MERICAN VOLUNTEER. MED EVERY THURSDAY MODNING BY John B. Bratton.

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ith accurary and at the shortest notice

Poetical.

THE DEPARTED.

I began to think it time to evacuate the pre-lises, and looking round and seeing John gone, atopped into the hack. parlor: where he hay is feet at right angles with his body, rolling, om side to side, with his face poked into his be and a most agonizing expression of coun-mance, but not uttering a sound. I immedi-lely and involuntarily assumed a similar atti-ide, and I think that, from the relative posi-on of our feet and heads, and our attempts to extrain laughter, apoplexy must inevitably ave cent to in his endeavor to suppress his sibility, had not betrayed our hiding place:— a rushes my wife and aunt, who by this time imprehended the joke; and such a scolding vent to in his endeavor to suppress his lifty, had not betrayed our hiding place— at the top and hottom. The fresh air rushes in one way, while the foul air hakes its exit at the other. This is simply letting in your friend and then got I never got before, and I hope expelling your enemy.

Zmerien

Dolunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1856

It know not what the end would have been if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given vent to such a groan and a horse laugh that all gravity was upset and we screamed in concert.

I know it was very wrong, and all that, to tell such falsehoods, but I think that Mrs. Opic herself would have laughed if she had seen auut Mary's expression when she was informed that ber hearing was defective.

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PRINTED CONTRACTORS AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE PRINTED CONTRACTORS AN

THE CAUSE OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S DEATH.

—Hon. Thomas Ewing, according to a correspondent of the Cleveland Herald, has stated that the immediate cause of Gen. Taylor's sickness and death was a long speech! He attended the 4th of July celebration at the Washington Monument, and after the telebration witnessed the ceremony of a block being presented on behalf of the District of Colymbia. A Mr. C. spoke an hour and a half, during which time Gen. Taylor was exposed to the intense heart of the sun. At night he was taken sick and never recovered.

never recovered.

the fire of Discontent, Rindigd, with a interstan-ousy—then strain it through the rag; of Mis-construction, and cork it up in the bottle of Malevolene, hang it upon a skein of Streetyam, shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Lot a few drops be; taken-just before walking out, and the subject will be en-abled to speak all manner of evil, and that con-tinually.

tinually.

7. The following herizontal invisings of a leaning tippler deserve to be perpetuated. Itear him wail:

" Leaves have their time to fall, And so likewise have I;
"The reason too's the same—it
Contes of getting dry;
here's the difference twist leaves and me; I falls more harder and more frequentles.

"WHAT I LOVE THEE FOR,"

I love thee for thy tresses bright, Of wavy, silken hair; ... And for the look of happiness Thy features ever wear;

I love thee for thy speaking eye,

Anecdote of a Fat. Man.

Bridget,' said a lady in the city of Gotham, one morning, as she was reconnoitering. in her both of a settler, some three niles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of 14, who was supposed to be dying. Col. S—awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines which I always carried into the forest; but I learned soon there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel; ther father is a strange man. They live to gether alone on the bank of the river. They come here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvelous intellect. She seems sometimes to be the only hope of her father."

We had reached the hut of the settler in less than a half an hour, and entered.

The sorre — "Sine is a strange thild," said the Colonel; the father is a strange child," said the Colonel; the father is a strange man. They live to gettler alone on the bank of the river. They come here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvelous intellect. She seems sometimes to be the only hope of her father."

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year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvelous intellect. She seems sometimes to be the only hope of her father."

We had reached the hut of the settler in less than a half an hour, and entered it reverently. This request was so direct that it was not to fuxury and taste lying on the rude table near the sunall window, and the bed furniture on which the dying girl was lying was as soft gentleman, and upstairs went the gentleman, and upstairs went the sunall window, and the bed furniture on which the dying girl was lying was as soft gentleman, and upstairs went the sunall window, and the bed furniture on which the dying girl was lying was as soft gentleman, and upstairs when the sunall window, and the bed furniture on which the dying girl was lying was as soft gentleman, and upstairs went the gentleman, and upstairs went the gentleman, and upstairs went the simall window, and the bed furniture on which the dying girl was lying was as soft gentleman, and upstairs when the simall window, and the bed furniture on which the dying girl was lying was as soft gentleman, and upstairs went the gentleman is the parlor, main is state of wonderment, up the stairs went the gentleman, and upstairs went the gentleman and upstairs went the gentleman, and upstairs went the gentleman and upstai

"No, sir, 'you are not." continued Finney, words to pronounce in the English language.—
Yet it seems but acknowledging that we are wiser than we were before to see our error, and humbler than we were before to see our error, and so it is: and Goldsmith observes that Frederick the Great did himself more honor by his letter to his Senate, stating that he had just lost a great battle by his own fault, than by all the victories he had won. Perhaps our greatest perfection here is not to escape imperfectione, but to see and acknowledge and lament and correct them.—Jay.

does—one that can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its beautiful duties, at people.

The home people with a single or its and uppleasant habit for its smiles or its favors.

History of Innocence. The Poughkeepsie had upon his asking the mame of the unfortunity seems forced, has hight, while in bedien in the she had not up her mind to get unrised, and upon his asking the name of the unfortunity seems forced. Its incomplete silence reigned.

The home of the unfortunity as some one, she had made up her mind to get unrised, and upon his asking the name of the unfortunity seems forced. Its incomplete silence reigned.

The home of the unfortunity as some one, she had made up her mind to go one of the unfortunity seems one, she had made upon this back in the chase one, she had been upon the Bible, giving him the chapter and vorse, it and he would find out. He did so, and thas he country actually went into a cooper shop in the loves one of the workmen what he charged for hooping of the provided smith and until David, thou art the supposed by Dr. Feet in the home.

The home of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his saking the name of the unfortunity and upon his asking the name of the unfortunity and upon his sa [] It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented, loving wife, who does not wish to lire beyond her husband's income, in a fashionable style, just because her neighbor does—one that can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its beautiful duties, without asking the world for its smiles or its favors.

hence the title "the old Scrutch."

The best way to treat slauder is to leave
the little one, after undergoing the disable, of the long operation of vacination, exclaimed:
when fed on silent contempt.

In the best way to treat slauder is to leave
the little "the old Scrutch."

A little one, after undergoing the disable, of shoul greenble operation of vacination, exclaimed:
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common thing for misanthropes to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to askn on explanations, more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eyes were dark and piercing, and as they met mine she started slightly, but smild and looked upward. I spoke a few words to ker father, and turning to her, asked if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest tones of an Molian. You may imagine that her answer startled me, and, with a few words of like import. I turned from her.—A half hour passed and she spoke in that same deep, richly netodious voice:

"Father, I am cold: lie down beside me, and the old man laid down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured, in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father."

"My child," said the old man, "doth the feed seem does letted?"

"My child," said the lod man, "doth the feed seem does letted?"

About thirty miles above Wilmington, North Carolina, lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone, and Gray, on the banks of the North East River. They came down to Welmington in a small row boat, and made fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would be dry before getting home, they procured a jug of whiskey, and after dark of a black hight too, they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy, that three gipsey follows could muster, keeping up their spirits in the darkness by pouring the spirits down. At break of day they thought they must be near home, seeing through the dim gray mist of the morning a house on the river side, Stone said:

"Well Barham, we've got to your place at the fifth is is my house, and Barham somebody

said Barlam somebod "If this is my house, —said Barham somebody in the form putting up a lot of out-houses since I contained by the form of the form and some when the form of the for

ignt sites yesterfay: but 1:11 kg astore and thok about, and soe where we are, if you'll hold let to."

Barham disembarks, takes observation, and sooncomes stumbling along back, and exclaims:

Well I'll be whipped if we sin't at Wimington here yet; and what's more the boat has been hitched to the what' all night!"

It was a fact, and the drunken dogs had been rowing away for dear life without being award of it.

FINNY AND THE BOATMAN -An and

He was "holding forth" in Rochester, and in walking along the (anal one day, came across a boatman who was sweeting furiously. Going up he confronted him, and abruptly asked—
"Sir, do you know where you are going?" The unsuspecting boatman innocently replied that 'he was going up the canal on the boat 'Jonny Sands."
"No, sir, you are not." continued Funney, "you are going to hell faster than a Canal boat can convey you."

The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the ques-

"Sir, do you know where you are going?"
"I expect to go to heaven"
"No sir, you are going into the canal!"—
And suiting the action of the word, took Finney in his arms and tossed him into the murky waters, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

Two Stories Mixin. - We once heard a fel-

Two Stolles Mixin.—We once heard a fel-low famous all over the country for his tough yarns, tell the following. He was telling what heavy wheat he had seen in the State of New York:

My father, 'said' he, 'once had a fleld of wheat, the heads of which were so close togeth-er, that the wild turkies, when they came to eat it, could walk around, on top of it any where.'

We suggested that the turkies might have

ish, Ishave got parts of two stories mixed.

A SPINIT-RAPPER RAPPED.—A noted spiritrapper in one of the Northern conventicles, at a
rocent sitting of the faithful, remarked that he
had just received intelligence of the death of a
dear devoted and most estimable friend in California, and expressed a desire at once to enter
into compunication with his spirit. After the
naual preparatory table-furning and rapping, the
spirit of departed manifested its willingness to
commence a cosy chat, whereupon the entertainment opened and clusted with the following
short dialogue:

"How long have you been dead?"

"And the cause of your death?"

"I was hung for stoaling a yoke of steers and
altering the brand!"

No more questions were sent under that table: complete silence religied.

Our California friends are getting to be about as full of fun as the sands of perfect are of golden treasures. One facilities editor makes us laugh heartily over a scene he witnessed in a degeneracy gallery, and which he describes in most amusing style. The artist hung out a very handsome and showy sign over his door, on which was painted, in round reliable letters:

"Babies Taken Till 3 P. M.; in Two Seconds."

This sign soon caught the eye of a middle aged woman—but we will let the California man tell the story in his own ways 18.0.4. The Bless, the Lord for that!" exclaimed the woman, who, with three or four young ones in her arms, stood gazing on the happy amounted ment. "Bless the Lord! Relief has come also last! Babies taken till 3 P. M. 171 go right in and let him take his pick out of mine. I'm tired of them."

She started in, but was met by the worthy artist husself, who was not by the worthy.

them."
"But, my dear madam," compartist, turning away in alarm,

mistake and the old woman left in disgust.

The By my sown, says Patrick, taking them up and examining them, 'that's a quare soussors? Patrick, 'responded his companion, 'sare that's no existors—that's what they call snoffers.

Southers—for what?

For snuffing the candle.

Patrick snuffed the candle with his fingers, and deposited the snuff in the box, and shut, ting the snuffers together, exclaimed.

Source it's a nate invention.

RATHER SCEPTION.—A hady riding in the cars a few weeks since found herself scated by the side of an old mattern who was exceedingly, deaft, "Ma'am," said she in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?" "What did you asy Miss?". "I asked you if you ever field descripity-for deafness?". "O, yes, indeed that it was only last submits that I not rather by lightning, but I didn't see that it did not be of old."

"Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," said

The poly of the state of the st

best small ones.

No sir, continued he, they were very large ones. I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow!

A curious country you must have had, to hare snow in harrest time!

Well, I declare, said he looking a little foolish, have got parts of two stories mixed.

The resulting our windows both at the top and bottom. The fresh air rushes in the one way, while the foul air makes its exit, at the other. This is shapply letting in your friend and expelling your enemy.

Pap, I planted, some potatoes in our contents of this contents.

I understand that your father is dead, said a man to a little boy, as, he entered the house. You're right now, old hoss, said he in the said out as cold as a wedge.

Mora rubber ladders don't shawef as 'a well as was supposed. There is a draw back connected with them; you climb all day with a state of the same as t

T say, darkey, how you sell dem broom, to cheaper dan dis individual can do, when ween oursebs, I steal de stuff!

You fool, Pomp. I steal mine ready made.

THE CITY OF Wheeling in Virginia, with an population of only 12,000, has 8 foundries 1, if forgos, 6 manufactories of nails, of glass-ware, 5 or 6 of cotton-goods, 5 of papers of steam angines, 5 of shift goods, and several of wire and if fluir, wollen goods, white lead, and many other articles, are needed there in large quantities.

The sound of your hammer, says Krank, r hn, at five in the morning, or nine at night in heard by a creditor makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at the gaming it is a big, or hears your voice at the tavers when your should be at work, he sends for his money next

"Well, you can take them," said the old woman, as she approached him, "but before, you, do so, I would like to know what you, intend, to feed them gn!"

The artist saw his mistake and attempted to back out.

"On second thought," he said; "I will take your interesting little group. It would be cruek to deprive a mother of so many of her beautiful, children."

children."
Oh! yes," she insisted, "you can takt

There's plenty more where these came from the The artist was compelled to explain; the mistake and the old woman left in disgust.

RATHER SCEPTICAL. - A lady riding in the are a few weeks since found herself scated by

Richard.

Well, now, 's said the old man, 'sif you don't take that forkibns prefty quickibns, and pitch' that manufibus into than cartibus, 2'll break-your lazy backblus.'

Richard wont to workibus.

Richard went to workibus.

If A green looking fellow hailed the Flush, a ingommitus driver as he was dashing down. Pearl street, lately, with:

"Goin' to Flushing?"

"Yes," said Jelu, reining up his horses.

"Wal, so I thought!" responded the gawkey, and passed quietly on.

If Sir, I am a doctor—I havo curod a pain in the head of navigation, and drawn teett from the mouth of the Mississippi; I have an atomized the soid of a hill: felt the pulse of an arm of the sen; plastered a cut on the hand of nature/and recured a felon on the finger of scorn.

[rul hope you will be able to support ! me," said a young lady; while walking out one evening with her intended, during a slippery state of the sidewalls. "Why yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with some little assistance from your father." There was some confusion, and a profound silence.

garden, said one of the smart youths of this can be smart youths of this can up it why potatoes of course. —
No, sir-ce! There came up a drove of logs, and cat them all.