

American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

A LESSON OF THE WAR.

[Captain Stone, of a Massachusetts Regiment, being wounded in an engagement, lay for three days upon the battle-field, and was saved from starvation only by a wounded rebel, who shared his rations with him.]

Fiercely rang the tide of battle,
Fiercely rang the wild hurrah,
Strains of martial music blending
With the clarion sound of war.

On the blood-red field of conquest
Lay the hero spirit brave,
While a comrade's shivering life blood
O'er him poured its crimson wave.

Day had passed, and night had faded,
Morning's sunlight dawned again,
Still lay the dead and dying
Laid the hero in his pain.

Oh, that long, long night of anguish,
Oh, that restless life that still
Flees from the grasp of death,
Gave to earth a last farewell!

Say what dreams of loved ones
On New England's rocky shores,
Mingled with the wilder fancies
Of the cannon's fearful roar.

Who shall say what mother's kisses
On his brow in fancy fall?
Who shall speak the tender yearnings
Lingering round some old farewell?

Mourning broke its glowing splendor
O'er that field of conquest,
Fiercely poured the sunlight glory
O'er the piles of mangled.

Fiercely rang the feverish hurrahs,
Breathing low the death strain,
Battling with the fiend starvation,
Father, shall it be thy will?

Fate and was with fearful anguish,
Breathing forth one earnest prayer,
Drinking in the golden glory
Of his dear one's last farewell!

Withering fancies thronging o'er him,
Thoughts no human tongue can tell!

Think! a sweet-toned voice of success;
See! a hand extends his food,
Comrade! brother! blissful music—
Brother! thought of Southern blood!

Hand clasps hand with gentle pressure
Saved, oh Father! by thy will!
Set a nation valiantly yoreth
For thy blessed "Peace be still!"

Dying heroes, weeping mother,
Breaking hearts, oh God! how long
Ere thy voice shall calm the tempest,
And the night of the wrong?

God of mercy—glorious throne above,
From the radiant throned above,
Smile upon our sacred nation,
Fold the North and South in love.

JENNEY BLISS.

UNCLE JOE IN COURT.

BY COL. DUNLAP.

Joe Bassett was a queer genius—Uncle Joe's everybody called him—and, though possessing but very few of the goods of this world, yet he was one of the most useful men in town. If any one wanted an odd job done, he was the man to do it. In short, he was a sort of universal "Man Friday," and for a consideration he would perform any work which might be had for. He was a happy old fellow; as full of fun as an egg is full of meat, and he could crank some very hard jokes without hurting anybody. He owned a little hut over back of the village, to which he attached a few acres of land, and upon which he kept a cow, and some other items of stock. He lived quite comfortably, and the impression had gone abroad that he had managed to lay up some money.

Capt. Daniel Lober, who had recently settled in the town, owned a fine piece of land adjoining Uncle Joe's lot, and he was not long in making himself very disagreeable to our good Man Friday. He was a proud, selfish person, and a little mean withal. Uncle Joe had some sense and they ran upon Lober's land; upon which the indignant captain threatened to shoot them if he caught them there again.

"If you'll make yer faces tighter my gesso wouldn't get through," sneezily suggested poor Joe.

"My fence is as tight as the law requires," answered the doctory captain; and with this he walked away.

So Uncle Joe had to go to work and tighten the fence, and put larger works upon his gesso.

Lober's next move was against Joe's hens. He swore that he would shoot them if they were not kept out of his lot. Joe built a hen-house, and placed his feathered bipeds therein; but it was a sore trial to him, and people sympathized with him, though they could not do much for him.

One day Capt. Lober plowed up his land—some ten acres of it—and sowed it with wheat. The grain came on finely, and the owner used to take men out there to show them his field. It was acknowledged to be the best piece of wheat in town. But the captain was destined to a piece of ill fortune which he had not thought of. This land was busy at other points a week or two might have come to see his wheat and when he reached the edge of the field he stood aghast at the sight which met his gaze. The tall, stout man was trodden and trampled down and destruction truly horrible to behold. And the astounded owner was at no loss to account for the desolation, for near the center of the lot he saw a horse. It was a joint,

LAY SERMONS TO THE CLERGY.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BY DUZZ.

You, my brethren, have pummeled the class I represent all the days of our conscious lives. You have employed both telescope and microscope in the discovery of our sins; and immediate and palpable, and sine re and invisible. One hundred and four times in the year, besides week-night lectures, you have reviewed and scrutinized our conduct, motives, thoughts, and passions. You have peered into our domestic relations, discussed our business affairs, scrutinized our social standing, and, in fact, examined us through and through, to bring to light our hidden faults, until we have not dared to look each other in the face as we sat in church, nor keep company even with our deacons and sisters. Now of all this you utter no complaint; it is your calling, and you bravely execute your commission. Besides it must be confessed that our spiritual indolence needs stimulation, and we never get up, as it were, without your positive sine ree, rebuke, in fact, we are poor sinners, and deserve the severest Gospel reproof. On the other hand you must admit that we bear it all patiently and without murmuring. Better behaved than politicians, we never get up, as it were, and contradict any statement; though our judgments may condemn your arguments we never are hostile, and are so considerate that you are always permitted to feel that the victory is yours. Indeed, you have a glorious field in which to do battle, since you have no foes; or at least they never appear.

It is true, we can stand more from the veterans of the ministry than from the beardless youth just from college, perhaps, whose artillery is drawn more from the classics than the Gospel, and who paints our follies with an air of superiority, as though he had none of his own.

Now, in consideration of our life-long patience and uniform meekness, you will bear with us (will you not?) if once in a lifetime we turn upon you and kindly preach you a few sermons. We will avoid harshness, content ourselves with suggestions, in fact with only whisper a few things in your ear, with the assurance that your understanding will be less dull than ours, your ear quicker to hear, and your heart softer to be impressed.

LONG SERMONS.

Much of your pulpit efficiency, brethren, is weakened by long sermons. One hour, it is true, is usually appropriated for this purpose in the service, but generally against the judgment of the people. A quarter of an hour taken from the discourse, and divided into singing and reading, with perhaps recitation of some of the best passages which enliven the whole service and be a great improvement. Consider, if you please, 1. The hour of your discourse is the only one in the whole week when your congregation are required to be attentive. It is an hour of circumstances it is a severe task, but when you consider the bad ventilation of the church (all sections are ignorant alike of the laws of health and comfort), just think how unwelcome it is to sit through a long sermon, and then the unreasonable amount of an hour of close attention to one part of the service more clearly appears.

2. Ministers, like laymen, are apt to choose the easiest and least important of duties. Hence it is we have so many long sermons; it is a saving of brain-work to preach them. It requires more study, more intense thought, and closer logic, to deliver a discourse in forty-five minutes than it does in an hour, and a compound pressure, to get it within thirty to forty minutes. Daniel Webster once apologized to the court for a lengthy argument on the ground that "Condensation does, indeed, require time, whether in boiling substances or in essences, or in reducing sermons to essentials. It is not always the quantity of a thing, but the quality which makes it desirable." But, if you are to be a minister, you must be able to do it within thirty to forty minutes. Daniel Webster once apologized to the court for a lengthy argument on the ground that "Condensation does, indeed, require time, whether in boiling substances or in essences, or in reducing sermons to essentials. It is not always the quantity of a thing, but the quality which makes it desirable." But, if you are to be a minister, you must be able to do it within thirty to forty minutes.

DUALS AMONG PUBLIC MEN.

The other day an incident occurred in the Parliament of Great Britain, which recalls some of the most unpleasant events in English and American history. A member of the Lower House by the name of De Laet, who represents the Midland counties, and is a member of the Ministry of War, Baron Chazal, became exceedingly irate, and declared that the man who made such an accusation could alone be capable of performing such an act of "infamy." The deputy from Antwerp, appealed to the chair, asking to have the Minister rebuked for what he deemed a violation of parliamentary decency. Failing to obtain satisfaction in this way, the deputy challenged Baron Chazal to a duel. The Minister, who was slightly wounded, and then the combatants, in accordance with the usual custom in such cases, declared themselves satisfied, shook hands, pronounced each other honorable, and parted in peace. There is certainly a comical side of duelling. Two men, indulging in such bitter feelings of enmity, that each is willing to risk his own life for the sake of outdaring that of his adversary, meet, first one or twice at each other, and then utter the warmest protestations of mutual regard. The most malicious animosity changed, by a pistol-shot, into the most devoted friendship!

The days when duels among public men were common in Anglo-Saxon lands seem to have passed away. But they do not live very far back in the past. In England, even during the present century, such statesmen as William Pitt, Charles Fox, and John Bull, were wont to duel. In America, the Duke of Wellington, Castlereagh, and D'Israeli have not been courageous enough to refrain from sanctioning by their example this absurd and dangerous practice. In our country the duel is still larger. The mournful incident of Hamilton's death, at the hands of Burr, is well remembered. Five shots were exchanged between De Witt Clinton and John Swanwick, while Clinton also challenged another gentleman. Jackson killed one man and fought several others. So did Benton. Only still a general feeling will recollect the affair between two members of Congress, Ciley and Graves, in 1838, in which the former was killed. Even now scarcely a session of our national legislature passes without a resort to this code of honor. Happily of late years, either on account of the unwillingness of our eminent legislators to deprive the country of their services, or because of a wholesome fear of public opinion, these threats have generally ended with their utterance. We have recently had a case of this kind.

Thus, brethren, we have ventured on the first, you see we have been kind, though candid. But if any feel aggrieved at these plain utterances, we will be content in reflecting that following our own advice when the object was gained we closed the discourse.

If time is really money, is not the longest note the best?

THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BY DUZZ.

I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of a fit of epilepsy, which occurred in the middle of February. The first time I called on his residence he was not permitted to see me; but in a few days I received a polite note from him at the hand of a negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to send abroad to the lake.

I found the poet in a weak and irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said, that at the time I first called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his residence. But, as he had known an American was to call on him, he had not been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the only spot of God's green earth which I never desire to see again. In our covered way, I had the sympathy at the time felt in America for the struggle in Greece. All he said at the time in reply was:

"I am a poor Greek! once the rich and the poor of earth. God knows I have tried to help them."

He then referred in rapturous terms to Byzantium, then just fallen; and showed me a letter from the chief.

In a few days I had left him, I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book. I took it in my hand, and went once more to his residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said:

"Have you got the Sketch Book?"

I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm he turned to the broken heart.

"You said you were one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But, stay, do you know Irving?"

I replied that I had never seen him. "He is a genius; and he has something better than genius—a heart! I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well, read the 'Broken Heart,' sir. 'The Broken Heart,' what was it?"

In closing the first paragraph, I said:

"Shall I confess it? I believe in 'broken hearts.'"

"Yes," exclaimed Byron, "and so do I, and so does every one but philosophers and fools."

A MOMENT OF HORROR.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BY DUZZ.

For twenty-three years old Jake Willard has cultivated the soil in Baldwin County, and drawn therefrom a support for himself and wife and children.

Not long ago, Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old, worn-out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the center of which was a well twenty-five or thirty feet deep, that at some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot an ill wind drifted Jake's hat from his head, and maliciously was it to the edge of the well, and it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtues of economy, and he immediately set about recovering the lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the trout cow; and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going in to the well himself. To accomplish this, he made fast the one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was soon on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less proud than the reader hereof, that Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building above-mentioned, and that an old blind horse with a bell on his neck, which had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Ned's cranium to have a little fun; so he quietly slipped up to the horse, unbuckled the strap, and approached with slow and measured "ting-a-ling" to the edge of the well.

"Dang the old blind horse!" said Jake "he's comin' this way, sure, and ain't got no more sense nor to fall in here."

But the continued approach of the "ting-a-ling" said just as plainly as words that old Ned would "fall in." Besides, Jake was at the bottom, resting before trying to "skin" it up the rope.

"Great Jerusalem!" said he, "the old cow will be a top o' me fore I can say Jack Robinson. Who'd a dang you whoa!"

Just then the old horse, on the edge of the well, and with his foot kicked a little dirt into it.

"Oh! Lord!" exclaimed Jake, falling on his knees at the bottom of the well; "I'm a-gone now! Whoa!—Now I lay me down to sleep!—Whoa!—I pray the Lord my soul to take!—Whoa!—Now—oh—Lord, have mercy on me!"

Ned could hold no longer, and fearful that Jake would suffer from his fright, he revealed himself.

Probably Ned didn't make tracks with his heels toward that well. May be Jake was up to the top in short order. May be not, I don't know, but I know that if Jake falls out, you see just this, it will be the last squilly you'll get from me.

Girls, Help Father.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BY DUZZ.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said farmer Wilber as he sat down to figure out some accounts that were getting behindhand.

Could I help you, father, said Lucy, laying down her bright crocheted work. "I should be glad to know if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them, after giving twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand, account in my best days, and it does not grow any easier as I can see, since I put on my specks."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long dull line of figures, leaving the work, however, to her father in the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her crocheted work, that she was obliged to leave her father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other loved ones, sitting crossly in his chair, and reading the paper, as it can be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "thank you, daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"Father looking up, when a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable pique over the fact that she had to turn to somebody for whom Rome was turning over her head some loving hand covered her grave with flowers. Public men are seldom so fair in their judgment;—at least, when they are not in a hurry to escape a liability. However corrupt, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice; but they rarely get it while alive, either from friends or foes.

OUR MISTAKES ABOUT EACH OTHER.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BY DUZZ.

Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could see ourselves as others see us, our self-esteem would in all probability be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, no one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy, sympathy and antipathy, prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt; and a still greater number of those who pass down in our books as characters of the highest order, and whose names are no further off from heaven, and perchance a little nearer, than the censurers who condemn them. We habitually underestimate or overrate each other, and in estimating character the shrewdest of us are only now and then made to see the truth, and then makes true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates.

It is not just or fair to look at character from a single point of view. In this country, man's profile may be as good as his full face agreeable. We once saw a young man, whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning, while his tormentors stood gazing on from the bank. The merchant who gives out answers in his counting-house may be a tender husband and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, a man who is a humorist person, who is all smiles and jests in public, may carry something as hard as the mother milstone in the place where his heart ought to be. Such anomalies are common. The man who is a humorist, however, for those whose misjudgments of the fellow-mortals lean to the kindly side—such mistakes go to their credit in the great account. He who thinks better of his neighbor than they deserve, or who is more than the standard by which his judgment is guided is the goodness of his own heart.

It is only the base who believe all men base, or the virtuous who think themselves virtuous. Few are all evil, and few are all good. Turn to somebody for whom Rome was turning over her head some loving hand covered her grave with flowers. Public men are seldom so fair in their judgment;—at least, when they are not in a hurry to escape a liability. However corrupt, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice; but they rarely get it while alive, either from friends or foes.

SHORT STRAY THOUGHTS CAUGHT AND PENNED.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BY DUZZ.

"An honest, industrious boy," is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be a blessing in the family of high condition; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; religious societies will want him for a teacher of their children; and the people for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsman will want him as a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; a family as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; a girl as a husband.

An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it! He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be respected and loved; he will be a blessing in the family of high condition; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; religious societies will want him for a teacher of their children; and the people for an officer.

He will be wanted. Townsman will want him as a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; a family as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; a girl as a husband.

FARM WORK IN VIRGINIA.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BY DUZZ.

The Richmond Republic says that in all parts of Virginia the returned soldiers are busy in cultivating the ground. Many of the ladies on farms are engaged in agriculture. These prodigal ladies of the most refined and generally wealthy families in Hanover, have planted on their father's farm a larger crop of corn than has been grown there during the war. Letters from the fertile Shenandoah Valley and Piedmont region, however, state that the farmers are entirely destitute of seed and animals, with which to cultivate their lands, and great suffering is likely to follow.

But a true friend sits in the centre, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. Prosperity and adversity are both revelers; the difference being that in the former our friends know us, and in the latter we know them. But notwithstanding the insincerity and greediness prevalent among men, there is a vast deal more esteem and fellow-feeling than is ever outwardly shown.

There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends before we know it. Benevolent impulses, where we could least expect them, in modest privacy enact many scenes of beautiful, wondrous amidst plaudits of angels.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

BY DUZZ.

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