

# American Volunteer.

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

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## AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

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### TERMS.

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**JOHN BRATTON.**—Stech as Hand-bills, Postings-bills, Pamphlets, Blankets, Labels, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

## Portals.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Another little form asleep,  
And a little spirit gone,  
Two little voices are hushed,  
And two little hearts are gone.  
Two little feet are on the way  
To the home beyond the sky,  
And our hearts are like the wind that comes  
When a star of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,  
And a lock of curly hair;  
The toy our little darling loved,  
And the dress she used to wear.  
The little cradle in the room,  
Where the flowers love to grow—  
And these are all of the little hope  
That came three years ago.

The birds will sit on the branch above,  
And sing a requiem;  
To the beautiful little sleeping form  
That used to sing to me.

But never again will the little lips  
Be like a child's when they reply;  
For that silvery voice is hushed with  
The ministry on high.

### ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,  
Tremble and sorrow are friends in distress;  
Nothing but fully good faith and fear,  
Courage forever and wise;  
All for the best!—a man would not know it,  
Providence wishes to be best;  
This is no dream of pundit or poet,  
Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All's for the best! set on your standard,  
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,  
Who to the shore of life's sea would wander,  
A way-worned traveler or heart-stricken dove;  
All's for the best!—a man would not know it,  
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### THE EARLIEST ROBIN.

Among the cherry branches  
A bird is singing clear;  
A nutty breasted robin,  
The first bird of the year.

The sky is dark above him,  
And now it is raining;  
No Spring warmth in the breezes,  
No pleasant sighs around.

Yet cheerful from his station,  
Upon the leafless tree,  
He sings the song of summer  
And gladness yet to be.

The robin on the sidewalk,  
And on the lawn,  
Looks up, and for a moment  
Forgets both task and play.

The little school girl pauses;  
While pleasure and surprise  
Peep out between the fringes  
Of her school book.

The slender, fair haired maiden  
Waits at the window pane,  
A look of tender longing  
Upon her lovely face.

Each breathes the wish most cherished;  
They know the simple spell,  
Familiar to our children,  
And all believe it well.

"Soon as the earliest robin  
Of spring your eyes shall view,  
Wish—!—and before the year is out  
The wish is granted you."

The boy has asked for treasure  
Of top, and kite, and ball,  
The little girl gurgles language  
For tea-set or for doll.

The maiden—but her father  
How poorly can I guess!  
T'long she for a lover,  
A bracelet or a ring.

And I—a wish the fondest,  
Arose when first I heard,  
The clear notes of thy singing,  
Thou happy-omened bird!

So soft and vainly uttered,  
Yet still of life a part,  
O, give me back the note, lost place  
In my beloved one's heart!

**A WAS INCIDENT.**—While one of the Massachusetts regiments was in this city, on its way to Washington, a gentleman residing here met one of its members on the street. "Is there anything I can do for you, sir?" said the New Yorker, his heart warming toward the representative of the brave Massachusetts militia who had so promptly answered the call of his country.

The soldier hesitated a moment, and finally raising one of his feet exhibited a boot with a hole in the toe, and generally wore for wear.

"How came you here with such boots as that my friend?" asked the patriotic citizen.

"When the order came for me to join my company, sir," replied the soldier, "I was ploughing in the same field as Concord where my grandfather was ploughing, when the British fired on the Massachusetts men at Lexington. He did not wait a moment; and I did not, sir."

It is unnecessary to add that the soldier was immediately supplied with an excellent pair of boots.—N. Y. Post.

**HAR-PAY OF THE TROOPS.**—Many of the men who have been mustered into service want to have half their pay reserved for their families, and several inquiries have been made of the Government in regard to it. In reply we would state that no money will be paid out by the Government until the soldiers have been a month under pay, the payments being made monthly.

**Courting is an irregular, active, transitive verb, intransitive, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls—don't it?**

## Miscellaneous.

### THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES II. OF SPAIN.

The prince on whom so much depended was the most miserable of human beings. In old times he would have been exposed as soon as he came into the world, and to expose him would have been a kindness. From his birth a blight was on his body, and on his mind. With difficulty his almost imperceptible spark of life had been soothed and fanned into a dim and flickering flame. His childhood, except when he could be rocked and swung into sickly sleep, was one long piteous wail. Till he was five years old his days were passed on the laps of women, and he was never once suffered to stand on his rickety legs. None of those lively little wretches, clad in rags, stolen from scoundrels, whom Maria loved to paint, begging or rolling in the sand, ruled less to education than this despot, ruler of 30,000,000 of subjects. The most important events in the history of his kingdom, the wars of aggrandise and those which were among his most noble relations were unknown to him. It may well be doubted whether he was aware that Sicily was an island, that Christopher Columbus had discovered America, or that the English were not too imbecile for study or business, he was not incapable of being amused. He shot, he hunted, and he enjoyed with the delight of a true Spaniard two delightful spectacles: a horse with his bowels protruded out, and a Jew with his head in the air. The time came when the mightiest of instincts ordinarily wakens from its repose. It was hoped that the young king would not prove invincible to female attractions, and that he would leave a Prince of Asturias to succeed him, and that the serious employment of his youth became distasteful to him. He ceased to find pleasure in his nets and bear spears, in the fandango, and the bull fight. Sometimes he shut himself up in an inner chamber, and there he would sit for hours, his eyes fixed on a portrait of his mother, and he would weep as if he were alone. He was a man of a very high mind, and he was a man of a very high heart. He was a man of a very high soul, and he was a man of a very high spirit. He was a man of a very high intellect, and he was a man of a very high character. He was a man of a very high mind, and he was a man of a very high heart. He was a man of a very high soul, and he was a man of a very high spirit. He was a man of a very high intellect, and he was a man of a very high character.

### AMERICAN FALL SCENERY.

There can be nothing more beautiful in nature than an American scenery when it is in the autumn of the fall as we prefer to call it in spite of English lexicographers, for the sake of the tender associations embodied in the idea of the fall of the leaf. England has her daisy spring. When birds are merry and staves the light and but the glorious autumn American autumn is unrivaled, incomparable. Visit the country upon some bright morning, in October. There has been a slight frost already and the stubble fields have down on their sides a golden yellow. Along the lands we discover a thousand touching and lovely indications that autumn has already begun to trail her garments among us—stately, but most wealthy and rovingly green. She has tucked the leaves of the grapes, and has here and there touched the leaves of the maples with her wine-stained fingers. The cork oak calls up his mates at evening through the tall weeds to the matted purple brambles, and down swoops the keen-eyed hawk, and there he sits upon his perch, many a dewy drop upon his feathers. The maize fields droop and stripped assume a dull, dead yellow, touched here and there with midew, and giving no token of the wealth and plenty that bear down their fruit stalks. Apples shine bright and red in the orchards, half hidden among the green leaves, like the blushes of merry damsels that would conceal behind their veils, or among their dancing curls. The woodcock dips his long bill into the mud of the swamps, and there he sits upon his perch, many a dewy drop upon his feathers. The maize fields droop and stripped assume a dull, dead yellow, touched here and there with midew, and giving no token of the wealth and plenty that bear down their fruit stalks. Apples shine bright and red in the orchards, half hidden among the green leaves, like the blushes of merry damsels that would conceal behind their veils, or among their dancing curls. The woodcock dips his long bill into the mud of the swamps, and there he sits upon his perch, many a dewy drop upon his feathers.

### A Lesson in Obedience.

"Jack! Jack! here, sir! lie on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go, it was a pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail as much as to say, "You're a very nice little boy; but there was no need of you throwing the stick in the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another stick, and by scolding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. He dropped it on the bank, however, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied at length, and with Jack at his heels, went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty hard work, mother," he said. "Jack would not mind at all until I made him, but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you'll see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind to do it?" asked his mother, "and I'm always kind to him, and I call him 'nice old Jack' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I've the best right to have him mind me!"

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charlie had finished, but going on steadily with her work, he said slowly, "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my Heavenly Father. He does everything for me. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons, and nurse him when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him, and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him. I call him my dear little boy. He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm, and I think I'm the best right in the world, to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not. I make him as I would make a dog."

"Oh, mother," cried Charlie, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right, because you have been taught from the word of God; and you know, too, that the punishment of a dog will always be permanent, and that a dog will never forget which Jack cannot have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Saviour for help, and he will teach you to turn away from Satan, and to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; for it will be just the same as obeying God, who has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother; and where you truly love it is easy to obey.'"

### THE TRAVELER'S JOURNEY.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveler, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to last very long when he got half way through. He traveled along a very dark path for some little time, without meeting anything. So he said to the child, "What do you do here?"

And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me. The sky is long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such a singing bird, and many waterfowl, that that everything was beautiful. It was in the fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the sweet scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and funny what it said, as it came rushing from the house—where was that, they wondered!—whistling and howling, driving the cloud before it, bending the trees, ruffling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in its fury."

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### Farm and Garden.

This week and next will be a busy time in the garden. The season has been quite backward and the ground continuing cold, few seeds would have been sown up to the writing of this article, (Thursday 9th.) Our asparagus first made its appearance on the 15th, which is as much as a week after some seasons, and three days after last season. It is time, now, that some of the usual garden crops should be in the ground, and most of the rest put in within the present month. We shall therefore make a few suggestions as mere reminders as to what we have to do in the garden.

**Peas.**—The first crop is in and up; the second crop might be Early France, which should be in by this time. This should be followed by the Dwarf Blue Imperial, Large White Marrowfat, Tom Thumb, Champion of England, and Eugene, at an interval of a week. These will give an excellent succession for the season.

**Iron Carrot, for sprouts and stews, is the earliest and best. Drill in rows.**

**Radishes.**—The Long Scarlet is the best for the first out-door crop, to be followed by the Yellow Turnip and White Summer; the two latter are well calculated for hot weather, and they are generally successful.

**Turnips.**—Early Flat Dutch is the best to sow for the first crop.

**Cabbages.**—Plants of the Early York, and Green Curled Savoy can be set out at any time. For late planting the Flat Dutch, Large Late Drumhead, and Drumhead Savoy, are the best. Those who do not want varieties, and who are generally successful, the Early York and Drumhead Savoy should be selected. We rarely plant other kinds. Those who raise their own plants of the Savoy, should sow the seed at once. The best protection against the ravages of the fly, is application or two of oil-soup water, not made too strong—say half a pound dissolved in a bucket of water.

**Tomatoes.**—Expect persons who have their regular conveniences of hot-beds, it is cheaper to purchase and plant them, than to raise them. They ought not to be set out much, if any, before the tenth of May.

**Beets.**—The Early Blood Turnip, and the Long Blood Red are the best. The seed of the former should have been sown two weeks; that of the latter at any time. The plants may be set out the first of June.

**Beans.**—The Bunch or Snapshoot should be sown in drills early in May. As a pole bean the Wren's Egg is a superior variety. Lima beans, by taking a small piece of sod, reversing it and planting two of these beans in a row, and shading it under glass, in a pot will hasten their growth seven days. To protect the Lima from rot, to which it is very liable, grease the beans before planting—it is a sure remedy.

**Lettuce Plants from cold frames, can be set out at any time, like cabbage plants, to be sown in the garden, and planted in the open ground, in the first of June.**

**Onions.**—The Bunch or Snapshoot should be sown in drills early in May. As a pole bean the Wren's Egg is a superior variety. Lima beans, by taking a small piece of sod, reversing it and planting two of these beans in a row, and shading it under glass, in a pot will hasten their growth seven days. To protect the Lima from rot, to which it is very liable, grease the beans before planting—it is a sure remedy.

### The Fire from Fort Sumpter.

The Charleston Courier reports the amount of damage inflicted by the fire of Major Anderson during the bombardment of Fort Sumpter. It says: "The raking fire from Fort Sumpter against Fort Moultrie was terribly destructive, and the destruction of the fort was complete. No life was lost, is the most extraordinary case ever recorded in history. As you enter the eye falls upon the battered walls of the archway, with openings in some places large enough to admit a man, and in others, as seen the hanging splinters of the fort, large pieces of ceiling seemly about to drop, while the holes in the roof throw a clear light over the scene of destruction, which renders it painfully impressive. It would be almost impossible to count the number of balls discharged at this devoted fortress. All of the officers' quarters were battered with seven, eight or ten balls, which penetrated the whole depth of the building. The western wall, in the upper balcony was entirely shot away. The barracks were almost entirely destroyed. The furnace for heating hot water was struck four times; the flag of the Confederate States received three shots, and the Palmetto flag four—a rather singular and peculiar circumstance, when viewed in connection with the seven Confederate States. The mercons of sand bags, &c., remain unbroken.

On the outside walls we counted over one hundred shots. Laborers were engaged in clearing away fallen bricks, &c., and it was necessary to pull down the old walls and rebuild anew. Even the beds and bedding in the officers' quarters and the men's barracks were out and torn into splinters and shreds. The loss of life was not so great as the loss of the loss of life would, no doubt have been appalling.

Some twenty residences on Sullivan's Island were battered to pieces. The Courier adds: "The fire from Fort Sumpter, probably from the fact that the garrison had no fuel. Many of those whose houses had been battered, were so fortunate that otherwise, and have done so far as possible in the condition in which they were found after the battle, as a moment of the glorious twelfth and thirteenth days of April, 1861."

### DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S GUN.

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### THE FINEST OF THE FINE.

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