

American Volunteer.

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

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1860.

NO. 28.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS.

Subscription—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum in Advance. Two Dollars if paid within the year. Single Copies, Ten Cents. No subscription discontinued until notified. Advertising—As per rates on other side of this paper. No advertisement inserted for less than ten lines. One square, will be inserted three times for the same price. If desired to be continued longer, the advertiser must send notice to the office.

Advertisements—Accompanied by the cash, and sent to the printer's office. Those of a greater length in proportion to the amount. Such as Hand-bills, Postings, Bills, Signs, Labels, &c., executed with dispatch and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

THE UNION.

BY LOUGHELOTT.

How shall we, O Ship of State,
With all the hopes of future years,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
With all the hopes of future years,
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

"LITTLE BELL."

Little Bell, bell,
How the cold snow fell,
How the cold snow fell,
How the cold snow fell,
How the cold snow fell,

Miscellaneous.

Something about Adam's Fall.

A favorite temperance lecturer down South... to relate the following anecdote to illustrate the influence of a bad example in their effect... Adams, and Mary, his wife, who lived in the Old States, were very good members of the church; good sort of folks, quiet, industrious and striving in the world, and... Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she would say, "How glad I am to see you, and how glad to see you."

Read Aloud.

Reading aloud is one of those exercises which... and hence has a double advantage. It is an accomplishment which may be cultivated alone, perhaps better alone, than under a teacher, for then a naturalness of intonation will be acquired from instinct, rather than from art; the most that is required being that the person practicing should make an effort to command the mind of the author, the sense of the subject.

Speech of Caleb Cushing.

Hon. Caleb Cushing delivered his great speech, in accordance with the invitation of the citizens of Newburyport, at that place on the 26th ult., before an immense audience... We have only space for a few extracts. Mr. Cushing commenced his address by stating the country to be in the midst of a revolution, and the South having taken the initiative steps cannot go back uninduced by spirit and acts of just accommodation on the part of the North. He then asks: "Can we do anything for the security of the Union? Can we do anything to avert the dangers which threaten it?"

Report of the Secretary of the Navy.

The Secretary of the Navy reports in favor of erecting eight ships of the line into first class steam ships... The line would not only be expanded, but it would be increased in quality, and the cost would be less than for the same number of sailing frigates... The Secretary also reports on the condition of the navy, and the progress of the various squadrons and ships.

Know Thyself!

The only commendable trait in the character of some men is a constant propensity to accuse other people of the faults and failings which peculiarly belong to themselves. This propensity is a very singular one, almost unaccountable, unless it may be taken as corroborative testimony in favor of the general theory that man's faults are nothing but developments of his being.

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE IN PRESERVING THE PURITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It requires no unparadoxical amount of enthusiasm in the American scholar to believe that the circumstances of the present condition of the English Bible have appeared at the time it did, had some providential reference about to rise in the new empire just then begun long to be the oracle of the Anglo-Saxon race, was published just nine years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Now, no uncommon powers of prophetic vision, that whatever new nation would thereafter appear in England, the Bible which the worthies brought with them, which they had prayed over in the Mayflowers, their new social and their old authority, which was their palladium through all the dangers and trials of their early settlement, would ever be such a hold on the hearts of the children of the Old Testament as to be supplanted by any other for many generations. Happily, providentially, will say, this version of the Bible, which I believe it was not surpassed by any other at home, but has continued to this day to teach the two nations, morning and evening, for two and a half centuries, along with its attachment—reference almost for the purest and raciest English that can be found

The Post Office Department.

The Postmaster General's report is an intelligent and business-like document, and notwithstanding its length, full of important and interesting... The total revenue for 1859 was \$24,874,772.28, and for 1860 \$25,093,171.00. The total expenditure for 1859 was \$21,170,782.15, and for 1860 \$22,923,067.40.

The Union.

The Union! The Union! How proudly have not our hearts been accustomed to reverberate as we contemplate the Union—the glorious career of these States before the Revolution, during it, after it—that birth of our Union on the field of battle—its baptism of blood and its freedom—its upward flight to the heights of its position of youthful nationality by the side of the highest and greatest of the old powers of Europe.

Philosophy of Rain.

To understand the Philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, we must first witness the creation, and essentially the very existence of animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments seemed to be the result.

A Treatise for the Young Men.

More may be learned by devoting a few moments daily to reading than is commonly supposed. Five pages may be read in fifteen minutes, and while one may pursue twenty-six volumes of two thousand pages each, in a year, you say you have none to guide you. The best scholars and men of science will tell you by far the most valuable part of their education is that which they have given themselves. Volumes have been filled with the biography of self-taught men.

Report of the Secretary of War.

This report alludes to the recent hostilities on the part of the frontier Indians in Texas, New Mexico, and Utah. The Kiowa, Comanche, Payote, and Snake Indians are referred to as the principal depredators. The Secretary states that while the appropriations were sufficient to sustain the army upon the frontier, the latter has been subjected to the report of the Secretary of War, and that it is impossible to oblige him with the savings into obedience by other means.

The Poor Boy.

Dont be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. If you industriously work, it speaks well for you to moulder. For my part, you would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket, than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun his poor father, and his poor mother, and his poor company, and his poor neighbors, and his poor neighbors, and his poor neighbors.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULSHIP AT NAPLES.

Has been held by one man, Mr. Hamet, for fifty-two years. He entered upon his duties the very year Lincoln was born.

THE STEUBENVILLE JOURNAL.

Says that since the 1st of January, nearly 200 children, and about one-fourth that number of adults, have died in that city of diptheria.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULSHIP AT NAPLES.

Has been held by one man, Mr. Hamet, for fifty-two years. He entered upon his duties the very year Lincoln was born.

THE STEUBENVILLE JOURNAL.

Says that since the 1st of January, nearly 200 children, and about one-fourth that number of adults, have died in that city of diptheria.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULSHIP AT NAPLES.

Has been held by one man, Mr. Hamet, for fifty-two years. He entered upon his duties the very year Lincoln was born.

THE STEUBENVILLE JOURNAL.

Says that since the 1st of January, nearly 200 children, and about one-fourth that number of adults, have died in that city of diptheria.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULSHIP AT NAPLES.

Has been held by one man, Mr. Hamet, for fifty-two years. He entered upon his duties the very year Lincoln was born.

THE STEUBENVILLE JOURNAL.

Says that since the 1st of January, nearly 200 children, and about one-fourth that number of adults, have died in that city of diptheria.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULSHIP AT NAPLES.

Has been held by one man, Mr. Hamet, for fifty-two years. He entered upon his duties the very year Lincoln was born.

THE STEUBENVILLE JOURNAL.

Says that since the 1st of January, nearly 200 children, and about one-fourth that number of adults, have died in that city of diptheria.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULSHIP AT NAPLES.

Has been held by one man, Mr. Hamet, for fifty-two years. He entered upon his duties the very year Lincoln was born.

THE STEUBENVILLE JOURNAL.

Says that since the 1st of January, nearly 200 children, and about one-fourth that number of adults, have died in that city of diptheria.

Agricultural Department.

DECEMBER.

"If now, in beaded rows, drops deck the spray, white Phoebus grants a momentary ray, and a cloud's bright shadow intervenes, and stilled into gems the drops are seen, and down the furrowed oak's broad southern side the streams descending rime no longer glide, though night approaching, bids for rime prepare, still the fall eodues through the frosty air, nor stops till deepest shades of darkness come, sending at length the weary laborer home."

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

Odds and Ends.

You had better pay for one drink than run up a score.
By preparing for the worst, you may often compass the best.
He who cannot keep his own secret ought not to complain if another tells it.
No doubt it is a great deal pleasanter to die for some beautiful woman than to live with her.
A parent's forgiveness of a daughter when her heart is broken, is pardon after execution.
The book of a malignant writer cannot repeat its author without reflecting on everybody else.
Is there a Democrat in all this broad land who is not proud that he is a Democrat now?
The last cure for consumption we have read of, is to swallow five frogs without chewing.
Be careful how you jest. The richest joke of the season may be a very unseasonable one.
A writer asks if any one can inform a poor man the best way to start a nursery? Get married.
Flowers are the alphabet of angels, wherever they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.
All men look for happiness in the future. To every eye heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance.
The small pail is prevailing with great fatality among the poor inhabitants of the Western part of Philadelphia.
An independent Methodist Church in Louisville, Ky., has gone over to the Episcopalian in a body, church and all.
The mode of curing in Faye, one of the Azores, is to tie the cream up in a goat skin, and kick it about till the butter comes.
Petitions are being circulated in Michigan, asking the forthcoming Legislature to repeal the personal liberty laws now on the statute book.
Prince Napoleon's trip to this country appears to be fully decided upon. He will be accompanied by several men of letters, professors, and artists.
The United States consulship at Naples has been held by one man, Mr. Hamet, for fifty-two years. He entered upon his duties the very year Lincoln was born.
Good manners should begin at home. Politeness is not an article to be worn in full dress only, to be put on when we pay or receive a complimentary visit.
The Steubenville Journal says that since the 1st of January, nearly 200 children, and about one-fourth that number of adults, have died in that city of diptheria.
Gift, you are told is a journey—and to send the water in which some people eat, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them the whole length of the journey.
Lieut. Col. Wm. Henry Walker has resigned his position in the United States Army on the issue of resistance to Lincoln's inauguration. He was shot seven times in Mexico.
A gambler was convicted in a Philadelphia court a few days ago upon the testimony of a man who by losses at cards had been reduced from a position of affluence to that of a crossing sweeper.
Love one human being, purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart is this heaven, like the wandering sun, sea and air, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.
Human doctrines cannot cure a wound for the disease. Consolation, the culture of Prometheus, will still be gnawing at the heart of those who do not understand it.
Mr. J. T. Rarey, the celebrated horse-tamer, has arrived from England in the steamship Asia, and taken rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the notoriety he has gained as a tamer of wild and vicious horses, caused him to be viewed with great curiosity.
Quilp and his wife had a bit of a contention the other day. "I own you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quilp, "our choice in marriage shows that." Quilp was informed that he was a brute.
The coming session of the Legislature will have before it the duty of electing a U. S. Senator on the second Tuesday of January. On the third of January, the State Treasurer will be chosen, and on Tuesday of January, Col. Curtin will be inaugurated Governor.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.

DECEMBER.

We have now reached the shortest days of the year, and everything stands in striking contrast with the long bright days of June. We have, however, desolate branches, for the season of living green; a robe of snow on every verdant turf; sheeted ice on every stream and lake, for the rippling waters; cloud and storm, for the sunny skies of summer. Nature bids us pause and look back over the vanished months. It is a time of retrospection, a time of self-communion, and of reflection upon the year that has passed.