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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.
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Poetical.

THE SILENT LAND.

A voice from the silent land,
A voice from the spirit's shore,
A low sweet tone, like the night wind's sigh,
That callets forever more—
Come to the land of peace,
Come to the happy strand,
Come where the sighs and weepings cease,
Come to the silent land!

Come to the silent land—
That has lingered long alone,
And thy weary soul on its ceaseless wings,
No resting place hath known;
But come where the breath of peace
Is sweet and the shadows are,
And fold thy wing from its weary flight,
Far in the silent land!

A voice from the spirit's shore,
A form from the silent land,
A pale, sweet form with a radiant brow,
That speaks with a shadowy hand;
Softly she comes to thee in thy
Like stars through the midnight gloom,
And feel that glide with a noiseless tread
Down to the silent tomb.

And my spirit throes that call,
Mid the weary calm of life,
And I see the footstep softly fall,
Mid the fountains of silent life,
Lead on, lead on, my dear one,
With thy dim and shadowy hand,
Follow with thy guiding hand,
Into the silent land.

Unto my home of rest,
Where the weary soul is blest,
Oh! may thy spirit be able to see
To that fair and peaceful strand,
And I go with joy and trustfulness,
Into the silent land.

Miscellaneous.

A FEW WORDS TO PARENTS.

The relation that you sustain to your children is one of great interest and importance. You are their natural guardians, and upon the judicious and faithful discharge of your trust depends, in a great measure, your own future peace, and the usefulness and respectability of your offspring. Have you considered this, and are you habitually acting in all your parental relations with this great truth before you? If so, you will cheerfully welcome any suggestion or counsel to assist you in your arduous but grateful task. We lay no claim to any superior wisdom, but having had occasion to prepare advice on this important subject for one whom we love and respect, who has assumed new and important ties, our readers who are blessed with children, will not deem it intrusive if we remind you of some of the principal elements of parental strength. We begin with a Correct Life, and we intend to embrace in this term your public and private life. It is the pride of children to imitate you. If you are a child of the world, you will initiate you. If you are a child of heaven, you will imitate you. If you are a child of the world, you will initiate you. If you are a child of heaven, you will imitate you.

MUCH WISDOM IN LITTLE.

In Hunt's Magazine, we find a great deal of practical good sense, but the following advice to young men is particularly excellent:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the creation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very elements of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speak evil of you, let your life be so good that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live within income, except within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give good competency with tranquillity of mind. Never through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money if you are able to support a wife. Never expect any one to help you. Never run in debt, unless you can see a way to get out again. Do not marry until you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

THE PARTISAN.

The exploits of Fannon, the partisan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. His was a reckless and bloody-minded as the Hercules of myth. He had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that kept the people within the motes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring; lounging here and there on the green grass under the shade of the trees. One of his subordinate, a big, strong man, had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh affront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable. He would kill him, Fannon had stretched his slight form on the ground, and was resting with his elbow on the ground, and his hand under his head. His slaves voted followers were around him, and he looked the click of his feet on the ground. "Let him alone!" cried Fannon, in his sharp quick tone. He still calm and self-possessed, with his keen dark eyes fixed on the raging lieutenant, as he mated at the broken heart stretched across the ground, stroke came, his object overcame him, and he snatched the buffed man plunged his sword into the ground. Quick as lightning, Fannon's sharp blade passed through his gigantic frame. His eyes sparkled like a serpent's. The man sank to the earth forever.

Achilles had his Xanthus; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDougal had his Solon. Fannon had his favorite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner, or "even a better man." He called her the Red-Dee, from her resemblance in color to a deer. She was a rare animal, intelligent and valiant. In the eyes of the man, she was the life of his fellow man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the bloody skirmish or quick retreat. When he stood in the narrow compass of his own land, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him, whereas ever he would.

Down on the east side of Little River, the partisan and some four or five of his previous slaves, were searching only bound to life by the claims which bound her as a mother—she would, under other circumstances, have sought the welcome refuge of suicide. With these feelings called into a most harrowing exercise by the loneliness and misery of her situation—looking at the babe she had to nurse, she felt that she would have rather been born on her brow, than to have a mind thus tortured by the bonds of consciousness! The fond mother, who bursts the bond of nature by flinging her infant to the gaping monster of the Ganges, has no such plan as a mother's heart loved to do.

"I do not recollect anything distinctly," she says, "after I entered the cars. The lights, the crowd, and the motion of the cars, seemed to confuse me. I do not think I should have remembered anything, if the weight of the child, which slumbered on my lap, had not reminded me of its existence and my own situation. At last, a cloud seemed to thicken about me, and everything seemed to look white that met my eyes. The child itself seemed like a feather, and so such light as I saw, I saw unconsciously. It did not seem to fall, but to rise; and I thought I could see it for some moments afterward."

Said I, "You think you had for your child, the ordinary feelings and natural love of a mother?" She looked me full in the face, with eyes gushing with tears at the question: "Sir, I would gladly have laid down my own life for it. I could have given it away while in the full consciousness of my condition; but, I resolved to work myself into the grave before my child should have been separated from me. Do you think, sir, I would part with that without which life would have been an intolerable burden?" Then, she added, with deep emotion—"Thank Heaven, it was asleep last I remember of it, and I think I never awoke to upbraid me with a single error."

Tough Stories.

One Editor says:
"A friend of our club says there is a piece of road, not two miles from here, to name the teams which they have had to get over the fence before either can pass."

Another:
"A Californian writes that they have fireflies so large in that interesting State, that they use them for lanterns. They hang the kettles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose like hot pots. Great country that!"

A third:
"There is a journeyman tailor in Boston whose name is so good, that he can sew the finest work in the darkest night with no other light than that afforded by his flaming proboscis. His head is quilted by the office of carrying 'building material' in his hat."

A Touching Incident.

We heard yesterday of one of the most touching and sorrowful incidents that in the whole course of our life, we have seen called upon to see. An aged mother; a woman of seventy years, left her home in the Emerald Isle some ten weeks ago, to seek the abode of her children, who are now residents of Louisville.

After a tedious passage, and the trouble incident to a long journey, she reached this city from New Orleans last Monday night, on board the Alex. Scott, and soon she was surrounded by her children.

Her son was the first to see her, and he hastened to inform his sister of her mother's arrival. They met—(the mother and the daughter) in one long embrace, which only ended as the infirm mother sank with excitement to the floor. She had swooned away in the rapturous enjoyment of beholding once again the dear mother whom she had longed to see. Whenever restored to consciousness, the sight of her children and the pleasing recollection of their presence, would overcome her with emotions, and she would be awarded as was that of the last glass sipper to Cinderella, by actual adjustment of the found one, and comparison with the one in the lady's possession. A committee will attend from 10 to 12 A. M. this day. Carriages will sit down facing South, and take up facing North.

How our State was Named.

In one of a series of articles called "Dealings with the dead," in the Boston Transcript, we find the following:
Whoever coveted the honor of being the creditor of royalty found a willful customer. In Charles the second, in 1681 that monarch, in consideration of £10,000, due from him to the estate of Admiral Boscawen, conveyed to William the district now called Pennsylvania. He himself would have given it the name of Sylvia; but the King insisted on prefixing the name of grantee. Full powers of legislation and government were bestowed upon the proprietor. The only limitation was a power to the Proprietor, to rescind his laws within six months after they were laid before that body. The charter bears date March 4, 1681. He first designated the whole of North America by the name of William Penn, and on objection from the under Secretary of State, who was himself a Quaker, and was opposed to the Quaker's presumption.

CONDITIONAL FORGIVENESS.

Dr. Ashbel Green, in his Autobiography, tells the following anecdote: A clergyman in New England had a negro by the name of Jack, who had a thoroughly quarrelsome disposition. He was a large, muscular man, five feet one inch in height, and thirty-eight and a half inches around the largest part. The bowels contained "an eight day clock, two trace chains, a small coil of rope, half a dozen brass hats, a paper of needles, and a box of matches." We suppose "the other articles" are the fixings of the clock, the men who lost their hats in the sea of bows, and the stove pipe. Our devil says he knows it all a lie, and he says that he never saw the man who was taken to be drowned!—Louisville Democrat.

CONCURRENCE.

When Louisiana became a State, a brass twelve pound Spanish gun was forwarded, among other trophies, to Washington, as property to the Federal Government. When Lieut. Hunter took Alvarado, he captured a gun, the exact counterpart of the former, even to the minutest marks and ornaments, the date of which was 1740. The two sisters so long and strangely parted are now united again, in the 11th year of their age, at our National capital.

NEGRO SENTIMENTS.

There is nothing more amusing than the corruption of will and humor which characterize the sable children of Africa—those images of God cut in ebony! No matter where you find them—it is all the same, "nigger will be nigger"—whether in groups on the corners of the streets, "where darkeys most do congregated around the hearth of Satan, Jonson's cellar, or in the sacred dome, it is rich—so unique, and so peculiar to bear a genuine sable divine hold forth and give out his notions of things temporal and spiritual.

Di I Even?—Col. Wallace of the Philadelphia San. perpetrates the following:
"Our telegraphic reporter, G. W. Johnston, picked up a beautifully embroidered carpet, yesterday. The fair Salisbury who claims it, can prove property at our office, and recover it. The ownership of the carpet was that of the last glass sipper to Cinderella, by actual adjustment of the found one, and comparison with the one in the lady's possession. A committee will attend from 10 to 12 A. M. this day. Carriages will sit down facing South, and take up facing North."

A MAMMOTH FISH.—A correspondent writing from Bloomfield, Nelson county, Ky., gives a description of a large fish caught in a paper of news that is the result of a Mr. Bodine's angling—an occupation which, if followed with such success, would soon bring a fortune; for it seems that he refused large sums "for the whale." This term is applied to the fish by our correspondent, who goes on to state that it was a large fish, six feet one inch in length, and thirty-eight and a half inches around the largest part. The bowels contained "an eight day clock, two trace chains, a small coil of rope, half a dozen brass hats, a paper of needles, and a box of matches." We suppose "the other articles" are the fixings of the clock, the men who lost their hats in the sea of bows, and the stove pipe. Our devil says he knows it all a lie, and he says that he never saw the man who was taken to be drowned!—Louisville Democrat.

The editor of the Burlington, N. H. Gazette, had an introduction, a few days since, to a venerable old man, which bore upon the neck the initials of a resident of that township, who died long since, and was reported to have been in the year 1774, two years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The matter, were it not for the fact that the same initials were the initials of another citizen still living, out in 1820. The tortoise was found on the farm of John Deacon, Esq., where he had been known for forty years, and the first by his grandfather. It is impossible to ascertain the age of this animal, for the first date appears to have been cut after he had attained his full size. He inhabits a meadow at the lower part of the mountain. He appeared to be in excellent health, and as well as of his species are generally reported to be. Talk about your old Folgers, here's one of 'em certin!

When Tom and Jack first entered the place where ideas are taught to shoot, the teacher calling them up, according to custom, said to the former:
"Well, my fine lad, what is your name?"
"Tom," promptly answered the juvenile.
"Tom!" said the teacher; "that doesn't sound well. Remember always to speak the full name. You should have said Thomas!"
Now, my dear lad, if the other boy, whose complexion was suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a very-comprehended idea; "now, then, will you tell me what your name is?"
"Jack," replied the lad, very naturally, and in a tone of confident decision.

INTERESTING SCENE.

An interesting scene took place in the House of Representatives, Washington, on the 27th ult. The House was in committee of the whole, on the Indian appropriation bill, and when the roll was called, a crazy man arose in the gallery and proceeded to read a proclamation or sermon to the members of the House. His eyes were instantly directed to that point, and although there were cries of "order" and "turn him out!" the orator seemed to be in no haste to leave the gallery. The Clerk ordered the officers to remove the disturber, and they rushed to the galleries for that purpose, but they found it no easy matter. He stoutly resisted, saying, "I'm a man, and won't be put out!" and it was not until Mr. Ciddings, who was acquainted with him, went up and quietly led him away.

ODDS AND ENDS.

WARM—the weather.
Our town—beautifully quiet.
In town—Spring fever.
ICE cream is in good demand.
FOR THE first time of the year is coming—look out for a big one!
FURNITURE—Our assistant editors (the scissors) are missing!
If time is money, Yankee clock peddlers must be rich.
A man Dyer of Allegheny city drowned himself on the 19th ult.

A good horse never stumbles, nor a good wife never grumbles.
The Chester County Bank will shortly (under the auspices of an entire new plan)
It is said that the Hebrews are about to establish a synagogue in "Washington."
Event seven minutes a child is born in London and every nine minutes one dies.
"CHARITY begins at home"—and, we are sorry to say, generally ends there.
A Yankee has invented a machine for pegging boots by steam.
All who wish to be rich, must spend less than they earn.
Small notes are prohibited in Alabama, by a law of the last legislature.

When you go to drown yourself, always pull off your clothes, they may fit your wife's second business.
The largest clipper ship in the world, it is said, is being built at Boston. She will register 3200 tons.
In the Wheeling bridge case, the Supreme Court have ordered the defendants to pay the possession money about \$15,000!
When Socrates was asked whether it were better for a man to get married or to live single, he replied—"Let him do either, and he will repent it!"
Cicero said—"No animal is so stupid as a man!" "The great orator certainly could not have been a favorite of the fair sex."
A FACT.—Those farmers who hesitate about their ability to take a newspaper, are requested to keep one on more than usual. The profits will pay all costs.
There was a man who is so anxious to make a noise in the world, that he left orders when he died to have his skin tanned and made into a drum.
Mrs. SREKLES says, the best vegetable pill that has been invented, is the apple dumpling. For desire a greasy at the stomach, it is the only pill to be relied on.

An Irish woman was killed by her husband, while in a state of intoxication, a few days since in New York. The brute had stamped her face almost to jelly with his boot. She died in the greatest agony.
There is a man out west so forgetful of facts, that his wife is compelled to keep a water clock on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.
Now's the time for Pic-nics.
To be happy, be good. Our experience.
BARKNESS OF TRUST.—Two rows procured on tick.
A short walk, after arising in the morning, will shake of sleep, and produce other good to the animal economy.
To repeat what you have said in social dilettante is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish.
PLEASTY.—Marrriageable girls in town.
ON CHEESES.—One hundred and thirteen millions of pounds of cheese were manufactured in the United States during the last year.
The old German Reformed Church in Lancaster was built in 1753. It was stood nearly 100 years, and removed; that a larger building was erected.
Flowers are blooming in all directions.
Be temperate in all things, and love your God, your country, your wife and little one.

The Physicians of Schuylkill county charge thirty dollars for a night visit.
The potato crops are abundant in the west of Ireland.
Doing a slow business—(the mat that don't advertise)
THE KNAVE OF HEARTS.—We hear that in Paris, on a late occasion, two girls were found and imprisoned for saying, "they could never fall in love with Louis Napoleon!"
A man boasted that he once had a brother who was a revolutionary hero. It came out that the person of whom he was long on the tread mill.
A man is never irrevocably ruined in his prospects until he marries a bad woman.
The best accompaniment to a man is a fond and amiable wife.
They say that Mrs. Swissholm's baby looks like Daniel Webster.
Frogs are written in the sand—injuries on marble.
Look out for Spring diseases. Be careful what you eat.
WESTWARD HO.—The Juliet (Ill) Sentinel says that over seventeen hundred teams have passed that place bound for California, and Oregon within the last three weeks. Most of them were from Michigan and Northern Indiana.

An absent minded gentleman intending to scratch his head in church, reached over and performed the operation for an old maid in the next pew. He discovered his mistake when he found himself deficient in an action for breach of promise.
The bladder of a musquito has lately been brought to light, containing the souls of fifty misers, with the fortunes of as many priors, and not quite half full.
DEATH FROM THE Bite OF A SNAKE.—William Wright aged 3 years, son of Jeremiah C. Wright, Cambridge, Md. died on Sunday last from the bite of a black snake. He was bitten about nine days previous to his death.
An Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, on the 9th ult., put forth bitter denunciations against Daniel Webster, churches, &c. Well, it takes all kinds of people to make up a world.
HAPPINESS is not in a cottage nor in a palace, nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in a passive life, but in doing right, for right makes happy.
Narrow looks beautiful. Oh, if we were a poet.
About 900 persons—two thirds females—are employed at the cotton factory in Lancaster.
Errors are being made to get the Maine Law through the Canadian Parliament.
Dances for Building are now brought from Chicago to New York.
N. B.—This line concludes the column.

NOTES.

There is nothing more amusing than the corruption of will and humor which characterize the sable children of Africa—those images of God cut in ebony! No matter where you find them—it is all the same, "nigger will be nigger"—whether in groups on the corners of the streets, "where darkeys most do congregated around the hearth of Satan, Jonson's cellar, or in the sacred dome, it is rich—so unique, and so peculiar to bear a genuine sable divine hold forth and give out his notions of things temporal and spiritual.

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