

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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American Volunteer.

BY GEO. SANDERSON.]

“OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG.”

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 1364.

Carlisle, Pa. Thursday February 4, 1841.

New Series—Vol. 5, No. 34.

AGENTS.

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

Triennial Assessment.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Commissioners of Cumberland county, will hold the appeals for the year 1841, in the different Boroughs and Townships of said county, at the times and places as published below, for the purpose of hearing all persons who may apply for redress, and to grant such relief as to them shall appear just and reasonable, to wit:

BOOT & SHOE EMPORIUM.

THE subscriber thankful for past favors respectfully announces to the citizens of Mechanicsburg and vicinity, that he has on hand a large assortment of Boots & Shoes—Ladies', Gentlemen's, Boys', Misses' & Children's course and fine, Leather and Morocco, which he will sell low for cash.

GEORGE F. CAIN: Mechanicsburg, January 7, 1841.

Harrisburg, Carlisle & Chambersburg Turnpike Company.

Exhibit of tolls received, repairs and expenses in the Harrisburg, Carlisle & Chambersburg Turnpike Road Company, from January 1st, to December 30th, 1840.

Table with columns for 'To amount of tolls received at the Gates', 'Balance at settlement for 1839 paid into court at Jan'y A. D. 1840', 'By balance of 1839 paid to creditors under the act of Assembly of 1825, 1828 and 1830', etc.

COPIES.

Certified on oath to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, the 14th day of January A. D. 1841, by DAVID NEVIN, Treasurer.

TAKE NOTICE.

That the court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, have appointed Monday the 15th day of February next, at the Court House, in the Borough of Carlisle, at 10 o'clock A. M., for hearing and determining the claims of the respective creditors against said company, so as to enable the court to distribute the money paid into court by the Treasurer of said company, agreeably to the acts of Assembly, made for the relief of said creditors on the first day of April 1825, and the supplement thereto.

LIST OF LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office at Hogestown, Pa. January 1st, 1841.

- John Graham, Henry Spers. John Shambaugh, Geo. Bowman. Henry Rosebaum, John Ehrhart. Michael Fertig, John Smith, care of J. Michal Longsdorf, Joseph Grier. John Kehler, Andrew Sheely. Dr. J. Crain, Saml or John Sirely, Jacob Longnecker. Dr. Shadden, David Light. Christian Grove, John Miller. Jacob Billow, Hamilton & Graff. Daniel Clugston.

The Last Farewell.

The Bird whose plume is brightest Will linger deary, And like the morning floweret Will flourish for a day. The rarest gems of earth Will fade away and die, With those of valued worth, Consigned to immortality.

To E.

The glow of my bosom may leave me, My honor and fame may decline; But that my love never shall grow me, While thy pure affection is mine.

Sabbath Bells.

Sweet Sabbath! to my ear; Thy bells, with mingling tone, Tell me of the distant and the dear In yon far blue unknown.

The Stranger's Heart.

The stranger's heart! O, wound it not A yearning anguish is its lot; In the green shadow of thy tree, The stranger finds no rest with thee.

To a White Rose.

PLACED ON THE BOSOM OF A DEAD GIRL. There rest thee, on that gentle breast, Thou pale white rose of springs; Thus, to the young and lovely dead, A simple offering.

OUR SAVIOUR'S ANSWER.

Blessed art thou, Agbarus, for believing in me, whom thou hast not seen; for it is written of me that they which have seen me shall not believe on me; that they which have not seen me, may believe, and be saved.

LENTULUS'S EPISTLE TO THE SENATE OF ROME, CONCERNING JESUS CHRIST.

There appeared in these our days; a man of great virtue, called Jesus Christ, and the People is called a Prophet, but his own Disciples call him the Son of God. He raised the dead, and cured all manner of diseases; a man of stature, somewhat tall and comely, with a reverent countenance, such as the beholders may both fear and love.

Battle of Trenton.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE-WITNESS. "Whose bullet on the night air sang?—Bride of Atydas."

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an aid-de-camp from the commander-in-chief galloped up to me with summons to the side of Washington. I bowed in reply, and dashed up the road. The general in chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected, as if in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me than he waived his hand as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat, waited for his commands.

CHRIST'S CURES AND MIRACLES.

He cleansed a leper by only touching him. He healed the Centurion's servant that was afflicted with a fever. Several possessed with devils. A violent tempest was stilled by him. A man sick of the palsy. Raised a maid from the dead. A dumb man possessed with a devil. He fed above five thousand with five loaves and two fishes. He walked on the sea. All the diseased in Ghesaret he healed by the touch of his garment; he cured a woman vexed with the devil, and a multitude that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, &c. He fed above four thousand with seven loaves, and a few little fishes.

KING AGBARUS'S LETTER TO OUR SAVIOUR.

I have heard of thee, and of thy cures wrought by thee, without herbs or medicines; for it is reported, thou restorest unto sight the blind, makest the lame to walk, cleansest the leprosy, raised the dead, and healed those that were tormented with diseases of a long continuance. Having heard all this of thee, I was firmly persuaded to believe one of these things, either that thou art a very God, and comest down from Heaven to do such miracles; or else thou art the Son of God, and performest them; wherefore, I have now sent thee lines enquiring of thee, come, I beseech thee, and cure my disease; besides, having heard that the Jews murmur against thee, and contrive to do thee mischief, I invite thee to my City, which is a little one indeed, but beautiful, and sufficient to entertain us both.

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side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter, was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted the commander-in-chief, galloping to the front, and waving his sword aloft, "charge them before they can form!"—"follow me!" The effect was electrical. Gallant as had been their conduct before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their commander's daring, and dashing rapidly into the town, carried every thing before them like a hurricane.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree—the attack shall take place—general!" he continued, turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march the river road, while I take that to Pennington—let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not think of the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest will have to be the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to your posts." In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of our troops to come up with the enemy was never more conspicuous than on the morning of the eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatened storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and rain rattled incessantly on the men's knapsacks; and the wind shrieked, howled, and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity—and again it was hurled wildly on high, eddying around and around and sweeping away on the whistling tempest far down into the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the tormented forest.

"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road." Quick as thought the commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking hastily around the group of officers singled me out. "Lieutenant Archer—you know the roads. Colonel —, will march his regiment around, and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route." I bowed in acknowledgment to the saddle bow, and perceiving the colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighboring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets on the retiring foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross-path which making, as it were, the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off completely the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point were the two routes intersected was short, but fierce.

We had already advanced half way before we were discovered, and the enemy pressed on with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were fired on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we drew rapidly nearer to the intersection we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead—a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe—and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the other road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters as the aid-de-camp of Colonel —, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory of Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia; and we were hailed every where as the saviours of our country. The drooping spirits of the colonists were re-animated by the news; the hopes for a successful termination of the contest once more were aroused; and the enemy, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder towards Princeton and New Brunswick. Years have passed since then; but I shall never forget the battle of Trenton.

AN AFFECTING SIGHT.—There are some odd souls in this world, who appear to derive their very existence from a humorous saying or a good joke, and who undoubtedly would swell up and die, if they were not permitted to indulge their waggish propensity. Chatterbox, as he is called, is one of these laughter-loving joke cracking mortals. We will quote a specimen.

Somewhere East of the Susquehanna, there is a barren, lonely spot, where no one would suspect that any thing but such quadrupeds as can live upon the vapors of a dungeon, would ever think of seeking subsistence.—Ben's occupation often leads him through this abode of sterility, and he as often has some waggish remark concerning it. After passing this place he came home with a countenance as grave as a that of a judge, and a bridle on his tongue. This being something new under the sun, led to following dialogue between him and an old lady belonging to the house:

"What is the matter of you, Ben? Are you sick or mad, that makes you so solemn all at once?" "Oh! if you had seen what I did this morning, I guess you'd look solemn too." "What have you seen, Ben?" "A heart-rendering sight I assure you?" "Well what is it? I know it must be something remarkable, or it would not affect you so—Out with it, do." "You know that place I've told you about that nothing can live on?" "Yes." "Well as I was coming by there to day, I saw a chipmunk sitting on a rock, gnawing a gravel stone, and the big tears rolling down his cheeks." "When he had got this far with his story, the old woman flew at him with the broom, and our hero vanished in a roar of laughter." "Offensive and defensive," as the little boy said when he saw two skunks fighting. "That's the healing to the lungs," as the lauffer said when he drank the dish-water.