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TERMS. TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CASH, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a great-the learth in proportion. for each additional measurements of length in proportion.

Jos-Pararmos—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphiets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful, San is mouses, but not bold,
Free and easy, but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischier in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature: She has stated in all her arts; She has taken her diploma, As the mistress of all hearts. She can tell the very moment When to sigh and when to smile; O, a maid is sometimes charming, But the yidow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are yet angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, teafful, damb;
Are you mirthful? how her haughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out,
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so baid and wise,
Young Americans twenty,
With the love-locks in your eyes.
You may practice all the lessons,
Taught by Cupid since the fall; But I know a little widow, Who could win and fool you all.

THE DYING CHILD.

by R. D. PITCHER. Smooth down the pillow gently dearest wife, And look your last upon his changing brow; The grasp of Death is on his little life; Our boy is ours but for a moment now.

So young, so fair, 'tis hard that he must go Down to the silent tomb and be alone, And we who watched his budding beauty grow Must mourn for all his infant graces gone.

'Tis past, the seal is set no time can break;
The cyclida close—now cross bis little hands
The farewell kiss imprint upon his check;
Our child has gone to join the angel bands.

As beautiful as brief his sejourn here,
Like some trail flower, blooming but to fade:
Oh! may it blossom in a brighter sphere,
And angels guide him in bright robes arrayed,
Where blessed spirits are in peace convoyed
To that pure clime where sorrow is unknown—
There may we meet with his departed shade,
When you short bligtimage on earth is done. When our short pilgrimage on earth is done, And all the broken ties be mingled into one

Miscellaneous.

American

Dolunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

"OUR COUNTRY—HAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

VOL. 44.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1857.

THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.

A Sketch from Real Life.

In styanus coss, jr.

"There, sir,—now you have seen him in all lis glory. There he is, as usual. Just look at him. Take a good look, so as not to lose the effect. Illaif an hour age I left him in the garden, and told him I wanted the weeds pulled out of that bed as soon as possible. Only half an hour, sir; and look at him now!"

This was spoken by Mr. John Howe, a stout farmer, who owned one of the most valuable tracts of land in the neighborhood. He spoke to 'Squire Warren. who was a worthy lawyer of the place; and he spoke of a boy who stood in a distant garden leaning up against a peach tree. The little fillow did not realize that are the content, you meant, sir!"

"Only to be a servant, you meant, sir!"

"Can you writa?"

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NO. 13.

NO. 13.

Currespondence of the Journal of Commerce.

The Island of St. Ilclena.

Island of St

the worse; but it matters not—a unitary post, must look to power thrst and adornment after ards.

The island has been sorely pestered these few years past by a species of small white ant, that was brought here in the wood of a vessel will one in all our bouses, stores, trees, e.c. &c. I first has wings, which very soon drop off, and then this mite cats into wood, cloth, protein and then this mite cats into wood, cloth, protein and then this mite cats into wood, cloth, protein and then this mite cats into wood cloth, protein and then this mite cats into the woodwork, and then cat up all inside, leaving but a shell, which with your finger you can penetrate—And only in darkness do they work, for their in less than two years crumbling to ruin. It is an onst unfortunate will be the leaving but a shell, which with your finger you can penetrate—And only in darkness do they work, for their in less than two years crumbling to ruin. It is an onst unfortunate will be the leaving but a shell, which with your finger you can penetrate—And only in darkness do they work, for their in less than two years crumbling to ruin. It is an onst unfortunate will be the leaving but a shell, which with your finger you can penetrate—And only in darkness do they work, for their in less than two years crumbling to ruin. It is an onst unfortunate will be the less and the property of the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not the word of the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not forward the property of the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not forward the word of the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not forward the property of the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not forward the property of the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not of the leave the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not forward the property of the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not forward the property of the compelled soon to like in iron houses. It is not forward the property of the co

THE PATCH ON MARCY'S BREECHES! A

Harper's Weekly relates the following ancodot of Mr. Marcy:

"While he was Governor of this State, he was
visiting Newburg on some public occasion, and
with a party of gentlemen; Whigs and Democrats, was at the Orange Hotel. Good humor
was prevailing, and one-story suggested anothcr. The Governor always enjoyed a story, and
could tell one with excellent effect. A Whig
Lawyer was present, and the Governor recognizinghim, said