

The Young American

Volume 1 _____ Number 2

February 1858
Price 20 Cents

“No pent up ethic contracts our powers, for this boundless continent is ours.”

Edited and Published
By John M L Harrington
Buffalo Springs, North Carolina

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Dr. jnoMcCormick D.D.S. (M.D.?) may be found at the residence of his father when not professionally engaged.
Feb. 1858 #2-2/g

The Young American

“No pent up ethic contracts our power for this boundless continent is ours.”

Devoted to news of the day, sound literature, poetry, prose etc.

Independent in all things neutral in nothing.

Volume 1-----Buffalo Springs, NC. February 14, 1858-----Number 2

John M L Harrington
Editor and Publisher

Terms two dollars in advance,
three at the end of the year.

Terms-

\$2 per year in advance

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(Graphic of little hand pointing)

The club money must invari-
ably be paid in advance

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Miscellaneous

“Unless some sweetness at the bottom lies
Who cares for the crinkling of the pie.”

Rearing Boys

The following may be read by many with profit.

Chapter 1

“What! Stay at home for that squalling young one? Catch me to” And the young mother threw on a bonnet and shawl and humming a gay air, sashayed out on the promenade. One and another bowed and smiled as she moved along flushed triumphant and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing the shop of a well known friend.

“Ah! Out again, Delilah,” he said earnestly, “Where is Charley?”

“With Hannah, of course. You don’t expect me to tie myself to him,” she returned.

The young man’s face grew cloudy. “No,” he returned with a half sigh, “but I can’t bear to have him left with servants.”

“Oh! Well, I can,” she said, and with a radiant smile left her husband hard at work, and flitted on.

Chapter 2

“Answer all his questions? Make myself a slave, as I should be obliged to? Oh, no, can’t think of it. If I give him his breakfast and plenty of playthings, I consider my duty done. I don’t believe in fussing over children—let them find out things as they grow up.”

“There’s the danger,” replied the dear old lady, casting a pitying look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son’s wife had bent over all day. “They find out things that ruin them, unless the mother is constantly imparting the right kind of knowledge.”

“Oh, you want to make him a piece of perfection like his father! Well, I can’t say I do. I don’t like the faultless men. See—now isn’t the contrast beautiful? Come here, Charley, lovey, he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city.”

Chapter 3

“A cigar! Bless me, what a boy, and only twelve? Are you sure you saw him smoke it?”

“Well, I dare say it made him sick enough. Boys will be boys, you know.”

“Yes, but to think you should allow him to go to the theater without my knowledge!” said the husband governess.

“Dear me! Why what a fret you are in! Do let the child see something of the world.”

Chapter 4

“In jail! My gosh! Husband—not our boy!”

“Yes in jail for stealing!”

“Not our boy! Not our Charley! No, it cannot be! Let me die—kill me—but tell me our Charley is a thief.”

The boy was sentenced to the state’s prison, and the mother may yet be carried to the lunatic asylum.

Major Brown’s Coon Story

By Hazel Green Edge

“I was (“going” scratched out) down on the crick this morning,” said Bill Gales, “and I seed any amount of coon tracks. I think they’re going to be powerful plenty this season!”

“Oh! Yes,” replied Tom Broker, “I never hearn tell of the likes before. The whole woods is lined with coon. If this is only a good price this season, it’ll be worth something in the spring. Sure as you live.

Major Brown's Coon Story

for I've just got one of the best coon dogs in all Illinois."

"You say you never hearn tell o' the likes o' coons?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran, who had been chewing his tobacco in silence for the last half an hour. "Why you don't know anything 'bout 'em. If you'd a come here forty years ago, like I did, you'd thought coons! I just tell you boys, you couldn't go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever pestered them much, for their skins weren't worth a darn to us. That is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to pay for the skinning'.

"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'. Wal arter (translation=well, after) I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired and so I leaned up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more'n leaned up a fore somethin' give me one of the allfiredest nips about the seat of my britches I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod and lit a runnin', and kept on runnin' for over a hundred yards, when think sez I. 'It's no use a runnin' and I'm snake bit, but a runnin' won't do any good.' So I just stopped and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no snake bit for thar's a blood

blister pinched on me about six inches long!

“ ‘Think,’ sez I, ‘that rather gits me. What in the very tree could it abin?’ Arter thinkin’ about it a while, I concluded to go back and look for the critter, just for the curiosity of the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about, but darned the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a runnin’ along up it, and so I gets to looking at that! Direkly I sees the split open about half an inch, and then shut up again; then I sees it open and shut, and open and shut, and open and shut just like a clock a tickin’.

“ ‘Think,’ sez I, ‘what in all creation can this mean?’ I know’d I’d got pinched in the splits but what in thunder was making it do it?

“At first, I felt orfully (translation=awfully) scared, and thot it mont be somethin’ dreadful; and then agin, I thought in mountins. Next I thought about hants and ghosts, and about runnin’ home and saying nothing about it, and then I thought it couldn’t be any o’ ‘em for I’d never hearn tell o’ ‘em pesterin’ a fellow right in open day light. At last, the true blood of my ancestors wiz in my veins, and told me it wud be cowardly to go home and not find

out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and twen I'd find out all about it or blow up.

“When I got back, I lit into the tree like blazes, and purty soon it come down and smashed all to slinders—and what do you think? Why it was rammed and jammed plum smack full o’ coons from top to bottom. Yes sir, they’d rammed in so close that every time they breathed they made the split open!”

Poetry

“Ranged on the hill’s harmonious daughter swell
the mingled tones of the horn and harp and shell.”

The following lines were written by the lamented
Phil Henderson. Although the author sleeps in the
silent tomb yet his lines can never sleep.

Lives

On the green banks of the Catawba
Once there lived a beautiful maiden,
Stainless as the flower at sunset,
With the dews of evening laden.
Gentle as the west wind blowing
Was her soul’s unearthly feeling.
Softer than the streamlets flowing
Came her words that soul revealing.

From the Chapel Hill Gazette

Tribute to the Memory of the Late Dr. Mitchell

The mountains lift their head,
In silent grandeur high,
Unmindful of the silent dead,
That in their bosom lie.
The rocks as firmly keep their bed,
The streams as swiftly flow,
As if they had no honored dead
Deep in the soil below.

The Tempest sigh and blast as dread,
As sweep Sahara's sand,
Blow o'er the graves of gifted dead
Nor pay their count to man.

But though all nature silence shed,
Unable to express
The honors due to famous dead,
Who from their labor rest.

Yet we on reason highly fed
And of our powers possessed,
A tribute can pay to the loved dead,
The kind, the good, and blessed.

He was a man whose heart e'er bled
To hear of other's woe,
And now he's numbered 'mong the dead
Who shall his deeds e'er show?

By nature kind, of guite afraid,
And true as trusty steel,
He lived beloved, and now he's dead,
Our greatest loss we feel.

His soul on high its quick flight sped,
His body to earth is given
To wait the trumpet of the dead
When both shall live in heaven.

July 25, 1857

Constantine

Passing Away

I'm passing away cried the rose
As it hung to its parent stem.
But ere it had time to speak again,
It was snatched from the stem away.

Odds and Ends

- Blessed are the orphan children; for they have no mothers to spank them.
- Blessed are the blind for they shall see no ghosts.
- The young man who casts his eyes on a young lady coming out of church, he's had it replaced and now he sees as well as ever.
- “Did you ever see such mechanical genius as my son?” said an old lady. “He has made a fiddle out of his head and has wood enough to make another.”
- “I say Pat, what are you about sweeping out that room?” “No,” said Pat, “I’m sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room.”
- “I am about to do for you what Satan never did for you,” said quaint parson in his valedictory address to his flock. “That is, I shall leave you.”
- Miss B says that the first time a young man squeezed her dress, she felt as if she was in the land where rainbows come from. How poetic a little hugging makes people.

“I cannot comprehend,” says Dick, “what ‘tis that makes my legs so thick?”

“You cannot comprehend,” says Harry, “how great a trunk they have to carry?”

Mrs. Partington on Weddings

“I like to attend weddings,” said Mrs. Partington as she came back from one in church and hung her shawl up, and replaced the bonnets in the long preserved band-box.

“I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish, and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing, is matrimony, a very solemn thing, where the minister into chancery with his surplice on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It should be husband and wife. It isn’t every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare, I never shell forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said ‘with my goods, I thee undon.’ He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple and didn’t know till afterwards that it meant only one calico drop a year.”

Foreign News—

Arrival of the Europa

“He comes, the herald of a noisy world, news from all nations lumbering at his back.”

New York, January 25, 1858

- The Europa, from Liverpool on the other 9th just arrived yesterday Great Britain-----Operations were resumed upon the Leviathan with success. The vessel being moved several feet, the proceedings were continued daily up to the departure of the Europa, the progress each day amounting to eight or ten feet. The evening before the Europa sailed, the ship had only 64 feet more to be moved.
- The returns of employment in the Colton Hills of Manchester show a gratifying improvement. The number of hands working full time being largely on the increase.
- India-- General Havelock died on the 25th of November from dysentery brought on by exposure and anxiety.
- The English troops were defeated by the mutineers and 3000 _____ burnt up. The mutineers were subsequently defeated by Sir Colin Campbell.

-
- France-- Mdle. Rachel, the great tragedienne, died on the 3rd of January, at her estate in Cannes.
- Austria-- Field Marshall Radetzky is dead. The event took place on the 5th of January, its immediate cause being paralysis of the lungs after an illness of a week. The marshall was in his ninety second year.
- Turkey—Redsehid Pasha Grand vizier is dead after an illness of only three days. His disease was apoplexy.
- China-- very little news is telegraphed now that will interest our readers.

Arrival of the Canada

The Canada brings Liverpool dates to the 16th. The steamer Leviathan has been pushed within half dozen feet of the extremity of the launching ways. She will remain in that position until the prevailing spring tides were over when she would be pushed off the ways. The missing steamer Tbrias? has arrived. She broke a shaft and put back for repairs.

France-- The emperor was fired at on the evening of the 14th. The hat of the emperor was pierced with projectile. The conspirators were Italians and seven were arrested for reorganizing? foreign news support.

Poetry

The Love Knot
By Nora Perry

Tying her bonnet under her chin,

She tied her raven ringlets in.

But not alone in the silken snare

Did she catch her lovely flowing hair.

For tying her bonnet under her chin,

She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,

Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;

And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,

All over the happy pink-colored face.

Till, scolding and laughing she tied them in,

Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom,

Off the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,

All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl

That ever imprisoned a rollicking curl,

Or in tying her bonnet under her chin,

Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chiller still.
The western wind blew down and blazed
The wildest tricks with the little maid.
As tying her bonnet under her chin
She tied a young man's heart within.
Oh, western winds do you think it was fair,
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best,
To blow her against the young man's neck
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kisses her mouth and dimpled chin?
Oh! Elery Vance, you little thought,
An hour ago when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew.
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

(Fayetteville Observer)

The true picture of disdain is a pig reach-
ing through a hole in the fence to get
a cabbage that is only a few inches beyond his reach.

“No pent up ethic contracts our powers, for the whole boundless continent is ours.”

Buffalo Springs, February 1858

John M L Harrington, editor
Fayetteville, NC

Terms

The terms of the Young American--\$2 in advance, three if not paid in advance. (Graphic of a hand pointing) The first year's subscription must invariably be paid in advance.

Editorial

“This is the last rose of summer

Left blooming alone.

Its lovely comparisons are

Faded and gone.”

Ah! What did that poor rose think when it looked around in vain to discover some of its companions? If it could have recognized one—only one—it would have been some consolation but no. But “All faded and gone” and what sad thoughts.

were passing through its head when it recollected that in a very few days it too would be like its companions if some careless boy or girl would have knocked it off of the stem or any other accident have happened. It too would have been “faded and gone.” What a volume does those four words speak when in youth we have lovely companions that cheer our boyhood days? But ah! Ere middle life is spent we would search in vain for some of those companions which used to be so merry and gay but all like the Rose’s companions “all faded and gone.” Your relations and friends and perhaps one that was dearer to you than life itself “have faded and gone,” but friends you must not think that you will be as lucky as the rose. For when your companions are passing away and you come to view yourself, you too is “passing away.” Ed

Now Is Your Time

If you wish to get the first part of the “Wild Man of the Woods” or all of “Love in a Steel Trap,” send in your names at once as they will be commenced in the next no. In this no. will be found a short story signed Snap Jr. which is written by the editor.

Original

The Drunken Husband

By Snap Jr.

It was a balmy June evening in the year 18-- that I called at a house for refreshments in the middle part of this state. It was a very pleasant looking cottage. In front of the house was flowers and roses which looked so fresh and green that I knew some fair hand had watered them. I was ushered into the parlor by a very beautiful girl who looked as if she was about sixteen years old. Her hair hung in graceful curls down on her snow white neck and her dark hazel eyes flashed with graceful agitations as I entered. "Be seated," she said as she offered me a chair which I gladly accepted being very tired having rode from Raleigh that day.

I now had an opportunity of viewing the place I was in. I was surprised at beholding the beautiful paintings which adorned the wall

and I knew full well that it was her fair hand that had wielded the pencil. On the whole place showed that refinement nestled there.

“I should like to know the name of my beautiful hostess,” I said at last. “Mollie H--, sir,” she said smiling. “Oh! I have heard of that name before you went to school at E---,” I said. “Yes, sir, I was there at a commencement once and we had a very merry time of it.” “I was just from college then myself. It was in 18--.” “Oh! You are Mr. H---, are you not?” she said. I replied in the affirmative. “I saw you there then.” Our conversation was interrupted by a fine looking man about 40 years of age. “My father, Mr. H---.” I made one of my best bows and tried to look killing before Miss Mollie.

We talked about the president election and etc but I had a great deal rather have been talking to his daughters. By and by tea was announced. I now found out that she was mistress of the house, her mother having died some years before. We conversed until eleven o'clock

and it was not until the clock on the mantle proclaimed that hour that I was aware of the fact. After breakfast, I took an affectionate leave of my friends and proceeded on my journey with the promise that I would call again. Unexpected business called me of and I was detained two years. As soon as I returned I concluded I would visit my kind friends once more.

When I got in sight of the house, what was my surprise to see a great many carriages and horses at the door. I rode up hastily and dismounted. "What does this mean?" I asked of the servant who took my horse. "Young missus is going to get married," he said. "The d---l," says I. I rushed into the house just as the parson commenced. Yes! Oh, Yes! There she stood leaning on the arm of a tall young man,

whom I recognized as a beautiful young lawyer. He had been a classmate of mine. We graduated together, but he was two years my senior. As soon as the ceremony was over, I hastened to congratulate him on his happy union. "Bob, you rascal," I said, "you snatched the crumb from my mouth just as I had convinced to swallow it." "I waited long enough for you," said he, "but you would not take it, so I took it myself."

Time wore on. He continued the practice of law and all things seemed to be getting along very well, until he commenced taking wine with his fellow lawyers, when he got worse and worse until at last lost his all and his credit. But when he could get a dime, it was spent for drink. About 3 years after he was married, I was passing along the street when my attention was drawn to a procession moving along. I inquired who it was when I was informed that it was Bob R---, the young Larsen who had been killed the night before in a

drunken revel.

I hastened to visit his grief stricken wife whom I found nearly delirious with a raging fever. Here was a sad contrast—the maid of sixteen and the woman of twenty-one—time had laid his ruthless hand hard on her. The object before me almost looked as if she had been fifty instead of twenty-one.

I spoke to her very pleasantly and talked to her about old times, but she would scarcely notice me. That night, she was taken worse and next day just about twelve o'clock the old church bell announced that another soul had gone to God who gave it.

Just see what drink has done—cut down a lawyer who would have been an ornament to his profession, and murdered one of the most intelligent and handsome young ladies that the world ever produced.

(End)

Poetry

“Ranged on the hills harmonious daughters swell

The mingled tones of the horn and harp and shell”

For The Young American

Lines Accroctic

Sweet be the flowers that strew thy way

And bright the seen that lights they day.

Light in they brow may time repose

Like twilight on the blushing rose.

In the wild war and toil of life

Engaged in a labor or in strife,

Sweet girl thy memory back shall come

To light my pathway while I roam.

Even a beacon bright and sweet

Whilst off shall guide my wandering feet.

And when my sun goes down and I

Repose in peace my parting sigh,

Thy cherished name shall waft on high.

Harnett County, NC

Cosmo

February 20, 1858

Time and tide wait for no man.

Little on Nothing

Wasn't Afraid of It

Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very new hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him, "Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon. Don't be afraid of it." "No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it didn't scare me a bit."

(Graphic of a hand pointing) Wit sometimes becomes practiced, as when the Greek sage, in a company of very bad archers, who were trying their skill, placed himself close to the target, saying, "It was the only safe spot."

An assembled family, as the legacy to each was read aloud, sobbed and wished that the father had lived to enjoy his own fortune. At last came the bequest to his heir—"I give my eldest son Tom a shilling to buy a rope to hang himself with." "God grant," said Tom, sobbing like the others, "that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself."

Poetry

Cincinnati S(wine)

By Park Benjamine

This song of mine
Is a song of the swine,
To be sung by the jolly members
Of Park house clubs
As they stand by the tubs
In the frosty, cold Decembers.

It is not a song
Of the bull-frogs gong
From wet and misty marshes;
Nor the lowing cow,
Nor the dog's bow-wow
That sounds through the city arches.

Nor the baaing sheep
Whom the niggers keep
On the plains of old Kentucky,
And whose fleecy wool
The brambles pull
In a way that is unlucky.

For the fattest and best
Are the swine of the west
That grow by the beautiful rivers;
And their rich perfume
Fills all the room
With a malison on the givers.

And as hollow vats
Are the home of rats
Forever grunting and stealing,
So this mighty few
Is again and again
Full of grunting and snorting and squealing.

For good in their jigs
Are the Boston pigs
And the Philadelphia porkers;
But Ohio swine
Have a taste more divine
Than any big New Yorkers.

Then grow no swine
With fatter chine
Nor a more prodigious liver,
Nor with flesh and lard
So thick and hard
As those by the beautiful River.

Many the dams
Which greet the hams,
That come o'er the Salt Atlantic;
And the ears and feet
Are not so sweet
And very much less romantic.

To the gutters and bogs
With all such hogs,
And the old scratch take the bristles,
And scorch their shins
And burn their shins
And of their tails make whistles.

While huge and fine
Are the glorious swine,
The fattest of the fatty
That roll in droves
From the fields and groves,
To the streets of Cincinnati.

And this song of the swine,
This grunting of mine,
The type and the prep shall deliver
To the city of hogs
As she sits by the bogs
That flout on the beautiful river.

(Exchange)

The Hoosiers Experience at Sea

(Lines composed on board a California “male” steamer)

Well! Of all the cussed kinvezances,
If this isn't about the wust!
Nothin' but rocking and rolling
An' pitchin' from the fust.
The ingine a groanin' and the biler
Liable and minute to bust.

Fust wun side, dum it, and then t'other;
Til I'm dogged if I no wot to do—
Rock away, zon darned ole cradle;
I was a baby when I got inter you!

Some on 'em seems to keer 6 ¼ cents.
How bad a feller may feel,
Nor talk to him—not even the salir,
Toolin' away his time on a wheel.

Thar's the capting! Ain't it provoking
To see that critter all through the trip
Continually drinkin' and smokin',
When he arter be a mindin' on his ship.

It's enuf to aggravate a body,
And it ain't manners, I think,
To set thar takin' down his toddy,
And never askin' nary passenger to drink.

And the fusser—all he keers for
Is to hev a time with his pals.
I say durn such a purson; just heer him
Flurtin' and carrin' on among the gals!

And when he's tired o' that wot follers?
In his little cabbings, thar he sts
Like a spyder, among berrils of dollars,
Enuf to pay a feller's dets.

That's all they keers for passengers,
Is to git the two hunder
An' fifty dollars out of his pockits inter thirn,
And then he may go to thunder.

Ef a feller's driv to distraction
It a blo and axes wot to do,
He can't git no sort o' satisfaction
Out o' none on 'em—captain, mait, nor crew.

Wun day I clim inter their blamed riggin',
Jest to see what thar was and in hopes
To keep shet of 'em wun spell, but dog it!
I see 2 on 'em comin' up the ropes.

Wun on 'em ketched me and helt tight on me,
While tuther miserable cuss
Tide me up with a nasty, sticky close line,
Smellin' a tar or somthin' wus.

Thar they kep me—dern their picters!
And nobody done nothin' but larf.
Tis I'd forkit out for a bottel of brandy.
It come to \$2 ½.
That's the last \$2 ½
They will ever git out o' me,
For I'll travil in a darned top waggin',
Afore I'll be ketched agin to sea.

(Exchange paper)

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of her flour barrel, and asked her husband to read them: (O, I, C, U, R, E, T) [Prof. Smith note: "Oh, I see you are empty."]

Enigma

Without me day would be a night
And night be equal to the day,
From right to left, or left to right,
I read the same in either way.

Answer to riddle in January No. (River)

New Advertisements

Daniel Mc Dougald

Attorney at Law

Summersville, NC

Feb. 1858 2/ 5 Ts

Wanted! Wanted!

20:000 White Oak Staves

The undersigned will pay \$15 per 1000 for rough white oak staves delivered at their shop in
Harnett County. Will pay cash on goods. Buffalo Springs, NC. January 28th, 1858.

\$1- 1 T

T & D.G. Worth

Dibble and Bunce

Commission and Forwarding Merchants

Calvin B. Dribble

New York City

Jonathon B. Bruce

Late of Wilmington, NC

\$1-2 Ts

Late of Wilmington, NC

T.C. and B.G. Worth

Commission and Forwarding Merchants

Wilmington, NC

January 1st, 1858

\$1—

D.S. Stetson

S.R. Stroud

D.S. Stetson and Co.

Shipping and Commission Merchants

Philadelphia

W.D. Cushing

\$1-5 Mos

G.P. Longhead

Wanted

A first rate hand to work at turpentine at turpentine

Young? lb ?

\$1- 1T

James S. Harrington

Randolph Sheetings and Yams

for sale by

January 11th, 1858 \$1- 1 T

T. and D.G. Worth

Wheedbee and Dickinson

Commission Merchants

In navel stores yellow pine lumber, cotton, etc.

Baltimore \$1- 4 Ts

Worth and Utley

Commission and Forwarding Merchants

Fayetteville, NC

J.A. Worth

\$1- 3 Ts

Jos. Utley

Received this day

1 whle new crop molasses

5 sacks coffee which we will

sell hereafter cash or on time

to prompt payers

T. and D.G. Worth

Buffalo Springs

January 17th, 1858

\$1- 1 T

Blanks printed at short notice.

Pine Forest Academy

The second session of this institution commenced on the second Monday in January. It is beautifully situated in Harnett County near Harrington P.O. In society second to none in the state. Persons sending children can get them boarded for \$6 per month within one mile of the academy.

For further particulars address Jno Harrington, James Harrington, David McCormick, or the principal.

Pine Forest

Duncan Gallars,
principal

January 15th, 1858 \$1-Ts

K. M. Murchison
Commission Merchant
No. 104 Wall Street, New York

Usual advances on consignment \$1-3 mos