

American Volunteer

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
BY JOHN B. DRAYTON
CARRIAGE PA. THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1855
NO. 8

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.
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ASK ME NOT TO SING.
Oh, ask me not to sing to thee,
I would not think these thrilling chords
To melody again.
You long for me to sing to thee,
I would not think these thrilling chords
To melody again.
You long for me to sing to thee,
I would not think these thrilling chords
To melody again.

ALSO, WHAT IS CHANGING.
The old world is passing away,
The new world is coming on,
The old world is passing away,
The new world is coming on,
The old world is passing away,
The new world is coming on.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your issue of the 28th inst. and to thank you for the interesting and valuable contents.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.
I have rarely met with anything more beautiful than the following, which we had in an exchange of papers.

Without friends, the world would be but a wilderness.
If there be no faith in our neighbor, what use are they?
If there be no love in our neighbor, what use are they?
If there be no truth in our neighbor, what use are they?

FROM THE KITCHEN DOOR FOR JULY.
BY SAMUEL BRADY AND COMPANION.
Many of the wild legends of border strife and Indian ferocity that have been enacted along the shores of the Allegheny and Ohio have never been recorded from the dim and fading remembrance of old men to the records of a story of thrilling interest is snatched from the dingy record of the red man.

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