AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

APPERATED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY John B: Bratton.

TERMS.

American Dolumteer. TERMS. 'Sumsonurrion.—Ono Dollar and Fifty Conts; prid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Conts, if not paid within the year. These torms will be rig-idly adhered to in evory instance. No slibserip-tion discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor. Anventsexents—Accompanied by the cAsn, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted throa times for one Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a great-r length in proportion. Jon-Prinstriso—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pampblets, Blanka, Labels, &c., &c., exc. uted with accurary and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

Our Childhood.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad -yet sweet to liston, To the soft wind's gontle swell, And then we hear the music Our childhood knew so well i To gaze out on the even And the boundless fields of air, And the lagain our hoyish wish, To ream like angels there !

There are many dreams of gladness After a for many urchins or gladnoss That cling around the past— And from the tomb of feeling Old thoughts come throbbing fas The forms we loved so dearly, In the happy days new gone, The beautiful and lovely, So this to look news, So fair to look upon

Those bright and lovely maidens Who seemed so formed for bliss, Too glorious and too heavenly For such a world as this ! Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming In a sea of liquid light, And whose locks of gold were streaming O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine In the spring time of the year-Like the changeful gleams of April They followed every tear ! They have passed—like hope—away. All their leveliness has field— Oh many a heart is mourning That they are with the dead. 011

And yet-the thought is saddening

And yet—the thought is assurements To muse on such as they— And feel that all the beautiful Are passing fast away ! That the tair one's whom we love, Grow to each loving breast, Like the tendrik of the elinging vine, Then perish where they rest.

And can we but think of these And can we but think of these In the soft and gentle spring, When the trees are waving o'er us, And the flowers are blossouhig ! For we know that winter's coming With his cold and stormy sky— And the glorious beauty round us Is blooming but to die!

Aliscellaneous.

LOVE OF HOME.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> LOVE OF HOME. "The love of home, and the pure enjoyment to be found in the household circle, furnish the most perfect pleture of happiness that can be presented to the mind. Home pictures are ever the most impressive, and an illustration that all can appreciate goes to the heart af once. Who gan refer to the home of his beyond without pleasarable omotions rising in his breast at the recollection 7 The scenes that transpired there, long years gone by, rever to him, and he lives over in inagination his youthful-freaks and in-necant picasures which all the cares of active life have not succeeded in driving from his me-mory. It is may have rison from an humble sphere to a prominent position, but the truly brave heart is nover ashumed to confers his ob-ourso origin and acknowledge his kindred.-Says Daniel Wester, it is loonly shallow-mind-ed pretenders who make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal merit, and they are gener-ally published by the public rebuke. A man who is not ash used of himsell, need not be ashamed of bis early condition. It did not happen in mo to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sind when the in a log cabin, and raised imong the snew-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smake first ross from its rude chinney, and carled over the fro-sen hills there was no similar evidence of a white mais 'babitation between it and the sec-tender of the and the anotes inst ross from its rude chinney, and earled over the fro-sen hills there was no similar evidence of a subtic on the rivers of Canada. Its remains all exits, it make it an annual visit. I carry by childron to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations gone bofors them. I tove to dwell on the recollections, the kindred bed then when any affections, and the mar

are such komes! Manhood turns from them to the world's dutics with a sigh, comes back with a glad smile. Sorrow falls not so heavily on them, their inmates bear one another's burdens; deep peace is theirs, even in the midst of afflici-tions. Works and deeds of love! Well, has it been said, Oh, let us unite the two—and, how-ever dark and troubled our earthly course, a light will shine within our homes, which no sor-row, nor care, nor even death will have power to darken or remove. God is love-the deed of his word is love; and would we indeed walk according to his dictates, Love proved ailke in word and deed, must be the Guardian Angel of our house."

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

VOL 42.

The Winter of the Heart.

The Winter of the lleart. Let it never come upon you. Live so that goad anguls may protect you from this terrible oril-the winter of the heart. Let no childing indicence freeze up the tountains of sympathy and happiness in fits deetbs, no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers, no rude blasts of discontent mean and shrick through its desolated chambers. Your life-path may lead you through trials, which for a time secaned attorly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze. Penury may take the place of easy and plenty . your luxurious room may be changed for an humble one-the soft couch for a straw pallot-the rich viands for the couse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

forsake you, with scarcely a look or word of compassion. You may be forced to toil wearly, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter frauds and the base avarice that would extort the last farthing, till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow-beings. Deaths may sever the der ties that bind you to earth and leave you in teartul darkness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you while your spirit elings to him with a wild tonneity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue. But andid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.—Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that triendship is only a doubting the sole hope of the tend how of the tend that the dark of the sole hope of the sole hope of your declines your sole of the sole of the tend the sole of the tend the sole of the sole hope of your declines been betrayed, nor believe that triendship is only a doubted the sole of the sole hope of the tend sole of the sole of the sole of the sole of the tend tend the sole of the sole of the tend sole Reaching Heaven; but one by one. Take them lest the chain be broken Ero the pilgrimage be done.

BY A LADT. What an immense difference it makes who squeezes one's hand! A lady may twine her arm around your waist, press a kiss on your brow, or holding your hand in hers, toy with your fingers to her heart's centent, but you are perfectly calm and collected, and experi-ence no unusual sensation, either disabreable or otherwise. Perchance a gentleman whom you dislike or feel slightly acquainted with, ventures to press your hand, you snatch it quickly away: the indignant blood mounts to your forchead, and, with flashing eyes, you wonder 'how the impertuncent fellow dares to do such a thing.' Rather an antiquated spec-imen of humanity squeezes your hand, you feel mortified for yourself and mortified that a man of his years should make a fool of himself that he should think you cau really like such non-sense, and above all, that he beieves it possible that you can like him: you are vexed at what he head one: and determined that an opportu-nity shall never be alforded hum of doing it a-gin. You place your hand confidently in that of trayed, nor bolleve that friendship is only a de-lusion, and love a bright phantom which glides Itaion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp. Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expecta-tions, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not de-clare that God has forsaken you when your way is hedged about with thorms, or repine sinfully when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. Keepa holy trust in Heaven through every trial; hear advorily with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffer-ing. When your locks are while, your steps dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps dinte on the verge of death's gloony vale, still retain the freshnessand bnoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1855.

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE BIG

One by One. One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going, Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each, Let not future dreams elate thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven,) Joys are sont thee here below; Take them readily when given, Ready, too, to let them go. One by one thy griefs shall most theo, Do not fear an armed band ; One will fade as others greet theo, Shadows passing through the land

Do not look at life's long sorrow ; See how small each moment's p God will help theo for to-morrow ; Every day begin again. ent's pain :

Every hour that fleets so slowly, Ins its task to do or hear; Luminous the crown, and holy, If thou set each gem with care. Do not linger with regretting, Or for passion hours despond Nor the daily toil forgetting, Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,



'Taint no matter,' scz Tom, let's take son thin' to drink.'

dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps failer here is an all store all, that he bleves it pour stores it he all fire- difference is the store and the har you can like him: you are vered at what it has reached, a factore all, that he proves a store all store all mode of the provided in the provided in the provided in the provided in the store and determined that an opport. The provided is the provided in the pr

A COON HUNT IN A FENCY COUNTRY. Really 'tis astonishin' shat a monstrous sight of mischief there is in a plit of rum'! If one of them was to be 'submitted' to analyzation, as the great doctors call it, i would be found to contain all manner of deviment that never en-tered the head of man, froit cussin' and stealin' up to marder and whippin' his own mother, and monsense enuf to turn all the men in the world out of their senses. 'If afan's got a badness in him, it will bring it out, just as assafras tea does the measles : and if le's a good for-noth-in'sort of a fellow, wilhout no bad traits in pertikler, it'll bring out if his greatness. It affects different people in alliferent ways—some it maketh rich and happt, and some poor and miserable; and it has a fifterent tellect on dif-ferent people's gyes—some it makes see double, and some it makes so blid that they can't tell themselves from a side of bacon. One of the worst cases of rum foolert that I've heard of for a long time, took pheo in Pinerille hast fall. A COON HUNT IN A FENCY COUNTRY.

-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY

for a long time, took pice in Pineville last fall. Bill Sweeny and Tom superper is the two greatest old coverys in out settlement for coon hunting. The fact is, they don't do much of anything else, and when hey can't catch noth-in' you may depend coordis scarce. Well, one night they had everything ready for a regular hunt, but owin' to some extra good fortin'. Tom had got a pocket piltol, as ho called it, of regular old Jaminakey, to keep off the ruma-tics. After takin' a good startin' horn, they went on their hunt, with their lite-wood torch a blazin' and the dogs is barkin' and yelpin' like forty thousand. Ever now and then stop-pin to wait for the dogs, they would drink one another's health, till they began to feel very comfortable, and clatted away 'bout one thing and another, without mirdlin' much which way they was gwine. Bimeby they cum to a fence. Well, over they got without much difficulty. 'Whose fence is the 'is all Bill. ' Taint no matter,' see Tom, let's take some

'Taint no matter,' sci Tom, let's take some-thin't od rink.'
'After takin' a drink they went on, wonder-in' what on yearth had cum of the dogs. Next thing they cum to was a terrible muddy branch. After pullin' through the briars and gettin' on t'other side, they took another drink, and after gwino a little ways, they'aum to another fence, a monstrous high one this time.
'Where upon yearth is we got to, Calpepter!' sez Bill, 'I never seed such a heap of branches and fences in these parts.'
'Why,' sez Tom, 'it's all Sturid's doins— you know he's always biddin' fences and ma-kin' infernal improvements, as he calls 'em.— But never mind, we's through 'em now.' 'Guess we sisn't,' sez Bill, 'here's the all fire-dets fence yet.'

A SHY AT THE CATS.

corrupting tendencies of Know-Nothingism. Prof. L. is one of the most cloquent and pop-ular divines in the South-western States, and has long been considered the head of the Metho-dist Church, in that section of the country. He (exposes with a bold and masterly hand the aw-ful consequences that must inevitably follow the success of this God-defying, infidel combi-nation

• A SIIY AT THE CATS. We stated, a long time ago, that there would be trouble some moonlight night among the cats that congregated on the long shed in the rear of our dwelling. We gave notice that we able to spare, that we had used up all the brick-bats that we could lay our hands on-that we had thrown away something less that a tone of coal-and smashed a window on the parsed with a queenly step, throwing her the dumps. We gave fair notice of our griev-or if it did it would have been troubled with, and the dumps. We gave fair notice of our griev-Well, the moon came up on Monday night, in the still Spring time, and the cats of our we have it the sile soft our griev-the two streamed fact on the soft our prior-the some morting after a moonlight night, some all the the sile soft our griev-Well, the moon came up on Monday night, in the still Spring time, and the cats of our math of the fairs of the sile with a great of the two streamed fact on the soft our some morting after a moonlight night, some all the and the soft or trouble with the success of that must move the some morting after a moonlight night, some all the to insure respect for my indegment, in and about 0.2670 at least : up the sky with a queenly step, throwing her light like a mayle of brightness, over all the the success of the sin which brought out a some mortil Spring time, and the cats of our math of the fact of the two monlight night, in the still Spring time, and the cats of our math of the the mone time the the the sin which brought out a some mortil soft or the two monlight night monlight might, in the still Spring time, and the cats of our math of the torus here it the still soft of the monlight night, some and above. It is called "dabbing in poin-in the still Spring time, and the cats of our math of the torus here it the still soft of the the monlight night, some and above. It is called "dabbing in poin-the the still Spring time and the call of the the still soft of the the stilling the the s

The Fint-Up in the A. N. Convention. The grand flare up in the National K. N. Convention of Philadelphia, on the "nigger" question, has had the effect of dampening the arder of the small fry leaders in this city and county. At the meeting of the city lodges on Saturday night, not more than twenty persons were present, and these the most worthless and abandoned scamps in the order. The "talk" was all about the "opening out" ordered by tho National Convention—the new ritual—oatha, is a presentively of the out converting.

enalties, &c., prescribed by the new sion. In regard to the "opening out" of the order it is all moonshine, got up for the purpose of deceiving the public and misleading verdant young gentlemen from the rural districts. The fact is, the order will be more tyrannical, see

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taken-carefully, thoughtfully, prayerfully is ken. I am no Catholic. Put Mothodism and Romanism on the field of fair argument, and I. will stake my all upon the issue; but I am ndt such a coward as to the the field of honorable warfare for savage ambush fighting, or such a tool as to believe that man's religion is to be reformed by harrassing his person. Nor am I quite so blind as not to see that, when tho work of crushing churches is begun in this country, it is not going to stop with the over-throw of one. All Protestantism almost will be against me-two-thirds of my own church, I judge, will be against me-the trustees will be also for the interests of the college, my collegues of the faculty will be uncary, my best friends will be pained, but I have an abi-ding confidence that ngthing will be lost by my course in the cad. It will be madness in met to with with is one from the able teaching of my colleagues for my fault-to attack tho collegue to injure me; but those are days of mad-mess, and this is the way in which obnoxious professors are commonly attacked. Be it so. I have done my duty, and I leave the conse-quences with God. And here I sign my name to with diem the best legacy that I could leave to my children-a record proof that nel-ther place, nor policy, nor temporal interest, nor friendslips, nor church, nor threatening storms from every quarter, could move their father for an instant from principle, or awe him into silence when the cause of God and his country required him to spenk. <u>Auusrus B. LONOSTIMEEF.</u> From the Lancaster Ecaminer.

From the Lancaster Examiner. The Flare-up in the K. N. Convention.

Area how fow such there really arg! In how "Area how fow such there really arg! In how "and homes coldness, solitshness, disregard of eschipe place's leadings and affection, make all faiter places seem nore attractive than this...-art to sol aside all positive unkindnesses, rude-tion of the solities and affection, make all solities places seem nore attractive than this...-art to sol aside all positive unkindnesses, rude-tions of love. The father wrapt in a man-ter place of the solities of the solities of the solities of the solities of love. The father wrapt in a man-ter freerve, nover carossingly draws his chil-to his heart, and leas them feel that it beats that animet, provides for their bodily and intent etuils, he decous it quite auperfluous to trailing their affections, that yet demand so much chilters. The mother, if we may conceive it possible of a mother, soldom or never clasps that solid how the values at the substing, the solid body and rudes are to the solid body and invertight or the solid solid solid the solid body and into the theorem and manifestations of love, easen-tial to downs and manifestations of love, casen-tial to domestic enjoyment as the substing, the ignment of mature, are withheid from theors long-coid, pulseless, inceasured duty leads the stoady, unfaigering march along that rugged way, which as all body body is an of the solid or at the pulse as their betwoet and the strong im-pulse as the of the towait would be. And to whom should a child look but to its parents, its is protters, its shulls to meet this specifies hound.

where the second au processo. In them "out of the neart the ors, why not "charity" the rose of human v mouth speaketh," and speech and act are allke boly and beautiful. Winning, attractive, lovely IP Break the legs of an evil custom.

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