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American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1854. VOL 41. NO. 9. AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Poetical.

DEBARR NOT, BUT WORK. Dream not, but work! Be hold the brave! Let not a coward spirit creep...

Forget thyself, but bear in mind The claims of suffering humanity; So shall the welcome night Unseen o'ertake thee, and thy soul, Waken in eternal light.

THE DIBBY.

Not words on words in phalanx deep, Need we to prove a God is here— The Daisy, fresh from winter's sleep, Galls of his hands in lines as clear...

Miscellaneous.

LOVER'S SACRIFICE; OR, A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

CHAPTER I. "I can no longer struggle against the current of misfortune," exclaimed Mr. Whiting, a small merchant, who had by the pressure of hard times become somewhat involved.

CHAPTER II.

Sarah Whiting had another soldier in the person of a wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who, after withstanding the assaults of thousands of bright eyes and bewitching smiles, had laid his heart at the feet of the beautiful heroine.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a nabob, and retained a private retainer to which the obsequious servants of the house were attached.

CHAPTER IV.

As usual, John Barnett begged her to make him happy by promising to be his forever. To his surprise and consternation, she could never be his wife, and he never loved her more than he did.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was only about forty, so that if Sarah had been less cruel it would not have exactly been May and December, but about June and November.

in his heart, and was actually disconsolate when she told him 'no.' Mr. Ladyke Somerset was not an ill-looking man, though he was an old bachelor.

He was a very clever fellow, and though the mood of the day was not such as to help laughing when he popped the question to her, she would very willingly have had just such an article, or something of that sort.

CHAPTER VI.

When she heard her father relate the particulars of his embarrassment, the image of Mr. Somerset had involuntarily presented itself to her mind.

CHAPTER VII.

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when she dropped it—which was glory enough for one evening, to one as moderate in his wishes as the bachelor before her heroine.

But about eight o'clock, to Sarah's utter consternation, John Barnett said his usual visit—The poor clerk was sadly distressed, as well he might be, and called to desire an explanation of the cool manner in which he had been dismissed.

CHAPTER XII.

He knew Mr. Somerset to be one of the best men in the world, and he resolved to request an interview with him on the spot.

CHAPTER XIII.

The worthy bachelor kindly condescended to the mood of the day, and though the mood of the day was not such as to help laughing when he popped the question to her, she would very willingly have had just such an article, or something of that sort.

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YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

As the sun now glows on earth, Ages have beheld it glow! As the flowers now spring to birth, Spring they through the year go!

Life is like the wind that blows; When the clouds of morn are breaking; Life is like the storm that rages; When the lightning bolts are falling.

THE DEBARRER'S DILEMMA.

You will not believe it, you who promenade the fashionable paves of Chestnut-street, and admire the beauties of the city; you will not believe that such a fair metropolis can present us with scenes of sin and misery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

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CHIEF.

"Give me freedom in everything," said a man to us a few days since, "I have been a member of a church for forty years and up to this day it has not cost me a penny."

On one occasion he was preaching with great fervor on the freedom of the gospel, and around him was an attentive congregation, with eager eyes turned to the preacher and drinking every word into their souls.

Discretion Before Deceit.

Not long since, says the Parkersburg Gazette, a big double-jointed and rough dressed blackwoodman went aboard on one of our boats.

HOOKING LUTY'S GOWN.

"Well just as I was ready to start away down comes Lucy to me at immense distance, and she is behind her head, a fixing of the hooks and eyes."

WOMAN LAWYERS.

After chronicling the fact that one of the most prominent of our women lawyers, Mrs. W. had been admitted to the bar.

SCENE ON THE ONIO.

Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore, among a crowd of men, a man in a blue coat and a white cap, who was evidently a dandy, came up to our boat.

ARMS FOR A STATUE.

Everybody has seen or heard of the Venus of Milo—that wonderful creation, which is itself worth a whole museum.

NOR BUD.

A leading artist, now deceased, had the habit of imbibing brandy and water, in proportion of one part of the latter to about four of the former.

Making Bread.

The Rhode Island Society for the Promotion of Industry gave the first premium on bread to Mrs. Hiram Hill, of Providence.

The son of a spectator of Middlebury, in Holland, happened to amuse himself in his father's shop by pulling two glasses between his finger and thumb and varying their distances, perceived the weathercock of the church spire opposite to him much larger than ordinary.

Origin of the Telescope.

The son of a spectator of Middlebury, in Holland, happened to amuse himself in his father's shop by pulling two glasses between his finger and thumb and varying their distances, perceived the weathercock of the church spire opposite to him much larger than ordinary.

FACTS ABOUT GUANO.

The beneficial results from the use of guano, if not always the greatest, are at least always the most observable, when applied to poor, worn-out soils.

As the fertilizing properties of guano are in the soil, a condition to be applied in an undiluted state to seeds or plants, it must be diluted by being compounded with some innocuous or inert substance.

ONE OF THE YAKS.

The Waukesha (Wis.) Democrat takes off the richest story about the speed of the cars on the Valley road we have seen in a long time.

TRAVELERS OF LEISURE.

Travelers of leisure, however, say they like this road much better than any other in the country, it is so much like the Erie canal—they can jump off and pick strawberries, shoot pigeons, liquor up, &c., and occasionally return to sit on the cars to rest.

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An Attack.

The other night as Mr. Smith—not our worthy Mayor, but the other Mr. Smith—was going quietly along, having attended a meeting of the order of good fellows, he was stopped at the corner of one of our principal thoroughfares by seven strong black men.

His mind became confused, the forms before him grew to be giants, each aiming a twenty-four pounder at his head with enormous accuracy, and the other holding enormous harpoons with which to impale him should he not answer the question that seemed to thunder on the night air.

HUMBLY INVITING TO AN ASSAULT.

A correspondent of the San Diego (Cal.) Herald relates the following: Converting the other day on the effects produced by different kinds of postures on the quantity and color of butter, an estimable and witty friend of ours in San Diego, who has lately turned his attention to rural and agricultural pursuits, mentioned to me the following circumstances, which occurred in a churning of butter from a cow belonging to his mother.

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