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American Volunteer

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1859. VOL. 45. NO. 32. AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Portical.

From the Norristown Register. SUMMER FRIENDS.

BY ANEMIA.

There are friends who come to thee when Summer flowers are bright, When the Spring birds sing on every tree, And all around is light;

At let the Tempest gather, And the Sun withdraw his ray, And no gleam of light or joy illumine The long and dreary day;

I have no mother now. I hear the soft wind sighing, Through every bush and tree; Where now does my mother's being, Away from love and me.

Miscellaneous. THE BEAUTIFUL DECOY. FROM THE UNPUBLISHED CHRONICLE OF A TRAVELLER.

It is well known to all in any degree familiar with the history of Mexico, that a regular system of highway robbery exists in every section of that miserably governed country, and that through a want of enforcement of the authorities, this has grown up into such a regular and formidable shape, that every traveller must be prepared to put his life at hazard at every stage, or be provided with a suitable contribution for the robbers.

"except from the professional robbers and they seldom harm any one who makes no resistance." "It seems strange to me," I rejoined, "that you Mexicans should take such things as a matter of course, and deem resistance a very impolite way of treating the knights of the road."

"I must consider it the most cowardly of proceedings, for any respectable party to set out prepared to quietly give up the spoils of robbery, and unprepared to treat them with every just deserts."

"That," I replied, "may be, I believe is, the Mexican mode of doing business, but does not tally with the preconceived ideas of us foreigners."

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less to add a narrative of my exploit made me a hero and a lion for the time. Here I could not have captured and trapped for so long an indemnity me for what I had disposed of in the way of presents, and the next day saw me an inside passenger of the same diligence en route for Mexico, where I arrived in safety, without any other event worthy of notice."

"What became of the robbers and their accomplices?" I never learned; but the lesson taught me on that point, I have not forgotten; and during the remainder of my stay in that country, no highway robber ever had the honor of being my associate, or of getting possession of my property and unflinching revolvers."

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As I spoke the door was suddenly thrown open, and three or four swarthy, heavily bearded men presented themselves to my view. "Quick, Senorita, for the love of God!" I cried, grasping at her arm.

"Hold!" she exclaimed, instantly presenting one of my own revolvers at my head. "Resistance is useless—you are our prisoner."

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Sleeping With the Landlord's Wife.

We give the annexed incident in regard to Rev. Zeb Twitchell, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont conference:

"At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature. Zeb, says our informant, is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified, and a thorough systematic sermonizer; but one of it there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery."

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Counsels for the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one.

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Odds and Ends.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing more. A quail will fly, and then to be a vehicle that carries everything into nothing. Most people don't think—they only think they think.

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