THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor.

CARLISLE, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1849.

AGENCY.

☞ V. B. PALMER, Esq., is our authorized agent for procuring advertisements, receiving subscriptions and making collections for the American Volunteer, at his office, N. W. corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia.

☞ We have been shown a late letter from one of the gentlemen composing the "Carlisle California Company," which stated that they intended to commence their journey over the plains, on the 28th ult. The party were all well and in fine spirits.

☞ The "*Staats Zeitung*," a German Democratic paper, published by our friend JACOB BAAR, Esq., at Harrisburg, has been suspended for the present.—Sorry.

☞ The *Herald* of yesterday has an article of over three columns in length, in defence of CHARLES B. PENROSE, Esq., who is now Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. It is a labored attempt to justify Mr. Penrose for his treachery to the Democratic party. An up-hill business we take it.

RULES OF OUR OFFICE.—As there are a number of young gentlemen who visit our office almost daily, whose only business appears to be to talk and joke with the Compositors at work, we have deemed it proper to adopt the following rules—all of which we are determined to enforce. Persons wishing to visit our office out of curiosity merely, will please bear them in mind. Of course these rules do not apply to those having business with the office, or with the editor:

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Engage in no conversation with the compositors.
4. Don't smoke.
5. Hands off the papers and the type.
6. Eyes off the manuscript.

Suicide.

We learn that Mr. GEORGE RUPP, a farmer in independent cicumstances, living near Shiremanstown, in this county, committed suicide on Saturday morning last; by hanging himself by the neck in the garret of his dwelling. He is supposed to have been laboring under a fit of derangement, as no other cause for the act can be assigned.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Removal of George Sanderson, Esq., our Post-Master.

Well, the long agony is over. On Tuesday last we received information by telegraph that our efficient and obliging Post-master, Mr. SANDERSON, had been removed by the "powers that be," and Col. ABRAHAM HENDEL appointed in his place. Thus has another Democrat and most worthy officer been "punished" by the "no-party" administration of Gen. Taylor.—We feel satisfied our citizens regret the removal of Mr. SANDERSON, for they knew him to be able, obliging, and courteous to all those having business with the office. He has been removed because he dared to vote for Gen. CASS in preference to General TAYLOR—this was his only offence. In retiring from office he will carry with him the respect of our entire community.

Gen. Taylor and his advisors, we are told, had much trouble before they could agree as to who should receive the appointment. Mr. BENJAMIN WUNDERLICH was strongly supported by the "working Whigs" of our borough, and had powerful backing too at Washington. He is a most active, persevering Whig, and his friends felt sanguine of success. When the news reached here of Col. Hendel's appointment, the "Wunderlich men" looked savage—long and loud were their curses. Taylor was denounced first—then Collamer—then Penrose, and indeed the whole administration, including even Fitz Henry Warren. The Democrats looked on and laughed.

Of the new Post master, Col. HENDEL, we are free to say he is a gentleman of sterling worth. There is some consolation in knowing that he will make an obliging and excellent officer. The administration has been fortunate in making this selection. No man of the Federal party within our knowledge is better qualified for a faithful discharge of the duties of the office than Col. HENDEL.

THAT'S THE WAY.—The Boston Post says: Any person who will bring to this office satisfactory proof that any Whig newspaper has argued, or that any Whig even thinks, since the election of Taylor, that the spoils don't belong to the victors, shall be suitably rewarded.

FIGHT BETWEEN CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS AND THE INDIANS.—A despatch from St. Louis states that one of the Pennsylvania companies of emigrants overland from Independence had a fight with the Indians, and killed six of the them.

THE POST-MASTER at West Penn, Schuylkill county, advertises a *list* of *one letter* remaing in his office on the 1st inst., and appends to it, the very important notice, that "Persons applying for letters in the above list, will please say that they are advertised."

PIDGEONS.—Herkimer county, New York, and adjacent counties, have been covered with myriads of pidgeons. The sportsmen have made great havoc among them.

THE FOREST IRON WORKS, in White Deer, Union county, were sold by the Sheriff, on Friday last, for a little over $7,000. Messrs. Kauffman & Fisher, of Berks county, are the purchasers.

PORK PACKING IN THE WEST.—The total number of hogs slaughtered this year on the Mississipi, Illinois and Missouri rivers, and adjacent thereto, is 539,760, and the total number in the entire West comprising Ohio, Kentucky, Wabash, Illinois, Missouri and Mississipi, is 1,581,000, being an increase of 81,000 over last years killing.

DEATH OF GEN. WORTH.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 17th states that General Worth died at San Antonio, on the 7th inst., of Cholera, which prevails there to a great extent—upwards of one hondred deaths having taken place.

THE ST. LOUIS FIRE.—A letter from Pittsburg, dated May 21, says—"We have further accounts, this evening of the terrible fire at St. Louis, embracing a list of the principal sufferers. The loss is variously estimated at from two to five millions, and to make matters worse, most, if not all, the Insurance Companies of St. Louis have been destroyed. The steamboat property cannot be less than $300,000.

THINGS IN NEW YORK.—The excitement relative to the recent riots in New York seems to have entirely subsided. Of the 53 prisoners arrested on Thursday night, 4 have been discharged on bail and 21 discharged because there was no evidence of their participation in the riot. Of Friday night's prisoners, 22 have been discharged on bail.

☞ One whig editor, Col. Webb, violently assails Gen. Wool; another whig editor, R. T. Conrad, complains of a labored defence of Wool in the Washington Union. Conrad says a man who has so nobly defended his country needs no defender. Harmonious people, these Whigs.

"THE SECOND WASHINGTON."

"*I will imitate Washington and the earlier Presidents.—Gen. Taylor, before the election.*

Such were the words of that weak but vain man, Gen. Taylor, when he was a candidate before the people for the office which he now holds, and which, we may add, he now disgraces. We denounced the sentiment as an insult to the memory of the great WASHINGTON, at the time it was first published to the people. He (Gen. Taylor,) to dare assert that he, as President, would, "imitate Washington!" What brazen faced impudence—what consummate assurance—what damnable hypocrisy! Blistered should be the tongue of that man who so far forgets decency and prudence as to compare himself to the world-renowned WASHINGTON!

And in what way has General Taylor kept his word?—in what particular respect has he attempted to "imitate Washington?" He has violated every declaration he ever made to the people—he has falsified his own words. Is it in this he "imitates Washington?" Previous to the election he solemnly assured the people that (in case of his election,) he would not "lend himself to party schemes." And yet who does not know that he gives countenance to not only party schemes, but to dishonest schemes?—Is this in imitation to Washington? He told us, too, before the election, that he would "not be the President of a party;" and yet in the face of this declaration he is the most supple party tool that ever occupied the White House. Did ever Washington make similar professions and violate them? Previous to the election, Gen. Taylor told us he would not remove men from office because of their political opinions; but we now look in vain for a fulfilment of this profession. The removal of *Mrs.* S. EARLL, Post Mistress at Bloomington, Muscatent county, Iowa, because her deceased husband had been a Democrat—of WALLACE C. LAW, Post Master at Lawrenceburg, Indiana county, In., who had fought under Taylor in all his battles in Mexico, and who lost an arm in the battle of Buena Vista!—the appointment of an *Englishman* Post Master at Chambersburg, for no other reason that is known, except that *he fought against this country in the war of 1812*—these appointments of themselves are sufficient to show the malignant party feelings of Gen. Taylor. Was Washington guilty of such infamous conduct as this? No, no—Gen. Washington was never accused of falsehood—*he* was a MAN—Gen. Taylor is a political *tool*—a ball of wax, to be twisted to any shape to suit the selfish views of adroit political gamblers. It appears almost sinful to name Gen. Washington in connection with Gen. Taylor, and yet the modest "Zack," himself, assured the people that *he* would "imitate Washington?" He is the first man who has ever dared to insult the memory of Washington in this manner, and for the honor of our country we hope he may be the last. There never was—never can be, a "*second* WASHINGTON."

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH WILL RISE AGAIN."

The recent elections that have taken place "show which way the wind blows," and are ominous of the downfall of Federalism. VIRGINIA has spoken, in terms not to be misunderstood. Connecticut has also written the doom of the deceivers. The days of humbuggery, we have reason to believe, are past, and the "sober second thought" of the people has shown a result that gives joy and gladness to every lover of his country. The great Democratic party can never be put down. Fraud and deception may triumph over the principles of democracy for a season, but

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Thus will it ever be, so long as the principles of Democracy remain pure and undefiled. The people were deceived into the support of Federal principles last fall, and suffered themselves to be led astray by false promises, but they already see their error.—They now see and *feel* the difference between a Democratic and Federal administration, and are rising in the majesty of their power in support of Democratic men and Democratic principles. Let the glorious work go on—let our friends put forth their best efforts. The people are waking up to their true position, and will never stop in the good work until every vestige of Federalism and Taylorism is scattered to the four winds of heaven.

☞ "The *Volunteer* admits that every administration has a right to select its own friends to fill the offices within its gift. And yet in the same column this very consistent editor denounces Gen. Taylor for turning his enemies out of office, and surrounding himself with his own friends."—*Shippensburg News.*

You *lie* under a mistake, sir. We denounce Gen. Taylor because of his double course—because of his dishonesty—because of him making professions and promises he never intended to adhere to—because of the sweltering falsehoods he has uttered. Federal editors may pretend not to understand the position occupied by the Democratic press, but thank fortune the PEOPLE understand, and whenever the opportunity is presented in this State, the weak and deceptive Taylor administration will receive a rebuke such as will cause those who attempt to uphold it, to tremble in their boots. Connecticut has spoken—Virginia has spoken! Both have, in a voice of thunder, condemned the administration. Old Pennsylvania will, at the first opportunity, do likewise. Federal editors may attempt to keep the people in ignorance—they may attempt to cover up the dark doings of Taylor, and the friends of Mexico who surround him—but all will not do. The people are not fools—they recollect the promises made by Gen. Taylor before the election, and they see his *acts* now!

☞ "Poor Bratton! Poor Locofocoism! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"—*Shippensburg News.*

Don't trouble yourself concerning us, friend Bomberger—we are about, and in excellent health and spirits, and feel that we have a duty before us to perform—that of exposing to the gaze of the people the rottenness of the Taylor administration, and of Federalism generally. If we may judge from the flattering produced in the Federal camp, and the manner in which some six or eight Federal editors are yelping, like cross dogs at the *Volunteer*, we think the shots we have aimed at the monster Federalism have taken effect—the beast has been heard to groan, and the jackalls in attendance exhibit their teeth at us. Very well, we shall repeat the dose—we shall fire a few more volleys, and then write the epitaph of Federalism, with a short appendix in relation to the man who called himself a "second Washington."

"*I shrink from no responsibility.*"—*Gen. Taylor.*

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot*—the Taylor organ at Baltimore—says that Gen. Taylor was anxious to appoint Gen. Peter Sken Smith to the Philadelphia Collectorship, but the "conflicting preferences of the friends of the administration in Philadelphia could not be so reconciled that the appointment might be conferred upon Gen. Smith. In this state of things the collectorship was conferred upon Mr. Lewis." Why did not Old Zach cut the Gordian knot and do what he thought right? The Whig journals furnish a clue—the cabinet make all the appointments, and *they* (not the President) are responsible.

DEATH OF A WESTERN POETESS.—The Louisville papers announce the death, in that city, of Mrs. S. J. Howe, a poetess of considerable reputation, whose contributions to the periodical literature of the country have been frequent and much admired.

DEATH OF MRS. GALLATIN.—The Commercial *Advertiser* announces the demise of Mrs. Gallatin, wife of that venerable statesman Albert Gallatin.

Written for the American Volunteer.

AVIGNON.

A Legend of the Alhambra.

BY HAROLD.

The days of chivalry are past. The wandering minstrel no longer celebrates the heroic achievements of the steel clad knight. The path of wild romance is now but seldom trod; soon the green grass will wave over it, and no vestige will be left to tell the weary traveller the story of the past.

But yet, though all things thus yield to the destroying hand of time, and silently pass away, there remains one pleasing consolation, which whilst intellect survives even time's withering hand cannot deprise us of, viz: the memory of other days.

Yes, the mind loves when weary of the troubles and anxieties of present life, to wander back through the long vista of years, and hold sweet communion with the silent mouldering dead. It loves to ramble amid the crumbling ruins of the days of yore; and often does it with fancy's magic power, cast around those moss covered piles, a bright but melancholy sunshine, which for a time seems to deck them in all their former grandeur; then silently melting away, alone they stand the bleached monuments of the things that were.

It is natural for us to love to gaze upon the ruins of other days. The associations connected with them, cause us often to forget that we look only upon the relics of departed greatness. A feeling indescribable creeps over us, as sadly we contemplate them; we ask where are they who constructed these mighty fabrics? and echo faintly answers "where are they?" The hoot of the owl, and the hiss of the serpent tell us they have long since passed away.—But though they thus stand in their naked loneliness, yet they wield a power that charms the heart, and soothes the troubled soul; they breathe as it were upon life's stormy sea and bid its dashing waves be still. But oh, could those dark ruins speak; could they for one moment hold converse with the living, what startling secrets they might unfold!—what tales of horror they might proclaim! Could the dry bones within those towering battlements live again; could they repeat to us the history of those once powerful castles; they would picture to our affrighted vision, such scenes of cruelty and wo, as would make the very life blood curdle round our heart, and cause us, trembling, to curse the ruins, which but a moment ago we loved to contemplate. But they are silent; the old gray walls betray no secrets. Yet there are acts and scenes that will discover themselves; the very winds seem to tell of the midnight revelry; the taunting laugh of the executioner, as he mocks his struggling victim, is echoed far out upon the stilly air. Crime must out—it cannot lie buried forever.

Of such a character is the Legend of the Alhambra. Though the actors in the scene dreampt not of discovery; though loudly they laughed as their innocent victim lay writhing in the most excruciating agony; yet that night, still as it was, announced their deed. Reader, would you learn that legend? Go with me then to the romantic land of Spain; accompany me back to the time of the Moslems' sway, and the secret is yours.

It is midnight. The proud and gloomy castle of the Moors stands silent upon the summit of the rocky steep. Granada sleeps peacefully below. The sound of trumpet and the clash of arms has at length died away—all is hushed in repose. The silvery moon, as she speeds on in her milky way, gazes serenely down upon the quiet haunts of men, and bids the weary mortals forget their care, in nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. But, hush! hark! what sound quivers on the midnight air? what means that measured tread?—that low quick voice of command, whence comes it? You look searchingly round, but all is motionless; you gaze upon the castle, but no one is to be seen; but hark! again that sound floats by; clearer, nearer than before, you tremble as it falls upon your ear; why do you startle? why that pale quivering lip? tell me, what seest thou? Faltering you answer, "I see armed men surround the Alhambra; anger is marked upon each countenance; fearfully glimmers their weapons in the bright moon light."

You ask me the meaning of this midnight array. Be silent, I will explain it. Avignon, the bravest of the Spanish Knights, is a prisoner within those walls; to day he ventured too far upon the Moslem ground, and before he could escape, he was seized by the armed scouts of the castle. Here like he fought for his life and liberty, but in vain. Valor, however true, must always yield to overwhelming force; quick they hurried him, bound with massive chains as if he were a wild beast of the forest, into this dreary living grave, where mercy never enters. But, hark! heard you not even now that heavy moan of anquish as it swept by; see how those armed warriors shudder as it falls upon their ears; well they know that voice, for it is Avignon's, their dauntless champion; the flower of Spanish chivalry. See with what fierceness they grasp their weapons; low murmuring sounds of liberty and revenge, pass from rank to rank. Hear them as solemnly they swear in that midnight hour, to free the noble knight, or be slain in the attempt. This, gentle reader, is the cause of this midnight array. But look again—see them as with their united strength they attempt to force open the iron gate; but in vain; those ponderous bars, but mock their feeble efforts; for a moment they stand silent, despair seems fast settling upon them; but again that heavy moan sweeps by; see how it makes those heroes tremble; it maddens their very souls; what must be done? Quick as thought a soldier steps out from that band; with a significant wave of his hand he disappears; in silence they wait his return; a moment passes, he comes not; another, yet no sound of approaching footsteps break upon the stillness of that woful hour; they become impatient; fiercely they whisper to each other; every warrior grasps his battle blade; but hark! what voice echoes by, so low and yet so clear! hear with what delight those soldiers answer it back; they watch in gloomy silence towards the spot whence it came; a moment passes, and lo! screened by the dark shade of that old wall, their comrade approaches; in a voice tremulous with excitement he bids them follow him; quick they vanish, and all is still again. With deep emotion you ask, "have they gone? will they thus abandon their Godlike purpose? Is there no escape for the suffering Knight?" But stop, be not so fast. Hist—follow me in the shadow of that old wall; we hasten along; suddenly we come to a small opening in it; the heavy iron door is swung back upon its rusty hinges, and forth from that mysterious cavern, issues a cold damp wind, like to the breath of the grave; you tremble as you enter that fearful passage; a thick mist gathers round you; a clammy sweat settles upon your brow; but fear not, though the path be dark, yet it is safe; with hurried but careful step, we speed onward in that unknown way; but hark! a heavy sound sweeps past; the clash of steel and the maddened cries of revenge, echo wildly along that arched vault; but we hasten forward; a faint light glimmers in the distance; we hear the voices of the combattants and the clang of weapons, but they only lend wings to our speed; on, on, we fly, fear is forgotten in the wild phrensy of the moment; the fierce cries of "death to the midnight debauches," tell us that the avengers of Avignon are there.

The struggle ceases; and all is hushed in deep, fearful stillness; a cold shudder creeps over us; for an instant we pause, fearing almost to advance, lest that the foe may have triumphed; but hark! a voice echoes by; it is Avignon's, welcoming his deliverers; another moment and we are with them; but oh! what a sight meets our eyes! There stretched upon the ground, lie the mangled bodies of his tormentors yet quivering with life; strewn around in wild confusion, see those mouldering skeletons; mark how they seem to scrowl upon us; they speak, but it is with the voice of the dead; those dark crimson walls, sprinkled with the blood of many a tortured victim, tell of scenes too terrible for me to relate. Upon the rack extended lies the victim of the Moslem's savage spleen, with every joint apparently wrenched from its socket. A smile plays over his countenance, as his men unlose those galling bands that hold him powerless; he scorns his pain, knowing that now he is avenged. An hour passes on, and silence, deep, unbroken silence, reigns over the castle of the Moors. Fast from that Moslem Inquisition, the brave Spaniards have borne their royal prize. Avignon is rescued!

Profession vs. Practice.

The professions of Whiggery are forcibly contrasted with the practise of Whiggery, in the following article from the State Register of the 26th ult. The Democrats would be the last to complain at being removed from office, were not such removals in violation of uniform profession and pledges of Whiggery for the last 20 years.

On the 27th of January, 1832, Ewing the secretary of the Interior, in the United States Senate, offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the practice of removing public officers by the President for any other purpose than that of securing a faithful execution of the laws, is hostile to the spirit of the constitution; was never contemplated by its framers; is an extention of executive influence, prejudical to the public service, and *dangerous to the liberties of the people, &c., &c.*"

Day before yesterday our telegraph despatch contained the following:

"It is said no appointments will be made by the administration until the return of Ewing to the seat of government."

The work of proscription of Democrats could not go on without the assistance of Ewing.—He was chief auctioneer during Harrison's brief career. It would seem that he holds the same place under Taylor.

EX-PRESIDENT POLK.

We learn from one of our exchanges, that Ex-President Polk is now located, with his family, in his splendid mansion in Nashville, erected on the promises purchased by him of the estate of the late Judge Grundy.

OFFICE SEEKING.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Courier computes that it would require *thirty years* for the President to examine and decide upon all the applications for office that have been made to him. This almost comes up to the rush that killed poor General Harrison.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.—The remaining elections take place as follows:

North Carolina,	Aug. 2	Maryland,	Oct. 3
Tennessee,	" 2	Louisiana,	Nov. 5
Alabama,	" 6	Mississippi,	Nov. 5
Indiana,	" 6	Texas,	Nov. 5
Iowa,	" 6	Massachusetts,	
Kentucky,	" 6	(1 vacancy)	June.

GEN. CASS.—The Harrisburg Union publishes a correspondence between the Democratic members of the Legislature of Pennsylvania and Gen. Cass, requesting him to visit Harrisburg on his way home. The letter of the General in reply is dated Detroit, and says he did not receive the invitation until he reached home.

☞ Old Zach is turning Democrats out of office, and the people are turning his friends out of Congress.

☞ It is a remarkable fact, except in the cases of army and naval appointments, not a single Whig has received an appointment from a Locofoco President, during a period of twenty years.—*Lebanon Star.*

It would be a remarkable fact were you to speak the truth when a falsehood would answer your purpose better.—*Cin. Enq.*

INSANITY A GROUND FOR DIVORCE.—There is a bill before the New York Legislature to make insanity a ground for divorce. If one party to the marriage contract applies for a divorce on such a ground, we say, in mercy to the other let it be granted.

A SOLDIER OF FOUR WARS AND THIRTEEN BATTLES.—Gen. Wm. Trousdale, the Democratic candidate for Governor in Tennessee, has been in four wars and seen his country's flag victorious in thirteen battles. He participated in the Indian wars under Gen. Jackson, at the battle of New Orleans, in the Florida war, and fought for his country on the battle fields of Contreras, Churubusco and Molina del Rey, and participated in the storming of Chapultepec.

☞ Here are three chips from the Boston Post:

There is a ladies' shoemaker down in Lynn, who, as fast as he finishes a gaiter, throws it over his shoulder into a box behind him. He keeps one in the air all the time.

A SCREW LOOSE.— A western paper advertises Ephraim B. Screw, a horse thief, as having broken jail.

The N. Y. Tribune's correspondent says, "all officers which can by any possibility have a controlling influence over elections will be filled by whigs."—What else is this but an impudent announcement of the determination of the administration to appoint men to office for the express purpose of controlling the elections.

☞ Gen. Taylor's smart sayings appear to have run out already. If he has no more to give out, can't whig editors make some that will pass forbic?

"The labor of the Presidential campaign will be in a good part lost, unless *we* have a House of Representatives that will act in accordance with the Administiation, and give *its powerful assistance in carrying out the wise and patriotic measures of General Taylor.*"—*National Intelligencer.*

Old Zac, then *is* to have measures of his own, and Congress is to *assist* him in carrying them out. What a change since last year, when General Taylor was to have no oppinions of his own, and to leave every thing to Congress! The Intelligencer blows a rallying note of alarm, as follows—but, as the New York Evening Post says, we suspect this alarm, like Louis Philippe's, is "too late."

"The friends of the administration have relied too much upon what they considered a certainty. They felt sure of a Whig house, and therefore trifled with the elections. Virginia and Conecticut, we think, however will put an end to the trifling. The stake is too important to be lost by divisions for want of action in our own ranks.—We, therefore, before it is too late, sound the alarm, which we trust will be re-echoed by the Whig press of the whole Union, and thus endeavor to save the nation and the administration from the curse of a Locofoco Congress for the next two years."

☞ We see it stated that Mr. Polk was so economical during his presidential term that he succeeded in saving from sixty to seventy-five thousand dollars of his salary.—*Lou. Journal.*

And you saw it stated that Old Zach was so economical that he refused to pay postage on letters addressed to him. Whether this "economy was owing to his unconscionable *democracy* or to avarice, we have not the means of deciding." Perhaps Old Zach intended it as carrying out one of "the principles of the earlier Presidents!"—*Lou. Dem.*

The Friends Rewarded and the Enemies Punished.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT.

A Democrat who lost an arm at the Battle of Buena Vista turned out of office by Taylor!—Shame! Shame!! Shame!!

No American citizen can read the subjoined paragraphs, without a thrill of indignation. No Whig can read them, and remember Gen. Taylor's multiplied pledges, without a sensation of shame!

From the Indiana State Sentinel.

John Ferris has been appointed Postmaster at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, vice Wallace C. Law, removed. Mr. Law served his country bravely in the war with Mexico, *and lost one of his arms by a cannon ball, at the battle of Buena Vista!* Yet this did not save him from proscription by this moderate no party administration. Shame! Shame!

From the Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer.

Col. Robt. Butler, who distinguished himself under Gen. Harrison in the North west, as his Adjutant General, and afterwards as Adjutant General of Jackson at New Orleans and through all his Indian wars, has fallen under the "proscriptive" axe of the Taylor administration. Col. Butler was one of the Commissioners that received Florida from Spain, and has resided there ever since. Until removed by General Taylor he had held for some years the office of Surveyor General of the public lands in Florida.

From the Pennsylvanian.

MR. COLLAMER REMOVING LADIES.

We perceive that Mr. Collamer has already found it necessary to remove certain ladies, holding obscure post offices. The following is a punishment of one of Fitz Henry Warren's constituents:

N. L. Stout, Bloomington, Muscatent, Iowa, vice Mrs. S. Earll, *removed.*

Gallant, chivalrous, Fitz Henry, asks the Erie *Observer*, what sin against Federalism had poor Mrs. Earll committed that her head must so soon be brought to the block? Had she a son among the Iowa volunteers in Mexico, and thus committed the unpardonable sin; or, did he only "interfere in elections" by voting against Gen. Taylor and *thee?* Or had she, unlucky woman, disregarded that only article of faith upon which Gen. Taylor definitely, in the canvass last fall, expressed himself—early marriages? But joking aside, is not this pretty work for an administration that came into power professing to have no "friends to reward," and yet descends to the removal of ladies to reward partizanship?

OUR SENTIMENTS.

The *Bedford Gazette*—edited by our valued friend, Gen. BOWMAN—in speaking of the proscriptive course of the Taylor administration, very truly remarks:

"He (Gen. Taylor,) has shown a reckless disregard for his word that would cause a bar-room brawler to blush. If Taylor had come into office as the exponent of the principles of the Federal Whig party—if he had accepted their nomination and identified himself with their creed—if he had not sworn to proscribe proscription, and to be the President of the people and not of a party, no one would have a right to complain of removals on *political grounds*, but that the highest officer of the Government should thus tamper with the people, by a base falsification of his word of honor, exhibits a degree of wickedness that cannot fail to meet the execration of every conscientious man in the Union. The Democrats that voted for him have already abandoned him in disgust, and even Federal Connecticut has repudiated him in consequence of his scaly conduct, and sends almost an entire delegation to Congress opposed to his administration. His name has now no charms for the people.

Terrible conflagration at St. Louis—Immense destruction—A great portion of the City in ruins.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 18, 1849.

A fire broke out early this morning in the vicinity of the Telegraph office, and spread with awful rapidity through the store-houses along the river front, destroying whole blocks. The Telegraph office fell a prey to the flames, barely allowing time to save the instruments and portions of the battery.

Five of our banking buildings, all the insurance offices, and the greater portion of our business houses have been consumed by this awful calamity.

The flames from the stores burning along the river front spread to the steamboats laying abreast of them, being in dangerous proximity on account of the high stage of the water, and being generally without hands on board, laid up on account of the river trade being very dull, consequent upon the cholera reports, it was impossible to remove them. The flames spread like wildfire among the combustible materials of the boats, defying all the efforts to arrest their progress, and twenty-seven of our largest and most valuable steamers were consumed. No estimate can yet be formed of the probable amount of the loss.

The Telegraph Office has, for the present, been removed to the opposite side of the river.

The Cholera reports—Sinking of the Steamer Empire of Troy—Dreadful occurrence.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1849.

Three more new cases of Cholera were reported this morning, causing much excitement in the neighborhood where they occurred, and threats were made to burn the houses in which the malady is said to be located, unless the sick were removed. The police are in attendance to prevent mischief. The inhabitants are spreading lime in the streets to prevent the spreading of the contagion.

The sinking of the steamer Empire, of Troy, by collision with the schooner Noah Brown, opposite Newburg, last night, has caused much sensation. The steamers Rip Van Winkle and Hudson succeeded in rescuing all the passengers save three. The steamer sunk immediately to the hurricane deck, and a large number of ladies in the cabin could only be got out by holes cut in the deck. The scene in the cabin was of the most frightful character, mothers were calling for their children and wives for their husbands.—While cutting through the decks, a lady was accidentally killed by a blow with an axe.

Cholera at New York.

NEW YORK, May 17.

It seems to be conceded that the cholera is in our midst. Whether in a malignant and epidemic form, a few weeks more will determine. Six cases occurred yesterday in the Sixth Ward, mentioned in the morning papers. Of this number, five have died.

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

The *Public Ledger* speaks thus of the gold dollar:

The gold dollar is at last out from the Mint, and in the hands of the people; who hail the Constitutional currency as the harbinger of better times for labor and full wages for industry. It is a beautiful coin and carries "honesty" stamped on its face; with no false promises "to pay," and no traces of repudiation or bankruptcy about it. It is the *real* "relief issue." What a beautiful contrast to the rotten rags of the State! Who could ever imagine that a country having a government empowered to issue a coin like this, would ever be cursed by "Relief Notes," issued in defiance of law! The Gold Dollar illustrates the beauty of honesty and law. There it is—a payment in hand; sparkling and substantial. It never grows less in value—it wants no broker to shave it—it requires no "Bank Note Detector"—it calls for no "discout"—it is of universal currency—received in payment for every thing as well as "taxes;" and referring to no doubtful future for a *possible* redemption. It is the interest of all to encourage the circulation of the gold and silver currency; and we cannot doubt but the money of the people will be cherished by the people, in preference to the spurious currency of brokers, speculators, jobbers and sporting gentry, who, in a legal way, feel disposed to pass off "nothing" as an equivalent for "something;" they very convenient mode of acquiring property without labor and reaping the harvests sown by your neighbor with a borrowed sickle.

DIED.

In Philadelphia, on the 14th inst., Mrs. HANNAH GOUCHER, relic of the late William Goucher, in the 89th year of her age.

LOST.

A GOLD finger ring, containing a yellow stone was lost near the Court House, on Tuesday evening last. The finder will have the thanks of the owner by leaving it with the editor of the Volunteer.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET—MAY 22, 1849.

The demand for flour is limited, and only 4 a 500 bbls. sold at $4,50 a $4,62½ per bbl. for common to good brands, for export, and $4,75 a $5,25 for good to choice and extra, for city use. Nothing doing in Rye Flour. A private sale of 500 bbls. Corn Meal at $2,75 per bbl. for Penn. Grain—Several parcels of Wheat are in the market, and prices have a downward tendency. Sales of 3 a 4000 bush. at $1,02 for reds, and $1,05 for white, per bush. A small sale of Penna. Rye for distilling at 57c. The demand for corn has been active, and sales of 10 a 12,000 bush. good yellow have been made at 59 a 60c.—Oats are in moderate demand—two cargoes sold at 30 a 32c. for fair to prime southern. Whiskey sells slowly at 21 a 21½c. in hhds. and 21½ a 22c. in bbls.

Corner Stone.

THE corner stone of the Presbyterian Church, Dillsburg, York county, will be laid, Providence permitting, on Saturday, June 9th, at 1 o'clock, P. M. The Order of Masons &c., will be present on the occasion. The public is respectfully invited to attend.

BUILDING COMMITTE.

Dillsburg, May 24.—2t

Collateral Inheritance Tax.

TO EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS AND HEIRS.

ALL persons interested in estates subject to Collateral Inheritance Taxes, are hereby notified that according to an act of Assembly, passed April 10, 1849, interest at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, will be charged on said taxes, from the death of the persons on whose estates they are due, unless the same are paid prior to the 10th of January, 1850. Persons interested in estates, subject to collateral tax, which have never been administered upon, are also notified to come forward immediately and administer and pay the collateral tax, otherwise it will be my duty to appoint some suitable person to settle up said estates.

WM. GOULD, Register.

May 24, 1849—2t

NOTICE.

THE members of the Carlisle Independent Light Artillery Company, will meet at Burkholder's Hotel, on the first Monday of June next, for the purpose of voting for a Brigadier General, Brigade Inspector, and one Major for the Carlisle Battalion. The election will be held between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M.

The members will meet on the same day at 10 o'clock, A. M. for drill.

JOHN F. HUNTER, Capt. Comd'g.

May 24, 1849—2t

H. CAUNCH, R. R. CAUNCH, J. LONNECKER.

LUMBER!! LUMBER!!

H. Church & Co.,

HAVE on hand at the old stand, west end of the old Harrisburg bridge, down at the river, 1,000,000 feet of the cheapest and best lumber on the bank, consisting of Panel, 1st Common, 2d Common and refuse Boards and Plank of 1, 1½, 1¾, and two inch thickness. Also, Poplar plank, Scantling and half inch Boards, a large quantity of long Shingles, Fence rails, Joice, Scantling, &c.

They have also a steam sawmill in operation and can furnish building timber at the shortest notice, fence boards, shingling and plastering lathes, and are prepared to furnish any article in the lumber line.

☞ Dry Boards on hand at $11 per M.

Also, good 2d Common boards, 16 feet long, at $11 per M.

The subscribers hope by strict attention to business, and a determination of selling lower than any other Yard at the river, that the public generally will call and see their stock before purchasing elsewhere.

May 24, 1849.—tf

GOOD NEWS!

S. Goldman's Clothing Store,

On the corner of Main Street and Market Square, formerly occupied by Nathan Hantch.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Carlisle and surrounding country, that he has just arrived from Philadelphia, with a splendid stock of

Ready Made Clothing,

for the purpose of conducting the ready made clothing business in all its various branches.

He intends keeping an assortment of every article in his line of business, and at such prices as will suit every one.

His stock embraces the most handsome and fashionable styles worn, and made up in the best manner.

The subscriber only asks a trial of his goods, and is sure they will give entire satisfaction.

Also a large assortment of Hats, Caps, Shirts, Cravats, Collars, Bosoms, Suspenders, and Hosery, all of which he will sell at very low prices. Boys' clothing constantly on hand.

SAMUEL GOLDMAN.

May 24, 1849.—1m.*

Dublin Woolen Factory.

Five miles north of Newville, Cumberland County.

THE subscribers most respectfully imform the public that they have fitted up in a superior manner, the DUBLIN FACTORY, with the newest improved machinery, and are now prepared to manufacture Woolen Goods of every description for customers at moderate terms. Broa'l Blankets, made two yards wide, at 60 cents per yard; Narrow do, one yard wide, 30 cts; Cloth 40 to 45 cents; Sattinett 35 cents; White Flannel, yard wide, 25 cts. Floor and Stair Carpets made to order, and on reasonable terms.

If any of the above goods made for customers do not please them they will keep the goods and pay them for the wool.

They keep on hand a supply of the above described goods, together with Stocking, Coverlet, and Carpet yarn, of a variety of colors and mixtures, which they will exchange to customers and storekeepers for wool. Wool will be made into Blankets or White Flannel one half for the other.

Persons at a distance can send their wool by Railroad, by putting the directions on the bag what it is to be made into, and directing it to Blean & M'Culloch, to the care of Jacob Sweyer, Newville, and it will be attended to and sent back when manufactured.

They have employed Mr. Sweyer to sell Stocking Yarn, Blankets and other Goods, and they will keep a supply at his Warehouse in Newville for sale.

Stocking Weavers and dealers in stocking yarn, are invited to call at Mr. Sweyer's or at our Factory, and examine our yarn before they buy elsewhere.—Cash paid for wool at the Factory. Wool to be manufactured can be left at any of the stores in Newville, and it will be attended to and returned when finished.

BLEAN & M'CULLOCH.

May 24, 1849.—3t*

DRUGS, FANCY GOODS, BOOKS, &c.

AT HAVERSTICK'S old established Drug and Book Store, on North Hanover street, a new supply of Drugs and medicines, fresh and carefully selected, together with a rich, varied and extensive assortment of Fancy Goods, Books, Perfumes, Soaps, Cutlery, Gold and Silver Pens and Pencils, Cornelius' Splendid Parlor Lamps, Girandolas and Flower Vases, Etherial Oil Lamps, Fruits and Confectionary, and a variety of other articles which it is impossible to enumerate, but comprising the most splendid display ever offered in Carlisle, and at prices correspondingly cheap. The attention of his old friends and customers and the public generally is particularly invited to his present stock, with which they cannot fail to be pleased.

May 24, 1849. S. W. HAVERSTICK.

Still Greater Inducements.

ARNOLD & LEVI respectfully announce to the public, that they have received their second supply of

Summer Goods,

consisting in part of Barages, Lawns, Ginghams, Lustres, Bon Teint, Tissues, plain, barred, shaded and striped Alpacas, which they offer at very reduced prices.

Swiss, Book, Cambric and Jaconet Muslins.

A large lot of Thread & Cotton Edgings, Cambric Edgings and Insertings.

A large lot of Pant Stuff of different styles, at 62½ cts. to $1 per yard.

A large lot of BONNETS, including French Gimp, Tulip, China Pearl, Rough and Ready, and Braids.

Another large assortment of CARPETS, which they are determined to sell 10 per cent. lower than the same quality can be bought elsewhere.

Call at the new and cheap store of Arnold & Levi, North Hanover street.

Carlisle, May 24, 1849