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American Volunteer.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own conduct. The words that burn are those in which the eye is thought are collected into a focus.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM. VOL. 44. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1858. NO. 51.

Portial.

THE FAY.

BY THE GLADE BARD. One beautiful night, As I laid on a lawn, A faint light shone down, Appeared before me, With jewels and gems Her form was arrayed, Which dazzled my sight— As well as they were, In beautiful ringlets, Her dark auburn hair Hung over her shoulders, Exciting my desire, A wreath of fair lilies Was twined round her head, And sparkling diamonds O'er her hair were spread. With smiles, the most winning, Her sweet lips were wreathed, Which enchanted me wholly, As greatly as they were, Which stole my soul, Like a magical spell, And bore my poor heart In an instant away, And ceased to be there, For that beautiful Fay, Her form was sylph like, And most beautiful too, Like a spirit of light, She appeared to my view, Her cheeks and her lips, Like a rose bud, were red, With softest carnation, That over them spread; And softly and lightly She held in her hand, A magical something— As if a symbol of ward, Her face was as bright, As if it were the sun, And like a bright shadow, She tipped o'er her lawn, Her face, like a melody, Rang on my ear, And in musical cadence Was lost in the air, A bright gleam of light, Flashed over her head, Light dived with shadows, Of orange and red, And from it proceeded, A host of bright forms, Singing sweetly and bland; Their strains were so sweet, And so soft as they fell, That my spirit was entranced In an instant, and I longed to be one, Of that musical band, And with me they sang, In their own sunny land, But scarcely the wish Had rose up in my breast, When the sun shone forth, Glimmered in the east; And of light the down Of a thistle they flew, And vanished as they flew, Away from my view, But still when the moon Shines with silvery rays, My heart bounds to meet, For that beautiful Fay.

Miscellaneous.

WOMAN'S WILL.

The following beautiful story has been published in different forms; but none so good as the original: Sir Hugo had reached his fiftieth year, unmo- lested by passion or an ardent one for a flowing goblet. Instead of love passages, his de- light was in tournaments where he always re- turned victorious. At length he was flung from the saddle of his indifference by the bea- utiful and virtuous Angelica, the fairest maiden of the land, forgot his gray hairs, and unwindful of the incongruity of an union be- tween May and December, led her to the nup- tial altar. Fortunately, Angelica was as mod- est as she was fair, and her firm virtue repel- led the means of seduction that served round the opening flowers of her courtship. Sir Hugo knew the tried virtue of his consort, and there- fore she was to him dear and precious as the apple of his eye. One morning he rode up to visit to a neighboring baron in arms, his honest squire Conrad trotting after him. Scarcely had they proceeded half way when the knight suddenly stopped, and cried: "Come here, Conrad; a most tormenting thought has just occurred to me. This is the very day that Father Nicholas comes to the castle to say mass for my dear wife and myself, and I am not at all inclined to have him in my abode during my absence, so gally, I must desire your lady, in my name, not to admit the priest." Conrad paused and shook his head as if in doubt, and replied, "Excuse me, noble sir, but perhaps the lady Angelica, if left to her own discretion, will do what you wish." "A curse on your perps!" exclaimed the knight; "I make all sure by giving the order." "Do you think so?" replied the squire, "now, I in my simplicity believe exactly the contrary. Like the rest of your knights errant for once in your life, let things take their course, and give no order so delicate a point." "A fig for your delicacy!" cried Sir Hugo, angrily; "what absurd fancies you have got into your head to-day! Do you think an hour's ride a task so tedious?" "Oh! if it comes to that, sir," rejoined Con- rade, "I have no more to say." He put spurs to his horse, and rode back to the castle. Angelica saw him galloping up, and cried in terror from the window, "what has brought you back in such haste? Has any accident happened to my lord?" "None whatever," answered Con- rade, "but the noble knight was apprehen- sive that some accident might happen you, if by chance you took a fancy to ride Sultan." "I ride—ride the large greyhound!" exclaim- ed Angelica, in utter astonishment. "Do you see you are drunk or in a fever? It is impossible that your master can have sent you so ridiculous a message." "Aye, but he did," pursued the squire; "and my noble master said at the same time, that he knew Sultan would bite terribly, and he therefore begs that you will not attempt to divert yourself in that way." Having said this he again mounted his horse, and galloped off to rejoin his master. "Am I awake, or do I dream?" ejaculated Angelica. "The folly of Sir Hugo is so strange, that I am almost tempted to believe it all a wild dream. What does he mean? Is it not enough that I have hitherto tried to read his every will and wish, and when known, obeyed them implicitly; and do I deserve that he should stretch his power so far, and play the capricious, haughty tyrant? Now, I see that to be

Female Industry.

There are in the United States some eight millions of women, a great portion of whom are dependent upon their daily labor for bread.— They form a large portion of the industrious community, and as such they are worthy of all protection. They are the mothers and daughters of the land, exercising the most incalculable influence upon the morals, the fortunes, the destinies and happiness of the Republic. As such, should not every effort be made to sweeten their daily toil, and afford them an ad- equate compensation for their daily labor. If they are forced by misfortune or poverty to a dependence upon their own industry, should we not stretch out to them a helping hand? Forced as they are to an utter reliance upon our generosity, should we not be careful how we temper with the sacred trust confided to us? The wages of female laborers are, generally speaking, miserably low. They labor nothing like an adequate compensation for labor per- formed, and it is always supposed that a woman must do identical tasks cheaper than a man. Why this is so we cannot conceive; there is no good reason for it—none at all. Women are forced to work constantly for a miserable pittance, hardly sufficient to support life, and no prospects beyond, save the dark one of beggary and starvation. The terrible conse- quences of this state of things are too well known.

Our Opinions of Ourselves.

The opinion which man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished as it relates to persons and things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none are willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and to imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot, with equal justice, be pronounced con- siderable. It must be confessed that self love dis- poses us to decide too hastily in our own favor; but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are content with this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labor, and ours is the disgrace. But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove mistaken; and the good effect of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances. If he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honor. But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency, can come no advantage; it is the root of the evil, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. If there is no hope of success will make no attempt, and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Independence.

We like a conscientious, independent man; one who knows the responsibilities of his position, and who, as a citizen, is not afraid to act, let the consequences be what they may. He is always prompt to do what he believes to be right, without regard to the opinions of others;—one who examines all subjects for himself, and having done so carries out his conclusions in a manner that there is no mistaking. You always know where to find such a man; you have only to ascertain his opinion of things to know what he will do with regard to them.— He can be depended upon in any emergency; acting upon the dictates of an honest conscience, he will not be swayed by fear, favor or affection, from doing what he thinks is right. How infinitely, supremely higher he stands in the estimation of the world, and we might say of his Maker too, than the man who pins his ideas to the coat-tail of some man, or set of men, and dare not say, or even to act out, what he thinks right, for fear of displeasing those who look upon him, as every one does, in the light of a fool, to be used and abused at pleasure. Nobody respects him, and even those whom he serves despise him for his want of that noble principle, independence, without which man is as the beast that labors. We have seen somewhat of this lately, and it has made us heart-sick with the desire of the ability to exercise that manly principle, inde- pendence.

BRINGING AN OBSTINATE JUNIOR TO HIS SENSES.

The Santa Cruz Sentinel gives the following account of a method adopted recently in its town to overcome the objections of an obstinate junior: Persuasion and starvation are the approved common law methods of producing the above result; but a novel method was lately tried in this town. By some means, a fellow junior, an utter stranger to all parties concerned, was placed upon the jury, who dissented from the verdict agreed to by the other eleven.— They came to a joint conclusion without delay, but the stranger pertinaciously held out against them. After an hour of argument, with general threats, and the promise of a reward, he would return a verdict of "guilty by eleven by- rymen, who believe the other one to be a com- federate of the prisoner, and as great a rascal." This ended it; stranger saw twenty vigilance committees in his mind's eye, and in five min- utes the jury unanimously rendered a verdict of guilty.

NETS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams died in his 91st year, and was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe; James Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of the Presidents—all revolutionary men—ended the terms of service in the 60th year of their age: Washington, born April 22d, 1732; inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 60th year of his age. John Adams, born October 19th, 1735; inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 60th year of his age. Thomas Jefferson, born April 21st, 1743; inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 60th year of his age. James Madison, born March 5th, 1751; inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 60th year of his age. James Mon- roe, born April 23d, 1759; inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 60th year of his age.

A PRETTY FOOT.

There's magic in a lady's foot, And would the ladies knew it— And she who has a pretty one Is pretty sure to show it. Her lines you, too, are mirrored by The nicest little angle, That shoots an arrow through your eye, Within your heart to rankle. But when it trips along the street Through mud and mire, and vapor, By accident you see How low it steps upon the walk Amid the crowd to mingle, Two roguish eyes look up and say, "I wonder if he's single?"

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

A female correspondent of the Life Illustrat- ed, gives the following account of a visit to the Dead Letter Office at Washington: "We had been fortunate enough to procure the entire to this place through special favor and influence, although as a general thing, no visitors are admitted. It was a large, light room, with two or three desks, at which were seated two clerks, and a man in uniform, who acted as messenger among the clerks of the office. The walls were lined on every side with huge mail sacks which had been returned full of unclaimed epistles, from myriads of Post Offices; there might have been fifty or a hundred of these sacks, and each prob- ably contained thousands of thousands of letters. "How rapidly you dispose of them!" said I, watching the speed with which the clerks tore open the epistles, glanced over them to see that no drafts, checks, or other important documents were enclosed, and then threw them upon an immense heap of opened letters at their feet. "It is all in habit, ma'am," said the gentle- man nearest me. "We are accustomed to open a certain number daily, and to those who do not understand the expedition and accuracy with which we work, it would seem almost incred- ible."

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FACTS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

The last word of the most dangerous of infer- nal machines. Husbands should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the pro- cess of a lighted bomb shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as ak- ters study out for the weak parts of the (ico, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of an- gels must never be like an inflated balloon. The wife is the sun of the social system. Un- less she attract, there is nothing to keep heav- enly bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife who should proper discharge her duties—must never have a inflated balloon. Don't trust too much to good temper when you set into an argument. The evidence was satisfactory.

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