# AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

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## Poetical.

# IF THAT WERE TRUE.

BY TRANCES BROWN.

'Tis long ago,—we have toiled and traded,
Have lost and fretted, have gained and grieved
Since last the light of that fond faith faded,
But, friends—in its day—what we believed!
The poet's dreams and the peasant's stories,
Oh, never will time that trust renew;
Yet they were old on the earth before us,
And lovely tales,—lad they but been true!

Some speak of homes in the greenwood hidden. Where age was fearless and youth was free, Where none at life's board seemed guests un

Where none at the second agreement guesse and bldden,
But men had years like the forest tree;
Goodly and fair and full of summer,
As lives went by when the world was now,
But ever the angel steps passed from her—
Oh, dreamers and bards, if that were true!

Some told us then of a stainless standard,
Of hearts that only in death grew cold,
Whose march was ever in freedom's vanguard,
And not to be stayed by steel or gold.
The world to their very graves was debtor
Tho tears of her love fell there like dew—
But there, had been neither slave nor fetter
This day in her realms, had that been true!

Our hopes grew strong as the glant slayer,—
They told that life was an honest game,
Where fortune favored the fairest player,
And only the false found loss and blame;—
That men were honored for gifts and graces,
And not for the prizes folly drew;
But there would be many a change of places
In hovel and hall, if that were true!

Some said to our silent souls, what fear ye f And talked of a love not based on clay, Of faith that would notither wane nor weary, With all the dust of the pligrim's day. Thoy said that fortune and time were changed But not by their tides such friendships grev Oh, we had nover been trustless strangers Among our people, if that were true!

And yet since the fairy time hath perished, With all its freshness from bills and hearts, The last of its lore so vainly cherished,
Is not for these days of schools and marts. Up. up! for the heavens still circles o'er us, There's wealth to win and there's work to do There's a sky above, and a grave before us, And, brothers, beyond them all is true!

## Miscellaneous.

### AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.

During the recent war between the United States and the Indians of Texas, a great number of volunteers joined the expedition. One of these, Captain Fergusson, of Kentucky, became celebrated for his hardinood and success in the terrible hunting of Indians. The following Incident, will convey some idea of the character of the man, and also of the war still wag in the state of the character of the man, and also of the war still wag in the state of the character of the man, and also of the war still wag in the state of the character of the man, and also of the war still wag in the state of the state of the character of the man, and also of the war still wag in the state of the

# American

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS DE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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NO. 32.

vance rapidly insthe direction of the fire. When he met the black advanced guard of smoke, behind which the flames wound and darted like some monstrous hydra-hended serpent, Ferguson checked his horse and dismounted. He tore his mantle into pieces, fastened one as a badge a small in horse's eyes, so as to envelope the animal's mouth and nostrils, and then he covered his face in a similar manner. This was the work of a few moments—precious moments, for the yells of the advancing Indians became fearfully distinct. His preparation being made, Ferguson remounted, and facing his, horse towards the fire, spurred him on with the energy of despair. The noble heast bounded forward, the firec flames enveloping him and the rider; but the arm of the latter was of iron strength; he held up his horse and impelled him through the fire. A few desperate bounds and the forture was over.

times more terrible than the whistling of bulletsjon the batte-field.
A cold shuddering seized Ferguson. "It my horse should fall!" he thought. But thanks to his vigilance, and the feverish energy of the animal, they gradually gained on their pursuers, for the speed of a prairie wolf is much less than that of a fleet horse.

But the powers of the noble creature were nearly speed, his breathing became rapid, and his head drooped. Yet he still made a wondrous effort to gain the forest, for, with the instinct of his kind, he seemed to know that safety would be found ninong the trees.

At length, the wood, was gained. Forgusongive a joyous short, for now he could, take refuge in a tree. Tying his horse to a lower branch, our here climbed one quickly, and loaded his carbine and pistols, with a faint hope of defending the poor animal from the wolves' attack.

Long Cherished Revenge. A TALE OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

The history of jurisprudence embodies among its dusty archives many a tale of love, of sor-row, of blighted affection, of bitter remorseless persecution, and of long-cherished vengeance, which needs not the pen of a Warren or of a Dickens, to invest them with every attribute of startling interest which can mark the narrative of faction.

The speed 1855, there empediate the country of the same of the factor was of the speed 1855, there empediate the country of the same of the factor was of the same of the same

WHENTEE IN TEACH

THE STATE OF THE STATE OF

Alderman Sediey is Taken by the Hand.

his rival.

At length they met in a wild, narrow mountain pass, a deadly and flerce stringgle ensued, at the termination of which Ulrich was left upon the ground alain, as his assassin supposed. Daum fled, and Ulrich recovered and returned to his wife, pale, bleeding and faint. The officers sought for Daum in vain; he had fled to England, where he spent the next six years of his life. The circumstance had passed away from the public mind, and the parties most interested had censed to think of them or to feel any apprehension of Daum's return. Five years passed on, and the married couple, with their

Bolumteer.

"My dear sir," said-a stranger, advancing, and warmly grasping Mr. Sedloy's hand, "I have long wished to see you—to know you—and now, at length, my desire is gratified."

"Really, you flatter-me," said the gratified."

"Really, you flatter-me," said the gratified.

A Lady Philanthropist.

A good story has been told of a lisping officer in the U.S. Army, having been told of a lisping officer in the U.S. Army, having been told of a lisping officer in the U.S. Army, having been told of a lisping officer in the U.S. Army, having been told of a lisping officer in the U.S. Army, having been told of a lisping officer in the U.S. Army, having been told of a lisping officer in the U.S. Army, having been told of a lisping officer in the U.S. Army, having been told of a lisping officer, and the agent of a sewing circle just established, the object of which is to provide suitable clothing for the children in Patagonia. I am told that they are in the habit of going about in a sitate of nature, which you know is dreadful to contemplate.

'Perhaps they are used to it.'

'Put that is no reason why we should in time prove their condition. So we have agreed to hold a meeting two evenings in a week, with this object in view. Will you join:

'I am afraid I can't. I should be obliged to englect in wise. Will you join:

'I am afraid I can't. I should be obliged to englect in wise. Will you join:

'I am far a fraid can't. I should be obliged to englect in wise. Will you join:

'I am afraid I can't. I should be obliged to englect in view. Will you join:

'I am afraid I can't. I should be obliged to englect with much I presume will be a seed with some of those who attend. Look at that boy for example, at that-toy in the site case with some of those who attend to her own children.'

'I wan't to you whow who that boy is of whom you join you whom who that boy is of whom you jack?

'And a land you who who that boy is of whom you jack?

'You would? Well, ma'am, your curiosity which had to have a content of the provision of the land, is the present of the provision of the land, is the present of the present of the work of the present of the

LUCY STONE.

Mrs. Swissholm's opinion of Miss Stone's abilities as a lecture; is not very favorable, indigent the following:

"If any woman has the gift of public speaking, the last a right to meak but to make the gift of public speaking, she has a right to meak, but we have never yet heard one who displayed any more than ordinary ability, in this sine. We have never yet heard one who displayed any more than ordinary ability, in this sine. We have never yet heard a woman deliver a speech that would have been more than to brated from a man, and it does appear to us that ha proper distribution of the world's work, there would be very few women to spare for public speaking. There is women instances, they were forty or lifty miles in length, and extended on either side beyond the reach of vision. Several mules and horses becames of their own sox on those they are the reach of vision. Several mules and horses becames of their own sox on those they are the reach of vision. Several mules and horses the last the profession to (con until some woman appears who is to gift the self of the position. Wolves, wild-cats, and the reach of vision. Several mules and horses to the control of women's right to his position. The reach of vision women is appears who is to gift the self-in this position. Wolves, wild-cats, and various small-and the self-in this position, and then fall to sustain herself triumphing and the reach of vision. Wolves, wild-cats, and various small-and the self-in this position, and then fall to sustain herself triumphing the profession to (constructed, what an opportunity will be here afforded for sit enthusiastic amateur sportsmen to indulge of the fall of the fall

speak?

No I don't, but I should like to.'

You would? Well, ma'am, your curiosity the shall be gratified. He is my son. George Washington Jackson Armstrong. What have you to say to that?

'Say? Why nothing. Only it's a misfortune for the poor boy that have you tune for the poor boy that he wasn't born a Patagonian.'

Mrs. Armstrong, without reply, swept out of the room with the majesty of a queen.
She is still canvassing for the sewing circle in behalf of the youthful Patagonians, while George Washington Jackson Armstrong is provided in the capitain.

"Thpit on the hearth, and placed it in its hottest centro a powder can its to the first cardiacy crease from the quarters and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for decanitive, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastend on the outside.

"That's me out if you love me!" shouted the in return.

"Thirt on the cantient." shouted he in refuse.

"Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his corress.

"Thpit on the canither!" shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his egress but now dropping it, he raised the window, and out he bounded, sans culotes, sans everything but a very short under garment; and thus, with hair almost upon end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which haifed him brought the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a tall sergeant in front of him to hide hunself.

"Why didn't you thpit on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

licutenant.

"Because there was no sharp-shooters in front to stop a retreat." answered the captain.

"All I have got to thay, then, ith," said the licutenant, "that you might thafely have done it, for I thware there wathn't a thingle grain of powder in it!"

The captain has never spoken against nervousness since.

It is one of the questions of pollucal scone-my, whether a minute subdivision of the land does, or does not, conduce to national prosper-ity. The verdict of England on this question appears to be against the system of minute sub-division; and the tendency there is to swallow up the small farmer, reduce him to the condi-tion of a labore, and annex his farm to the do-main of his wealthier neighbor. Practically, the United States goes for subdivision, and there is a prevalent feeling decidedly against the holding of large tracts of land by single ins-dividuals—a feeling which will one thy, doubt-less, be embodied in the form of law. In France was held in vast tracts by the nobles; but, after the republican triumph and the stampade of the nobility, a large portion of the soil of France came by purchase into the hands of small proprietors. And, to this day, the French farmers do not, on an average, measure twenty acres cach.

Large Farms and Small Farms. It is one of the questions of political como-my, whether a minute subdivision of the land loes, or does not conduce to action of the land

ing, and thee how exthedingly cool you can be. Saying which, he walked deliberately up to the fire burning on the hearth, and placed it in its hottest centre a powder canister, and instituted. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters and that was upon the parade ground, the road being built up for defence; the occupant took one glance at the canister, comprehended his situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charley, let me out if you love me!" shouted the captain.

"Thipit on the canither!" shouted he in redurn.

Not a moment was to be lost; he had at first snatched up a blanket to cover his cgress; but now dropping it, he raised the window is and out he bounded, sans culotes, sans everything but a very short under garment; and thus, with hair almost upon end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which hailed him brought the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified cap.

Or if y is thirty-two years! in the department where the farms are smullest, the average duration of life rises to fifty-two years! in the department where the farms are smullest, the average duration of life rises to fility-two years! in the department where the farms are smullest, the average duration of life rises to fility-two years!

These facts, it is true, are not entirely consistency that it is true, are not entirely consistency to entirely the parade the salvage case of the barque Missouri, at Boston, last week, in which a part of the cargo was embezzled by the masters testified that he told his comrade they would be found out and convicted, but he was overborne by the assurances given him that there was no danger. Mr. Choate, one of the counsel, cross-examined him strictly, and particularly as to what the inducements and assurances were. The withing but a very short under garment; and thus, with hair almost upon end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shout which hailed him brought the whole barracks to see

Mr. Hume, lately, on the presentation of his picture, said that "his chief aim in life had been to promote the good of the greatest number!" The report omits to state that Lord John Russel here interrupted him with the question. "What is the greatest number!"—And that Mr. Hume, with great promptitude, replied, "Number one, to be sure."

How to Secure A Long Life. - Rabbi Sera How to Secure A Lose Lipe.—Rabbi Sera was asked by his disciples how he obtained such a long life. "Nover," he answered, "was I easily excited in my house: never did I precede him whom I thought greater in honor and station: never did I think of the law in an unsciclen place: never did I walk four yards without studying on some part of it; nover did I sleep or slomber in a house where they taught the Word of God: never did I rejoice at an evil which happened to my neighbor; and never did I call any man by a nick, name given to him in derision or sport."