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American Volunteer.

BY GEO. SANDERSON.]

“OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG.”

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 1415.

Carlisle, Pa. Thursday September 9, 1841.

New Series—Vol. 6, No. 13.

AGENTS.

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

DR. WILLIAM IRVIN, Office and Dwelling in East High street, next door to Rev. J. V. E. Thoms, Carlisle, August 12, 1841.

WILLIAM LAMBERTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL practice and attend to collections in the county of Yancago. In any business that may be entrusted to him, he will be assisted by Samuel A. Purviance, Esq. of Butler, Franklin, August 12, 1841.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS in and by an act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled “An act relating to the elections of this Commonwealth,” passed the 2d day of July Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty nine, it is made the duty of the Sheriff of every County within this Commonwealth to give public notice of the General Elections and in such notice to enunciate.

1. The officers to be elected. 2. Designate the place at which the election is to be held. I Paul Martin, High Sheriff of the County of Cumberland, do hereby make known and give this

PUBLIC NOTICE

to the electors of the County of Cumberland, that on the second Tuesday of October next (being the 13th day of the month,) a General Election will be held at the several election districts established by law in said County; at which time they will vote by ballot for the several officers hereinafter named, viz:

ONE PERSON for Governor of the State of Pennsylvania.

TWO PERSONS to represent the Counties of Cumberland, Franklin and Adams in the State Senate.

TWO PERSONS to represent the County of Cumberland in the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania.

ONE COMMISSIONER for the County of Cumberland.

of the Year and of the House of Employment of said county

ONE TREASURER for the County of Cumberland.

ONE AUDITOR to audit the public accounts of the County Commissioners &c.

ONE CORONOR for the County of Cumberland.

The said election will be held throughout the county as follows:

The election in the election district composed of the borough of Carlisle, and townships of N. Middleton, South Middleton, Lower Dickinson, Lower Frankford, and Lower Westminister, will be held at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle.

The election in the district composed of Silver Spring township, will be held at the Public House of Joseph Grier, in Hogestown, in said township.

The election in the district composed of Eastminister township, will be held at the public house of A. W. Kretzer, in said township.

The election in the district composed of New Cumberland and a part of Allen township, will be held at the public house of John Southwick, in N. W. Cumberland.

The election in the district composed of Lisburn and a part of Allen township, will be held at the public house of Peter McCarty, in Lisburn.

The election in the district composed of that part of Allen township, not included in the New Cumberland and Lisburn election districts, will be held at the public house of D. W. Shearer, in Shepherdswood, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the town of Mechestown, will be held at the public house of John H. Over, in said borough.

The election in the district composed of Monroe township, will be held at the public house of W. H. P. in Churchtown, in said township.

The election in the district composed of Upper Dickinson township, will be held at Weakley's School House, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the borough of Newville, and townships of Millin, Upper Frankford, Upper Westminister, and that part of New Cumberland, not included in the Leesburg election district, will be held at the Brick School House, in the borough of Newville.

The election in the district composed of the township of H. will be held at the School House in Newburg, in said township.

The election in the district composed of the borough of Shippensburg, Shippensburg township, and that part of Southampton township, not included in the Leesburg election district, will be held at the Council House, in the borough of Shippensburg.

And in and by an act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, passed the 21st July 1839, it is thus provided, “That the qualified electors of parts of New York and South York townships in the County of Cumberland, to be elected by the following lines and distances, to-wit: Beginning at the Adams county line, thence a line dividing the townships of Dickin o. i. and Newton to the turnpike road, thence along said turnpike to the residence school-house, an said turnpike, in S. Southampton township, thence to a point on the Walnut Bottom road at Reyback's, including Reyback's farm, thence a straight direction to the saw-mill belonging to the heirs of George Clever, thence along Kysh's run to the Adams county line, thence along the line of Adams county to the place of beginning, and the same is hereby declared a new and separate election district, the election to be held at the public house of William Maxwell, in Leesburg, Southampton township.

Given under my hand at Carlisle, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1841.

PAUL MARTIN, Sheriff.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

In pursuance of the last will and testament of James Graham, late of Allen township, Cumberland county, I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on Thursday the 26th day of October next, at 10 o'clock A. M., the following described valuable property, to-wit:

ONE HUNDRED ACRES of Prime Limestone Land, bounded by lands of William Harkness, Daniel Mohler and others, on the public road, about 1 mile south of Mechanicsburg—about one half cleared, with good fence and in a high state of cultivation, the residue covered with a young young Timber. There is no building on the land.

A clear and indisputable title will be given, and terms made known on the day of sale.

Persons wishing to view the premises previous to the day of sale, can call at the late residence of James Graham, adjoining the same, or on the subscriber.

R. G. YOUNG, Executor.

September 2, 1841.

Job work neatly executed at this office.

For the Volunteer.

A PARODY ON “JOHNNY BANKS, MY JO, JOHN!” Taken from the Pennsylvania Telegraph, of August 18th 1841.

Air—JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE JOHNS.

Oh Johnny Banks my Jo, John, You love the British Crown, The People they despise you John, You're but an unco' Clown; And yet you're up for Governor, And o'er the course must go.

The Locos they will thrash your back, Oh Johnny Banks, my Jo.

Oh Johnny Banks my Jo, John, Your conduct shows quite plain, Your Federalist Dix against our rights, Has gave the people pain;

They say you're but a common Judge, And we the people know, You'd never make a Governor, Oh Johnny Banks, my Jo.

Oh Johnny Banks my Jo, John, They say you practised law, And still you're but a half bred Judge, Your cranium's not a flaw;

But POTTER with his VERGES John, And POTTER too you know, Will whip the Buckshot rascals all; Oh Johnny Banks, my Jo.

Oh Johnny Banks my Jo, John, They say you're a dainty tit bit, You're powder, ball, and buckshot, John, The people all well know

Can never score the PORTERITES, Oh Johnny Banks, my Jo.

Oh Johnny Banks my Jo, John, They say you're a dainty tit bit, You're cranium's not a flaw;

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THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Seven or eight years ago, I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk, and, having started at the breaking of the rock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking-stick, and gazing intently on the fairy palace of the magician, whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse grey coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language in his eyes, worthy a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of many beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue, and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial ground by the way side, near which there was neither church or dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

“Here,” said he, “sleeps one of my father's children who died in infancy.” He picked up a small stone from the ground and throwing it gently about ten yards, “That,” added he, “is the very spot. But thank God, I raised during my absence. It is a token that I shall find my parents living—and,” continued he, with a sigh, “may I also find their own mourning.”

“I am sorry to hear that,” said I, “but your parent is turned against his own child?” He dropped his head upon his breast for a few moments and was silent, and hastily raising his face—sighing to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then, turning to me, he continued, “You may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier; but human hearts breathe beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer, in this neighborhood.”

Twelve years ago, I loved a being as gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty in my sight as the star of evening steals into the glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her forever. I could not, and he turned me from his house. I wandered, I knew not, and I cared not whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang it midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank fate! I was present when the full ten invincible legions of the cuirassed Gauls rushed, with their war horses neighing destruction, upon a kneeling phalanx of Scottish hearts, shielded only by the plaid and the bare bayonet from the waving plumes of our devoted band, to exterminate our names from the annals of Scottish heroism. Then, then, in the hour of peril and of death, the genius of country burst forth through the darkness of despair, like the flash of the young sun upon the earth when God said, “Let there be light!”—as the Scots Greys flying to our aid raised the electric shout, “Scotland for ever!”—“Scotland for ever!” returned our tartan clansman—“Scotland for ever!” echoed, “Victory!”

It was a moment of inspiration and triumph. Forward dashed our Highland heroes, fearless as their fathers, resistless as our mountain cataracls! The proud steel and its mailed rider quailed at the shout. Home and its world of unutterable joy—yes, home and the fair bosom that would welcome its hero—glory and the spirit of our fathers—all rushed upon our imagination at the sound. It was a moment of poetry, of patriotism, and of inspiration—of poetry felt by all, except the wretch.

Who never to himself hath said, “This is my own native land!” Heaven! added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul, “to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum.”

In a few moments the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and re-suming his seat upon the low wall, he continued, “I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father, nothing of my mother, nothing of her I love!”

While he was yet speaking, the grave digger, with a pickaxe and spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered, he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprung over the wall and rushed toward the spot.

“Man!” he exclaimed in agony, “whose grave is that?” “Hoot awa!” ye,” said the grave digger, starting back at his manner, “whata way is that of giff a body? are ye daft?”

“Answer me,” cried the soldier, seizing his hand, “whose grave—whose grave is that?”

“Mercy me!” replied the man of death, “you are surely out of your head—it's an an' body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave now are ye o'ny thing the wiser for spierin?”

“My father!” cried my comrade as I approached him, and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulders, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind, and he had died in a humble cottage unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the withered face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age.

The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed inquiringly, “My mother?”

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bed side.

“My mother!—O my mother!” he exclaimed; “do not you, too, leave me!—Look at me speak to me—I am your own son—your own Willie—have you too forgot me, mother?”

She, too, lay upon her death bed, and the life of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered.

For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started, and as he approached him, the hand; he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother—his eyes wandered wildly from one to the other—he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunder-bolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jennie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless; but at length he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out on his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no answer. He proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on his right—again he knocked, but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister commencing the marriage service of the Church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowful, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jennie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angry, and inquired—

“What do ye want, sir?” but instantly recognizing his features, he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half choked with passion, continued, “Sorrow to ye for a scoundrel! whose's brought ye here—am the man special at a time like this? Get out o' my house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, sir! never darken my door again wi' your ne'er-do-well countenance.”

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jennie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridegroom.

“Peace, Mr. Leslie!” said the soldier, pushing the old man aside; “since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell, for auld lang syne you can't deny me that?”

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not—he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did; and as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love and won her heart.

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flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow; but ye maun be another's now; farewell, farewell!”

“No, no, my ain Willie!” she exclaimed, recovering from the agony of stupefaction—“my hand is still, and my heart has aye been yours—save me, Willie, save me!” and she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack on the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company, the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and, at the same time, dropping his wrath, exclaimed—“Mr. Campbell! or what are ye?—will you explain yourself?”

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy, middle aged man, without a heart, left the house gnashing his teeth. Badly as our military honors are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is every thing, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jennie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell, of his Majesty's regiment of infantry, to whom long years before she had given her young heart.

Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

ADDRESS, OF THE DEMOCRATIC CENTRAL COMMITTEE, To the People of Pennsylvania.

NO. 12. FELLOW CITIZENS:—

Legislators, at the last session, labored with unremitting zeal to lay the foundation for securing the election of John Banks in the office of Governor, and to destroy the fair fame of Governor Porter. Scarcely a day passed in which some new charge was not invented and made against the latter, or some old one revived. The citizens of this Commonwealth, who are distinguished for being a practical people, will naturally inquire, what evil is to be removed by the defeat of Governor Porter? and what good is to be effected by the elevation of John Banks?

These are questions to which past events furnish a ready answer. Let us then, in the first place, examine what good is to be effected by the election of John Banks. Against his private character nothing has been said. His talents made him a country lawyer, and Governor Ritner made him a Judge; but these do not answer the inquiry:—that can only be done by ascertaining his political principles, and his political associates. No one will deny that he was a warm friend and admirer of Governor Ritner—that he sustained his administration throughout; and however favorable he may be now to the single term service, that he was ever zealous to secure the re-election of his friend and patron.

What, then, were the distinguishing features of Governor Ritner's administration, which having received the approbation, will, if he is successful, form the model of that of John Banks?

1. He chartered the Bank of the United States, with a capital of thirty-five millions of dollars! 2. He contracted a State Debt, amounting to upwards of SEVENTEEN MILLIONS of dollars, by commencing the following works:— Erie Extension, estimated cost \$3,444,835 22 N. Branch Extension do 3,535,500 86 W. Branch Extension do 7,200,000 00 Gettysburg Rail Road do 2,550,000 00 Wisconsin Canal do 416,516 51 Allegheny Feeder, do 662,603 00

Whole amount \$17,827,255 59 3. He borrowed without the authority of law, and in direct repugnance to the constitution, the sum of \$380,000, which was expended under the direction of his canal commissioner, Thaddeus Stevens, upon the Huntingdon branch, the cost of which it proved ought not to have exceeded \$175,000. 4. His Secretary, under his direction, called upon his adherents to regard the election made by the freemen of this Commonwealth, in 1838, as if it had not taken place.

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