American Volunteer.

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

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

THE OLD FAMILY CRADLE,

Laid in the garret, where darkness and dust
Are the sole wardens of many a trust,
Silently standing amid its compeers,
Motley mementoes of many score years,
Shapeless and homely, a cast-aside thing,
Thus the old family cradle I sing.

Once with vermillion its coating was gay,
Now all its brightness is faded away;
Worn is the paint from the sides and the head,
There no soft coverlid longer is spread,
And the stiff rockers creak over the floor
Like a rheumatic, limb-weary and sore.
Yet there are thoughts full of goodness and grace,
Brightening with beauty the homliest face;
Speak to us now of the years that are fled,
Changed are the living and peaceful the dead;
What are thy memories mournful and glad,
Family histories, mirthful and sad?

Once a young mother bent over thy side,
Fair as a maiden, and blest as a bride,
There were warm kisses and tears of delight;
And the kind angels looked pleased at the sight,
While the old cradle rocked gently away
Seeming in musical murmurs to say,
"To and fro, to and fro, little one, sleep,
Angels their watch o'er thy cradle shall keep;
To and fro, to and fro, thus as we rock,
Softly and solemnly ticketh the clock,
And the swift moments, while hurrying by,
Lullaby, lullaby, sing as they fly."

But the light moments bear years on their wings,
Summer and Autumn and Winter and Spring
Quickly succeeding, pass quickly away.
And the young parents are care-worn and gray,
Children are gathered by the table and fire,
Blessing and honor to mother and sire.

Still the old cradle rocks steadily there,
Still there are treasures to trust to its care,
He who its pillow in infancy prest,
Soothed by the song of a mother, to rest,
Now in his manhood stands proud as its side,
Watching the sleeper with fatherly pride,
And the old cradle as lovingly still
Guards like a casket its jewel from ill.

Some are the aged ones now to repose,
Sleep which nor dreaming nor weariness knows,
Some are the children who grow by their side
Far from the home of their childhood and wide,
And the old cradle, forsaken, forlorn,
To its long rest in the garret is borne.

Yet not forever its usefulness o'er,
In age it is summoned to service once more:
Another new comer, bewildered, astray,
Would sleep in thy bosom its troubles away.
But alas for the love that its sorrows would share,
Alas! for the ceaseless and weariless care,
A guardian sterner is sought in thy room,
And the sleep of the cradle exchanged for the tomb.
Rest, then, old friend, in a quite profound,
Stirred not or startled by movement or sound,
Or, if the wind, with its deep mournful sigh,
Bring to thee memories long since gone by,
Softly as one who may murmur in sleep,
Rock in thy dreams, and thy solitude keep.

Miscellaneous.

THE TREASURE SEEKER.

An old man and a young woman were seated in a small attic, whose furniture, plain and unpretending, though scrupulously neat, gave evidence of an indigence which had not yet lost its self-respect. Good taste and cleanliness diffused over the humble abode a sort of elegance. Everything was in its place; the tiled floor had been carefully washed, the faded drapery was unsoiled by dirt, and the window was furnished with short curtains of coarse muslin, the numerous darns in which formed a kind of embroidery. Some pots of common flowers ornamented the front of the half-open window, and perfumed the attic with their grateful odor.

The sun was setting, and a rosy light illumined the humble dwelling, tinging the cheek of the young girl, and the white hair of the old man.

The latter was reclining in a wicker chair, which the hand of affection had furnished with cushions stuffed with coarse wool, and covered with patch work. An old *chafferette* did duty as a stool, and supported his maimed feet; and his single arm was leaning on a little stand on which were placed his earthen pipe and tobacco pouch embroidered with colored beads.

The old soldier had one of those bronzed and wrinkled faces, whose hardness is tempered by an expression of frankness. A grey moustache veiled the cheerful smile which trembled on his lips, while his steady gaze was fixed unconsciously upon the young girl.

Susan was apparently about twenty years of age. She was a brunette, with pleasing features, which were lighted up and varied by sudden and rapid changes in their expression. Her gentle countenance resembled those transparent waters which enable the eye to penetrate to the very bed over which they flow.

She held a newspaper in her hand, from which she was reading to the invalid; all at once she ceased, and listened attentively.

"What is the matter?" inquired the old man.

"Nothing," replied the young girl, whose countenance expressed disappointment.

"You thought you heard Charles?" rejoined the old man.

"It is true," said the girl, slightly coloring; "his work is over, and it is time for coming home."

"When he does come home," added Vincent, sadly.

Susan opened her lips with the intention of justifying her cousin; but probably her judgment protested against her intention, for she stopped with apparent embarrassment, and then fell into a reverie.

The invalid passed the fingers of his only hand through his moustache, which he twisted impatiently, as he always did when he was displeased.

"Our conscript is undisciplined," said he at length; "he returns home with neglected dress; he leaves his work to frequent *guinguettes* and *fetes* beyond the town; this must end badly both for him and for us."

"Don't say so, uncle, it will bring him ill luck," replied the young girl, with feeling. "I hope the cloud will soon pass away. My cousin has had strange ideas in his head for some time. He has no longer courage to work——"

"And why not?"

"Because he says there is nothing to expect from it. He thinks the workman can lay by nothing for a future time, and that it is best to enjoy the present without foresight or hope."

"Oh! that is his system, is it?" rejoined the old man, frowning. "Well, he has not the honor of inventing it. We had men in our regiment who excused themselves from marching, under pretext that the route was too long, and who remained behind in quarters, whilst their companions entered Madrid, Berlin and Vienna. Your cousin, do you see, does not seem to know, that by dint of putting one foot continually before the other, the shortest leg may reach Rome at last."

"Oh! if you could make him believe that," said Susan, anxiously. "I have tried to convert him by telling him how much a good book-binder like him could save; but when I name the sum, he shrugs his shoulders, and says that women knows nothing about figures."

"And then you despair, my poor girl," continued Vincent affectionately. "I see that your eyes are often red—"

"Uncle, I assure you—"

"And you forget to water your carnations, and have left off singing."

"Uncle—"

Susan appeared confused, bent her eyes on the ground, and rolled up the corner of the newspaper. The invalid placed his hand upon her head tenderly.

"Come, don't think I am scolding you," he added abruptly, but kindly. "Is it not quite natural that you should feel interested about Charles, who is your cousin, and who, one day, I hope—"

The young girl started.

"Well, we won't say any more about that," interrupted the invalid. "I always forgot that with you girls we must seem to be ignorant of what we know. Let's say no more about it, I tell you, and return to that good-for-nothing fellow for whom you feel a friendship—that is the right word, is it not?—and who feels the same for you."

Susan shook her head.

"That is to say, he did so once," said she; "but for some time—if you knew how cold he is, how tired he seems of—"

"It is so," replied Vincent, pensively; "when a person has enjoyed exciting amusements, the simple pleasures of home appear dull; it is like a glass of home-made wine after liquor. I can easily believe that, my child; most of us have passed over the same ground."

"But they have been cured of their fancies," observed Susan, "and Charles may be cured of his. Perhaps if you were to speak to him, uncle?"

The old man shook his head incredulously.

"These infirmities are not to be cured by words," he replied, "but by deeds; neither a reasonable man nor a good soldier is produced by accident; but experience, the proof of exertion, and the baptism of the cannon, are necessary. Your cousin, do you see, wants inclination, because he does not feel a motive for exerting himself; we must point out an object which will restore his courage. But this is rather an important business. I will think about it."

"Now, this time he is really coming," cried the young girl, who had recognized the hasty steps of her cousin on the stairs.

"Then silence in the ranks," said the invalid; "we must not seem to be thinking of him; go on with your reading."

Susan obeyed, but her trembling voice would easily have betrayed her emotion to an attentive observer. Whilst her eyes followed the printed lines, and her voice pronounced the words mechanically, her ear and her thoughts were wholly devoted to her cousin, who had just opened the door and placed his hat on the table in the middle of the attic.

In order to avoid interrupting the reading, the young man did not speak either to his uncle or cousin, and approaching the window leaned upon it with his arms crossed.

Susan continued to read, but without understanding what she read. She was come to that mosaic work of detached and often contradictory news, arranged under the head of "varieties." Charles, who at first appeared absent, at last paid attention to her reading in spite of himself. The young girl, after accounts of different thefts, fires and accidents, at last came to the following paragraph:—

"A poor hawker of Besancon, named Pierre Lefevre, being determined at all risks to make a fortune, conceived the idea of going to India, which he had heard of as the land of gold and diamonds. He sold the little he had, reached Bordeaux, and embarked as cook's mate in an American vessel. Eighteen years elapsed without any news of Pierre Lefevre. At last his parents received a letter announcing his approaching return, and informing them that the former hawker, after inexpressible labors, and unheard of changes of fortune was arrived in France with one eye and one hand, but owner of a fortune valued at two millions of francs."

Charles who had listened to the story with growing attention, could not repress an exclamation.

"Two millions!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"That would purchase him a glass eye and an iron hand," observed the old soldier, ironically.

"There's happiness," replied the artisan, who had not listened to the reflection of his uncle.

"And which he did not procure on credit," added the invalid.

"Eighteen years of inexpressible labors and fatigue," repeated Susan, resting on the expressions of the journal.

"What do they signify when there is a fortune at the end?" replied Charles, with vivacity. "There is no difficulty either in travelling by a bad road or in supporting bad weather, to arrive at a favorably termination, but in advancing without reaching a definite end."

"And so," rejoined the young girl, looking timidly at her cousin, "and so you really envy the lot of the hawker; you would give the best years of your life, one of your eyes, one of your hands—"

"For two millions of money?" interrupted Charles. "Yes, certainly. You have only to find me a purchaser at this price, Susan, and I will promise you a good sum for pin-money."

The young girl turned away her head without further reply; her heart was full, and a tear stood in her eye. Vincent was also silent, but he again twisted his moustache angrily.

A long silence ensued; the three actors in this silence pursued their own train of thought.

The sound of the clock striking eight recalled Susan from the reflection. She rose and began to prepare the evening meal.

The supper was a sad and brief one. Charles, who had passed the last part of the day at the *guinguette* with his friends, would eat nothing, and Susan had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honor to the repast, for his military habits had accutomed him to respect the privileges of his stomach in spite of his mental emotions; but he was soon satisfied, and then he returned to his cushioned chair near the window.

When she had put everything in order, Susan, who felt that she wanted to be alone, took a light, embraced the invalid, and retired to her own little chamber. Vincent and the young artisan found themselves *tete-a-tete*.

The latter was going to say good night to his uncle, when the old soldier made a sign to him to shut the door and draw near.

"I want to speak to you," he said seriously.

Charles, who expected reproaches, stood near the old man, who pointed to a seat.

"Have you well considered what you were saying just now?" he said, looking steadfastly at his nephew. "Are you really capable of making a great effort to acquire a fortune?"

"I! Do you doubt it, uncle?" replied Charles, surprised at the question.

"Well then, you will consent to be patient, to work without intermission, to change your habit?"

"If I can get anything for doing so. But why do you ask me?"

"I am going to tell you," said the invalid, opening the drawer of a commode, in which were some old newspapers lent to him by one of the lodgers.

He searched for the papers, took out one, opened it, and showed Charles an article marked by his nail.

The young artisan read in a low voice:—

"Steps have been taken by the Spanish Government relative to the stores buried on the banks of the Douro, after the battle of Salamanca. It appears that during this famous retreat a company belonging to the first divison, and who were entrusted with the custody of several chests, was separated from the main body, and so surrounded by a large body of the enemy, that resistance was no longer possible. The commanding officer, seeing that there was no chance of making a passage through the enemy's ranks, took advantage of the night to cause some soldiers in whom he had most confinence to bury the chests; then, satisfied that no one could find them, he commanded the little band to disperse, in order that each might endeavor to secure his own safe passage through the lines of the enemy. Some, in fact, succeeded in regaining the main army; but the officer and the men who knew where the chests were buried, all perished during the fight. Now, it is said that these chests contained the treasure of the army, that is to say, about three million of francs."

Charles stopped and looked at the old man with sparkling eyes.

"Did you belong to that company?" said he.

"I did;" replied Vincent.

"You know of the existence of the stores?"

"I was one of those whom the captain entrusted with the job, and the only one who escaped the enemy's balls."

"Then you could give information which would enable one to find it?"

"Yes, especially since the captain made us take the bearings of two hills and a rock. I should know the place as well as I know the bed in this room."

Charles started to his feet.

"Well, then, your fortune is made," cried he, eagerly. "Why don't you speak about it! The French Government would accept your proposals."

"Perhaps they would," replied Vincent; "but it would be useless."

"Why?"

"Spain has refused to give the necessary permission. Look here."

He held out to the young artisan another newspaper, which, in fact, announced that with regard to the stores buried by the French in 1812, on the borders of the Douro, the demand of the latter for permission to search had been refused by the Government of Madrid.

"But what need is there of permission?" cried Charles. "Where is the necessity of attempting officially a search which might be made silently and without observation? Once upon the spot and the land purchased, who is to prevent its being searched? Who would suspect the discovery?"

"I have been thinking about it for the last thirteen years," replied the soldier; "but were shall we get the money necessary for the voyage and the purchase?"

"Could we not tell the secret to some one richer than ourselves, and obtain their assistance?"

"But how shall we induce them to believe us, or prevent their abusing our confidence in case they believe what we say? and if, by accident, we are prevented from succeeding! Supposing it should happen, as in the fable that you were reading the other day to your cousin, that at the time of partition the other party should take the lion's share. We should then have to undergo the certainty of a lawsuit, in addition to the fatigue of the journey and the hazard of success! What use is it? said I to myself. Is the short time which I have yet to live worth so much anxiety? I have a retiring pension of two hundred francs? thanks to Susan, that is enough, with the pension attached to my cross and ribbon, for my daily ration and tobacco. I care no more for the rest than I should for a troop of Cossacks."

"And so you will let the opportunity escape!" exclaimed Charles, with feverish animation. "You will refuse riches?"

"As regards myself, certainly," replied the old man; "but as to you, it is otherwise. I observed just now that you were ambitious, that you would give anything to be classed among the *millionaries*. Well, collect together the sum necessary for the journey, and I will go with you."

"Will you really, uncle?"

"Do you earn two thousand francs; on this condition I will give you the treasure. Will that do?"

"Will that do, uncle?" exclaimed Charles, with animation. Then, recollecting himself, he seemed alarmed.

"But how shall we get so much money together? I shall never be able to do so."

"Work steadily, and bring me regularly your wages every week, and I promise you shall do so."

"Think, uncle, how small are the savings of an artisan."

"That is my business."

"How many years shall we be collecting the money?"

"You offered eighteen just now, and an eye and a hand to boot."

"Ah! if I was sure to succeed."

"In acquiring a treasure? I swear it shall be so, by the ashes of the Little Corporal."

This was the oath, *par excellence*, of the soldier.

Charles considered the project quite as serious.

Vincent encouraged him anew by repeating that he held his fortune in his own hands, and the young man went to bed resolved to make every exertion.

But the secret confided to him by his uncle had awakened hopes too magnificent for him to think of sleeping. He passed the night in a kind of fever, calculating the means of gaining most rapidly the sum he required, settling the way in which he should employ his future fortune, and recalling one after another, as if they were realities, all the visions he had raised in his mind. When Susan came down stairs the next day, he was already gone to his work.

Vincent, who observed the young girl's astonishment, shook his head and smiled, but said nothing; he had enjoined secresy on Charles, and intended to observe it himself. He wished to see, in the meantime, whether the young man would persist in his good resolutions.

The first few months were the most irksome. The young book-binder had acquired habits which he found a difficulty in breaking through; regular work was insupportable to him. It was necessary that he should renounce the fickleness and caprice which had hitherto governed his actions; that he should overcome fatigue and disgust, and resist the solicitations of his old companions in dissipation! The task was at first difficult. Many times did his courage evaporate—many times was he on the point of relapsing into his old follies; but the important object he had in view animated him to persevere. As he placed his weekly salary, which continually increased, in the hands of the veteran, he experienced renewed hope, which gave him fresh courage; it was a small step towards the goal, but it was a step towards it.

In the meantime, the effort became less every day. Man resembles a ship whose sails are the passions. Give them up to the winds of the world, and he will be carried away by the currents, and dashed upon the rocks; but let the sails be regulated by good sense, and the navigation will become less dangerous; and when at last the anchor is cast in the chosen place, there is nothing more to fear.

It happened thus to the young artisan. In proportion as his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. Steady labor during the day gave him the sweetest sleep at night; the absence of his noisy comrades infused a new charm into the society of his uncle and cousin. The latter had resumed her friendly familiarity. Occupied only with Vincent and Charles, she turned every occasion of meeting into a *fete*, for which her affection furnished the funds. Every day there was some fresh surprise, some delightful attention, which strengthened affection by the ties of feeling and joy. Charles was astonished to find in his cousin qualities and graces which he had never before remarked. She became every day more necessary to him.

Without being aware of it, his exertions changed their object; the hope of the treasure promised by Vincent was no longer his sole incentive; in every action of his life he thought of Susan—he wished to deserve her approbation, to become dear to her. The human soul is a kind of moral daguerreotype; surround it with pictures of order, and devotion and of courage—illumine it by the sun of affection, every image will trace itself there, and be imprinted indelibly. The life which Charles led gradually extinguished his ambitious views. He saw before him happiness more simple and more immediate; his paradise was no longer a fairy dream of the thousand and one nights, but a small space peopled by attachments which he could surround with his two arms.

This change, however, took place unknown to himself. The young artisan gave way to his feelings, without stopping to consider every wave that advanced or impeded his progress. This transformation to those who lived with him, was not suspected by himself; he did not know that he was changed, but only that he was more happy—more tranquil. The only novelty that he perceived in his sentiments was his love for Susan! henceforth she was mixed up with all his projects; he could not contemplate life without her.

This element of happiness introduced into the future, modified all the rest. The hope of amassing millions, instead of being the principal, was now only one of the means of happiness; he considered it as an important addition, but merely as an accessory to his hopes. He determined then to ascertain whether his love was returned.

He was walking, one day, up and down the little attic, while Vincent and his cousin were talking near the stove. They were speaking of the first master of Charles, who, after thirty years spent in honest labor, had just sold his book-binding business that he might retire into the country with his old wife.

"There's a couple who know how to make their paradise on earth," said the old soldier; "always of one mind, always in good humor, always at work."

"Yes," replied Susan, feelingly; "the rich may envy their lot."

Charles, who was just in front of the young girl, now stopped abruptly.

"And so you would wish your husband to love you, Susan?" he said looking at her earnestly.

"Certainly, if I can," replied the young girl, smiling, and slightly coloring.

"You can," replied Charles, eagerly; "and if you will, you have only to say one word."

"What word, cousin?" stammered Susan, confusedly.

"That you will consent to become my wife!" replied the young workman.

And as he observed the surprise and emotion of his cousin, he added with respectful tenderness—

"Don't agitate yourself, Susan; I have long wished to ask you this question; but I waited, for a reason which is known to my uncle. You see, however, that I let out my secret unawares. Now be frank with me; do not conceal your feelings; our uncle is listening to us, and he will correct us if we say what is not right."

The young man had approached his cousin, and was holding one of her hands in his—his voice trembled, and his eyes were moist. Susan, her hear beating with her joy, stood with eyes cast on the ground, and the old soldier looked on them with a smile, partly tender, partly arch, on his countenance.

At last he touched the young girl, and pushing her gently towards Charles—

"Come, speak then, puss," said he, gaily.

"Susan, say one word—only one word, I entreat," cried the young man, who still held the hand of his cousin; "will you take me for your husband?"

She hid her face on the shoulder of Charles, and uttered an almost inarticulate "*Yes!*"

"Well done!" cried Vincent, slapping his knee; "it was hard work to get that word out of her. Give me your hands, my children, and kiss me. To-night I leave you to your own conversation; to-morrow we will speak of business.

On the morrow, in fact, he took his nephew aside, announced to him that the sum necessary for their voyage was complete, and that he might set out for Spain as soon as he pleased.

This news, which ought to have filled Charles with delight, had a contrary affect. He must, then, leave Susan, at the moment they began to interchange mutual confidence, to encounter the chances of a long, difficult and uncertain journey, when it would have been so pleasant to remain at home? The young man almost cursed the millions that he was once ready to go so far to seek. Now that the interest of his life was changed, his desire to acquire riches had signally vanished. What use, then, was so much gold, to purchase happiness, when he had already found it?

However, he made no objections to his uncle, and told him he was ready to start.

The soldier took upon himself the preparation; he went out for this purpose many successive days, accompanied by Susan. At last he announced to Charles that they had nothing now to do but to take their places. The young girl was absent. He asked his nephew to go with him to the office; and as his recent fatigues had rendered his wounds painful, he engaged a hackney coach.

Vincent had taken care to provide himself, in one of his excursions, with the newspapers which contained an account of the burial of the stores near the Douro. When he found himself alone with Charles, he put them into his hands, requesting him to see whether they contained any information which might be useful to them.

The young man read the first details, of which he was already acquainted, then the refusal of the Spanish Government, and, lastly, an account of some unsuccessful researches undertaken by merchants of Barcelona. He thought the documents were exhausted; when his eye fell upon a letter bearing the signature of Peter Dufour.

"Peter Dufour!" repeated Vincent; "that was a pioneer of the company."

"He calls himself so, in fact," replied Charles.

"God bless me! I thought the man was in the other world. Let us see what he says, for he was in the captain's confidence.

Instead of replying, Charles uttered an exclamation. He had looked through the letter and his countenance changed.

"Well, what is the matter?" inquired Vincent, tranquilly.

"What is the matter?" rejoined the young man.

"If what Dufour says is true, the journey will be useless."

"Why?"

"Because the chests were not filled with money, but with gunpowder!"

Vincent looked at his nephew, and burst out laughing.

"Ah! it was gunpowder," he cried. "Then that was the reason why before burying them, they took some cartridges out of them."

"You knew it then?" interrupted Charles.

"Yes; because I saw it," replied the old man, good naturedly.

"But, then—you have deceived me," cried the artisan; "you could not have believed in the existence of buried millions, and your promise was but a jest."

"It was a truth," replied the soldier seriously. "I promised you a treasure—you shall have it; but you shall not be obliged to go to Spain for it."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall soon know."

The carriage had now stopped before a shop; the travellers alighted and entered. Charles recognized the workshop of his old master; but it was restored, repainted, and refurnished with all the necessary implements. Charles was going to ask for an explanation, when his eyes fell upon the name of the proprietor engraved in gold letters over the counter—the name was his own! At that moment the door of the little parlor behind the shop opened: he saw a log burning brightly on the hearth, a repast spread upon the table, and Susan, who, with a smile, made him a sign to enter.

Vincent turned towards him, seizing his hand.

"There," cried he, "is the treasure I promised you—a good trade, which will give you the means of living comfortably, and a good wife, who will make you happy. Everything that you see here has been earned by yourself, and belongs to you. Never mind if I have deceived you; you would not accept the happiness offered to you. I served you as children are served by nurses, who rub the edge of the cup which they reject with honey. Now that you know what happiness is, and that you have tasted it, I hope you will no longer refuse it."

GOV. JOHNSON'S APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF TENNESSEE.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Tennessee assumed the form of a body politic, as one of the United States of America, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-six, at once entitled to all the privileges of the Federal Constitution, and bound by all its obligations. For nearly sixty-five years she continued in the enjoyment of her rights, and in the performance of all her duties, one of the most loyal and devoted of the sisterhood of States. She had been honored by the elevation of two of her citizens to the highest place in the gift of the American people, and a third had been nominated for the same high office, who received a liberal though ineffective support. Her population had rapidly and largely increased, and their moral and material interests correspondingly advanced. Never was a people more prosperous, contented and happy than the people of Tennessee, under the Government of the United States, and none so little burdened for the support of the authority by which they were protected. They felt their government only in the conscious enjoyment of the benefits it conferred and the blessings it bestowed.

Such was our enviable condition until within the year just past, when, under what baleful influences it is not my purpose now to inquire, the authority of the Government was set at defiance and the Constitution and laws contemned by a rebellious armed force. Men who, in addition to ordinary privileges and duties of the citizen, had enjoyed largely the bounty and official patronage of the Government, and have by repeated oaths obligated themselves to its support, with sudden ingratitude for the bounty and disregard for their solemn obligation, engaged deliberately and ostentatiously in the accomplishment of its overthrow. Many, accustomed to defer to their opinions and to accept their guidance, and others, carried away by excitement or and others, carried away by seditious clamor, arrayed themoyerawed by seditious clamor, arrayed themselves under their banners, thus organizing a treasonable power, which, for the time being, stifled and suppressed the authority of the Federal Government.

In this condition of affairs it devolved upon the President, bound by his official oath, to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution, and charged by the law with the duty of suppressing insurrection and domestic violence, to resist and repel this rebellious force by the military arms of the government, and thus to re-establish the Federal authority. Congress, assembling at an early day, found him engaged in the active discharge of this momentous and responsible trust. That body came promptly to his aid, and, while supplying him with treasure and arms to an extent that would previously have been considered fabulous, they, at the same time, with almost absolute unanimity, declared "that this war is not waged on their part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor purpose of overthrowing or intertering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease." In this spirit, and by such co-operation, has the President conducted this mighty contest, until, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, he has caused the national flag to float undisputed over the capitol of our State. Meanwhile the state government has disappeared. The executive has abdicated; the Legislature has disolved, the judiciary is in abeyance. The great ship of state, freighted with its precious cargo of human interests and human hope, its sails all set, and its glorious flag unfurled, has been suddenly abandoned by her officers and mutinous crew, and left to float at the mercy of the winds and to be plundered by every rover upon the deep. Indeed the work of plunder has already commenced. The archives have been desecrated; the public property stolen and destroyed; the vaults of the State Bank violated and its treasures robbed, including the funds carefully gathered and consecrated for all time to the instruction of our children.

In such a lamentable crisis the Government of the United States could not be unmindful of its high constitutional obligation to guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, an obligation which every State has a direct and immediate interest in, having observed toward every other State, and from which, by no action on the part of the people in any State, can the Federal Government be absolved. A republican form of government, in consonance with the Constitution of the United States, is one of the fundamental conditions of our political existence, by which every part of the country is alike bound, and from which no part can escape. This obligation the National Government is now attempting to discharge. I have been appointed, in the absence of the regular and established State authorities, as Military Governor for the time being, to preserve the public property of the State, to give the protection of law, actively enforced, to her citizens, and, as speedily as may be, to restore her government to the same condition as before the existing rebellion.

In this grateful but arduous undertaking, I shall avail myself of all the aid that may be afforded by my fellow citizens. And for this purpose I respectfully, but earnestly, invite all the people of Tennessee, desirous or willing to see a restoration of her ancient government, without distinction of party affiliations, or past political opinions, or action, to unite with me, by counsel and co-operative agency, to accomplish this great end. I find most, if not all of the officers, both State and Federal, vacated, either by actual abandonment, or by the action of the incumbents in attempting to subordinate their functions to a power in hostility to the fundamental law of the State, and subversive of her national allegiance. These offices must be filled temporarily, until the State shall be restored so far to its accustomed quiet that the people can peacefully assemble at the ballot-box and select agents of their own choice. Otherwise anarchy would prevail, and no man's life or property would be safe from the desperate and unprincipled.

I shall, therefore, as easily as practicable, designate for various positions under the State and county governments, from among my fellow citizens, persons of probity and intelligence, and bearing true allegiance to the Constitution and Government of the United States, who will execute the functions of their respective offices until their places can be filled by the action of the people. Their authority when their appointments shall have been made, will be accordingly respected and observed.

To the people themselves the protection of the government is extended. All their rights will be duly respected, and their wrongs redressed when made known. Those who through the dark and weary night of the rebellion have maintained their allegiance to the Federal Government will be honored. The erring and misguided will be welcomed on their return.

And while it may become necessary, in vindicating the violated majesty of the law, and in re-asserting its imperial sway, to punish intelligent and conscious treason in high places, no merely retaliator or vindictive policy will be adopted. To those especially, who, in a private, unofficial capacity have assumed an attitude of hostility to the Government, a full and complete amnesty for all past acts and declarations is offered, upon the one condition of their again yielding themselves peaceful citizens to the just supremacy of the laws. This I advise them to do for their own good, and for the peace and welfare of our beloved State, endeared to me by the associations of long and active years, and by the enjoyment of her highest honors.

And appealing to my fellow-citizens of Tennesssee, I point them to my long public life as a pledge for the sincerity of my motives and an earnest for the performance of my present and future duties.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Little Carol was a favorite in the village. She had brown hair and dark eyes, and small as she was, knew how to sing a number of pretty songs. She had no sisters or brothers, and you may imagine how dearly she was loved by her parents. The little town where they lived was about three miles from the city. They were people who did not possess much money, but their cottage was neat, and its whitewashed sides were almost covered with grape-vines.

The great fault of Carol was, that she had too much curiosity. I have frequently known her to resolve that she would not ask so many unnecessary questions, or keep prying into things that did not concern her. But she always forgot her resolution. One afternoon her mother and father made arrangements to ride into the city, to take tea and spend the evening with a gentleman and lady who had just returned from China. When Carol saw them getting ready, she asked if she could not go too. "Not this time," her mother replied. Then she became very much troubled, and began to weep, as if her heart was broken.

"Now sit down and let me tell you some thing. I have invited Mary Weller to come over and stay with you while I am gone.—She will be here by the time the stage calls to take us into the city. You and she are very good friends, you know, and in the parlor you will find that I have taken pains to arrange something for your happiness. There comes Mary through the gate now. I know you will have a pleasant time if you will only try to be contented, and not have too much curiosity."

Then Mrs. Flaxman kissed Carol, and started out of the door. The stage was almost there, but not another word had to be said to the little girl who was to be left at home. So Carol's mother hurried back and said: "My dear daughter, I must not forget to tell you about a basket that I have put on the pantry-shelf. I hav'n't locked the door, and if you should have occasion to get something in the pantry, you must be careful not to touch the basket. I would not have it disturbed for a great deal. Now don't forget, Carol."

Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman were soon out of sight in the rumbling old stage. Mary and Carol first went into the parlor to see what had been done there for their amusement.—And behold! everything had been taken from the large table, and its leaves hoisted, and all covered with picture-books, toys, and other things, that ought to make any little person happy. I said that Mr. Flaxman was a poor man, but he took great pains to please his only child, and he seldom went into the city without bringing out something that she would be delighted with. But never had she received so many presents as she found on that table. Every one was bright and beautiful, and her eyes sparkled like diamonds when she examined them. And there were cakes, and almonds, and candy, too. What happy girls they were,

By-and-by every toy had been carefully inspected, and the confectionary pretty well enjoyed. Then the girls walked about the cottage yard, and had as much pleasure in it as you or I would in the great Crystal Palace in England.

But often there would come into Carol's mind "the basket in the pantry." She thought of it at least twenty times since her mother told her about it. But as yet she did not mention it to Mary Weller. At last, as they were coming from the yard into the house, she said:—

"Mary I have something to tell you.—When mother went away, she told me that there was a basket on one of the pantry-shelves, and that I must not touch it until she came home. Let us go and look at it, even if we don't touch it."

"Now, Carol, don't go there. I will not go with you, for it would only be putting yourself into temptation. If your mother told you not to touch the basket, you ought not to do it by any means. She knows what is best for you. Come, now, and sit down here.—Let us talk about what we like the most."

"Well, Mary, you are right," she answered. "I know I have too much curiosity, and am trying hard to break myself from it."

"Come, now, Carol, what do you like the best? If you were going to get a present, and you were asked beforehand what it should be, what would you say?"

"Let me see; I think—I think I should prefer a drawing-book and pencils. No, I am mistaken; they would be my second choice. I would ask first of all for a pair of white pigeons. How often I have seen pigeons walking about in the street, and strutting on the tops of houses, and going to sleep there! But I have never seen them, without wishing for a pair of white ones. Indeed, I have often asked Pa to bring me home a pair, but he has always told me that they cost so much. So I do not like to ask him any more, because he is not as rich as many other people. Besides, he has ha dno work since the war commenced. But he says he is perfectly willing to go without work if we can only conquer the enemies of our country. He may enlist yet; we don't know. But of course I could not ask him for any valuable present in those times. Now, Mary, what do you like best?"

"Oh! I like so many things," answered Mary. "But I believe I would take your second choice for my first. You know I am very fond of drawing, and you have often seen my little sketches. They are rough, but I hope some day to be able to make good landscapes and portraits. You have a taste for drawing, too, Carol, and I don't see what there is to hinder you from becoming a good painter when you get older."

Thus the girls talked about one thing and then another until the sun was almost down.

"You sit here, Mary," she said, "and I will go to the pantry and get something to eat."

"Now be careful, Carol, don't touch the basket. If you do, I will not eat anything you bring me. Your mother is very kind to you, and you ought not to disobey her."

Carol skipped away and was soon in the pantry. She looked up to the basket first, even before getting something to eat.

Rash! rash!

"What noise is that?" Carol asked herself. "Hark! It is in the basket. But it is on the topshelf, and I can't reach it. Yet if I get a chair, may be I can see what it is making a noise. If I can look through the holes of the basket, that won't be disturbing it."

So Carol got a chair and stood upon it.—But even then she was not tall enough to see what was under the basket. She brought a little footstool and put that on the chair.—Then she climbed up, and was just tall enough to see that something was moving under the basket. But she could not tell what it was. "If I raise it just a little, I can see what it is. Nobody will know it, and I need not tell mother."

Little by little Carol raised the basket to satisfy her curiosity. But just as soon as she lifted it so as to see well, out flew two beautiful white pigeons.

She was frightened almost to death, and came very near falling. The pigeons flew against the wine-bottles, and knocked three or four of them over. One fell on Carol, and the wine streamed all over her new silk dress. But this was not all. The pigeons got out of the pantry-door as quick as they could, and then made their way through the window out of doors! They were gone!

I need not say that neither of the girls had any more enjoyment for many hours. Carol cried until her eyes were red, and poor Mary felt it almost as deeply as if she had been at fault herself.

After a while Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman came home. Carol ran to them and told them all she had done. They were pleased to hear her confess her disobedience, but were sorry to find that she was not yet cured of her great fault.

Carol's mother then said to her:

"You see, my dear child, that disobedience brings its own punishment. It has destroyed your happiness many a time, and your present of the two white doves which were purchased at no little cost, is now gone. I was intending to give them to you as soon as we returned home, and put them in the cage which we bought in the city this afternoon. Here, Mary, I have brought you a drawing-book and pencils, and some very good sketches for coppying. I knew you were fond of painting, and I thought they would be of advantage to you."

Carol was cured of her curiosity; though it was three years before she received another pair of white pigeons. She has now grown up to be a woman, but to this day dreams about what was under the basket.