AMERICAN VOLUNTEER. American ED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY John B. Bratton. TERMS.

TERMS. TO BAS. Sonsonirrion.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, hid in advance, Two Dollars if paid within the fear, and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not had within the year. These terms will be rig-lay adhered to in overy instance. No subscrip-lay adhered to in overy instance. No subscription of the Editor. Ary saries Marks-Accompanied by the casn, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted have times for one Dollar, and twenty-five conts for each additional insertion. Those of a great-or length in proportion. Joa-Egynston—Such as Iland-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphilets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., exc-ated with accurary, and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

SNOW FLAKES.

" Hark! the wild north wind is frolicking, Mid the leaves that lie so low, And I'm watching, I'm watching, For the first falling of the snow."

The clouds look dark and threat'ning, And chilling winds does blow; Yet to not there's something cheering, In the soft pure flakes of snow.

I love to see them duncing, So lightly in the air, On every side they're glancing, Lucro's hungin so pass and fair.

They bid us seek for happiness Around the home fineside ; Where busy hands, and loving hearts, Make the moments swiftly glide.

Then our quict winter evenings, When scated round the hearth; With books,—or music ringing, Hearts filled with joy and mirth.

So none of us feel lonely, But all rare confort take; And watch with joy each falling Of the soft pure snow-flake.

Thanks! to our Great Creator. Who all our wants provide Oh! may we all remember Him, Around that home Greside.—-BERTHA

Miscellanenns.

From the Courier des Eta's Unis. THE POISONED BOQUET.

A STORY OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

"Madame La Grange, after accomplishing her first brilliant success in the concert room, had made, but a short time previous to our story, her debut on the stage with an celat which gave ample promise of the rich renown her name has since borne. The second engage-ment she made in her lyric enter was at Pavia, where her you thful talent completely cellosed the reputation of a rival songstress, engaged at the same time. Each representation was at

<text> ment see made in her iyre erner erse at Fast.
 mer her prothilt latent completely oplinged in the protocol in the pro <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> dants, begging her to carry it to her dres--the act ended. the fall of the curtain the triumphan descended to her little ch was rather astonished not to find her mail iting behind the scene. She opens the door luttered a cry of terror. Stretched on the r lay the maid, to all appearances the a hearing the cry of Madame La Grange, persons ran at once to the room, raised poor girl, who exhibited scarce any signs and not knowing how to render assist-egan to discuss the probable cause of ent. No one dreamed of attrib to the boquet, which lay almost broken foot in a corner of the room where d rolled, without any one caring about They all continued to hang for five or six nutes, round the unfortunato girl, already acked, by the insensibility that proceedes th, when a man rushed into the little cham-bis fontures storm, his voice commanding s features stern, his voice commanding

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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Wold 42.
 Madamo La Grange, escaped by a mirach from a death that had been intended for har signal for har spin and the appear on the signal for har spin and the appear on the signal for har spin and the appear on the signal for har spin and the appear on the signal for har spin and the appear on the signal for har spin and the spin and har match with the though had almost hubbed by an interpret spin and her mind haunted with the though had almost hubbed by an interpret spin and the spin and the

From the Saturday Evening Post. ADELINA BY ALICE CAR

One time I heard the borroked notes Of robins, all the twiligh through, When girls came home with petiticoats Pearled heavy with the mid-May dew.

CARLISLE, PA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1855.

OUR COUNTRY-WAY IT ALWAYS DE RIGHT BUT RIGHT OR WRONG.

I heard, as though I did pothear, I saw, as though I did notisce, For present sunshine is less dear Than shadows cast from methory Shadows that track me everywhere; When first the cloudy suntio blinks, I seem to see my love's black hair Tangling along the garden plaks.

We cannot logethese to the doub Of our sweet home, that is to be, And knocking, she went in before To put on marriage rubes, for me.

'Tis weary work to wait so long, But true love knows not how to doubt-God's wisdom fashions seeming wrong That we may find right meanings out.

That bour candown and here participants of the part of the spectral part

 Imentification of the waters to the cast and west form Anterica, met in awful array over the Old World.
 is ince you can't obey iny orders, summon me, yes sir, gummon me !!

 World.
 There they discharged their burdens, the vapors descending for forty days. and after the earth revolved 150 times in her cumbrous mantle, the waters retired to the caverns from whence our continent arose.
 You Judge !' exclaimed the Sheriff, amazed.

 Yes, me, summon me!
 'You, Judge !' exclaimed the Sheriff, amazed.

 World.
 Well, Judge, if yout says on, though I don't here waters retired to the caverns from whence our continent arose.

 Sentimentalism.
 Sentimentalism.

 Miss Swisshelm, in noticing the publication
 The ruffing mes clouding a whert distance

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

NO. 29.

Anecdote of Gen. Jackson.

Aitedate of Gen. Jackion. At the south-west, the people delight to spin yarns of Gen. Jackson i of his daring, love of justice, and the prompt way of administering "that article," when he found it necessary. I was on the Mississippi-last summer, when I heard the following story which never. having seen in print, I send you for the benefit of the readers of the Spirit of the Times: The General, then Judge Jackson, was hild-ing court—long time ago—in a shantce at a little village in Tennessee and dispensing jus-tice, in large and small doses, as seemed to him to be required in the case before him. One day during court a great bulking feltow armed with pistols and bowie-knife, took it upon himself do parade before the Shantce Court House and d —— the Judge, Jury, and all there as-

(a) parade before the Shantee Court House and d — n the Judge, Jury, and all there as-sembled, in good set terms. Sheriff, sung out the Judge, in an affal tone, arrest that man for contempt of Court and confine him.

. . . <u>.</u> . .

with the hibretto. "And these in front," said she, pointing to the ladies on the platform, "are some of his seven hundred wives. I s'pose, and the inen up behind "en, must be the ebildren of Isracl. Well, Solomon must have been a wise man to A GOOD ANECDOTE .--- We are told the following conversation was overheard among the volunteers. Scene at mght. Two volunteers wrapped in blankets, and half buried in the yed mnd : Jum, haw come you to volunteer?' "Why, Bob, you see, I have no wife to care a red cent for me, and so I volunteered, and besides. I like war? Now, tell me how your came out here?' "Why, the fact is, you know, I have got a "or wife, and so I came out here, because I like ife rome?" Hereupon both the voluntcers turned over in their blankets, got a new plastering of mud, and went to sleep. To Keep a Congregation Awake-They tell of a new way of paying off a drowsy congrega-tion. It was this: tion. It was this: "The clergyman after having nearly finisheff his sermon, observed a great part of his icon-gregation asleep, and said he thought he hid better go over the whole sermon again, which he did. The next Sunday the people kept a-wake 'on the first reading.' " My wife is very attentive to the pigs," said " This accounts for the first of the presence of wrenal ladies. "That accounts for the attuchment to you," exponded one of the fair damsels. Pretty sharp joking that. 17 An Irishman was once brought before a magistrate charged with marrying six wive: The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain. 'Please yer honor, I was trying to get a good Suspicious tailor to suspected custo-"Will you take something ?' said a tee-totallor to his friend, while standing near a tav-'I don't care if I do,' was the reply. 'Well,' said Frank, 'let's take a *sculk* !' Sign reads, it could be take a newspace of the second sec

Bolunteer.

ber mother's portrait. But
 "Pale and wan she grew, and weakly, Bearing all her pain so meekly.
 That to them she still grew dearer, As the trial hour grew nearer."
 That hour came at last, and the weeping inclusion discussion led to see the little and the deared.