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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. VOL. 41. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1855. NO. 44.

Poetical.

BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

BY KELLA COOK.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every day he had
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised his varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters came,
A rainbow o'er the mill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we saw the mill-race,
And hallo'd the clear blue sky,
He stood quiet still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, low sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
When we found the spots
Where pearls and diamonds shone,
Or wild forget-me-nots,
'Ah me!' he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
'It is because I cannot see,
The sunshine and the flowers.'

Oh! that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me to be blind,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best,
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank my God for sight.

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

BY GORTON.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee, and abide
Strife or sunshine, guard it well,
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

with an excellent piece of acting as she had herself performed. It is true she succeeded in keeping the attention of Stephen riveted on the passing scenes, and approving the mind of Charles also; but the quick eye of the lover had seen all, while no clouding of the sunshine upon his brow betrayed the burning indignation suddenly alive within his heart.

"Beautiful!" said Charles Percy, "O, how the transcendent eloquence of that passage, Corneilia, triumphs even over the tame and soulless manner of the actor! The doll! He has been dropping gems from his tongue, and does not know it."

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything." How touching and how true the thought! How glowing and natural the form of expression! How euphonious the lines!" continued Charles, after repeating them; "and yet how inconceivably rapid and dull is the actor who stands before us, the mouth-piece of such music of the brain."

In just such tones you may hear a thread-needle merchant counting up his charges," replied the laughing girl; "two, two-and-six-pence; sewing silk, one shilling; satin, five shillings; and two-pence; just six-and-eightpence, madam."

Charles laughed again, seemingly in the lightest mood in the world, and quite innocent of the knowledge that anything had taken place in the sitting in a gay way a little longer, he suddenly seemed to discover something of interest to him in the lobby opposite. At this moment a boisterous merriment was heard in the box near them. A burning crimson face passed rapidly over the face of Charles Percy.

"Stephen is not that Harry Longworth, standing near that lobby door to the right?" asked Charles of his mother. "Um? which? O, I see. Yes, that's Harry," replied Stephen.

"If Miss Neville will excuse me, I have a communication of some importance to make to you," said Charles, with a calm smile upon his handsome face.

"Will you oblige us by going?" said Stephen Percy; "I have a communication myself to make to this fair lady."

"Go," repeated Stephen; "allow me to solicit you in the imperative mood to get out!" and raising from his seat, he pushed his brother out of the box. "Go on, Mr. Jacques," said he, "so long as he humors his seat."

Charles Percy hurried around the lobby to the relief of his mother, and then, in a low voice, he said to her, "I have just seen a man who I believe to be the man who has been deceiving you."

A man, not less than the two young Americans stood in the box alluded to, in the presence of five officers in British uniform, who remained seated. Charles Percy having calmly observed the scene behind him, he said to his mother, "A piece of ungentlemanly rudeness has been committed in this box."

"The lady in the next box is one to whom I have the honor of standing in the way," said Charles Percy, in firm and impressive accents. "The lady in the next box is one to whom I have the honor of standing in the way."

anxious, and saw the freezing character of the unnatural smile. He had still refused and delayed the meeting until the very day before that appointed for his marriage, when reflection in regard to Stanford came upon him more severely than ever; and he flew from racking thoughts to the hasty resolution of accepting at once the challenge, that an end might be put in an easy and a safe manner to a matrimonial snarl that carried with him the serpent of bitter anxiety into the paradise of Corneilia's arms.

The preliminaries being arranged, the second stepped aside, and the usual words were spoken. Percy raised his weapon, but stood mutely with that same sorrowful, and as it proved, prophetic gaze fixed upon the ghastly face of his transformed friend, until a dozen fangs, to rise from him one particle of his glorious reputation. The assertion you made was—

"There, that! do it; it can all be very handsome arranged without any needless expenditure of epithet, worthy sir. Allow me to ask you, do you really say?"

"If I do not, sir, I can change a custom to suit occasion."

"Then I think we can agree; and without making any noise about the matter; you just bring a friend and meet me somewhere quietly, instead of this break as you please, to-morrow morning."

"I'll accommodate you, sir," said Percy; "I'll have a horse ready, and we will take a sail or a row to Governor's Island."

"I'll honor you for the suggestion, I'm told; but I'm sorry to hear of your going to Governor's Island. Now, never mind exchanging cards, but let us go back, arm in arm, if you'll allow me; and we must take time together, just for the sport of having these gallant young countrymen of yours off the scent of what's in the wind."

And in this manner the two engaged duellists returned to the dining table, apparently upon the pleasant terms that could spring from the natural contact of genial dispositions.

The next morning a light breeze, with a single sail swelling, sailed by a Jane breeze, swept out from the Battery-bound, over the sportive whitecaps of the bay towards Governor's Island.

"A lovely, a very lovely bay!" said the young stranger, whose name yet remained unaltered, as it was in the days of his youth, and who, while on the bay, was a young man of the name of Percy.

"You are sorry I'm come?" said Stephen in a low voice, and with a slight start, as if he had been startled by the sound of a pistol.

"No, no," replied Percy, "that's what I said; I am very sorry you're come; but no matter, you're here now. Come, let me fill for you."

ill-will, and addressing you as a gentleman, I must request you to return before the company, and retract the assertion you have just made."

"A very modest request, sir," said the stranger, with a provoking smile; "and should I be so unreasonable as to refuse, perhaps you will challenge me?"

"You shall neither insult my friend, sir, nor laugh at me," said Percy sternly.

"I want and will have justice to be done, and honorable man, sir, and am ready to lose my own life rather than suffer any slanderous tongue to rise from him one particle of his glorious reputation. The assertion you made was—"

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tion for as great a tyranny as the world ever knew." Shall we then stake every thing that is dear and sacred to us, to posterity of our number? And even should we five times as much as we would have any just ground for alarm? Have they not shown as much patriotism and devotion to our institutions upon the field and in the council of our nation as any other class of our citizens? What new light has suddenly sprung upon our enlightened visions, that we should fear this handful of Catholics are about to raise the banner of our country? If we believe they are, we are Know-Nothing in truth, and should carry the title in blazing letters around our necks all our lives.

Respectfully yours,
J. A. WALTERS.

Dear Sir,
You are requested to meet at the Dayton (O.) Empire, Know-Nothing Correspondence.

Doctor J. A. Walters,
Dayton March 2nd, 1855.

Dear Sir,
You are requested to meet at the Dayton (O.) Empire, Know-Nothing Correspondence.

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CONCLUSION.

"Percy, I'm sorry you're come," exclaimed Lester Depeyster, a wealthy brewer, to Stephen Percy, when they met at the principal apartment of a hotel in ancient Gotham.

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"No, no," replied Percy, "that's what I said; I am very sorry you're come; but no matter, you're here now. Come, let me fill for you."

"The wine will hardly taste well without an explanation of that," said Percy, in a marked accent, and with a slight start, as if he had been startled by the sound of a pistol.

"No, no," replied Percy, "that's what I said; I am very sorry you're come; but no matter, you're here now. Come, let me fill for you."

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