

# American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 50.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

NO. 24.

## AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY  
JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS:  
Two Dollars in Advance, and Fifty Cents for the Balance at the End of the Year.

Advertisements—Accompanied by the Cash, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

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## Poetical.

### LIFE AND DEATH.

Spring was busy in the woodlands,  
Climbing up from peak to peak,  
As an old man sat and brooded,  
With a flash upon his cheek.

Many years pressed hard upon him,  
And his living friends were few,  
And from out the shadows of gloom,  
Troubled his thoughts in view.

There is something more in strangely  
An old ruin gray with years;  
Yet there's something far more touching  
In an old face wet with tears.

And he sat there, sadly sighing  
Over his loneliness and wrongs,  
Though the birds outside his window  
Talked of summer in their songs.

But, behold! a change came o'er him:  
Where are all his sorrows now?  
Could they leave his heart as quickly  
As the gossamer clouds he knew?

Up the green slope of his garden,  
Fast the bird, he saw a flash,  
Three young girls, with bright eyes shining,  
Like their bright brows, in the sun!

There was Fanny, fluted for wisdom;  
And fair Alice, famed for pride;  
And one that could say "My uncle,"  
And said little else beside.

And that vision started memories,  
That dawn had all scenes of strife,  
Sounding floods of hallowed sunshine  
Through the ragged rents of life.

Then they took him by the hand,  
Through long lanes and tangled bowers,  
Out into the shaded walkway,  
Ridged 'neath o'er-arching flowers.

'And he blessed their merry voices,  
Singing forth his woes and pain,  
For the sight of their wild gladness,  
Filled his own heart with content.

And that night, there came about him  
Fad of meadows pictured fair,  
And old woods in which he wandered  
And the angel faces of the air.

Take the whiteness from one's hair!

## Miscellaneous.

### THE VEILED MIRROR; OR, PICTURES OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The Old Year was fast drawing to a close,  
But a few hours and the advent of his successor  
would be hailed by merry songs and  
jubilant gratulations, mingling with the merry  
chimes of bells ringing out a noisy welcome  
from church towers and steeples.

Adam Hathaway, a wealthy merchant, sat  
in his counting room, striking a balance  
between his gains and losses for the year which  
had nearly passed. From the smile that  
lighted up his countenance, as he drew near  
the end of his task, it might safely be inferred  
that the result proved satisfactory.

He at length threw down his pen, after  
glancing at the last column, and exclaimed,  
"Five thousand dollars net gain in one  
year! If I am so very well—very well,  
indeed. I can do very well prospered in the  
year to come, it will indeed be a 'Happy  
New Year.'"

His meditations were interrupted by a  
knock at the door. He opened the door and  
saw standing before him a man of ordinary  
appearance, bearing under his arm something  
of the nature of a bag, which he could not  
conjecture, wrapped up in brown paper.

"Mr. Hathaway, I believe?" was the stran-  
ger's salutation.

"Perhaps, if not particularly engaged, you  
will allow me a few minutes' conversation  
with you?"

"Yes, certainly," was the surprised reply;  
"though I am at a loss to conjecture what  
can have brought you here."

"You are a wealthy man, Mr. Hathaway,  
and every year increases your possessions.  
May I ask what your object in accumulating  
so much property?"

"This is a very singular question, sir," said  
the merchant, who began to entertain doubts  
as to his visitor's sanity, "very singular. I  
suppose I am influenced by the same motives  
that actuate other men—the necessity of pro-  
viding for my physical wants, and so con-  
tributing to my happiness."

"And this contentment? But your gains  
are not all devoted to this purpose. You  
last year, for example, the surplus has  
amounted to five thousand dollars."

"I know not where you have gained your  
information," said Mr. Hathaway, in surprise.  
"However, you are right, because you have a good  
accountant."

"And what do you intend to do with this?"

"You are somewhat free with your ques-  
tions, sir. However, I have no objection to  
answering them. I shall try to tell you  
the money, in itself, is of no value. It is  
the representative of value. Why then do  
you ask it to remain idle?"

"How else should I employ it? I have a  
comfortable house well furnished—could I  
purchase one more expensive? My table is  
well provided—should I live more luxuri-  
ously? My wardrobe is well supplied—should  
I dress more expensively?"

"To these questions I answer 'No.' But  
it does not follow that because you have a good  
house, comfortable clothing, and a well-pro-  
vided table, that others are equally well pro-  
vided. Have you thought of giving your  
abundance to those who are needy; to pro-  
mote your own happiness by advancing that  
of others?"

"I must confess that this is a duty which  
I have neglected. But there are almshouses  
and benevolent societies. There cannot be

much misery that escapes their notice," said  
Mr. Hathaway.

"You shall judge for yourself!"

The stranger continued unwrapping the  
package which he carried under his arm.

It was a small mirror, with a veil hanging  
before it. He slowly withdrew the veil, and  
said: "Look!"

A change passed over the surface of the  
mirror. Mr. Hathaway, as he looked at it  
intently, found that it reflected a small room,  
scantly furnished, with a faint fire flicker-  
ing in the grate. A bed stood in one corner  
of the room, on which reposed a sick man.

By the side of it sat a woman, with a thin  
shawl over her shoulders, busily plying with  
her needle. An infant lay in a cradle  
not far off, which a little girl, called Alice,  
whose wasted form and features spoke of  
want and privation, was rocking to sleep.

"Would you hear what they are saying?"

The merchant nodded acquiescence. Im-  
mediately there came to his ear the confused  
noise of voices, from which he soon dis-  
tinguished that of the sick man, who asked for  
some food.

"We have none in the house," said his  
wife. "But I shall soon get this work finished,  
and then I shall be able to get some."

The husband groaned. "Oh, that I should  
be obliged to remain idle on a sick bed, when  
I might be earning money for you and the  
children! The doctor says that now the Fe-  
ver has gone, I need nothing but nourishing  
food to raise me up again. But, alas! I see  
no means of procuring it. Would that some  
rich man, out of his abundance, would sym-  
pathize with me and bring me a little relief. To  
him it would be nothing, and to me every-  
thing!"

The scene vanished, and gradually another  
formed itself upon the surface of the mirror.

It was a small room, neatly, but not ex-  
cessively furnished. There were two occu-  
pantes, the man of middle age, and a youth of  
bright intellect, and a youth of high attain-  
ment, seemed overspread with an air of  
dejection.

"Mr. Hathaway, to his surprise, recognized in  
the gentleman Mark Audley, a fellow  
merchandise, and a few months before, had failed in busi-  
ness; and, too honorable to defraud his creditors,  
had given up all his property. Since  
his failure he had been reduced to accept a  
clerkship.

"I am sorry, Arthur," said he to his son,  
"very sorry that I could not carry out my  
intention of entering you at college. I know  
your tastes have always led you to think of a  
professional career; but my sudden change  
of circumstances has prevented it. A faint  
power to gratify you, it is best for you to  
accept the situation which has been offered  
you, and enter Mr. Bellamy's store. It is a  
very fair situation, and will suit you as well  
as any."

"I believe you are right, sir," said Arthur,  
respectfully, "though it will be hard to re-  
sign the hopes that I have so long cherished.  
I met Henry Pugham to day. He was in my  
class at school, and is to enter college next  
fall. I couldn't help envying him. How  
well Mr. Bellamy wish me to enter his store?"

"Day after to-morrow, I believe—that is,  
with the beginning of the year, New Year's  
Day being considered a holiday."

"Very well," he said, "but I will  
come at that time."

The scene vanished as before—a change  
passed over the surface of the mirror. Again  
the merchant looked, and to his surprise,  
beheld the interior of a large store. A faint  
light was burning, by the light of which a  
young man whom he recognized as Frank  
Durell, one of his own clerks, was reading a  
letter, the contents of which seemed to agi-  
tate him powerfully.

"The young man brought as near that he  
could, without difficulty, trace the lines  
written in a delicate female hand, as follows:

"My Dear Son:—I have not, probably,  
expecting to hear from me at this time.—  
As I should have such an occasion to  
write. At the time of your father's death,  
it was supposed that, by the sacrifice of every-  
thing, we had succeeded in liquidating all his  
debts. Even this consolation is now denied  
us. I received a call from Mr. Perry, this  
morning, who presented, for immediate pay-  
ment, a note, given by your father, for fifty  
dollars. Immediate payment! How, with  
salary barely sufficient to support us, can  
you meet such a charge? Can any way be  
devised? Mr. Perry threatens, if the money  
is not forthcoming, to seize our furniture.—  
He is a hard man, and I have no hopes of  
appealing him. I do not know that you can  
do anything to retard it; but I have thought  
it right to acquaint you with this new calam-  
ity."

Your affectionate mother,  
MAY DURELL.

The young man laid down the letter with  
an air of depression.

"I sorely know how to provide for this  
new calamity," said he meditatively.—  
"My salary is small, and it requires the  
strictest economy to meet my expenses. I  
might ask for an advance, but Mr. Hathaway  
is particular on that point, and I should not  
court a quarrel. But to have my mother's  
aid taken from the house—the whole  
amount would hardly cover the debt. There  
is one resource; but, alas! that I should ever  
think of resorting to it. I could take the  
money from the till, and return it out of my  
salary. But, shall I ever be able? It would  
be no more nor less than robbery. At all  
events I will note it to-night. Who knows  
but something may turn up to help us?"

The young man blew out the lamp, and  
left the store. The picture faded.

"I will show you another picture, some-  
what different from the others; it will be  
the last," said the stranger.

The next scene represented the interior of  
a baker's shop. The baker—a coarse fea-  
tured man, with a hard, unimpressing ap-  
pearance, was standing at a woman, who had  
in garments more suitable for June than De-  
cember. She was purchasing two loaves of  
bread and a few crackers. There was another  
customer waiting his turn. It was a gen-  
tleman with a pleasant smile on his face,  
and a woman who was searching for her money  
to pay for her purchases. "I can't stop all  
day; and here's a gentleman that you keep  
waiting!"

"O'er your mind me, I am in no hurry,"  
the gentleman said.

"I am afraid," said the woman, in an alarm-  
ed tone, "that I have lost my money.—I had  
it here in my pocket; but it is gone."

"Can't you go and get it?"

"I don't wish to return the bread; I don't  
sell for nothing."

"Trust me for once, sir. I will pay you  
in a day or two. Otherwise my children  
must go without food to-morrow."

"Can't you pay?"

"You should not have been so careless!"

"The woman without turning away, when  
the voice of the other customer arrested her  
steps.

"How much money have you lost?" he in-  
quired.

"It was but half a dollar," was the reply;  
"but it was of consequence to me, as I can-  
not get no more for a day or two; and now we  
are to live till then, Heaven knows."

"Perhaps that will help you to decide the  
question," and he took from his pocket a five-  
dollar bill, and handed it to her.

"O, sir," said she, her face lighting up  
with gratitude, "this is indeed generous and  
noble. The blessings of those who have be-  
friended attend you!"

She remained to make a few purchases,  
and then, with a light heart, departed.

The last picture faded, and the mirror  
gently arched for an evening party. She  
paused in surprise at seeing her husband  
home so early. Pretty and piquant as she  
stood before him, her delicate beauty, as soft  
and ethereal as the dress she wore, quite  
displeased the stern expression in his lips;  
and the reproach in his tones died down to  
simple surprise, as he asked:

"Are you going out to-night, Fanny?"

"Yes, why not?" she inquired, in her  
flattering, girlish way.

"The fact of your going, the husband said  
in a sad, reproving voice."

"Fanny, Fanny, she's only a little unwell;  
and Lettie will sit by her. She says the child  
is fond of her, and begs of me to go and  
enjoy myself. She is thoughtful for me, she  
always accompanies the determination to do  
right. He was determined that the saluta-  
tion of a 'Happy New Year' should not be  
with him a mere matter of life service."

"Believe," said he to himself, "I will go  
and see my old friend, Mark Audley, at his  
son, Arthur. I really desire of going to  
college, what is there to prevent my bearing  
the expenses? I am abundantly able, and  
I do not wish to be any better way."

As he walked along with this train of  
thought, he was struck by a respectful  
glance at the earnest face, looking with sur-  
prised interest into hers. "She says I  
must not shut myself up like a nun."

"Do you think your French maid cares  
more for you than I do, Fanny?"

"She would not work for me, unless I  
shut myself up like a nun. She was always  
loving when my mother was so kind to her  
in this world, unappreciable way. So she  
ignorantly pushed aside the steady hand  
that would have guided her into beautiful  
womanhood, and said, the least bit peevish-  
ly:—"

"Come, Lise, don't be always making me  
zealous. Say good-night and kiss me, and  
tell me to go and be happy!"

"No, no," said Fanny, "I will tell her  
she is meddling with his, and enclosing  
the slight waste for a moment with his arm,  
said in his deep, sad way:—"

"Go and be happy, Fanny."

She slipped down the stairs and sprang  
to her door. She was in the doorway,  
but could not shake off the strange feeling  
that her husband's manner had inspired,  
until fairly launched into the brilliant whirl  
of giddy enjoyment at Mrs. Grange's.

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## TRICK.

### An Exquisite Story of the Heart.

Lisele Mercur went home early this evening.  
Little pet had said good-bye, after  
dinner, with a great heavy eye, that followed  
him all the way to the bank, and kept re-  
minding him of some household.

Willie was buried just three years ago to-  
morrow. The father went lightly up the  
stairs, straight on his way to the nursery.

As he turned at the head of the staircase,  
Mrs. Mercur stepped out of her dressing room  
and into the line of hall lights, ele-  
gantly surprised at seeing her husband  
home so early. Pretty and piquant as she  
stood before him, her delicate beauty, as soft  
and ethereal as the dress she wore, quite  
displeased the stern expression in his lips;  
and the reproach in his tones died down to  
simple surprise, as he asked:

"Are you going out to-night, Fanny?"

"Yes, why not?" she inquired, in her  
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