

# American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1850.

AT \$200 PER ANNUM.

NO. 25.

## THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

Published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions which will be gladly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2 00 for six months, in advance. Single copies, three cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS: One square, one insertion, 50 cents. Two squares, one insertion, 1 00. For subsequent insertions, per square, liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by year or for three or six months.

The office of the American Volunteer is in the second-story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in North Second street, a few doors south of the Court House, where having business are invited to call.

## Poetical.

### CHILDHOOD.

BY DAVID BATES.

Childhood, sweet and sunny childhood,  
With its careless thoughtless air,  
Like a bird, untroubled and unshorn,  
Wants the training hand of care.

See it springing all around us—  
Glad to know, and quick to learn;  
Asking questions that confound us;  
Teaching lessons in its turn.

Who loves not its joyous revel,  
Laughing lightly in its song,  
Upon the hill, along the level,  
Free and graceful as a fawn?

Let it revel in its nature,  
Giving to the little heart  
Strength of limb, and beautiful features,  
For the toil of coming years.

He who checks a child with terror,  
Shakes its faith, and damps its joy,  
Not alone commits an error,  
But a great and moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear—  
Active life is no defect;  
Never, never leaves its fruit—  
Gave it only to direct.

Would you dam the flowing river,  
Thinking it will cease to flow?  
Or cut its path forever,  
Better teach it where to go.

Childhood is a fountain well,  
From its pure, sparkling waters,  
Its currents, freshening, swelling,  
Will revive the withered land.

Childhood is the winter season,  
Twin and train the tender youth;  
Love is its crown, and its reward,  
As the blossom to the fruit.

Tender hearts are deep and folded—  
Art to nature, nature to art;  
Childhood early is moulded;  
Moulded early, but seldom bent.

## Miscellaneous.

### BRANCH T. ARCHER.

#### PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST TEXAN CONGRESS.

A man of extraordinary genius, profound in thought as eloquent in speech; a man of finished education, a graduate of the first college in the continent, a man of letters, of family, with the most polished conversation of any man of his type of grade, dignity and command; his heart burning with the inexhaustible fires of an ambition as honorable as it is ardent; and with a perseverance that no obstacle could check and no toil wear weary; temperate, brave, chivalrous, and rigid as a stone in his principles; a man blessed by nature with the deepest gifts, and cursed by custom with a small fault, yet and amidst all these qualities, such is the strange, unique of our present sketch, for such was Branch T. Archer.

As our materials are large but our space limited, let us enter at once upon the scene which we have selected on purpose as an example, *inter alia*.

It was in the yard of Powhatan court-house, in the State of Virginia, at the fall term of 1830, on the first day of the session an immense circle of listeners might be seen, gathered around two interlocutors, who were vigorously contending on some political problem of the times. The dispute was of a heated and angry nature. Gen. Crump, a small, slight-framed gentleman, with piercing dark eyes, thin lips, and a nose like a wasp's, was cool, sarcastic, and stinging as an eagle. There might be read the history of a dozen duels in the sneer that curled like a snake in its coils, as he looked on the face of his opponent, and in accents so strong and menacing, as every separate word seemed to penetrate through his teeth with a sort of skill and meaning hiss. He never seemed to forget one instant that he was the most famous dead shot in Virginia.

On the contrary, Col. Archer, then only twenty-one, and just but in the bloom of his age, was energetic and dogmatic, but yet respectful. His words rolled the rich tones of frankness and sincerity, and the fire of a fine enthusiasm lightened from his clear blue eyes. He appeared conscious of nothing in the universe of thought or feeling but honor, honesty and truth. The debate in dialogue progressed.

"Col. Archer, your last assertion is gratuitous, as I take it," said Gen. Crump, and his upper lip curled with ineffable disdain.

Archer turned pale as a corpse, and then his color changed to the crimson of fire; but he replied with wonderful calmness, and in accents so calm and untroubled as it was thrillingly whistling—"Gen. Crump, did I understand you to use the term 'gratuitous' as applicable to my assertion?"

"I used that word," rejoined Crump, and he set his keen eyes on the other as if he would slay him with a glance. The look was a *quasi* murder.

Archer threw his entire soul into one stern sentence—"Then I demand of you as a man and a gentleman to retract that unjust and offensive word."

"I shall add fifty more of the kind before I retract that," said Crump, with a sneer, and turning on his heel, he remarked—"I am going to my room at the hotel to wait for your communication, if you have any for me."

VERIFICATION OF A DREAM.—The Boston Transcript mentions as a well-authenticated fact that a young lady in that city had a frightful dream on last Saturday night two weeks, that her absent brother had been killed, and she saw his body dreadfully mangled. She awoke by her side a lady who slept next her, to whom she related her dream. The lady endeavored to soothe her fears, and finally persuaded her to retire once more to bed, and try to forget the dream. The next Monday morning the young lady received a telegraphic dispatch announcing that her brother, a brakeman on the Western railroad had fallen from the cars one of the freight trains, and been run over and instantly killed. The accident happened at about two o'clock on Sunday morning, precisely the time of the dream.

An old maid is like a jug without a handle; there's no taking hold of her.

The young man that picked the lock that belonged to the elephant's trunk, has been sentenced to three months hard labor on the canal.

## A MERRY HEART.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

"It will to have a merry heart,  
However short we stay;  
There's wisdom in a merry heart,  
Whatever the world may say;  
Philosophy may lift its head,  
And bid the world to stray;  
But give me the philosophy,  
That's happy with a straw!

If life but brings us happiness—  
It brings us, we are told,  
Whence heart it may be rich or poor,  
With all its helps of gold;  
Though life may be a weary way,  
What's the will of worth;  
Who laughs the most may truly boast  
He gets the wealth of earth!"

There's plenty in it merry heart,  
It brings us, we are told,  
Whence heart it may be rich or poor,  
With all its helps of gold;  
Though life may be a weary way,  
What's the will of worth;  
Who laughs the most may truly boast  
He gets the wealth of earth!"

The sun may show itself in cloud,  
And bid the world to stray;  
But give me the philosophy,  
That's happy with a straw!

Then laugh away, let others say  
Whether they will or no;  
Who laughs the most may truly boast  
He gets the wealth of earth!"

## SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

### COL. ARCHIBALD YELL.

The first case on the docket was called, and the plaintiff stood ready. It was an old case that had been in litigation for five years. Gen. Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked in an overbearing tone:

"Our witnesses are absent, and therefore I demand that the case be continued until the next term, in course."

"Let the proper affidavit be filed, for not till then can I entertain the motion for a continuance," was the answer of the judge.

"Do you doubt my word as to the facts?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed, sharply, and involuntarily raising his huge sword cane.

"Not at all," replied the judge, with his hand on his forehead, "but the facts relating to a continuance must appear on record, and the court has no power to annul the law, nor any will to do so."

The judge's calm and business like tone, and manner only served to irritate the bully, and he retorted, shaking his sword cane in the direction of the bench:

"Whatever may be the law, for one, will not learn the principles from the lips of an upstart dog, who has no right to speak in my court!"

Judge Yell's blue eyes shot lightning, but he only turned to the clerk and said quietly:

"Mr. Clerk, you will enter a fine of \$50 against Gen. Smoot, as I see him named on my docket for contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."

He had scarcely pronounced the order, when Gen. Smoot was seen rushing towards him, brandishing his sword cane, and shouting in a hoarse, murderous voice, "I will murder you!"

Every glance was fixed on the countenance of the judge, for all wished to know how he would brook the coming shock of the duelling fire of the assassin's sword.

Judge Yell's blue eyes shot lightning, but he only turned to the clerk and said quietly:

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## OUR ASPIRATIONS.

BY SARAH G. HAYLEY.

A million in a man is not only useful but praiseworthy. He should be ambitious to please—to show his difference for our species—in show ourselves kind, gentle and cheerful—to gain friends by showing ourselves friendly—to make ourselves useful in reproving the wayward—in raising the fallen—in doing the work of making the world the better for our having lived in it.

Our aspirations are ever toward the infinite, and our hearts are dedicated to the good and true, to rise higher and higher toward the perfect stature of a man in Christ Jesus.

There is no state where the mind can rest, we are ever thinking, and if our thoughts dwell in a pure channel, then they widen and deepen and we are ever expanding and receiving new tribulations to back in. God has given us enough of evidence to the boundlessness of his goodness to satisfy the most depending.

The natural world with its riot of variety of scenery, with its countless beauties and its perfect adaptation to our wants and needs, all conspire to confirm our confidence in the goodness of his great and good Author.

But this is one of the most striking evidences of His goodness. The noble, God-like mind, that has been created in man as a seal of the Divinity within him—the thirst for a spiritual life beyond the present—the former to look forward to the mirror of goals in that better land, the Christian hope that sustains in life and gives a calm, peaceful passport through the valley of shadows, these are tokens of goodness that cannot be mistaken or overlooked. Our souls aspirationally. What are they? When in life and health, and when friends surround us, we feel only the sunshine of life and we risk in our security. But when the days of darkness come, and we look in vain for aid from a friend, then we call for assistance where it can be found. We look to the upper world, the tomb, and our faith is the Christian faith, which shines a glorious illumination. Our souls have looked at Heaven, and light from the valley of shadows and we have seen it only faintly.

But in the day of adversity when our souls have need of strength, then we find it equal to one day.

When we are bowed down by the weight of sorrow, when we are in the valley of shadows, and the soul becometh weary, and we look in vain for aid from a friend, then we call for assistance where it can be found. We look to the upper world, the tomb, and our faith is the Christian faith, which shines a glorious illumination. Our souls have looked at Heaven, and light from the valley of shadows and we have seen it only faintly.

## We may be Happy Yet.

BY CHARLES BORAN.

Al! dearest drive those tears away,  
Which stain thy fading cheek;  
Free thy sweet lip from sorrow's awe,  
And words of comfort speak;  
Bleath the part, and with me vow  
Our sorrow to forget.  
And be hope's star our pillow now—  
We may be happy yet.

The car, believe me, that shuttles  
Thy cheek's more cheerful ray,  
Gives me more pain than all the clouds  
That darken o'er our way;  
Then let thy dear lips smile again,  
Shine as when first we met,  
Sunshine must always follow rain—  
We may be happy yet.

These clouds that o'er our bosoms lower,  
To-morrow may depart;  
Why should we then, 'neath sorrow's power,  
Wear out the buoyant heart?  
Smile on my earthly heaven, then,  
Shine as when first we met,  
Sun! dearest, dry thy tears again,  
We will be happy yet.

## Rolling a Watermelon.

Some time since, a lady of Philadelphia, having received some company, ordered the cook to serve up a large watermelon which she had just purchased in the market, at a specified time in the evening. Time rolled on, and the period came, and passed, in which the aforesaid melon was to have been served; and the mistress looked anxiously towards the door, feverishly expecting to see no longer kept within bounds of silence, she rang the bell, and presently a round-faced, rosy checked, dumpling shaped sort of a paddy, whose appearance betokened a green 'un from the Emerald Isle, thrust her open countenance in at a narrow aperture between the door and the door jamb, and gave notice of her appearance by making her mistress.

"An' what would you be after mavin'?"

"Why don't you bring up the melon, as I ordered you?" asked the mistress.

"An' faith, an' it's gone."

"Gone! gone where?"

"An' t'roth, an' I put it in yer pot to b'ile, an' it's gone, an' I blame the witcher he waken it up the chimney; for the cruther's all gone."

## The Two Travelers.

The following story of a noble act of humanity was from the interesting German tales of Krumpholtz.

Two travelers once rested on their journey at an inn, when suddenly a cry arose that there was a fire in the village. One of the travelers instantly went out to see what was the matter, and the other stayed to see what he could do to obtain his share.

"Why should you waste your time? Why concern yourself about strangers?"

The man, however, listened not to his remonstrances, but hastened to the fire, the other following and looking on at a distance. A woman rushed out of the burning house, crying:

"My children! my children!"

The stranger looked at this, he darted into the house among the burning timbers, while the flames raged fiercely around him. "He will surely perish!" cried the spectators.

But after a short time, behold, he came forth with several children in his arms, and delivered them to their mother. She embraced the infants, and fell at the stranger's feet, but he lifted her up and comforted her. The house soon fell with a terrific crash.

The stranger and his companion returned to the inn, the latter said:

"Who made those risk their life in such dangerous attempts?"

"He answered the first, who bids me put the scene on the ground, that it may decay and bring forth the new fruit."

"But if that had been buried among the ruins!"

The companion smiled and said:

"Then should I myself have been the seed."

## Preparations for Winter.

The horses winds are already singing a requiem to the grey season, and the early blast of winter will soon be here, with his reign of terror to those who are unprepared. Farmers have a great deal to do to get ready for his approach, and no opportunity should be neglected to have everything in readiness. As the days are short, early rising is important to success, that animals may be fed in season, and everything ready to commence labor as soon as it is light enough to be to work; and a brisker action may be borne than in the hot days, for if it produces a little fatigue, the long nights of rest will recruit and invigorate the system.

Fences that have been newly set, should be protected by heaping up the earth around them to keep the roots warm, and support the trees against the winds; for if left swaying in the night, when the ground is soft it will be loosened in the night, and the water will run down around them, which will do them great injury. It is also well to have objects to fall transplanted, probably do not set their trees well. We have set many trees from the last of September to December, and never lost one out of this season. Carefully protect trees from cattle, or they will destroy them when feed is scarce.

## A Description of Love.

Love is like the devil—because it torments.

Like heaven—because it wraps the soul in bliss.

Like hell—because it is hell.

Like a woman—because there is no getting rid of her.

Like a man—because it often sets one on fire.

Like a ship—because it is the death of a man.

Like a horse—because it guides one to the end of the road.

Like a prison—because it often makes a man miserable.

Like a woman—because it makes us happy.

Like a man—because it is here to-day and gone to-morrow.

## Tax Collector's Tale.

Well, Frank isn't she a perfect creature?"

"Why, I think she would do, if she—"

"If what, Frank?"

"If she didn't cut onions!"

## Don't go to California.

Edwin Bell, Esq., formerly editor of the Hagerstown Torch Light, writing from San Francisco to a friend in Virginia, says:

I regret, (should this ever reach you) that I cannot give you more encouragement than I shall be required to give. Sincerely and frankly, I cannot advise you to come here. You may succeed—or you may fail—the future being entirely out of proportion to the success. The great mass would be glad to go home, if they had money enough to carry them back. I know you well, and I have an indubitable knowledge of things here, and if you wish my advice, will tell you to stay where you are and be content with your lot.

## The Two Brothers Montezquillo.

The two brothers Montezquillo, who have been in St. Louis prison for some time for burglarizing, have sailed for France—the one, who continued the deed, having been pardoned by the Governor on the ground of insanity—the other having been found not to have participated.

## Stewardship at San Juan's collar.

A love lion swain broke a wish bone with his heart's queen, somewhere up in New Hampshire.

## New what do you wish, Sally?

"New what do you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a leer grin of expectation.

"When you're handsome 'nuff now." But "I'll tell you what I wished, Sally. I wish you were locked in my arms and the key was lost!"

## Down east somewhere the times are so hard that.

"Down east somewhere the times are so hard that the 'gals' cannot even pay their addresses to the 'gals'."

## When I am a man.

"When I am a man," is the poetry of childhood; "when I was young," is the poetry of old age.

## Coming at night.

I didn't say I saw him do it, but I saw a coat and hat, and pantalons about the spot where the article was stolen, and I'll be doggy cat if he ain't in 'em now!"

## A dandy in Broadway.

A dandy in Broadway a few mornings since accented the old bellman as follows:—"You take care of that trash in your cart, don't you?"—"Yes, but I'll be doggy cat if he ain't in 'em now!"

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