

The Young American

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August 1858

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“No Pint up Ethic. Contracts our Powers for the Whole Boundless Continent is ours”

Edited and Published By John M. Harrington

Buffalo Springs, North Carolina  
United States

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The Young American

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Devoted to Literature Poetry Fun and Amusement

.....

“No Pint up Ethic. Contracts our Powers for the Whole Boundless Continent is ours”

.....

Independent in All things Neutral in Nothing

.....

Vol.1 ~ Buffalo Springs N.C. August 2<sup>nd</sup> 1858 No.8 ~

.....

John Miguel Harrington

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No paper will be just after the time is our exemption special agreement

.....  
Written for the Young American

Give me Fame!

.....  
(By Elise)

.....  
‘Oh give me Fame’ said wild wanders, lacking amid earth’s fleeting Tory dome  
fusible, something to increase his happiness to satisfy his love of glory. And fill the  
aching void within his breast.

Cannot science give me Fame! Are not her path candid daily with aspiring,  
bowing freshets. Will they not resend from a get done? Oh! Give me frame, although  
it be given by a thoughtless soulless map of things, and the blank of a blank hour.

What though the eye you dime, and was the check, though no smile vacates the  
thin pale lip, or light up the haggard visage?

What though the life blood thicken and grow blank in its course, reason teller on  
its royal throne; Yeah grant me fame, for all my thinks, and all my hopes, and ill die  
content.

.....  
For Fame will wreath my dying from, with never fading lorries. And her bright far  
will cast its cheering rays in the darkness of the Tomb.

.....  
Poetry

“Rancid on the Hills Harmonicas daughters smell the mingled tones of the blank  
and blank and blank”

.....  
The Bridal Feast

.....  
(Continued from Ouly)

.....  
XXXI.

The Doom of Death that we deplore lies on our suffering soul no more;  
We share the three score yeast and ten, And the eternal heaven of new. Thought thy  
love in ray divine.

That was to guide me from despair; And how I trusted- How I loved – Oh!  
Gilbert let thine heart declare.

XXXII

For thee I would have borne,  
All poverty, all to come,  
Hunger and thirst and cold,  
All misery untold  
With steadfast mind;  
Disease and care and pain,  
And all the woes that reign,  
Over human kind—  
Most happy of all ills to bear my part  
Blessed with the kindness of our constant heart.  
And the dear hope, in chances of my love,  
Of immortality with the above!

XXXIII

I placed my soul upon this little chance;  
And it has failed; and never, never more  
Shall hope and gladness cheer me as of yore,  
I awake to misery from a blissful trance;  
The trail has been made,  
The answer has been given,  
And I have lost my joy—

My people—my love—my heaven!

XXXIV

Thou hast been false, and all is lost!

I have become again

A worthless atom, weather tossed,

Upon the world wide plain,

Living my little hour

In sunshine or in shower,

Then dying in the sorrow;

No solace! No relief!

No love to cheer my grief!

Misery! Misery!

XXXV

A thousand voices seemed to swell

Upon the midnight air,

And join the maiden in the cry

Of her intense despair;

Above them and around rose the mournful sound—

Misery! Misery!

XXXVI

Sir Gilbert knelt upon the grass;

And struggled hard to speak;  
He clasped his hands and bowed his head,  
And tears bestowed his cheek.  
“Forgive my crime to love and thee,  
Oh daughter of the sun!  
Pity, oh, pity and forgive  
The wrong that I have done!”

### XXXVII

“Alas! Impertal man,  
Small is the boon to crave;  
I pity and forgive,  
But have no power to save;  
Few thousand angry spirits  
Are hovering in the air  
Their fiery hand upraised  
To strike and not to spare!”

### XXXVIII

Sadly Sir Gilbert raised his eyes,  
And saw them lightning all the skies;  
They came- a swift and flaming cloud-  
He heard their voices fierce and loud;

And all the phantoms turned to say,

“His life is forfeit-let him pay”

XXXIX

One, proud and tall above the rest;  
Pointed a weapon at his breast—  
A burning wound with burning flames—  
He strank and uttered Porshyn's name,  
‘Twas he- In spirit of the fire!  
Majestic in his deacon and ire;  
His fierce eyeballs flashing light,  
His vengeful arm upraised to the spirits

XL

But suddenly a mournful voice  
Arose upon the midnight air;  
‘Twas not the man's,- for he was nerved  
His punishment to bear-  
But Amethysta's: she has grasped  
The hasty weapon, prompt to kill,  
Then sank in tears upon the earth  
So plead for him, beloved still.  
Great was his crime she knew too well  
His death would double all her woe—  
“Spare him, O brother, spare!” she cried,  
“And for my sake avert the blow,

XLI.

“And if a victim thee must be

Oh, let the vengeance fall on me!

I can endure if for his sake,

No murmur, though my heart should break;

Or if his punishment thou hast sworn,

Let it be such as may be borne.

Oh; let him live the allotted span

That heaven has meted out to man,

And I will weep, and watch, and pray,  
Unseen, but near him night and day,  
To guide and shelter him away!”

XLII.

She spoke- she wept- oh burning brand  
Fell slowly from her brother’s hand:  
“The man shall live!” he cried in scorn,  
But better had he never been born  
Than seen this day and forward forsworn  
To a Daughter of the fire!

XLIII.

“Upon his head I place a sign  
That shall forever burn and shine,  
So that the spirit of Earth and air  
May take no pity or despair;  
So that the spirits of heather and Flame—  
May know his guilt and curse his name;  
So that all men their doors may close,  
And ---- him where so ever he goes;

So that all women when they see him;  
May shut their eyes and shuddering, flee him!

XLIV.

“Winter and glimmer, day and night,  
Shall burn a palid phantoms light,  
A beacon evermore above him;--  
His flesh shall wither, his bones decay,  
And grow decrepit in a -----,  
He hath wronged a daughter of the Fire—  
This be his doom till he expire!”

No.8 European News 211

And grow decrepit in a day:  
He Hatch wronged a daughter of the fire-  
This be his doom till he expire!”

To be concluded next number.

.....

European News!

“He comes the herald of a noisy world.  
News from all Nations lumbering at his back.”

.....

The Royal Mail steamship Europia came in collision with the R.M. steamship  
Arabia. The Arabia mistake the Europia lights for the Café race lights. It was  
exported that Barnum had engaged Picolomini.

The Atlantic Cable success was received with great enthusiasm at London.

The Relallion control India has been effectually crushed.

Then were large embarkation of troops for India.

The British had gained a gallant victory near Cornpones. The Rebels losh good

menu. London Money Market- Consuls. 94@98.

Liverpool Cotton Market. Cotton as advanced. ¼ @1/2.

### The Young American

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Buffalo Springs August 1858

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John MacLean Harrington Edition  
Fayetteville, NC

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### The Atlantic Cable Laid:

Washington City August 5<sup>th</sup> 1858

The Atlantic Cable has been successfully laid- The Niagara arrival at Trinity Bay

yesterday. The Cable will be landed today. Signals perfect throughout

The thing so long thought impossible now has been tried and proven successful,  
me copy the above glorious intelligence from the Wilmington Herald. The Atlantic Cable  
success was received with great enthusiasm at London and the declaration “that the  
electric union of England and America will lead to the unity of all Nations.” Hurah! For  
the Cable we day!

.....

## The Elections in N.C.

The Democratic Candidate Judgo Ellis is elected beyond doubt over Mcrae.

Destructionist by probably a larger both than brags over Gilmer. His majority is estimated at between 14 and 15,000.

In the monulain District Lance K.H. is elected to congress over Avery Dem. This District was formerly Democratic.

The Legislature- the democratic will have a larger majority than last decision.

.....

This is the month in which the bring god, have their sway in which old god sums determined to burn us if he can.

Since the Atlantic Cable is laid we don't look upon anything as impossible and therefore our freedoms must excuse if we lack any editorials this number—Our contributions have such in mallen enough so that we can excuse our values by doing little this month. The fact of the business is that the weather is possibly all that we can handle; breathe like alone trying to edit a magazine we look forward to brighter times. Advice for the Editor.

.....

## The Cumberland and Harnett Elections.

Mayor Ino J. Gilmore is elected to the senate without proposition.

Maor McKay Harrington and Barbee are elected to the commons over mp

Murchison and Hillionison. Poll is as Follows:

Senate Gilmore	1815 booths elect	
Commons McKay	1836	
J.H. Harrington	1335	
C.C. Barbee	1295	
H. Murchison	1039	Number of elect votes
Ino L. Hillionison	906	

Cumberland McNeil beat Roberts from Harnett County. Grady is elected over Briden.

Poll McNeil 850	Roberts 498
Grady 488	Briden 123

.....  
To Correspondents:  
'Elise,' We are thankful for your past favors

and hope you won't forget us. We will publish for you anytime.

Initials, your's has paped under the table unfit for any Respectable Paper.

We have made it a unfit not to owned back any communication that is rejected.

.....  
No. 8 J.M. H ---- Poetry: 215

.....  
Poetry:

"Ranged on the Hills Harmonicas daughters Survey the mangled tones of the horn  
and hasp thrill"

.....  
For the young American

To G.SS.

Survey early with thou think of me when friendships flowers are round the breathing.

And loves delicious flattery within they can is softly breathing!

O! let my friendship in the Breath.

Thought but a bud amid the flowers.

Its sweetish fragrances round the breath---

I'll serve to soothe thy wear house snappish.

.....

For Never can my soul forget.

The loved of other years

Thin Memories fill my spirits yet---

I've kept thin green with harms.

~~~~~ A.M

A single trip? Horn height a thing,

So Sway inch magic a

And bid each soft remembrance spring

Like blossoms in the Harsh! A.M.

.....

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.....

Joys that we've toasted

.....

Joys that we've toasted

May sometime return

But the torch when once wasted

Ah! How shall it burry

Flounders now clouded  
Say when will yet shine  
Broken is the goblet  
And wasted the Wine

Many the Changes  
Time last we met  
Blushes have been brightened  
And tears have been wept  
Friends have been flattered  
Like ah the bridal  
And loner at the tomb,  
I stood in you chamber  
But we was not theme  
Hushed was the later serving  
And becoming the chair,

.....  
No. 8      The Indian Prayer      217

.....  
Loveless Melody where Harsh thou Flour  
Never to Smile Again  
Never to Mourn.

.....

## The Indians Prayer

Let me go to my home in the far distant waste.  
So the seems of my childhood in innocence blast:  
Where the tall cedars wave and the bright waters flow,  
Where my fathers uprose Let me go Let me go  
  
Let me go to the spot, where the cataract plays.  
Where of, I'll have sported in boyhoods bright days.  
And gut my poor mother whose heart will overflow  
At the sight of her child, Let me go Let me Go.  
Let me go to my hive, by whose baffled tears side,  
I have sported to in the mourn of my friend;  
And further to conquer the insoles foe  
To my father the Chief, Let me Go Let me Go.  
And Oh! Let me Go to my flashing and maid.  
Who taught me to love breath the threw William's shade.

Whose harsh like the favor's leap as pure as the snow.  
The bosom it loves Let me go, Let me go  
And Oh! Let me go to my wild forest home---  
No more from its life churning pleasure to roam,

Breath the groves of the glim, let my ashes lie low,  
To my home in the woods Let me Go Let me go

.....

Miscellaneous Reading

“Unless some sweetness as the bottoms lie  
The curse for the crumbling of the pie”

.....

Picture of Life.

In Youth we seem climbing up a hill on whose top eternal sunshine appeared to  
rest how eagerly we paint to gain in Summit! But when we have gained it, how  
different is the prospect on other side! We sigh as we contemplate the waste before  
us, and look back with a wishful that was put upon the flowery packs we’ve piped,  
but may never more retrace. Life is like a portentous cloud fretful with thunder, Storm  
and rain; but Religion.

.....

.....

Life those proclaiming rags of sunshine, which cloth in with light is worth a gas  
much, and fringe its shadowy trish “as if with”

.....

An Editor in Iowa has become a hollow from depending on the printing business  
alone for bread, then he proposes to tell himself for a stove pipe, Ah there cents a  
forth.

.....

Leharade.

.....

My first’s word which means a friend on the thief’s vocabulary

My second is an article you will say the contrary

My third was an actor of unknown

In the play days of sore

My whole is a kind of vehicle

Propelled by human power.

.....

Answers to Riddles for July....

Leharade----- (Poland)

