American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 48. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1862. NO. 47.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS.

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

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Poetical.

A COMMON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF JOHN HALIFAX.

So, the truth's out. I'll grasp it like a snake—
It will not slay me. My heart shall not break
Awhile, if only for the children's sake.

For his too, sometimes. Let him stand unblamed;
None say, he gave me less than honor claimed,
Except one trifle scarcely worth being named.

The *heart*. That's gone. The corrupt deed might be
As easily raised up, breathing, fair to see,
As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,
Or courted him as silly maidens court,
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

I only loved him, any woman would;
But shut my love up till he came and sued,
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest!
So happy that that I was his first and best,
As he mine, when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true!
If for one little year, a month or two,
He had given me love for love, as was my due!

Or had he told me, ere the deed was done,
He only raised me to his heart's dear throne;
Poor substitute! because the queen was gone!

Or, had he whispered when his sweetest kiss
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,
He had kissed another woman like to this,

It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep
To be cheated, like a child asleep;
Were not the anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground;
Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound;
A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder, colder still,
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil,
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will.

All, anything but him. It was to be:
The *full* draught others drink up carelessly
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

Long ago, he gave me all I claimed,
I and my children never shall be shamed;
He is a just man; he will live unblamed.

Only, O God, O God, to cry for bread,
And get a stone! Daily to lay my head
Upon a bosom where the old love's dead!

Dead? Fool! It never lived. It only stirred
Galvanic, like an hour old corpse. None heard;
So let me bury it without a word.

He'll keep that other woman from my sight,
I know not if her face be foul or bright;
I only know that it was his delight—

As his was mine: I only know he stands
Pale, at the touch of their long severed hands,
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show.
He need not. When the ship's gone down, I trow,
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends,
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends
Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows; none needs. I have a little pride;
Enough to stand up, wife-like, by his side,
With the same smile as when I was a bride.

Miscellaneous.

THE VEILED PICTURE;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE LIBRARY.

No searching eye can pierce the veil
That o'er my secret life is thrown;
No outward signs reveal its tale,
But to my bosom known.
Thus like the spark whose vivid light
In the dark flint is hid from sight,
It dwells within, alone.

MRS. HEMANS.

"What have you concealed here?" I said, taking hold of the heavy silk drapery attached to a rose-wood cornice, and falling in graceful folds to the floor.

"Lilian! Lilian, don't raise it!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, springing from the easy chair, in which she had been reclining with the listlessness of a dreaming child, and darting to my side she pressed so heavily against the viol that I could discern the outline of a picture-frame.

"A picture!" I exclaimed. "O, I must see it, for I can never rest where there is anything mysterious."

"But this you can not—*must* not see."

I did not reply, for having been an inmate of the house only a week, and this being my first visit to the library, I did not give utterance to the thoughts which rushed through my mind. Perhaps Mrs. Thornton divined my thoughts, as after a moment's silence she said:

"You are to have access to this library at all times; every book is at your service, and you are at liberty, even, to rummage the drawers and pigeon-holes of my desk, if your curiosity demands it; but you must not look beneath the veil that hides this picture;" and her pale lips trembled, her dark expressive eyes were fixed upon mine.

"Just one glance," I said pleadingly; but she moved her head negatively, and I went on: "How can I study with that mystery ever before me and then too I shall never sleep soundly again, but dream the livelong night of this mystical veil, and that it hides some strange, weird image; or worse, become a somnambulist and frighten every servant (who happens to fear ghosts) from the house by my midnight explorations and wanderings."

"No eye but mine every looks upon this veiled picture. It is sacred, for it is the only relic I have preserved of my past life;—all that I have to remind me of happy days too bright to last—of a brief period when life's pathway was strewn with flowers, I and dreamed I not that beneath those fair, perfumed flowery petals, sharp, piercing thorns were hidden."

Her face was pale as death, and those deep, dark eyes moist with pearly tears.

I saw that her heart was deeply pained; that welling from memory's fount came painful remembrance, and truly penitent, I said, "Forgive my thoughtless words, and I promise never to raise the veil from this picture, nor pain your heart by my questions."

An intense smile stole over her pale features, and kissing my cheek, she murmured, "Dear child; perhaps some day I may lift the veil and tell you all." Then turning away to hide her tears, left me standing before the veiled picture.

It was rather curious how I came to be a dweller in the home of Mrs. Thornton. Two years before, when but fourteen years old, I came to New Haven to attend school, and soon after my father leaving home for Europe, where he expected to remain three years, intrusted me to the guardianship of Mr. Howe, an old friend of his college days. It was at the house of Mr. Howe that I first met Mrs. Thornton. She went but little into society, and my guardian's was one of the few families she visited. Her pale, expressive face attracted, me, and then, too, there was an indefinable something in her dark, liquid eyes, now so sad, and now glowing with an intense smile, that woke an answering echo in my young heart. She always called me to her side to ask me about my studies: and when a new book was announced which she thought would be suitable for me to read, she placed it in my hand with my name engraven upon the fly-leaf in her own handwriting. Was it strange that my heart warmed toward her; that her coming was looked forward to with pleasure, or that I often begged for the privilege of visiting her in her quiet, pleasant home. My visits there were not very frequent; and when there we sat in her boudoir which was fitted up with artistic taste, and having never been admitted to the library I had never seen the veiled picture.

I had a pleasant home with Mr. Howe's family; yet it was a glad surprise when he said that I could board with Mrs. Thornton, if I wished, and thought that I could be happy there. Mrs. Thornton had proposed it, as Mr. Howe's family anticipated being absent from the city most of the summer; and the following Saturday I removed to her home.

It was my first holiday in my new home, and I had gone to the library with Mrs. Thornton to select a book, when, on passing around, my eyes fell upon the silk drapery shading the wall in the furthest corner, and was about to draw it aside when her exclamation prevented. I had promised not to look beneath the mysterious folds of that silken veil, yet I was not satisfied; curiosity prompted me to try to catch a hasty glimpse when Mrs. Thornton was occupied, but honor forbade.

Summer and autumn passed, and the long winter evenings were spent in the cozy, cheerful library; and, though I cast many a furtive glance toward the veiled picture, I dared not question Mrs. Thornton, and began to despair of the dawning of that day when she would relate the history of the picture. It was a mild evening in spring, and we were sitting before the grate in the library; I watching the fast dimning coals that had burned low, while Mrs. Thornton, with closed eyes sat near in the easy chair. My reverie was broken by the tremulous tones of her voice, saying:

"Lilian, do you remember your mother?"

Then I answered that, though I turned leaf after leaf of Memory's book, yet I could find no record of a mother's love. She died when I was about two years old, yet my father had been kind, and, as far as possible, filled the place of both father and mother. My childhood had passed happily; my father was both friend and instructor, and my first great grief had been when I was sent to school and my father sailed for Europe.

"Was your mother's name Lilian?" and there was something in the tone of her voice that startled me.

"Her name was Flora—Flora May. Was it not a sweet name?"

"Very pretty," and the glowing intensity of her eye, as I met its gaze, made my heart throb with a strange sensation.

"I can't tell where she was buried. Once when I asked my father, he said it was far away, and we would go to the place of my birth when I was older. My father was so lonely after mother's death that he sold his home in New York and removed to Ohio. I have no recollection of my first home, but shall ask my father to take me there before we return to Ohio."

"And your father loved his wife?"

"What a strange question," I said. Yet she appeared to have spoken without thought. "If he had not loved her, do you think he would have remained true to her memory fifteen years?"

"I have a headache, and shall retire," Mrs. Thornton said, rising and coming to my side, she kissed me tenderly, and with a flushed cheek left the library.

For a long time I sat gazing into the dying coals. Were her questions the magic key that had unlocked the casket where the memories of my childhood were stored? I could not tell. Yet there came a dim remembrance of a time when I was playing alone in the garden and a strange face peered into mine, as some one clasping me in her arms kissed me again and again, while my face was wet with tears. I never knew whence she came or whither she went, and it seemed strange that dim memory should come back then. It passed, and a bright dream flitted before my waking vision—my father would return in a few months; he would meet Mrs. Thorton; she was so gentle and winning he would not fail to be pleased with her, and I might be permitted to call her mother!

My hand was on the knob to open the door, but I hesitated. It was late, and the house was still. How easy it would be to solve the mystery, and Mrs. Thornton never know it. For months that veiled picture had haunted my waking and sleeping visions, why should I longer perplex my mind with vain conjecture; and crossing the library, I placed the lamp so its light would fall directly upon the picture. Was it the rustling of the silk or the faint echo of gentle footsteps that startled me; but, listening intently, I found all silent within and without. Ah! it was the whispering of the still, small voice, and should I heed its promptings? She would not know it, curiosity whispered; so I raised the veil; but, as my eye caught a glimpse of a gilded frame, the drapery fell from my hand! I remembered my promise *never* to raise that veil, and I turned away wondering why so costly a frame was hidden beneath those dark folds.

From that night the mystery of the library deepened. I had a nervous dread of being left alone with the veiled picture, and my imaginative mind pictured a scene of horror that would thrill every nerve and freeze my heart's blood!

My father returned, and when I told him how kind Mrs. Thornton had been, he called to thank her in person, but she was ill and could not leave her room. Wondering what could agitate her so, I returned to my father, saying she would be better in a day or two, and he must not leave the city until he had seen her. But he was firm in his decision to leave the next day, and I must accompany him. Then I expressed a wish to visit my mother's grave. He drew me to his side, and with his arm encircling me, and my head resting upon his bosom, told me of my mother. To him the memory of the past was painful, and I mingled my tears with those of my father, while again I seemed to hear that strange voice, and see that strange face peering into mine.

In two hours I would leave my kind friend, and I was going without the mystery of the library being solved; so I ventured to hint that, when I came to visit her the next year, I hoped to see the veiled picture unveiled.—She did not reply, but taking my hand led me to the library. She would tell me, all, she said; for, perhaps, we might never meet again.

Mrs. Thorton told her story briefly. She was the only child of wealthy parents, and married at the age of nineteen. For three years she was happy in the pleasant home to which her husband took her; then a cloud of midnight darkness overshadowed that home. Some one envying her circulated reports injurious to her reputation, and these coming to her husband's ears, he, being naturally of a jealous disposition, believed them. The wife loved her husband devotedly, and being innocent, how could she bear patiently his taunts and uncalled for surveillance? So she proposed returning to her paternal home, and the husband said, "Go," only she must leave her child. She did go, and three years after, her parents being dead, she went to Europe, where she remained eight years. Returning to America, she came to New Haven, where, under the assumed name of Thornton, she had since resided. Once she visited the home of her husband during his absence, and bribing the housekeeper by the present of a well-filled purse, procured his portrait; and in all her wanderings it had been her companion, though closely veiled, lest some one should recognize it, and thus her earlier history become food for idle gossip. Then, too, she had seen her child, and for a brief moment pressed it to her bosom, but words could not express the agony of her breaking heart as she turned away from her child.

"Your husband's name," I said, sinking at her feet and gazing wonderingly into her pale face and the dark liquid eyes, bent so lovingly upon me, for a strange hope made my heart throb wildly.

"I cannot repeat his name, but you may look upon his counterpart," she said, rising.

Slowly, almost reverently, she put back the folds of that silken veil, while I stood, half-breathless, beside her. Was it a dream, or was it reality? There was no mistaking that likeness; and involuntarily the words, "My father!" burst from my lips. Then, like a swiftly-moving panorama, it all passed before my mind, and throwing my arms around her neck, I called her:

"My mother—my long lost mother! My father told me all yesterday." I said, when she had become more calm. "He learned the reports were without foundation, and hearing you had gone to Europe, for three years has he sought you there, and now his heart is sad because he can find no trace of you. Will you see him?"

She did not reply, but I read her answer in the beaming eye, and hastily donning bonnet and mantle, ran to the hotel, where I surprised my father by rushing breathless into his room.

"Come with me; Mrs. Thornton will see you now." I said nervously clutching his arm, and pulling him toward the door; but he, resisting, asked what had occurred to excite me so. It was not there that I would explain, so he followed my rapid footsteps along the street and up the shaded walk; but when I threw open the door leading to the library, he paused.

"She is here—come," I said, drawing him into the library. She had risen; how lovely she looked then—her pale brow, her bright eye, and a crimson spot burning on either cheek. One moment my father stood as though chained to the spot, then advancing, he exclaimed:

"Flora, my wife!"

"Herbert!" was the soft reply, and she was clasped in his arms.

"Forgive and forget the past," I heard a manly voice murmur; and then my name was repeated in soft accents. I went to my mothers' side, and the happy husband and father pressed his wife and child to his heart, as in reverent tones he implored God to bless our reunion.

The veiled picture was unveiled, the mystery of the library solved; and returning to our Western home, once more a happy family group dwelt beneath its roof. A gentle, loving wife and mother was the guiding-star of that home.

☞ Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do an heroic action; but the little things that make up our life, come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life of beauty and goodness.

☞ After an evening of friendly talk with a party which included the late Douglas Jerrold, the two friends Charles Knight and Jerrold, (between whom a close friendship had existed for many years,) walked homeward together. In the course of the evening the conversation had turned upon epitaphs, and Knight, half in jest, half in earnest, had asked the great wit to write his epitaph for him. The incident escaped Knight's recollection, but on arriving at the point where they were to part, it was recalled to his memory by Jerrold himself. "I have got the epitaph for you," said he. "Well, what is it?" "Good (K)night." And with that they parted.

☞ Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear, hear?" He took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear," was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down, amid the convulsions of laughter of all but the unfortunate subject.

☞ Ties of choice are closer than ties of blood, unless the hearts are kindered as well as the bodies.

FLOWER LEGENDS.

Among the ancients, the qualities of a tree, the attitude of a flower, the etymology of its name, inspired the lively imagination of the men of old with a fable, or embellishment of a simple history, which received from them a kind of pleasant acceptance, a willing credence. All the poets who sing well of flowers have secured a good hearing for the very names of plants "smell sweet and bloom in the dust" of old literature, and in almost forgotten songs. The Persians press their sentiments into the mouths of flowers, and arrange their boquets gramatically. In all civilized nations they are the types and sybols of loveliness, innocence and fre-bness, of unquestioned and unquestioning beauty.

When Venus first appeared rising from the froth of the sea, roses are said to have sprung simultaneously from the earth, and the graces hastening to attend her, crowned themselves with the novel flower in honor of the new divinity. The roses which then appeared were white; and none displayed any other tint till the death of Adonis, when Venus hastening barefooted to the assistance of her beloved, trod upon a rose which wounded her with its thorns, and being stained with her blood, ever after retained the crimson hue.

Associated with the Narcissus, we have the following:

Narcissus was a youth of Bœotia, of whom Tiresias, the soothsayer, foretold that he should live happily until he saw his own face, but that would be fatal to him. On account of his surpassing beauty, the nymph Echo became desperately enamored of him, but he slighted her love, and she pined away with grief, till nothing remained of her but her voice, and even that lost the power of utterance beyond repeating the last syllable of a sentence. Narcissus, heated by the chase, went to drink from a clear calm rivulet, and there for the first time, beheld his own image reflected in the water. He became so fond of himself, that he would never leave the spot where his beauty had been revealed to him, but gazing till he had wasted away, was changed by the gods into the flower that bears his name.

Hyacinthus, being beautiful and accomplished, was so highly esteemed by Apollo, that Zephyrus, incensed at the youth's coldness and indifference, determined on his destruction. One day, when Apollo and Hyacinthus were playing quoits, Zephyrus, hidden among the fleecy clouds, directed with his breath the quoit flung by Apollo full upon the head of the unfortunate prince, who instantly fell dead. Great was the grief of the sun-god, who, to commemorate his victim by their grace and beauty, caused *hyacinths* to spring from his blood.

In connection with flowers comes in the lovely legend of the Rape of Proserpine, who, on the Nysian plain, accompanied by the ocean nymphs, was plucking flowers. She culled the rose, the violet, the crocus, the hyacinth; and beholding a narcissus of rare size and beauty, she stretched out her hand to gather it, when the earth opened, and Pluto, arrising in his golden chariot, seized her and bore her away. Ceres, her mother, heard her cries, but knows not who has stolen her, nor whither she had fled. *Helios*, however, (the sun), betrays the secret, and tells her that Jove permitted it. "Then Ceres, disgusted, deserted heaven, and dwelt among mortals." But she would not allow the corn to sprout, and threatened with the destruction of his subjects on earth, Jove beseeches her to return to heaven, to which she consents on one condition—the restoration of her daughter, who at length returns, but not till she has eaten a pomegranate given her by Pluto, through which she was compelled to return and pass a third of the year with her infernal husband, "for Pluto dwelt in Hades." And what is Prosperpine but seed corn, which being cast into the ground, remains hidden there till it appears upon the surface, and though not delaying to sprout for a third of a year, yet it is about that time from the sowing of the grain to its ripened fullness of the ear.

Turning to the Christian era, we find that the priests of the early church enlisted flowers into their service. They compiled a catalogue of flowers for each day, dedicating each to some particular saint on account of its flowering about the time of the saint's festival.—Every one knows the aspen, ever moving, ever trembling in the calmest summer day, the legend of which runs as follows:

As the angel of death neared the cross on which He hung, who "considereth the lilies how they grow," he dashed the cup of bitterness full at its foot; and the aspen that grew near, for out of one of them the cross was made, shuddering at the daring of the deed, inherited forever the trembling throes of the dying Deity.

The Shamrock, the national emblem of one of Britain's fairest isles, has its Christian legend thus: St. Patricius, unable to make his hearers comprehend the meaning of the word Trinity, desparingly cast his eyes on the ground in prayer for some means whereby he might "lighten the Gentiles," when spying the little trefoil shamrock at his feet, he plucked it, and holding it up on high, pointed to three leaves on one stem as the emblem of his doctrine, to the easy comprehension of his listeners.

To the beautiful little flower the forget-me-not, with its blue, like the tint of a summer sky, and its golden eye, bright as hope, is attached a legend known to most of our readers, though it will not be amiss to repeat it. A German knight, with his lady-love, were walking on the banks of the Danube, when the fair one saw a tuft of the *myosotis* in the stream, and expressed her wish for it. With all chivalrous alacrity, the knight, in full array, plunged in and gathered the prize; but the eddies of that treacherous river drew him down in their fatal grasp, and sinking, he threw the flowers on shore to his distracted mistress, with the well-known words "*Vergriss mein nicht!*"—"Forget-me-not."

☞ An amusing sword presentation was made by the officers of the 78th Pennsylvania to their Colonel, William Sirwell. The presentation speech of Captain Gillespie was: "Here we are, and here it is. This is a bully sword, and comes from bully fellows. Take it and use it in a bully manner." Col. Sirwell's reply was: "Captain, that was a bully speech. Let us take a bully drink."

☞ A poor man gives his mite to the cause of benevolence, which is scarcely noticed, and a rich man out of his abundance gives hundreds of dollars, and the contribution is paraded in the public journals as evidence of his wonderful liberality. And yet may not God see more in the gift of the one to please him than in the large donation of the other?

☞ A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay; the father-confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack? "That is of no consequence," replied the peasant, "you may put down a wagon-load, for my wife and me are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

Political.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.

THE WORST ENEMIES OF THE UNION!

The worst enemies of the Union are those that prate the most incessantly about its preservation. Mark them! Look at Phillips, Greely, and men of that stamp. They are as loud in lauding the Union as were the Pharisees in the time of our Savior, in lauding the Mosaic law; yet Christ frowned upon them as the worst enemies of that law; cursed them as the vilest oppressors, and denounced them as a "generation of vipers." And do not our modern Pharisees of the *Tribune* order deserve the fate of their foul-tongued, long-faced, hypocritical predecessors? Are they not the most determined enemies of the Union? Let facts speak for themselves. Review the course of these men for the last twenty-five years.—Have they not, during that period of time, been most sedulously engaged in spreading "fire brands, arrows and death," throughout the length and breadth of the land? The great idea they have endenvored to propogate is, that one of the primary objects provided for by the Constitution, namely: the rendition of fugitive slaves—involves an act which is morally, religiously and politically wrong.—Every mode which ingenuity could invent to propagate this position, has been put in operation. Societies have been formed in order to raise ample funds; papers have been established in the most prominent points of the country; books have been published; lecturers have been sent forth, who, from their ample compensation for their services, were able to devote all their time to their mission; in a word, no stone has been left unturned, the motion of which was in the slightest degree calculated to disseminate the sentiment common to those propagandists.

How can any man be the friend of the Constitution, who denounces its objects? As well might it be said that he is the bosom friend of a man, who "ever and anon" denounces his character. Can he love an individual, who continually subverts his interest? Words of affection are a dangerous reliance when acts of opposition are met at every step. Yet, in defiance of principles thus self-evident, these men are loud in proclaiming themselves the especial friends of the Union. They have for the last year bowed the knee seven times a day to the Constitution and the Union, and for the last quarter of a century they have never existed a day without denouncing the former as a "league with hell," and doing all in their power to destroy the latter, by constantly casting the seeds of discord broadspread over the land. God save us from such friends. The love of such men is like the fang of a viper! There is poison in their very touch; the sting of the asp is beneath their tongue; their habitations are the abodes of cruelty; peace is a stranger to their councils. It is the vilest hypocrisy for such men to talk of maintaining the Union, while they promulgate ideas that are adverse to its objects, of alion to its spirit. During the entire period of their history they have never placed themselves in such a ridiculously foolish position as that which they now so pertinaciously maintain, in claiming to be the exclusive friends of the Union.

At one time, these so called philanthropist came out plainly and said "the Constitution provides for wicked objects; it sanctions slavery; it allows the masters to retake fugitives from Southern thraldom. In doing these things there is a violation of every principle of morality and religion. As the advocates of Christianity, we therefore are compelled to denounce that instrument; it is a vile compact, formed to minister to the lusts of bad men, and calculated to sustain an abhorrent system of inqury and outrage. We consider all slave-holders to be men-stealers—worst by far than thieves—more abandoned than robbers—deserving a fate as horrible as pirates. From such men we turn with unutterable disgust, and we consider them as not having received their dues until they dangle from a scaffold! Since we cannot properly carry out our views, while the Constitution is in force, we deny its obligation in morals, and contend, as politicians, for its utter abrogation. We are openly for a dissolution of the Union."—Such were the sentiments which were promulgated some fifteen years ago by Abby Kelly and a vast group of kindred spirits that spread like locust over the land. Yet, strange to say, these people are now the most violent and uncompromising friends of the Union!—Gracious heavens! what a summerset they have turned! But can any one, in his senses, believe that the Constitution is strengthened by the support or friendship of such people? They are just what they always were. They bless or curse for a dollar! Out of place or out of power, they hurl their anathemas at government as if they possessed a Divine commission to denounce vengeance and designate the objects upon which it should fall. Put them in office, the lion is at once transformed into a lamb; the lips that cursed, curse no more; Government is an ordinance of God; passive obedience and non-resistence are duties which every good citizen owes to men in authority! Well may every American exclaim, Heaven save us from ultraism! Never a nation in an age of the world went through a more fiery ordeal from the prevalence of this evil than has the United States of America, we should like any one to point us to it. We have felt the scourge in every form. It has scattered its ills in every city and State, village and vale. It has been ceaseless in its action; there has been no repose under its pressure. Years have increased its intensity, until its accumulated evils have burst in a mighty torrent upon the land, bearing away in its dreadful surge all that was delightful in social ties and national recollections. And yet, like the hideous monster of the roman poet, who roared for prey, though his den was full, it cries aloud throughout the land to the battling hosts of brethren, to hurl sharp and swift the instruments of death, and never stay the fatal work of destruction while dying groans can rend the air, or gushing life blood soften the earth! Are we men or are we demons? If men, let us stand up in honest truth to our Constitution, never doubting that it is what our forefathers designed it should be an antidote and cure for all the political ills arising from our peculiar condition, as a people and a nation. If demons, let us abjure it at once and forever, and go wholesale into butchery, until we shall have got a surfeit of carnage?

For heaven's sake let us cease patronising political quackery. It has brought us to the brink of ruin. We tremble upon the very edge of the acolivity. Nothing can save us from the hideous precipice below, but the abandonment of past delusions; the abjurations of false teachers; and the resumption of common sense principles. One grain of common sense is worth more, under any circumstances of human life, than an ocean of transcendentalism. This is no day for abstractions. The American people, of all people, in the world, are the least calculated for them. Their habits and their history render them eminently practical. Let them take up national affairs, just as they build a steam-clad vessel, and they will not fail to come to proper and successful conclusions. There is not the slightest difficulty on the subject. The trouble is in the way it is managed. If we would as a nation determine to do the best we can, under the circumstances of the case, and dropping all speculations about possible evils, simply take the Constitution and laws, as our rule, and a good conscience as our guide, peace would be restored to our land and prosperity shed its blessings on our borders.

There never was a time in our history which called for the development of these principles, to as great an extent, as the present. The old enemy is now more active and dangerous than ever. Instead of the contracted sphere, in which he formerly moved, he now exerts his influence in camps; reigns supreme in high official positions; and threatens to control the action of both Houses of Congress. Of course, he is everywhere clamorous for the Union, but, at the same time, as of old, he is constantly advocating or originating measures inimical to the Constitution. Instead of simply seeking to crush the rebellion by the means provided in that instrument, and restore the Union, by rendering the Constitution triumphant, he puts first and formost his acts of confiscation, Congressional emancipation, and territorial tyranny! Can the Union ever be restored by dividing the hearts of the citizens, who compose it? Is it not foolish to attempt to accomplish an object, by the authority of law, when the moral sense of the nation does not sustain the spirit of the enactment? On the 4th of March, 1862, Senator Cowan administered a scathing rebuke to the advocates of these disunion measures. Pennsylvania has reason to be proud of such a representative. The course which that gentleman counsels would not only end the rebellion but forever establish the Constitution. Our hearty wish and firm belief are, that it will finally be adopted, despite the opposition with which it is assailed. The Constitution, for a period of near a century, has proved itself sufficient to bind all parts of the land together, and to protect each. What more can we reasonably want?

From the Phil. Inquirer—Republican paper.

The Cameron Regime in the War Department.

A startling exposition of the mismanagement of the War Department under ex-Secretary Cameron and Asistant Secretary Scott is furnished by Executive document, No 67, recently printed by the House of Representatives. It appears by this, that these two functionaries were busily engaged during last summer and fall making contracts for muskets and other small arms, until the aggregate of their operations summed up one million nine hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and forty muskets, rifles and carbines, seventy-two thousand four hundred and forty pistols, and one hundred and forty-two thousand five hundred swords; for which they obliged the Treasury to pay the trifling amount of $46,144,665. These arms were to be delivered, according to the convenience of the contractors, at almost any time along in the next two years, the delivery of hundreds of thousands of them being accommodatingly disposed over periods extending from *July, 1862, to December, 1863!*

While the public will be astounded at the vast magnitude and wild improvidence of these operations, there are other attending circumstances that will leave them hardly less amazed. Whatever we consider the exorbitant prices agreed upon, or the apparent privity with the bidders, or the censurable favortism to defaulting and bogus contractors, or the miserable inferiority of the arms thus procured, or the character of the contractors (who were in large part neither manufactures of any kind nor dealers in arts), or the impolicy of the Department bringing into the field so many bidders to compete with itself in the markets of Europe—all show a reckless system of extravagance and jobbing, and a want of foresight and administrative ability, shocking to the instincts of every honest citizen and well-trained business man. Every part of the book is filled with cases illustrating the justness of these remarks, but from them all we select one case, which, as it has been recently before the public, may be taken as a sample:—

On the 4th of September, H. Boker & Co., of New York, offered to furnish "upwards of one hundred thousand stand of rifled percussion muskets," at eighteen dollars each. These *rifled* guns they represented as being within their "control," from having made "advances thereon." Next day this offer was accepted by Simon Cameron, with the condition that the first instalment of the arms should be ready for inspection in Europe on the 12th of October following, and none to be taken that were not submitted for inspection before the 12st of November. They were to be of of two specified bores, 58 inch and 69 inch. These are the material points in the agreement. In the next we hear of this loose transaction is from Mr. Boker, who writes, after his contract time had expired, from somewhere in Europe, that after an examination of the *guns* in the *market* he finds it difficult to furnish "rifled muskets," and coolly asks the Department to allow him to furnish "smooth bores" of the calibre of 70 inch and 72 inch.

This modification was granted, but with no reduction of price, the muskets to be all of one calibre (70) however. This proposition, be it remembered, came from contractors who had written the Department that they had *control* of "upwards one hundred thousand *rifled* percussion muskets," upon which they had made advances. On the twenty-fourth of November, nearly two weeks after the final term of the contract had expired, Mr. Wright, the Government Inspector, writes that these arms were lying in arsenals and at different places in France, Belgium, Prussia and Austria, and that but a portion had been inspected. Next we hear from Captain Crispin, the Ordnance Officer at New York on the thirteenth of February, three months after the expiration of the term, that H. Boker & Co., had sent sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-five rifled muskets, of *eleven* varieties and *seven* different calibres. Of these seventeen thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine were *altered muskets of the abandoned Austrian model, and of inferior workmanship*; seventeen thousand three hundred and ninety-four more were "open to grave and serious objections;" and of the whole lot but twenty-five thousand three hundred and seventy-six were what might be called fair arms, coming anywhere near the contract. The fitting denouement of the transaction above briefly recited was placed before the public a few weeks ago. Hon. Joseph Holt settled this business, which footed up two million nine hundred and ten thousand dollars, according to the old arrangement with the War Department, by reducing the bills to one million three hundred thousand dollars.

No one can read such exposures without seeing that these parties had no "control" of the muskets they agreed to furnish—that the whole affair was a sheer speculation—and that the War Department was utterly reckless, or worse, in its purchases of arms. Yet this book is filled with such transactions, footing up in the aggregate over forty-six millions of dollars. From an inspection of the names upon the pages of the document, it would seem that any one "in the ring" could get a contract to furnish guns, and the man farthest removed from the business stood the best chance of a fat job. In this way ex-members of State Legislatures, printers, lawyers, editors, jobbers and speculators of all kinds, who know no more of manufacturing or buying arms than they do of the erection of the pyramid of Cheops, "got their hooks" into the national treasury through the wide-open doors of the War Department.

There was one officer, however, who stood up manfully against the course of wild and insane management of the Department, and that was General Ripley. On all occasions we find him throughout this report interposing against the unwise and wasteful transactions of his two superiors, Secretary Cameron and Assistant Secretary Scott. He reminds them that the prices are too high, that the orders are unnecessary, that there are too many bidders brought into the market, the effect of which was to raise the price of arms against each other and against the Government. The files of the Department give ample evidence that this was the direct result in the markets of Europe of such a profusion of contracts and orders. The Government itself had one of its own agents at the same time buying in Europe, and these multitudinous operations embarrassed and raised prices on him. All this General Ripley warned the Secretary as a certain to occur, but his advice and admonitions were no avail. The motto was "let contracting thrive." The protests of the Ordnance Bureau were overslaughtered by brief and curt endorsements like these:—"The Secretary desires done to-day. "Thomas A. Scott." "The Secretary desires this to be arranged. Thomas A. Scott." "The Secretary desires the guns referred to shall be secured. Thomas A. Scott." And it was "done" and it was arranged. In this fact, that General Ripley opposed such a mode of doing business root and branch with all its might, is to be found the secret of all the vituperation of which he was the subject and the victim last Summer and Fall.

We close this very imperfect notice of Executive Document No. 67, with the remarks that the Government never needed more than three or four hundred thousand stand of arms from Europe, although two millions were contracted for. It is due, also, to justice and the truth of history to say that this whole system has been crushed out by Secretary Stanton, who appointed for the purpose Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Hon. Joseph Holt and Major Hagner.

Popping the Question.

Fair Sally and her lover, Mat,
Close by the fire in silence sat;
A dish of apples, rosy-faced,
Was 'tween them on the table placed.
In vain poor Mat essayed to speak,
While blushes mantled Sally's cheek;
For well she know what Mat would say,
If he could only find the way.
To him she cast a side-long look,
Then from the dish an apple took,
And deftly slicing it in twain,
She passed half to the silent swain,
Mat looked confused, then brightened up,
And said, as he the apple took:
"Now, Sally, dearest, unto me,
As kind as to this pippin be—
You've *halved* the apple—pray *have* me!"

☞ A LAUGHABLE FRENCH MIRACLE.—The well known French missionary, Father Brihain, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything that he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of the village through which he passed, and the worthy man having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak Father Brihain rose according to custom, and went to say his prayers at a neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing" said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand into his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four half crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle. He gave the money to the beggar and hastened to church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and after Brihain related the miracle with the greatest unction, the curate turned pale, put his hand his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Brihain, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

☞ THE UMBRELLA.—The umbrella has been used from a very remote antiquity, as it is evident from carvings and representations found among ancient ruins of Persia, Arabia and China. Nevertheless it was not used by men in England until during the last century, and is said that Jonas Hanway who died in 1786, was the first person who used an umbrella in the streets of London. Even at that late period a man carrying an umbrella was an object of ridicule, and excite the jeers of the people by his "effeminacy." Previous to the introduction of umbrellas, the hackney-coach was the shelter of unfortunate pedestrians who happened to be caught in a shower; but it was customary, after their introduction, to keep a single umbrella at each of the coffee-houses, which, in cases of emergency, was lent, together with a boy to carry it.

☞ HOW TO FORGIVE A RIVAL.—Resolve that you will love and wish well to the man who has failed. Go to him and get acquainted with him; if you and he are both true men you will not find it difficult to like him. It is perhaps asking too much of human nature to ask you to do all this in the case of the man who has carried off the woman you loved; but as regards anything else, do it all. Go to your successful rival, and heartily congratulate him; say frankly you wish it had been you; it will do great good to him and to yourself. Let it not be that envy, that fast growing fiend, shall be suffered in your heart for one minute.—*Boyd.*

☞ Life is a continual struggle after that which we cannot take with us, riches; which seem given to us as the nurse gives the child a pretty ornament or shell, from the mantel-piece to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, when it drops from its helpless hands, and is replaced, to please other babies in their turn.

☞ A grocer advertises in the following manner: "Ham and cigars, smoked and unsmoked."

☞ An Indian-rubber omnibus is about to be invented which, when jam full, will hold a couple more.

☞ Ignorance is a much more quiet, manageable, and contented thing than half-knowledge.