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## AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

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### TERMS.

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

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### Poetical.

#### WELCOME TO SUMMER.

BY PETER PEER.

Welcome, glorious Summer,  
Heartily welcome now,  
Thy basket full of beauties,  
The smile upon thy brow.  
So gently here you come,  
Gladly do we greet thee,  
Most beautiful and fair one,  
Merrily we meet thee.

What has kept thee bright one?  
Long have been the hours  
That we've watched and waited  
For thy buds and flowers;  
For birds and buds and blossoms,  
Looked we long that thou  
But now thou'rt coming, coming  
With thee back again.

Know'st thou yet my maiden,  
Blossoming fresh and fair,  
With goodness in her bright eyes,  
The sunshine in her hair?  
Alas! thou'rt not forgot her,  
In thy joyous glow;  
Know'st thou that I love her,  
And my maid loves me?

Then this is why we've waited,  
Looked and waited long,  
For thy buds and blossoms,  
So sweetly now thou comest,  
Yes, this is why we've waited  
So long and anxiously,  
To steal thy buds and blossoms,  
My pretty maid and me.

Thou'lt welcome gentle Summer,  
Gladly welcome now,  
Thy basket full of beauties,  
The smile upon thy brow;  
So sweetly now thou comest,  
Gladly do we greet thee,  
Most beautiful and fair one,  
Merrily we meet thee.

### Miscellaneous.

#### MY HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A LADY.

"What shall I do to pass away my time pleasantly and usefully?" was the question I put to myself after the last "good-bye" had been spoken, the last kiss exchanged, and the parting words of my husband handed out of my heart which sounded like Desolation. "It will never do to sit down here idly, and brood in vain regret during his absence; and surely if he grieves for me, it would aid him and give him more rest upon his mind, for then two sore cares for trouble would rest upon him. It is enough to find that our dear country calls for him in her affliction, and God with him in her cause. I should blush for him if he held aloof nor offered himself in the full vigor and pride of his young life, as a shield against the arrows of destruction which threaten her, and which have already severed some of the brightest spirits which united our beloved nation; and while he has gone forth, bravo in the defence of right and truth, shall I sit down and cry like a miserably selfish child, because it cannot have the toy I loves best always in its hands? No, no. That will not do. I should never claim to be a daughter of my proud, beautiful mother, America, could I for a moment be guilty of such selfish weakness.

So ran my thoughts as I stood beside the window listening to the last clang and rattle of the bell on the boat which bore him away.

Slowly I put off from the wharf, and then up to God went as fervent a prayer as ever wife breathed, for guidance and safety. His last kiss was still warm on my lips—his last words ringing in my ears—and soon, perhaps, that voice with its loving tones, might come, under the soft seat of death! Yet not for one moment would I have recalled him, even while I grew sick at heart, and a heavy dread drove to creep into my brain, driving away its usually happy and pleasing fancies.

"It is right and just," I murmured, as I turned away, "and God will go with him. I know what I shall do. I shall go and take care of the poor sick boys at the hospital."

To think with me is to act. In a moment my bonnet and cloak were doffed, and I was away with a light heart. As there were many wives, mothers, or sisters, who will wonder just sent my husband away to battle—I will tell you why. I trusted to God, and say good, because I was animated solely by the desire to render assistance and relieve suffering, and not for what other people might think or say of me.

On entering the hospital I found the attending physician, Dr. L., there, and I introduced myself.

"I have nothing to do," I said, "and want you to employ me. Can I render assistance in any way?"

"Yes, madam," was his prompt response. "If you will come in sometimes and prepare something nourishing, and talk to them, to keep them in good spirits, we shall be very glad."

"I shall certainly do so. I am glad if I can be of any use."

"I laid aside my bonnet and cloak, without further ceremony, and went to the sickest man I saw."

"How do you feel?" I asked, bending over him.

"Weak, ill—nigh to death," he replied, in a tone so pitiful and full of despair that I felt tears spring to my eyes. I sent them back to their source, however, and spoke in a full, firm, yet kind tone.

"Oh, no. You are not near death. You are well, but you will not die. Uncle Sam has

use for you yet, and in a few days you'll be up and ready to shoulder your musket again. Don't you think so?"

"His eyes sparkled in their deep sockets, and a momentary flush rose to his pale cheeks.

"Oh, if I could only think so! But the things go slowly, and here I lie useless, helpless, keeping those who could fight away to me, and my tears fell fast upon his sunny curls. Did the gentle sisters he loved have one thought of the scene that was transpiring on that night, while perchance they sat and talked of him, their only petted brother, in their far off home in Nebraska?

"You will stay with me to-night, won't you?" he pleaded again. "Oh, you won't leave me to die alone?"

"No, I'll stay with you," he answered, and he was more quiet, especially when covered with blossoms, scenting the whole air with their perfume. There are few farm houses, as the lands are in large tracts, but there are many cottages, all belonging to the same proprietor. He let to farmers, who pay rent. Some of the cottages I inquired, said they paid about fifteen dollars an acre per year, and all the taxes.—The farming is very careful; no gardening you have ever seen so well done. The crops are very good, and they have more roots, and leave a much larger amount for grass. Indeed, cattle and sheep are their main dependence; the cattle are generally Devonshire, for beef, but they have some of the other kind.

A member of Parliament visited me with him from London to his estate, sixty miles distant, to spend the Sunday. His possessions had been in his family five or six hundred years. Part of the mansion was built five hundred years ago; but it had been occasionally extended, though no more than a hundred years old. There were over seven thousand acres in the estate, and two villages on it, with churches and school-houses. He had a fine park, and a fine stable, and many horses of the very pure bloods—and his cattle were numbered by the hundreds. The estate is intersected by fine rivers, with gates to prevent any one from getting across, and when it is to be used for generations, and not to be sold for a part of the land. I have never seen such a perfect order as all was in. The birds, peacocks, partridges, hares, rabbits, squirrels, all seemed to be in no one day disturbed them. I advised to go to the other side of the park, and I saw a fine estate in England, with a larger one in Scotland.

London is a great city, but Paris is much finer. I have no time to describe either. From Paris, I went to Belgium—thence to Holland. The people of these countries are remarkable for cleanliness, thrift, and frugality.

But of all nations, of a whole, I saw nothing like Germany. Our Pennsylvania Dutch passed four or five hundred miles, through Westphalia, Saxony, &c., &c., and were full of the common people; every station, and all villages, were crowded with them; and all were as kind, and as happy.—You travel hundreds of miles without seeing a fence, but every inch of ground is made to produce something. The cattle are herded, as are the pigs, the goats, and geese, of which they have large flocks, guarded by old women or boys.

This city is grand beyond anything I saw. It is a city of vast palaces—but I have no room for description.

On the 17th, I saw the 17th. I saw the Prince Minister, who returned to me all the Emperor is now in the country, but is coming in, and I am to see him on Tuesday the 24th. Truly your Brother,

SMOKE CAMERON.

Interesting Letter from Russia.

Gen. Cameron has arrived at the Russian court and had an interview, with the Emperor. The following is a copy from a letter written by him to his brother at Lewisburg, St. Petersburg, Russia, June 21.

I have traveled half over Europe since leaving home. The voyage across the ocean—03 days—was very pleasant. I kept my berth three or four days, but was otherwise all sea-sick, and the family had very little amusement.

England is most beautiful in appearance. There are no fences, but many enclosures by hedges of green thorn, which are delightful, especially when covered with blossoms, scenting the whole air with their perfume. There are few farm houses, as the lands are in large tracts, but there are many cottages, all belonging to the same proprietor. He let to farmers, who pay rent. Some of the cottages I inquired, said they paid about fifteen dollars an acre per year, and all the taxes.—The farming is very careful; no gardening you have ever seen so well done. The crops are very good, and they have more roots, and leave a much larger amount for grass. Indeed, cattle and sheep are their main dependence; the cattle are generally Devonshire, for beef, but they have some of the other kind.

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THE STAR FLAG OF THE FREE.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"The Union now and forever—one and inseparable."—W. Deane. "United we stand—divided we fall."—Frederick.

This is the pride of Liberty,  
"Eternal vigilance and care,"  
Sustain the Star-flag of the free,  
Our Union represented there.

No traitor shall, with recent hand,  
Remove it from its place on high—  
The symbol of our native land,  
Which might the world in arms defy!

Oh, you who cherish Liberty,  
And every hope that's on our side,  
Preserve for your posterity  
The perfect Union of the States.

The Stars that flutter to the breeze,  
Were sown there at Freedom's call,  
Sister Fate, foredoomed all of these,  
If sundered, would to ruin fall!

Then read, ye sons of Liberty,  
(And mark the homely proverb well)  
What duty rests on you to-day,  
Should Stars this solemn trust repel.

In Union, there is strength and peace,  
In separation, only war—  
Guard, brave hearts, all times shall cease,  
Our country's free-born Flag of Stars.

WILLIE, THE RUNAWAY.

One moonlight night, when all the house was still, Willie Nichols rose softly from his bed. He dressed himself quietly that he might not disturb his sister, or his little brother Bennie, who slept with him. Through the window of the attic room the moonbeams shone softly, and they threw beautiful light on the floor. Willie looked at his watch, and saw that it was ten o'clock. He had a letter from his father, and he had a letter from his mother. He had a letter from his sister, and he had a letter from his brother. He had a letter from his father, and he had a letter from his mother. He had a letter from his sister, and he had a letter from his brother.

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Thrilling Discovery.

The following wonderful story is told by the London correspondent to the Dublin Evening Mail:

This is the story of a discovery, and one of such a startling nature has just been made in an English county that it seems out of place in the reign of sober fact, and to belong purely to the atmosphere of the three volumes novel. How are the circumstances of the name for the moment I am not at liberty to indicate.

The Earl of—married not long ago, and brought his bride home to one of the old family mansions which members of the English aristocracy regarded with an affection amounting to veneration. The lady, however, being more continental in her tastes, after a short residence in the apartments appropriated to her use, expressed a wish to have a boudoir in the vicinity of her bedroom. The noble Earl would gladly have complied with the request, but, upon examination, it was found that rooms, as sometimes happens in old buildings, were so awkwardly distributed that no consumable plan of rearrangement could be devised. It was therefore necessary to employ a professional assistance, and an eminent architect was summoned from London. He examined the house narrowly, and said there seemed to be nothing for it but to build, at the same time he could not resist the impression that there must be an undiscovered room somewhere in that wing of the mansion. The noble Earl, who had been laughing at the idea, the architect, who had been laughing at the idea, the noble Earl would gladly have complied with the request, but, upon examination, it was found that rooms, as sometimes happens in old buildings, were so awkwardly distributed that no consumable plan of rearrangement could be devised. It was therefore necessary to employ a professional assistance, and an eminent architect was summoned from London. He examined the house narrowly, and said there seemed to be nothing for it but to build, at the same time he could not resist the impression that there must be an undiscovered room somewhere in that wing of the mansion.

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