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Office.—The office of the American Polunteer is in the sec ad story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South anover street, a few doors from Burkholder's botch, and di-ectly opposita the Post-office, where those having busivess

THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor. CARLISLE, THURSD'Y, OCT. 12, 1848.

JOHN M. BOTTS.

The name of this gentleman is familiar to most of our readers. He is the great Whig war horse in Virginia. He is one of the most uncompromising Whigs in the Union, and has been a member of Con gress for several sessions. But, John M. Borrs is oposed to Taylor. He is too good a Whig to be a Taylor man. Read his letter given below, in which he declares that "Gen. Taylor's whele conduct has been insulting to the Whig party, and if they had any Whig spirit left in them they would resent it." Mr. Borrs is the regularly nominated candidate for Congress in the Richmond district.-But, it appears that a few friends of the milk-andwater-no-party-candidate for President, Gen. TAYLOR, have declared that they would not vote for Borr inless he (Botts) would make a "Taylor speech." In a letter, published in the Richmond Whig, he thus anywers these miserable devils who have not "suffint Whig spirit loft in them" to resent the insult offered them by Gen. Taylor.

"I am threatened by many that they will not vote for me unless I will make a Taylor speech. I look upon it as an exaction never before made, as an infringement on my personal rights, my personal honor, and my personal independence, and I will not yield to it, if I lose every vote in the district. If speeches were as plenty as blackberries I would not make one for Gen. Taylor."

LETTER FROM JOHN M. BOTTS. The following is the letter written by the Hon-John M. Botts to the Committee of the New York Clay meeting:

Clay meeting:

RICHMOND, Sopt. 6, 1848.

My Dear Sir.—I received your letter yesterday, by which I was delighted to hear of the fixed purposenot in Adhany flash-in-the-pan—of-the determined friends of the Whig cause, and of Whig principles, to nominate Henry Clay, for, us matters now stand, admitting General Taylor to be a Whig candidate, (which I utterly deny,) the party is doomed to certain, inevitable, and disgraceful defeat, and every man not wilfully blind must see it. It was an inexcusable blunder to suppose that from a million and a quarter to a million and a half of free, independent Whig voters could be wheeled into line at the word of command from some fifty or sixty Washington politicians (most of whom had scarcely shed their pin-feathers in polities) for a candidate who had nover filled a civil station, and who had not for forty years and perhaps in his life, given a vote for man or measure; without experience or knowledge of the practical operations of any one of the domestic questions about which we had differed; of no acquaintance with our foreign relations; who had said to the people "you quest take me on your own responsibility"—"I will not be the candidate of a party," nor "will I be the exponent of your party principles," nor "look to the destrines of your party wither tall of my action;" and while he professes to shrink from no responsibility, steadily refuses to give his opinions on any one question, except the practical use of the veto power; and declares his determination not to be governed by the action of the Convention, but would be a candidate, no matter who mirch he RICHMOND, Sept. 6, 1848. se of the vete power; and declares his determination of the begoverned by the action of the Convention, at would be a candidate, no matter who might be ominated; and in my judgment his name never hould have been considered in that convention after

timent, by smothering it on the other words, if it infecturing it on the other words, if it in the other words in the one ascortained (of which there is no doubt) that the nomination was made through the instrumentality of politicians, without the slightest reference to the public will, and that the interests of the party are likely to be sacrificed by it; then I hold that the orror ought to be corrected promptly by the people themselves, and I trust in God the meeting you notify me of may put the ball in motion, that it may roll and gather as it rolls, until the Whig party shall have its eyes opened to its true condition, and untiling as one man who lives embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen, we may command a triumph, that it our real strength entities us to achieve. I shall be out of sorts out of the party was substituted. our real strongth entities.
In New York very shortly.
Yours truly, in great haste,
JOHN M. BOTTS.

WITTY TAR .- A jolly tar was accidentally knocked rboard from his vessel at one of our wharfs not g since, and swimming to the rudder was, though for a time out of sight of the crew. The cap-coling alarmed, called out over the stern, "Hat-ack, are you there?" "Yes," was the ready "How are you getting on below;" was the nterrogatory, "Oh, owimmingly!" shouted the

Poetical.

For the American Volunteer.
THE BIRD OF FAITH. BY EDWARD STILES EGE.

"Faith says they are with Jesus— Then ask them not again." 'Twas midnight! in a chamber dim Slow came the throbbing breath;

A painful scene was passing there-Birth yielding unto Death. Bright morning came: 'twas stillness all— Two hearts had gone to rest; The faded flow'r was nestling on Its mother's pulseless breast.

Pen cannot limn the father's wo.

No tear shone in his eye; But grief upon his brow had set The seat of agony: For she had been his early love,

Earth claim'd its dust at evening mild To rest beneath the sod: Fair mother, and pure, siniess child Gone home, in love, to God.

A little bird lit near the grave, And quickly sooth'd all pain: An angel guest from "spirit la It sung this cheering atrain;

"Heep not the flow'r so sown to fade, Nor mourn the parent stem; Both cull'd by angel-hands to weave Christ's precious diadem." "Mourn not that mother; nor the babe
Which sweetly closed its eyes;
One found a father—both kind friends
In God's bright Paradise."

Thus gave the bird its song of love, Then spread each golden wing To soar away to that blest land Where blooms eternal spring.

The sceptic bold may scorn my song— The scepter doubt my word: But christian hearts—in promise strong— Will trust Faith's Holy Bird. , October 1848.

WHEN I AM OLD. WHEN I AM OLD.
When I am old- and oh! how soon
Will life is sweet morning yield to moon;
And moon is broad, forwid, earnest light—
Be shrouded in the solemn night.—
Till like a story well nigh told,
Will seem my life—when I am old.

Whem I am old—this breezy Earth Will loose for me its voice of mirth;— The streams will have an under-tone Of sadness, not by right their own; And Spring's sweet power in vain unfold its rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old—I shall not care To deck with flower's my faded hair; Twill be no vain resire of mine. In rich and costly dress to shine; Bright jewels and the brightest gold Will charm me naught—when I am ol

Whân I am old -my frichts shall bo Old and infirm and bowed like me. Or else-thoir bodies neath the and, Their spirits dwelling and with God--The old church left will long have tolled Above their rest--when I am old.

When I am old--I'd rather bend Thus sauly o'er each buried friend, Than see then loss to be earnest truth. That marks the friendship of our youth; Twell be so add to see them cold. Or strange to me...when I am old.

When I am old—oh! how it seems Like the wild lancey of dreams. To picture in prophetic rhymo. That dim. far distant shadowy time: So distant that it seems o'er bold Even to say—" When I am old!"

When I am old—perhaps ere then, I shall be missed from the haunts of men; Perhaps my dwelling will be found lieneath the green and quiet mound; My name by stranger hands unrolled Among the dead----sre I am old.

Ere I am old 7....that time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow,
My limbs are firm and sits lightly on my brow,
Life has a thousand charms for mosCharms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart....ore I am old.

Miscellaneous.

FRESCRIBATIONS

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