

# 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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**Poetical.**  
**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**  
 We love the friends our hearts hold dear,  
 Our sisters and our brothers,  
 But most of all we ought to love  
 Our dear devoted mother.  
 Although this world is dark and drear,  
 And joy, like a passing shadow,  
 Yet, no and there that will appear,  
 A beam of love and gladness.  
 A friend may love us long and well,  
 And cling through joy and sorrow,  
 But that some cruel, cold, and cruel,  
 May chill his love to-morrow.  
 But firmer than the love of friends,  
 And stronger than all other,  
 The purest love we ever know,  
 Is that of our dear mother.  
 A sister loves us fond and true,  
 And all of tender feeling,  
 And all of loving care,  
 Appreciated by the few.  
 But dearer than a sister's love,  
 And firmer than all others,  
 The dearest, sweetest love on earth,  
 Is a devoted mother.  
 A brother loves us true and true,  
 A father loves us true and true,  
 A wife's affection greater still,  
 But dearer than all others,  
 There is no love as true and kind  
 As a devoted mother.  
 They tell that spirits hover round,  
 From evil to detain us;  
 But friends, give once a kind word,  
 In Heaven may still befriend us.  
 But dearer than an angel's love,  
 And purer than all others,  
 The love on earth we need the most,  
 Is a devoted mother's.  
 There let us love our mothers more,  
 While they are here to love us;  
 And while they see our hearts true,  
 And know they are loved by us,  
 And may we forget to treat with slight,  
 That love we have so dearly bought,  
 The hearts of our dear mothers.

**Miscellaneous.**

**THE WOUNDED.**  
 Six hundred and forty-three wounded!  
 If that were all! My wife spoke in a sad voice.  
 "If that were all!"  
 "The return is given as complete," I said, returning again to the newspaper which I held in my hand. "Three killed and forty-three wounded, and six hundred and forty-three wounded."  
 "A fearful list, but it is not all," my wife answered. "A great many more were wounded at a great many more places."  
 "But this is an official return, signed by the commanding general."  
 "And so far doubtless, correct. But from every battle-field go swift winged messengers that kill or wound a thousand miles, instead of a hundred paces; and these invisible mortal eyes, that pierce living hearts. Of the dead and wounded from those we have no report. They are casualties not spoken of by our commanding generals."  
 "I had not thought of this; or, at least, not with any realizing sense of what it involved. My wife resumed:  
 "Let us take the matter home. We have a strike in the army. The ball that strikes him strikes us, if, in the list of killed and wounded, we had found his name, would there have been no hayonet point or shattering bullet in our flesh? I shiver at the thought. Ah, these invisible messengers of pain and death would often deeper than iron and lead."  
 As she thus spoke my eyes were resting on the list, and I saw the name of a friend. An ejaculation of surprise dropped from my lips.  
 "What? My starved wife grew slightly pale."  
 "Harley is wounded!"  
 "Oh, don't! The pallor increased, and she hid her hand over her heart—a sign that she felt pain there. "Badly? She tried to steady her voice.  
 "A ball through the chest. Not set down as dangerous, however."  
 "Poor Anna! What sad tidings for her! My wife arose. "I must go to her immediately."  
 "Yes," I answered.  
 "Soon afterwards we went out together, I to my office, and she to visit the wife of our wounded friend.  
 "When I met my wife at dinner-time, her face was paler than when I parted with her in the morning. I saw that she had been suffering, while I, intent for hours, upon my Harley and his wife, my own piece by a visible and the other by an invisible bullet."  
 "Did you see Anna?" I asked.  
 "How is she?"  
 "Calm, but hurt very deeply. She only smiles at the news this morning."  
 "There is no more time to decide what is best. Her husband's brother-in-law, and with her, as much information by telegraph to-day as it is possible to receive. To-night or to-morrow he will leave for the battle field. Anna may go with him."  
 "She appeared to be hurt deeply you say?"  
 "Yes," replied my wife; "and was in most intense pain. Every line in her face exhibits a terrible grief over her heart."  
 "What did she say?"  
 "Not much. She seemed looking into the distance, and trying to make out things which I did not see. 'If he were to die, I would die with him.'"  
 "Two deaths by the same bullet," I said, reverting to our morning conversation.  
 "In the evening, I called with my wife to see Mrs. Harley. A telegram had been received, stating that her husband's wound,

though severe, was not dangerous. The ball had done well. She was going to leave in the night train, with her brother-in-law, and would be with her husband in the quickest time as possible to make. How a few hours of suffering had changed her! The wound was deep and very painful.  
 "It was nearly two months before Harley was sufficiently recovered to be removed from the hospital. His wife had been permitted to see him every day, and to remain in attendance on him for a greater part of the time."  
 "Did you know that Mr. Harley and his wife were at home?" I said, on coming in one day.  
 "No. When did they arrive?" was the answer and inquiry.  
 "This morning. I heard it from Harley's brother."  
 "How are they?" asked my wife.  
 "He looks as well as ever. I am told, though still suffering from his wound; but she is miserable, Mr. Harley says."  
 A shadow fell on my wife's face, and she sighed heavily. "Was afraid of that," she said. "How is her health now?"  
 "Flesh wounds close readily, but spirit wounds are difficult to heal. These invisible bullets are almost sure to reach some vital part."  
 "I met Mr. Harley not long afterward, in company with his wife. His eyes were bright, but his face was not so bright. He spoke scarcely a sign of what he had endured. He was anxious for him to come when the surgeon would pronounce him in condition to join his regiment. His wound when referred to evidently gave him more pleasure than pain. It was a mark of distinction—a sign that he had offered even his life for country. How different with Mrs. Harley! I touched her to look into her dreary, absent eyes, on her patient lips, and exhausted countenance.  
 "She has worn herself out in nursing me," said her husband, in answer to a remark on her tenderness, and with just a shade of anxiety on his face. "Was the truth not plain to him? Did she not know that her husband was wounded also? That two balls left the rifle which he was struck, one of them reaching to his distant home."  
 "In three weeks I hope to be in the field again, and face to face with the enemy," he spoke with the ardor of a strong desire, his eyes bright, and his face in a glow—wounding, and the pain, or wounding all forgotten. But another's eyes became dim as his bright countenance's cheeks pale as his bright eyes.  
 "I saw the town shining as Mrs. Harley answered in an unsteady voice:  
 "I am neither brave enough nor strong enough for a soldier's wife."  
 "She meant to say more, as was plain from her manner, but could not trust herself."  
 "Oh, yes, you are brave enough and strong enough," replied Mr. Harley, with admiration. "Not every one could have moved so calmly amid the dreadful scene of a camp hospital, and the noise and confusion of an army, and the sight of our dear mother."  
 "I should have been wounded also," my wife began; but Mr. Harley interrupted her with the calculation.  
 "Yes, you would, resumed my wife; and, as now appears, nearer the seat of vitality than you were. Did you not know this before, Mr. Harley?"  
 "He was perplexed for a little while, and then he said:  
 "When you were struck, she was struck also."  
 "Oh, yes! Light broke in upon Mr. Harley. He turned quickly toward his wife, and she saw her face what had been unseen before, the wasting and exhaustion that came only from deep seated pain. He had thought the paleness of her countenance, the weakness that made her step slow and cautious, only the result of overtaxed muscles and nerves. But he knew better now.  
 "I didn't think of that," he said, with visible anxiety as he gazed into his wife's eyes. "Our wounds, so ghastly to the eyes, get no deeper than the flesh and bone. The pain is short, and nature comes quickly to the work of cure with all her healing energies. We suffer for a while, and then it is over. We are strong and ready for the conflict again."  
 "But, said my wife, into the homes that stand far away from battle-fields come swift winged messengers that wound and kill as surely as iron ball. They strike mother with wife, sisters, some with death wounds, all with the anguish of vital pain. Alas! for these wounded! The healing, if it follows, is never, as the surgeons say, by the first intention, but always slow, and through abscess and ulceration. The large number never cure, but suffer a long and painful life. For years, but do not lose the marks of suffering."  
 A long silence followed. There were others present who, like Mr. Harley had never thought of this. I noticed that for the hour we remained together she was tender toward his wife, and more than once saw him looking at her, while she was not observing him, with a troubled countenance. He did not again speak of the early period at which he expected to join his regiment.  
 On the day following another long list of killed and wounded was given, and among them was a name that we had seen before. As I read over the names and counted the numbers, my thought came back from bloody field and suffering hospital! These are not all! I said. Alas! not all. There is pain, there is anguish, there is wounding, even unto death, in many, many homes, within a thousand miles of that gory place. Some are alone and neglected—lying on their battle-field, with no one to put over a cup of water, and some are with loving friends who yet fail to staunch the flow of blood, or bandage the shattered limb—some cover their wounds, hiding them from all eyes, and bear the pain in agonizing solitude. The sum of all this agony, who shall give it?  
 Our wounded! If you would find them all you must look beyond the hospitals. They are not every one bearded and in male attire. There are beside you, in the car just now a woman, who is scarcely noticed there. She sits at the corner board, and there is a glimmer in her face; her steps, as they rested on the pavement, were slow. She has been wounded, and is dying. Did you notice Mrs. D. who I remember that Sunday? Yes; and now I recognize her! One of our wounded! Do you see a face at the window? 'In the marble front house? Yes. 'It is an endearing countenance. 'Wounded! Ah, sir, from over a hundred battle fields and ash-smoking grounds, have been such miseries as pain and death. They have penetrated ungarded homes in every city, and town and neighborhood. Our ones happy and peaceful country, wounding the beloved ones left there in hope and security. For such there is slain in Gilead—God is their physician.

**A Short Story About Honesty.**

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the wayside near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread which he had bought in town and broke it, and gave half to his son.  
 "Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working all day for small wages, to support me, and you must be very hungry. I shall wait until you are done."  
 "You speak kindly, my son," replied the father. "Your love to me does me more good than my food, and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother, who has left us, and told you to love me as she used to do; and, indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and support to me. But now I have eaten the first to please you, it is your turn now to eat."  
 "Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take a little more. You see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do."  
 "I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy, but cut it shall not; I have an abundance, and let us thank God for his goodness, in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. Who gave us the living loaf to nourish our immortal souls, how shall he not give us all other good, which is necessary to support our mortal bodies?"  
 The father and son thanked God, and they began to eat the loaf in pieces, to begin their frugal meal. But as they eat one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father.  
 "My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours."  
 "But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?"  
 "I know not as to whom it belongs, but probably it was put there by the baker in a mistake. We must inquire. Run—'But, father, in respect to the baker, you are poor and needy, and you have bought the loaf and the baker may find a lie, and—'  
 "I will not listen to you my boy; I bought the loaf, but I did not buy the gold in it. The baker sent it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember—Eim will told us to do to others as we would have others to do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; I am sure that that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, oh! let us also, also, his goodness and his trust in God. We may die in starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it. Yes, my boy, trust in God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now run to the baker, and bring him here, and I will watch the gold until he comes."  
 "So the boy ran after the baker.  
 "Brother workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money. Look at this gold, which is yours, and told you it had been found."  
 "What gold?" asked the father. "It is mine, it is mine, it is mine, and it is mine, and it is mine, and it is mine, and it is mine."  
 "My father is very poor, and, indeed, I am poor, my child; but you must not alarm me by your complaints. I am glad we have saved the man from doing his money."  
 The baker had been gazing alternately at the honest father and the eager boy, and the gold which lay glittering on the green turf.  
 "That gold is indeed an honest fellow," said the baker, "and my neighbor, David the wax-dresser, speaks truth, when he said that your most honest man in the town. Now, I shall tell you about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me this gold, and told me to sell it cheaply, or to give it to the most honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send the man as a customer this morning; as thou wast not take the loaf for nothing. I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for ten pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure, and certainly, it is not small—it is this, and God grant thee a blessing with it."  
 The poor man bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. "His boy ran and put his arms around his neck, and said:  
 "I shall always like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."  
**SIGNIFICATION OF COLORS—Yellow—Honor, height of spirit; being here separated from virtue, and may be endured the least shade of disgrace.  
 White—Innocence, or purity of conscience, truth, and upright integrity, without dissimulation.  
 Blue—Wisdom and sobriety together with the severe correction of too much ambition.  
 Green—Devout hope, or the accomplishment of holy and honorable actions.  
 Purple—Fortitude, with discretion; or a faithful discharge of any trust reposed.  
 Red—Fratricide or noble, worthy anger in religion; or the heat of the oppression.  
 Grey—Green—Devout hope, or the accomplishment of holy and honorable actions.  
 Purple—Fortitude, with discretion; or a faithful discharge of any trust reposed.  
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 Grey—**

**Interview Extraordinary Between the Gov. of Utah and Brigham Young.**

(From Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.)  
 GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, September 3, 1862.  
 A few days since Gov. Harding received a dispatch from Gen. Craig at Fort Laramie, requesting him, in view of the recent Indian outbreaks, to re-organize the company of Mormon soldiers whose three months' term of service had expired a short time before, and in order that he might do this with as little delay as possible, to consult with Brigham Young upon the subject.  
 Accordingly, the Governor of the Territory of Utah called upon the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter day Saints, at the office of that dignitary. Brigham and his two Councilors were present—the tributes of the Washington correspondent, that the Saints, the better to illustrate the order of their importance in their limitless power on earth. After the customary formalities between the power territorial, the latter, in carrying out his duty, known the content of the dispatch, and proceeded to speak of the Indian difficulties, of the necessity of raising a company of soldiers to be placed at Gen. Craig's disposal.  
 The ruler of the people declined any participation in the matter, giving as a reason that the "boys" were busy with their harvesting, and that he did not think they would be willing to do anything more in the military line until they should see a pile of "greenbacks" from Washington, and demanding to know why Gen. Craig, with his command, was not ordered off on an expedition against the Indians instead of being sent here among the Mormons, where he was not at all needed.  
 Gov. Harding replied that the United States Government was fully able to pay all the men who should enlist in its service, and that it would most certainly do so, although there might, in this case, be some little delay.  
 Upon this, Brigham again demanded to know why Gen. Craig, with his command, was not ordered off on an expedition against the Indians instead of being sent here among the Mormons, where he was not at all needed.  
 "Most assuredly," replied the Governor, "because the Almighty could undoubtedly make a better selection than any company of men on the earth. The only question would be to know what man the Lord had chosen."  
 "There could be no trouble in deciding that," said Brigham, "evidently it would be the man who should receive a revelation to that effect."  
 "But," added the unbelieving Gentile, "sometimes more than one might claim to receive such a revelation. How would you distinguish between the two?"  
 "I was not aware of that fact," interposed the astonished Leviteur.  
 "I am only a poor prophet since some of your followers set up a new Prophet (referring to the Morrisites), thus creating schism in the church, and occasioning the death of several men." So you see that opposite to the Almighty, as well as among this people as elsewhere."  
 After a pause, during which the "President" was manifestly collecting his forces, he renewed the attack by saying: "Don't you think that the same Government, directly related, which established upon the earth?"  
 "I do not suppose," replied the Governor, "that you are to consider the descriptions of the millennium as literally true, but simply as figures of speech, which the inspired sought to convey his meaning to a highly imaginative people. For instance, when we read that the lion shall eat straw as the ox, &c., he really means that those platonisms are actually to take place."  
 "Why not?" asked Brigham, in amazement.  
 "Because it would be a physiological impossibility. The lion must first be provided with a new set of teeth and a new stomach."  
 "I do not think," said the Governor, "that the Prophet, who said that the lion should eat straw, and the ox should eat flesh, was actually to take place."  
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