

TERMS.

Subscription—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance...

American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

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NO. 8.

Poetical.

NIGHT SONG.

The evening's soft shimmer is falling around me... The glade and the heather, In silence sit...

DARE TO STAND ALONE.

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true, And dare to stand alone... Stand for the right! Humanity Implores with groans and tears...

Miscellaneous.

THE MODERN YOUNG LADY.

The public are experiencing a vast number of sensations now-a-days on the much agitated subject of woman. Her rights—her wrongs—her troubles and her trials, are being sounded forth from the brazen lungs of scores of Women's Associations, Ameliorating Conventions, and Debating Societies...

WIND BAGS.

"I tell you, sir, that Mr. Airblast is nothing but a wind-bag—I would give two straws for his opinion..." "And I tell you, sir," snipped the "Independent," "that if he be, the fact proves nothing against his success..."

A BRAVE YOUNG UNCLE.

A correspondent of the Pittsburg Post relates the following touching incident: "As we left Pittsburg in the cars, we observed a small boy, clad, but very intelligent, having with him an infant ten months old, the child of his sister, who died a few weeks ago..."

Doggin' the Hatter.

The St. Louis papers are telling a good story of an individual who purchased a hat in a store of a tradesman named Doggin. The article was got in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the store, entirely forgetting by mistake, of course, to pay for the forsaken 'tilt..."

The Stub-Toed Boots.

A certain party, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, was camped out West near the Des Moines improvement. They had a large tent fitted up very comfortably, and the Hoosiers about there were in the habit of dropping in and making themselves perfectly at home...

A LETTER FROM DENNIS.

"Hillo, Mister Postmaster, and is there ever a letter here for Dennis O'Flatherty?" "I believe there is," said the postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter. "And will you be so kind as to take it to me?" said the postmaster, "I will be glad to do so, but I must be paid for it first..."

A MAN HUNG HIMSELF IN FUN AND HOPE.

"The Hamilton (Butler Co., O.) Intelligencer of the 14th, says: 'A very sad affair transpired at Princeton, near our city, on Thursday last. A Mr. Daniel Elliott, who lived in Princeton, butchering beefs and selling them in the neighborhood, hung himself in the slaughter house. He was an exceedingly good humor'd, droll, and witty man, and naturally of a playful disposition...'"

DAILY DUTIES.

Our daily paths, with thorns or flowers What shall we tread?—What bliss would give the passing hours If we but rightly knew them..."

A ROMANCE.

Some fourteen years ago, an Englishman, named Mark Knight, married Charlotte in Syracuse, N. Y. Mark, at the time of his marriage, was fifty-four years of age, and his wife was twenty-five..."

Fact and Fancy.

There is only one bad wife in the world, and every sturdy husband thinks that she has fallen to his lot. Somebody has written a book on the art of making people happy without money. We saw an excellent condition to be experimented upon..."

A Visit to the Hermitage.

Mr. J. W. Kelly, who was one of the delegates to the Nashville Conference, publishes in the Yorkville Enquirer, the following account of a visit to the Hermitage: "Early in the session, the South Carolina Delegation resolved on a visit to the Hermitage, where Jackson lived, died, and is buried..."

A Wholesale Wedding.

A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal thus describes a nuptial convention and demonstration that occurred recently on the plantation of Capt. J. W. Jones, near that city: "Mr. James Hubbard, the faithful and excellent manager, assisted by his kind and affectionate wife, had everything in readiness..."

A Colored Discourse.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, who writes from Mansfield, Ohio, sends the following "discourse," for the entire authority of which he vouches without reserve, having taken it down from the thick lips of the reverend orator himself: "My text, brethren and sisters, will be found in the 4th chapter of Genesis and twenty-seventh verse..."

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A Little Girl.

"An de Lord make Adam." I telt you how he make him. He make him out ob clay, and when he get dri breathe into him de breff ob life, he put him in de garden, and he set him in de corner ob de lot, and he telt him to eat ob de apples, 'ceptin dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he want for de winter apples..."

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Green, the Diver.

The New York Courier and Enquirer gives the following narrative of the descent of Green, the diver to the Atlantic, lying at the bottom of Lake Erie. Poor Green! his darning was too severely punished:

Not many months since a vessel was lost in a storm of great depth at the place, of the gun-dering was about 141 feet. There was a portion of the cargo so valuable that it became advisable to use every effort possible to recover it. It was scarcely possible to do anything. It was far beyond all ordinary means of human action: it might be reached, though it would be held attempt by the diver. He was sought and found, and a recompense which on land would be a princely one was guaranteed to him. Men will do more than "does become a man" for reward. To feel him with air, a powerful pump, worked by six men, was brought, and a hose doubly strengthened was made. All the appliances that the most liberal management could suggest were ready for his aid. He was surrounded by intelligence and courage and humanity. He dared the deep water once, twice, seven times. The men at the break of the air pump wrought with the might of earnest strength. They felt the vital current to the bold diver, and he had the courage to trust them. Their work was his breath. When he came up he told the gentlemen that he had dived about 141 feet. There was a depth, as the machinery forced it to him, cracked and hissed like the frying of hot fat, and that every movement of the pump fell on his breast like the blow of a crow-bar! You go down no more for me, said the kind and hearty gentleman, who stood by him, as he came on deck. In the intensity of all his experience, this too daring man besought for the opportunity for another trial. The gentleman refused, but he insisted on going for himself. He was dressed in a new, heavy, and just holding life, now crawls along. The claret boat at his girdle, corked tightly and empty, was filled when he came back, though the cork was not disturbed. The water had forced itself beyond power of cork or glass.

The People We Laugh at.

It is said to be very common with comic actors to be constitutional hypocondriacs—men who never laugh themselves—are entirely unconscious of a joke, except those set down for them in the play. These men are often bowed down under the weight of a morbid melancholy, or subjected to a state of nervous irritation, not many degrees removed from lunacy. The fact is well illustrated by an anecdote of Lister. "Go and see Lister," said an eminent physician to a patient who consulted him as to the best cure of low spirits. "Ah, I am the man!" replied the sufferer, in a despairing tone.

A Girl with Two Heads.

A girl with two heads, four arms and four legs, is now on exhibition at St. Louis, and attracting a large amount of attention. The St. Louis Democrat says: "At the first announcement of so wonderful a freak of nature, we were disposed to regard it as a humbug; but, having seen it, we can assure our readers that she is, far beyond all matters of doubt, the most extraordinary and astonishing freak of nature we have ever witnessed."

Oven Stewed.

A wine merchant left a suspected assassin in his cellar, and said to him, "Now, let you should drink the wine while I am away, I will walk your mouth as that I may know." The man passed his finger over the man's lips, pretending to leave the mark of the chalk on them. The man drank of the wine, and then to be even with his master, chalked his mouth; and thus discovered himself.

A Formal Fashionable Visitor.

A formal fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: "How are you, my dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added— "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I am." The child simply and honestly replied, "I don't want to know."

A Quaker Having Sold a Fine Looking Blind Horse.

A Quaker having sold a fine looking blind horse, asked the purchaser in his dry way, "Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?" "No," was the answer. "Neither will he see any in thee," said old Broadbrim.

A Country Sculptor.

A country sculptor was ordered to engrave on a tombstone these words: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." But the stone being small, he engraved it— "A virtuous woman is 65 to her husband."

Jerome!

Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! Jerome! Jerome!