

American Home-Counter.

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

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1862.

NO. 23

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

Poetical.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

We love the friends our hearts hold dear,
Our father loves our mother;
But most of all we ought to love
Our dear devoted mothers.
Their joy and pride is ours to share,
Their love and care is ours to share,
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Their love and care is ours to share.

A friend may love us long and well,
And cling through joy and sorrow;
But then some evil comes to pass,
And all is over for us now.
But father and mother love us true,
And never leave us for a day,
Their love and care is ours to share,
Their joy and pride is ours to share.

Miscellaneous.

MARRIED BY COMMAND.

Once upon a time there lived near the fort of Marienburg, in Prussia, a farmer by the name of Reival. He had two daughters—charming girls. The two daughters were in love, and engaged to be married. But their parents were so poor, and their means were so small, that they were unable to give their daughters a dowry. The girls were so poor, and their means were so small, that they were unable to give their daughters a dowry.

"Never!" replied Charlotte. "I shall never have courage. If you go in my stead, I will make over the two hundred florins to you."
"I will accept half," replied Catharine, quickly. "We shall thus both have a dowry, and who knows—perhaps be married to-morrow."
"Letter in hand," Catharine soon reached the fortress, the gates of which were opened to her at the sight of the mysterious seal. She was much pleased with the defence which was paid her, and made up her mind that the stranger must have been some great personage, and that the letter contained something important. She examined it over and over again, burning with curiosity to know the contents. She endeavored to peep into the envelope, but in vain. "If I should, without knowing it, cause a coup d'etat or a revolution," exclaimed she. "But after all, what are the secrets of peace and war to me. The great thing is to ascertain if Albert and Ludwig are here."

The commander, a crabbled looking old soldier, who had grown grey in the service of his king and country, now entered to relieve her suspense. Having eyed her from head to foot, he said, "You are a young girl, are you not?"
"One of the fair-sex asked for me. It was you, young girl. Very I am. What can I do for you?"
"Is it Major Keller, commander at Marienburg, to whom I have the honor of speaking?"
"The same."

"I am commissioned to give this letter into your hands, Major," said Catharine, presenting the letter.
"From whom did you receive it?" continued she.
"From a stranger who passed down the road about an hour ago."
"Let me see," he said, starting as he recognized the seal, and taking out of his hat, he made a military salute.
Catharine was quite astonished to find that the despatch of which she was the bearer received as much honor as herself.

Having read the letter, Keller burst into a sudden fit of laughter, and then as suddenly grew grave again, and, taking out a double eye-glass, steadily regarded her for some time.
"Would you like to be a Vivandier?" asked the determined Major.
"Vivandier? That would depend on the Regiment. If it were, for instance, in the third."
Catharine, thinking the Major's question very original, and wondering what he would next answer, "Not a large sum—only a hundred gold florins; the carriage of the letter which I have given you."
"Well, that is a dowry for a soldier."
"Certainly—especially for a sergeant."
"But you are not a sergeant, if the fifth company of the third regiment."
"Yes, yes; we will see about that. It is a company of picked men, measuring five feet six inches. I doubt if your finger—"

"Permit me, mademoiselle," said he, drawing his sword, and taking her measure with the blade.
"Five feet at least. Not amiss, not amiss!"
"Major, do you wish to enrol me in the king's army?"
"Joking—joking with this letter! Stay, there is no longer any mystery; you may read it yourself."
Catharine took the letter from Major Keller's hand, and read the following—
"Order to Major Keller to choose one of the handsomest men in the regiment, and to marry him to the young girl—the bearer of this despatch."
(Signed) KING FREDERICK II.
"The king! It was the king! Good heavens!"
"The king himself. Are you not delighted to have made his acquaintance?"
Catharine was stupefied, and exclaimed—"to marry me! I will never give consent."
"Your consent," replied Keller, showing her the letter; "of that there is no mention here."
"Saying those words he rang the bell, and said to the soldier who answered his summons—
"An order from the king to the chaplain. A marriage to be solemnized in half an hour."
"In half an hour!" cried Catharine. "It is impossible! It is a cruel joke, perhaps a quarrel with you. The time to measure eight or ten grenadiers, and to choose one among them of the right proportions," said he, measuring Catharine with his eye. "About five feet four or six inches. A fair complexion to form a contrast, Mademoiselle," continued he, with a military salute, "I shall be at your service in a few minutes."
Presently Keller returned, holding a paper in his hand.
"I have found your man," said he; "and you are to sign this promise of marriage with him for the king, as the law requires the consent of both parties."
Catharine, recovering from her dejection, exclaimed, "Consent! Ah! this paper has to be signed? You must have my name!"
"Well, Major, I will allow myself to be cut to pieces rather than sign that paper!" added she, standing in an attitude of determination before the surprised Major.
"Really you would make an admirable grenadier," said he. He then read aloud the promise of marriage, as follows—
"We, the undersigned (you will add your name), and sergeant Hosten of the third regiment of the grenadiers—
Hearing the name of Hosten, Catharine changed a countenance, and exclaimed—"Can he be Ludwig? thought she, "then indeed, fortune has favored me!"
The Major went on reading—
"Promise to take each other for man and wife. Marienburg, 15th March, 1780. There, Mademoiselle, you see it is not long. Will you sign this paper? Yes or no? No, do you say? We must take strong measures, said he, as he was about to pull the bell.
Catharine stopped him, saying, "I beg your pardon, Major; I did not quite understand. The name of the intended, if you please."
"Sergeant Hosten," replied Major Keller.
"Is it possible?"
"Ah why not? Make yourself easy. He is a brave, handsome fellow, five feet five inches and a half tall."
"But Catharine could hardly believe her ears, so providential did this circumstance appear to her; the distress which she had experienced but a few minutes before was suddenly changed at the mention of his name, into occasions of joy. "Well, then, do you still refuse?" said the major.
"I consent, Major, and am ready to sign. Long live King Frederick!"

"All in good time, I was sure of it—I know the sex."
"When he had left the room, Keller called Sergeant Hosten.
"Albert (for this was the young sergeant's name), now entered, making a military salute. On perceiving the young girl, he exclaimed—"Catharine, the sister of my betrothed! What an unexpected pleasure!"
"Albert, my sister's lover! Oh, cruel mistake!" ejaculated Catharine, her dream of happiness once more vanishing in the air.
"Commander, what are your orders?"
"They are these, Sergeant Hosten. In the king's name you are appointed to marry this young girl."
"At the words, 'in the king's name,' Albert shouldered his arms; but on hearing the words which followed, he suddenly let his gun fall, and stood as if petrified.
"Do you understand?"
"Yes, commander," said Albert mechanically.
"A quarter of an hour is given you to become acquainted with each other, and sign the promise of marriage."
"Pardon—excuse, Major, cried Albert.
"Without a moment's delay, he is in my duty to—but you understand that in a quarter of an hour—"
"Are you speaking at random?" inquired the major.
"No, no, no! But the surprise, the arrangement, scarcely arrived at the garri-son and to be all at once married! It is like a dream which goes off before the match has taken place. After all, what claim have I to mademoiselle's hand?"
"Five feet and nearly six inches. She is contented with that. Look at her, and take example by her."
"Where does mademoiselle consent to this marriage?"
"She asks nothing better."
"That is to say, major," put in Catharine, "permit me, long live the king!" and volunteered to sign immediately, said the major.
"I was mistaken, commander," replied she. "I thought it was Ludwig Hosten, my brother, and it is Albert Hosten, his brother, who is my sister's affianced husband. You deceived me by telling me he was in the fifth company."
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"And separate us just as we were about to be united!"
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"One moment, major, and you shall know all," said Catharine detaining him. "It was not me, Catharine Reival, that the king gave this letter. But my sister, Charlotte Reival, whom he met on the road. Charlotte did not dare to come to Marienburg, so I came in her stead. Therefore, it is my sister who is to marry Albert, and if you marry me to him, you surely disobey the king."
"Really, if it were true," said Keller hesitatingly.
"I am, my sister, Charlotte Reival by the orders of His Majesty," said Albert.
"If you doubt my word, continued Catharine, "I will have brought here, she will confirm all I have said."
"Send for Charlotte, supplicated Albert.
"Peace and sign. I shall be back before long," said Major Keller, as he left the room.
"For some time Catharine and Albert were silent.
"How are you to get out of this scrape?" at length asked Catharine.
"I would blow up Fort Marienburg, sooner or than marry you," cried Albert furiously.
"And I would rather be buried alive than marry you," exclaimed she, weeping.
"Four Charlotte! When our parents betrothed us, who would have imagined that such a great misfortune as this should separate us?"
"And separate us just as we were about to be united!"
"But it is not yet done! It is impossible if neither of us sign."
"Do you know what I fear, Albert? That they will dispense with our signatures, and marry us in spite of ourselves."
"In spite of ourselves!" cried Albert, in a paroxysm of rage. "I would sooner tear the hair from your head, my good Catharine. That is the least I owe Charlotte."
"I would sooner swap the eyes out of your head, my dear Albert," said Catharine, in an ecstasy of grief. "Ludwig may depend upon that!"
At this moment Major Keller entered, followed by two soldiers. Albert and Catharine separating suddenly, looked anxiously towards him.
"All in good time," exclaimed the major. "You are signed as last. I expected as much—I know the fair sex." Then turning to Albert, he said, in a low voice—"In case of any hesitation on your part, my fine fellow, have brought you two comrades from the regiment, charged to take you by a court martial, if you had not signed at the fourth beat of the drum. There is the first," as the drum was heard outside. Albert started at the sound. "You know the discipline," continued the major, "disobedience is a capital offence, and you are immediately! Come sergeant, add he, pointing to the table, "take the pen. Now for the conjugal flourish!"
Catharine suddenly gaining her self-possession, exclaimed—"Kew! not sign paper!"

"I was mistaken, commander," replied she. "I thought it was Ludwig Hosten, my brother, and it is Albert Hosten, his brother, who is my sister's affianced husband. You deceived me by telling me he was in the fifth company."
"It was a month ago," replied Albert. "I exchanged with my brother. You see, major, it was thus the mistake arose."
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would rather marry a score of balls, and they shall be served to you hot."
"These words Albert shuddered, involuntarily. "Twenty balls!" thought he, "and he will do as he says. Good heavens!"
"Not a word to the young girl," continued Keller; still speaking in an undertone. "Respect for the feelings of fair ladies. I wish for your consent." Having said this Keller twirled his moustache, and stationing himself in front of the young people, took up a newspaper and began to read.
After a short interval the drums were heard, and the major spoke. "Sergeant Albert Hosten," said he, "what are your sentiments towards Catharine Reival, whom his Majesty has appointed to be your wife?"
"Now is the time," said Catharine, in a low voice. He is relating. Say that I inspire your horror."
"Well you said he with an effort, Catharine inspires me. He had got so far when the drums beat the second time. He suddenly interrupted himself and, as they heard louder and louder, he exclaimed—"I love you, Catharine—I love you with all my heart—I adore her!" Turning to Catharine, who knew not what to think he said in an undertone: "I hate you, never fear; but do not contradict me, or I am dead."
"Very well," said Keller, at the third beat, as he watched Albert in the act of kissing Catharine's hand. "Sergeant Albert Hosten, does Catharine reciprocate your sentiments?"
"Yes, commander," she loved me—she loves me to distraction; but excuse the first moment—she is in reality as delighted as I am. She thinks the king; she thanks you. Again she thanks the king; she thanks you. I am the drums were heard. "Is it not so, my good Catharine?" Then in a low voice—"You deceived me. He is not if you do not give me your hand."
Catharine was quite distracted at these words; this was the only thing that could shake her determination. If Ludwig was in danger she would do anything to save him.
"You cried, 'long live the king!' and volunteered to sign immediately," said the major.
"For Ludwig," said Albert, emphatically, and poor Catharine could no longer resist, and gave her hand to Albert.
"The drums were heard, and the king, who was in the act of signing the engagement, which is on the table, looked at the king, and he looked at each other in consternation, for they knew if they signed they never could retract.
"Yes, major—certainly I am going—"
Then hearing the drums, started, and jumped up. "The king is here! He has just entered the table. He looked at the king, and he looked at each other in consternation, for they knew if they signed they never could retract.
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