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American Volunteer

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY.

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Poetical.

A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright, Deep buried in her caves; And ocean hideth many a gem...

WHAT HAS BEEN.

I have heard him, I have heard him, Speaking words of deepest love; Swearing to be true forever...

Miscellaneous.

ORPHAN MARY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"I wish you was with my mother." Such was the exclamation of a cross, tired looking woman...

of it, he sure, in heaven, and God will bless you. I know, will. And you're cold and shivering...

She had waked from a dream—a glorious dream of heaven, the angels and her mother. She had heard silver voices sweetly singing out from some beautiful golden archway...

At length she found the spot where last she had seen the brow of her gentle mother upturned to the sky. The child looked down at her mother's face...

Horror-stricken the conscious woman who had averted her eyes, she turned back and looked at her mother's face. Her mother's face was pale and deathly white...

Oh! I wish my mother was alive," she exclaimed, solemnly. "Elly you don't know how I feel. I couldn't eat for a week. I feel as if I never should eat anything again—something is going round and round inside my heart as if it was flying."

WOULDN'T GET MAD.

Old Harry Brewer, or "Hot Corn Harry," as he was more familiarly known about the east side of town, was for many years a shining light in one of our African churches...

The early part of December, Harry's voice was heard in the Bowers singing his well-known song; and one of the bar room men, who had been drinking, and who had been in the habit of leaving the house where he lodged, late at night, and returning early in the morning...

Several of the morning papers have simultaneously announced the fact, which has been known for some time in this city, namely, that he was the hero and heroine of "the domestic tragedy" at Washington had concluded to forget the little affair of the house in Fifteenth street...

Franklin's Son. Speaking of the son of Dr. Franklin, the Newburyport Herald has published the following: As the name of Franklin is prominently before the public, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of his only son, William...

Death from the Bite of a Rattlesnake. James Wright, an old citizen of Cincinnati, while in the woods near Vanceburg, Ind., on the 4th inst., getting out timber, was bit on the hand by a rattlesnake. The danger was: Alarmed at the prospect, he fled to the nearest distance. The heat, fatigue and excitement of course allowed the poison to circulate...

THE SICKLES AFFAIR.

The whole country, ere this, has learned that Hon. Daniel Sickles has been reconciled with his wife and is now living with her in marital relations as before the death of the late Philip Barton Key. Astounding as this intelligence may seem, it is, nevertheless, true.

Mr. Sickles, during and since the trial, has resided at his country house, and on the 21st of the month of June, he was invited to a private party at the residence of Mr. Field, on a private avenue leading from Bloomingdale road, between Eighty-fifth and Ninetieth streets, and overlooking the river...

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After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all truth is beauty, and true beauty is the beauty of a face; and true measure that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all a fable, truth still is the perfection.

From the "Democratic Mirror"—Leesburg, Va.

General Joseph Lane, Senator from the New State of Oregon, a Representative Man. The advent of Oregon into the Union placed in the Senate of the United States, as one of her representatives, Gen. Joseph Lane, one of the most remarkable men of the age, whose career is the illustration of the grandest of our nation's history...

When the Mexican war broke out, Gen. Lane was a member of the State Senate; and when a private in Capt. Walker's company, he volunteered for the war, with that devoted patriotism, which has ever characterized him, he immediately resigned his seat, and volunteered as a private in Capt. Walker's company. When the company rendezvoused at New Albany, he was elected from the ranks as their Colonel; but he was not permitted to hold the commission but a few days...

In less than three weeks after the receipt of his commission, he was at the seat of war, with all his troops, and he was engaged in the most arduous and dangerous service of the war. He was engaged in the most arduous and dangerous service of the war. He was engaged in the most arduous and dangerous service of the war...

Gen. Lane reached his home, he was greeted by the arms of his wife, who had exercised his sound judgment and practical knowledge, in organizing and putting in operation a civil government, on the shores of the Pacific, for a remote people, who had been neglected by the United States...

Gen. Lane then stepped forward and took one of the stolen pistols from the Indian's belt and gave it to the officer, and was about to take the other pistol, when the Indian who had presented his arms, and who was now standing in front of him, and who had been pointed at Gen. Lane and his small party, a single false step would have left to the most disastrous result, but Gen. Lane's coolness, and promptness, was equal to the crisis. He said, "I have coffee here to make a tray of coffee; not to have a fight, promptly stepping to the side of the principal chief, with his firm eye fixed on his pistol in hand, he told him, if he should be annoyed by the destruction of the tribe. This well-timed move had the desired effect. The chief told his warriors to cease upon the demonstration, and carried them then advanced among the foremost of their arrows from their bows and returned them to their quivers, and unlocked their guns, and knocked the priming from their pans."

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Upon the eve of General Lane's departure from Oregon for the National Capitol, as their delegate to Congress, the people without distinction of party, held a mass meeting to tender him a public expression of opinion in regard to his distinguished services to the United States. Among other things resolved, "that his friends of Gen. Jos. Lane without distinction of party, we tender him our hearty and entire approbation of his acts as Governor of Oregon Territory, and that the citizens of Oregon, and party of purpose, which has characterized all his public acts among us; it is but fitting that we express our approbation and admiration of his course, and that General Lane come to the National Capitol, and leave us upon the business of the Territory, clothed with our confidence and attachment; that confidence and attachment the people of Oregon have ever since manifested towards him, by continuing his name to be their delegate to Congress, until the Territory was admitted as one of the States into the Union last winter, when, in obedience to the unanimous voice of his party, he became one of the Senators from that State."

All the responsible positions to which General Lane has been called, were unsolicited and unaccepted by him, what few public men can say, and he has filled them with ability and success. Endowed with a great and practical mind, stored with the most useful knowledge acquired by extensive reading and accurate observation, sound, liberal, and conservative in his views of the policy and principles of our government, he has been calculated to win the popular heart, with a warm, generous, and many-sided, with a kind, frank, and social disposition, with a demeanor so modest and unassuming, that he excites no envy, and leaves us upon the business of the Territory, clothed with our confidence and attachment; that confidence and attachment the people of Oregon have ever since manifested towards him, by continuing his name to be their delegate to Congress, until the Territory was admitted as one of the States into the Union last winter, when, in obedience to the unanimous voice of his party, he became one of the Senators from that State."

The passage of that bill was attended by great excitement. It was violently opposed by the ultra men North and South—the Abolitionists and Fire-Eaters. When the final vote was taken, a breathless silence reigned through the Hall and the crowd gathered before the Hall, by the cry of "yes" or "no," the members answered to the call of the clerk for their vote; as the vote was being taken, members were to be seen, in all parts of the Hall, keeping cool and supporting the bill. The chair, round the table, and the members of the House, who were seated around the table, were all looking towards the speaker, and the members of the House, who were seated around the table, were all looking towards the speaker, and the members of the House, who were seated around the table, were all looking towards the speaker...

The life of Gen. Lane will stand out prominent in History as that of a remarkable man, illustrating the fact, that the humblest individual may, under our free and liberal institutions, attain the highest point of distinction, by perseverance, zeal, and industry, and by the cultivation of the noblest faculties, with the confident assistance of the most virtuous success.