

# American Volunteer

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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**AGENCY.**  
W. V. PALMER, Esq., is our authorized Agent for procuring advertisements, receiving subscriptions, and making collections for the American Volunteer, at his office, N. W. corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

### The Recent Election—Its Results and Its Application.

To every Democrat who fully apprehends and appreciates the principles of the party to which he belongs, says the Democratic Union, the result of the late election affords cause for the most sincere and profound gratitude. The re-election of FRANCIS S. STUSS, by a majority so decisive over all the combined elements of opposition, is a victory, the real value of which can only be fully estimated by those who understand the character of the opposition, and the means relied upon by the Federal party and their allies, who have been appropriately called guerrillas, to secure his defeat. Governor Stuss was admitted on all hands to be an honest man; his course of his administration was acknowledged to be in accordance with the avowed principles and policy of the Democratic party; and no sound or solid objection was urged by any Democrat against a solitary measure of it. Yet there were many professing Democrats who made opposition to his administration from its commencement; raised the cry of "one term"; and boldly predicted his defeat in case his friends insisted on his re-nomination. The bold assertions of these men intimidated for a time many honest and good members of the party who had, although they saw no cause of objection, yet thought it would be better to sacrifice him and nominate a new man, rather than hazard a defeat of the party. To these men his decided friends replied, "Governor Stuss is an honest man; his administration is as sound as the principles of the party as any of his predecessors; his administration has been distinguished by fair ability, unquestionable integrity and strict economy; it has been the custom of the party to re-choose for a second term; there is no reason why he should be an exception; it would be an act of gross injustice to yield to the unfounded clamor of dissipated men, and discard a faithful public servant contrary to party usage. Place him before the people—the masses are honest and discerning, and with them the dissipated and disappointed are comparatively powerless."

Happily these views prevailed, and Gov. Stuss was re-nominated by an immense majority of the delegates to the Convention; and the result of the election has fully attested the wisdom and justice of the decision. It has done more. It has dispelled the delusion that a few factious and unprincipled individuals, even though they may have held high places and once enjoyed the confidence of the party, which they have betrayed, are capable of distracting its councils or dividing its ranks; when their treacherous character is fairly exposed to an insulted and deceived people.

### THE ULTIMA RUM.

BY LYDIA ANN FERRIS.

A ring on the proposition to surrender to Mexican barbarity and to the hands of the Nueces and the Rio Grande—the latter fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

It may not be—Furlin J. God!  
Furlin J., all that patriots prize:  
That land has fallen from Freedom's blood;  
Their dust, within its bosom lies.

'Twas no madman to resign the soil  
On which our conquering foot has trod;  
Butting with my glittering sword;  
It may not be—Furlin J., God!

Can we relinquish stony barren now?  
The striped and stony banners wave?  
No, never! We will have our God's land;  
Our God's land, and our God's God!

How couldst not sleep, the slaughtered brave  
Who in their blood of glory rest;  
And feel the footsteps of the slave  
Pollute the soil above their breast.

How can the field where Lincoln fell  
The spot where gallant Stryker fell?  
Where Cornus' fell his honest soul,  
Triumphant in death's agonies?

Where brave and virtuous hearts pour'd out  
The life so dear to love and love,  
Invoking Heaven for aid and aid,  
Our country—and our God above?

Not by our country and our God,  
We will have hearts with generous blood;  
And souls to dare the conqueror's fall.

Oh! To the rescue! Hearts of steel—  
Oh! To the rescue! Hearts of steel—  
Let kindred blood influence our zeal  
To conquer—triumph—or expire.

Huzza! Press on where Taylor stands  
Invincible in conquering days;  
We must prevail where he triumphed,  
And God sustains our sacred right.

Ask Taylor to retreat his way,  
And leave his conquest to the foe;  
And his broad land, from sea to sea,  
Shall echo his emphatic NO!

No, never! This is holy ground,  
Bought and hallowed with patriot blood;  
Bought with her fetters half a million  
She lifts her hands to Freedom's God!

By Freedom's God, she shall be free!  
Huzza! brave hearts pour forth on you,  
But none more names the victory,  
Shall put her olive garland on—

'Till o'er that land to utmost parts  
Our Eagle's sheltering wings are spread;  
And Taylor throne on Freedom's laurels  
Enjoy his laurels in their shade.

### THE MEXICAN TO HIS MISTRESS—

"Another officer comes out every night, he tells his beloved that he thought of her when the bullets were flying, and rain—[Reads the Letters after the Battle of Charabasco.]

"Dear Rosa, dearest Rosa, 'tis thy lover greets thee so!  
From the fields of Montezuma, from imperial Mexico!  
'Midst the hissing bill of bullets, 'midst the cannon's  
Muffled roar, he sends thee this, thy lover's breath,  
Love received thy true Hidalgo from the jaws of bloody death.

Fiercely chilled the northern breeze, with his glittering  
Bayonet,  
Fashioned the mighty war-horse, every hoof with blood  
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All ground was dead and dying, mingled heaps on every  
side,  
Told, like wrecks, the horrid ravage of the battle's glory told.

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Ye see, thee, forlorn and tearful, silent in thy lonely  
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If I perish—if I perish—thou wilt never survive the day!  
Thou wilt—thou wilt—my dear Rosa—and I turned—RAN  
AWAY!

### POPPING THE QUESTION.

The following, from "Every One's Book," contains some useful suggestions on a subject in respect to which good advice is particularly desirable. It is to be regretted that some of our friends, who are not less devoted to general reform, to save lovers from the agency of circumlocution.

There is nothing more appalling to a modest and sensitive young man, than asking the girl he loves to marry him; and there are few who do not find their most serious task in the attempt.

Many a man who would lead a forlorn hope, mount a breach, and seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth, trembles at the idea of asking a woman the question which is to decide his fate.

Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have adopted a general consent, to save lovers from the agency of circumlocution.

There is one maxim of universal application. Never lose an opportunity. What can a woman think of a lover who neglects one? Women cannot make direct advances, but they can insinuate their feelings in the most delicate manner.

In a matter which man have always found so terrible, yet which, in one way or other, they have always contrived in some awkward way to accomplish.

A man naturally conforms to the disposition of the woman he admires. If she be serious, he will approach the awful subject with due solemnity—if gay and lively, he will make it an excellent joke.

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