

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.
JOHN B. BRATTON, Editor & Proprietor.
CARLISLE, PA., AUG. 18, 1859.

Disgusted with his Party.
Stephen F. J. Trabe was the Know-Nothing candidate for Congress in the eighth district of Kentucky, and in that capacity made an eloquent tour through the counties composing it. After thus associating with his political friends, and ascertaining their opinions and feelings, he withdrew from the contest in disgust, and joined the Democrats. In a letter to the voters of the district, he says:

This opposition party regard us but a faction, having no feeling of public policy other than to hate to Democracy and hope for office—and so I have charged throughout the district—a faction which, if successful, will be powerless for good, and only powerful for evil. Regarding the Democratic party as the only truly national party of the country, and the only one capable of fighting successfully the many factions of the day, and the Black republican party particularly, I believe it to be the duty of all true constitutional national men, and the people of the South especially, in the present and approaching crisis of 1860, to sustain that party. Hence to my help and support shall accordingly be given. In my canvass throughout the district, I endeavored to present my views fully, and which I regard as truly national, involving the best interests of the people of the whole country, as well the nationalized citizen as the native born; and when I found those recently the loudest in their protestations of adherence to American principles, to have been less than I expected, and in fact to be so recently resolved to retrace from the canvass, leaving those true men who have determined to support me to do as they may deem best for the good of their country.

THE CHOICE.
There's beauty everywhere I go,
There's beauty everywhere—
Amid the country woods and lanes,
The lily and the rose,
The rising sun is beautiful,
And radiant in its light;
The moon shines out in splendor,
And gladdens every sight.
The city domes rise bold amid,
And all about the social haunts,
—Surrounding scenery,
Like conquerors with glory crowned,
Returned from victory.

THE BEGGAR'S DEATH.
The beggar on his lonely bed,
In wretchedness is lying;
And yet, e'er diligent on his head,
A crown of diamonds is lying.
Come, let me take that crown from thee,
Thy limbs forsaken cover;
He lays on you his wanderer's staff,
His pilgrim's o'er.

POWER OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.
A writer in the Boston Times describes a visit to a penitentiary at Philadelphia, and gives the following sketch of an interview between Mr. Stevens and the inmates of the prison, and a young man who was about to enter his imprisonment. Few will read it without deep emotion:

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Woman's Patience.
It is prominently in woman that this virtue of patience is exemplified. An aged but active gives more occasion for the passive virtues than for active and noisy heroisms. Often it is given to her to suffer, where it is given to man to toil, and to suffer without a murmur without complaint. How soon he will be at his God's right hand, in zeal for his burning.

Blackberries and Huckleberries.
—Hundreds of bushels of these fruits are sent daily from New Jersey to New York. Blackberries bring from \$2 to \$3 per bushel, and huckleberries from \$2.25 to \$4.50.

Amusing Blunder of a Missionary—
Stephen Girard's Wardrobe.

We heard a story of Missionary stupidity yesterday, that baffle Bankeer, outstrip in point of absurdity anything ever narrated by Charles Lever, and has the additional merit of being true.

Seeking Information.
"Can you direct me to the Hotel?" inquired a gentleman with a carpet bag, of a railroader, standing on the steps of a railroad station.

The Beauty of the Heavens.
How delightful it is to contemplate the Heavens! They are stretched out as a curtain can see, but beyond the remotest boundary which the highest telescopic power can reach does the ethereal firmament extend? We can find no limit, no boundary. Millions of worlds and still the heavens appear limitless. And with what gorgeous splendor and magnificence it has been revealed in every direction it is studded with worlds, suns and systems of worlds, and the Creator, who sustains, upholds and preserves each myriads of ponderous revolving bodies, each in its orbit, moving in unerring obedience to His will.

Ministerial Difficulties.
A clergyman in a mining village not far from Niagara, in the course of his pastoral visits called at the domicile of a collier in his parish. Inquiring of the woman he saw, and whose name he asked, if her husband was at present, she answered: "Dead, sir, he is at his work." "Is your husband my good work?" she replied. "A communication is made, the meaning of the kind—'he's just a collier, dark!' The collier's response, understanding the language literally, not figuratively, was: 'Your husband is a coal miner, and he has been here before we got your wife into the mine, he would scarcely have been able to see your finger, sure you.' The pastor sighed; it was his first visitation of his flock, and his ignorance certainly did not help his prayer." "I must not say you," she said. "Petition, petition!"—side awe; "no petitions will be put here see long as we in the house; but at this term we've gone over to Newburg, and when you've put up as many as you like."

Novel Wedding.
—On the 6th ult., in Kanakkee township, Jasper county, Ind., a strange wedding ceremony took place. A Mr. Wm. Hasling and Mrs. Anna Mead. The bridegroom was seventy years old, and the bride was very old indeed. The ceremony was performed by a stranger, who was dressed in a black and white robe, and who was accompanied by a number of witnesses. The ceremony was very quiet and unostentatious.

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Christian Heroism.
It is easy to die on the battle-field—to confront death. There are earthly prizes and won—stars, bright honors, are glittering amid the sulphurous smoke; there are earthly passions to be gratified—my sisters were wronged, my mother butchered, my little brother's brains dashed out against the wall. I am a man, and could believe the story told of our countrymen—murder each, having got a bloody lock of the hero's hair, set down in awful, ominous silence, and after counting the number that fell to each man's lot, rose to swear by the God of Heaven that for every hair they would have a life!

A Matrimonial Affair in New Orleans.
About six or eight months ago, Miss B., a handsome and accomplished young lady of the Third District, was engaged to be married to Mr. P., a young man of wealthy and aristocratic family. The day arrived, and a large number of guests assembled, but hour after hour passed away, and the bridegroom came not.

A Strange Affair.
About five years ago a woman, residing in Alabama, took up her residence in New York with a male child, which she represented as being the offspring of a favorite servant belonging to her deceased husband. She was unmarried in every circumstance, and was soon married. Her husband holds a respectable position as book-keeper in a large mercantile house in New York, and the two have lived happily together, and she has had a number of children from St. Louis applied to the City Court for the necessary proceedings to be taken to recover possession of the child referred to, alleging that it is the son of her deceased husband and she is his divorced wife.

Transplanting Large Trees.
A Paris correspondent of the Boston Herald gives the following account of a mode of transplanting large trees now in use there:

Electrified Ladies.
At the Chapel Royal, during a thunder-storm on a recent Sunday, several frightened ladies, fearing the effects of lightning upon certain steel crucifixes, which fashion had grided about them, actually detached these dangerous appendages, and walked away, leaving their hoops in their paws.

Spain of Hovers for Napoleon.
The handsome pair of jet black horses, lately owned by Mr. Sanderson, of Somersville, N. J., which were attracted by some accidental means to the State fair held at South Plainfield, were sold to the Emperor Napoleon for \$4,000.

Census-taker once called upon the mother of a family in California, and asked her how many children she had. The mother replied that she really could not tell; but there was one thing of which she was sure, and that was, that she was certain she had more children than she could count.

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