American Volunteer.

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

VOL. 52. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1865. NO. 27.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

BRATTON & KENNEDY.

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 not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for $2.00, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. Those of a greater length in proportion.

JOB-PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

WM. B. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CARLISLE, PA.
OFFICE WITH WM. J. SHEARER, ESQ.
Sept. 14, 1865—1y.

JNO C. GRAHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office formerly occupied by Judge Graham, South Hanover street, Carlisle. [sept. 7, '65—1y

W. F. SADLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CARLISLE, PA.
Office in Volunteer Building South Hanover Street.
Sept. 7, 1861—1y.

J. M. WEAKLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE on South Hanover street, in the room formerly occupied by A. B. Sharpe.
Feb. 27, 1862—9m.

H. NEWSHAM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE with Wm. H. Miller, Esq., southwest corner of Hanover and Pomfret streets.
Carlisle, Dec. 22, 1862—tf

CHAS. E. MAGLAUGHLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
OFFICE in Inhoff's building, just opposite the Market House.
Carlisle March 13, 1862—1y.

J. W. FOULK, Attorney at Law. Office with James R. Smith, Esq., Rheem's Hall. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Feb. 6. 1863.

M. C. HERMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE in Rheem's Hall Building, in the rear of the Court House, next door to the "Herald" Office, Carlisle. [Feb 4, '61—1y.

JAMES A. DUNBAR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
CARLISLE, PA.
Office next door to the American Printing office a few doors west of Hannon's hotel.
April 14, 1864—1y

F. E BELTZHOOVER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
CARLISLE, PENN'A.
OFFICE on South Hanover street, opposite Bentz's store.
By special arrangement with the Patent Office, attends to securing Patent Rights.
Sept. 22, 1864—1y

Dr. GEO. S. SEARIGHT,
DENTIST.
From the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery
Office at the residence of his mother, East Louther street, three doors below Bedford.
Carlisle, Dec. 22, 1862.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS, DENTIST,
Has removed from South Hanover street to West Pomfret street, opposite the Female High School, Carlisle. [April 28, 1864.

Pension Examining Surgeon.
(For Carlisle and Adjacent Country.)
DR. J. C. KINKLE, Office, (up stairs) In Inhoff's Building, South East Corner of Marke Square, Carlisle. [Nov. 2, '65—tf.

COAL AND LUMBER YARD.
THE subscriber having leased the Yard formerly occupied by Armstrong & Hoffer, and purchased the stock of
COAL AND LUMBER,
in the Yard, together with an immense new stock, will have constantly on hand and furnish to order all kinds and quality of seasoned
LUMBER,
BOARDS,
SCANTLING,
FRAME STUFF,
Paling, Plastering, Lath, Shingling Lath, worked Flooring and Weatherboarding, Posts and Rails, and every article that belongs to a Lumber Yard.
All kinds of Shingles, to wit: Whitepine, Hemlock and Oak, of different qualities. Having cars of my own I can furnish bills to order of any length and size at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. My worked boards will be kept under cover so they can be furnished dry at all times.
I have constantly on hand all kinds of FAMILY COAL under cover, which I will deliver clean to any part of the borough. To wit: Lykens Valley, Broken, Egg, Stove and Nut, Luke Fiddler, Treverton, Locust Mountain, Lobbery, which I pledge myself to sell at the lowest prices.
Best quality of
Limeburners' and Blacksmiths' Coal.
always on hand which I will sell at the lowest figures. Yard west side of Grammar School, Main street.
ANDREW H. BLAIR.

NOTICE.—I still retain the same position in the firm of DELANCY & BLAIR, which will be carried on as energetically as ever at their old stand near the Gas house. As our purchases will be made together at the head of the market, we feel confident by so doing to be able to accommodate our customers and the public on the most reasonable terms. Having relinquished the tanning I will devote my entire attention to the Coal and Lumber business. All kinds of Coal and Lumber kept constantly on hand and in the best condition. The Lumber Yard will be managed by Mr. Geo. Zuloff, whose experience and skill is well known to the community. By strict attention to business, short profits, and a desire to do right we hope to secure a liberal share of public patronage.
ANDREW H. BLAIR.
June 15, 1865—tf

CHAINS.—600 pairs of Traces Chains, all kinds, with a large assortment of

Butt hains,	Halteenhins,
Breast "	Fifth "
Log "	Tongue "
Plow "	Spreads, &c., &c.,

Just received at the Cheap Hadware Store of
April 27, 1863. H. SAXTON

PAINTS of Every Description, in large and small packages, Linseed Oil, &c., at
MILLER & BOWERS

Poetical.

"MUCH YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

PICTURES.

O, painter, paint me a picture,
Not "studies" of morn or eve,
But bid the dumb canvass utter
The story my lips shall weave.
Your brush shall be Truth; your colors
The varied hues life wears—
And artists, to moisten your tears.

First, paint on the magic canvass
A meadow of freshest green,
With here and there a daisy
Peeping the rocks between—
Rocks, ragged and sharp and blood-stained—
Where tender young feet have gone,
From the dead mother's icy bosom
To clamber the rocks alone.

Then paint me a weary desert
O'erhung with a leaden sky,
Where never a bird would carol,
And never a breeze sweep by;
Dip your brush in the waters of Marah,
And paint Desolation there,
A buried Hope, and the grave of Love,
And the visage of fierce Despair.

Then, next, paint a fervid summer—
A gorgeous tropical scene—
With bursting fruit and bleeding vines,
And the foliage rank and green;
With rosy clouds and golden
O'erhanging the scene above—
With my soul for your palette, artist,
Paint me this dream of Love.

Then fill up your canvass, painter,
With clouds of misty gray;
To-morrow is yet in cloudland,
Our picture is done to day;
I'll hang it where all shall honor
A talent so bold and free;
But the name of the picture, artist,
Is known but to you and me.

Miscellaneous.

MEETING OF TEACHERS.

At a meeting of the Faculty of teachers, of the Common Schools of Carlisle, held Dec. 7, 1865, it was resolved to present to Mr. John Spahr, sr., a pair of turkeys, as a token of the appreciation of his services by the teachers. Mr. Theodore Cornman was appointed to present them in the name of the teachers which he did in the following remarks:

Thirty years ago, the Common Schools of Carlisle were organized; as most things have a small beginning so had they. Difficulties and prejudice had to be overcome, rooms had to be provided, and necessary arrangements made for the accomodation of the pupils, but men like Andrew Blair sr., P. B. Smith, Benyick Angney, Lewis Harlan, Thos. B. Jacobs and James Hamilton Esq., were not to be intimidated by these obstacles, the people had determined to try the experiment, and as their agents, these men were determined to do their duty, and place, if possible, the Common Schools of Carlisle on a sure foundation, to the success of which, the schools of to day, second to none, bear witness; the prejudice which then existed, has nearly all died away, and from a small stream, has grown a mighty river, which is destined to increase until nothing can stay the mighty influence exerted by the Common Schools, and great indeed is the debt of gratitude which we, the pupils of these schools, owe to the men who first planted the seed, which has germinated and grown into a wide spreading tree, under the shade of which, hundreds of children to-day are reaching, and the benefits of which, we, the teachers of to day, can bear testimony; but, whilst we praise the deeds of our first Directors, let us not forget those necessary aids the teachers, who so ably instilled into the minds of the scholars intrusted to their care, those principles, which to-day enable them to fill their vacant chairs. But memory calls us to the fact, that nearly all who at the beginning conducted and controlled these schools have passed away, the places that once know them knows them no more, yet there remain a few of those bright and shining lights of by-gone days, to cheer us in the arduous tasks we have undertaken, the others are quietly reposing from their labors, the sod has grown green over their coffins, and whilst they sleep the sleep that knows no waking, the monuments they erected, are growing larger and larger; the lines upon them inscribed to their memory, are growing brighter and brighter, our hope is that they may be enjoying the rewards of the faithful, and stand prepared to throw open wide the gates of Paradise, to admit those who may follow. In connection with these we must speak of him who has so faithfully and efficiently as messenger waited upon the schools of Carlisle, and who has grown grey in the service to which he was called years ago, always ready to communicate to us, the teachers, the actions of the Board, relative to ourselves or the schools. Punctual in his administrations to our wants, ceaseless in his exertions to collect funds necessary to meet our demands, always pleasant and agreeable in his intercourse with us, to him we return our sincere thanks; and, as a slight token of our appreciation, we the teachers of the Common Schools of Carlisle, present to you, Mr. Sphar, these fowls, wishing that you may live many years, and set around many Christmas boards in the future, laden with the good things of this life, and at last, when your pilgrimage upon earth is over, that you may take your seat with those who have gone before around the board eternal in Heaven.

[REPLY.]

Ladies and Gentlemen—Teachers of the Common Schools of Carlisle:

It is more than twenty years since I was first elected Messenger of the Board of School Directors of Carlisle; and from the beginning of my career to the present time, it has been my study and desire to discharge my duties faithfully, and to the best interests of the Borough, and to make all connected with the schools as it was in my power to do; the Directors first, the teachers second, and the children third. And in order to accomplish these objects, I have travelled through sunshine and rain, summer and winter, and that you might leave the monthly meetings of Select School with smiling faces, I have had to stand many a storm of curses and abuse, while trying to collect the school taxes, by which you were paid. This duty I have performed for fifteen years. It is true I have grown grey in the service and according to the course of nature do not expect to serve many more years as Messenger to the Board, but with Mr. Andrew Blair and Mr. George McFeely, whom it became my sad duty to lay beneath the sod, I expect soon to go to reap my reward. Ladies and Gentlemen, accept my sincere thanks for the two fine large fat turkeys you have just presented me, and hoping that God will bless you all with a pleasant and bountiful Christmas, with long life, and with prosperity and usefulness as teachers of the Common Schools.

I remain your humble servant,
JOHN SPHAR.

THE OLD MILL;

OR,

FOUND THE HAT, AND FOUND THE HEART.

Rural life has always a charm—a romance which clings around it, especially to one whose childhood was free and happy amid the society of brooks and vales and foliage and pleasing rural haunts. Continually will some germ of old remembrance uncover itself from the dust and cobwebs of dim recollection and come up, fresh and possessing an interest, with a kind of weirdness of pleasure, causing pangs of severe regret that childhood had not always lasted.

A little stream which formed the outlet of a lake embowered among the hills, as if to add only the charm of a ray of sunlight to the beauty of the landscape, ran, concealed along by the alders and flags, the meadows and pastures, till at last it crossed the highway and plunged into a thick forest and was lost in comprehension.

One summer day, I tired of wondering where this trout stream ran to; for, like the "brook" of Tennyson, there was a poetic romance about it which was irresistible.—Tempted by the wildness of the scene, I made a journey to its course and wandered along its fringed banks. A slight rushing sound, as of distant falling waters, or the hastening of the wind through the foliage, led me down the gradually steeping declivity and by the increasing rugged banks, now across the stream upon a high suspended log, or picking my footholds among the rocks which rose above the rapids.

Over the bed of the stream, as it deepened into the forest, hung the birch and elm, forming a continuous shade and vista down which my eyes peered with all the admiration of a young poetic soul. Here and there a white cascade broke the regularity of the descent, and wound around the base of jutting hill or rock, growing every step more wild, varied and picturesque.

As the descent grew steeper, the roughness of the banks compelled me to leave the shore and clamber around a distance of a few rods, when I again came full upon the stream and beheld the pouring waters, the sound of which had grown more and more distinct as I approached. Turning suddenly to the left around a projecting ledge, the stream plunged down a height of a hundred feet or more into a ravine still more dark and wild, and forming a beautiful cascade which broke in spray and sprinkled the mosses and wild-flowers upon its banks with a delicious coolness.

Upon the brow of the opposite shore and the shelving rocks, the fir and hemlock grew so close and dense as to completely shut out all view of the scene beyond. The vine and gooseberry intermingled with the dark gray rocks, while over the fall the mingling branches of the trees formed a beautiful gateway from which the white cascade darted like a thing of life and fled away down the deepening vista.

At the foot of the fall stood the ruin of an old mill, the stones growing over with moss and weeds, while a little green plot of grass and wild flowers spread out before it. As I clambered upon the ruins, lost in the roar of the falling waters, and unconscious of outer things, I discovered a pretty summer hat, decorated with ribbons and wild flowers, lying partially concealed by some overhanging branches, and I suddenly recollected having caught an indistinct strain of a song as it mingled and seemed lost in the sound of the waters, so as not to have before left a distinct impression upon my ear. I listened and gazed about carefully, searching for some indication of the fair owner, but to no purpose.

Whether the wearer had noticed me and hastened away, fearing to stay to claim it, or whether some accident might not have befallen her, were thoughts which engaged my curiosity until near the sinking of the evening sunshine into twilight. The soft air grew cool and balmy, and the fall more beautiful in the contrast of the deepening shade, but still I waited thoughtlessly carving a device upon a shelving rock, and musing until the moon was up and shining, when I wound along by the ravine outward, bearing and admiring the hat; to my youthful fancy the embodiment of beauty and artless loveliness, I doubted not the waving tresses of the flower of sixteen summers had often been concealed beneath it.

Many a year later, I strayed again to the thicket and the fall, still hidden in the depth of a larger forest. There lay the old millstone—a tree of considerable size growing through it, and the wild flowers and the brambles were thicker and coarser. The ruins suddenly called to mind the incidents of the former visit, so long before that the precise time was not recalled; but before I left my eye fell upon the following inscription.

"June 15, 1845. Found a hat and lost my heart. S. S."

Just below, cut in a similar style, by the chiseling of a piece of quartz, was:

"Lost my hat, but found no heart. A. B."

I recalled to my mind my impression of the time that the hat was out of style and trimming usually worn in the country, and that it was no doubt that of a visitor to the locality, who had unattended, strayed to gratify a curiosity for romantic scenery, similar to my own, and that rambling away from the locality, had mistaken the place where the hat was left.

It was, in a moment, my full determination to discover who was the fair "A. B.," and then for the first time in my life I seriously thought of the idea of choosing a companion to with me admire the romance of nature.

"Yes," said I, "she should not have come here unless tempted by the same fancy, and if the germ budding so young has been cultivated, she must be all I could imagine, both in body and soul."

"But the wide world spread out before me, and with it a vista of uncounted years, while how many times might the fancied 'A. B.' have become A——any of the 26 letters of the alphabet, yes and the '&' besides. And I was no longer a resident of the country, and she might be abroad.

The meditation was well nigh distracting, and the few moments of sleep that night were but snatches of wild song and fairy nymphs just eluding my gaze and grasp by the foaming spray. To free myself of the effect the madness had produced, I quickened my departure to a contemplated tour among the northern hills and lakes. The long absence from these scenes had a new charm to me, or else the interruption of my peace of mind had suddenly made me more appreciative. I passed a week at a fine hotel which had grown up on the shores of Willoughby lake, which was now a favorite resort.

My unsettled fancy led me to long wanderings among the forest shores and by the new found pastures, in search of a wild flower or a stray berry. One afternoon I came upon a party of ladies wreathing garlands for a couple of bright little girls, the very embodiment of loveliness and health, and, placing upon them their summer hats, the party strolled down to the lake to watch the white-fringed waves, as they laved the shining sand.

I had not heeded the ladies. None could be beautiful nor charming to me but "A. B.;" but a sudden remark caught my ear: "How singular it is, Annie, that we never had a trace of your lost hat."

I hardly understood the words at first, nor did I catch the reply; but I looked up, startled with a pang of despair, as I had no doubt from the appearance of the group that one lady was the mother of the children, and the other an aunt or grand-mother. I, however, caught a hasty glance of the features of the mother, and beheld all my fancy ideal, with but a bearing of still greater loveliness and grace than my fevered imagination had ever pictured.

"Confound the fortune!" I ejaculated, and turned away to the hotel to consult the record. But nothing satisfactory was gained. Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow were there, and numerous other B's, but no "A. B.," although I was satisfied that "Annie" was the real "A. B."

I cared not to learn further of my fate, and came near quitting on the early stage for the queen's dominions, when the landlord accosted me, and asked me if I would not join a party upon the lake, "another gentleman was wanted, and the ladies had proposed you." I consented, was presented to the good natured company, but forgot the name in my thoughtlessness until every indication of attention on her part and frequent raillery of my melancholy proved, to my satisfaction, that she was not the mother of the lovely children I had seen her in company with.

The boating party returned, and with it my drooping spirits, while acquaintance begun ripened into admiration. The rambles were frequent, and the wreaths of wild flowers often suggested a subject which I could not summon courage enough to tough upon. One day, when her hat had received a few flowers of my culling, I, while stooping to pluck a flower, and with my face turned away, mustered sufficient courage to say that I once heard her remark that she had lost a hat decked with flowers.

"Yes," she replied, "I lost my traveling hat once when I was a little girl, and I would give my heart to know who found it."

"Why?" suggested I, musing, and learned that there was some mystery which she concealed with playfullness.

"I found the hat," said I, as we sat down upon a knoll, shaded by an overhanging maple, "and I will take the heart."

"You, Mr. Smith," said she, in surprise, "you found my hat by that beautiful waterfall."

"I did, Miss Annie, and lost my heart."

* * * * * * *

There followed no surprise nor exclamation at my last remark, but her hand unconsciously dropped upon mine, as we both at the same moment asked how it came about. As I divined, she had thoughtlessly strayed away from the spot where the hat was left until too near night and too far away to return for it. Upon returning with a companion the next morning, the hat was not to be found, but instead the inscription as I had made it. She added the playful suggestion, and returned harboring the same curiosity as I had done.

The hat had been carefully kept as a bachelor relic, stowed in my garret, but it has since been pulled out, and embodies to two happy hearts a bright page of childhood. We have both since visited the fall and the mill ruins, while somebody has added to the former inscription: "FOUND THE HAT, AND FOUND THE HEART."

THE DEVIL IN THE CELLAR.

A Rich Thanksgiving Story.

In one of the smal linterior towns of New England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess a hold on the people, the facts occurred a few years since of which the following is a true narration:

An honest farmer and his family preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be "banked up" and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbage, turnips, and so forth, put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables, the cows were dispatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage with, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house.

An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of the scattered cabbage leaves, unobserved entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them.

Soon after, the parents and their little ones, having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

On the afternoon of the day following the festival, the family returned home, accompanied by some young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors of both sexes were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving carousal was in full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar with a little two wick candle, which gave just enough light to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room, with eyes glaring wildly, uttering the half suffocating exclamation:

'The devil is in the cellar!'

'Pooh,' said the father, 'you have only been frightened by your own shadow; give me the light.'

Saying this, he seized the candle—leaving the candlestick fast in the hands of the boy—and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but before he descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the ram caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son, exclaiming:

'Sure enough, the devil is in the cellar?'

The good man seized the great bible, and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burned blue, and threw such a feeble light on the sacred pages, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to their mother; the girls nestled close to their favorite swains, and the whole house was shaken with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants. One bright thought, however, occurred—and a messenger was sent for the minister to come and "lay the devil."

The parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for talent and heroism, slipped a small bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great antagonist as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishoners.

On coming to the house, the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at the same moment, to drive the devil away. But a few were lost in asking questions which no one could answer, before the parson pushed forward as a leader, with the same penurious light, into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. He reached the foot of the stairs. There the eyes of fire, the shadowy outlines of the enormous horns, magnified tenfold at least by the terror of those that beheld them, removed all doubt, if any existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend.

The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the pious man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary, but, deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of the surplice and pulled the priest with him into the cellar.

While thus in the power of his victorious foe, he lost hope as it regarded himself, and the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation:

'Brethren, take care of *yourselves;* the devil has *got me!*'

This exhortation was better obeyed than any he had ever delivered from the pulpit—his friends all fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had, from the first, supposed the fiend to be some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun, and willing to see a comedy, kept his thoughts to himself and pretended sympathize with others in their fears. He thought it time to interfere, and, snatching a pitch pine knot from the blazing fire, expressed his determination to rescue the preacher or perish in the attempt.

'Don't, *don't!*' shouted several.

'What does the devil care for fire?' said another.

'Take along the bible if you *will* go?' suggested another,

But, unheeding the suggestion and the manifestations of concern for his safety, he pushed into the cellar, seized the animal by the horns, calling to the astonished parson, 'Follow me!' The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the ecclesiastic, in the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued, but the past was too ludicrous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

From the American Agriculturist.

NOTES ON GRAPES AND GRAPE CULTURE.

"What, more about grapes?" says the reader who has no interest in the culture of the vine. Yes, for the reason that it is now one of the leading horticultural topics. The vine growers have their grape shows and grape conventions, and we should not be much surprised if they started a grape journal, but whether they do or not, we must have our share of grape talk. Those who do not come in contact with grape people, are little aware of the great amount of capital already in vines, and of the perhaps still greater amount about being invested there, especially in the Western States. Individuals are about to plant their acres, and companinies with abundant capital, their scores of acres. Land in localities known to be favorable to the vine, sells at great prices, and men known to be good vineyardists, are engaged by companies at liberal salaries. If we add to all this activity in planting vines, the large amount of capital engaged in raising and selling them, it will be seen there is no one plant which is of more pecuniary interest just now than the grape vine, nor one concerning which people are so anxious for facts. "Facts are just what I have been looking for," suggests the reader, "I have read all the reports of the grape discussions, all the grape notes, books and catalogues, and the only 'fact' I arrive at, is that it is all a precious muddle." We admit that there is some truth in this view, but we regard matters more hopefully. Chaos always precedes order, and every science accumulates first a disjointed mass of materials before any general laws are found by which to arrange them. So in grape culture we are accumulating varieties and bits of information, by-and-by, we shall have a sweeping away of the rubbish and a clearer knowledge of general laws. Then grape discussions are useful and amusing withal. One grower comes several hundred miles to assert that there is no grape like the Tweedledum; another comes as far as the opposite direction to declare the merits of the Tweedledee, while the growers around in the State where the Convention is held, are sure that the old Thingumbob is the best sort. All of these talks have settled just one thing, and as far as we can see only one: that there is no one grape yet known that is suited to every locality. A very little bread for so much sack, truly, but still there is one point fixed, and perhaps by another year we may be able to set another stake. Meanwhile let us go on discussing the matter, especially in State, County and Town Societies, and learn to give more value to our own experience and that of our neighbors, than we do to that of those who dwell in far distant localities.

The past season has explained the caution, that we must be slow in making up our final judgement upon varieties, as it has shown us that some of them are likely to recede from the high position accorded them, while others have developed new claims to popularity. It must be recollected that grape culture with us is still in its infancy, and notwithstanding the remarkable progress it, already presents, it is only the vigor and growth of the youth, and not the steady and settled character of manhood. But few of our finer grapes have had a fair trial. How many have had ten years' experience with them—yet it was nearly a half century before the verdict was made up for the Isabella. Our new sorts are all on young vines as yet, and we all know what a difference the age of the vine makes in the character of the fruit. Then in the desire of the propagators to meet the demand for any variety worthy of trial, every available bud is coaxed to make a vine, and many poor "knitting needles" are sent out, and these slender specimens are forced into fruit at the earliest possible moment, and then, if the first product of the vine, which that year, and probably the next, ought not to have borne a bunch, is not up to the description, the variety loses in the estimation of the grower.

There is one point upon which our Western friends are exercised; some go so far as to say that no variety which requires for its healthy development to be grown under glass the first year, should be recommended for general culture. We cannot agree with this view. The object of the grower is, to procure the strongest possible well ripened cane at the close of the first season's growth. If this can be done in the open ground, all the better. If by mulching the young vines, let him mulch, or if by shading them, let him shade. So if by controlling the atmospheric changes by means of glass structures he can secure a healthy growth, let him do it for he only accomplishes by legitimate horticultural appliances what the out door grower trusts a favorable season to do for him. That a variety is a slow grower and delicate when young, is not in itself an argument against it, any more than the fact that young turkeys will die if allowed to run in the wet grass, is a reason why we should not raise them.

SERMON

OF THE

REV. JOHN CHAMBERS,

ON THANKSGIVING DAY,

AT PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 7th, 1865.

The services of the day were commenced by the reading of the 85th Psalm, in connection with the 5th chapter of the 1st epistle to the Thessalonians. The speaker then said:

We have assembled in compliance with the request of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, that we should, on this day, meet and give thanks to Almighty God for the restoration of peace to our lately distracted and unhappy land—not that I recognize the right of any civil magistrate to dictate to the Church of Christ in *any* way—but a request, such as the one put forth by President Johnson, must find its echo in the heart of every man and woman before me, and call forth unmingled gratitude to God for the mercy vouchsafed us in being delivered from one of the most cruel, bloody, and desolating wars the world ever saw. At the same time. I am sure that no one amongst us has waited until *this* hour to pour forth the gratitude and praise which the cessation of hostilities must have caused to spring in the heart of every Christian and lover of humanity.—What minister of the Prince of Peace has not urged upon his people the duty of devout thankfulness from the moment that the last gun was fired? For it is a glorious truth that Christ, His gospel, and *His ministers* are alike opposed to war, which in all its consequences is fraught with evil and evil only.

Mr. Chambers then offered up a prayer, in which he thanked God for the return of peace and freedom, that the writ of *habeas corpus* had been restored, so that men were no longer in danger of being dragged at the midnight hour from their homes and families. He ardently invoked the richest blessings of the Almighty upon the President of the United States, the Governor of each sovereign State, and the Judiciary of the nation, supreme and subordinate.

The sermon was based upon the text, St. Matt. 16th chap., 3d v.: "Can ye not discern the signs of the times," and was as follows:

No man ought to be an idle or inattentive spectator of passing events, or shut his eyes to the signs of the times. But it is a melancholy fact, that comparatively few of the great mass of men think for themselves, either politically or religiously, and hence they are the slaves or dupes of others who have the courage or the ambition to be leaders. It is known to the world at large, that no people on earth boast more of their civil and religious liberty than do the American people; but it is a sad truth that, in many cases, it is but the empty sound without any solid foundation, and the many are led captive by the few—especially politically. The past four or five years have been among the most eventful of the world's history. The great experiment of self-government has been stretched to its utmost tension. As a nation we have been upon the verge of ruin, and I confess that even now *my* mind is not satisfied that the ship of State is entirely off the lee-shore or safely moored. There is a wildness in the political heavens which to the attentive observer must appear portentous of evil in the future, and what makes it the more alarming is that the immense mass of our people are ignorant of their chartered rights. How few of the teeming millions of this nation ever carefully read or studied the Constitution of the United States? Do you suppose that more than one in every thousand has ever done so? And yet this grand instrument is the book of the people—not by any means the exclusive property of the jurist, the lawyer or the politician, but, I repeat it, the book of *the people*, made *for* them and *by* them, and for *their* special benefit; and the man who fails to make it the rule of his life, as a citizen, is derelict of duty.

But let us now proceed to inquire into what is our present condition, and what our future prospects; and first of all, I shall view them as they stand related to the *Bible* standard of Christian purity and excellence. Let us go to the law and to the testimony. We read, Titus, 3d chap., 13 verses: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work—to speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men—for we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in envy, and malice hateful and hating one another." I ask you whether this nation as a whole, nay, even that portion of it who profess and call themselves Christians, are living in the state of mind so beautifully described by the Apostle in the first two verses which I have read, or whether, alas, the condition to which he refers as being in the past with *him* is not in the present with us? Is it not an undeniable fact that, in many instances, even the ministers of religion have not the politeness of the publicans spoken of by our divine Master in St. Matt., 5th chap., verses 46–47? Is that the spirit of gentleness, meekness and *forbearance* which the Apostle enjoins in his letter to Titus characteristic of those who call the same Lord, Master, and who declare publicly by their own act and word that henceforth they will walk together according to His commandment? On the contrary, is not the spirit of intolerance and persecution rampant in the land? what does our Lord say, John, 12th chap., 35th verse, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love on to another." Remember what St. Paul tells us, "love worketh no ill to his neighbor—*therefor* love is the fulfilling of the law. By their fruits ye shall know them." Is it true that *we*, as a christian Church, are carrying out the principles of the good Samaritan? We have, at this day, thrown out upon the world some four millions of human beings who never before had any care about the future, and what is being done to render them comfortable or provide them with the means of an honest, honorable self-support? I acknowledge there is any quantity of balatant oratory on this subject, but *that* unfortunately neither feeds, nor clothes, nor shelters the miserable and unhappy creatures whose present condition, if we may believe one half even of what we are told in the public prints, is horrible in the extreme. We are told upon the best authority that they are dying by the hundreds—yes, by the thousands. The public journals of the day inform us that hospitals and almshouses are being prepared for them. These are both new inventions, so far as the negro is concerned, and never were needed for him before. And not only are we told that their physical condition is deplorable, almost beyond description, but that the hot breath of moral pestilence is sweeping over them like the sirrocco of the desert. Moral disease, moral death is worse than any temporal calamity. To rescue them from human servitude, only to leave them to the bondage of Satan, is a poor compensation. Therefore, I hold it is the duty of those who took these people from their former condition, and through whose agency they now occupy their present one, to provide *amply* for them, especially that portion of the American people whose ancestors were chiefly concerned in bringing them to these shores, and whose children's children are now living on the princely fortunes made in the African slave trade. It is a well-known fact that the principle part of that trade was carried on by men of Massachusettes and Rhode Island.—Why, then, do not the men who have filled our land with confusion and misery, without delay import into those *two* States at least one million of these homeless, destitute creatures, in order that they may be cared for by those who ought to consider themselves their natural protectors under existing circumstances?

Another fearful sign of the times is the general demoralization which we find meeting us on every side. It may, indeed, be said that "iniquity abounds," and yet what indifference there is to the increase of crime. The press teems with murders, frauds, defalcations, robberies, Sabbath desecration, drunkenness, blasphemy, and general lawlessness. Some tell us that this is the necessary result of increase of population, but that cannot be. We have lost more men by the war than we have lost more men by the war than we have gained by emigration. No—it is in a great measure owing to the four years of blighting, desolating hostilities through which we have passed, in which all the evil passions of men, and I blush to say, of women, too, have been called into action and kept in constant play, and which have so completely gained the mastery over us as to refuse now to be allayed. This alarming demoralization runs through all grades of society. Who does not know that in our legislative halls we are largely represented by corrupt and venal men, and that it is an understood and accepted fact that in many, many cases it is but necessary to offer a bribe sufficiently large in order to have your point carried? The ballot-box, of which we boast so much, is rotten to the core, and our independence, in which we appear to glory, is little more than a farce. It is a fact, as patent as the noonday sun, that *free* Americans can be, and are, bought upon election days are as readily as you can buy sheep in the market, and that the party which has the most money is the winning one. The tyrant, too, who employs labor will compel his employees to vote in the way to suit himself, or discharge them from their places. And this employer calls himself a free American—a lover and promoter of civil and religious freedom! And the men who thus obey his behests are called freemen, and challenge the world to admire the liberty of thinking and acting for themselves, which the institutions of their country guarantee to them! Am I wrong in denouncing this so-called freedom as a farce when such things can be cited as facts? What significance, too, has the common expression which many of you have heard, "He can be approached." What does it mean, but that the man is in the market, and up for the highest bid? My hearers, if we do not awake to a full sense of our danger, we will be swept by this tide of avarice, of grasping cupidity, which is widening and deepening every day, into the maelstrom of irrecoverable ruin.—And then, too, let us see what is the style, and what the character of the men who are selected to represent us in the law-making, as well as in the executive departments.—What is the first question? Not, "Is he a man of great moral worth—of spotless integrity and unflinching courage in the discharge of his duty—of the proper intellectual calibre or educational fitness?" Alas, it is only, "Is he available? Can we by any means, fair or foul, elect him?" Hence it is that the veriest dolts and most illiterate of men are elected to fill places for which they have not one qualification, unless it be to receive pay for their votes. Look in upon your city councils. By whom are those seats filled? By your best citizens—your experienced and staid men—your most honorable and capable financiers—men whom every citizen would be proud to call our city fathers, not because of their wealth, but solely on account of their eminent qualifications and fitness for the place? But alas, this is not the case. In many instances half fledged and not half educated, young, and inexperienced men, who have nothing at stake and nothing to lose, but everything to gain, and who very rarely have the moral courage to resist the outside pressure brought to bear upon them, when for example a pet scheme for contracts is before the people, and who can be *approached*—such, I say, are the persons elected to fill offices of public trust among us. Then, again, look in upon the Congress of the United States of to-day and compare it, if you have sufficient temerity, with that of thirty years ago. Call up to your remembrance the mighty men, the intellectual giants who then composed that body—men of sterling worth, of unimpeachable integrity—men, the dash of whose pen would make thrones tremble and tyrants grow pale—Webster, Clay, Bell,

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]