AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

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Voetical. [From Dwight's Journal of Music.] THE PREACHING OF THE TREES. FROM THE GERMAN OF GRUEN.

At midnight hour, when silence reigns
Through all the woodland spaces,
Begin the bushes and the trees
To wave and whisper in the breese,
All talking in their places.

The Resebud flames with look of joy, And perfume breathes in glowing;
"A Rose's life is quickly past!
Then let me, while my time shall last,
Be richly, gally blowing!"

The Aspen whispers, "Sunken days!
Not me thy glare deceiveth!
Thy sunbeam is a deadly dart,
That quivers in the Rose's heart—
My shuddering soul it grieveth!"

The stender Poplar speaks, and seems
To stretch her green hands higher;
"Up yonder life's pure river flows,
So sweetly nummers, brightly glows,
To that I still aspire!"

The Willow looks to earth and speaks:

"My arm to fold thee yearneth;
I let my hair float down to thee;
Entwine the rein thy flowers for me,
As mother her child adorneth!" And next the wealthy Plum-tree, sighs :

"Alas! my treasures crush me!
This load with which my shoulders grean,
Take off—It is not mine alone,
By robbing you refresh me!"

The Fir-tree speaks in cheerful mood:

"A blossom bore I never;
But steadfastness is all my store,
In summer's heat, in winter's rear,
I keep my green forever!" The proud and lofty Oak-tree speaks

"God's thunderbolt confounds me!
And yet no storm can bow thee down,
Strength is my stem and strength, thy cr
Ye weak ones gather round me!" The Ivy vine kept close to him.
Her tendrills round him flinging;
"He who no strength has of his own,
Or loves not well to stand alone,
May to a friend be clinging."

Much clso, now half forgot they said:
And still to me came creeping,
Low whispered words, upon the air,
While by the grave alone stood there
The Cypress mutely weeping.

O! might they reach one human heart These tender accents erecping!
What wonder if they do not reach?
The trees by starlight only preach,
When we must needs be sleeping.

THIRTEEN VOTES, OR THE WAGER,

A TRUE STORY.

In a town in the interior of the Granite State, not many years since, a genleman of some property, and not a little political consideration, resided, whose name we shall call Martyn. He was a great stickler for party principles, insomuch that he was sometimes induced by party zeal to violate his moral duttes. Of the occasion in particular, when a very important election was taking place, upon the results of which perhaps, the very existence of his party depended, he was so carried away by his party feelings, as to deposit hirteen votes, for one individual at the same time in the ballot box, in definance of the law which provides that no man, to whichever party he may happen to belong, or however worthy may be his favorite candidate, where were those in the town in which he resided, who were unwilling to admit the excess of party itself was a sufficient apology for his derelicition of moral duty—and the simple act of depositing thirteen votes for one candidate, at one time in the ballot box, although palliated and excused by some of his warm political friends, was severely consured by others. This goour rence furnished a subject of conversation mining the warder and claimed the wager.

In a town in the interior of the Granite State, would have a determined to win the was sentior. This contact the for your insolence," shricked Martyn, subing the actiod to the word, and gring of a skentor, "thirteen votes!" This traceller field, his yell of surprise, one and although no legal action was had in relation to the subject, yet, there were those in the town in which he resided, who were unwilling to admit the excess of party itself was a sufficient apology for his derelicition of moral duty—and the simple act of depositing thirteen votes! This good the door "upon the simple was a content and although no legal action was had in relation to the subject, yet, there words are

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