

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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Exciting Discussion in the House of Representatives.

CHARGES AGAINST SECRETARY CHASE.

Gross Immorality and Debauchery in the Treasury Department.

The following is an extract from a speech lately delivered in the United States House of Representatives by Gen. Frank Blair; it is worth a careful perusal.

Now, sir, it is not my purpose to follow these men who have been guilty of this baseness toward me any further. These dogs have been set on me by their master, and since I have whipped them back into their kennel I mean to hold their master responsible for this outrage and not the curs who have been set upon me. The evidence, sir, shows that this forgery was made public and not concealed in the newspapers of my city for speculation in this whiskey. He gave it out for publication after he knew the facts of the case and had had his attention called to them, because I had attacked Mr. Chase in a speech in St. Louis and assailed his trade regulations. So, sir, in any aspect of the army, or any member of Congress, or any gentleman feels sufficient interest in public affairs, and in the honest conduct of public business to ascend in a public speech to the management in the Treasury and the operations of treasury regulations, he lays himself open to assaults from the Secretary of the Treasury and all the hounds and dogs that he can set upon him, and he is to be down by engaging me in a controversy with Chase's understrappers, commenced by the agents of Mr. Chase in St. Louis, is brought into this House.

A judicial investigation has recently been held in which it was conclusively proved that Jay Cooke & Co., who figure so largely and disgracefully in these letters in connection with the eleven millions excess of five-twenty bonds, are principal owners of the Philadelphia Inquirer. I should have guessed as much from the fact of the abuse heaped upon me by this Treasury organ about this "liquor speculation." Mr. Chase's banking agents, as well as his Treasury agents and special auditors, are all connected with the Philadelphia Inquirer, and they are all connected with the Philadelphia Inquirer, and they are all connected with the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Miscellaneous.

MEXICO.—How many mingled memories are hidden away in every soil, memories of the wild and joyous, that wait the coming of the life before us, or start unbidden into our presence in the quiet hours of loneliness and meditation. How the soul can sweep backward over the history of its being, and look itself in the golden sunset of these memories, and in the sweet melodies that make eternal concord in the soul's inner temple; the sweet intonations of some song that whiffles us with a mystic joy years ago, comes floating into our consciousness with the very picture of a scene like that of "The Ellen Aboue," so, too, we bend over the dear faces that have been hallowed by the tender associations of our lives, with a quiet joy, mingled, perchance, with a tinge of sadness that all they represent, and suggest to us, irrepressible gone save in its results and influence upon our plastic hearts. The world knoweth not the hidden life within us, and the stranger intermeddles not with our joy; yet who may tell the potent sway these memories will take in molding and developing our vital natures to a higher and better being?

CALVES.—There are various modes of feeding calves when taken from the cow at two and three days old, or when they are suck at all. One practice is to let the calf suck three days, as we think it greatly benefits both cow and calf. At the end of this time the calf is taken away, the cow milked, and the calf's head introduced into the milk, so that the calf will suck the milk. The mouth of the calf is guided to the milk, when it seizes it and sucks it readily. In a day or two skim milk may be introduced, and in a few days a calf will drink from one to two gallons at a meal of this milk. At the end of a week a little corn meal may be introduced in the milk or placed in a trough before the calf, and at the end of three weeks which should have been introduced in the milk, in order to secure a healthy and vigorous growth. They seem never to forget the care, and will bear neglect afterwards all the better for it, though neglect at any time is very unprofitable.

TWO HOURS INSTEAD OF ONE.—An amusing incident is related of a woman in England whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly without will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a lawyer was called to write the will. The shoemaker in a feeble voice bequeathed half of all the property to the widow. "What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "The remainder," replied the shoemaker, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man;" thus leaving a rich bequest for himself! The widow was thunder struck with the man's audacious cunning, but she dared not expose the fraud; and so the two rogues shared the estate.

MEASUREMENTS.—How many mingled memories are hidden away in every soil, memories of the wild and joyous, that wait the coming of the life before us, or start unbidden into our presence in the quiet hours of loneliness and meditation. How the soul can sweep backward over the history of its being, and look itself in the golden sunset of these memories, and in the sweet melodies that make eternal concord in the soul's inner temple; the sweet intonations of some song that whiffles us with a mystic joy years ago, comes floating into our consciousness with the very picture of a scene like that of "The Ellen Aboue," so, too, we bend over the dear faces that have been hallowed by the tender associations of our lives, with a quiet joy, mingled, perchance, with a tinge of sadness that all they represent, and suggest to us, irrepressible gone save in its results and influence upon our plastic hearts. The world knoweth not the hidden life within us, and the stranger intermeddles not with our joy; yet who may tell the potent sway these memories will take in molding and developing our vital natures to a higher and better being?

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THE WAR NEWS.

ON TO RICHMOND!

The Great Contest!

BATTLES SUCCEEDING THE "WILDERNESS."

Operations of Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

THE THIRD DAY.

Special Correspondence of the Inquirer.

WILDERNESS, Va., May 7, 1864.

A deep and almost impenetrable mist pervaded the air, and the sun was obscured in some woods on the morning of Saturday, and we were not as usual greeted with the salute of the cannon in the morning. Beyond some desultory musket-firing on the left of Sedgwick's position, nothing happened to disturb the monotony of the morning until about ten o'clock, when a sharp musketry engagement took place on the left of Sedgwick's Corps. Generals Grant, Meade and Burnside spent nearly the whole morning in consultation.

The enemy planted a battery about eleven o'clock in some woods on the Orange Pike road, about half a mile from our intrenchments, and sent shells with visible effect into some camps a quarter of a mile from headquarters. This fire was replied to by our batteries on either side of the road. The Rebels had been all day making a personal sharp musketry engagement took place on the left of Sedgwick's Corps. Generals Grant, Meade and Burnside spent nearly the whole morning in consultation.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the order was given for a general advance on the line in the direction of Chancellorville, previous to which General Grant, accompanied by his Staff, paid a visit around the different Corps lines, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. At five o'clock the line of the devoted Union army could be seen emerging from the various positions in which they gave battle to the Rebels for the three days previous, and gradually they moved forward, and gradually they moved forward, and gradually they moved forward.

From the woods opposite General headquarters on the east, could be seen the troops of General Burnside, slowly winding down the hill and swinging around the corner of the woods, and gradually they moved forward, and gradually they moved forward, and gradually they moved forward.

As Sunday is a day that has figured so conspicuously in the great events of the war, it was confidently expected that its advent would record some momentous event in the present great movement of the Army. The day was spent in a desultory musket-firing between the First Army Corps, now attached to the line, and a portion of the Rebel army, who attempted to check our advance near Todd's Tavern.

The following verses, written by a brave boy, who lost a leg at Antietam, we clip from the Mercury. He is an expert with the pen as he with the sword:—
TO ANNIE DICK-AND-SON.
Who taught thee how to praise the black,
And set with many a vile attack,
Thy clattering tongue on "LITTLE MAC?"
Greetly.
When were thy speeches written by?
What! his original? O, so!
Who doubly taught thee how to lie?
Kelley.
MISERERATION.—The New York Day Book says there is now in that city a white girl who is married to a negro, with whom she is living. The wives of Republicans are in the habit of visiting her on terms of friendly intimacy. The girl is rather good looking, and her husband is as black as a Tartar. With that pair the "equality" which Mr. LINCOLN seeks to establish is fully realized.

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