

# American

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## Poetical.

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THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

BY THOMAS WHEELER.

From more than thirty years ago,  
We work with the sickle and plow,  
No clouds ever rise to darken our skies,  
No winds ever rise to darken our eyes,  
No winds ever rise to darken our eyes,  
No winds ever rise to darken our eyes,  
No winds ever rise to darken our eyes,  
No winds ever rise to darken our eyes,

Thus day after day we toil away,  
And we battle for truth and for right,  
And we cheerfully share the sunny glow,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,

With fervent zeal for our country's weal,  
As sentinels for the common good,  
To sound the alarm when ought of harm  
E'er dawns on the peace of our land;  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,

We search the earth in quest of truth,  
And we glean from every nook,  
With anxious care some treasures rare,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,

Then these varied hours the world affords,  
By our meagre art we bind,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,

'Tis thus we toil, nor ever cease,  
From our noble and our true,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,  
And the radiant beams of the bright day,  
Of joy and love, like the peace above,

## Miscellaneous.

THE HUNTER'S WIFE.

A TALE OF BORDER LIFE.

Tom Cooper was a fine specimen of the North American trapper. Slightly, but powerfully made, with a bronzed face, yet handsome features, strong, intelligent, and a careful, he was admirably adapted for a hunter's life. For many years he knew not what it was to have a home, but lived like the beasts he hunted—wandering from one part of the country to another in pursuit of game. All who knew Tom were much surprised when he came, with a pretty, young wife, to settle within three miles of a planter's farm. Many pitied the poor young creature, who would have to lead such a solitary life; and many more, who were not so kind enough to marry him, it was her own fault. For nearly four months Tom remained at home, and employed his time making the old house that he had fixed on for their residence more comfortable. His wife, Susan, was a fine specimen of the North American trapper's wife. She was a young woman, with a fair complexion, and a sweet disposition. She was a good housewife, and a good mother. She was a good friend to her husband, and a good friend to her neighbors. She was a good friend to her neighbors, and a good friend to her neighbors.

disappointed. Besides, the Indians will be high and to put it down to us, where, if it is to be understood as 'twas an accident like, for they're unkindly cunning varmints, though they ain't got sense like Christians.

"Why do you think the poor woman came here?" said Susan. "I never knew an Indian squaw to come so near the hut before."

Tom only stayed home long enough to mend the broken window and plant a small spot of Indian corn, and then again set out, telling Susan not to expect him again in less than a month. "If that squaw comes this way again," he said, "as my wife will just put out any broken vessels you've got for the poor critter; though may be she won't come for they're unkindly cunning varmints."

well shoot the brute that has given us so much trouble. They set to work immediately with their axes to fell the tree. It began to totter, when a dark object, which could not tell what in the dim twilight, crawled from its place of concealment to the extremity of a branch and from thence sprang into the next tree.

Stitching up their rifles, they set to work together, when, to their astonishment, instead of a bear, a young Indian squaw, with a wild yell fell to the ground. They ran to the spot where she lay motionless, and carried her to the borders of the wood where they had that morning dismounted. Richard lifted her on his horse, and springing himself into the saddle carried the almost lifeless body before him.

The party concluded their journey until midnight, when they stopped to rest their tired horses. Having wrapped the squaw in their bearskins, they lay down themselves with no covering save the clothes they were wearing. They were in no want of provisions, as the squaw had some of her own, and they had a good supply of bread and dried venison, not willing to lose any precious time in seeking food while on the trail. The brandy still remaining in their flasks they preserved for the use of their captives.

THE DEAD WIVES.  
The incident we are about to relate occurred some time since, in the Grants State, and we abide by the strictest discretion of the parties and their immediate friends, who shall be a little more free in our description of the circumstances than we otherwise should be.

"I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Ricker," said Uncle Nat, "I have been thinking about it, for some time, but then she is so very deaf as to render conversation for her most difficult—in fact, it requires the greatest effort to make her hear anything she said to her; and she is consequently very reluctant to mingle in the society of strangers."

"Very well, I think you," replied Mrs. E. in a tone of corresponding elevation. "How long you stay in your family?" continued Mrs. R. in a voice quite up to the pitch of her first effort. "All very well; thank you—how's your family?" returned Mrs. E. in a voice which called into requisition all the powers of her lungs.

Beauty in Man.  
BY MR. M. A. DENNISON.  
With hands that prestily sport a fan,  
And delicate that prestily talk.

"I don't like a pretty man  
Who prettily and prettily walks,  
With hands that prestily sport a fan,  
And delicate that prestily talk."

A Happy Man.  
He is a most lively, good humored and pleasant man who bears the ill of life as they were blessing, and seems to take the rough and smooth with an equal countenance. This sort of unbending equanimity of mind, or the quality of care and attention he bestows on his children; it lights the path of duty and returns every fair and gaily hue of memory, to bright and splendid colors.

A PAINFUL CASE.  
An account of a recent trial at the Old Bailey in London, Lord Chief Justice Tindal presiding.

George Hammond, a portrait painter, was placed at the bar, to be tried on an indictment found against him by the grand jury for wilful murder, with malice aforethought, of George Baldwin, a rope-dancer and a mountebank. The prisoner was a man of middle height, but slender form. His eyes were blue and mild. His hair being of evidence of subdued sadness and melancholy resignation. He was forty-one years of age, had a soft voice, and his appearance and manner bore testimony to his being a man of distinguished education, in spite of the poverty of his dress.

On being called on to plead, the prisoner admitted that he did kill Baldwin, and he deplored the act, adding, however, that on his own conscience he did not believe himself guilty. Thereupon a jury was empaneled to try the prisoner. The indictment was then read to the jury, and the act of killing being admitted, the government rested their case, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence.

"My lord," said he, "my justification is to be found in a recital of the facts. Three years ago, I lost a daughter, then four years of age, the sole memorial left of my beloved wife, whom it had pleased God to recall to Himself. I lost her; but I did not see her die, as I had seen her murdered. She disappeared—she was stolen from me. She was a charming child, and but for her I had no village in the world to love me. Gentlemen, what I have suffered cannot be described—you cannot comprehend it. I have expended in advertising and fruitless searches everything I possessed—furniture, pictures, even to my own clothing. I have been sold. For three years and on foot, I have sought for my child in all the cities and all the villages in the three kingdoms. As soon as by painting portraits I had succeeded in gaining a little money, I returned to London to recommence my advertisements in the newspapers. At length, on Friday, the 14th of April last, I saw in the Smithfield cattle market, in the centre of the market a troupe of mountebanks performing their feats. Among them a child was turning on its head, its legs in the air, and its head supported by a halberd. A ray from the soul of its mother came to that moment have penetrated my own, for me to have recognized my own child in that disguise. It was my poor child. Her mother would perhaps have precipitated herself towards her, and locked herself in her arms. As for me, a veil passed over my eyes. I threw myself upon the chief of the rope-dancers. I knew not how it was, I habitually gentle, even to weakness, seized him by his clothes—I felt his arms, and I felt his arms. He was dead. Afterward I repeated what I had done. At the moment I regretted that I was only able to kill but one."

Lord Chief Justice Tindal.—"These are not Christian testimonies. How can you expect the court to judge of the truth of your evidence? You say you saw your child in the arms of a rope-dancer, and you say you saw her in the arms of a halberd. How can you expect the court to judge of the truth of your evidence? You say you saw your child in the arms of a rope-dancer, and you say you saw her in the arms of a halberd. How can you expect the court to judge of the truth of your evidence?"

Priest.—"I know, my lord, what will be your judgment, and that of the jury, but God has already pardoned me; I feel it in my heart. You know not—I know not then—the whole extent of my grief. I have seen my child in the arms of a rope-dancer, and you say you saw her in the arms of a halberd. How can you expect the court to judge of the truth of your evidence? You say you saw your child in the arms of a rope-dancer, and you say you saw her in the arms of a halberd. How can you expect the court to judge of the truth of your evidence?"

## California Widows.

Some rather queer incidents—says the New Orleans Delta—have occurred in the world matrimonial annals of California, since the acquisition of California. The first case was that of a man who had a large number of children, and the length of time embraced in such an expedition, as well as in the pursuit of the glittering treasures, has left a great number of interesting ladies in a condition of lonely dreariness, quite amiable to contemplate. Some few rumors of our regret to say will never be extinguished, the patience of Penelope was kept before the Troy of buffeting with old Neptune for nine long years. It is apprehended that some explanation will have to be given, and perhaps the "consistors" or some of our friends may be increased when the marital tide shall flow back from the Pacific. These things, however, may all pass away as they are mended and smoothed over, and the world may swing along as ever. But it is well to be guarded and exact as to dates, as may be seen from the following incidents in real life:

An elderly lady and gentleman were riding a few days ago in an omnibus. Opposite them sat a pleasant looking young lady, with a fine face, chubby, growing bulky of a boy in her lap. Conversation rose between the parties. A steamship from Chagres had just arrived, and the good-looking lady, with the chubby juvenile, wished to know the news, remarking that her husband had been away fifteen months, and she was very anxious to hear from him. And then the good-looking lady proceeded to indulge in a long and pathetic dissertation on the discomforts and annoyances of wives when husbands go off and stay so long from their homes.

"True, madam," remarked the elderly gentleman, who had never known the pride and pleasure of paternity; "but then that fine little fellow must be a great comfort to you," chucking at the same time the jolly little fellow under the chin, who, crowded, and swelled, and stared at the old gentleman's spectacles; "a remarkably fine boy; what may his name be, madam?"

"Just three months," replied the proud young mother.

"Three months!" cried the elderly lady, who had been away fifteen months.

The good-looking lady blushed very deeply, but soon recovered, with the customary confusion, and remarking herself, she ejaculated—"Oh, but he has written once!"

"Come here, my little man," said a gentleman to a younger four years of age, while sitting in a parlor where a large company were assembled.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Who are you, let me hear?"

"You are the man that kissed sister Mary last night, in the parlor." Mary faltered.