Adventisements—Accompanied by the Cash and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one Dollar, and twenty-five cent length in proportion.

Jon-Painting—Such as Hand Bills, Postin

Bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., excuted with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

THE BURSTING OF THE BUD. Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her sunshine and her shower;
Hoaven is ringing with the singing
Of the birds in brake and bower;
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling,
Flowers on field, and bloom on tree;
O'er the earth, and air, and occan,
Nature holds her jubilee.
Soft then stealing comes a feeling
O'er my bosom tenderly;
Eweet I ponder as I wander,
For my musings are of thee.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her morning's fresh and light;
With her noon of chequered glory,
Sky of blue and clouds of white.
Calm and gray night falls, when light falls,
From the star-bespangled sky,
While the splendor, pale and tender,
Of the young moon gleams on high.
Still at worn of noon, at even.

was death. Murat, brave as he himself was, could not help pointing out to Leckinski the danger he was about to encounter. The young Pole smiled and said, "If your imperial highness will give me your orders, I will pledge myself to execute the mission. I thank my General for having selected me from my comrades, every one of whom was enulous for the favor."

The Grand Duke augured well for the young man's cotrage and intelligence. He gave him his instructions, Baron Stronogoff supplied him with despatches to Admiral Shinwan. The young Pole was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

During the first two days he pursued his journey without molestation; but on the afternoon of the titrd day the was attacked by a party of Spanish troops, who unhorsed and disarmed him, and conducted him before the general commanding the military force of the district. Luckily

Spanish troops, who unnorsed and conducted him before the general command-ing the military force of the district. Luckily for the adventurous young Pole, that General

for the advanturous young Pole, that General was Castanos himself.

Leckinski was perfectly aware that he was lost if suspected to be a Frenchman. Consequently be resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French, and to speak couly Russlau and German, which languages he could speak with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops who conducted him to Castanos, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that would await him should be discovered. The horrithe death of General Rene, who only a few wooks previous had perished in torture, for no other offence than attempting to Join Jupat, might well have shaken his fortitude. Death their ranay be braved, but once it by a relimend of torture, is more meet it by a relinement of torture, is mor in the bravest nun can contemplate with in

"Who are you?" said Castanos, addressing he Pole in French, which he spoke with perfect liency, having been educated at Sorreze. Lockinski locked steadfastly at his hierrogator

Castanos himself understood and spoke Ger-

American



Dolunteer

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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officers of his staff, by whom the examination

was continued.

The young Pole gave his answer alternately in Russian and German, and kept himself cautiously on his guard against dropping a single world of French. He had no easy part to play, for in the little apartment in which the examination took place he was pressed upon by a crowd of persons all thirsting for his blood, and manifesting a most feroclous engorness that he might be found guilty—that is a Frenchman.

The furious excitement was increased by a circumstance which threatened to involve the man in an inextricable difficulty.

An aid-de-camp of Castanos, one of the fauntical patriots so numerous in the Spanish war, who from the moment of Leckinski? as a rrest had decided in which the examination was going on, holding by the arm a peasant dressed in a brown jacket and high crowned hat, surmounted by a long red feather.

Having worked his way through the crowd, the officer placed the neasant before the Polish

Having worked his way through the crowd, he officer placed the peasant before the Polish

temptation, Castanos urged his immediate ation, but his wish was again overruled. ation, but his wish was again overruled.

Leckinski passed another miserable night. At daybreak the next morning he was awakened by four men, one of whom was the peasant who alleged he had soon bim him Madrid. They had come to conduct him before a sort of court composed of the officers of Castano's staff. They addressed to him the most bitter menaces, but firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand one word they said.

When arrainged before his judges, he inquired in German for his interpreter.

He was brought in and the examination commenced.

onced. He was asked what was the object of his jour-He valued by showing his despatches from the Russian Ambassador to Admiral Siniavan and his passport; but for the unfortunate re-encounter with the pussant, who had seen him at Madrid, those proofs would doubtless have been satisfactory. However the young Pole athered to the necount be had first given of himself, and never prevaricated in his answers.

"Ask him," said the President of the committee, "whother he is friendly to the Spaniards, since he is not a Freecliman?"

The interpreter then translated the question to him.

htm.
"Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski, "I love
and respect the noble character of the Spaniards
but I wish your nation and mine were both united together."
"Colonel," said the interpreter, "the prisone

stand?

The stand of the stand

ficers of his staff, by whom the examination as continued.

While these words were uttered, the eyes of the whole assembly watched the expression of the prisoner's countenacce, to see what effect usual and German, and kept himself cautions, would be produced by the infidelity of his inter-

The Lady's Beau.

| The content of the "Look at the man," said he, 'and then inform us whether he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I would swear by my salvation,' continued he, stamping.

The peasant for a few moments gazed at the young Pole.

Then his dark eye kindled, and with a bitter expression of hatred he exclaimed, "Es um Frances! Es um Frances! Es um Frances! He then related that a few weeks previously, he had been to Madrid to convey some hay, having in common with all the inhabitants of his village, been required to carry a forage to the barrack at Madrid.

"I knew this man," continued the pages of the same of the same of the same of the term of the with the ladies. He is, we think, rather tolerated as a convenience, a sort of toy to trifle This animal, met with in almost every social

THE FROG.

Of all the funny things that live,
In woodland, marsh, or bog,
That creep the ground or fly the air,
The funnicat is the frog—
The frog—the sciontifleest
Of Nature's handiwork—
The frog that, neither walks nor runs,
But goes it will a jerk.
With pants and coat of bottle green,
And rellow fanely vest,
He plunges into mid and mire—
All in his Sunday best.
When he sits down he's standing up,
As Paddy O'Quinn once said;
And for convenience sake he wears
His oyes on the top of his head.
You see him sitting on a log,
Above the "vasty deep,"
You feel inclined to say "Old chap,
Just look before you leap."
You raise your come to hit him on
His ugly looking mug;
But ere you get it half way up,
Adown he goes' kerchug!

They had been seed to the seed and the seed to the see

The Night Side of Love.

Midnight veiled the heavens with infinite blackness, as Hans Von Rosenbaum stepped from the orgical halls of the Kinkel Lager Hans Zum Sans and Brus. The foam of the beer still dashed his wild beard, and the murmur of the evening breeze uningled in his soul with the memories of cries for 'anoder pretzel!' and 'pring in de lager!' and the trilling of harps and pianos—for it had been concert night.

'Kat-a-ri-na!' he cried, from the bottom of his heart and voice,—'Kat-a-ri-na!—komm heraus!'

heraus!'
The breeze sighed in the leaves—the waves

The breeze sighed in the leaves—the waves-rippled—all was still!
Once more in agony arose that cry—'Kat-a-ri-na!'
Deep from the recesses of the second story window murmured an answer.
'Nix komm heraus!'
'Yot! you von! kom out?' roared Hans, in all the grief of rejected love. 'Den you goes mit ter teufel and be dondered! Gotrhimmel-kreuzsecoheckschwerouth!'

kreuzscochockschwerenoth!'
A brick flew from his hand, skimmed through

three story estrich feathers, wax holyhock and juniper borries, put it square down that the calculate it is a shigh establishment, and will never see lier fortlith birthday. Bennets are a true index of voman.

The Beard-downthat Money for the cold, establishment, and will never see lier fortlith birthday. Bennets are a true index of voman.

The Beard-downthat Money for the cold, establishment, and will never see lier fortlith birthday. Bennets are a true index of voman.

The Beard-downthat Money for the cold, establishment, and will never see lier fortlith birthday. Bennets are a true index of voman.

The Beard-downthat the person was deaf and evaluating vory little term and change that the person was deaf and evaluating vory little term and change that they can plainly see indications of a Beard and woist-and and monistant of the Dutted States beforeme. It may be not propried to the person was deaf and they can plainly see in the outside world, declaye that they can plainly see indications of a Beard and so long as I have the honor of a seat on this remained to a pack of harrlors, which is the propried to the person was deaf and so long as I have the honor of a seat on this remained to a pack of harrlors, which is the propried to the person was deaf and the propried to the person was informed that t

TRACCOUT SO SESS

D¬ Man—poor pensioner on the bounties of a hour. Young.
Northful rashness skips like a hare over the meshes of good council—Shakspeare. IF The way of the world is to make laws but ollow customs.—Montaigue.

IF It is much better to have your gold in the hand than in the heart.—Fuller. UF I sorrow that all fair things must decay.

-Mrs. Hemans.

UP What an argument in favor of social connections is the observations, that by commanicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.

UP The heart ought to give charity when the At twenty years of ago, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgment.—

The vine bears three grapes—the first, of cleasure; the second, of drunkenness; the third, of repentance.—Anacharsis.

Old jokes, like old maids, rarely die.

Stormy March has taken its departure. March, March away!

Avoid, as you would a pick-pocket, the man who says 'the world owes him a living.' Punch speaks of venison as the dear de-

Programme of the weather last week-Mud, rain, wind, snow and sunshine:

pretty girl seven feet tall.

It is astonishing how some ladies grow nele before a wash-bowl.

A slanderer of the fair sex undertakes to prove that Satan was a woman named Lucy. Fir. (Lucifer.)

Our adversaries think they refute us when they refuterate their own opinions without paying any attention to ours.

The man who gives his children a habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

payn-broking business.

The Role of Thurk.—Some one says.—

"There are exceptions to every rule but the rule of three; that is never charged. As your income is to your expenditury, so, will your debits be to your east on hand, and consequent ability to meet them."



Never speak lightly of religion. | Illuminated letters-Valentines.

Extensive plagiarism—Robbing a book-

Lengthened sweetness long drawn out-

The man who picks his teeth with the point of a joke is in town.

Dr. Adam Clark said: "If I was to make an offering to the devil, it should be a crossed pig stuffed with tobacco."

A first class surgeon knows no more a-bout kindness than a short horned Durham knows about the Psalms of David.