BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

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Orrice.—The office of the American Volunteer is in the see ad story of James II. Grah. In's new stone building, in South

Charles, "as if she had been covetous not to leave one world for other lovers. O memory! thou bless ing to all men! thou art my curse and cause of mistory! Thou tollear me what I have been in her oyes, and what I am! Happy's that wretch who never owneds darke jewels or great wealth; but speechiles of what of a me what I have been in her oyes, and what I am! Happy's that wretch who never owneds darke jewels or great wealth; but speechiles of what is his plague that once was rich, and from superfluction is his plague that once was rich, and from superfluction was state falls to the poor!"

Sir Charles, who was well acquainted with the chief apartments in Lord Malton's mansion, straight way proceeded to Walsingham's boudour; and there in the intended bride sat alone, attired for the marriago ceremony. Her beautifully rounded arm teclined on a marble 14ble, and her hand was pressed upon a marble 14ble, and her hand was pressed upon touched the keys of the piano. The melody was flurington poused on the threshold, and at that moment one of the bride, and it seemed to strike a chord in her breast, the issue of which was tears; large drops coursed each other down her pule cheeks, as the song, mellowed by distance into something like seemy his training the whiteness; and the beautiful have been of love. The world in the mit try to fraget me—you will not regret?

You will try to fraget me—you will not regret?

We shall hear of each other—you will not regret?

You will try to fraget me—you will not regret?

We shall hear of each other—you will not regret?

The white arms of the bride fell upon the marble table, rivaling its whiteness; and the beautiful have to the part of his present the hard was pressed upon the window the served by Sir Charles with amazement. Suddenly she started up, exclaiming,

"I cannot bear that song to-day!"

In a moment her eyes fell upon Sir Charles H region to the part of the part of the window the part of the part of the part of the part of the window the part of the part of the part of the win

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1849.

boy like him. No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke.

"Tonimy, you must go to your mother."

She now took the clothes pins and commenced putting them into the basket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of parsion. The boy left the kitchen in tears, and went slowly up stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I told you?—say?"

The mother seized her little boy by the arms the moment he came within reach of her, and dragged rather than led him up stairs, uttering such exclamations as these on the way.

"I never saw such a child! You might as woll talk to the windt. I am in despair! I'll give up! Humph! Clothes pins, indeed! Pretty play things to give a child! Everything goes to rack and ruin! There!"

And as the last word was uttered, Tommy was

O! COME TO THE MOUNTAINS.

BY WILLIAM WALCUTT.

O come to the mountains.
They we stood through all time,
liave heard ages death; toll
And great changes chine.
They tell you tong stories
Of earth when it was young,
And legands, unchronicied

O come to the mountains,
They're hoary and old,
And stand up like glants
So stately and bold;
The dark moss of ages
Clings fast to the sides.
Who restorus spend their furly
And the hurricune rides.

resolved upon proceeding at one to Lord Malton's louse. There he observed indications of the importation of the correctness of his information.

"On A gentleman sat down to write a deed, and at even about to take place, that removed all doubts of the correctness of his information.

"On A gentleman sat down to write a deed, and at even about to take place, that removed all doubts to keep a word, so of the correctness of his information.

"On the words, the gentle words—so sweet, so many that she has uttered to me," exclaimed Sir.

"On the words, the gentle words—so sweet, so many that she has uttered to me," exclaimed Sir.

"Come up, I say."

"Margaret says I may play with the clothes pins. I was a girl I would not hive all sone with them."

"Why, Luey I aint you ashamed to kiss a man in the green reset?"

"Margaret says I may play with the clothes pins. I was a girl I would not hive done it for the world."

"Why, Luey I aint you ashamed to kiss a man in the said in them."

"Why, Luey I aint you ashamed to kiss a man with them."

"Why, Luey I aint you ashamed to kiss a man with them."

"Why, Luey I aint you ashamed to kiss a man with the clothes pins. I was a girl I would not hive done it for the world."

"Work answered the other, "I all women a meater of washing of the with them."

"You are wrong," said a bystander, "it ought to would not hive done it for the world."

"No, m., I am not." answered Luey; "for I only kissed him to smell his breath to see if he had been world."

"Well, now I do begin to see it?"

"Well, now I do begi

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DEATH.

Heavens! what a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change!—Tell me, ye, who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new world are we born? What new being do we receive? Whither has that spark, that uoseen, that incomprehensible intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid, plastly corpse that fless before you? That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held the immortal essence that has now left as ! left to range, perhaps through illimitable space; to receive new capacities of delight; new powers of conception; new glories of beautitude! Ten thousand fancies, rish upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment, between life and death! It is a moment big with imaginations, hopes and fears; it is the consumation that clears up all mystery—solves all dobbts—which removes contradiction and destroys errors. Great God! what a flood of rapture inay at once burst upon the depirted soul. The unclouded brightness of the celestial region—the solema secrets of nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present, and the future; strains of imaginable tharmony, forms of imperishable beauty, may then suddenly disclose themselves, birsting upon the delighted senses, and bathing them in immeasurable bliss!—The mind is leat in this excess of wonderous delight, and the facts not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous as the department of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled!