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ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER
OF THE
AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,
JANUARY 1, 1858.

Heard ye that bell
Whose solemn tones upon the night air swell,
Waking the distant echoes all around
Amid the midnight darkness profound?
Hark ye! and lend a listening ear,
To ring the knell of a departing year.
"Fare ye well," with quivering lip has fled
To take its place amongst the mouldering dead.
Bright hopes there were when first the year had birth.
And hearts that echoed to the strains of mirth.
Eyes that were radiant with the beams of joy,
And purest happiness ritually alloy.
Alas, how changed! those hopes are blighted now.
And cars corroding cloud the anxious brow.
Hearts have been wrung with anguish care
Which ne'er will wake to harmony again.
Friends whom we dearly loved have passed away
From all life's scenes to regions of decay.
But what we now the light of "new year's" shed,
He stood alone with the radiant and the dead.
We know that Death must yield his dark domain.
And those that slumber now shall rise again.
Yes! far beyond this chilling gloom
There is a land of ever-lasting bloom.
The darkness of this world shall flee away
Before the blaze of everlasting day.

Kind Patrons, I hope you'll not take it amiss
That these strains are here mingled of sadness and bliss.
These whims of our fitful and fanciful muse
We hope you will freely and fully excuse.
The time-honored custom of NEW YEAR
Demands some notice of our hands.
"Here goes!" then; the arduous task we begin
Although it is endless and tedious as sin.
Old England's name with her national pride
Still rules with her sceptre the war and the tide.
For ages long past, and for time yet to be
She claims the proud title of "the queen of the sea."
Fair France the great land of the grape and the vine
Still claims the proud city where fashions combine.
The Russian Bear still remains in his den,
And we to him that disturbs him again.
The Turkey has spunk enough left yet "to squabble."
Where'er he may chance to get into a squabble
Of India the bloodthirsty rebels are kicking,
And England is trying to give them a kicking.
They fight, though, like tigers, and 'tis not
Much wonder that they let them have plenty of powder.
The contest, though dreadful, will soon be past,
For the city of Delhi has fallen at last.
But now let us notice our own favored land
Which Heaven so blesses with provident hand.
With richest abundance our harvests were
"Reaped," and our fields with the golden sheaves were
Whistled and plenty still smiling around
No famine or sickness with withering hand.
Has spread o'er our country destruction and death.
At peace with all nations of whatever name,
We are rapidly growing in importance and fame.
Though more highly favored than others have
been,
Some troubles within our own borders are seen
The first is, we learn, to our heartfelt sorrow,
That the needed indeed is a hard thing to borrow.
The Banks upon which we for money depend,
Have the payment of specie resolved to suspend.
Deprived of the specie which is so dear,
And suffering follows as every one knows;
Here too is old Winter "it" we yearly be sure
To open your hearts and remember the poor.
Though matters have taken a serious cast,
We hope that the crisis is safely past.
The Banks will the payment of specie resume,
And that will (financially) scatter the gloom.
The question of Kansas still troubles the nation,
Which has for so long been a plagues vexation.
It baffles profound calculation and figures,
Whether Kansas is destined to freemen or niggers.

But Jimmy Buchanan the ribbons can hold,
But will his transactions with prudence unfold;
So let us be wary, there's nothing to fear,
For we have a hawk that knows how to tear.
The Mormons in Utah are cutting a fur,
And getting themselves in a plague of a murr,
They're trying to scorn us; to scoff at our laws,
Not thinking they'll soon be in Uncle Sam's claws.
No doubt but "Old Brigham" will fight like a cat,
But surely there's no use for him to do that.
The Mormons, altho' they're a numerous host,
Will have to cave in, or give up the ghost.
For Government surely has taken the notion,
To break up the haunts of their deep rooted evil.
And use up some powder in making them civil.
But now let us cease from our circumfrangings,
Or contentions, insides and various nations.
Why longer abroad should we needlessly roam,
While so much remains to be noticed at home?
Our Borough is flourisher with grandeur and show,
But a Town Hall at present is nothing to brag.
Why! there isn't a place fit for lecture or show
As any one surely can easily know.
Why do not the people their wishes assert,
And the Town Council members a project concert.
By which the much needed affair may arise
To grace our fair town and to gladden our eyes?
'Tis a shame on our borough, a burning disgrace,
That we for amusement have no suitable place.
Old Dickinson College next merits attention,
With one thing that we must forget not to mention.
That James Buchanan, the honored and great,
The favorite son of the honored and great,
Received his diploma with honor from here
To certify progress in studies severe.
The pride of Old Dickinson ever shall be,
That a son to the land of the free.
The Methodist Church with zeal worthy of
praise,
Determined a new place of worship to raise,
And now on the corner of Pomfret and West
Stands a church to be finished as one of the best.
Now let me say without circumspection,
The ladders of love are no new institution;
They stand in a crowd on the corners to talk,
Where ladies and gentlemen cross when they walk.
It is this that happens, I'm sorry to say,
That the white boys are seen with the negroes to play.
The improvements I frankly confess
I leave to your knowledge and shrewdness to guess.
Health and prosperity with you abide,
Years may you live in the arms of the
New coming New Year be happier and
trier,
Wish of your most humble servant,
THE CARRIER.

American Volunteer

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

VOL. 44.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1858.

AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

NO. 30.

Fact, Fun and Fancy.

Loves like a cigar—the longer it burns the less it grows.
Mock no man for his snub nose, for you can never tell what may turn up.
"Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you?" "It uses me up, thank you."
Dr. Franklin says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."
Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.
Three things to be despised—a brawler in a workshop, a fool in fine clothes, and a slanderer.
A touch of real calamity cures the imaginary sorrows of those who make mountains of mole-hills.
Honesty is a term formerly used in case of a man who paid for his newspaper and the cost on his back.
Unpleasant—a first-rate appetite said nothing to eat. Quite as agreeable—pleasant to eat and no appetite.
What animal has the greatest quantity of brains? The hog, of course, for he has a "hoghead full."
Relatives are not necessarily our best friends, but they cannot do us injury without being enemies to themselves.
"Is that a lightning bug? I asked a short-sighted lady. "No," said the Miss, "it's a big bug with a lightning eye."
Somebody says a wife should be like roasted eels—tender, and nicely dressed. Somebody else adds, "and without sauce."
Some one says of a certain congregation, that they pray on their knees on Sundays, and on their neighbors the rest of the week.
Tom says, when they won't trust a fellow for a drink long enough for him to swallow it, he thinks credit a little too short.
"What are you writing such a large hand for?" Pat says. "Why, you see that my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."
The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, but just children enough to make him indolent.
Some one says that low-necked dresses have reached their height. That fellow must have been standing on his head when he took the observation.
The many are wiser than the few; the multitude than the philosopher; the fact than the ideal; and each succeeding age with its production.
Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature—yet, if boldness is to be read in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty.
Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at, and accurate enough to regulate, but somewhat difficult to regulate, when once set "a-going."
A man came into a printing office to beg a paper, "Because," said he, "I like to read newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to cast one."
Swift held the doctrine, that there were three places where a man should not be allowed to speak without contradiction, viz: "The bar, the pulpit, and the gallows."
"I say, mister," said one Yankee to another "how come your eyes so crooked?" "My eyes," replied the other, "are crooked, but my nose is straight, and my ears are both the same size."
The best bank ever yet known is a bank of earth—it never refuses to discount to honest labor. And the best share is the plowshare, on which dividends are always liberal. That's so.
Quaint old Fuller says: "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is to be ruined, whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."
"Some one says it is better to die poor, than to live upon the hard earnings of the unsuspecting." "No," replied the other, "I would rather live poor than to be deceived by the notice, Non-sense—they don't believe in such a doctrine."
"O Mary! my heart is breaking." "Is it, indeed, Mr. Cisselot?" "So much the better for it is broken on my side." "Because, when you go to gin-lands."
Epitaph—on a lamb just killed.—Peace to his remains.
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No man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.
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THE QUAKER PATRIOT.

BY ARCHOLA.

Throughout the land sounded the loud summons—to arms! Hundreds of our countrymen were flocking to the standard through the breeze, by those leaders whom the millions of the King had denominated "Rebels." The battle of Bunker Hill, with all its honors, was fresh in the minds of the daring few who had staked their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor in their country's cause—yet no feeling of emulation came to the breast of a single man, for all felt that they had a personal interest in the struggle. The bar, the pulpit, the factory, the farm—all contributed their stalwart sons to do battle for the right. Age and vigor, manhood, and joined the tide setting towards the bloody field. There was but one class that seemed to be regarded as non-combatants. They were the "Friends" or "Quakers."

Pelethiah Payne had settled in early life upon a farm in the town of Cold Spring, Long Island. Here he had married, and here he had seen falling from his side, one by one, the children of his own home, until, in his old age, he stood alone with the radiant and the dead. We know that Death must yield his dark domain, and those that slumber now shall rise again. Yes! far beyond this chilling gloom there is a land of ever-lasting bloom. The darkness of this world shall flee away before the blaze of everlasting day.

Kind Patrons, I hope you'll not take it amiss that these strains are here mingled of sadness and bliss. These whims of our fitful and fanciful muse we hope you will freely and fully excuse. The time-honored custom of NEW YEAR demands some notice of our hands. "Here goes!" then; the arduous task we begin although it is endless and tedious as sin. Old England's name with her national pride still rules with her sceptre the war and the tide. For ages long past, and for time yet to be she claims the proud title of "the queen of the sea." Fair France the great land of the grape and the vine still claims the proud city where fashions combine. The Russian Bear still remains in his den, and we to him that disturbs him again. The Turkey has spunk enough left yet "to squabble." Where'er he may chance to get into a squabble of India the bloodthirsty rebels are kicking, and England is trying to give them a kicking. They fight, though, like tigers, and 'tis not much wonder that they let them have plenty of powder. The contest, though dreadful, will soon be past, for the city of Delhi has fallen at last. But now let us notice our own favored land which Heaven so blesses with provident hand. With richest abundance our harvests were "reaped," and our fields with the golden sheaves were whistled and plenty still smiling around. No famine or sickness with withering hand has spread o'er our country destruction and death. At peace with all nations of whatever name, we are rapidly growing in importance and fame. Though more highly favored than others have been, some troubles within our own borders are seen. The first is, we learn, to our heartfelt sorrow, that the needed indeed is a hard thing to borrow. The Banks upon which we for money depend, have the payment of specie resolved to suspend. Deprived of the specie which is so dear, and suffering follows as every one knows; here too is old Winter "it" we yearly be sure to open your hearts and remember the poor. Though matters have taken a serious cast, we hope that the crisis is safely past. The Banks will the payment of specie resume, and that will (financially) scatter the gloom. The question of Kansas still troubles the nation, which has for so long been a plagues vexation. It baffles profound calculation and figures, whether Kansas is destined to freemen or niggers.

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Leaning on the same gate we have spoken of before, stood the wife of the veteran, watching the return of her neighbors from the war. She had waited long and patiently for the coming of her only treasure, but he came not. Day after day passed, and yet no messenger of the absent one. Hope had nearly died in her anxious heart. A horseman approached! Mechanically she enquired of her husband. "The answer," "I know that was badly wounded. But we will hear particular in about a month." The speaker spurred on his horse, impatient to greet his own expectant family. "Dead!" murmured the sorrowing wife, as she sank overpowered upon the green sward at her feet. "Judith, I am here! Judith, arouse thee!" cried the veteran, clasping the form of his aged wife in his arms. "The battles are done—'tis all over! I have come to thee alive!" With the passion of earlier years he impressed kisses upon her quivering lips. languidly she raised her dimmed eyes and gazed upon the returner. "Is this a dream?" she sighed. "Nay, Judith! rouse thee, wife! The God of battles heard thy prayers, and his arm was over and around me. I am safe." The veteran and his wife rest in an old burying ground near their former home. There are no children to mourn their dying, yet the memory of their worth is treasured by upon their graves. The name of Pelethiah Payne occupies no place on the historic page, but there are those, yet living, who will smile with gratitude for even this mention of the "Quaker Patriot."

The alarm bell among the bachelors on account of the decision, by the courts, that a few visits and friendly attentions to a lady might be construed into an engagement is met, however, under the following method of protection. Out went the bachelors provide themselves with cards daily labeled, "Good for this call only" which are sufficient evidence of no serious intentions. Families decline as do employers: each succeeding day some part of life's ancient honors are lost; the descent that leads to adversity is precipitate and rapid. Children detach themselves from their parents. Parents separate themselves from their children. Thus it fades the last great scene lets fall the curtain of death and oblivion. A London Foo.—The London correspondent of the National Intelligencer opens his last letter thus:—"The month of November commenced with its usual characteristic, an intense fog; and during the twelve days which have since intervened the inhabitants of London have not enjoyed twelve hours' sunshine."

THE EAST INDIA INSURRECTION.

BY ARCHOLA.

The true origin of the India insurrection, for it is more than a mutiny and less than a revolt, is, although Delhi has fallen and Lucknow has been relieved, quite as mysterious as ever. The uncertainty upon this subject seems to deepen as the war progresses. That a general movement, extending to such distant localities and involving in it such a multitude of persons, should have occurred without preconcert, without a plot, a plan or a leader, seems, to our notions, quite incredible. Yet no traces of a previous uprising have been discovered, and certainly, no one man has stood forward as the chief of the leader, and the animating spirit of his countrymen. Events which have occurred since the outbreak and all the facts proceeding it as far as they have been ascertained, compel us to the conclusion that the explosion which has so deeply shattered the edifice of British rule in India was alike unexpected on all sides. It sprang from a sort of spontaneous combustion and spread like a fire on the prairies. The material was prepared beforehand and the train had been laid by the hands of English themselves. It needed but the spark and the flame, the crash, the horror of the most lamentable catastrophe ever endured by that people. For ages plans of conquest have swept over the plains from the north of Asia. It has been the destiny of the rising and glorious land, at almost stated intervals, to fall into the power of a new race of masters, but until the advent of the English these came ever from the north in conquering masses and settled and made their homes in their new possessions. Thus holding them by a written colonization until the lapse of years assimilated their descendants with the people they had subdued. They prepared them also for the yoke of servitude and submission to their new overlords. The English were the first to break through that made by sea, and unlike their predecessors they made not their homes in India. They have individually made it but the place of sojourn for a time and ever considered it as a mere field on which to reap their fortune. The English were the first to break through that made by sea, and unlike their predecessors they made not their homes in India. They have individually made it but the place of sojourn for a time and ever considered it as a mere field on which to reap their fortune.

Nothing to Wear. "Twas an awful hot day, the sun set the light before in a red net, and hatched out the hottest day that ever caused an old dog to sweat, and submission to their new overlords. The English were the first to break through that made by sea, and unlike their predecessors they made not their homes in India. They have individually made it but the place of sojourn for a time and ever considered it as a mere field on which to reap their fortune. The English were the first to break through that made by sea, and unlike their predecessors they made not their homes in India. They have individually made it but the place of sojourn for a time and ever considered it as a mere field on which to reap their fortune."

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There is many a good wife who can neither dance nor sing well.
No man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.
If a man cannot find ease within himself it is little purpose to seek it elsewhere.
A wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife and fake home a newspaper, and pay for it in advance.
The best way to silence a talkative person is to interrupt him.
On his death-bed, a distinguished humorist requested that his name might be put in his funeral. "Because," said the dying man, "it is a civility I can never repay."
"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" "polity inquired a fashionably dressed lady. "I'm sorry," replied the boy, "but my informant was a person of rank."
The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness—to your opponent, intolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example.
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The great business of life is to watch over yourself. Second thoughts have usually to guard against that.
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BY ARCHOLA.

The true origin of the India insurrection, for it is more than a mutiny and less than a revolt, is, although Delhi has fallen and Lucknow has been relieved, quite as mysterious as ever. The uncertainty upon this subject seems to deepen as the war progresses. That a general movement, extending to such distant localities and involving in it such a multitude of persons, should have occurred without preconcert, without a plot, a plan or a leader, seems, to our notions, quite incredible. Yet no traces of a previous uprising have been discovered, and certainly, no one man has stood forward as the chief of the leader, and the animating spirit of his countrymen. Events which have occurred since the outbreak and all the facts proceeding it as far as they have been ascertained, compel us to the conclusion that the explosion which has so deeply shattered the edifice of British rule in India was alike unexpected on all sides. It sprang from a sort of spontaneous combustion and spread like a fire on the prairies. The material was prepared beforehand and the train had been laid by the hands of English themselves. It needed but the spark and the flame, the crash, the horror of the most lamentable catastrophe ever endured by that people. For ages plans of conquest have swept over the plains from the north of Asia. It has been the destiny of the rising and glorious land, at almost stated intervals, to fall into the power of a new race of masters, but until the advent of the English these came ever from the north in conquering masses and settled and made their homes in their new possessions. Thus holding them by a written colonization until the lapse of years assimilated their descendants with the people they had subdued. They prepared them also for the yoke of servitude and submission to their new overlords. The English were the first to break through that made by sea, and unlike their predecessors they made not their homes in India. They have individually made it but the place of sojourn for a time and ever considered it as a mere field on which to reap their fortune. The English were the first to break through that made by sea, and unlike their predecessors they made not their homes in India. They have individually made it but the place of sojourn for a time and ever considered it as a mere field on which to reap their fortune."

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Epitaph.—on a lamb just killed.—Peace to his remains.
There is many a good wife who can neither dance nor sing well.
No man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.
If a man cannot find ease within himself it is little purpose to seek it elsewhere.
A wise man will speak well of his neighbor, love his wife and fake home a newspaper, and pay for it in advance.
The best way to silence a talkative person is to interrupt him.
On his death-bed, a distinguished humorist requested that his name might be put in his funeral. "Because," said the dying man, "it is a civility I can never repay."
"Little boy, can I go through this gate to the river?" "polity inquired a fashionably dressed lady. "I'm sorry," replied the boy, "but my informant was a person of rank."
The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness—to your opponent, intolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example.
"What does the minister say of our burying ground?" asked Mrs. Elmes of her neighbor. "He don't like it all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," says Mrs. Huges, "the Lord spares my life, I will."
"One jour printer in our hearing, asked me, what he thought of the world—a most pregnant inquiry—which was answered by the printer in the following terms:—"The world is a stage and the printers are the horses."
The great business of life is to watch over yourself. Second thoughts have usually to guard against that.
The man who wrestled with adversity wore out his stockings, and got worn out.
A wealthy printer has been discovered in India, but he is chased by agents of the British Zoological Society, who want him for exhibition.
The Press, the Pulpit, and the Petticoat.—The first spreads the news, the second the Gospel, and the last—spread all over the sidewalk.
"Here's your money, doll. Now, tell me why your master wrote eighteen letters about that party, sum?" said an exasperated debtor. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell you; but if you'll excuse me, I think it was because seventeen letters did not letch it."
A recruit going through the exercise of ground, asked how he should pray. "You should pray," said the old hussar, who was teaching him, "that you only cut—but the enemy pray."

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SKILL IN EVERYTHING.

BY ARCHOLA.

The science of agriculture is made up of the whole group of sciences, whose theory and applications the farmer must understand and practice, if he would be master of his profession. He must know something of Chemistry, to understand the treatment of the soil, and the composting and use of manures. He must understand Botany, to manage all the vegetables, grains and fruits which he grows. He needs Physiology and medicine, to treat his animals with health and sickness. If he builds a house or barn, a knowledge of architecture will stand him in good stead. If he has a threshing machine, or mower, he needs some acquaintance with the principles of motive power. In the construction of drains, he must apply the principles of Hydrostatics, and to some extent of Hydraulics too. We give these facts as illustrations of our meaning, by any means as exhausting what it is to be a farmer as this matter. The truth is the farmer needs to be a bit of a genius in almost anything, if he would stand at the head of his profession. It is not our purpose, however, when we penned the heading of this article, to say much on these grave themes. It was a humbler topic that tempted our pen.

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