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Poeticul.

RED RIVER VOYAGER.

BY JOHN C. WHITTIER.

Out and in, the river is winding The links of its long red chain, Through belts of dusky pine-land And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud rock join—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assinniboins!

Drearily blows the north-wind From the land of ice and snow The eyes that look are weary, And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water, And one foot on the shore, The Angel of Shadow gives warning That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild goese? Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tone of a far off bell?

The voyager smiles as he listens To the sound that grows apace; Well he knows the vesper ringing Of the bells of St. Boniface:

The bells of the Roman mission, That call from their turrets twain, To the boatmen on the river, To the hunter on the plain.

Ever so in our mortal journey The bitter north-winds blow, And thus upon life's Red River Our heart as carsinen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow Rests his feet on wave and shore, And our eyes grow dim with watching, And our hearts faint at the ear,

Aappy is he who heareth

TAKE THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY Sweet Amy asked, with pleading eyes, 'Dear Charley, teach me, will you, The words I've heard your captain say—I should so like to drill you!'

What! little one, you take command! Well, Amy, I'm quite willing!

In such a company as yours I can't have too much dril Stand over there, and sing out clear,

Like this: 'Squad—stand at ease.'
'Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa up stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please.'

'I stand at ease like this, you see! And then I need scarce mention,
The next command you'll have to give
Is this one: Squad—Attention!

'Now, Amy, smartly ofter me, (You're sure dear, it don't bore you? Forward —Quick March—Halt—Front—Right

There, now, I'm close before you. 'Present arms-well, it does look odd, You don't believe I'd trifle; We hold our arms out just like this, In drill without the rifle.

'Now say: salute your officer.'
'Oh Charles for shame, how can you? I thought you were at some horrid trick, You horrid cheating man, you.'

Charles "ordered arms: " without command She smoothed her rumpled hair, And pouted, frowned, and blushed, and then Said softly—'As you were!'

Miscellaneous.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST:

A Legend of the Rhine.

BY GEOFFREY DUNHAM.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Normal blood,"

Years and years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and every body, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright summer morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape-shrouded on the alter-stone—mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then dral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a groom, whom she had never before seen. But rgan. He was a tall, graceful man, with a ale but strikingly handsome face, great, lack, melancholy eyes, and hair like the race and whispered—

the service and made the responses. Then from the enemy. On the 15th of December the gained another splendid victory, and then the more and whispered—

Maria Theresa had to sign a treaty that Sittle and the sign at the service and whispered—

(Elichath melancholy eyes, and hair like the race and whispered—

(Elichath melancholy eyes) and the particular and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive her functions and the particular and many particular and many particular and many particular and the particular and many particular and the particular and many particular and the particular and many particular and ma pale but strikingly handsome face, great, black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not ven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on play-did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did the sexton to the affairs of his government. strument no words of mine can describe. The tho' the King were the royal purple, and many astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human-that it wailed, and sighed, and clamored, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes.

When the pusic at length good the sexton

When the pusic at length good the sexton hastened to the stranger, and said—

"Pray, who are you, sir?" "Do not ask my name," he replied; "I have heard that you are in want of an organists, and came here on trial."

You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you compass him that's dead and gone, sir!"

'No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger; with a sad smile; and then, as it clined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. And now the music changed from sorrowful strain to a grand poon, and the mysterious organist—

"Looking upward full of grace, Prayed, till from a happy place, God's glory smote him on the face."

be seen a young girl, with a wealth of golden hair; her eyes like the violet in hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her, as she

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH FOR THE LITTLE him. The leading spirit of the was the Empress Maria Theresa, who we hoping again to get back Silesia. France, stria, Russia, Saxony and Sweden, were all against Frederic the Great. seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew ap-propriated to the Court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her, and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears, than she started, as if a ghost hal crossed her path. The bloom faded from her

organist in a long, long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed, and sighed, and clamored. "By my faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a muster-hand. Hark ye, child, he shall play at your wed-

ling!"
The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak-she was dumb with the pale man at the organ, and heard the melowhich filled the vast edifice. Aye, full

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, when he appeared in the organ-loft, and com-menced his task. While he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side-shrine. There she remained till the worshippers had dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder, and said-

"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I must close the deors."
"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply

The sexton draw back to a shadowy niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was still bowed upon the instrument, but he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the

rgan-loft, paused be side of the musician, Bertram," she murmured. Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There with the light of a lamp suspon-ded to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, had been changed for a grey serge robe and a long, thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair, girlish

"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sank at her feet, and zed wistfully into her troubled eyes. "Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the

"I came to bid you farewell, and as I dared not venture into the palace. I gained access t the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low mean was his only answer, and he

You are to be inarried on the morrow?" sobbed the girl. Oh, Pertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder alter, and take upon me vows which will doom me to a living death?" "Think of me," rejoined the organist.

Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be kept his word faithfully. So much so, that when the here. If I were your equal, I could be the P wineses Elizabeth, Cliniciting of Particular bridegroom instead of the organist; poor musician must give up?' "It is like rending soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night

may tell you this-tell you how fondly love you, but in a few hours it will be sin. Go, go, and God bless you !" waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had strength to do so, and he-how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in

a long embrace, and with a half-smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless iplendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to pre-pare for the brilliant wedding. Flame-color ed flowers nodded by the way side, flame-colored leaves came rushing down from the trees. and lay in light heaps upon the ground; the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries dropped in red and purple clusters over

the rocks along the Rhine. At length the palace-gates were unclosed, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the entwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridewhere she had expected to see the mysterious struggling. Sixty-six cannon were taken, to

that smile bring a glow to her cheek? Ah! Every hour had its own place. At four o'clock seemed the same humble person who had

While tears of joy rained from her blue dishes were often such as he had ordered in were made happy by a royal marriage.

husbands under false pretence, passed by the and then signed letters, drank a cup of coffee, so patiently accommodates itself, hour after that he may be sure to see nothing in order that he may be sure to see nothing so patiently accommodates itself, hour after he has inspected the corner and support the support of the women, of what average, rank, profession, or six o'clock in the afternoon he devoted him- or fancied. degree—whether virgins, maids, or widows— self to literary labors, such as reading and Prayed, till from a happy place, God's glory smote him on the face."

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with the "far seeing" gaze fixed him, he sat with the "far seeing" gaze fixed this heled shoes, shall indur the penalty of the law now in force against witcheraft and caught through an open window, when there caught through an open window, when there like misdemeanors: and the marriage under was a stir about the church-door, and a royal such circumstonces, upon conviction of party cames weeping in. Among them might

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER. 3, 1861.

Frederic the Great.

but the boy did not care the least for either

The King was very economical in his habits, and when he found that his boy was so much of a spendthrift, he had him arrested grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw several times for getting into debt. He also thought that every young prince ought to wear a soldier's uniform. You can imagine well she knows who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart!

Nyt, this well she knows who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart!

Nyt, this well as well him playing a flute, and clothed in a beautiful, embroidered morning-gown. He became so angry that he tore it off his son's back and threw it into the fire. Books were scattered all around him, and these were forthwith sent "if you want to kill a Russian, you must not back to the bookstore. But Frederic's hair only shoot him down but must knock him in all around him, and these were forthwith sent was long and beautifully curled and dressed, the head." But the victory was dearly bought, So what should the King do, but send for the for of the thirty thousand dond bodies that barber and have it cut short off!

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME: Of course this conduct made the distance very great between the father and his son. The King was determined to correct his boy, and Frederic declared that he would do as he was discovered by a letter from someoody to the King. One of the friends did get away, however, but the other was beheaded in the presence of the rebellious young prince. In fact the prince was himself sentenced to be put to death, and his father was determined o have him executed. But one of his generals said to him:—"If your majesty wishes blood, you can have mine; but you shall never have the prince's so long as I can speak." Some one else told the King that he had no right to have his son put to death, but he replied that he could do what he pleased with im, as he was King. But Provost Reinbeck answered him, "that God was over him, and if he treated him badely he would have to give an account for his crime." At these words the King was silent, and never after-wards said anything about having Frederic be-

But the young prince was cast into a dungeon where no ray of light was ever suffered to penetrate. But the religious conversa-tions which he had every day with preacher Muller, made such a deep impression on his mind, that he resolved to do better in future. Then he wrote a letter to his father in which he confessed his faults, and promised that he would never be disabedient again. The King told him he would release him on condition that he would take an oath to be obedient to iim. Frederic agreed to do so, and in the presence of many generals and ambassadors he took the oath of loyalty. And Frederic kept his word faithfully. So much so, that when whether he wished to do so or not. So Fred-

cric married the Princess. His father died on the last day of May, 1740, and Frederic ascended the throne in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He was so judicious in his conduct that he really seemed to please everybody. One of the first things that he did was to open his own granaries and sell the corn very cheap. It was a great accommodation to the poor people, for provisions were so high that many people starved, and very few could afford to pay the price which was asked.

FREDERIC ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

After the death of the Emperer Charles VI. of Austria, his daughter Maria Theresa was declared the Empress of all his dominious. Among these was the Duchy of Silesia, which really belonged to Prussia and not to Austria.

gether with seventy flags and seven thousand prisoners. On the 30th of September he was again attacked by double the number of Austrians; but he still proved victorious, and took all the batteries and many prisoners

in the morning he rose, and then in a few a jewelled order glittering on his breast, he minutes was dressed and sitting at his table had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch,
"Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist.

"Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist. and King Oscar are one! Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride.

Your father was in the secret."

after which he walked an hour or two up and down his room, blowing his flute all the while. His next work was to write letters, and dictate to his assistants what they should write. At twolve o'clock he went to dinner. The At twelve o'clock he went to dinner.

The first son of Frederick William I., King of Prussia, was born in Berlin on the 24th of all he could ask. The next one was fought January, 1712. His name was Federic. He afterwards took his father's place on the throne, and became renowned allover Europe bought, for sixteen thousand Prussians lay lost only a hundred and sixty men, and took the one or the other. His taste was towards science and art; and when very small, he was devotedly attached to his books and his victory the enemy retired from before the Prussians, and the campaign was ended.

Frederic had gained enough glory for one man. But having commenced his military career on a grand scale, he felt that he must keep it up. His future campaigns, however, did not meet with that success which had crowned his previous undertakings. He had now to try his hand at the Russians. They were brave, well armed, and in great numbers. But the first battle with them resulted in a glorious triumph. It lasted from nine

The campaign of 1759 was very unfortunate for Frederic. In the great battle of the 12th of August he thought that he gained the victory, and so he sent a messenger to Berlin with the news. But behold the Austrians. pleased. So he made a plan to escape to England in company with two friends who said they would go with him. But the plan was discovered by a letter from somebody to a terrible defeat. The result was that Fred a terrible defeat. The result was, that Frederic had to give up much land that he had already gained. It went hard with him, but he had been defeated and was compelled to

to it.
In 1760 he was also unsuccessful, and in the next year he had enough to do to defend his own kingdom from his multitudes of for-eign foes: But in 1761 he gained such a brilliant victory over the Austrians that it put an end to the war, and on the 15th of February, 1763, peace was declared at Hubertsburg. Thus closed the Seven Years' War. Half of Europe had been combined against Frederic but he came out without the loss of a single village. No wonder every one called him

FIGHTING DAYS OVER. When peace was declared, a religious service was held in a certain place for the purpose of returning thanks to God. Imagine the astonishment of the congregation when Frederic came in alone, and took his seat as an hum'de worshipper. He baned his head on his hand, and tears of gradude streamed from his eyes.

he agreed to it without having been asked still one of the most splendid buildings in the of destroying their own country; and pause world. Frederic was celebrated for his presence of

mind. In the battle of Collin he led a company with drawn sword in hand, against one them as thick as hailstones. But the great where the same flowers come up again every chieftain didn't seem to notice that he was almost deserted. So one of the adjutants turned to him and said: "Sire, will you take this battery alone?" It was then that he first perceived his danger. He reined in his horse processed to the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did not have been to be army to the processed to gather with our timy fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did not have been to be a processed to gather with our timy fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our timy fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same hips and haws on the Autumu hedgerows—the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did not have a sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same hips and haws on the Autumu hedgerows—the same redbreasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did

and rode slowly back to his army. no harm to the precious crops. What novel-In the celebrated siege of Schweidnitz one ty is worth that sweet monotony where everyof his attendants had his horse shot from under him. The young man went off as fast as known? The wood I walk is on this mild May he could, fearing that every moment would be day; with the young yellow brown foilage of his last. But Frederic called out to him: the oaks between me and the blue sky, the your saddle from your horse." And he came back and cut the saddle from his dead horse, though the bullets were whistling around him did broad petalled blossoms, could ever thrill

plumes which floated from stately heads, and the festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snow-white pelfry, and clean in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when on nearing the church, she sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which jubilant in sound, struck on herear like a functal-knell, she took her little boy up in her arms, and in she trembled, and would have fell to the early a lawsuit about it, and the case was decision of wearied souls, if it were not for she trembled, and would have fell to the early a lawsuit about it, and the case was decision of wearied souls, if it were not for her trembled, and would have fell to the early a lawsuit about it, and the case was decision of wearied souls, if it were not for her trembled, and would have fell to the early a lawsuit about it, and the case was decision of wearied souls, if it were not for her trembled, and would have fell to the early a lawsuit about it, and the case was decision of the sunshine and the grass in far off years, she trembled, and would have fell to the earth answer to that was:—" We will die for our had not a page supported her. A few more King Maria Theresa!"

answer to that was:—" We will die for our del against him. Then he pulled the little which still live in us, and transform our preception into love.—Mill on the Floss. Soon the 4th of June, 1745, occurred the lesia. On the 4th of June, 1745, occurred the great battle of Hohenfriedberg. But Freder-ic gained the victory after five hours of hard you have a mind to ride from Berlin to Sans Souci. It belongs to the descendants of the

same old millor.
Frederic died on the 17th of August, 1786 The news of his death was a heavy blow to his affectionate subjects. All over Europe it the sad event, from the king on his throne to the pensant in his cottage. Ever since then Prussians have been telling their children about his kindness to the poor and his bravery in battle. And after what we have see of him. I am not at all surprised that every body calls him Frederick tht Great.

The Little Ones.

Do you ever think how much work a child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the dear little feet patter around—to us—so imlessly. Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to this place and then to that place, but never still. Twisting and turning, rolling and reaching and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for future uses.— It is very curious to watch it. One who does eyes, the new-made Queen returned her husband's fond kiss, and for once two hearts he loved literary society very much, and he of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm ere made happy by a royal marriage.

An Old Law.—A law against obtaining

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An old Law.—A law against obtaining laterage dranks among feeffee.

But in the beginning of the year 1756 Frederick heard that a great alliance of the principal powers of Europe was formed against this state of the principal powers of Europe was formed against the state of the principal powers of Europe was formed against the state of the principal powers of Europe was formed against thing is that little child.

Tunny" to tell it. As rising and leaning must have been, who, on being asked concerning a row of hacks standing in the street, if there was a funeral, replied, with a shrug, "Worse; there's a marriage,"

THE HON. GEO. M. DALLAS ON THE WAR. At the celebration of the adoption of the Federal Constitution in Philadelphia, on Tuesday last, the Hon. George M. Dallas, the orator of the day, said:

cheek, her lip quivered, her whole frame grew the world as being the greatest tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, long, yearning look, and was fond of agriculture and military tactics, greater victory for the army of Frederic. He have been made one word giving warrant by that they are the branch of the Astec family. dead and wounded together on the field of any process for its own extinction. It was fond of agriculture and military tactics, greater victory for the army of Frederic. He have been made one word giving warrant by that they are the branch of the Astec family. dead and wounded together on the field of any process for its own extinction. It was fond of agriculture and military tactics, greater victory for the army of Frederic. He we all know now to be impossible, these expodients are utterly inapplicable and fruitless. For, remember, this provision—not, in fact, designed to destroy, but to strengthen—enunciates the necessity, before the slightest alter-

ation can be attempted, that, first, two-thirds o'clock in the morning until ten at night; and of both Houses of Congress shall unite in proposing it; or, second, that the Legislature of cric's soldiers afterwards said of them that two-thirds of the several States shall apply the congress of the several states of the several state posing it; or, second, that the Legislature of two-thirds of the several States shall apply for a General Conventin; and third, whatever change may be contemplated, whether by two-thirds of both Congressional Chamhors, or by two-thirds of the State Legislatures lay upon that bloody field ten thousand were slain Prussians.

The ampaign of 1759 was very unfortunate for Frederic. In the great battle of the course of events have paralyzed this article. No! fellow-citizens, you have not the power to abandon your Constitution.

your antecedents, its exercise is precluded by the boasted attitude and armor of those who chives of your glorious history, and open wide prompted, to reach all parts of the country, the floodgates of disaster upon the country, if such can be your choice, but never do it i subservient mackness to envenamed opprobi-um, or while listening to the roar of our enemic's cannon. The stigma of an act so groveling, dastardly, and degenerate as that so uttorly un-American—would cover us for ages as with a poisoned pall! Fellow-Citizens: There are formidable batteries frowning at Manassas; behind them gleam undiscriminating hatred and scorn, sharpening every sword and speeding every bullet; we would cease to be men if we crouched to either.

explicit language of the unanimously adopted respective narrative, therefore, wou'd be alike tedlous and uscless. It is on our hands. We see it, hear it, feel it. Our fathers, brothers. on his hand, and tears of grafitude streamed from his eyes.

It is first eye was to heal distinguished by the war. The his country had suffered by the war. The liminense stores of corn which he had on hand he gave to the poor peasants. And the horses which he had used in battle he divided among the villages that had lost many by the long campaigns. He took in the bad money he had issued and gave out gold for it. In order to afford the poor mechanics employment, he built the great palace of Sans Souci, which is from their infatuated and parrieidal purpose.

Soe it, hear it, feel it. Our fathers, brothers, and snow are fulling in hetecombs, sacrificed which she reposed herself. "This is one to tarifure. Every breeze comes indea-with which she reposed herself. "This is one to tarifure, the seats of war, I suppose?" she said. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objected to all on the strikers. Every breeze comes indea-with which she reposed herself. "The Brack Gtards.—"Upwards of one thous-its changing incidents, its closers ladying in the field, and which she reposed herself. "This is one to tarifure, Every breeze contest when whe had lost a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mite at the hardened influence of a soldier is objected to. I don't wonder a mit only when that country, its Union and Constitution, are inaccessible to outrage.

POETICAL VIEW OF CHILDHOOD, We could of the batteries of the enemy. The soldiers never have loved the earth so well if we had turned back when the balls came against no childhood in it-if it where not the earth them as thick as hailstones. But the great where the same flowers come up again every no harm to the precious crops. What novelthing is known, and loved because it is Where are you going? Come back and take white starflowers and the blue-eye speedwell War was declared, and after a terrible battle the Prussians gained the victory. But Maria Theresa was a brave woman, and did not lose her courage. She appeared before the Hungarian Assembly with a sword at her side and a crown on her head, and said in Latin language:—"To your arms and your Latin language:—"To your arms and your solutions. Latin language:—"To your arms and your latin language:—"To your arms and your latin language." To your arms and your latin language in the windmill at Saus Souci. It belonged to a will remembered bird notes, these furrowed and grassy fields each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedgerows—such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination of the source of the so ed grass to-day might be more than the faint the sunshine and the grass in far off years,

A young lady thus describes her feelngs, and courts sympathy:

My heart is sick, my heart is sad, But, oh! the cause I dare not tell; I am not grieved, I am not glad, I am not ill, I am not well!

I'm not myself—I'm not the same; I am indeed, I know not what; I'm changed in all except in name Oh when shall I be changed in THAT!

Educational Tendencies of the Times.

Fitty years ago, demonstrative science was careely taught at all in the common school. and often found little place even in academic nstruction. The art of numerical calculation, for example, was taught entirely from system of rules, without any reference to the philosophical principles of arithmetic, upon which these rules were based. It was not expected that any one would become acquainted with scientific processes of reasoning, until he began to pursue such studies as geometry and logic in the latter part of a collegiate course. At the present time, there is a strong tendency to reverse entirely this or-der of things. The tendency now is, among many instructors to teach every thing if possible, through a course of demonstration. Science must now be taught before art. The stone. Months and years in the lives of mer A husy creature is a little child. To be of real talent, have been spent in the attempt to construct a course of education upon the

Origin of the Red Man.

The Nor' Wester publishes a report of a very able lecture, delivered at Selkirk, by Mr. Frank Larned Hunt, upon the Red Man. the course of his remarks, the lecturer said : "There has been a vast deal said, surmised

have been made one word giving warrant by that they are the branch of the Aztec family. Congress, no combination of communities or spreading over it, from Behring's Straits, I individuals, is authorized to mutilate the U- do most seriously incline. They show it most nion, or kill the Constitution. That is a unmistakably in their faces as to leave, in my crime which, like particide in Solon's day, is mind at least scarce a doubt. In a convert treated as inconceivable. We hear of conventions, consultations, conferences, and compressions with Perc Favor, of the Roman Cathers with some twinges of conscience he survey. nises: they are the vague and fluttering de- olic Mission at Fort William, Lake Superior ed the mangled and bloody, heap, all at once ices of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the |-a man of fine powers of mind, and one of vices of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the —a man of the powers of anxious philanthropy; but, unless the phila belief. He at once confirmed it, and spoke of an early Jesuit missionary upon the Lake, his astonishment, met in one of the villages of that far distant country, a woman whom he had known in this. They mutually recognised each other, and in answer to his inquiry.

the languages, compared a list in which the respective tongues, Tartar and Algonquin, being placed side by side, showed, without doubt, a common root or deriviation. The testimony, from this truthful scholar was more conclusive to my mind than the piled up theories and vague speculations of a college of savans. How many centuries they took to tra-2. But, if you had that power, what then? verse and occupy this immense extent of Need I say that, without being recreant to all territory, break up into bands which grow verse and occupy this immense extent of into tribes, by non-intercourse acquire dia-lects of their own, we know not. But with demand it? The towering front of armed and their habits nothing could be more natural contumelious rebellion is not the presence in which concession is possible. Give up the Constitution, rupture the Union, burn the ar-

> MRS. PARTINGTON VISITS THE TENTED FIELD. We take the following from the Beston

"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked the commissary of her as she entered the marques.

n | very name is a tradition.

"You mean the century," she said smiling 'I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believed I could deplore an attachment into line myself, and secure them as 3. In this war, then, there is really no alternative for loyal Constitutionalists. In the man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face did, and asked me if I resolution of Mr. Orittenden, it was forced upon the Government of the United States. Retweet and smile on his face did, and asked me if I would not go into a tent and smile. I told him was good by the relief of the control of the we could both smile outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me. The commissary presented a hard wooden stool upon ed a rabbit tha which she reposed herself. "This is one brought it up.

eyor he goes." She was so affected at the on her breast, with the significant motto: idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to case the rebel right was admitted.

the following Shakspearean impositions: old as the Shakspearean era, and which may tilting movement. have been used by the Hathaways at that time. The tradition is that the bed, and the room in which it stands, were "Sweet Anne's." Madame, you charge ver mooch too high price A dilapidated dog's cared Bible was produc- for zat room. Landlady: Oh! you know ed, which the simple woman who showed the we at the watering places must make hay house assured us had been used by Anne and while the sun shines. Frenchman, indignant her lover, sitting side by side on a rude bench that stood near the entrance. Although hay of me. the bench seemed a product of more modern days, we were very willing to believe that we might be mistaken, and that "Gentle Will" and Anne Hathaway might have sat thereon while he was stealing away her heart with many a vow of love. But in the fact that ciher had ever seen or opened the venerable volume, our faith was considerably shaken by the discovery that it was printed in the yea 1676-showing a trifling discrepancy of near ly ninety years-William and Anne Shakspeare having been made man and wife in the year 1582. On our return from Shottery we were met by an aged mendicant, who claimed alms from us as being a descendant from or in some way related to Shakspeare. Without very closely investigating the correctness of his claims, we presented him with half a crown, quite willing to believe that we had possessed the privilege of assisting a person elated, however distantly, to the great drama

Romantie Love Scene.

"Tis past the hour of midnight. The gloden god of day, who yesterday drove its emblazoned chariot through the heavens, has ceased shining upon the earth, and a black pall reigns the lower section of our city. Nought heard save the distant murmering of les equipage dela unit; or the step of the melan-choly bill poster, as he pursues his homeward way. Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness of the night; it is the sweet voice of Frederick William, calling in plaintive tones upon his beloved Florence Amelia:

"Throw open the lattice, love, and look down on the casement: for I your own Federick is here." "What brings thee, love, at this time of night, when all is so still and gloomy?"

"I come to offer thee my heart. On my

soul I love thee-truly, wildly, passionately love thee. Dost thou reciprocate i The maiden blushed as she hesitated, "Ah!" cried he, and the face of our hero lit up with a sardonic smile, "thou lovest ar

"No! no! no! cried Florence." "Then why not rush to this bosom that is bursting to receive thee?" "Because," reolied the innocent, but still trembling damsel, I'm afraid your blowin,' Bill!"

"India, my boy," said an Irishman to friend, on his arrival at Calcutta, "is just the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they ate, and they ate and they dhrink, and they die; and then they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and says it's the climate as has killed 'em."

Pride is the first weed that grows in the human heart.

Intrepidity.

Among Mr. Whipple's illustrations of in-trepidity, in his address at Suffield, says the Christian Secretary, was an incident which if we had read it, had escaped from our histori-cal recollections. At one of the battles dur-1. In the first place, then, fellow-citizens, frankly be it said, there cannot be found in the sacred instrument on which my comments seendants of the lost tribes of Israel; others, to reprime and an Irish regiment for its poor. behavior in the fight. Stung by the reproof, the regiment asked to be tested by being assigned the post of especial danger in the next engagement. The request was complied with; the battle proved to be one of the flercest of as with some twinges of conscience he surveyupon the General, opened its lips, and in unmistakable native accent and tone, sung out, who, upon being transferred to Tartary, to "Hurrah, ye hookey nosed scoundrel, are ye his astonishment, met in one of the villages satisfied now?" It is perhaps needless to add, that Wellington took instant measures to have the poor fellow extricated from the glory mass around him, and though horribly mutilated. she said she had been taken across Behring his wounds were most carefully dressed and Straits, and was last left where he saw her. his life saved. Until quite recently, it is The same father, stricken by a similarity of said, the man might have been seen hobbling

> At Salt Lake City, Kit Carson is engaged in raising a corps of mounted rangers, not of half-breed or savages, but of shrewd practical trappers like himself, who have spent their lives on the prairies, and know of no enjoyment but that which comes from wild adventure and vicissitude. Carson purposes coming eastward and offering his services to the Federal Government. He selects his men limself, and accepts of none unless qualified by long years experience on the plains.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A solemn and beautiful thought is expressed in the follow.

It is related of a well known divine, who, when living, was called "The Prince of Divines," that, when on his death bed, he was dictating words to an amanuensis, who had

'I am still in the land of the living." "Stop," said the dying man, "correct that. Say: I am yet in the land of the dying, but ope soon to be in the land of the living! Beautiful thought—and it is so. In his closing scone, the Christian is enabled to contrast this passing, dying world with that which is to come.

A CAT STORY .- Elder Samuel G. Wilson of Lee, New Hampshire, has a cat twenty four years old, and the Elder thinks she must have at least three hundred children in that vicinity. The grandmother of this cat adopted a rabbit that she caught in the field, and

cruel it must be to make the old gentleman | the recent balls at Saratoga, a stray Secessioncome away down here, when he is so feeble ess from the "sunny South" mingled in the that he has to take his staff with him wher- volumptuous waltz, wearing a Secession flag "Shall we not protect our cotton?" In this

A gentleman of New York has invented At Stratford-on-Avon Mr. Wilson meets a sawing machine which cuts the wood with any desired curvature or bevel. It differs In the chamber over the parlor stands an from the common saw in that the saw is fixed antique carved beadstead of oak, certainly as in a frame which has a laternal and also a

WATERING PLACE SCENE.-Frenchman: -Be gar, madam, you sall nevare make ze

TAs the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in Troy recently, the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise. A large number of ladies immediately rose, and in confusion all but one sat down quickly again,

INDUSTRY.-"Sam," said a mother to one of her very obedient sons, "how many logs have you sawed, eh?" "Why, marm, when I get this and three others done I'll have four."

"Will you take a pinch?" said an ac-quaintance, offering his snuff-box to a fish-monger. "No, I thank you," said the latter, 'I have just had one from a lobster." The human heart is like a feather bed —it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent

it from becoming hard and knotty. What is the best line to lead a man with? Crino-line. . What is the best line to lead a woman? Mascu-line. ,

There are seventy mills now engaged manufacturing cloth for the Governme and the amount of goods ordered is about

JESTING.—Be not affronted at a jest. If one throws salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places. IIe who travels through life in the hope

f jumping into the shoes of another, mostly goes on a bootless errand.

When does a farmer act with great udeness towards his corn? When he pulls

The boats on the Ohio river, from Pittsburg, are fired at by Secessionists When is a ship like a girl in love?-

Death and to-morraw are never herehey are neither not come or gone. When is a gun-barrel like a robbed man? When it is rifled.

We may receive so much light as to be /

blind, and so much philosophy as to be foolish. Every member of the human family has certainly a very large family connection To make a nice jam-lay your head un-

der a descending pile driver. A WARM SEAT .- The seat of war.