

American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

JENNY'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. E. H. HOOD.

Jenny Gray was a pretty lass,
As 'e'en you might discover;
And as pretty as a picture,
Jenny had a lovely hair.

Jenny Burns was tall and straight,
Handsome, too, and clever;
But her poor and feeble friend,
And this their lives might prove.

"Ah!" sighed the little maid, bright eyes
Would so well adorn my tresses,
And my form would have a daintier grace
Arrayed in costly dress.

My hands are small, my feet are trim;
Who as a lady's fingers;
For as a lady's feet, my feet
Mid luxury and splendour.

And they say 'tis a country lass,
Of poor and simple breeding,
But married rich—ah, me!—I try
And seek out such good fortune.

So Jenny smiled no more on John,
And he became a stranger;
While rich old Mrs. Farthing's maid,
From her well set trap, in danger.

Her dimpled cheeks and golden curls,
Her child-like sweet demeanor,
These drew him in; it sprung at last,
And caught the wealthy banker.

And diamonds brightly gleam to-day,
Mid luxury and splendour,
While her hair is gracefully arrayed
In silks and velvet dresses.

Her little feet tread stately halls,
Unrestrained in their splendour,
And her jewel fingers shimmer all,
So delicate and tender!

And she is called a happy wife,
Yet, oh! how many like her,
Have sunk with greedy desires,
No joy their bosoms enter.

Farmer Burns, in his snug little cot,
Knows more of love and respect
Than Jenny in her splendid dress;
Jenny is blessed with contentment.

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Oh! could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground
Where village pleasures grow
Without the village tattle,
How doubly blessed that place would be
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the busy city.

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Some little spot of happy ground
Where all might dwell in liberty,
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Some little spot of happy ground
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the busy city.

Miscellaneous.

IDLE HANDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Thornton came home at his usual mid-day hour, as he went by the parlor door, he saw his daughter, a young lady of nineteen, lounging on the sofa with a book in her hands. The whirl of his wife's sewing machine struck on his ear at the same moment. Without pausing at the parlor, he kept on to the room from which came the sound of industry.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bending close down over her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her a few moments without speaking.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the tired woman, letting her foot rest on the treadle, and straightening herself up, "this pain in my side is almost beyond endurance."

"Then why do you sit killing yourself here?" said Thornton.

"What's the matter? Why do you look so serious?" asked his wife.

"Because I feel serious," he answered.

"Has anything gone wrong?" she inquired.

"Mrs. T.'s countenance grew slightly troubled. Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned to dread the occurrence of disaster.

"What are you doing all the time?" she asked.

"In your business?" Mrs. Thornton spoke a little faintly.

"No, nothing specially out of the way there, but it's all wrong at home."

"I don't understand you, Harvey. What is wrong at home, pray?"

"Wrong for you to sit in pain and exhaustion over that sewing machine, while an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlor. That's what I wish to say."

"It isn't Emma's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see that she puts down enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may."

"If I said that of our sons," replied Mr. Thornton, "and acted on the word, what of our daughters would make for the world's work? How admirably furnished they would be for life's trials and duties!"

"You are wrong in this thing—all wrong," continued the husband. "And as to ease and comfort, as you say, if Emma is a right-minded girl, she will have more true enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens, than it is possible to obtain from the conversation over writers. Excitement of the imagination is no substitute for that deep peace of mind that ever accompanies and succeeds the right discharge of daily duties. It is a poor consolation to a mother's moral sense to suppose that she can be content to sit with idle hands, or to employ them in light frivolities, while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Heister, it must not be so!"

"And it shall not be!" said a quick, firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, and turned to the speaker, who had entered the room unobserved, and been a listener to nearly all the conversation they were recording.

"It shall not be, father." And Emma came and stood by Mr. Thornton. Her face was crimsoned; her eyes flooded with tears, through which light was shining. Her form drew up clearly defined, and her eyes were shining.

"It isn't all my fault," she said, and she laid her hand on her father's arm. "I've asked mother a great many times to let me help her, but she says it is not my business. Every day. For mind becoming vigorous in time, instead of enervated by idleness, chose a better order of reading than had been indulged before, and she was growing toward the right course. In fact, the sphere of her life. She also found time, amid her household duties, for an hour twice a week with a German teacher, and she began, also, to cultivate a natural taste for drawing. Now that she was employed in the household, she found time for her useful work."

"How cheerful and companionable she grew!" she did not seem like the Emma Thornton of a few months before. In fact, the sphere of her entire household was changed. As an idler, Emma had been a burden to all the rest, and the weight of that burden had been sufficient to depress, through weariness, the spirits of all. But now, with her mind and body sustained, but a sharer in the burden of each, all hearts came back to a lighter measure, beating rhythmically and in conscious enjoyment.

Some years ago, an old sign painter, who was very crafty, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the windows on some tablets in a church not more than five miles from C—. He worked two days at it, and at the end of the second day the pastor of the church came to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by, smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets. "Eh!" said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the way the painter was proceeding. "You careless old fellow, you have left a part of the commandments entirely out; don't you see?" "No; no such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "no, nothing left out." "Why, then, what's the matter?" "Look at them in the Bible; you have left some of the commandments out." "Well, what if I have?" said the old man, as he ran his eyes over his work. "What if I have?" said the old man, as he ran his eyes over his work. "What if I have?" said the old man, as he ran his eyes over his work.

"To hear Gough tell the 'druggers' story is worth any time. The story is a capital one, but it takes the man to tell it. This he does in some such words as these: 'A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug-store and asked, 'Be you the druggers?' 'Well, I 'posse so, I sell drugs.' 'Well, hev you got any of this here scintin' stuff as the gals put on their handkerchiefs?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Well, our gals' guine to be married, and she gin me nippence, and told me to invest the hull 'mount in scintin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some; so's, if you can't find it, I'll give you my nippence.' 'The Yankee smelled round without being suited until the 'druggers' got tired of him; and, taking a bottle of hartshorn, said, 'I've got a scintin' stuff that will suit you. It's a single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but, to get the strength of it, you must take a good big smell.' 'Sir—sir—can you tell me where Joo-o-o-o Pinto lives?' 'Was a question!' said the druggers, peering into his face; 'why, Jo, my old fellow, you are the man yourself.' 'Oh, ye-ye-ye, I know that,' ejaculated he; 'but I want to know where he lives.' 'Why, this your house—this one right under your nose.' 'Is it, eh? W-w-w, then, I'll be kicked if something hasn't changed the door, for it won't fit my key-hole anyhow.' 'Why a cat washes itself after instead of before eating.—A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, when the sparrow said, 'No gentleman cats till he washes his face.' The cat, struck with this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face and his paw, but the sparrow flew away. 'As long as I live I will eat first and wash afterward'—which all cats do on this day."

Confab between a man who wanted his paper stopped and our devil:
Man—See here, boy, you may tell your boss to stop sending his d—d paper to me at G—
Devil—Where would he send it?
Man—Send it to—
Devil—All right—you'll be certain to get it at that post office.

A quack doctor advertises to cure, among other incurable diseases, Maroon, Phony, Hot Hydrocatics, Inflammation of the Potomac, and all kinds of Anniversaries.

It is estimated that the new tariff will yield an increased revenue of \$11,000,000 on the principal imports.

The Doestickian Comprohmise.

"TAKE A GLASS OF BEER AND DROP THE SUBJECT."

That is my proposition for settling the country. That beats Crittenden—if it is cheap, easy, sensible, and acceptable to the masses. When you hear two persons talking disunion, secession, coercion—stop in and say: 'Gentlemen, take a glass of beer and drop the subject.' Say this when they get to the word 'coercion,' because the next word after 'coercion' is 'blood,' and after 'blood' the Doestickian compromise won't work.

Whoever anybody hears an angry disunion, and catches the peace of the land, disunion, and whipping up let him stop and say: 'Come, come, boys, let's take a glass of beer and drop the subject.' That will stop the whole affair. Let Lincoln, if he would restore the peace of the land, immediately appoint one man in ten of the entire population of the country, to circulate everywhere, proposing the Doestickian compromise. Let the treasury be replenished by direct taxation, and the money dispersed by a direct area more or less times as large as that of the great transcript the Hyde Park building, and that it would contain five of the entire transcripts of the present Crystal Palace; and the height will be unparalleled. There is vast space to be occupied by the world's products, its inventions, manufactures, and works of art.

America will be allotted all the room she can possibly fill, and it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in making preparations for having the country well represented in all the departments. Many manufacturers may profitably exhibit their goods to the millions of people in Europe, and here from all parts of the world. It is, however, the American inventor that will reap the richest harvest of profit and honor. There are a thousand inventions in use in America which are practically unknown in Europe, and could form one of the most attractive collections of the Exhibition, and the publicity thus given them will apply reward the exhibitors. Aside from those directly interested in the Exhibition, we will see tens of thousands extra American visitors in 1862. It will be a good time for London and all the steamers. Even the Great Eastern will be able to find profitable employment during the Exhibition year.—*London American.*

THE EXHIBITION PALACE OF 1862.

This structure is to exceed its illustrious predecessor in grandeur, in beauty of design, and elegance of finish. The main hall is to be 550 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 220 feet high. The picture galleries, built of brick, will be 2,200 feet in length to 70 feet high, and from 35 to 52 feet wide. The nave and transepts are to be 2,200 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 100 feet high. The sheds, and other necessary buildings, are planned on a corresponding scale. The work must be finished in less than one year from the present time, or by the 12th of February next. The Guarantee Fund, which amounts in all to \$350,000 is headed by that truly royal patron of the Arts and Sciences, the Prince Consort, for \$100,000. It is stated by competent authorities that the entire structure will cost \$250,000 or \$1,000,000. It is to be located at South Kensington. The building will be made suitable for permanently remaining on the site, and will in every way outshine the Crystal Palace of 1861, or any other structure of modern times. A writer states that the great hall will contain a curiously and more or less times as large as that of the great transcript the Hyde Park building, and that it would contain five of the entire transcripts of the present Crystal Palace; and the height will be unparalleled. There is vast space to be occupied by the world's products, its inventions, manufactures, and works of art.

Three Poets in a Puzzle.

I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge growed his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on, for he said "it was a downright impossibility for such a huge or fronds to pass through so narrow a collar." Just at this moment a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do this, when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which he had not yet attained.—*Cottel's Life of Coleridge.*

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller tells the following very good story: A story is told among Rayner's admirers, a physician here. He was called in six weeks ago to attend a sick child. The child—it was the only child of wealthy parents—recovered its health. A few days after Rayner had discontinued his visits, the mother of the little invalid called on the Doctor. She said: "My Dear Doctor, there are services rendered in this world which money cannot pay. I know not how we could adequately reward you for your kindness and attention and skill to poor Frank. And that, perhaps, you would be good enough to accept this little portable memento—a more trifling but which I embroidered." "Fortunate!" replied the Doctor. "My dear Madam, I am called in to visit sick people, we want their fees and not their gratitude. Gratitude—humbug!" I'd like to see gratitude make me get out of bed; and I have got to make my pot boil, but I have got my horse to feed, Madam, and daughters to portion, Madam—and gratitude won't aid me to any of these things. Money is what is wanted, money, money. You may imagine, confounded by this burst of indignant talent, and she could only stammer: "But—Doctor—what is your fee?" "My fee is two thousand dollars, Madam. However, we are told, intends to restore the policy of Washington and Jefferson, and therefore "dined out" on his last time, previous to entering upon his duties as President.

Mr. Lincoln's "Dine Out."—According to a correspondent of the New York Tribune, an anecdote is told of Mr. Lincoln's "dine out" by Washington, and observed under other Presidents until the accession of Messrs. Van Buren, Tyler, Pierce and Buchanan, and especially since the time of Mr. Lincoln; however, we are told, intends to restore the policy of Washington and Jefferson, and therefore "dined out" on his last time, previous to entering upon his duties as President.

"Merin," said a lady to her colored servant, "that is the third time dress you have worn since you came to me, pray how many do you own?" "Only seven, Miss; but I see saving my wages to buy another." "Seven? You are seven silk dresses to you? Why I do not own as many as that myself!" "Sweet not, Miss," said the smiling druggers. "You see your quality folks everybody knows is quality; but we better most kind of cultured persons has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."

A South Carolina paper threatens Dr. Holmes, of the Farmer, with a coat of "Tar and Feathers." It gives the following capital turn to the threat:—"And the feathers, too! what shall we do with such tuggery on a moral body? We might do to sit on Goose eggs, and hatch Carolina statesmen; but 'twouldn't pay."

The French Government has determined to take the entire business of manufacturing friction matches into its own hands, and expecting to realize 20,000,000 francs a year from the chips. The danger of fires and the poisoning of the children are the popular pleas which the French financial chief offers for the change.

GENERAL SCOTT, it is said, will endeavor to have two regiments added to the United States Army the coming summer; or if that is not accepted, he will endeavor to have double battalions to one or two. The proportion of mounted men in the army is no so large as it should be, considering the exigencies of frontier duty.

THE SEASON AT THE SOUTH.—Ripe strawberries were on sale at New Orleans, on the 1st inst. At Raleigh, N. C., on the 6th, the peach trees were in full bloom, garden peas, flowers and cabbage plants quite large enough to transplant.

A young woman at Rochester charged a respected citizen with being the father of her coming child; the Overseer of the Poor commenced a prosecution; he was in misery and his wife and family in agony. Last Friday the child was born, and to the relief of some parties and the consternation of others, it was as black as Doestickian.

A Bad Boy.—Daddy, I want to ask you a question?
"What, my son?"
"Why is neighbor Smith's liquor shop like a counterfeiter's?"
"I can't tell, son."
"Because you can't pass it!"
"The times are hard, wife, and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water."
"You can easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so often above brandy!"
An Irishman, just from the sod, was eating some old cheese, when he found his dimmy that contained living inhabitants. "The blunders!" he said, "does your cheese in this country have children?"
"I'm glad this coffee don't cure me any thing," said Brown, a barber at breakfast.
"Because I don't believe it would ever settle." "Life is like a certain kind of boat race—success depends entirely upon the sculler."
A Dutchman being called upon for a toast, said:—"Here is to do heroes who fit, and die at the battle of Funder Hill—of whom I am one."
"What did you give for that horse, neighbor?" "My note." "Well, that was cheap."

Odds and Ends.

The youth of friendship is better than its old age.

Never waits a long explanation upon one who cannot take a hint.

Inordinate demands should meet with sturdy denials.

Misery loves company, and so does a marriagable young lady.

Why is your nose appropriately placed in the middle of your face? Its scenter.

The man who follows the sea; thinks he shall get up with it one of these days.

The man who confines himself to the drink best for him, is well supplied.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

It requires great virtue to support bad fortune—far greater to support good.

Husband—"Marry, my love, this apple dumpling is not half done." Wife—"Well, finish it then, my dear."

An hour of honest labor will give any man a better appetite than all the roots between here and Egypt.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous.

Confound all opposition," as he owner of a watering machine said when a heavy shower of rain came on.

HARRY FOLKS—A child with a rattle-school-boy on a holiday—two lovers walking by moonlight—and a boy sucking ether thro' a straw.

There is a fellow in Vermont who has a couple, the notes of which are so sweet, that when he plays, the whole neighborhood catches them to use instead of sugar.

Why is the letter 'O' the most charitable letter in the alphabet? Because it is found oftener than other letters in "doing good."

Never meet trouble half way, but let it hit you the whole walk for his pains. Very likely he may give up his visit in eight of the house.

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

A Yankee wishing for some sauce for his dumplings, forgot the name of it, and said,—"Here, waiter, fetch me some of that gray that you walk on for a change."

"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "As to trousers, you always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and make me get up when I am sleepy!"

The remark of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine in relation to a noted British statesman, is applicable to a good many public figures in this country:—"He tried to please everybody, and pleased none."

An old farmer in Ohio was anxious to have his minister dismissed, and was asked the reason. "I've heard it said," was the reply, "that a change of pastors makes fat calves, and I've heard it said, 'If the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment, that's a singular problem among the storks; which ran to this purpose: 'When a man says, 'I lie,' does he lie or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies!'"

There are two languages that are universal—one love and the other money. The women understand one, and the men the other. Occasionally however, the women understand both.

A lecturer, addressing a Merchant's Institute, contended, with tedious prolixity, that "any man could not improve nature," until one of the audience losing patience set the room in a roar by exclaiming—"How do you look without your wig?"

A little ragged child was heard to call from the window of a mean looking house to her opposite neighbors:—"Please Mrs. Jones, mother's best compliments, and if it is fine weather, will you go out a begging with her to-morrow?"

A husband advertises thus:—"My wife Maria has strayed or stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head laid on; if the thief, anybody can do as they see fit; for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her's."

Thus says somebody: "The height of politeness is passing round on the opposite side of the lady, when walking with her, in order to step upon her shadow." "I think they beat it out west," when when a lady sees the company give three cheers.

ANTIQUITY PUZZLED.—If four dogs with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits with eighty-seven legs, in four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have, to get away from eight dogs with their legs in seven-and-a-half minutes?

SHEEP CHILD.—"Eh! my child," said a foolish old maid to her pretty niece, who would curl her hair in pretty rings; "if the Lord had intended your hair to be cut off, had you done it yourself?" "So he did, Aunt, when I was a baby, but he thinks I am big enough now to curl it myself."

HOLDING THE PLOW.—"Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to a green Irishman, whom he had taken out of his field. "No, sir, I couldn't hold the plow, but I could hold the handle." "How the deuce can I hold it, and the two horses drawing it away from me? But give me to put an end to the fight, or traveler, knocking on the side of the house, cried out in a loud voice: "Hullo here, who keeps this house?" The husband, though much out of breath, answered: "Stranger, that's just what we are trying to do!" "Why?" asked Smith. "Because I don't believe it would ever settle."

An Irishman rambling in his bliss upon the banks of a Southern creek, espied a terminus pluming himself. "Oh, home!" exclaimed he solemnly, "that ever I should come to America to see a snuff box walk!" "Whist, Pat," said his wife, "don't be another makin' fun of the bird."

If there is anything that will make a woman swear, it is looking for her night-cap after the light is blown out.