

American Volunteer.

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

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1860.

VOL. 47.

NO. 9.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS.

Subscription—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance. Three Dollars if paid in the year, and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid in the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

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 greater length in proportion.

Paid Forwards—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

MONOCHORD.

A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY T. B. MAGUIRE.

Oh! weep for Monochord. Oh weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power;
When the horrors of France, our land, our stage;
On the bosom that bleed for their rights and their rage.

Oh! weep for the living, who linger to bear
The veno's shame, or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look, to the notes and the flowers,
To the foam of the waves, and the beds of the towers,
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we finally had deemed that our own should lay.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,
To the pride of Aragon, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Naples, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountain, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids,
To the breath of thy garden, the hum of thy bees,
And the low waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and forever. The priest and the slave,
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;
Our hearts we abandon—our lands we resign;
But Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

THE GOLDEN SUMMER DAYS.

With a spray of sun-drenched golden,
And a wreath of purple rain,
Nature, as in seasons olden,
Waves the summer's robe again.

Flowers brighter, lovelier, sweeter,
Grows the marvel of her loam,
As she adds to green and red
Pearl and wreath and floral plume.

Welcome, Summer! come to win us
From our woes, with song and cheer,
How the hearts within us
Freshen in thy bright and clear.

How the soul her wings unlooses,
Soars all aerial care above,
From the lips of opening roses
Pours the perfume-breath of love!

When the glossy waters quiver
Under the warm sun's beaming breeze,
Arm in arm upon the river
Drains the shadows upon the trees.

And while winds and waves entwine
Thus in Earth's grand gala play,
Shall not we, her sons and daughters,
Keep our Mother's holiday?

Ye, fair, summer-transient poem
Of the epic breath of Nature,
Type of the eternal poem
Life in Life's own Fatherland!

What are all thy woes, sun-lighted,
What thy fears, and thy sorrows stained,
To that Paradise unguilted,
Adam lost and Christ regained?

Never staid the Christ pallid,
Never content with woe,
And while we wait for the world's fall,
But a gleam of world's hope.

There, among the bowers immortal
Amidst the trees of Eden's portal,
Through the Eternal Eden's portal,
Pass sought that can defile.

Miscellaneous.

Dr. Livingston's Explorations.

In the Geographical Section of the British Association, a very interesting paper, by Dr. Livingston, was read. We subjoin a few extracts:

"In the upper part of the lower shire, in the highlands, and in the valley of the Lower Shire, there is a somewhat numerous population. The people generally live in villages and in hamlets near them. Each village has its own chief, and the chief in a given territory have a head-chief, to whom they owe some sort of allegiance. The paramount chief of one portion of the Upper Shire is a woman, the sites of their villages are selected for the most part with great care, and they are surrounded by streams or springs in rear, and pleasant shade trees grow in and around the place. Nearly every village is surrounded by a thick high hedge of the poisonous *zambesi*. During the greater part of the year the inhabitants could see an enemy through the hedge, while the wood find it a difficult matter to see them through the tender branches, they get surrounded with the poisonous, milky juice, and indolent most painful if not fatal wounds. The constant dripping of the juice of the *zambesi* branches prevents the enemy from attempting to force his way through the hedge, as it destroys the eyesight. The huts are large, more strongly built, with higher and more graceful roofs than any we have seen on the *Zambesi*. Many of the men are intelligent-looking, with high foreheads and well-shaped features. They show singular tastes in the astonishingly varied styles in which their beads are arranged. Their bead necklaces are really pretty specimens of work. Many have the upper and middle, as well as the lower part of the ear bored, and have from two to five rings in each ear. The hole in the lobe of the ear is large enough to admit one's finger, and some wear a piece of bamboo about an inch long in it. Beads and bones, and some of the men sport from two to eight brass rings on each finger, and even the thumbs are not spared. They wear copper, brass, and iron bands on their legs and arms; many have horn-front teeth notched, and some like them until they resemble the teeth of a saw. The upper lip ring of the women gives them a revolting appearance; it is universally worn in the highlands. A puncture is made high up the lip, and it is gradually enlarged until the pebble can be inserted. Some are very large. One we measured caused the lip to

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

Bladesburg Duelling Grounds—The Duels—Cock Fights—Bladesburg Races, &c.

BLADESBURG, June 18, 1860.
Pistols and coffee for two. As I am alone on the classic ground I can take care that the pistols do no harm, and the coffee is harmless anyhow. The place, so noted for its polite and refined manners, is about five miles from the city, front and back by a hill covered with green, adorned with flowers, and should blush in its beauty for the scenes it has witnessed. Here, in a beautiful little grass plain surrounded by trees, fronts, made after the image of God, come to meet nations and lofty caravans. In 1814, Edward Hopkins was killed here in a duel. This seems to have been the first of these fashionable murders on this duelling ground.

Horrible Murder—A Boy Fifteen Years Old.

Our readers will recollect that in an issue of two ago of this paper, we gave an account of a mysterious and sudden death of a little boy, aged six years, who was a companion of the children of the neighborhood. How he was killed, and how on the following day, his remains were found under the brushwood of a tree, with the forehead crushed in, and his eyes protruded, and his body so mangled that the hands of the surgeon could not identify him, has since become a matter of no small interest to the community.

Talking and Writing.

A man never knows what he has read until he has talked about it, or written upon it. Talking and writing are both processes which are absolutely essential to the mental constitution of the man who devotes himself to study. But it is not every man that can talk and write well. A man, however, who is a sympathetic listener. It is, therefore, a difficult process, the most difficult, if it is the most rapid, in its operation. Writing is a different matter; a man may take his time to do it, and not require a reader; he can be his own reader. It is an easier, although more formal process of digestion than talking. It is everybody's power; and everybody who reads much makes more or less use of it, because, as Bacon says, "If he does not write, then he ought to have extraordinary faculties to compensate for such neglect. It is in this view that we are to understand the complaint of a well-known author that he was ignorant of the art of writing;—namely, by writing on it. It is in this view that the monitor system of instruction has its great value. To the monitor it is the best sort of teacher. It is from the monitor that the student receives the greatest benefit. It is from the monitor that the student receives the greatest benefit. It is from the monitor that the student receives the greatest benefit.

Take Time to Consider.

The following remarks of the Pittsburgh Post, a Democrat paper before and since his nomination, are worthy the attention of all true Democrats:

There is no State in the Union where a success is more important to the Democracy than Pennsylvania. In our State the Democracy have had great losses. Our Congressmen, with a few exceptions, are against us. We have lost one United States Senator already, and a few more will be lost by the course of the Democracy now whether we may not lose another. If Pennsylvania is to give the weight of her great influence in favor of the National Democracy her own people must harmonize all conflicting interests now.

The Persecution of Christiana in the Turkish Domain.

The recent news from Europe shows that once powerful Turkey has become effete, and that the empire is on the brink of dissolution. It consists of more heterogeneous materials than even the Austrian empire; and nothing can save the Sick Man from going the way of all flesh. It is evident that the Government of the Sultan cannot control these various populations, or maintain law and order among them. England and France a few years ago waged war with Russia to prevent that colossal Power swallowing up Turkey; but now England and France, with Prussia, will unite with Russia in remedy the disorders of that unhappy country, and must harmonize all conflicting interests now.

Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the *Recollections of Washington*, lately published, it is stated that the song of "Hail Columbia," adapted to measure to the President's March, was written by Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, in 1780. At that time war with France was expected, and a patriotic feeling pervaded the community. Mr. Ross, a young singer and actor, called on Mr. Hopkinson one morning and said, "To-morrow evening the President will arrive in Philadelphia. Will you please give me a song to sing on that occasion?" Mr. Hopkinson then composed the following verses, and Mr. Ross set them to music. The song was sung on the morning of the President's arrival, and was received with great applause. It has since become a popular song, and is still sung on many occasions.

The Lost Child Found.

On the afternoon of the 9th ult., a female child of Mr. Manly, of Havly, Wayne county, aged five years, was lost from her home. She was dressed in a blue dress, and was carrying a basket on her back. She was seen by a neighbor, who took her to her home, and she was found safe and sound. The child was very much distressed, and had been wandering about for several hours. The parents were very anxious to find her, and were greatly relieved when she was found. The child was taken home, and is now recovering from her distress.

The Chorus of Life.

There are a thousand things in this world to afflict an Indian, but I know more that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty, and objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be angry if we would. There are ill that we cannot see, but which we feel in our hearts. There are sorrows which we cannot see, but which we feel in our hearts. There are joys which we cannot see, but which we feel in our hearts. There are sorrows which we cannot see, but which we feel in our hearts. There are joys which we cannot see, but which we feel in our hearts.

Conflict Between Two Boa Constrictors.

Two large rock-boas constrictors belonging to the same owner, and living in a cage, were during the hours of exhibition, placed in a glass case for the purpose of being fed. A rabbit was put into the case, and the two boas immediately made for the prey. The rabbit, however, sprang out of the case, and the two boas followed it. The rabbit was killed, and the two boas fought over the carcass. The fight was very fierce, and lasted for several hours. The rabbit was eventually consumed, and the two boas were seen eating the remains.

A Man Killed in Presence of His Wife.

Says the N. O. Delta, of July 4th: It appears that George Schwager, a peacemaker and hard-working young man, who belonged to the Erie Engine Company, No. 9, was killed on Monday night, by a young man named John Renko. Schwager was passing by a house at the corner of Tenth and Lehigh streets, when he was struck by a stone which was thrown from a window. Schwager was killed on the spot, and his wife was present at the time. The stone was thrown by a young man named John Renko, who was seen running away from the scene. Schwager was buried the next day.

A Situation Vacant.

A black man called on a clergyman in Western New York, and asked him to give him a situation. The clergyman asked him for his qualifications, and the black man replied that he was a good worker, and was willing to do any kind of work. The clergyman then offered him a situation as a servant in his household. The black man accepted the situation, and has since been working for the clergyman. The black man is a very good worker, and is much respected by the clergyman and his family.

Politeness at Home.

Always speak with politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere, except at home, but there are some who are not. It is a shame to be impolite at home, where you should be most respectful. It is a shame to be impolite at home, where you should be most respectful. It is a shame to be impolite at home, where you should be most respectful. It is a shame to be impolite at home, where you should be most respectful.

Politeness at Home.

Always speak with politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere, except at home, but there are some who are not. It is a shame to be impolite at home, where you should be most respectful. It is a shame to be impolite at home, where you should be most respectful. It is a shame to be impolite at home, where you should be most respectful. It is a shame to be impolite at home, where you should be most respectful.

The Miser Outwitted.

It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "If I say a word," he would say, "I get an invitation from him. The waggon being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house, and tells the servant that he must then speak with his master, for that he could save him a thousand pounds." "Sir," said the servant to his master, "there is a man in a great hurry wishing to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." "What is that you say, that you can save me a thousand pounds?" "Yes, sir, I can save you a thousand pounds, but I will do it only if you will give me a hundred pounds." "Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage." "I have, sir, and that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?" "Yes, sir, I will do it only if you will give me a hundred pounds." "Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage." "I have, sir, and that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?" "Yes, sir, I will do it only if you will give me a hundred pounds."

A Dandy Negro Stepped into a Store.

A dandy negro stepped into a store to buy some articles, but before purchasing he delivered the following on the nature of the goods: "Do take care, my friend, that you do not buy any more of this kind of goods, for I have a great deal more of this kind of goods, and I will give you a great discount if you will buy some of it." "Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage." "I have, sir, and that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?" "Yes, sir, I will do it only if you will give me a hundred pounds." "Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage." "I have, sir, and that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?" "Yes, sir, I will do it only if you will give me a hundred pounds."

Anger is like rain.

Which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls.

Anger is like rain.

Which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls.

Anger is like rain.

Which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls. Anger is like rain, which break itself upon that on which it falls.