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poetical.

THE BRIDE'S APPEAL.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

Oh! wilt then love me, when the raven curls
That eer my bosom flow.
Shall be hound with the sliver thread of age
Like Winter's hoary sunv?
Wilt love me when the Summer's rosy smiles,
Enhue my cheek no more;
And you bright beacon-stars are velted in clouds
And dreams of youth are o'er?

Oh! witt that love me, when the changeful eyes Grow dim with horrow's rain—
The boson brating softly gainst thy own.
So full with care and pain?
Wilt love me, when th thrilling thoughts of yout In blushing bloom dopart.
And sorrow dark corrotting chills of pain.
Are pressing on my heart?

As rose-buds bloom when sunny spring comes round And warmly smiles again;
As shrubs, low faining in the noon-tide heat,
Revive in summer rain;
As home bound saliors, welcome breezes fuir
To want them to their goal;
My westled, dropping sprint turns to thee,
Star of my trusting soul!

Remember, none have ever, ever known,
This heart so light and free;
None other with a faultiese step has press'd
free inmost shades but thee!
That with thou love me when the raven curls
That o'er my boson flow.
Shall be bind with the silver threads of age,
Like Winter's hoary snow?

Mistellancous.

HAND AND GLOVE. MY PILL PRINGLE. CAHPTER I.

Why, 'tis a bristrous and cruel style, A style for challengers : why she defics me.' As You Like It.

A style for challengers: why she defice no. As You Like It.

I have seen many coquetts by nature, and many more who strove to obtain that killing title, but never one who failed so completely as my hovely little pet in her childhood, Rose Montrose. At eighteen she was mistress of rare beauty, a sprikling flow of spirits, and a most provoking, bewitching disposition—in short every qualification to succeed in her ambition, except simple beartlessness. Her mother was never more than so mere fashionable fand always, saught to educate. Rose for the same useless tiles. Even at the point of death, she strictly, chioined apour the guardin, a kind-hearted, but experienced oddity of an old bacholor, to keep her daugner at a certain faishing establishment, until she became properly qualified to enter the world as the fashionable daughter of a fashionable mother. One can hardly wonder that her mind, trained under these influences, took

CARIBLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVIMBER 23, 1845.

TO 96.

The street of the street of the company of the street of the company of th

than now.

Summer entered the room with flushed face, wherein fever plafily burned, but she fancied it to be no
more than a bover a natural trepidation. Had sha
full losed, it would have made her more cool, collect
jet and unsparing in her coquetry, but as it was she
trombled with him and fully shared in his supposed
agitation. And she hardly knew whether she was
right or wrong, as he hurriedly placed a wreath of
wild flowers in her hand, saying abruptily and in
husky tones.

his son had bego brought up, as he fondly believed in the habite and sprinciples of honorable men; and in the habite and sprinciples of honorable men; and lawing finished his education, came to reside with the habite and sprinciples of honorable men; and the good frequently to Paris. A young Frenchman loves of pleasures, sister, and the crowd came around to go frequently to Paris. A young Frenchman loves of pleasures, sister, and pleasure is found at Paris.—
The father thighght it natural, and stripped his age of some conflicts to supply laxuries to his son's youth.

Shortly after the young man's arrival, my friend burger of the good of the land. The said to the gensd'armes—"what would you?"

We seek a robler, who is within there was heard the report of a pistol, and a minute or so afterwards the front door was opened, and the robler seems what would you?"

Shortly after the young man's arrival, my friend he guess by whost. It must be done in the night.—
He hid himself sind watched. He saw a stellthy figure glide in, by saw a false key applied to the lock way."

He seended the stairs, and threw open his son's figure glide in, by saw a false key applied to the lock and in the floor lay the robber's corpse.

"Take what is left you," said the falter. "Take of the falter have done? I do not sak you?"

Lask these ment son and faith the day, and referred the obles, but my friends in a man and a woman. Mr. I was present at the trial. The facts had become "I had dined, but my friends him ment for the main entrance. The received the main entrance. Mr. Gregg took the lead. After applying the knocker, a colored several toon of the main entrance. Mr. Gregg took the lead. After applying the knocker, a colored several too applying the knocker, a colored several too

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