BRATTON. VOL. 36.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" OARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1849. ÀT \$2 00 PER ANNUM. NO. 21.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER spublished every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be FAR, FAR AWAY ve to look on the purple west, he gorgeous robes of sunset drest TERMS OF SUSSCRIPTION For one year, in advance,

For six months, in advance,

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No subscription taken for a less term than six months at

no discontinuance permitted until all arreprages are paid,

Twenty, five per cenl, additional on the price of subscriptic

will be regulard of all those who do not pay in advance,

Boetical.

In the gorgoous robes of sunset drest;
With its crimson pump and banvered sheen,
Like the lordly state of a dying queen;
The distant woods, with their crowns of gold.
And the hoary-hills, Time's fastness hold,
Wille genjiya breathe their soft low chimes,
"We may only tell of golden-climes,
"And that better land in the realms of day,
Far, far away!"

I lays to stind on the mountain height.
In the magic mone of a summer night;
While valo and meadow are fairy land,
And elves come out on the pebbly strand,
And they are merry in mountit telt.
And carth is witched with a seer like spell,
And own the voice of the sounding see
Beemeth to say in its ninstrelsy—
"We only tell of the realms of day,
Far, far away!"

PRAIRIE LIFE-A TALE OF REVENCE. PRATRIE LIFE—A TADE OF REVENCE.

"Although much has been written on prairie life, many a wild adventure, and yet many a wilder scene has been left undescribed. Poor Ruxton, who died at St. Louis, and whose highly entertaining and valuable work, "Scenes in the Far West," is enriched with many a story and scene which, no doubt, to the people of the East, seem like tales from the Arabian Nights. There is so much originality about the manner and habits of the trapper and frontiersman, that one is struck with their peculiar language or incide of expressing themselves, as well as their singular costume. They are, in fact, as distinct and quaint sayings.

AUTUMN LEAVES. The frost-touched autumn leaves begin to fall. The frost-touched autumn leaves begin to fall. On the held ground—leaves that were late so, green And begintint, whether with raindrops sheen Waving he sunlight or beneath Nights pail. Of shadows. They will be withered all And tred uncared for by the feet of ment. Not and the shadows, or porth, or wall, Makinda maste more in grove and clem, Emblembar hope and destinies which Time. The shadows in the calin and contemplating soul—low green are all things in youth's Summer-time! How year beneath Old Ange's stole. In Spring shall come with leaver of freshest bloom—Thus Joys of heaven succeed our earthly doom.

Unrictics.

There is a tondor and tranquil beauty in the following lines which goes directly to the heart. Read and weep.

Lines on a Kitten. Horo lies, by death smitten

A helpless young kitten,

To moulder away in the dust;

Oh, had it lived longer,

It might have grown stronger,

And died somewhat older we trust.

In For it-How to get out of it-

Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant of a raile.

It was a very fine elephant, and very chesp at the price the gentleman paid for his chance.

But the gentleman had no place to put it in.

Nobody would take it off his hands.

He could'nt afford to keep it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose with the versels.

to the streets.

He was too humane to leave it starve.
He was afraid to shoot it.
In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to
gentleman willi—moderate means, a small
ouse, common feelings of humanity—and an el-