

TERMS.

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American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 45.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1858.

NO. 3.

Poetical.

"DON'T STAY LONG."

A look of yearning tenderness
Beneath her lashes lies,
She hopes and waits unfruitful
Are shadowed in her eyes,
As in some deep and unruffled stream
Are clouds and summer skies.
She's passed to early womanhood,
From dreamy, sweet girl-like,
And crossed the sweet threshold, but
To find herself a wife and mother,
Oh, gently should he lead her steps
Along the path of life!
And as she clasps her small white hands
Upon his arms so strong,
How often, like a summer sigh,
Or a sweet pleading song,
She whispers to the partner of his life:
"Beloved one, don't stay long!"

CHARITY.

When you meet with one unexpected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this all rejected
Guard this evil name.
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

Miscellaneous.

Time is the meekest and mildest, yet the
most slandered and abused of all created things.
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is always reminding them of the past in his
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they make him out a Vandal, though he wakens
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catering to the tastes of the young and the
old. What an inestimable blessing! Marital
this would be.—Dickens' Household Words.

Matrimonial Bliss.

It is all folly for girls to expect to be happy
without marriage; every woman was made for
a husband, consequently children are necessary
to the peace of mind of both. If you wish
to behold melancholy and indignation, look
at an old maid; if you would take a peep at
sunshine, look in the face of a young mother.
"Now I won't stand that," replied my aunt.
"An old maid myself, and I'm neither melancholy
nor indignation. My piece of mind I'm
going to give you in a minute. I would never
touch a baby during my existence except with
a pair of tongs.—Young mothers and sunshines
indeed! Why, then, were you to fiddle strings
and be false to your husband? When an old
lover steps in he sees his grandmother, instead
of the little Mary who used to make him feel
as if he should crawl out of the toes of his boots.
Yes, my mind is quite made up about matrimony.
I'll be married—sometimes I think, and then
again I don't know—on the whole I count
'em a decided humbug. Its one sided partnership;
the wife casts up all the accounts."

A Real Navire.

The ignorance of this country among otherwise
well-informed English folk was thus illustrated
in the case of General W.—a
(Great fellow, but bogus general), who visited
England a few years ago. Having occasion to
pass a few days in a provincial town, which
boasted its literary coteries, he received an
invitation through an acquaintance from Miss
Blue to attend a soiree. The general of course
went, and being a fine, handsome,
agreeable fellow, he was very much
admired in the city. In the course of the evening, Miss Blue, who
had managed to secure his undivided attention,
trapped him playfully with her fan, and said:
"Do you know that you are a mighty navire?"
"Navire? madam? what does that mean?"
"Why, for deceiving us all so; but I shan't
tell you of course; only every one that has
been here has seen you as a navire." The general
became nervous and disconcerted, and
said, "I am very sorry to hear that, but I must
go to bed. I shall have to leave you tomorrow
morning." He was very much surprised to find
that he had been so treated, but he said no more
of it.

Separation of Dickens and His Wife.

Charles Dickens and his wife have separated.
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printed in rose-colored ink, and it should be
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this would be.—Dickens' Household Words.

Separation of Dickens and His Wife.

Charles Dickens and his wife have separated.
The Herald's London correspondent intimates
that the cause of this termination of a happy
marriage of twenty-two years is not incompatibility
of temper, as has been generally supposed,
but Mr. Dickens's intimacy with Miss Terman, a young actress, well known to the
London and Manchester theatres. It is said
that he has been got up for the charitable purposes
in certain circles of London society. The implication
of the correspondent is, that Mrs. Dickens,
who is conceded to be a woman of spotless life
and character, took offence at the frequency
of young lady's visits at her house. The correspondent
adds:
" Dickens does not get much sympathy, for the
public generally deciding, as it does usually in
such cases, in favor of the lady. Mr. Dickens's
daughters reside with the father, but his son,
Charles, sticks by his mother."

Wonders of the Bee-Hive.

The most curious things we have to tell
about the bee is the process by which families
or stocks of bees are multiplied. It would be
a problem difficult of solution for one ignorant
of the mode. Here is a family consisting
of two mother and her offspring; the former
living several years, while the common bees are
short lived. She cannot bear the presence of
rivals in her hive; her own departure would
occasion great commotion; she is utterly unable
to go out alone and lay the foundation of a new
colony; and ten thousand bees without her
would not be able to produce any brood or keep
their number good. And against any scheme
of colonizing is the strong instinct which brings
the foraging bee directly back to the old hive,
fields ever green, and one morning day she
enters the scene; for added to all the charms that
encircle and make home attractive, there we
shall, in the home to which we are all hastening,
be warmly received with those whom we love
on earth, and the regenerated of ages, angels
and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, and
the Savior himself, to enjoy unending bliss
throughout all eternity.

UPON SWALLOWER.

Tother day as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What of all things amidst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
That little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee and in a cup
Of my wine I sent him.

SHAM BATTLE AT WEST POINT.

The correspondent of the Post says refers to
Gen. Scott, and to a sham fight among the
cadets at West Point, during the recent review
exercises:
"Gen. Scott was present and reviewed the
cadets, superbly dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant
of the line, and the most illustrious military leader
of the age. At half past 8 o'clock, we were
attracted to the grounds again by a delicious air
from Trovatore, played by the band. While
at ease and leaning back in a wicker chair, the
music being so sweet, a mortar, sending a shell thro'
the air at the rate of a mile a second, more or
less, and describing a fiery parabola along the
horizon, as it flew, until it fell upon the works
of Fort Clinton, which was the signal of an
attack. The British, who were in the camp,
were in a battery manned by soldiers, and fired
every minute the utter darkness was penetrated
by volleys of their fiery missiles. Presently a
fire-ball was discharged, so as to fall a little
short of the fort, and by its light, reveal the
situation of the British, and the direction of their
fire. These balls, though not larger than a
good sized base ball, burned for twenty minutes,
or more, so brightly as to make the line of
attack distinctly visible and illumine the
whole plain. The discoveries which the light
only accepted the offer of the present, but formally
them to activity. Volleys of grenades were
fired to clear the walls where imaginary
red coats were trying to repair imaginary
breaches in their works; the shells, five at a
time, falling like Satyr's devices; with hideous
noise and confusion, and scattering the out-
rigger. At ten the drums beat quarters, and
in ten minutes not a cadet or soldier was to be
seen, except the sentinels at their posts, while
the roads were gradually cleared of the retreating
volunteers."

CHARITY.

When you meet with one unexpected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this all rejected
Guard this evil name.
Speak no word of heartless blame,
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

Miscellaneous.

Time is the meekest and mildest, yet the
most slandered and abused of all created things.
They charge him with forgetfulness, while he
is always reminding them of the past in his
twilight, and when he springs into the future
they make him out a Vandal, though he wakens
the young tree that lay asleep at the roots
of the old, and gives the young a young arm
in an old man's arms. They say he is a foe
to the pencil and the grover, though with his
right hand he nurses his old friends, and
with his left he helps the young to grow.
They look like curtains let down from
heaven in a roll, and these like the days we
dream of in Paradise.

THE SHY BACHELOR'S MARRIAGE.

My suggestions involved nothing less than
the writing of one gigantic book by all the ladies
of Great Britain put together. When I proposed
this was made, and of the accompanying
actions (if any) by the speaker emphasized
the all-important words as they fell from
his lips. I would have returned, thus with
the most extreme care and the most honorable
secrecy. They should be afterwards shut
together in baskets, and distributed, one by
one, just as they happen to turn up, among
the ladies in the country, with the following
brief motto of two questions attached:
First, would the form of offer presented here
have proved to be a satisfactory one in your
case? And if not, why not?
Second, would the accompanying actions by
which the offer was presented on the kind attention
of the individual addressed have especially
improved it? To which a suitable reply?
And if not, what improvements in the way of
addition or suppression would you be disposed
in the strictest confidence, to suggest?
When the necessary answers to these questions
have been given, I would have the papers again
collected, on the same income-tax principle,
and immediately sent to the printer at work.
The Married Ladies' Returns should be
written on one side of the paper, and the
Unmarried Ladies' Returns should
be added in the form of notes. No names or
addresses should appear anywhere. The book
should be printed in two columns, with a
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