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naless at the option of the Easter.
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er length in proportion.

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# signe bree Poetical.

### Liking and Disliking.

THE BY CHARLES SWAIN. Towho know the reason fell mo
How it is that instincts still
Prompts the heart to like—or not like
At its own capricious will?
Telline by what bidden magic
Our impressions first are led

nto liking—or disliking— Olt before a word be said? Why should smiles sometimes repel us
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold,
What is that which comes to tell us
All that glitters is not gold?
Oh, no feature, plain or striking,
But a power we cannot shun,
Prompts our liking or disliking,
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spicit
Which protects us, and control
Every impulse we inherit
By some sympathy of souls?
Is it instinct?—is it nature?

Which our liking or dailt of chance,
Limits to a single glance? Like presentiments of danger,
Though the skyl no shadow flings;
Or that indor-sone, still stranger;
Of tinseen—unitered things!
Lotte-O, can-no one tell me—
No one show sufficient cause Why our likings—and dislikings— Have their own instinctive laws.

### Miscelluneous.

### SALLY SLY AND JANE MCKEARN. BUMOROUS REPORT ON BUTTER.

Wo'dopy the following from the Farmer'. Neathly Visitor. There is a good moral conveyed in it, told with a rich vein of humor that is capitall: It is from the pen of S. D. Little, of the Morriniac (N. H.) Agricultural Society.

The benificance of the Creator is manifested in no disposing our tastes, and so adapting these to the varieties with which we are surrounded as to make life a serve of emission when the make the make life a serve of emission when the make life a serve of emission when the make life a serve of emission when the make life as serve of emissions and the make life as serve of emissions and the make life as serve of the make life as serve of the life as the make life as serve of the life as the make life as serve of the life as the make life as serve of the life as the serve of the life as the life as the life as serve of the life as serve of the life as the life as the life as the life as serve of the life as the life as the life as the life as serve of the life as the lif as to make life a scene of enjoyment instead of a burden: It might have been that necessary food would have been noisome as it is sometimes to the diseased stomach, had it not have pleased the Creative have ordered it otherwise. Bread is the staff of life, but butter is given to make it slip down easifier, and with a butter relish. But it depends something on who makes the butter, whether it answers this purpose. Butter made in Joe Butker's house, needs to be caten in the dark; then to make it hass well, one or two other senses should be laid aside—while that made by his brother Jonathan may be caten in the full blaze of noon; you would wish that your agek was at long again, that you might have the pleasurable sensation of awallowing prolonged. Rorhands in the full blaze of noon; you would wish that your agek was at long again, that you might have the pleasurable sensation of awallowing prolonged. Rorhands is subjected in the staff of the history of their better halves will explain the whole matter. Joe's wife was Sally Sly—when a small girl sho was aly—sho would not half set her lessons, but would have her books in sight when reciling—but as sho, grew dder she learned that to get well married, she, must appear well, and so she bent all her ennning to get a superfletal education, in everything, from rogating a potato to playing the plane. Poor Joe fell in love with ther, and 'doe has no eyes,' so he matried her. But soon'after slo' entered on housekeeping, his eye sight came, and he saw his fix, that it was for better for worse,' and he thought it was all tor worse. Like a true philosopher, he concluded to endurt what he could not avoid or cure, and got along tolerably well, only when he came to her butter, for his mother was a real butter maker. Everytime he saw for tested of Sally's butter he right the horrors. Her manner of making butter, is somewhat as follows: s to make life a scene of enjoyment instead of burdon. It inight have been that necessary

wind. But 'is sweet or sour—sets the milk in a mark the stars with the stars with the stars with the stars affect that it is the decision of the stars affect that it is a local to the paris affect that it is a poke of the paris affect that it is a local to the paris affect that it is a local to the canna to blood heat that it may come quick. When a sine takes it out of the churn, she picks out the bodies—the legs and wings are so small they can be swallowed. She works out half the buttornilk and sets it away in a warm place for use. Poor Joe has seen so much of this kind that he declares—butter does not agree with his health, and, will not take it. Yot his wifee wended to see not keep a dairy and make butter for market.

Johathan was a younger brother of Joe, and he had occasion to get at his brother's enough to know why he did not eat butter; and he delared he nover would, marry without knowing a local through a special to the sum of the sum

# Zmericon

not only the sharp corners of crust and crack-ers, but will smooth asperities of the husband's

WHEN I AM DEAD.

the buried past. . 'When I am dead!' We have heard it of-

When I am dead!' It is as mournful as the plaint of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must say it sometime: for the

grave lies at hand vawning through a bed of

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

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

The Animal Called a Boy.

VOL 42.

### CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1855.

ETNA. A THEILLING STORY.

A THELLING STORY.

Among the wonderous sights on earth, the volcane of Etna will always hold a just precentlence. Renowned by past and present history, sublime by its elevation, its form and the
awful secreey of unknown terrors that lie concealed within its bosom, the Sicilian volcano
will always be viewed with the deepest and most
solemn awe.

It was with makes.

wife, whether she get married or not. Perhaps she is no more certain criterion by which to judge of a woman's general character for neatness and good housekeeping, than by the quality of her butter. Find on the farmer's table a good solid, properly salted, well worked slice of butter, and you need not fear to eat the calces of hash but see a splash of half-worked butter, salt in lumps, and a sprinking of halr and files' legs, you may be sure that if you hourd there very long, death will not be obliged to wait much for you to finish your peek of dirt.

My advice is, to young farmers, to make it a sine qua non in a wife that she makes prime butter, and the young ladles who aspire to be farmer's wives had much better be imperfect in filiagree and music, than be deficient in that most important art of making butter, which smooths, not only the sharp corners of ernst and crackers, but will smooth asporities of the husband's as these, to viewed with the deepest and most solemn awe.

It was with such feelings and such thoughts as these, I began to ascend the volcano on the morning of the 5th of May, 1849. I had left Catania on the 5th day before, in order to visit this wonderful spot. I did not wish to glance carelessly upon it—no; for to me there was always something recreent, something almost divine in connection with this grand mass of upheaved lava, which led me to look carnestly at its rugged sides. I wished to ascend, to view from its summit the fairest regious on earth, to glance down into those unfathornable depths, where fire, fire, in all its terror, forever dwells, forever struggles.

It was with slow steps that I ascended the cone, after the patient and hardy ponies had

WHEN 1 AM DEAD.

In the dim crypts of the heart; where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn innitution unfolds itself at their utterance. Four simple monosyllables, how much of gloom ye convey! How ye speak in funeral tones of the extinguishment of earthly hopes—of the spirt that has struggled in vain, and is painfully quiet now!

When I am dead! is uttered calmly but what a calm!—such as a tornado leaves when silence broads over desolation. The voice pronouncing that desparing phrase, has not all its mournfulness from itself. The listening ear hear something more; for from those words the high aspirations is quenched, and hopes pale and bleeding unon the sharp rocks of adversity, come up phantom-like, amid the ghastly scenes of the buried past.

"When I am dead!" We have beard it of. It was with slow steps that I ascended the cone, after the patient and hardy ponies had been dismissed. I had been an invalid, and the fatigue of coming up the steep and rocky, declivity might well have haunted me. But, after many restings and haltings, was able to attain the summit.

The summit! Good heavens! can I ever forget the delirium, the transport of joy, which the boundless prospect there awakened within me? Can I ever forget the first glimpse which I caught of all the glories and the horrors of Nature, mingled together in such fearful union?

Far away on one sides presed the fertile which

come up planton-like, amid the ghastly scenes of the buried past.

'When I am dead!' We have heard it often, like the pealing bell that tolls the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word dead, lingers strangely, and echoes sadly in the car, and through the portals of the sympathizing soul. Dead—dead—dead—and the world grows gray, and the heart stills, and the eye moistens, to that mysterious sound.

The spirit trembles before the rushing flood of conflicting emotions which follow the dark echoe, and essay to glance through its import. But the echoe fades amid encircling mist, and the spirit turns back confused with blindness.

Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated. The few few feet of mould that composes the grave, are wider than the globe, higher than the testars. Not the mind's eye, nor the anxious soul can glance through the barrier—the boundary between Time and Etenity.

When I am dead!' More or less signifies resignation, or dependent we, a fulfilment of nature, or a perversion of its end, may these words express, tho' sad they are at last.

When I am dead! More or less signifies resignation, or dependent we, a fulfilment of nature, or a perversion of its end, may these words express, tho' sad they are at last.

When I am dead! But death of his oft given charity, utters these words, they fall from the lips as a prayer to heaven.' In them his will harmonizes with his destiny; and the tear that starts for a superior soul about to leave. Its gleans out of the heart, at the prospective reward of the future.

The lips, too, that never pressed the rim of the fount of. Nature's Poesy, may murmur—'When I am dead! but death to such a one is better, perhaps, than lift. His heart holds no flusic, chiming in gadenees to wend and woo his inward existence is void, and the rough sirface of his being checkered, though not brightened by the half stray thoughts, darkens but his death of the future.

The lips, too, that never pressed the rim of the fount of. Nature's Poesy, may murmur—'when I am dead! has Nature, mingled together in such fearful union?

Far away on one side spread the fertile plains, the green meadows, and the gentle valleys of Sicily. There were streams glancing and flashing in the sun as they wandered to the sea, with ten thousand labyrinthian turnings; lakes whose glassy surface showed not a ruffle nor a ripple: there were terraces upon the sides of a hundred hills, where the trellisen vines pass along, all green and blooming; there were groves of orange trees amid the dark green follage of which the golden oranges peeped forth like the flashes of phosphorescent light in a midnight sea; there were long avenues of cypress, of acacias, of noble trees, of many kinds amid which kingly assembluges at times could be seen the noble summit of some stately palm, as it towered high above the others.

And the sea—the wide, the boundless, the deep blue Mediterranean—there it spread away on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, as far as thought could run—glorious as—

"The dashing Silve Realing of the side of the state of the side of the state of the side of the state of the side of the si

# "The dashing Silver flashing Surges of San Salvador."

Surges of San Salvador."

But to turn aside—and there beneath, far beneath, lies an abyse like that of which Milton had sung in sublimest mortal strains.

I paused upon the brink, and shuddering, I gazed down—down! The thick and funeral wolumes of tortuously ascending smoke came seething upwards, as from a cauldron. 'It escaped through a myriad of crevices in the rocky precipitous sides; it poured forth from behind projections, and united with the vast mass which came sublimely upward from the unfathomable depths.

Here upon the sandy, rocky edge, where sulplur and crumbled lava, and pumice stone, were all mingled together to form a horrid soil, there I sat and looked down. From the scene beyond, from that glimpse of earth which made it seem like heaven; from that vision of all that was most over-

it seem like heaven; from that vision of all that was most lovely, and all that was most over-powering, to turn and gaze into a volcano's depth—what a change!

Involved in a thousand thoughts, T sat there thinking (nyself alone; when a sudden grating struck my éar. I was startled exceedingly, and turned around. The place where I had been sitting was a peninsular projection of the cliff which formed part of this infernal chasm. Upon this narrow piece of land which joined it to the other cliffs upon the isthmus, I saw a mild looking, middle-aged gentleman approach.

iild looking, middle aged gentleman approach

ne. He was dressed in plain black clothes, and in his hand he held a light stick.

I beg your pardon, signor, 'said he, in a polite manner and with great softness of tone.—
I beg your pardon for intruding myself upon your company. But it is not often that I see any visitors so far up.'

'My dear sir! I beg you will make no excuse,' I replied. I was just admiring this group below.'

cene below:
'Ah! yes; 'tis a glorlous sight.'
'Glorious! say rather a terrible one.'
'Terrible, perhaps, to you; but do not urprised, if I say to me it is lovely, absolute

your home home? said I, shuddering.
No, there are secrets that can never bespoken? Can you understand them! Who are you, a mortal, that you dare to ask?!
I walked slowly toward the narrow passage of land, the bridge. But he saw me, and stood upon it. I could not go.
Can all this be pleasantry? thought I.—An awful thought, passed, through me, which froze my heart's blood.
Pleasantry! There he stood, my wild companion, his leads the pleasantry in each property of the property

You go with me.' Where?'

You go with me. 'Where?'
'Where?'
'There, I have come to carry you to my home.' He pointed with a cold snaky smile down towards the inflathomable abyes, whence ascended the terrible column of inky and sufficeating smoke.'

I gazed at him for there was some element of fascination in his glassy stare which forced me compelled me to gaze. There was a cold smile upon his lips, which were all bloodless, and disclosed as they parted, his mouth and tight!y shut teeth.

shut teeth.
'There is my home—there's and I come to take you with me. 'Hat I hat how happy you

take you with mic. 'Ha I' ha I how happy you will be. Come!'
Still I gazed; while my heart throbbed with slow and terrible pulsations.

He advanced one step lowerds me.
I looked all around. The spell was broken which enchanted my gaze? I looked all around, at the blue sky above, at the scoroling earth beneath. There was no liopd I—Oh! could I but leap the space which separated me from the main cliff! Capild I but do it—but I could not! There was no hope.

What! do you not answer? He cried suddenly lashed into fury, by my silence, and stamped his foot in frenzy upon the rock. Do you not answer! Then I must garry you with me!

stamped his foot in frenzy upon the rock. Do you not answer! Then I must carry you with sine! The maniac sprang towards me! The maniac sprang towards me! The maniac sprang towards me! With all my energies roused into frantic action; with every sinew braced and muscle contracted, I planted my foot backward against a small angular rock which projected above the loose, sandy soil, and endeavored to meet the shock. With a wild, soream which arose thrillingly into the air, his girs all, bloodshot, his mouth foaming, on he came. He struck his ment foaming on he came. He struck his ment foaming on he came. He struck his nects his hot-breath came burning upon my cheek. I stood firm, for despair and all the bitterness of death, had given no place to fear and timidity, but had bestowed upon me the coolness of done in an ordinary situation. I threw my left arm beneath his, my right passed over-his neck and, around upon his back, thus seeking to press him to the earth.

It was a moment of horror, such as no mortal tongue can tell. A stringgle with a maniac! The with his arms entirely even as I think-upon the time.

Thus we stood breast to breast, lace to face, the madman and I—he with his arms entirely my lace to hear the madman and I—he with his arms entirely my lace to have a more face the mediana of the thousand feet beneath lay, the abyss of untold horrors! At this hour my heart beats more face they were as I think-upon the time.

Thus we stood breast to breast, lace to face, the madman and I—he with his arms entirely my lace of the cliff. He plunged how here the with his arms entired and my late of the mediana and the hearth had been to have the state of the mediana of the more my late of the mediana of the minimal the law of the mediana of the minimal the

The second control of the form of the form

A Successful Merchant's Experience.

A communication in the "Country Gentleman," has a word in season for those year, man, and a word in season for those year, and having men who hanker after tickets in the great lottery of mercantile like.

I am a city merchant, having commenced my acreer as an adventurer from the farm, on a salary of eighty dollars per year, and having passed through half a life time of incessant to the torse, the point where dependence ceases, and it may be a subject to the control of the point where dependence ceases, and the considerable in several first class mercantile health anabean associated with a very considerable manbean associated with a very manufact in the property of the p

### 7 / A Bold-Prencher.

When Samuel Davis was Presid When Samuel Davis was President of Prince-ton College, he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the institution.— George the Second had a curiosity to hear a pres-cher from the 'wilds of America. 'He accord-ingly attended, and was so much struck with the commanding eloquence of the preacher, that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the church, in such terms as these:

terms as these:
'He's a wonderful man! Why, he beats my

He's a wonderiul man: wny, he heats my bishops!"

Davis observed that the king was attracting more attention than himself, paused, and looking his majesty full in the face, gave him in an emphetic tone, the following rebuke:

'When the lion rearch, let the heasts of the forests tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence.

The king instantly shrunk back in his sent and remained quiet during the rest of the sortion.

on the next morning the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guiness for the institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers:

'He's an honest man—he's in honest man.'

### A Burglar Shot by a Lady.

A Burglar Shot by a Lady.

Mrs. Lindsey, a lady residing in Eighth avenue, New York, administered a dose to a burgler, which he will find it hard to digest, and which may perhaps stop the fellow for a while from lying his hands on other people's property. The Express says:

At about two clock, in the morning she was aroused from her sleep by a noise in an atijoiting room, and upon rising up she discovered a couple of highbinders in the act of carrying off a portion of her jewelry and her husbands gold watch. Seizing a revolver which was under one of the pillows of the bed, she took aim at the chap that had, the plunder in his hands, and as good luck would have it, hit him on the first fire. The fellow dropped thes tolen property, and sprang through the door into the street, exclaiming 'My God, Bill, I'm shot.' On examining the premises, after the burglars had escaped, it was discovered that nearly every drawer and chest had been broken open, but the control of the pillow prized by her husband. One thing is very certain, and that is, it would be rather a dangerous proceeding to attempt to rob her premises so long as sho possesses, a revolver. angerous proceeding to attempt to rob her remises so long as she possesses a revolver. nd knows so well how to use it.

## Thrilling Escape from a Black Snake.

Thrilling Breape from a Black Stake.

On Monday last, several children, atmong whom was an interesting dataghter of Joseph Hemphill, Esq., aged about ten years, wereen-joying a sociable pie nic in a woods sbout a nile south of West Chester, thid were thrown into a panic by a large black snake. Miss Hemphill, lingering behind her comrades at some blackberry bushes, espid a nest of young snakes, and imediately started to run towards the clearing. She succeeded in crossing the fence when her progress was impeded by a large black snake that had wound itself twice round her thighs, on the outside of her garments, and bound her so tight that she could not move.—How or when it got, there she could not move.—How or when it got, there she could not tell, her ideas being so conflicted by fright, on seeing the nest from which she ran. She was relieved in her locomotion by the snake taking a higher position, when she threw up, her arms and ran, using her basket to fight the reptite, which clung to her and bit incessantly at her dress. She was finally relieved from her perilous situation by a gentleman who was attracted to the spot by her cries, and who killed the snake.

We have heard a maryalous story about 4. of creation: thinks Providence is near-sighted;
of creation: thinks Providence is near-sighted;
of creation: thinks Providence is near-sighted;
noom I; informs his father that General Jacksen fought the memorable hattle of New Orleans; asks his minister if he don't consider the bible a little too orthodox? In other words he knows more than he ever will again. Just hail one of those spreimens as "boy" at sixteen and how wrathy he gets. If he does not answer you precisely as the urchin did, who angrily exclaimed, "don't call me a loy, I've smoked these two years!" he will give you a without the set of the control of the subject of the control of the subject of the control of the subject of the control of

snake.

We have heard a marvalous story about 4 very large snake—say ten feet long—having been repeatedly seen in that section. However exagerated the size, we have it pretty straight that those who have seen it, have been fearful to attack it without a gun.

[West Chester Jeffersonian:

in the control of the