The Family Eircle.

THE SONG OF LIGHT.

BY WM, PITT PALMER.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom The sun rolled black and bare, Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast, Of the threads of my golden hair; And when the broad tent of the firmamen

Arose on its airy spars,

I penciled the heaven's matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers, And their leaves of living green, And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes

Of Eden's virgin queen;
But when the fiend's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened his moral spell.
In the silvery sphere of the first-born year,
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accurs Their work of wrath had sped, And the Ark's long few—tried and true— Come forth among the dead; With the wondrous gleams of my bridal dreams, I bade their terror cease;
And I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll.

God's covenant of Peace. Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast, Night's funeral shadow slept— Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem plains,

Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the herald bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
"Joy! joy! to the outcast—man!"

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in dark ness and tears,
Feel my smile the best smile of a friend;

Nay, the flower of the waste by my smile is em As the rose in the garden of kings; At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear— And lo! the butterfly's wings.

From my sentinel steep by the night brooded deep, I gaze with unslumbering eye,

While the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted out from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wing,
His compassiess, lone; dark, weltering bark
To the haven home safely I bring.

I awaken the flowers in their star-spangled

bowers, The birds in their chamber of green, And the mountain and plain glow with beauty As they bask in their national sheen, Oh! if such be the worth of my presence or

Though fitful and fleeting the while—
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright in the Deity's smile! ere visates Arestaciy are the seed with

THE SNOW-STORM.

All day the snow came down, all day As it never came down before; And over the earth at night there lay

It was a dark December night, wild and stormy. Ever since mid-day the snow had fallen with unwearying perseverance, and now lay deep on the home I should soon reach, and I left the busy town with its many but poor Johnnie was sadly frost bitten, lights behind me, and stepped out into and it was long before he recovered. the dismal moor. The snow lay much deeper here on the untrodden footpath, and seemed to fall even more heavily than before—so thick and blinding, that I found myself perpetually straying from the proper roadway, and with difficulty retraced my steps; the cold felt keener also, and a sharp east wind had risen. At times I grew also to pause for gathering strength ere I saving them. faced the storm once more. At length I rejoiced to see the guiding-post, which was placed where three roads met, and against which I was thankful to lean for a few seconds, until I had point of starting off afresh, when a was on the edge of the woods, and there faint sound of a human voice caught was a little path through the forest to my ear. Startled, I listened, but all grandma Fletcher's. Instead of going was still. I shaded my eye with my hand, and stared anxiously into the often went and came by this path in surrounding darkness; but nought the woods. There was not much dan-could discern beyond a wilderness of ger of bears and catamounts, for the snow, and I was just concluding my hunters had killed or driven them imagination had deceived me, when away. It was cool and shady in again the same murmur came floating summer, and the squirrels and birds through the air.

Feeling that, with the guide-post so near, I could scarce lose my way, I Fletcher was sent to carry some skeins hastened forward in the direction of of yarn to her grandmother. She was the sound, and soon distinctly heard a to spend the day there, and see the new child's voice repeating the Lord's chickens. At night, father was to go is out of debt, and his farm, small as Prayer. It had a strange effect in such and fetch her home on horseback. it is, supports him; and a little more. a storm at such a place, and my heart | She put on her cape-bonnet, kissed beat high when the gentle "Amen" mother and baby brother in the cradle, was said.

I called out, "Whose voice is that?" and watched her darling Betty out of but there was no reply. I called again the dairy window until the little form more loudly than before, and then the was lost sight of in the woods. timid answer came, "Johnnie's," and "Father," said mother, after milka few steps brought me to a boy, some ing, "now go for Betty." The after-

"My poor little man," I said, " are

you all alone?"

not get her on, and now she is fast hoofs bringing home her little daughter. rest his hope of heaven upon those best of whatever befalls. I do not asleep. I felt sleepy, too, but thought I would say my prayers first;" and horse coming on the gallop. Looking follower of Christ, not because it was grateful people, or the conscious pride then as I stooped down to the bundle up, she saw her husband, but no Betty. supposed he was converted years ago, arising from the glorious rewards be of snow he had indicated as being Before she had time to ask,—"Betty is but because he felt daily conscious of stowed upon patriotic efforts, will be "Nelly," he whispered softly, "Has not there," said the farmer, riding up, love to Christ and of efforts to do his enough to sustain the one-armed man Jesus sent you?"

"Surely he has," I answered; "had you not said your prayers, Johnnie, you came you here, my boy?"

left home?" I "And where is your home?" I asked; "and who is your father?" live at the High Farm."

Johnnie we would all go home together. He rejoiced when he heard my name, it was I said my prayers."
I found Nelly indeed fast asleep,

wrapped in a heavy cape, which the her. devoted little fellow had divested himself of in his endeavor to keep her warm. Nor could I induce him to put it on until-he saw me raise Nelly child, then started back on a fresh tenderly in my arms; and wrapping scout. It was a long and gloomy night ary. This filled the measure of his her in my great plaid, gathered her to the poor Fletchers and their kind father's joy. His son was not only a closely to my bosom, prepared to carry neighbors. The sun streaked the

"Now, Johnnie," I said, "you keep hold of the skirt of my coat, and we shall soon be at High Farm."

The cold seemed to have become dense than ever. Manfully the little listening, "hark!" fellow kept up by my side, though trudged along, but I telt the drag upon my coat becoming greater, and it was evident his strength and heart were failing him—then a suppressed on the search spied little footprints on sob broke from him, and he clung some wet moss; following on, he found more closely to me as I bent down a skein of yarn. Here is a clue to her, trying to soothe and comfort him.

"You are a brave little man," I said; "we will soon reach the farm caught sight of Betty, fast asleep on now; think of the bright fire there, the soft, brown leaves, beside an old the nice warm milk and bread, and tree which fell long ago. Her cheeks mother's loving kiss, all waiting for

"I cannot walk further," he sobbed. "O, take Nelly home, but let me lie, down here. I will say my prayers again, and perhaps Jesus will send some one else to help me."

"No, no," I answered cheerily;"I cannot leave you behind, Johnnie; you must just make a horse of me, and mount my back. There you are now, hold me fast round the neck, and ed God to take care of me, and tell whip hard to make me go better." And again I started forward, endeavoring to keep him awake with questions and little sallies; but I felt the becoming beyond my already exhausted strength, when suddenly a wavering speck of light shot out of the darkness, then vanished, then appeared once I halloed loudly, and my shout was tage. answered, and Johnny called out in a faint, and glad voice, "O, that's father!" And happily so it was; the poor farmer, becoming alarmed at the lengthened absence of his children, had ground. I had been detained at my started with his two men and a lantern She could only solomic in town later than usual, and had in search of them, and the great tears God, thank God!" to cross a dreary moor for some two of thankfulness fell from his eyes, when miles to reach my home. I confess I he beheld his loved ones. Johnnie the children will want to know. She felt chilled at the prospect of such a was at once taken into his loving arms, ran into the woods after a squirrel, and walk in such a storm; but wrapping and a quarter of an hour's walk could not find the path again. Were my plaid around merand staff in hand, brought us to the farm, where the they not a happy family that morning I set forward, thinking of the bright anxious mother received us. Nelly —father, mother, and all the neighbitle home I should soon reach, and was soon roused by the warmth and bors? Never was there such rejoicvas soon roused by the warmth and

couple for the aid I had afforded their The Bible says so. When we stray beloved children, who doubtless, over- away from the right way, we are lost. powered with sleep, would have been had reached them, and must inevitably He came to find us, and to bring us have perished, but for the prayer which Johnnie's trusting, simple heart had prompted, and which had been breathless with the struggle, and had the means, with God's blessing, of my

THREE BLASTS OF THE HORN.

Betty Fletcher lived on a farm in Vermont. It was before the land was recovered breath. I was just on the much cleared. Farmer Fletcher's farm made it lively and pleasant.

One summer's morning, little Betty and set off. Mother was making butter,

grandmother seen her all day."

might both have perished. But how "my child is lost!" They ran to the and that fadeth not away. He was a sensitive feelings that constantly assail woods and called. Nothing but echo joint heir with Christ to all the wealth him. "We went into town this morning answered. Father hurried over the of God. to see grandma—it was not snowing path, shouting, "Betty, Betty!" but In the second place, he had a son, surrender of the heart to Christ.

then," he said innocently, when we no Betty answered. It was not quite who was a Foreign Missionary. When

Mr. Fletcher went to the neighbors. "Farmer Rutland," he replied, "we cried; "come help me find her." Men, women, children, and dogs all turned "High Farm" happened to lie on out. The women went to comfort the in labors on his little farm, that he the road to my own house, so I told poor mother, who was in great distress. | might secure the means of educating | in and out and eat his fill. My child is torn to pieces by wolves," she cried; "something dreadful has lad, fond of study, and teachable in and remarked to himself, "How well happened to her. My Betty is lost, all things. The advantages of a good

> The men with torches and horses scoured the woods. One and another came back with no tidings of the lost eastern sky with morning light, and still no news of the lost little one. The sun arose.

It was just at sunrise that three short, quick blasts of a distant horn were more intense, the falling snow more heard. "Hark," cried the mother,

"Found, found!" cried a neighbor, the snow by this time reached above clasping her hands. "That's the It was a great comfort and source of through the gate at him as he went strength to the pastor. The first indidown the walk. "couldn't you—should a man at the well. Can it be?

Yes, the lost one is found. A man prayer-meeting. he thought, carefully and eagerly looking round; and a little further on he were wet with tears.

"Betty, Betty Fletcher," cried the man catching her up in his strong arms. The poor child opened her eyes with a frightened and bewildered look. "Did God tell you?" asked Betty, in a little weak voice, as soon as she could speak.

"Tell me what, Betty, dear?" said the man, almost checked with joy. "You are all in a tremble." "I praymy father where I was; I did not know. I couldn't find my grandma's."

Then the man blew his horn three short, loud, glad blasts, which told the additional burden in such a storm was good news far and near. Tongue cannot tell what gratitude filled the hearts of those who heard it. The women cried for joy. Men who were still in the search left off, and quickly turned more, becoming nearer and brighter. their steps toward the Fletcher cot-

Mrs. Fletcher, at the first blasts of the horn, ran in the direction whence it came. And who can describe the mother's feelings when she clasped her darling child once more to her bosom? She could only sob and say, "Thank

How came Betty to lose her way? the dear ones who were waiting my light of the great fire, little or none ing; never did they forget to praise return with a loving welcome. Soon the worse for the night's adventure, God.

This will help us understand how happy our heavenly Father is when Deep was the gratitude of the honest | we are found. Found? Are we lost? Jesus searches for us. He came on hidden in the snow ere their father purpose to seek and to save the lost. back to our dear heavenly Father; and he cries, "Come, come unto me." With sorry and penitent hearts let us turn from our sins, and run into the arms of our Saviour. That makes joy in heaven. Yes, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." You see, then, what makes the angels glad. Child's Paper.

"VERY WELL OFF."

"Who lives in that small house under the hill," said one who came from the city to purchase a place for his family to occupy during the summer months.

"It is occupied by a man whose name is Giles," was the reply. "He don't seem to be as well off as

own any land?' "Yes; he owns about fifteen acres." "His house is not much of an

affair." "It is small, but comfortable. He He is very well off."

no more of the occupant of that small house under the hill.

above mentioned supposed.

eight years old, standing shivering in noon sun was making long shadows Lord from his youth. His conversion hood. the snow. upon Whiteface, and rode away. parents used to recount the singular there are times when the deformity and Mother strained her milk, put the pans mental exercises which he then expelinconvenience come across the mind, "No," he replied, "Nelly is here, on the shelf, and sat down in the door, rienced, though they had all passed and disturb the equanimity of those but she grew so cold and tired I could to catch the first sound of Whiteface's from his recollections. He did not who are full of ambition to make the After a while, she heard the old exercises. He regarded himself as a believe that even the plaudits of a and looking very pale; "nor has will. His title to his fifteen acres was so as to make him cheerful, hopeful, good, and so was his title to a future and happy at all times, so as to enable "Betty is lost," cried her mother; inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, him to forget all the nervous pains and

the son was born, the father's heart rejoiced, and especially in the hope Lord in the ministry of reconciliation. He was from that hour more abundant his son. The son grew up a goodly my Betty is lost!" It was little the education were furnished him by neighbors could do but weep with means of the frugal savings of his father. During the first year of his collegiate course, he was hopefully converted, and ere his course had closed, he had devoted his life to the service of God as a foreign missionminister, but a missionary. He counted it a higher honor than if his son had been made Chief Justice of the

United States. Furthermore, he had daily oppor-tunities of doing good himself. There was a weekly prayer-meeting which it was his privilege to assist in sustaining. He was never willingly absent from it. agreed on." "Found, found!" cried cations of increasing spiritual life were always seen in connection with that for me?"

Men came to him for counsel, when him on account of their confidence in his goodness, not on account of any peculiar power to impart instruction. What he said to me," said one who had recently been converted, "when I was seeking the Lord, didn't do much for me, but his prayers always helped me onwards." When sinners found fault with religion, Mr. Giles' example was pointed out to them, and they could say nothing against religion as illustrated in his life.

A good many other things might be said about Mr. Giles, but enough has been told to proved that he was "very well off." Is the reader as well off? -Pres. Banner.

THE SKELETON.

Exactly fifty years ago the London Morning Chronicle published a poem, entitled "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention. on a Skeleton," which excited much attenuou. Every effort, even to the offering a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, in a fair, clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color in the Museum of the Royal College of color, in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the Morning Chronicle.

LINES TO A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull. Once of ethereal spirit full; This narrow cell was life's retreat, This parrow cen was me s recreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous vision filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot! Nor hope, nor love, nor joy, nor fear, Have left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye; But start not at the dismal void; If social love that eye employed; If with no lawless fire it gleamed But through the dew of kindness beamed, That eye shall be forever bright When stars and suns are sunk in night. Within this hollow cavern hung

The ready, swift and tuneful tongue. If falsehood's honey it disdained, And where it could not praise was chained:
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gentle concord never broke, This silent tongue shall plead for thee When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine? Or with its envied rubies shine? To hew the rock, or wear the gem, Can little now avail to them. But if the page of truth they sought. Or comfort to the mourner brought, The hands a richer meed shall claim Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod These feet the paths of duty trod? If from the halls of ease they fled, To seek affliction's humble shed, If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned, And home to virtue's cot returned, These feet with angel's wings shall vie, And tread the palace of the sky.

THE ONLY PRESCRIPTION.

Gen. Howard, Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau, writes to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, in reply to a request that he compete for the prize of left-hand writing:

"I was invited to write for the prize, but for two reasons I abstained. First, the rest of the people here. Does he I was too deeply engrossed in my present peculiar work; and secondly, I was conscious of an inability to write a fair hand. However, my penmanship is quite as good as that formerly with the right hand.

"I heard a lady in the cars lately detailing the sufferings, mortifications, and repinings of a young man who had They went on their way, thinking lost his right arm in the service. He said at first everybody received him kindly, showed him sympathy, and gave him. Mr. Giles was indeed very well off; aid; but now it had come to be an old much better off than the speaker story, and he received no special attention, and found it difficult to find a in a dark cell, all because he had been

"My only prescription is a complete

THE DONKEY AND THE HORSE.

"Turn the pack-horse into the field," said the farmer, "and open the hay "My Betty is lost in the woods," he that he could give him back to the fence for him, I shall have stiff work for him to-morrow." So he was turned out, and tethered to the hay fence, which was left open that he might go

A donkey that was in the same field came up to him, and said humbly, "Is the hay nice friend?"

"Friend /" said the pack-horse, kicking up his heels, "what do you mean? know your place!"

"I ask pardon," said the donkey; "but, as the field is bare, I thought you'd a mouthful of hay to spare—a rough bit that wasn't so pleasant, you might favor me with it."

"Keep your distance!" said the pack-horse, again throwing up his

from the field, and laden with sacks of wool till his back was ready to break. donkey, who had the curiosity to look

you mind carrying one of the sacks for me?"

"Dear sir," replied the donkey, "I coming to Jesus, ye become partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to Jesus, ye are poor, where the partakers of his coming to part anxious for salvation. They came to the lecture you gave me yesterday, hope I know my place better. After when I wanted a little of your hay, I wouldn't take the liberty of attempt-

ing to share your work; and I can

assure you I've no greater wish to be a pack-horse to-day than you had yesterday to be a donkey."

For the Little Kolks.

FAMILIAR TALKS-3D SERIES. 11.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.*

THE PERSECUTED WANDERERS FROM MADEIRA.

If you, my little friends, could look in upon these meetings in the Hall of Representatives in this beautiful city, where President Lincoln once lived, you would soon find who the Portuguese children were. They all have black eyes and hair, and a dark complexion, and they all sit very still and listen to all that is said to them. Their fathers and mothers were often with

verted Portuguese came to be driven from the beautiful island. I have told you how hundreds and thousands of these people used to listen in the open air to the words of life from the Bible.

The Catholic priests soon saw all this, and they found out that those who read the Bible did not come to them and confess their sins, but went at once to God in Jesus' name, and asked Him, for Jesus' sake, to formy care. He was heir to a great longer Catholic, but joined the converted people, who flocked around

This made the priests angry, and so, in the year 1843, they resolved to stop all this Bible reading. They called it "a book from hell;" but the Christians knew it was a book from heaven. They forbade the Catholics to have anything to do with those who read the Bible and loved Jesus. These were the very words that they used: Let none give them fire, water, bread, or anything that may be necessary for their support. Let none pay them their debts."

Officers came and took away all the Bibles they could find, and wicked judges cast them into prison, and forbade their singing any hymns.

One of the prisons where they were shut up was near a Catholic cathedral; and as the Romanists passed by, they used to spit in the faces of those who had given themselves up to Jesus.

The schools, where so many hundreds were learning to read, were all closed; for the priests knew, if they were taught to read, that they would soon be reading the Bible, and then they would not get any more of their money.

The wicked Government at one time thought of contriving a way to kill all the Bible readers on the island. And when the good people heard of it, they said: "We are willing to be shut up in prison; we are willing to be burned; but we are not willing to give up the Bible." They feared to disobey none rather than God, who says Search the Scriptures."

At last Dr. Kalley himself was shut up in prison. For five months he lay In the first place, he had feared the position where he could gain a livelitrying to do those poor people good, "I will say to you, my dear sir, that He was not allowed to sing of Jesus, but wicked men could sing their vile songs, and no one disturbed them.

He was finally let out, and after a while a very good man, Rev. Mr. to leave his fatherland and service, succeeded in being admitted to the late him. And they formed a little church. but most of their meetings they had to hold in secret, to prevent being killed.

After leading a great many souls to esus, he had to flee away to Scotland, to save his life. If he had been a wicked man, he might have lived on the island all his life; but just because he was like Jesus, and went about

* Copyright secured.

doing good, they sought to kill him. His holy life was a rebuke to their wickedness.

When Mr. Hamilton got back to Scotland, he still thought a great deal of the little flock he had left away in the Island of Madeira, and he wrote them a beautiful letter. Though it was not written for children, I think you can understand it, for he wrote to them much as if they were children. So I think I will let you read a copy of this nice letter, which has so much in it about the dear, loving Jesus. How glad this flock without a shepherd must have been to get such a comforting letter from their dear friend. I hope it will do you good, too. I have enjoyed reading it very much.

"I remember you every day in my prayers before God, giving thanks to him who called heels. "Do you take me for a donkey like yourself, that you think we are to eat together?"

Next day the pack-horse was taken

Defore God, giving thanks within who called you out of darkness into his marvellous light. "Life, light, salvation, the hope of glory, all spiritual and eternal blessings, are found in Christ Jesus our Lord; neither can they be found anywhere else. Christ is the storehouse of all the heavenly goods; Christ is the treasurer of all the riches of Divine good ness; Christ is the fountain from which "Friend," he groaned out to the rivers of waters are always flowing; Christ is onkey, who had the curiosity to look the sun of the highest heavens, which scatters and throws all the rays of Divine wisdom down the walk, "couldn't you—should and the believers below. Whatever blessing

riches, his white robes, his light, his wisdom. happiness, joy, grace, and love; his kingdom and glory. Come, therefore, nearer to Jesus, and never leave off living and walking with him. Be very close to his pierced side. Hide yourselves within his heart. Bathe yourselves in the waves of his eternal love.

"If you do not trust in Christ only, you cannot be sayed. If you trust in your tears. prayers, works, persecutions or tribulations, you are certainly wrong, and walk far from the way of salvation. Such things are not Christ-such things are not your Saviour. Do not trust them, but only in Christ.
"It is good to shed tears of sadness

thinking on your sins; but shed them looking to Christ crucified. It is good to pray, and to pray more and more earnestly; but you ought to pray trusting only in the merits of Christ. It is, good to do the good works of faith and love; it is good to increase more and more in fortifude; charity, purity, and meekness; but see that you don't put any confidence in your own works. It is good, if necessary, to suffer persecution, shame, and death itself for the sake of the name of Jesus. But we ought always to remember that it is not for the sake of our personal sorrow and suffering, but only for the sake of the sufferings which Christ endured,

that we are saved.

"If we have Christ, we have all; without Christ we have nothing. You can be happy without money, without liberty, without parents, and without friends, if Christ is yours. them, and all of them seemed to love the precious Saviour, and many of the children learned to love Him.

But I told you, in the last number, that I would tell you how these con-

Next week I will tell you something more about these persecuted Portuguese, and also, perhaps, about how some of their little children in Springfield, Ill., seemed to love Jesus. SPRINGFIELD, ILL., April, 1866.

A FACT—A WARNING.

I had a widow's son committed to estate. He went through the different stages, and finally left with a good moral character and bright prospects. But during the course of his education he had heard the sentiment advanced -which I then supposed correct-that the use of wines was not only admissible, but a real auxiliary to the temperance cause.

After he had left college, for a few years he continued to be respectful to me. At length he became reserved; one night he rushed unceremoniously into my room, and his appearance told the dreadful secret. He said he came to talk with me. He had been told, during his senior year, that it was safe to drink wine, and by that idea he had been ruined. I asked him if his mother knew this. He said no; he had carefully concealed it from her. asked him if he was such a slave that he could not abandon the habit. "Talk not to me of slavery," said he; "I am ruined, and before I go to bed shall quarrel with the barkeeper of the Tontine for brandy or gin to sate my burning thirst."

In one month this young man was in his grave. It went to my heart. Wine is the cause of ruin to a great proportion of the young men of our country. Another consideration is, that the habit of conviviality and hospitality is now directed to the use of

"You give up your wine and I will give up my rum," says the dramdrinker. Once I would not yield to this. Now I think I ought, for the purpose of checking intemperance. I will not speak for others; but for me to do otherwise would be sin.—Prof. Goodrich.

RANK NO OBSTACLE.

A good story of President Lincoln comes to us from Germany. A lieutenant in one of the German armies, whom debts compelled to leave President; and, by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant's commission in one of our cavalry regiments. He was so enraptured with his success, that he deemed it a duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. "O, never mind that," said Mr. Lincoln; "you will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."-Independent.