

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.]

"NOT BOUND TO SWEAR IN THE WORDS OF ANY MASTER."—HORACE.

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

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| C | Miller Sarah | |
| C | Mordorf Abraham | Young John or Joseph |
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R. LAMBERTON, P. M.

F. H. KNAPP.

Surgeon Dentist and Manufacturer of the Sill Metallic or Mineral Incomruptible Teeth, N. W. corner of Charles and Fayette streets, Baltimore. May 31, 1839.



POETRY.

Love by Moonlight.

Give me the hour of the moonlight eve—
The night breeze gently sweeping,
As fondly it struggles its wings to weave
With the sweets of the flowrets sleeping,
And the streamlets is lulling to love and to rest
The treacherous stars that repose on its breast!

Give me the hour, when the lucid sky,
With the moon's cool light its gleaming,
And the exquisite fire of my love's eye
With purity's ray is beaming,
And nought but the delicate glow of her cheek
Confesses the fondness her glances bespeak.

Give me that hour, to the wretch unknown
Whose heart was never glowing
With love's holy rapture, nor darcs to own
The tear of affliction flowing—
Oh, never may the sunbeam of beauty be thrown
On the soul that refuses its essence to own.

Three weeks before Marriage.

Oh! ask me not which is the light I prize
In the changeable round of the playful skies,
I care for no light but the light of your eyes—
So turn it sweetly on me
Fanny!

Turn it sweetly on me!
Fanny!

Oh! ask me not which is the flower I seek
As I roam through the woodland from week to week,
I care for no flower but the rose of your cheek—
So turn it softly to me,
Fanny!

Turn it softly to me!
Fanny!

Oh! ask me not which is my fondest choice
'Mid the sounds that the fancy can most rejoice—
I care for no sound but the sound of your voice—
So breathe it gently to me,
Fanny!

Breathe it gently to me!
Fanny!

Oh! ask me not what in this world of strife
Would be the excess of all joy—my life!
'T would be a kind, modest and lovely wife
So be that dear thing to me,
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I care for no flower but the rose of your cheek—
So turn it softly to me,
Fanny!

Turn it softly to me!
Fanny!

Oh! ask me not which is my fondest choice
'Mid the sounds that the fancy can most rejoice—
I care for no sound but the sound of your voice—
So breathe it gently to me,
Fanny!

Breathe it gently to me!
Fanny!

Oh! ask me not what in this world of strife
Would be the excess of all joy—my life!
'T would be a kind, modest and lovely wife
So be that dear thing to me,
Fanny!

Be that dear thing to me!

scrambling after the flowers that grew a-
round.

The father and mother escaped to the settle-
ments, and Mr. Bird speedily collected a
large party of his neighbors, and returned
to the spot where the child had been left—
but it was gone; and in the lapse of years,
blessed with the riches and a numerous pro-
geny, the parents ceased to weep for their
lost boy.

Fifteen summers had smiled upon the har-
vests, when in a treaty with a distant tribe
of Indians, an article which bound them to
deliver up any captives that might be in
their possession, a boy was put into the
charge of the commissioners of the whites,
with a declaration that he was a white,
found in infancy upon the very spot where
the child of Bird had been left. He was
sent to his parents, who immediately recog-
nized him by a remarkable scar on his right
hand, which he had received in his father's
house.

The measure of his parent's joy was full,
but the boy wandered through the rich pos-
sessions without a smile. His bow and his
blankets were his only joy. He despised a-
like the dress, the habits and the luxuries
that were proffered him; and his mind con-
stantly brooded over the forest scenes and
sports in which he had passed his boyhood.
Vain were all the attempts to wean him from
his native habits, and as vain the efforts to
obliterate the recollections of his adopted
home from his mind. While persuasion and
indulgence were alone resorted to, he mo-
destly resisted; but when force was tried,
and he was compelled to change his blanket
for the garment of civilized life, and the fa-
vorite bow for a book; he grew sullen and
discontented, and at last was missing from
his father's house, and seen, the same even-
ing, arrayed in the Indian garb, crossing a
distant mountain, and bending his course to-
wards the setting sun.

It was upwards of twenty years after this
event, that Mr. Bird and his wife, now ad-
vanced somewhat in years, removed to a new
settlement, where Mr. Bird had purchased
a tract of land, at a great distance from their
former residence—and while a more com-
modious building was erecting, they inhab-
ited a small hut adjacent to a thick wood.
One day when the old lady was left alone,
the men of the neighborhood having gone to
a distance of several miles to assist at a
raising, she saw from her door several ar-
med and painted Indians approach her. Al-
lured, but resolute, she seized a hatchet
and ascending a ladder into the loft of the
dwelling, drew it up after her, determined
to resist to the last. They entered, and
finding their efforts to entice her down were
vain, laid down their rifles to ascend after
her. But the first hand that was put through
the trap door was severed from the arm by
a single blow from the intrepid heroine, and
an alarm being taken at that moment that
the whites were coming, the Indians retreat-