AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSBAY MORNING By John B: Bratton.

TERMS:
Subscription.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, i paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigid, adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arreamages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements—Accompanied by the Cash, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

Jon-Printing—Such as Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice. TERMS:

Boetical.

THE SILENT LAND.

- A voice from the Silent Land,
- A voice from the Shint Land,
 A voice from the Spirit Shore,
 A low sweet tone, like the night wind:
 That calleth forever more,
 "Come to that happy strand—
 Come where the sighs and weepings
 Come to the Silent Land!"
- Come to the Silent Land,—
 Thou hast lingered long alone,
 And thy weary soul on its ceaseless wing
 No resting place hath known;
 But come where the breath of peace
 Is sweet on the shadowy strand,
 And fold thy wings from its weary flight,
 Far in the Silent Land!

- A form from the Spirit Shore,
 A form from the Silent Land:
 A pale sweet form, with a radiant brow,
 That becks with shadowy hand;
 Soft tearful eyes that upon me gleam,
 Like stars through the midnight gloo
 And feet that gilde with noisless tread
 Down to the Silent Tomb;
- And my spirit hears that call,
 Mid the weary calm of life,
 And I hear the footsteps softly fall,
 Mid its sound of torrent strife;
 Lead on, lead on, pale phantom form,
 With thy dim and shadowy hand,
 I follow fast in thy glidley path,
 Into the Silent Land.

- Into the Silent Land,
- Unto my home of rest,
 Away in the spirit World—
 Where the weary soul is blest.
 Oh! my spirit dose rejoice to flee
 To that far and peaceful strand,
 And I go with Joy and trustfulness
 Into the Silent Land.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU: OR, A HIT AT GOSSIPERS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

Service had commenced in the neat little sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Fairmount had consecrated to the worship of God. The minister had read the Psalm and the Scripture leason, and the first lines of the opening hymn.—The eyes of the people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one, too, and thus enchained usually not only the attention of the true but the false worshipper. The house was very still—the clear melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbtoo of the true but the talse worshipper. The house was very still—the clear melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbed on the balmy, golden air, which the midsummer Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolred the charm. In a second, every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary eagerness the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to, and when they were fairly and quietly seated in the front pew, immediately before the pulpit, what a nudging of clbows there was, aye, and how many whispers too. In vain sought the good, the sound, the eloquent, the landsome Mr. Is to steal again the attention of his hearers. They and eyes and thoughts for nobody but widow C., and widow C's, young and dashing looking attendant.

How she had heated them! Hadn't she said

mant. How she had cheated them! Hadn't she said How sho had cheated them! Hadn't she said she did'nt feel as though she could ever-wear anything but mourning? And in spite of these protestations, had'nt she come out, all at once, dressed in white, and walked into church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young contiemns?

broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman?

Yos indeed she had. She would have plead guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were, and to the last two, how many witnesses might have been subponed. She was actually dressed in white. A beautiful robe of India mult, tucked to the waist, with an open corsage displaying an elaborately wrought chemisette, drapery sleeves, trimmed with the richest of Mochlin lace, undersleeves of the same exponsive inatorial, a white crape shawl, a white lace hat with orange buds and flowers, white kid gloves and light galeters—such was the description overy lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as the service was closed. And the gentleman—howard rossed in style. Don'the wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "satin finish," and white kids too; and don't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gase often; chondryl, and loyingly, on

white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of "castin finish," and white kids too; and don't he sport a massive chain, and idin't he gaze often, tenderly, and lovingly, on the fair creature beside him? Ah, yes, he did so, and there was no further room to deubt.—Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on a bridal attire, and was going to be married in church.—But who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang, and the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place.—But, to their utter astonishment, they were left to wonder. For when the benediction was pronounced, widow C. and the strange gentleman walked with the roat of the congregation quietly out of church. When they reached the pavement, he offered his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidingly on the beautiful soft coat sleeve, and they passed on.

What a morning that was in Falmount I—What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over and over in the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober matter-offact gentlemen. 'The like of such a thing' had nover occurred in the annals of the village.—There was something new under the sun; a lady had had a beau, and nobody knew it. Widow (C., didn't your ears burn that day? Ah, we wonder they hadn't dropped off; surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliments to him though. The magnet was in the peve before him.

American

E. Bolunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-DUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

CARLISLE, PA, THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1854.

carriage, nobody knew where, very early in the morning. "Yes, and never got home till nine o'clock in the evening." Look out, widow!—Your character is on the carpet.

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for, the next day she went a sailing with her beau, and next day rambling with him off to the mountain, and on the next forenoon went with him in a carriage to the station house, and there not only wept as she parted from him, but actually embraced and kissed him.

"What, in broad daylight?" exclaimed grandma. W. "Well, if I ever seed or heard the like on't."

BENTON'S EULOGY ON HAMILTON.

serings, nobody knew where, very early in the morning. "You, shand sever get be not the morning." Look of widow is not capted. If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a saling with her bean, and next day rambiling with him off to the mountain, and on the next forenon wend with him in him the she was a standard of the she was shand and the standard of the she was shand and the standard of the she was shand and wide and klased him. Well, if I ever seed or heard the like on't."

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grand child, wondered to herael'f it twas any worse in the shand was a very largo attendance that aftermon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home. And what a chattering there was when the bustle of assembling was over. There was not tople, but that was all sufficient, all engreshed to wonder about. But anddenly every magnet to wonder about. But anddenly were made to a supple should be a sup

"Here?"
"Where then?"
"Where then?"
"O, you did, did you? But I tho't you wasn't nover going to wear anything but black again."
Every oye scrurinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as was usual, while she answered:
"I did think and say so once, but I have finally changed my mind."
"You have, ha! But what made you?"
"O, I had good reasons." Here the hearors and lookers-on winked expressively at each other.

"I am not goell you beautiful white

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LISTENING ANGELS.

Blue against the bluer heavens Stood the mountain calm and still; Two white angels, bending carthward, Leant upon the hill.

Listening leant those silent angels, And I also longed to hear What sweet strains of earthly music Thus could charm their car.

I heard the sound of many trumpets, And a warlike march draw nigh; Solemnly a mighty army Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echoes Soon had faded from the hill; While the angels, calm and earnest, Leant and listened still.

Then I heard a fainfer clamor: Forge and wheel were clashing near, And the reapers in the meadow Singing loud and clear.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished, Rose a vesper bymn.

But the chant was done; and, lingering, Died upon the evening air; Yet from the hill the radiant angels Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness, Bringing with it sleep and rest; Save a little bird was singing In her leafy nest:

Through the sounds of war and labor She had warbled all day long, While the angles lent and listened Only to her seng. But the starry night was coming, And she ceased her little lay; From the mountain top the angels Slowly passed away.

A Lawyer's Retaining F.c.

The Boston Post lets off the following ancedote of Mr. Burchard, the revival preacher, while he was at Lockport, N. Y., which is rather amusing. It was Mr. B's. custom to go about the villages to enlist the wealthy and influential to attend his preaching, in order to give celat to his meetings. In the course of his perambulations one day, he fell in with Bob S., an attorney of some reputation and very funnous for with and readiness at repartee: "Good morning, Mr. S," said the revivalist, "I understand that you are one of the leading men in this town and a lawyer of high standing; I have called upon you in hopesto engage you on the Lord's side." "Thank you," replied Bob, with an air of great sobriety, and with the most professional manner possible; "thank you—I should be most happy to be employed on that side of the case if I could do so consistently with my engagements, but you must go to some other counsel, as I have a standing retainer from the opposite party."—The litherate was amazed, piqued, nonplused, and departed without any further ceremony. A Lawyer's Retaining F.c.

Ancedote of Dr. Emmons.

Ancidote of Dr. Emmöns.

The doctor, it is asid, was no great lover of sweet sounds, and religiously excluded from his meeting-house all instrumental music, except a little pnalogany-colored woden pitch-pipe of the size of an "eighteen-mo" book. A member of his choir who had learned to play the bass-viol, anxious to exhibit his skill, early one Sunday morning most unadvisedly introduced his big fiddle into the singing-gallery. After the first prayer was ended, and the doctor began to handle his "Watts," the base violen lifted phis profanation, and trying itsstrings, instantly altitude the doctor's attention. He pandy had been been a singing was no part of public worsh and finally dismissed the congregation without not or comment. The whole choir was hedgana as usual in the afternoon. The doctor took his book in his had any only a few there; but nothing sears at all in the afternoon, and the elders who did go there, bore the visages of mon whose minds were made up. Services began as usual in the afternoon. The doctor took his book in his had had had tooked over his spectucles at the gallery, and saw only a few there; but nothing daunted, read a psalin and sat down. No sound followed, no one stirred; and the 'leader' looked up in atter unconsciousness. After a long and most uneasy silence, the good man, his face somewhat over-flushed, his manner ather stern, read the psalin gain, paused, then re-read the first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery was all and taking his cocked hat from its personal profile the work

ing."
"Massy saiks, Eb, what on airth did yeou "Massy saiks, Eb, what on airth did yeou dew—had yeou a good time, Ebenezer !"
"Good time! Oh-o-o-ugh, persimmons!—hadn't I atime! Cute time, by golly: a-a-and, marn, I made the money ily—did, by golly: "
"Why haow you talk. Eb!" says Marm Green. "I hope, son Ebenezer, yeou didn't break any of the commandments or nuthin !"
"Break the commandments ! Wa-a-all, neo, didn't break nuth-in." Everlastin' salvation, marm, yeou don't s'posea feller's agoin' deown teu Bosting and not cut a sline nor noth-in."
Yeou see, marm, I went inteu a shaw p to get a drink of that almighty good stuff, spruce beer, and two gals, sleek critters, axed mo ten treat.!"
"Lauc saiks slive!—yeou didn't do it, though

as a warming-pan.

what she don't know there is no use in learning.

In last attention. Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him.

"Good morning, sir, do ministers of the Gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks."

Woman's Rights.—A good-last eight children.

Pay your debts.

A quiet tongue shows a wise head:

Adversity is the true touchstone of merit. A little body often doth harbor a great

The man who attempted to look into the future had the door slammed in his face.

Death comes alike to the great and low, and none can avoid the visit.

Why is a honely girl like a blacksmith's apron? Because she keeps off the sparks!

What a Goth!—A modern writer describes ladies' lips as "the glowing gateway of beans, pork, sourkrout and potatoes!"

\(\text{\text{\$\subset\$}} \) \(\text{\$\text{\$A}\$ down cast editor says that modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman, and ruins a man.

Henry Ward Beecher says that "dress does not make the man, but when the man is made he looks better dressed up."

The cobbler who can toe the mark, foot bill, or heel a boot, has no occasion to give The man who hung himself with a cord of wood, has been cut down with the edge of a

There is a phrenologist up town, who can tell the contents of a bowl by examining its head.

"Sambo, why am a locomotive bulgine like a bed bug?" "I gib dat up, Mr. Dixon, 'fore you ax it." "Bekaseit runs on sleepers."

Cowardice consists, not in having fear, but in yielding to it. In well ordered minds, fear is the sentinel that wakes up courage.

EDUCATIONAL.—Ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, arrived at Chicago, on Thursday last, accompanied by fourteen school marms for the THE SEASONS—NOT THOMSON'S.—"Come here, sonny, and tell me what the four seasons are!" "Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar, them's what mamma always seasons with!"

RUSSIAN IDEA OF AN ANGEL.—Punch says Nicholas has called his brother-in-lew, the King of Prussia, "an angel of peace." An angel—after the Russian view—has, of course, two wings—one of infantry, and one of artillery.

RATHER PERSONAL.—A New York editor, finding a cabbage seed in a letter received from a brother quill, wants to know if his correspondent has the habit of scratching his head while matter.

To God pity the man or woman who has nothing to do! Idleness is the mother of more misery and crime than all other causes ever thought of, or dreamed of by the profoundest thinker or the wildest theorist.

Odds and Ends.

Debt is the worst kind of poverty.

Deliberate slowly—execute promptly:

Industry and economy lead to wealth.— The proper disposal of wealth brings happiness.

[WIDOWER—A liberated prisoner, who, if "well to do," the female portion of society consider "wants looking after."

"The motion is out of order," as the chairman of a political meeting said when he saw a rufflan raising his arm to throw a rotten egg. She that marries a man because he is a good match," must not be surprised if he urns out a "Lucifer."

The literary society is now in full blast.

Question for discussion: If a man builds a corn
crib does that give him a right to crib corn? The man who went for Southern measures has not returned. It is suggested that he may have fallen into one of them.

The lady who drew a comparison had to pull pretty hard, and seriously injured her muscular system.

precipice.

The Salem Register calls the prevailing novement in raising the salaries of the preachers clerical sunbeams." Golden ones, too.

A New York paper says that one of the most troublesome consequences of the break in the Croton dam is, the diminution of the daily supply of milk!

Fools.—A country squire asked a juggler why he played the fool? 'For the same reason you do; out of want. You do it for want of wit: I for want of money."

I A couple of highwaymen attempted to rob the editor of the Syracuse Republican last week. A rather preposterous undertaking, that of robbing an editor. CANDID.—A man who advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine, adds that it will be found profitable to the undertaker.

A Mr. Bryan is in court at Petersburg, for, charged by Miss Williams with having blackguarded her, stole her keys, villified her eputation, and ruined her character and the ront door of her residence!"

A waggish friend of ours is of opinion that the initials A. B., appended to the names of some college graduates, are placed there to denote that they have mastered the two first letters of the alphabet!

Somebody advertises for agents to sell a work entitled the "Hymenial Instructor." The best hymenial instructor we know of is a young widow. What she don't know there is no use in learning.