croft et al
Schwartz adms vs. McFlood
Ulrich vs. Bolinger
Bank vs. Barber et al
Brady & Co vs. Helman
Lamberton vs. Noble et al
Clippinger vs. Moore
GEO. SANDERSON, Proby. December 3, 1840.



From the Baltimore Clipper.

GRIEF.

Shall I yield me to despair, To the tyrant sway of care, And each day in sighing spend, Grieving that my life will end!

Shall hill-and dale, and azure sky, Impart no pleasure to my eye, But only shroud my heart with gloom, Thinking of the silent tomb!

When I look on nature's pride— Streams that roll their silv'ry tide, Lofty mountain waving wood, The sea, sublime in angry mood:

And pebbly shore, and flow'ry plain, Where yet milder beauties reign— Then, e'en then must I resign My eyes to weep, my heart to pine!

No! I will forget my sadness, And each thought shall be of gladness, And my soul, inspired shall be, Soaring far, and wild, and free!

Say you "man was made to mourn?" That no joys his life adorn! "Tis not so!" the earth and sky Loudly, angrily, reply!

For, if Nature now be glad, I should smile—if she be sad, I should weep, that both again, Pass her days of woe and pain:

And, what'er the ills of life— Wrong, oppression, varied strife— Aim for right—and, aiming, smile, Knowing GOD will aid my toil.

'Tis ingratitude to grieve, 'God is paid when man receives.' I will, therefore, with content, Smiling, take what HE hath sent.

EARLY WOOD AND WOOD.

By Mrs. Andry. "Early wood'd and early wron, Was never repented under the sun."

Of sigh not for the fair young bride, Grieve her opening bloom, Far from her kindred, loved and tried, To glad another home;

Already are the gay brief days Of girl's triumph done, And tranquil happiness repays The early wood'd and wron.

Fear shall invade her peace no more, Nor sorrow wound the breast, Her passing rivalries are o'er, Her passing doubts at rest;

The glittering haunts of worldly state, Love whispers her to shun, Since scenes of purer bliss await The early wood'd and wron.

Here's a young and guileless heart, Confiding, fond, and warm, Unsullied by the world's vain mart, Unscented by passions storm:

In "hope deferred" she hath not pined, "Till Hope's sweet course was run: No chains of sad remembrance bind The early wood'd and wron.

Her smiles and songs have ceased to grace The halls of festive mirth, But woman's safest resting place Is by a true one's hearth;

Her hours of duty, joy and love In brightness have begun; Peace be her portion from above,— "THE EARLY WOOD'D AND WRON.

From the Ladies' Companion.

Repkini, the Brigand. From unpublished Sketches of Russia and other Lands.

The Russian character, from the harsh and difficult language with which it is invested, is but little known, although that country occupies so considerable a portion in the policy of governments; much, therefore, which is indigenous to that soil, and which best portrays its national character, is clouded in obscurity. It is not from the actions of cabinets, or the impressions received from diplomatic embassies, that you can correctly judge of the internal character of any people. It is amongst the middling classes of society—the peasantry, and the working portion of the community that the national traits of a kingdom can be accurately defined. The serfs of Russia are perhaps, the most degraded, the most ignorant of any race of human beings that are under the surveillance of a Christian government. A moral apathy pervades their whole body—a natural habit of bowing to oppression—a contented feeling with their immediate condition, and, singular to say, a love of cunning, as fervent as any portion of humanity, manifested to the despotic laws of the autocrat, knowing, too well, that his will is absolute, and that death, or worse, eternal banishment to Siberia, would be the punishment awarded to such resistance. Vast as the country is, yet so completely organized are its laws, so strictly administered in every quarter of this tremendous region, that the smallest act of rebellion, down to the pettiest crime, is discovered and punished, in the most summary and merciless manner. One instance of a master spirit, who, for a considerable time evaded and set at defiance the civil and military authorities, is worth recording. A young Russian, of the name of Repkini, with a mind alive to the degradation to which, as a serf, he was subjected,

dared to oppose the mandate of one of the noblemen who had treated his sister in the most cruel manner. The young man, with a heart bursting with indignation, remonstrated upon his cruelty—this was enough to call down the wrath of his despotic master. He was seized, and sentenced to perpetual confinement in a mine upon the nobleman's estate. By some means, however, he contrived to effect his escape, and taking to the forests, raised and organized a considerable band of followers, who, like himself deemed it better to brave the frown of justice, than live in the fetters of cruelty and degradation. For many months, this little but hardy band of peasants kept at bay the parties of soldiers sent to secure them. In almost every encounter, they proved victorious, and so famed did they become, that Repkini was looked upon as the Mazzaroni of Russia. His name was associated with all that was romantic—his picture was blazoned in almost every window, and his life and adventures were told in prose, and sung in ballads. At length the spirit of the government was aroused to a more extended view of his character, and the position which he had assumed. Despatching a powerful force, they surrounded the valley in which he and his little band were stationed. So completely were they hemmed in—so utterly deprived of every hope of escape, that nothing but to surrender or to be cut to pieces, was now their only resource. The latter, in their opinion, was the most advisable, as surrender was only a preface to a more cruel punishment than immediate death. "The knout and Siberia," exclaimed Repkini, "is now all that is left us. What say you, comrades, death or eternal slavery?" Their response was a universal shout of approbation, and recklessly rushing upon the ranks of the soldiers, in a few minutes they were cut to pieces. But Repkini was not doomed to perish so gloriously. The strictest injunction had been given that he should, at all hazards, and every sacrifice, be secured alive, so that he might be made a frightful example, to the detriment of future offenders. On every hand he exposed himself to the fury of the horsemen, but in vain, till at length despairing, and seeing no hope of escape, he advanced to the edge of a precipice, and, with a despairing shout, hurled himself down, and was hurled to the bottom of a deep ravine, where he lay for several days, until he was discovered by a party of soldiers, and conveyed to Petersburg.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of July, that I was awoke at sunrise by a loud rolling of drums. I sprang from my bed, and hastening to the window, saw a body of the municipal authorities, headed by several mounted kalmouks, marching along. My curiosity was excited, and upon inquiry, I found that the celebrated brigand, Repkini, who, for many months before, had occupied so much public attention, was, that morning, to suffer the punishment of the knout. I had often heard of this mode of punishment, but had never been a witness to it, and having a double desire to see this famous robber, I resolved, at once, to be an observer. Having arrived at the place of execution, I waited but a short time before the criminal was brought hither from the hotel of Police, bound down upon a rough wooden sledge— and surrounded by about a hundred individuals of the civil power, each carrying a kalmouk on horseback, each with a sabre hanging by his left side, and by his right was swung a lance, while in their hands they severally held a little whip of leather. In the rear, marched a numerous body of policemen, armed with white staves: the whole under a principal officer of horse.

The unfortunate man, who had already twice undergone a similar punishment, was now approached by the executioner, and prepared for the fulfilment of the sentence. He was stripped of every article of clothing, save a pair of coarse woollen drawers. A leather strap was then placed around his waist, and firmly buckled behind him, to a plank of wood. He was then, by a process of machinery, raised above the heads of the spectators, so that he might be seen and known. His feet were next bound firmly around the same plank of wood; while the top of it was cut slopingly, and in a manner to receive his neck and arms. About his throat was then passed a cord, which, at the same time, was carried to his arms, and fastened there tightly a little above the wrist, through iron rings; this was then brought down to corresponding ones at the bottom of the plank, to which his feet were also securely attached. In this position the culprit was made to stand with his back completely exposed, and perfectly unable to stir.

This ceremony being finished, the nature of his crime and sentence were then read aloud, the spectators standing uncovered. Completely absorbed in the agony of suspense and terror, I forgot to remove my hat, when I was suddenly recalled from my abstraction by a blow from a kalmouk, who ordered me to uncover, and, at the same time, followed me up with a repetition of the like, so that I was glad to remove to another place among the crowd.

The executioner, habited in a black woollen dress, now retired about six feet from the criminal, and commenced his horrible business. Between each blow he always allowed an interval of about six seconds to take place. At the end of every seventy-five strokes, he dipped the knout or lash in powdered brimstone, which, mingling with the blood, gave it a deep purple color. This operation was resorted to, to prevent the cord from twisting and becoming a solid body. But in spite of this precaution, it became one thick and heavy lash, from every sweep which it received in the hands of the executioner, by being dragged along the earth, which, mixing with the blood and brimstone, added to its weight and elasticity.

At the first blow, the poor wretch uttered one thrilling scream of agony; after which he uttered another, during which his lips for one hour and a half, during which he received three hundred and sixty-six blows without cessation. The officer who was in command of the guard, and whose duty it was to see the sentence carried into execution, during the punishment, had sent a soldier to speak to him, but I was informed that he never replied. The question put to him was—"Did he repent?"

The prisoner was now unfastened, and the servant of the executioner conducted him to a chair placed beside the sledge upon which he had been brought. In this he was seated, while to the front of it was affixed a machine of singular construction. It was furnished with sharp iron points, upon which his hands were placed, and a heavy weight—a quantity of gunpowder was then rubbed into the bleeding wounds, so as to leave an everlasting mark. The same operation was repeated twice successively, after which his nostrils were slit open by a pair of sharp-pointed pinners.

Notwithstanding this horrible execution, the prisoner underwent the latter part of his sentence, standing upon his feet, without the slightest support. He was then covered with his shirt, placed upon the sledge, and conducted back to prison, where, at the end of nine days, he expired in the most excruciating torture.

On inquiring of one of the police who had seen him previous to his death, I was told that he saw him lying on a bare oaken bench, attired only in his drawers, with his back quite uncovered, and his wounds festering from a want of dressing. The prisoner informed this individual that if he had not been permitted to bleed so freely, he was certain he would have recovered.

The jailer, whom I contrived to interrogate upon this point, replied that he had been forbidden to afford him any succor. Great God, was it not enough to torture, but that it was deemed necessary to resort to a refinement upon the most barbarous inhumanity? "Were such the orders you received?" I inquired. "Was his sentence not fulfilled by the punishment of the knout?" "No," replied he, "the sentence is—"He is to be left to die," and even if he had recovered, I understood he would have been sent to Siberia. But a policy of the most inhuman species is always resorted to by government, and which was exemplified in the case of Repkini, which is, that the unfortunate criminal, if he can be persuaded to expire in his dungeon, and fulfil the sentence of the law "to be left to die," saves the expense of his transportation to Siberia, and all further trouble which may arise from his confinement there. Such was the fate of this much-injured and murdered man—from opposition to a villain who had wronged his beloved sister in the most vital part. Power was paramount to virtue, wealth to poverty, and from daring to assert the prerogative of his manhood—the gift of his Creator, he was seized, manacled and tortured—denied the common aid of humanity, and left to expire in the agony of soul and body, unpitied, unshriven and unwept.

"Murdered he not at the cruelty of his fate?" Spoke he of no kind one who was dead in his remembrance?" I asked of the jailer.

"Yes! My sister! my sister!" were the last words he uttered," answered the callous keeper of the prison, with an air of the utmost carelessness.

Poor Repkini, one heart has a sigh for thee, one eye a tear to weep for thy memory.

Power of Religion.

One of the most interesting anecdotes illustrating the power of religion, was related a few days since in a social meeting, by a clergyman, who was acquainted with the facts.

A nobleman, Lord —, was a man of the world. His pleasures were drawn from his riches, his honors, and his friends. His daughter was the idol of his heart. Much had been expended for her education, and well did she repay in her intellectual endowments the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, and winning in her manners.— They were all strangers to God.

At length Miss — attended a Methodist meeting in London—was deeply awakened, and soon happily converted. Now she was delighted in the service of the sanctuary, and social meetings. To her the charms of Christianity were overflowing. She frequented those places where she met with congenial minds, animated with similar hopes. She was often found in the house of God.

The change was marked by her fond father with painful solicitude. To see his lovely daughter thus infatuated, was to him an occasion of deep grief; and he resolved to correct her erroneous notions on the subject of the real pleasures and business of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping she would be induced to go into the fashionable and extravagant ways of others of her birth, and leave the Methodist meetings. But she maintained her integrity. He took her on a long journey, conducted in the most engaging manner, in order to divert her from religion; but she still delighted in the Saviour.

After failing in many projects which he fondly anticipated would be effectual in subduing the religious feelings of his daughter, he introduced her into company under such circumstances, that she must either join in the recreation of the party, or give high offence. Hope lighted up in the countenance of her affectionate but misguided father, as he saw his snare about to entangle the object of his solicitude. It had been arranged among his friends that several young ladies should, on the approaching festive occasion, give a song, accompanied by the piano forte.

The hour arrived, the party assembled.— Several had performed their parts to the great delight of the party, which was in high spirits. Miss — was called on for a song, and many hearts now beat high in hope of victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced; should she comply, her triumph was complete. This was the moment to seal her fate! With perfect self-possession she took her seat at the piano forte, run her fingers over the keys, singing at the same time in a beautiful melody, and with a sweet voice, the following stanzas:

No room for mirth or trifling here, For worldly hopes or worldly fear, If life so soon is gone: If now the Judge is at the door, And all mankind must stand before The inexorable throne! No matter which my thoughts employ, A moment's misery or joy; But O! when both shall end, Where shall I find my destined place? Shall I, my overlasting days, With fiends or angels spend? She arose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. Her father wept aloud, and by one of them left the house.

Correspondence of the Jour. of Com. — BUFFALO, Dec. 12, 1840. The trial of McLeod comes on to-day at Lockport, for the murder of Durfee at the cutting out of the steamboat Caroline. The facts fresh in the memory of the public. McLeod was formerly indicted for the crime, and a true bill was found against him. His trial will be that legal and orderly investigation of a charge, which would follow the indictment of a private citizen of our own State for the murder of a fellow citizen.

The evidence that will probably be brought against him will show that he was sent to get into a boat as the expedition left the Canadian shore, and was seen to get out of it on its return,—will show the identity between the accused and one of the party that boarded the steamboat, for some who slept on board of her, had previously seen McLeod in Buffalo, on an occasion when he came near being tarred and feathered, and recalled his features even in the wild hurry of a midnight attack. A man who is now a soldier at the barracks at this place, it is said, was made prisoner on the deck of the boat, and carried over the river in company with McLeod, and can swear positively to his connection with the outrage. This is the substance of the testimony that will be relied on at the trial, on the part of the prosecution, as it is understood at Buffalo.

Should the prisoner be convicted, the verdict to be given in the case is fraught with grave consequences: for the English ministers justify the attack upon the boat.— They even made McNab a knight, in testimony of Her Majesty's sense of his zeal and courage. Then they must regard the execution of McLeod as murder of a British citizen, while travelling in the territory of a government that was at peace with his own government.

On the other hand, an assault was made by armed men upon a steamboat tied to the dock, in the port of a peaceful neighbor, and a number of people sleeping on board of her, who were attracted to the spot from a distance, by an innocent curiosity to the spot to see British regulars storm an island held by insurgent Canadians, were slain in cold blood. Now the laws of the State of New-York, pronounce this act murder.— All who were engaged in it are equally guilty, and either of them if convicted of the fact, must incur the penalty of death.

Will Governor Seward pardon the prisoner in the event of his being convicted? sentenced to death? If he does, his popularity from tampering with the Catholics, would be nothing compared with the odium that would pursue his name through the frontier counties.

Will he dare to compromise the difficulty by commencing his punishment to imprisonment for life, with the very generally understood intention, in such cases, of enlarging him after a short term of years? This will not alter the aggressive and unwarrantable character of any punishment of a British subject in the premises. Ministers will say, we had no right whatever to touch McLeod's person, and they will demand reparation for the wrong.

If McLeod is convicted of the crime, either in its first- or its second degree, we may expect trouble.

PA. FAMILY POISON.—The Washington, Pa. Examiner says:—The family of Mr. Marshman, sometime during the last fall, prepared for their own use a quantity of apple butter, and stored it away in newly made earthen crocks. About two weeks since the whole family, save Miss M. suddenly became ill, and their fears of an unknown affection, induced them to send for a physician. As soon as the physician arrived, he discovered that something important was the matter. We believe, before the doctor arrived, those afflicted, or at least some of them, had been delicious and subject to spasms. Upon a close examination of the patients they were pronounced as subjects of the painter's cholera, or in other words that they had been poisoned by taking lead into their stomachs. This happened by the acid of the butter decomposing the materials which constituted the glazing on the crocks, and of course when the lead was extracted from the glazing it settled in the butter, in which it was taken by Mr. Marshman's family. Upon analysis portions of the poisonous substance were found through the butter, but most of it had settled at the bottom of the crocks, and strange as it may seem, it was positively so abundant as to give the bottom a very white appearance.

VIRGINIA PRIMARY SCHOOLS.—The primary schools are undergoing gradual improvement. In 5,119 schools, there are 26,732 poor children, at an average annual expense of \$2.64, while in 1822 only 3,238 were educated at an average of \$7.09; which shows that as the number of children deriving the benefits of the system has increased, the expenses of their education has greatly diminished.

EDUCATION IN KENTUCKY.—The Superintendent of Public Schools in Kentucky, in a recent address, says that of the 140,000 children children ready to go to school, only about \$2,000 are receiving education! He farther states that it costs about as much to educate the \$2,000, under the present system, as it would to educate the whole 140,000, under the common school system. Of course it is not strange to hear of a plentiful lack of the reading and writing accomplishments among the inhabitants.

THE LARGEST VOTE.—The State which has given the largest vote in proportion to its population, at the Presidential election is New Hampshire, which, according to census just taken, cast one vote for every 443 inhabitants.

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, has contributed out of his private funds, 20,000 for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts.