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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, JULY 6, 1854.

NO.. 4.

| The content of the

The day of trial at length came. The church was crowded, and the examination of witnesses began. As the case advanced, fact after fact of the most damning character was brought out in the testimony; and when the whole evidence was in, the defendant arose and said:

"I confuss that the character of the testimony adduced on the trial, as it has advanced, has somewhat stuggered me in the belief of my innecence, and now that it is summed up. I have been mistaken. And on the whole, I think you will be doing simple justice by turning me out of the church—and you can do it as soon as you please."

The hay of trial at length came. The church was proved to the sympathies of his publisher, thus appeals to the sympathies of his delinquent customers:

"I confuse that the character of the testimony adduced on the trial, as it has advanced, has somewhat stuggered me in the belief of my innecessed and the secondary of the secondary of the testimony and turn somersets in the branches of a thorn bash."

Gross Outrage.—Bunsby says the reason why the ladies were such small bonnets, is a just

The Buffalo Democracy gives a familing account of a Silver Currycomb presented tis Wim. Backstrap by the passengers conveyed for his omnibus from the Southern Michigan. Steamer to the Plantaganet. Hotel. The following is a sketch of the happy speech of Mr. Phile on the occasion:

Mr. Buckstrap was seated on the outer categories of a blue velvet lounge in the Ladic's. Pation and held his hat between his legs in a very modest manner. His efforts at hidnig his whip became the hind his ankles were lingenious and pleasing.

The passengers arose and stood in a half circle before him.

"Mr. William Backstrap;"—

"That's the ticket, sir," said Mr. Backstrap, intelligently closing one of his eyes.

"Mr. William Backstrap," resumed Mr. Phulo "why are we here?"

If there arose in Mr. Backstrap's mind a desire to answer, "befuse we ain't thar," it, was soon checked by the orator's continuing—

"Wa are here to honor morit. Why, Mr. Backstrap, do we honor merit. Because it is better to be landed safely, than to be wrecked upon the voyage. Perils of lamp-posts, and of opposing hubs, bad pavements, and the traitorous devices of competition entirele the omnibus passenger, and the ark of his hopes. You evaided these, William Backstrap, with masterly skill and courage. You baffied an insidious attempt of an unprincipled solicitor to decay us to the Universal Dominion, an inferior hole.—

You were mighty in the use of that coercive dialect, which, though elsewhere deemed profano swearing, the exigencles of trade and travel have established upon the docks as an element of Justice? Because they beautifully fierald the brilliant trumph of Art, which I carefully cherish in my back coat pocket, and which, Wm. Backstrap, I now produce."

The currycomb was here taken out, and Mr. Backstrap, in the most affecting manner, immediately hid the better part of his countenance behind a red pocket handkerchief, epititedly ornamented with the picture of a trotting match. Notwithstanding his emotion, however, he was enabled to keep his right eye u

bus from the Southern Michigan to the Planta-ganet House."

Mr. Backsirap, completely overcome by his feelings, took the currycomb and staffed it into his hat, and, with a graceful backward motion of his right leg and a short bow, he gethered up his whip and left the room. In the hall he re-lieved his feelings by drawing his breath deeply and then took out the currycomb and regarded; it for a while with looks of affection and curl-osity.

osit! fthis 'ere,'' said Mr. Backstrap, 'rain't up' the spout (at the pawnbroker's) in less than 2,40 I hope I'm spavined.''

been mair successful than I tho', and I'll na' in and and and instead.

A tearly candle light the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely-perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining all the accounts for his most. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting-house alone, to look for the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman is being a consistent with the was really worth 's ax thousand pounds.'

Simulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of a man probase of new furniture, carpets, and other clegancies consistent with the position of a man pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to this household: and with that view he made clegancies consistent with the position of a man pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man would still, however, the tear down and build up; and in ashortime the gloomy-looking residence in Stone and carpenters were set to tract the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man would still, however, obtrough the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors. The doubts of the old man would still, however, obtrough the curiosity and envy of all his neighbors, with the patient investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the heart of misley error; but still, he, went on. His heart of his labors, with the patient investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the heart of his labors, with the frenzy of a madman determined to probe the matter to the end of his labor. A quick suspicionresized the end of his labor. A quick suspicionresized the end of his labor. A quick suspicionresized this mind calc he will be a down in the eccount. Eureka great the end of his labor. A quick suspicionresized the end of his labor. A quick suspicionresized to the end of h

The unfortunate clerk poked his night-cap out of an upper window, and demanded:

'Who's there?'

'It's me, you scoundrel!'said the frenzied merchant: 'ye're added the year of our Laird among the pounds!'

Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Laird fortuneof the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond the amount.'

How Mear is Not Far off?

It is hard someotimes to get a direct answer from an Irish witness. Ho will fence with a question in so many ways, and so skilfully, as sometimes to baffle the unest shrewd lawyer.

Recently a Corkonian was testifying to an assault, and after relating the circumstances, was saked by the prossections attended. took the rheumatis, though Mrs? Jeens, that didn't live nigh as near, used to have a romantic affection overy time the wind was east." Now the garrulous old dame did run on to be sure, all regardless of the fact that I to was very "acceptable" to take things, and was at that very moment trying the experiment performed by the late Capt. C. Columbus, of Genoa, of setting an egg on end; but with ill success, for he stood, a moment thereafter, with confusion on his fish a moment thereafter, with confusion on his fish "What is hard by."
"Well, your honor, I was preity near."
"What do you consider preity near?"
"The yourself should know; it's not far off, imane,"
"Answer the question directly, sir. How many yards were you off?"
"Sure, and how can I answer ye, when I didden the rebuke of Mrs. Parlington ringing in his car.

"Post."

—Post.

A SENSINE DETECTION.—A big, black, buck negro was charged before the Recorder of New Orleans, by one of the genius dandy, with stealing—or rather being caught in the very act of stealing—his boots out of his bedroom, at an early hour in the morning.

A little limb of the law—one of the sharp-ractice class—who defended the negro, was rather querylous in the cross-remination of the

Trather querulous in the cross-examination of the complainant.

"Now, sir," he said, "you have told his Honor that you were in bed when the negre entered the room. Did you see him at the time?"

"No."
"Did you hear him?"
"No."
"Well, then, did you feel him?"
"No."
"Well, then, come you to know that he was stealing your hoots?"
"Why, I smelt him; opened my eyes, and found that he was—as one of our poets very beautifully expresses it—stealing and giving oder." odor."

parish, inviting them to come to the trial and see how virtue could triumph over malignant persecution.

The day of trial at length came. The church was crowded, and the examination of witudesses began. As the case advanced, fact after fact the most damping character was brought at

bush."

Gross OUTHAGE.—Bunsby says the reason why the ladies wear such small bonnets, is a just idea the ladies have of making nature and art correspond; having nothing inside of their heads, they put as near to nothing as possible on the outside. The brute.

him better food the next time, she should not bring have a free ticket to see him hanged!

A BEAUTIPLE TROUBLE.—Sir T. Browne says that "Sloop is Death's younger brother, and so buried in. The country where the clear water flows, and pure air of heaven may be breathed, its just the place for all these things.