

American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 51.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1865.

NO. 42.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS:

Subscription—Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements—Accompanied by the cash, and in accordance with the usual rates of the press, for \$2.00, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

Advertisements—Such as Hand-bills, Postings, Bills, Pamphlets, Labels, &c., &c., executed with neatness and at the shortest notice.

Poetical.

VOLUNTEER.

"We're coming Father Abraham,
To lead the battle's van,
But tell you not a man
Wants to volunteer."

Not a single Loyal Leaguer,
Not a lacky or a leader,
Not a greaser, nigger feeder
At the public crib is eager.

Not an Abolition pleader,
Not a vile sedition breeder,
Not a Hessian or a nigger
Will for Pennsylvania figure

Not a single street is "swarming,"
Nowhere are the people thronging,
Not a living soul is longing
There to volunteer.

When they see the draft is coming,
Then they rally, and are running,
And to "put a nub" in
Feeling they might get a grubbing.

But these are "loyal" so they say,
And we must let them have their way,
For they command us to obey,
And we must not attempt to stray.

The bloody hand that's raised to slay
All who would oppose their way,
The only right we have to-day
Is to volunteer.

Miscellaneous.

ALONE AT THE RENDEZVOUS.

A TALE OF THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY IN '64.

[From the Freeman's Monthly Magazine.]

Every reader of American History is aware that unrelenting and bitter feelings of hostility animated the minds of the partisans during the memorable period of 1776; and it is one of the rude incidents of the early history of the country, to witness this spirit in favor of the captive, British or American. It is true the harsh and often brutal conduct of the Tories, who spared neither sex nor age, was ill calculated to induce the rough and uneducated backwoodsman to listen to the still small voice which pleads in every human bosom for mercy to the fallen foe.

Too many had their memories burdened and hearts lacerated with the recollection of houses burned, parents and children, brothers or sisters, murdered or ruthlessly torn from the family hearth; and hence the voices of the few female and refined settlers, pleading that merciful treatment be given to the prisoners was often drowned away in the storm of passions and the wail of the lately bereaved.

It was during this dark and gloomy period that the town of Carlisle, in Cumberland County, one of the oldest settlements in the State of Pennsylvania, was selected as the place to which Major Andre and Lieut. Desard were sent for secure confinement by Montgomery, who had taken their prisoners near Lake Champlain.

The prisoners were lodged in the house of a family on the corner of North Hanover Street and Locust Alley, and were on a parole of honor, which permitted them to extend their excursions for six miles from the town; but only in military dress, and when beyond the lines of the borough.

Major Andre, who was still a young man, just entered upon a career of glory, seeing himself thus suddenly checked in his onward course to military renown, had a great deal to say to every soldier, and concluded himself at first to brood over his misfortune. But his companion in captivity, a man of more volatile temper, made the best of his position, and amused himself by shooting through the bars of the military cage when beyond the lines of the borough.

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not left many days without a companion in his musing. One morning after he had just arranged his couch and was about to recline with his volume in his hand to read, or think of merrily, he heard a crash as if it were in mid-air, an exclamation of distress, and but hardly time to spring to his feet before he discovered the cause of the noise.

The steep hill-side against which he was reclining was covered with trees and thick brush, and he thought that some one had dashed his horse on its downward course, as if maddened by some irresistible force. His rider, a country girl, sat pale but evidently fearless and erect in the saddle and endeavored to check the steed by soothing words and a skillful management of her reins; but the animal seemed to be under the influence of terror or pain, and rushing blindly down by its own impetus would have been precipitated over the steep bank to the river, if Andre, who had watched his course, had not stepped forward and seized the bridle, and while he with a sudden jerk turned the animal's head to the right, his strong arm and the force of his voice, which he uttered in his haunches, which enabled the fair equestrian to spring lightly out of the saddle. They then discovered what caused the poor animal to dash so frantically: a cluster of bees had settled upon the horse's head, and his ungovernable rage for having been disturbed by the careless, unwitting of his fall.

After the animal had been relieved from its tormentors, and soothed by cool applications from the brook, Andre had time to turn to the young girl he had saved from a violent death. She stood still by his side, pale but not trembling, and when she saw him somewhat more at liberty to attend to her, she expressed her thanks to him in such a dignified and refined language that the young officer, who had until then met only with the uneducated hardy daughters of the settlers along the creek, was surprised and began to examine her more closely; and few girls would stand the test of a close examination better than the daughter of the Cumberland valley.

Kate Cleveland was the daughter of Oliver Cleveland, an Englishman, who, having fallen in love with a young lady far above him in rank, and seeing his love reciprocated, found that only by an elopement he could secure the prize he was anxious to secure. The lady consented to the proposal, and the two fled and embarked as emigrants to the new country. Love enabled them to cope courageously with all the trials and obstacles which they had to encounter in the new country, before Mr. Cleveland had secured for himself the independence of a substantial farmer, and the possession of a fine tract of land in the Cumberland Valley.

And when after they had been married for several years, a daughter came to enliven their household and to draw the bonds of love closer, they resolved to bestow all their care upon their child, and to give it the education which she would receive in England enabled them to impart.

Kate became, therefore, the wonder of the country, for she was not only skilled in the ordinary branches of education, but could also play the harp, and sing in a sweet voice, and the names of the stars in the blue ether, and play the guitar, which she accompanied with her beautiful voice. But not only her mental but also her physical education, her parents took care to extend to her. And she had the names of the stars in the blue ether, and play the guitar, which she accompanied with her beautiful voice.

But there was an eye upon him, which had watched him from his infancy, and he had the names of the stars in the blue ether, and play the guitar, which she accompanied with her beautiful voice. But there was an eye upon him, which had watched him from his infancy, and he had the names of the stars in the blue ether, and play the guitar, which she accompanied with her beautiful voice.

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soon as he had read them. Their plans were well laid, and might have led to a great deal of mischief had it not been for a happy accident, which proved, however, disastrous to the heroine of our tale.

One day when Pete had been sent to the Major with some letters written in French, communicating the final arrangements made by the Tory partisans, poor Pete had lingered so long about the creek, where he was accustomed to look for Andre, that he became hungry, having nothing to eat since early morning. Thinking that he ought to take care of himself in order to care for his employer's interest, he went to the house of a Mr. Brown, who had a farm in the neighborhood, and asked for some bread and milk. Mrs. Brown gave him a slice of bread and a glass of milk, and he was still eating, Mr. Brown, a staunch rebel, entered the house, and sportively inquired of Pete if the English had already succeeded in making him promise to enlist as a drummer. Poor Pete thought that he was suspected, and having a wholesome dread of the summary proceedings so often made use of by both parties, hastily replied, "I ain't doin' nothin' with the English, I only come to talk with the captain for him."

"With what captain?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"With him that sits here by the creek with his gal," replied poor Pete, more and more frightened on seeing Mr. Brown's stern countenance overclouded by an angry frown.

"And what does the captain tell you?" continued his question.

"Nothin' at all, he says only about the fella."

Mr. Brown now suspected that the Major had some sinister motive in watching the boy, and determined to watch them both. He therefore said nothing, but determined to watch the boy's movements, and when he saw that when Pete had finished the cravings of his appetite, he left and returned to his post near the bridge. He had not been many minutes on his seat beneath the big elm tree, when Major Andre arrived, and seeing the boy, inquired if he had any message for him. Pete, who still recollecting Brown's threatening face, replied with some hesitation:

"Nothin' particular, only the folks likes to see you."

"And have they given you no message for me?"

"No, captain, they didn't tell me anythin'."

Andre, who had become rather impatient at the delay, no longer waiting for the boy, and suspecting something wrong, inquired more sternly:

"And have you no paper for me, nothing to give me?"

The boy then began to look cautiously around him, and perceiving no one near, drew from the lining of his cap a couple of letters and gave them to Andre. The latter then hastily opened them, and his face brightened as he read the contents. He then turned half a crown, and told him to go back and tell the people that all would be right. When the boy had left him he again drew forth the friendly epistles, and after having perused them, he murmured, one day morning, half a crown, and told him to go back and tell the people that all would be right. When the boy had left him he again drew forth the friendly epistles, and after having perused them, he murmured, one day morning, half a crown, and told him to go back and tell the people that all would be right.

Not long after Pete had left, Kate came dashing down the hill on her white palfrey, and seeing Andre, she dismounted, and sprang lightly out of the saddle, and in a moment was by his side.

Andre could not long conceal from her his hopes and anticipations, he told her that that very evening he intended to take back his parole, and then make his escape during the night by the aid of a party of his own men, and to-morrow, dear Kate, at sunrise, we'll meet at the great oak, where the creek makes a bend, to bid a final farewell to these lovely haunts, and to bid adieu to the land of our birth. Are you sure of your friends? May there not be some treachery to be feared? Are your arrangements made so that you do not jeopardize your life in the enterprise, dear Andre?

"Nay," replied her lover, "far nothing, Kate, only fail me not at the hour of sunrise. And to make assurance doubly sure, I will now return at an early hour to lure all suspicions. So farewell till to-morrow." And impressing for the first time a kiss upon her lips, he bade her adieu, and she returned to her quarters in Hanover street. Brown had in the mean time collected together almost all the members of the company of which he was the captain, and he had given them the grounds of his suspicions, it was determined to seize the Major, make him give up the papers which Pete had brought him, and then to make him confess who were his Tory friends.

But when they arrived at the elm tree, the place vacant, but discovered by the trail that a third person had been with the Major, and that person a woman. This only increased their suspicions and they immediately hastened to Gellie's. When they reached the borough, the captain ordered his company to surround the house, and then told the excited crowd that had gathered around, what he had seen by the bridge, and his suspicions that the Tories were in the house. The Major was now brought forth but refused to acknowledge as true the allegations made against him. They then searched his clothes and found the letters delivered by Pete, and he was hurried to the prison, but could not read a word of the contents. The letters were written in French, and there was no one in the borough that could interpret them.

When Brown saw himself thus followed, he covering the plot, he became so enraged that he determined to execute Lynch law upon the British officer, and commanding his men to make everything ready he had already laid his hands upon the prisoner, when his proceedings were stopped by a new comers, who came out of the house, and with a strong arm made a passage to the spot where Brown and Andre stood, the one a person of animal excitement, the other a placid, cool determination and passive despair.

When Brown saw Mrs. Ramsey, he became more calm, and a dash of timidity seemed to mingle with his authoritative face. Mrs. Ramsey, who is true, at all times a woman whose path it was not safe to cross, when she was determined upon anything, and she came evidently with no interest to aid Brown in his violent acts, merely Brown had been an apprentice to her husband, and had known from experience, many a time, that Dame Ramsey's hand was a rather heavy one, when descending in anger, and as it is hard to direct ourselves wholly of our own accord, she felt always an indelible awe in the presence of his master's wife. When the old lady reached the parties and had learned what had taken place, and Mrs. Brown gave him a slice of bread and a glass of milk, and he was still eating, Mr. Brown, a staunch rebel, entered the house, and sportively inquired of Pete if the English had already succeeded in making him promise to enlist as a drummer. Poor Pete thought that he was suspected, and having a wholesome dread of the summary proceedings so often made use of by both parties, hastily replied, "I ain't doin' nothin' with the English, I only come to talk with the captain for him."

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WHY CAN'T I HAVE A BEAU?

O dear! O dear! there's just one thing,
I'd truly love to know—
Why can't I have like other girls,
A young and handsome beau?

There's Sallie Jones and Nattie Smith,
And frocked Susie Grog,
A trio like the Garden maids,
Yet each one has a beau?

But here's poor me, as fair as a flower,
As ever chanced to blow—
My winning voice and sweet beguile
All fail to catch a beau!

I dress as neat and emile as sweet
As any girl I know,
Yet as I live I do believe
I'll never get a beau!

I am always found in good attire,
Wherever guests may go,
Yet not one chap in all the lot
Asks me to be a beau?

Confound such men, such silly dolls—
How verdillid and low,
To stand and look, to grin and squint—
Afraid to be a beau!

Just list to me, ye gawny clowns,
Now don't you lully know,
That you should be each one of you,
Some fair young lady's beau?

Then brush your teeth, and oil your hair
And let your 'stachias grow,
And turn to be a civil man!
A gay and gallant beau!

TURKISH MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

If one of the Sultan's daughters has attained to the age at which Turkish girls are generally married, the father seeks a husband for her among the nobles of his court. If a young man especially pleases her, he is given the rank of Lieutenant General, nothing being more selected. The chosen man receives, in addition, a magnificent full allowance of money, and sixty thousand piastres a month pocket money, and, in addition, the Sultan defrays all his household expenses. If he has married he is obliged to get a divorce. He is regarded as the servant rather than the husband of his wife. The Sultan himself announces to him his impending good fortune and it is his bounden duty to bow reverently, kiss the Sultan's foot, and utter a few words of the high honor which he has just received, who bears the Imperial Hat Hamam, or the Sublime Porte. A military band precedes him, and soldiers are drawn up along the route, and present arms. At the head of the stairs the bridegroom is received by the Grand Vizier, conducted by him into a room where all the ministers are assembled and the Hittis are read aloud. The ceremony concludes with the betrothal.

The marriage ceremony is much like that of ordinary Turkish nobles. If the bridegroom be rich, he himself pays for the trousseau, but, as a general rule, the Sultan sends him money for it. The presents are placed in gold or silver baskets, on whose lids flowers or billing doves are represented, and consist of diamonds, rubies, pearls, diadems, bracelets, girdles, caps, fur, gold embroidery dresses and shawls. The bridegroom receives from his father-in-law a splendid sabre, buttons, and a watch and chain, all brilliantly sparkling with diamonds, and from his bride a rosy of fine pearls, and a pair of earrings. The bridegroom has been abolished of ministers making presents. The dowry of the princess is most costly. Madame Olympia saw a dress which cost above fifteen thousand pounds. But little of the dowry is visible beneath the embroidery and pearls.

When the presents have been delivered to the bridegroom, the bride proceeds on the next morning to his house, in order to look at the dowry. The authorities were present when the Princess Fatani, the betrothed of Ali Ghali Pasha, paid such a visit.

Accompanied by numerous suite, the bride arrived at the carriage, which had cost \$2,400, through the densely crowded streets. She wore a blue silk dress, covered with a mass of pearls and diamonds, and her head was completely veiled in a texture of gold threads. The bridegroom received her on the threshold of his house. He was a handsome young man, but naturally somewhat pale and excited, and as he had never seen his future wife, on this occasion could only notice her outline, as she was veiled in the presence of her friends, who were overlaid with ornaments. When he had saluted her with a deep bow, and led her into the house, he walked away again. The first visit of the bride is intended to enable her to examine the dowry. The bridegroom received her on the threshold of his house. He was a handsome young man, but naturally somewhat pale and excited, and as he had never seen his future wife, on this occasion could only notice her outline, as she was veiled in the presence of her friends, who were overlaid with ornaments. When he had saluted her with a deep bow, and led her into the house, he walked away again.

The actual meeting of the new couple takes place on the evening of this day. At eight o'clock the princess proceeds to the state room of the palace prepared for her, and seats herself upon a throne. Two ladies of honor station themselves on either side of her. At the feet of the lady, who is splendidly dressed, and covered with a large veil, lies an embroidered carpet. The husband, supped at his old residence, with his relatives and friends, and said his prayers in a mosque. Shortly after nine o'clock he proceeds to the princess, and is conducted to her by two eunuchs, who are awaiting him at the door. The first thing he does is to kneel down on the carpet and pray. When this is concluded he approaches his wife, salutes her submissively, kisses her hand, and says a few words that occur to him at the moment. The ladies of honor then remove her veil, and he sees whether he has married a pretty or ugly woman. Whether she is pretty or the contrary, a process which always takes place, the high she stands above him. He occupies a room next to her's and must wait her commands there at all hours.

Whether he has friends there, or alone, as soon as one of his eunuchs summons him to her presence, he must rise at once, make a terna (that is to say, touch the ground, and then his forehead with his hand), and proceed at once to her apartments. There he is expected to stand until she requests him to be seated. If he wishes to pay a visit to her family, or to go on business he must first ask her leave; and if he remains away unusually late, he must inform her of it and the cause. His wife never lets him go out alone, some of her eunuchs always accompany him, and would inform her were he to do anything that was naughty.

In such marriages the couple do not take their meals together. His are served up to him in his room, without any ceremony, while she eats her like a princess. At meal-time a handsome carpet is spread in her room, and a large and small table placed upon it, according to whether the lady dines alone or has invited other ladies. Before the meal a young slave, who has no other duty but this, kneels before her, holds up a golden wash basin and pours lukewarm water over her hands from a can in the shape of a Greek amphora. Another female slave hands her a napkin of white silk, with gold fringe. The kitchen is outside the harem, and all dishes are brought in a basket lined with white muslin. The basket is sealed up in the kitchen, and before the princess tastes a dish, a lady in waiting examines the seals to see that they are unbroken.

After dinner, during which some slaves perform music, the princess washes her hands again, and then proceeds to another room, where she performs her devotions. After this the evening amusements commence. Reclining on a sofa, she reads a book, smokes opium, while slaves read or sing to her. If she has invited any lady friends, there is a concert, and a ballet, or a theatrical performance, and during it rare fishes, pastry and coffee are handed out.

If the princess desired to see gentlemen, she gives her husband orders to see invitations to certain persons. Such guests assemble in a room divided into two compartments by a gauze grating. On one side the princess and her ladies, who see and hear without being seen; on the other side are the gentlemen, who select such topics of conversation as will please her imperial highness. The husband has no way of escaping this separation. His princess can be separated from him at any moment, but he must stick to her. He has no other consolation but one, that his existence costs him nothing, and that he has a fit of the fabulous luxury which the sultan indulges in. These husbands of princesses must be regarded as the scapegoats which the male sex offer up as a punishment for his contempt of women. At any rate the prohibition of every description of sexual intercourse with a third wife is a Turkish confession to the world how dishonouring polygamy is. The Turks ought to derive from it the moral:— "What you do not wish to happen to a princess, ought not to happen to another woman."

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The streets of Pompeii.—The streets are for the most part straight, and run at right angles to one another. They are not wide, many of them not admitting of the passage of more than one chariot at a time, and probably these were not much used, taking into account the small extent of the city (only three-quarters of a mile in length, and half a mile in width). The streets were paved with a red stone, and the houses were built of brick, and the roofs were of wood. The houses were built of brick, and the roofs were of wood. The houses were built of brick, and the roofs were of wood.

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