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THE VOLUNTEER.

John B. Bratton, Editor and Proprietor. CARLISLE, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1849.

TOM, IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO.

BY JAMES BENNY. Dear Tom, my brave, free-hearted lad, Where'er you go, God bless you! You'd better speak than wish you had, If love for me distress you!

Poetical.

"Yes, I recallect—a sort of cave."
"So it seems, though I never knew it before—"
"Well, what of the cleft, Wallace?"
"Nothing, sir, particular. That is you see I'ye been through these grounds a good many years, and I know a panther when I see him!" "A what?" exclaimed Grey, starting to his feet.
"A pauther, sir. I can tell him if I see nothing but his tul."

THE THUE ARISTOCRATS. DY C. D. STUART.

Who are the Nobles of the earth—
The true Adstocrats—
Who subd houtbow their heads to Lords,
Nor doff to kings their hate?
Who are they but the Men of Toll,
The nighty-and the free,
Whose hearts and hands subdue the earth,
And compare all the sea!

indignant, but restrained himself, reasoned with her, and represented to her how pality a sum, in reality, a thiowand dollars were, and how long ago it would have been exhausted, had it been in her possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calimness, and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite in her warped judgment, the suspicion that it was only given to excuse himself for his meanness.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. THE DISCONTENTED, The Troubles of Life:

"What miseries we are, and to ourselves."
For who did ever yet, by human wealth,
Or pleasures of the sense, contentment and to
Win never ceased to wish, when he had fieldly
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind ?"