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American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1854.

NO. 49.

Odds and Ends.

- Never despair.
Types of mankind—babies.
Always be respectful to the aged.
Wisdom is more precious than gold.
People can be simple and not foolish.
Life is but a dream, and death an awakening.

Portrait.

THE ANGEL REAPER.

"THERE IS A REAPER WHOSE NAME IS DEATH."
In the fresh and sunny spring time,
When the fields are green and bright,
In the summer of ripe and golden grain,

Miscellaneous.

A PROFESSIONAL SCAR.

Your kind letter, Henry, came duly to hand, and you will be surprised to learn that a career of yours will draw forth enough to cover a sheet: "What caused the scar on your temple?"
It is a professional scar, Harry: one that I have carried ever since my earliest practice; and although I have now arrived at a tolerable old age, and have many a time been asked, "What is the most singular fact that you are the first and only person that has ever done this?"

own mouth, and made me shudder as I wrote them. There is something fearful—yes, devilish—in the deliberate, cold-blooded, and unprovoked murder of a man. I have seen the face of a murderer, and I have seen the face of a man who has been murdered.

When my consciousness returned, I found myself lying on my back, and I was unable to move. I felt as if I were in a dream, and I was unable to distinguish between what was real and what was imaginary.

My first act was to conceal the letter beneath my pillow, and I was unable to do so. I felt as if I were in a dream, and I was unable to distinguish between what was real and what was imaginary.

But in all that time, I have never forgotten that beautiful angelic face, nor the name which it made to my heart: the answer to which cost me the deep scar which is the object of your present curiosity, and which has done for me less the amount received from the young folks. Neither did I, in all that time, regret the course I took.

Some ten years ago, as you probably remember, I spent a winter in a strange and desolate place, a Spanish land, whose name was generally filled with American visitors. But, strange to say, I found one week with him without a single American arrival; and I was naturally resulting one day to leave for New Orleans, where I could find troops of friends, and rid myself of the demands of my solitary position.

quency; and the old man in his rage broke up house-keeping, and taking old Angelina with him, he started for the South. Dora followed him with her husband, although he had always been harsh and unkind to her, yet she knew he was in the last stages of consumption, and she determined, if possible, to die with him.

Then welcome to the rushing blast,
That stirs the plumes of the deep,
Ye white-plumed heralds of the storm,
Make music here and there!

A Hunter's Story.
You see, folks that nut used to the woods, sometimes get mightily flurried when they meet with these wild animals. There is now a man in the next town who went out after moose, and when he heard one trotting along the same trail, he was traveling, snatched back a stump, and about him—but the fellow having never seen a moose, had no idea of the sort of game he was.

A Ride on the Back of a Hyena.
Doctor Sparman tells a curious story of a Hyena, which was told him at the Cape of Good Hope. One night the soldiers had a feast near the Cape, and much that he could not eat, he gave to a hyena, not wanting him in the house, but to get rid of him.

On a Young Man.
Evening's home-coming,
The most profitable privilege the business man can enjoy, if they are judiciously provided for. Here is the programme—a frolic with the baby, a quiet chat with wife—all around a bright fire in a cozy room. On that bill of fare, let the bachelor consider and resolve to amend his ways.

PAID WIND.

The following beautiful lines are from a volume of poems by James T. Fields, of Boston:
O who can tell that never sailed
Along the glaucous seas,
How fresh and welcome breaks the moon
That ushers in the breeze?

On my return from a short excursion, I had fastened my mule in the night to a tree which stands in front of our block-house on Musquitto hill. I went out to see the mule, and found it fastened to a tree, and I was unable to get it out.

Jack, as he was called, being his master and some company, was engaged in a game of cards. He was playing with a group of men, and he was playing with a group of men.

Robert, said an indulgent mother to a youngster of nine who was amusing himself in the corner with pulling the tail of a respectable tabby cat, who with the utmost force of feline muscles was expressing his indignation at such "unbecoming" treatment.

Young America.
"Robert," said an indulgent mother to a youngster of nine who was amusing himself in the corner with pulling the tail of a respectable tabby cat, who with the utmost force of feline muscles was expressing his indignation at such "unbecoming" treatment.

THE GUARDIAN SNAKE.

On a journey from Barocoe to Dhuboy, a Mr. Forbes stopped at Nurrak, a large and ruined town, the last Indian village which has been ruined by the Mahatras. The principal house had belonged to an opulent man, who emigrated during the war, and died in a distant country.

Two days after the young man reappeared, he brought the frames, to return his visit, for which the dealer offered him two hundred francs. After some hesitation he agreed, pocketed the money and withdrew, lamenting the loss of the money which he had to part with.

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The Violin Trick.

The following piece of roguery is translated from Le Courrier des Etats Unis, and is said to have occurred in Paris a few weeks ago:
One day not long since, there presented himself before a dealer in curiosities, at the Palais Royal, a young man poorly clothed.

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