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# American Volunteer.

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

AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

NO. 36.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1856.

ODDS AND ENDS. There are 14 female physicians now practicing in Boston. The entire number of men killed by the wars of 1856, is estimated at 300,000. The net profits of the *Times* newspaper for the past year amount to \$95,000. Ex-Sheriff Yates, of Kane Co., Vt., recently took a five days' hunt on horseback with a single rifle, and returned with 15 elk and 9 deer, weighing 9,000 lbs. Dr. Daniel B. Saunders of Wythe county, Va., a few days since, sold 3 Dinamo to the pros for \$476. They averaged five months old. Com. Shubrick becomes, by the death of Com. Morris, senior officer of the United States Navy. A western editor, noticing a Bloomer, said: "She looked remarkably well as far as he could see." Betting is immoral, but how can the man who bets be worse than the man who is no better. An exchange says, "an editor can't sleep without sleeping on somebody's toes." Will let somebody keep his toes out of the way. Our devil says that getting in a lora is somewhat like getting drunk, the more a fellow does it the more he wants to. A man can't possess anything that's better than a good woman, nor anything that's worse than a bad one. Jones says courting is done on the printing principle: there being a good deal of *type* press work about it. An Irishman writing to a friend from the west remarked: "Pork is so plenty here that every thing you eat is a hog." A remark which, unfortunately, may be applied to society in many other places. Jones says courting is done on the printing principle: there being a good deal of *type* press work about it. An Irishman writing to a friend from the west remarked: "Pork is so plenty here that every thing you eat is a hog." A remark which, unfortunately, may be applied to society in many other places. Jones says courting is done on the printing principle: there being a good deal of *type* press work about it.

**Queries.**  
If a person feel a person treading on his toes, need a person ask a person how a person knows?  
Is it anybody's business, if a gentleman should choose to wait upon a lady?  
If the lady don't refuse?  
Or, to speak a little plainer, that the means all may know, if a lady has a beau?  
If a person's on the sidewalk, whether it's his business small, is it anybody's business, where that person means to call?  
Or, if you see a person, as he's calling any where, is it anybody's business, what his business may be?  
The substance of our query, simply stated, could be this— Is it anybody's business, what another's business is? If it is or if it isn't?  
We would really like to know, for we're certain if it isn't, there are some who make it so.  
If it is, we'll join the rabble and set the noble part of the tatters and rags, who through the public mart; but if not, we'll act the teacher, until each wretched learner, it were better in the future to mind his own concerns.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**THE RUSSIAN SLAVE.**  
It was the epoch of the Congress of Vienna, when the fate of half Europe was decided amidst pomp and festivity without a rival in modern history. Tournaments, carousals, masked balls, theatres and operas, horse racing and gaming, regattas, illuminations, fireworks, everything which the imagination could devise, was employed for the amusement of these things taking a holiday. Amid the programme of festivities prepared by the Imperial Committee, there figured as a grand and the wood in the neighborhood of Scholobrunn were gay with the crowd assembled to witness or participate in the sport. One person alone, elegantly dressed and mounted on a high bred steed, took no part in the amusement of the day. His eyes were intently fixed on Sir James Ralphy, an Englishman, noted for his wealth, his eccentricities and his passion for play. He followed him wherever he went and seemed to wish to attract his attention.

"What do you mean?" said Sir James to himself. "Twice my eyes have encountered this young man, and he has made the same mysterious gesture. I cannot be deceived; it is intended for me. I must have some way toward the stranger. The latter, seeing the movement, advanced to meet him. "Sir, said he bowing low, I have had the honor to meet you before. "Yes," replied the Englishman, who was vainly interrogating his memory; "yes, your face is a creditor, which torments me, and which I cannot satisfy by giving him the name he asks for." "You have never known my name. We met at Moscow." "In society?" "No; at the hotel Sans Souci, and in public places. Pardon me if, with no claim to your notice, I have ventured to call your attention to you. The importance of the matter will, I hope, be some excuse to a mind so generous as yours." "What can I do for you?" said Ralphy, in a tone of extreme courtesy, yielding to the young man's importunities, and in the manner of the young man had inspired. "I have come to ask for liberty." "Of me?" "Of you." "Are you not mistaken?" asked Sir James, with some hesitation, not knowing exactly what to make of such a singular demand. "I am Sir James Ralphy, an Englishman by birth, remarkable for nothing but a love of play." "And for success in it, I presume?" "It is my only hope. If I should tell you, sir, it is perhaps reserved for you to rescue a fellow man from an opprobrious condition, to efface from his brow a mark which devotes him to humiliation and scorn, what would you reply?" "You embarrass me, for I do not see what such a hypothesis can have to do with a gentleman like yourself." "A gentleman! Yes, by elevation of soul, perhaps also, by education; but not by accident of birth. I am a slave, and I have come to ask for liberty." "You! a slave?" "Yes, with astonishment. "My name is Swerkoff Fedowitz, and the estate on which I was born belongs to Prince Goulouboff." "How can I serve you?" asked Ralphy, extending his hand affectionately to the young man. "I would gladly do more than pity you, but let us go this way," he added, taking the direction of a path which led from the throng; "it is more prudent. You know, perhaps, that the Prince is here." "Yes, but I could not choose the moment to speak to you. This evening, I believe, the court gives a fete at the Herberg." "You will not return to Vienna, for after the fete you are to go to the chateau of Count de Bolenski?" "Yes." "To play there?" "The whole night, and Goulouboff will be there." "I was well informed," he hesitated a moment and a deep shadow passed over his countenance. "It is not that the lottery of the Prince which I see near you?" asked Sir James. "It is." "He cannot be far off. Shall we not avoid meeting him?" "If I do not, I shall be recognized immediately; long years have passed since we met; but I could not exchange ten words with him without exciting remembrances, and all hope would be lost." "Let us follow this path, then, and putting upon us their horses they soon found themselves out of sight and hearing of the chase. "Here," said Sir James, "we are safe from observation." "Before going farther," resumed the young Russian, "I must ask you to take charge of this handkerchief, which I have put in your pocket. Within it are bank notes to the amount of a million roubles." "A million!" exclaimed Ralphy, surprised out of the usual calm by the amount. "Take it, sir, I beg of you, and deign to lis-

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Our positions as serfs excited the solicitude of my friend, the Frenchman, and he urged me to seek an adopted country, the Western world; but, though I ardently desired to withdraw my neck from the yoke of bondage, I could not fly, without leaving my poor father a prey to my master's vengeance. If I once left Russia finally, the smallest chance of my being would be the loss of his property and a return to the rudest labors of slavery. I could not do it. Besides, I nourished a hope which I renewed each day to await the noble, for I thought that Alexander, who I was said, was ambitious of the title of regenerator of his country, would associate his name with the abolition of serfdom. But all the philanthropy of the Emperor, restrained as it was by the hated aristocracy, whose fortunes he only the ukase, which forbade the individual sale of the serf; they could only be sold with the estate. I had waited in vain. "Why did you not try to purchase your self?" It would have been useless. The great Muscovite lords have made a horrible compact, binding themselves not to accept the ransom of a slave. Are you ignorant that a serf of Count Scholobrunn offered millions of roubles for his liberty and was pitilessly refused? Yes, the Court receives but a small annual tribute from this man; only a few roubles; but these great lords find a cruel pleasure in counting the number of their vassals, and absolutely dependent on their caprice, and whose fortunes they could run at a word. I have borne my hard lot with the fortitude of a Christian. I have sought to forget it in business travel and deeds of charity; but now my courage and my sense of duty, now my own sense of justice, have urged me to attempt to break my chains. After a moment's pause the young Russian resumed: "Prince Goulouboff, I have said, possessed an estate on the borders of the Volga. It counts only fifty hearts, yet he will not sell it at any price. But the Prince plays, and play with him is an unbridled passion, for which he will sacrifice everything. In the feverish excitement of the passion, he may be led to risk this estate. If he does so, he may lose it. In this village I was born—my father was born there—my family are still there—gain this village for me, Alon, Englishman, I will give you a million roubles, now a cent in your hands—you have an unlimited credit over my purse—stake everything—triumph at any price—if fate should be against you, if I must lose everything and yet remain a slave; I will give you for having tried to break my chains." "I accept the task," said Ralphy. "This night?" "No, this night circumstances will not serve. No, this day has passed. Besides, I have an engagement with O'Brien. But the day after, I think, a favorable occasion will offer naturally between Goulouboff and myself. He will not recall, I judge, by the emery he showed yesterday, that he has sold it by me." "Thanks! 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