

American Monitor.

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

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Poetical.

WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother, watch the little feet,
Gliding 'er the garden wall,
Bounding thro' the dusty street,
Ringing collar, ead and hat;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs,
Little feet will go astray—
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Toasting on the fragrant bay.
Never dare the question ask
"Why to this busy task?"
These little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Miscellaneous.

DEDICATION OF THE SITE FOR THE BATTLE MONUMENT WEST POINT.

ADDRESS OF GEN. GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

[From the N. Y. Tribune of 16th.]
No doubtful if West Point has ever witnessed such an assemblage since the days when Washington and his brethren-in-arms celebrated in 1782 the birth of the Dauphin of France, and on the visit of the Prince of Wales, in 1859, as met to grace, by their presence, the dedicatory services which took place yesterday. The immediate occasion of this assemblage was the dedication of the site on which it is proposed to erect a monument to the officers and men of the Regular Army who have fallen during the war. No other occasion has ever before witnessed a gathering of so many distinguished and noble spirits, and of such high rank, as this. The site chosen is a beautiful one, and the monument, when completed, will be a fitting memorial of the valor and devotion of the brave men who have fallen in the service of their country. The site is situated on the western slope of the mountain, and is a beautiful one. The monument, when completed, will be a fitting memorial of the valor and devotion of the brave men who have fallen in the service of their country. The site is situated on the western slope of the mountain, and is a beautiful one. The monument, when completed, will be a fitting memorial of the valor and devotion of the brave men who have fallen in the service of their country.

the hour of humiliation and defeat; triumph and peace to greet the living, laurel-crowned victor. They have obsequies and accolades for the warrior slain on the field of battle. Such is the duty we are to perform to-day. The poetry, the histories, the orations of antiquity all resound with the clang of arms; they dwell rather upon rough deeds of war than the gentle arts of peace. They have preserved to us the names of heroes, and the memory of their deeds even to this distant day. Our own Old Testament teems with the narrations of the brave actions and heroic deaths of Jewish patriots; while the New Testament of our meek and suffering Savior selects the soldier and his weapons to typify and illustrate religious heroism and duty. These stories of the actions of the dead have frequently survived, in the lapse of ages, the names of those whose fall was thus commemorated centuries ago. But although we know not now the names of all the brave men who fought and fell upon the hills of the West, the name of Thermopylae, and on the hills of Peloponnesus, we have lost the memory of their examples. As long as the warm blood courses in the veins of man; as long as the human heart beats high and quick at the recital of brave deeds and patriotic sacrifices, long will the lesson still invite generous men to emulate the heroism of the past. Among the Greeks it was the custom that the fathers of the most valiant of the slain should pronounce the eulogies of the dead. Sometimes it devolved upon great statesmen and orators to perform this mournful duty. Would that our Demosthenes, or a second Pericles could rise and take my place to-day, for he would find a theme worthy of his most brilliant powers, of his most touching eloquence.

I stand here to-day, my comrades, but as the will of the commander, and in the place of the fathers of the most valiant dead; as their comrades, too, on many a hard fought field against domestic and foreign foes—in early years, at the hands of those who were to be the love that David felt when he pondered his lamentation for the mighty father and son who fell on Gilboa. God knows that David's love for Jonathan was no more deep mine for the tried friends of many long and eventful years. How many a heart is torn by the thought of those who have fallen in the service of their country. Would that his more than mortal eloquence could grace my lips, and do justice to the theme!

What have we done, my comrades, to do honor to our own dead—brothers united to us by the closest and dearest ties—who have freely given their lives for their country in this war—so just and righteous so long as its purpose is to crush rebellion and to save our nation from the inevitable ruin and degradation of a Democratic Government. Such an occasion as this should call forth the deepest and noblest emotions of our nature—pride, sorrow, and prayer. Praise that our country has possessed such sons; sorrow, that she has lost them; prayer, that she may have others like them in the future; and our successors may adorn her annals as they have done; and that when our parting hour arrives, whenever and however it may be, our souls may be prepared for the great change.

THE VOLUNTEERS.
We have assembled to commemorate a noble and heroic deed, and to honor the children in the distant future of their fathers' struggles in the days of the great rebellion. This monument is to perpetuate the memory of a portion only of those who have fallen for the nation in this bloody war; it is dedicated to the officers and soldiers of the regular army. Yet this is done in no class or exclusive spirit, and in the act we remember with reverence and love our comrades of the volunteers who have so gloriously fought and fallen by our sides.

Each State will, no doubt, commemorate in some fitting way the services of its sons who have abandoned the avocations of peace and shed their blood in the ranks—will receive with honor the names of the noble and brave who have fallen in the service of their country. With what heroism they have confronted death, have wrested victory from a stubborn foe, and have illustrated defeat, it will become me to say, for it has been my duty to command them on many a sanguinary field. I know not of any more noble and heroic of the regulars when I award the credit they deserve to their brothers of the volunteers.

But what of the regular army have no States to look to for the honors due our dead? We belong to the whole country. We can not expect our desire the General Government to make, perhaps, an invidious distinction in our favor. We are few in numbers, a small band of comrades, united by peculiar ties, and very binding ties. For, with many of us, our friendships were commenced in boyhood, when we rested beneath the shadow of the granite hills which look down upon us where we stand; with others the ties of brotherhood were formed in the great West, while fighting amid the steep mountains and fertile valleys of Mexico—within hearing of the eternal waves of the Pacific—or in the lonely grandeur of the great heights of the West. With all, our love and confidence has been cemented by common dangers, and sufferings—on the toilsome march, in the bivouac, and amid the clash of arms and the presence of death on scores of battlefields. West Point, with its large harbor, adapted to the needs of the Government, and the presence of civil life—officers and privates—in her eyes we are all her children, jealous of her fame, eager to sustain her world-wide reputation. Generals and private soldiers, men who have cheerfully offered their all for our dear country, we stand here before the grand monument hereafter sacred to our dead, equals and brothers in the presence of the common death which awaits us all—perhaps in the same field and at the same hour. Such are the ties which unite us; such the relations which exist among men; such the bonds of brotherhood which bind us together—the closest of the sacred brotherhood of arms. It has therefore seemed, and it is fitting, that we should erect upon this spot, sacred to us all, an enduring monument to the brave men who have fallen in the service of their country on the path of peril and of honor which it is the destiny of many of us some day to tread.

What is this regular army to which we belong? We are the men whose death merits such honors from the living? What is the cause for which they have laid down their lives? Our regular or permanent army is the nucleus which in time of peace preserves the military traditions of the nation, as well as the organizations, science, and instruction indispensable to modern armies. It may be regarded as coeval with the nation. It derives its origin from the old Continental army, a state army of the Revolution, whose whist some interruptions and many changes, it has attained its present condition. In fact, we may with propriety go even beyond the Revolution to seek the roots of our genealogical tree in the old French wars; for the Atlantic campaigns of the seven years war, were not confined to the "red men scalping each other by the great lakes of the North America," and it was in them that our ancestors first participated as Americans in the large operations of civilized armies. American operations then fought on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ohio, on the shores of Ontario and Lake George, in the islands of the Canadian and in South-west Louisiana, Quebec, Quaque, the Moro and Porto Belle attest the valor of the provincial troops, and in that school were educated such soldiers as Washington, Putnam, Lee, Montgomery and Gates. These and men like Greene, Knox, Wayne and Stoumen were the fathers of our permanent army, and under them our troops acquired that discipline and steadiness which enabled them to meet on equal terms and often to defeat the tried veterans of England. The study of the history of the Revolution and a perusal of the despatches of Washington, will convince the most skeptical of the value of the permanent army in achieving our independence, and establishing the civil liberties which we now enjoy. The war of 1812 foisted the army on a footing far from adequate to the emergency, but it was rapidly increased, and of the new generation of soldiers, many were found equal to the requirements of the occasion. Lundy's Lane, and the battles of Chippewa, and the War of 1812 foisted the army on a footing far from adequate to the emergency, but it was rapidly increased, and of the new generation of soldiers, many were found equal to the requirements of the occasion. Lundy's Lane, and the battles of Chippewa, and the War of 1812 foisted the army on a footing far from adequate to the emergency, but it was rapidly increased, and of the new generation of soldiers, many were found equal to the requirements of the occasion. Lundy's Lane, and the battles of Chippewa, and the War of 1812 foisted the army on a footing far from adequate to the emergency, but it was rapidly increased, and of the new generation of soldiers, many were found equal to the requirements of the occasion.