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Poetical.

HOME, DEAR HOME!

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Where burns the lov'd hearth brightest, Where burns the lov'd hearth brightes Cheering the social breast? Where beats the fond heart lightest, Its humble hopes possessed? Where is the smile of sadness Of meek-eyed patience born? Worth more than those of gladness, Which mirth's bright cheek adorn; Pleasure is marked by fleetness To those who blindly roam, White grief itself hath sweetness At Home, dear Home.

There blend the ties that strengthe Our hearts in hours of grief, The silver links that lighten Joy's wist when most brief; There, eyes in all their splender Are vocal to the heart, And voices gay and tender Frash elequence impart. Then dost thou sigh for pleasure? Oh! do not blindly roam; But seek that hidden treasure

Does pure religion charm thee, Far more than atight below? Wouldst thou that she should arm thee Against the hour of wo? Think not that she dwelleth only In temples made for prayer, For Home itself were lonely Without her presence there; The devotes may falter,
The biget blindly roun,
If worshipless his altar,
At Home, dear Home.

over it prosideth, Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful care,
Its holy sprice guideth,
And shows its perfect law.
If there the fatth shall ful theo—
If there no shrine be found—
What can thy prayers avail theo
With kneeling crowds around I
Go! leave thy gifts unoffered,
Refue religion's dome,
And be her first fruits profired
Attilume, days Home. At flome, dear Home.

All Plance of the Company of the

remained his charge of their prisoner.

Bignor Arringhi requested his coachman to make all possible speed, and to return on horse-back with the money in a pair of saddle-bags, which it is a more expeditions mode of conveyance than the carringe. Whilst waiting for his return, the poor Signor began, to feel very faint in his matterranean hole, and begged for a little fir, which the brigands allowed him to enjoy in a short promenade with them, having taken the previous precaution of adorning him with be previous precaution of adorning him with one of their own cloaks and slouched hats, to o while away the six hours, these worthy in-To while away the six hours, these worthy individually warned of other arrivals by the whistling of their scouts, effected a second capture
in the person of a young man, the sori of another interente de campagna, whom they met
inding out with his farm overseer, and for whose
ranson they were content to ask only a thousand sedult. Meanwhile, the coachman arrived
at Velletri, and very much startled Signor
Muhmmeheri by 'the nature of the letter he
brought him, and the critical situation of his
fleed Arringhi. No time was lost in getting
together the required amount of gold, but in's
country town such sums are not always available on the spur of the moment, and five hours

Dolunteer. American

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1857.

Cannying Home Bundles,—Many people have a contemptible car of being seen to carry any bundle, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The most tridling as well as the most weighty packages must be sent home to them, no matter how much to the inconvendence of others. This arises from a low sort of pride. There is a pride that is higher, that hises from a consciousness of there being something in the individual not to be affected by such accidents—worth and weight of character. This latter pride was exhibited by the soin of Jerome Napoleon Benaparte. While he was in college to was one day carrying to his room a broom he had just purchased, when he met a friend, who noticing the broom, with surprise exclaimed, "Why do you not have it sent home?" "I am not ashamed to carry home anything that belongs to me." was the sensible reply of young Bonaparte.—Lord Stanley.

(D) The costume of the Spanish latters has not changed in two hundred years. They actually wear the same style of dress as their

not changed in two hundred years. They actually wear the same style of dress as their great great grandmothers did.

A lady, observing a sign over a tailoring cstablishment, bearing the inscription "Fountain of Fashion," exclaimed—"Ah! that must be the place where the squirts come from."

to A sentiment to the ladies—May their virtue exceed even the magnitude of their skirts while their faults are still smaller than their

had passed before the servant could get the cash safely into his saddle-bags.

A fresh disaster very nearly put an untimely and to his mission and his life, and that of his master also, for his horse, urged suddenly into rapid action, became unruly, and threw his country, and the bright of the ground, where, however, he till retained hold of the brighd, and after having been dragged some distance, the country of the first of the country of the production where the country of the first of the country of the white Sea several products, who had remained in the neighborhood of the town-gate to see if he came out unattended. It wanted but half an hour of the time agreed on, and the brigands, who remained in custod of Arringhi, had already begun to discuss the davisability of cutting their prisoners' through the country of Arringhi, had already begun to discuss the davisability of cutting their prisoners' through the country of Arringhi, had already begun to discuss the davisability of cutting their prisoners' through a country of Arringhi, had already begun to discuss the davisability of cutting their prisoners' through a country of Arringhi, had already begun to discuss the davisability of cutting their prisoners' through a country of the divisability of cutting their prisoners' through a country of the divisability of cutting their prisoners' through a country of the divisability of cutting their prisoners' through a country of the divisability of cutting their prisoners' through a country of the co

Somebody, says the Reveille, who has evidently got into the world through some old mistake, has written thus:

"What are another's faults to me?"

T've not a walture's lill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it, wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own—
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone."

And let my friends alone.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in the autumn wind, Around the dripping caves; And where its pinions stop to play, Among the fallen leaves. There's music in the river's flow,

Along the pebbly shores
When all the winds have gone to sleep,
And boughs are swayed no more.

There's music in the cricket's song,
I hear through evening shade,
And in the down of distant herds,
Returning from the glade.
There's music in the household tones,
That greet the sad or gay,
And in the laugh of innocence
Rejoicing in its play.

But there is music sweeter for In memory than this— In memory than this— Now in the land of bliss; A music time may never still— I hear it in my dreams, When all the foodness of her face, Once more than my beams.

I know not what the angols hear,
In mansions of the skies—
But there is not a sound on earth,
Like mother's gointle voice,
The tears are in my clouded eye,
And sadness in my brain,
And nature whispers to my heart—
She will not come again.

A mothert ol, when she departs, Her like is never known; The records of affection speak

be so, to hear the driver lamiliarly, address him thus. "Capitain, I guess we'll have rain fore long," Our English triond pulled up his shirt long," Our English triond pulled up his shirt collar and looking away without delgning any reply.

Shortly after, the driver made another observe vation on the state of the roads, whereupon the gentleman said, "My man, I'll thank you not to state of the roads, whereupon the gentleman said, "My man, I'll thank you not to state of the roads, whereupon the gentleman said, "My man, I'll thank you not to state of the roads, whereupon the gentleman said, "My man, I'll thank you not to said unconsciously pulled at his dickey again; but the good nature a silly repressed, for when again it had been replaced at his dickey again; but the good nature of block with another pull at the dickey, it broke of the proposed, for when again it had been replaced with another pull at the dickey, it broke of the proposed of the two silly repressed, for when again it had been replaced with another pull at the dickey, it broke of the proposed of the dickey, it broke of the proposed of the dickey, it broke of the proposed of the wine, looking daggers at the log of the wine, looking daggers at the looking

18 A bore is one who plagues, you with questions on matters of which he knows as much as yourself. A loafer is one who cats fruit in the street, and drops the pairings on the state with visible visible.

Descripting the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the trible half witness as in which the counsel asked:

winner asked:
::Whichway did the stairs run?!
The witness, who by the way is a noted ag. replied: wag, replied:
"One way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs!"
The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look up at the ceiling.

A FRONTIEB SCENE.

About seven miles north of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, is a very remarkable spot. A solitary post oak stands in the barrens, in the forks of the roads, and has obtained, universally, the name of the "Loansome Post Oak."—In the early settlement of the country—more than half a century ago. This is the only tree to be seen for many miles around, and hence its name. It was then tall, green and flourishing; it is now, however, if it yet stands, a leaftess, branchless, thunder-riven, shattered trunk, sending up its shafts as straight as the mainmast of a ship of war. Superstition has long guarded the spot. The tree is looked upon with something like the same veneration with which the Egyptian regards his pyramids, those grim sentinels of antiquity. The place is remarkable for a very severe battle, fought by Big Harpe and Davis. The Big Harpe and Little Harp, his brother, were the terror of the strought of the street of the surrounding country, in those early times.—
Two more excerable monsters never disgraced humanity. They lived with two women as bad as themselves, in a cave about twenty About seven miles north of Hopkinsville

Two more excerable monsters never disgraced humanity. They lived with two women as bad as themselves, in a cave about twenty miles from this tree. Blood and massacre were their delight. It was their custom to sally forth, and without any reason, to murder, without distinction, all the men, women and children they could find. As the country filled up, the people could no longer submit to their horrid depredations. Men and dogs collected, and took the pursuit. They came on the two Harpes in another valley, at about two miles from this tree. They immediately mounted their horses, and dashed off in the direction of their cave. In going about five miles,

ELGOLENT PASSIGE,—The light of a lamp was dying away in the socket; the midnight clock swing heavily aloft, and its brazen tones sounded loudly on the fragon alv. It was the hour when dispubdied applied walk, and when murderers, like the stealthy wolf, provider the horizontal process of the door of the fragon along watcher shuddered as he heard a slight noise at the door. Big drops stood upon his halo brow, the door gently opened—and in came a strange cat.

A was planted the following lines to the bonnet of a cross old mail!

To be lot or sold for the term of alle,
Elizabeth Hall by the way of a wife,
She sold, and she is ugly, ill-natured and thin,
For further particulars inquire within.

"The roung and gay
Were all engaged in play."
It is needless to say that I spent a very unhappy evening—and that I resolved at once to acquire an education so necessary to the main tenance of a respectable standing in society I was not long. therefore, in unastering

answered affirmatively by three raps, or negatively by one rap, she questioned as follows:

"Am I married!"

"Rap, rap, rap!"

"Have I ever been married but once!"

"Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap!

"Eight years") said the medium.

"Have I children!"

"Rap, rap, rap!

"How many!"

Rap, rap, rap!

"How many!"

Rap, rap, rap!

"How many!"

Rap, rap, rap! ("Four,") said the medium.

The lady was somewhat startled at the cor-

rectness of these answers, and freely confessed it. With a radiant face the busband then "bra-ced in," and asked the following test questions: "Am I married?" Rap, rap, rap!

Rap, rap, rap!
"How long have I been married ?"
Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap;
"Strange coincidence!" mormured t

" Have I children?"

Rap, fap! "Good Heavens! How many !" Rap, rap!
The wife swooned, and the husband, when last seen, was walking on the Jersey flats. To this day the lady professes to disbellove.

The Yankee Ontdone.

sir, he's really and truly comb, and to waiting for you down stairs!"

"Show him up," said the editor, while ho opened a leaf of a table and placed some wine and a glass upon it.

"Up went Allem, his long sabre dragging up cach step. Bivingston met him at the doep with one of his politect bows and one of his most excessive smiles.

"Delighted to soe you, my dear sir. Proy take a seat, and allow me to pour out a glass of wine,"

Allen tossed off the wine, looking daggers at Rivingston.

"Sir, I come."

"South-side-seven years old, a great favirife of our glorious Washington.

"Sir, I come of such side-seven years old, a great favirife of our glorious Washington.

"Sir, I come of such side-seven years old, a great favirife of our glorious Washington.

"Sir, I come of such side-seven years old, a great favirife of our glorious Washington.

"Sir, I come of such side-seven years old, a great favirife of our glorious Washington.

"Sir, I come of such side-seven years old, a great favirife of our glorious Washington.

Allon's eyes twinkind, and to tossed doyne, mutth, glass, after, glass of that really flow wine, mutth, glass, after, glass of that really flow wine, mutth, glass, after, glass of that really flow wine, mutth, glass, after, glass of that really flow wine, mutth, glass, after, glass of that really flow wine, mutth, glass, after, glass of that really flow wine, mutth, glass, after, glass of that really flow wine, mutth, glass, and the wind wine and the such size of the such seven with the bestow on his long yellow flows and except the such seven with the bestow on his long yellow flows and except the such seven with the such with the such seven with the such with the such with

gush, applied it vigorously to his toes and too wils. ished Yankoo, who had watched every motion.
"What she mischief are you doing that for ?"
"Q," said Sir Allen coolly." That's the brush?
I always do that with."

Young Angura.—An anxious parent, who had Jost Mished whipping a child three years old—Now, my didd, I hope you will be good, so that I shall ant have to whip you

shanks."

The Romans are said to be greatly sunyed with the action of the fifteen mile reliway
to Francatt, which is the first specimen of the
wonder of the sge they have seen.

One of the best specimens of the style blographical that we have seen for a long time, is:
that adopted by a New York correspondent of
the Boston Journal, in speaking of Barnum.—
After mentioning the fact that the great showman had left for Europe, where he has gone on some theatrical enterprise, the writer goes on

man had left for Europe, where he has gone on some theatrical enterprike, the writer goes of some the many interprited the writer goes of fortune with which New York the for the many intended to the many intended the goal of the many intended to the great intended to said the work of bread and early intended to feel the great intended to the said into a store. He great park to the ordinary playing cards—but the was a least some twenty years of age, and the rote of the fail was at least some twenty years of age, and the rote of the fail was at least some twenty tended to be an acquisited to ordinary playing cards—but the most of the said of the theory in public tended to the was the more popular in that he was the more popular in that he was the more popular in that h

And anture shippings to any heart—
She will adoption again.

A such of the whole the second control of the second of the second

the Yuba river :

the Yuba river:

"Augustus saw the fury depicted in the old
man's face, and deeming discretion the better
part of valor, made a dead halt in the road and
concluded to surrender. Mary was frantic.
Leaping suddenly from her horse, and walking
around through mud three feet deep, she gathered her husband by the legs and dragged him
to the ground. Then grasping him tightly
around the neck, she shouted to her father,
who was now in meaking distinctions.

who was now in speaking distance:

You shan't part us, Right here up to our
knees in mud, we will live and die together!

The old man started back in annazement. 'Yes.' muttered the half used-up Agustus,

'Yes,' muttered the half used-up Agustus,'
'we'll die right here in the mud.'
'But Maria, my child'—groaned the old
man, 'are you not my daughter still?'
'Yes,' was the reply, 'and I'm his wife, too.'
'And are you married?'
'We are,' exclaimed both.
'The old man looked daggers for as mountary closely scrutinizing the couple as, they dane'
closely scrutinizing the couple as, they dane'

The old man looked daggers for a momenty closely scrutinizing the couple as they dains' to each other in the mud, and turning his for-ac's head toward the city, he started to a say That's all I wented to know. You can now

Riches.-Let us not forget that the time Riches.—Let us not forget that the lime will soon come, when our poverty or our riches' will be matters of perfect indifference. The great question will be, what moral character we have formed, how far we discharged our duties to God and to our fellow beings, and what ground we have to expect a Joyful entrance into eternal life. Worldly possessions, distinctions and pleasures dwindle into insignificance in the opening lights of eternity. It is greatly wiser now to take the view of things earthy, which at the close of life we shall certainly take: for that is aghe true view.

B. Dear sir." listed a great lady, in a watered silk, at the World's Fair, "have the goodness to inform me if there are noblemen in the United States!"

"Yes ma'am." answered a full-fed Jonathun; I ain one of them."

To say, with La Rochefouenid, "that in, To say, with La Rophelouchid, "that in, the adversity of our best friends, there is something that does not displease us:" and to say, that in the presperity of our best friends, there is something that does not please us. seems to be the same things; yet I believe the first is. false, and the latter true.

good, so that I shall and have to whip you of the contributors to literary paper called the Child—If you must whip any one, you'd better whip one of your size.

Of A danoing master, in renewing his soll-citations for patronage, whished to express his colligations, for patr favors, when the principal wisported to him, 'do was reported the contributors of literary paper called the Child—If you fines and into claubridge's hands on Sunday morning as the was going to church. During the sermon his wife observed him to be very inastentive, and whispire do him, 'do was troughthinking it's "Of the max World,' my love," was the witted reply.

reply.

17 To find out the number of children in the atrect, commence beating a bass drum. To find the number of idle men, stars a dog fight.