

American Mercury

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHTOR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY!

AT \$400 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 37.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1851.

NO. 41.

Tavern License. TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace of Cumberland county, at April Sessions, A. D. 1851.

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MAKING, BRAD, CODFISH, SALMON, & C. J. PALMER & Co.

Poetical.

THE RETURN OF SPRING. Dear as the dove, whose waiting wing, The green leaf from the main, To me now comes again;

I will not people your green bowers, With sorrow's pale and specter hand; Or blend with thine the faded flowers

YOU REMEMBER. You remember the time when first sought your home, When smile, not frown, was the summons to come,

Miscellaneous.

THE SOLDIER'S RANSOM. A TRUE FRENCH STORY. Amidst the noble collection of paintings which adorn the walls of the Louvre, there is one which

As they were bidding the good mother a hearty farewell, she repeated in her ear: "Keep the papers we have given you as a remembrance of our love."

Twenty-five years had passed away, and Antoine Herbelot was a soldier in the king's service. Some time had elapsed since any tidings of the young man had reached his family, and they were becoming very anxious to learn his fate.

A young girl of the neighborhood, named Louise Danche, who had long been betrothed to the young soldier, was present when the fatal letter arrived. She was at first overpowered with grief and astonishment.

Louise, who had been asked by her brother a few days before to assist him in unpacking some pictures, had received the letter of the young soldier.

It was upon this thought she now acted. Brotherless haste, she hurried to the chateau and begged to be allowed to speak to M. d'Amivion.

Louise hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Because I thought, sir, that if you set a great value on my life, and have your eye on my health, I am quite sure as to that, I do not better than this."

At the first glance, M. d'Amivion allowed that this was a finer painting than the one he possessed. "But how, in the name of wonder," he exclaimed, "did you happen to acquire such a treasure?"

"You need not waste so many entreaties on the matter, my good friends," the painter said. "The picture is mine, and I could not, in consequence, give less for it."

A few weeks after these occurrences had taken place, a young soldier, who had been wounded in the midst of a battle, was lying in the hospital.

THE PAUPER'S BURIAL. They will bury me— No matter where; Hurtle me out of the way; I will not care.

A THIRLING INCIDENT.—AN EXCURSION. One day last summer I took my place on a Grassed steamer, and found considerable amusement in watching the various characters, which

The poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painful to be described, and she alone, forgetting in the fond instinctive devotion of maternal love, that even her she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavored to leap into the water to save her.

Her godson soon informed them of the history of the poor mother's heart-rending shrieks, too painful to be described, and she alone, forgetting in the fond instinctive devotion of maternal love, that even her she reach her child she could only sink with her, endeavored to leap into the water to save her.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

TO CLARIFY broth or gravy, put it into a clean steamer, break the white and shell-of-an egg, beat them together, put them into the broth, stir it with a whisk, boil for a few minutes, and strain through a tamis.

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