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JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS.

Subscription.—Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription disponiumed until all arregages are paid unless at and what could withink? They have been a properly and what could withink? They have been a properly and what could be been as for a source within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription disponiumed until all arregages are paid unless at and what could arrive heady think? They beginned to the properly and what could arrive heady think? They beginned to the properly and what could arrive heady think? They beginned to the properly and the proper

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Boetical.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.] THE CAGED BIRD.

BY ALICE MCLURE.

Liston ! listen ! liston ! From the woodlands near me, Where the bright leaves glisten,

Brother warblers singing, In the scented bowers, Where are dew-drops clinging Sweetly to the flowers.

Friendly birds have risen; And on pinions, Lrightly, Wheel above my prison

See! one has alighted! Oh! how sweetly singing To the soft, green spriglot, In the free winds swinging

Singing songs I loved so, When, amid my kindred, I on light wings roved through Wood and grove unhindered

How my bird's heart flutters ! Oh, how wildly beating 'Gainst the gilded shutters For one friendly greeting.

Grant me but one blessing. I will ask no other: I would send a message To my sweet bird-mothe

Tell her that I never. Never more shall meet her: Nor at morning's early dawn Rise with songs to greet her;

But for her sweet comfort, Tell her that a maiden. Gentle as the morning breez With dewy fragrance laden

Is the tender keeper Of my captive hours, In whose love I half forget

Miscelluneous.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Signs and Wonders.

'Grandpa,' said little Kate, looking steadily into the fire, 'do you believe in dreams? Old Mr. Evans stopped paring his apple, and smiled playfully as he answered, 'Believe in dreams, my dear? To be sure I do! That is, if they are worth having. I believe in pleasant little girls, Kitty, and pleasant

little dreams, every night in the year.
O, you're such a funny grandpa! Just as if I didn't suppose folks had dreams!—But Jane Soow thinks they mean something -something particular! She says they come

'Of all things!' cried grandpa, opening his eyes very wide. 'I shouldn't think Jane Snow would dare to go to sleep. If I had mistrusted that dreaming was such scientific business! Why how you make me feel, Kitty! I'm such a miserable hand about getting up dreams!'

Well, grandpa, I want to tell you-I dreamed about a wedding last night, and that's a sure sign of a funeral; and sure enough, a man died this very day on Cedar street! Now what do you think of that?'
'O dear! dear!' said grandpa, laying down his apple. 'I wouldn't have dreamed what you did for any money—you couldn't have persuaded me! Don't let that man's friend's hear of it; don't Kitty! They might take it into their heads that you dreamed,

him to death on purpose, and then how could they forgive you? O grandpa, now I know you are joking. But won't you tell me truly if you believe in omens and such things? Some grown up folks do. Now for one thing, it's a bad sign

to break a looking glass, they say.'
'Well,' said grandpa, 'I think it is myself;
it is generally a sign of carelessness. But, speaking of omeas reminds me of something that 'came to pass' when I was a little boy. It was perfectly awful! Come and sit on my knee, Kitty, so I shan't feel so frightened when I come to the worst part of it. There! Well, once upon a time, my father lived in the first house that was built in this town. where Mr. Mason lives now; right at the corner, you know, by the big willow tree.— It is a very old-fashioned house, full of little bubby holes and dark corners. Well, my grandmother lived with us. She was a dear old lady, and her sentences were as even and precise as a paper of pins. Not much like eyes like an opera-glass, and resumes the this poor old grandfather of yours, Kitty.-You know the words trip over one another on my tongue, and get strangely mixed up

'O, no they don't, grandpa,' said Kate; you talk just the best of anybody I know of, and I love you dearly. Why I love every

"Do you, my dear?" said grandpa, hugging Kate; "well, I haven't but very little hair, you know. But I was going to tell you of your great grandmother. She was never well after I was old enough to remember well after I was old enough to remember anything. She was sick in the front room thrown back, and directs his work as with a this way—the one the Masons use for a parlor. The room was kept darkened, and I remember how the light used to trickle through the crack, of the shutters. Only one in a while the crack of the shutters. once in a while the shutter of the south window was folded back a little way, so my poor grandmother could get a peep at the blue Paries, executes, at the orders of a man, summer sky, the green trees and the river: a complete course of drill; after which he Well, Kitty, if you believe it, one day about sunset, when there wasn't a leaf stirring, or a sound louder than a fly could make, all of a sudden a pane flew out of that south win-

fell at the foot of my grandmother's bed! I was not in the room, and didn't see the sight; but my nother did, and my sister Betsy and

hered to in every instance. No subscription dissontinued until all arreprages are paid unless at
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table times for One Dollar, and the one of the times for one of the one of ting from room to room, talking in low, awful tones. My mother was in tears, and Betsy very pale, with her hair falling down her veck like sable plumes, and her eyes looking fairly wild. My father was trying his peat to reason with them. One thing is suite said he, nothing ever happened without a cause. Depend upon it, we shall did out before long what broke the glass. Walt wille? 'Well, sir,' said 'Liza solemily and pointing at my father with her hug forefinger, just look here. There wasn't a breakli of wind stirring, and nary a soul in sight. I'll leave it to your wife! Now I ask you as a reasonable being what mortal means could ha' broke that ar glass into powder iff a wink of an eye? I crept lighted his light of an eye? I crept lighted his light of an eye? I crept lighted his light of light of the his light of the fighted as straight as any arrow that ever you see! If there ever was a warning sir, that ar's a warning or lighted light of the light of or Pinino judge.'

Life in the control of the contr

Don't put me out, Kitty! When I saw now solemn they all were, I had a great piled up in a pyramidal form above the wear piled up in a pyramidal form above the wear or's forehead? Do we not remember all values the shoulder because I couldn't keep from laughing. Yet every word they said cut me like a lash with a pin in it. You see I had been down by the river skipping stones, and what should I do in my idleness, but wheel round about, and send a little nebble towards the harms. in my ideness, but wheel round about, and send a little pebble towards the house. I little thought of hitting the window, but when I heard the crash, my first thought was, Now for a good scolding! So I was, 'Now for a good scolding!' So I ran down the bank in a twinkling, and took a very crooked path to go after my cows, hoping that when I should get home my mother's anger would be cooled. But they never dreamed that I was the regue who had cont the warning. When I antered the hope sent the warning. When I entered the house that night, I expected a grave rebuke from my mother, and meant to tell her just how the accident happened, and promise to do better next time But when I found, to my surprise, that such a breeze had been raised, I kept still, being very fond of a joke. Besides, I was a graceless scamp, Kitty, and hadn't the moral courage to let my mother know what a dupe she was, for fear of the consequences. It really happened that my grandmother died that week, in peaceful ignerance of the panic in the house; and of the consequences. It really happened that my grandmother died that week, in peaceful in gof mud upon our clothes, and even upon a beautiful immerative cite, that had bloomed our faces, by the same obnexious apparatus awhile in his home, was exhaled to heaven, but the one which had forefold her death. I listened and the to myself, 'Well, my good friends, if that is one of your dreadful omens, I'm not afraid of the constant of public assemblage where the male bust is one of your dreadful omens, I'm not afraid of the constant of public assemblage where the male bust is alone visible, all else being smothered in a cross his pathway—a darker thread as across his pathway—a da after a while and took a whipping; and I knew I deserved it. But I learned a good lesson, which I never forgot; and between you and me, Kitty, it's my private opinion, that if people looked into things as they ought to, there wouldn't be quite so many signs

and wonders. There, jump down, my dear, and let me finish my apple. Male Dress-Makers.

A recent work by a French author (Pelletan) contains some singular and interesting revelations in regard to male dress makers in Paris, which our readers may like to see with their own eyes, and we therefore subjoin an extract, derived from the French correspondence of a New York journal :

But can you believe that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there exist dress makers with beards—men, real men, like the Zonaves—who, with their strong hands, measure the exact dimensions of the most titled women in Paris, dress them, undress them and turn their round and round before them, as if they were neither more nor less than wax-figures in a hair dresser's win-

Of course you know the Rue de la Paix-so called because it celebrates war in the shape of a column. In that street lives an English man who enjoys a very different popularity in the word of frippery from that of Lent preacher. This Englishman, it must be admitted, has created a new kind of art, the art of screwing in a woman's figure with a precision hitherto unknown. He has the inspiration of the scissors, the genius of the gore. He knows the exact spot at which the stuff should fit tightly, and where it should float around at will. He understands at a glance by the whole context of the woman, what should be shown and what should be concealed. Providence has created him, from all eternity, to discover the law of crinolines and the true curve of the petticoat. He is a perfect gentleman, always fresh and clean shaved, always curled, black coat, white cravat, cambric sleeves, fastened at the wrist with a gold button. He officiates with all the gravity of a diplomatist who carries the

future of the world shut up in one of the compartments of his brain. When he tries a dress upon a live doll of the Chausse d' Antin, it is with the most profound contemplation that he touches, fits, measures, and marks with chalk the defec tive fold in the stuff. Anon he starts back and, the better to judge of his handy work at a distance, he holds his hand before his work of modeling the dress on the body of his customer. Sometimes he plants a flower here, or ties on a ribbon there, in order to test the general harmony of the toilette; and all this time the Eve in process of manufacture stands motionless and resigned, and allows her creator to proceed with the work of her creation in silence.

face," and the obverse is presented. In this dismisses her with a royal gesture. "That

will do, madam." GENT.—Boy, give me a light, will you. dow, shivered into a thousand pieces, and Box.—Who you can be and chawed this two years. Boy.-Who you call boy? I've smoked

The Follies of Crinoline.

The sudden death of an estimable young lady in London, from her dress taking fire, has brought out a severe denunciation of a prevalent fashion. The editor of the London

was immediately under her arms, making her look very much like a deformed baby in long clothes. Then, when the outline of the sausage ceased to be looked upon as perfection, that of the wasp came into favor, and waists were reduced by tight lacing to such not broken off, the bust of his fair charmer would be before the wedding day.

Who does not remember those awful coal-scuttle bonnets, from the depth of whose Leghorn abyss the features of the wearer loomed hazily upon the gaze? Does it not seem almost incredible that the same generation which cherished those colossal headpieces should have given itself up the wearing in their stead of small silk or lace cataplasms, which it was necessary to attach to the back of the head by rins, and should then have east them aside in favor of spoonshaped monstrosities, each holding in its inhave endeavored to bear with crinoline.

We may have grieved to see that those whom nature has made graceful should do their best to render themselves unattractive suggested the idea that there must be a hall and socket joint somewhere about the middle of silver and gold. of their spine; but we have not sought to good friends, if that is on patient assembling where the main base is something of the whole story cloud of feminine drapery. Yet though we strong to protect her who has walked by his indelicacy, and incessantly places its wear-ers, independently of their own will, and, indeed without their own consciousness-in ding to their own sense of propriety to act as they pleased. They might vex our eyes, abrade our limbs, spoil our clothes, and shock our feelings by unseemly exhibitions; we objectionable as they please. But it is not one of their prerogatives to place their own lives in perpetual peril. It is not only that the voluntary tempting of death is a heinous

crime which we are bound to prevent by strong measures, if entreaties fail. The catalogue of women who have been burned to death, is beginning to assume frightful proportion. Who can wonder at this, f he has watched a devotee of the fushionable deformity as she walks across a room? The movements of her skirts are independent of her volition; the bell shaped mass wafts and sways about with perilous freedom, and it is impossible to see its wearer go near a fire-place without a shudder of apprehension. When the dress, swinging against the grate, catches fire, that which promoted its ignition renders almost impossible the exinction of the blaze. The hooped cage de fies compression, and obstinately retain its shape, maintaining an open space, within which the flame may play freely around the victim's limbs, charring and calcining them, while she shricks in agony for the aid which

none can give, FAMILY PRAYER,-There is not on earth a scene more interesting than a family thus bending before the God of Heaven; a collection of dependent beings, with tender feelings, with lively sympathies, with common hopes, fears, joys, blending their bliss and their wass together and presenting them all to the King of Kings, and the great Father of the families of mankind. There is not on earth a more wath the transported or that earth a man more to be venerated, or that will be more venerated, than the father who thus ministers at the family altar. No other man, like that father, so reaches all sources of human action, or so greatly controls his powers, yielding their years, and following the direction of his moulding hand, that is soon to control all that is tender and sacred in the interests of the Church and State .-No Solon or Lycurgus is laying the foundation of codes of law so deep, or taking so fast a hold on all that is to affect the present or future destiny of man. We love, therefore to look at such venerable locks; and to contemplate these ministers of God, who stand between the rising generation-feeble, helpless, and exposed to a thousand perils—and the Eternal Parent of all. They stand between the past and the coming age, remnants of the one and lights of the other; binding the past with that which is to come; living ights of experience, to guide the footsteps of the ignorant and erring; to illuminate the coming generation, to obtain for it blessings y counsel and prayer, and then to die. And f the earth contains, amid its desolations, one spot of green on which the eye of God reposes with pleasure, it is the collected group, with the eye of the father raised to heaven, and the voice of faith and prayer commend ing the little worshippers to the protecting care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps

"Say, Mister, come back and give us

The Wood of Life.

Sweetly sang the morning stars, heralding the rosy dawn and arrowy sunbeams that, glancing in golden lightover the dew gemmed earth, wakened its dwellers from slumber to the activity of life.

Star says:

A glance through a book of English customes affords startling evidence of the skill which our feminine ancestors have displayed clasps the frail form of an infant son to her which our feminine ancestors have displayed which our feminine ancestors have displayed in devising for themselves uncouth and preposterous garbs. But for examples of this misapplied ingenuity, we need not go back to pust generations. We need only was ken our own slumbering reminiscences to summon into being the phantasmagoric image summon into being the phantasmagoric image.

A man need not consider the silver radiance of its wings overshadow the new-born babe with a lafe of guardian love. The web savings, and died at a good old age—it is remarked that Ganymede left Porter the recipe of the life just begun stretches onward through this mortal to the simmortal beyond the shores of time, and as with prophetic eve the guardian angel sees the dark, silver and golden threads, that make the woof of life, woven into it, she breathes a vow to shield it from danger; and music, sweet toned as a terrible tenacity that the affianced lover had seraph's lyre floats fout upon the soft air ample reason to fear that if the match was as on shining wing that soars to heaven to write the name of that babe in the book of immortal life.

Childhood is past, and youth has come. The woof of life has only sliver and golden threads, with and there a shadowy tint while he whom we saw so frail and helples in his mother's arms, now, with noble aspirations, looks forward, seeing only threads of a brighter and more enduring hue. The sky above him is calm and shining, and flowers grow on either side of his pathway, while that sweet angel spreads above him her overshadowing wings.

Time moves on with noiseless step-nobly terior the contents of a small green-house the enters upon the arena of active life, and and into the woof of life is weaving a name that future generations shall repeat and bless. where he first opened his eyes upon the light life he sits by the couch of her who kindly cared and loved him infancy and childhood, and with moistened eye watches her lamp of life to go out. Then there are dark threads in the woof of life, but the angel wings that overshadowed him on the day of his birth are hovering over him still.

Again are the golden threads in the woof of life. He stands before the alter with her whom he has chosen to be the partner of his days, and utters the responses that bind two by insanely adopting the doin of St. Paul's willing hearts in bonds stronger and more as the beau ideal of perfect outline in the induring than his life. Again the beautiful human form, and walking about with their angel bends low, whispering of a home bodies incased from their waist downward in a swaying structure, the movements of which with a happy, trusting heart, while the threads that make up the woof of life are only

Years are gone. There are many darklyimpede their entire freedom in the choice of hued threads mingled in the woof of these costume. We have been physically annoyed by the friction of steel hoops against our ankles in public thoroughfares—by the plastering of mud upon our clothes, and even upon ing of mud upon our clothes, and even upon a beautiful immortal excite the simnon breath of disappointment swepting of mud upon our clothes. and even upon a beautiful immortal excite clime, leaving a memory both

have ground we have not forced ourselves to side for so many years, and hopefully strugbe prompted to any overt act of antagonism. gles to hold her back from the enemy of the Even though it is patent to all observers Angel of Death. In vain he hopes—the that this new garment is tainted with gross loved form he presses to his heart becomes pulseless and cold. In that dread hour of darkness he is not alone—the angel is near, and once more folding him in her shining positions utterly repugnant to modesty, we wings, tells him of that other life, upon anhave deemed that our duty was discharged other shore, where hearts severed may be by signalizing the fact, leaving those who reunited; only a little while—the wavering had a right to regulate their conduct according to a few more threads in the woof of life and he, too, will no longer walk life's path-

way.
From the windows of a dwelling a light streams out into the still midnight darkness. could only complain, for in all these mat-ters they are entitled to make themselves as couch, the eye dimmed by four-score years wanders from one to another of the group around, and as the hand of a fair grand child puts back the snow-white hair from the thin, furrowed brow, on which the day of death is gathering, and kisses the sunken cheek, his mind wonders back to that golden morning when before the altar, and he repeats the name of her who, with him,

there pledged her vow.

The beautiful, angel that has followed him through life is with him in the hour of death -the silvery brightness of her wings over shadows him; yet still he lingers upon earth's cold shore, 'till the morning stars pale in the eastern sky, and the golden sunlight glances over the dew gemmed earth. The last thread in the woof of life is woven and the guardian angel spreads its wings to to guide the freed immortal to a heavenly home, while strains of scraphic music never heard by mortal ears welcome another dweller to that clime where no dark threads are woven in the golden woof of life beyond the river of death.

THE ORPHAN DUCK .- A duck's egg un luckily got into a nest of hen's eggs. The hen kept them all warm under her motherly feathers, when in due time the chickens were Two or three days later, duckling broke his egg and waddled. The chickens oon perceived that he was none of them, and what did they do-cherish the poor little orphan, give it a warm side of the nest, and hearty snuggle under their mother's wing. I am sorry to say those thoutless chickens did not treat the little motherless stranger so. On the contrary they flew at him, cruelly drove him from the nest, and almost picked im to death. In vain he tried to come back to his adopted home, and the old hen, I dare say, would have been willing to have him; out what could she do, since her ten foolish

children were against it.
Well, what became of poor duckling? cat saw this ill-usage, and she, being a feeling cat, with much knowledge quite likely, of the distresses with which this world bounds, befriended the little duck. She took it by the neck-not to wring its neck, nh no! but she took it by the same motherly grab with which she lugs her own little ones, carried it to her nursery, laid it down beside the kittens, and there took as much care of it as cat could. As for the kittens, they behaved in the sweetest manner; and it was a curious sight to see them all curled together, fast asleep, duck and all, as happy as could

I am sure no little friendless boy or girl need be discouraged after this. God will provide him friends.—Child's Paper.

UNCLE OR FATHER .- "I say, boy, whose orse is that you're riding?"
"Why, it's daddy's." "Who is your daddy?"

"Don't you know? why, Uncle Jones."
"So, you're the son of your uncle?"
"Why, yes, calculate I am. You see, dad a light."
"No, sir-ee, you'd spile my cigar with your cent-a-grabs."
"Why, yes, calculate I am. Tou see, dat got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle."

A Good Story.

The following amusing sketch of the manold Cambridge College was once molified, is from the pen of Jack Robinson.

Apropos of Porter, whose name I have ust taken in vain; I heard a good college story the other day, which I may as well set down here. Porter is an institution in Cambridge. He is a person of varied accomplishfor making both nectar and ambrosia, which recipe he surreptitiously coped from Juno's recipe book, and Porter, improving on the idea, conceived the happy thought of mingling both divine materials, and producing an in offable beverage, something which should combine the elements of supernal drink-a harmony of solid and fluid, to which each element should contribute its celestial flavors. He carried out the idea. He mingled the ambrosia and nectar, and all Olympus turned pale with envy, for the result was flip.

With such a classic origin it was not to be wondered at that under-graduates, who are notorious for their love of mythological matters, should find themselves attracted to Porter's and there refresh their reminiscences of Olympus with draughts of the divine beverage. In fact, such was their devotion to this branch of classical study, and so inspired did they frequently get-inspired even to the Pythonic pitch of being unintelligible in their speech, that the matter attracted the attention of the President of the College-a venerable gentleman of the period, whose name I have forgotten. Meartless and ignorant persons, entirely misconceiving the spirit in which the under-graduates visited Porter's reported to this worthy person that the sudents were in the habit of getting drunk

every night on flip. It must be seen to.

The President put on his most authorative wig and sternest countenance and sallies out lignity, he enters Porter's. He interrogates

'A few,' modestly replies Mr. Porter. 'They come here frequently, Mr. Porter? 'They drop in now and then, sir.' 'And they drink a beverage called flip,

Sometimes, sir.' Well, sir, they do take considerable.

'They get drunk on it, Mr. Porter?'
The discreet Porter remained silent. The discreet Porter remained shelf.

'Make me a — flip,' at length says the enerable President, still frowning and inplaced himself at the head of his nobles, and placed himself at the head of placed himself at the head of his nobles, and

resources of his art.

Presently a superhuman flip, with an aro-her long repose. As the mournful cortege matic foam creaming over the edge of the goblet, is the result of this effort. He hands it respectfully, with some anxiety, to the Pre-sident, on whose face judicial thunder-clouds sident, on whose face judicial thunder-clouds so little affected as the imperious man that have been gathering. The President tastes had insisted on regal honors being rendered it gloomy. He pauses, Another sip. The to his stricken consort. Neglected in life, thunder-clouds have not flashed forth any her obsequies surpassed in pomp and circumlightenings. Porter, resigned, awaits the stances any of royal birth. A magnificent outburst. The President gazes wonderfully robe of rare workmanship, thickly studded at his glass. A general emollient expres-

sion seems to glide over his face, and smooths the frowning brow.
The lips relax, and a smile seemed about dawn. He lifts the glass once more to The glass is empty!
'Mr. Porter,' he says, 'the students get

unk on this, sir?" Porter sees that the storm is passed, and oldly answers in the affirmative. 'Sir,' says the venerable man, walking gravely away, 'sir, I don't wonder at it.'

A STUPENEOUS WORK .- A wonderful plan has been most carefully surveyed for four months by Italian engineers, who have passed that time amongst eternal snows, and now exhibit their astonishing designs and declare in galleries, with latent openings, having ar-cades on one side like those of the Rue de wonderful and magnificent in the highest degree, and appears the ne plus ultra of the daring of modern science. The execution is calculated to occupy five years, and when achieved will more than rival the famous tunnel now being perforated through Mount

his men together, and delivered himself of

and should it come to disgrace in these hands, you could but regret the gift; or should I accept it from you, and some day find it my imperative duty to kick some one of the donors out of this company, it might be unpleasant to think that I was under obliga-tions to that person as a contributor to the elegant sword fund. For these reasons must firmly and kindly decline the favor which your loyal hearts prompt you to bestow Wait until the war is over; wait until the tide of battle shall have been stayed—till the raging billows of this accursed rebellion shall have been rolled back: wait until I have proved myself worthy to receive so noble a gift -until you have shown yourselves by deeds of daring and feats of bravery worthy to bestow it upon me; then, perchance, I may be happy to accept, at your hands, some lasting testimonial of your confidence and esteem. Till then wait.

[From the New Jersey Journal.] The End of Human Greatness. History abounds in startling incidents.-

The novelist vainly attempts to rival the eloquent narrator of events that excited the admiration or astonishment of nations. Historic annals turnish rich material for the tragic Chief Justice Taney: muse. The records of departed years are interspersed with narratives that alternately thrill us with horror and incite us to pity. The coronation of Inez de Castro, which pity. The coronation of Inez de Castro, which took place at midnight with extraordinary pomp, in one of the majestic temples for which her land was justly famed, is a fact more marvelous than remancer's pen ever indited. The spacious edifice was thronged with the brave and beautiful. In the principal nave was a stately throne, surmounted by a gorgeous pavilion. The costly purple that formed the lofty ennopy, spread its wave like folds on the marble floor, its dark shadows impar-ting a funeral aspect to the brilliant scene. Arrayed in robes that sparkled with jewels her classic brow decorated with a glittering lindem, Inez occupied the royal sent. strains of triumphant music resounded along the hallowed arches, and the mighty bell tolled loudly in memory of a departed soul, princes and warriors pressed forward to touch her hand in token of their fealty. Alas! that fair hand was insensible to the pressure of affection and respect. The pulse had ceased its throbbing. The fingers that in child-hood's happy hour oft toyed with a mother's ringlets, had lost their elasticity. The elo-

quent lips were incapable of invoking blessings. The bosom that but yesterday responded to noble sentiments, no longer swelled with generous emotions. The heart that yearned for sympathy, and glowed with love's oure flame, had grown icy cold. No passionate appeal, or pathetic entreaty, might ever arouse the tranquil sleeper. Her immortal spirit, accompanied by angelic messengers, and passed through the portals of the skies,

into a world ineffably glorious.

Beside the marble form of his martyred queen, his lips pallid as those Death had sealed with a kiss, stood Don Pedro scanning closely the bearing of all who drew near to closely the bearing of all who drew near to do homage to his bride. A flood of light re-light came and they saw that our flag vealed every feature of the lovely one, whose charms were fast giving place to the pallor students astray. First of all, in order to speak more decisively, that he will taste orbs it shaded took no note of the thousands orbs it shaded took no note of the thousands orbs it shaded took no note of the thousands assembled to witness a ceremony so impressive. Though the countenance of the highborn lady bore no impress of suffering, and her repose seemed peaceful as that of rosy-faced cherub on maternal bosom, a strange awe seized upon all whose duty required that they should touch her delicate fingers. Heroes who were ever foremost in the perilous enterprise, and laughed Death to scorn in the 'They drink a great deal of it, Mr. Por- field of strife, approached their deceased mistress with fear. How singular, that one amiable in life, should prove terrible when the animating principle had taken its depart-

forsaken him, deploys all the ceeded by a plaintive air as they bore the f his art. passed down the wide-spred aisle, the requiem's wailing notes the only sound that broke the midnight's silence, none appeared with precious stones, formed her shroud .-With the ring of state flashing radiantly on her tapering finger, and an exquisitely wrought diadem resting on a brow serene as the conntenance of a scraph, they tenderly laid her is lips, heaves a sigh, and puts it down. in a mausoleum, sculptured by skilful artist. At that moment the excellencies of the departed forcibly recurred to Don Pedro, and he who failed to appreciate them while she lived, honored her memory by bowing low his head above her sepulchre, while he sought to conceal his emotion by hiding his face in the folds of his mantle.

FUN AT HOME. -- Don't be afraid of a little has been exhibited recently in Paris for a fun at home good people. Don't shut u railroad across the Simplon pass. The line your houses lest the sun should fade you fun at home good people. Don't shut up carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the old cobweb there. If you want to ruin your sons, le them think that all mirth and social enjoythe work practicable at an elevation of three or four thousand feet above the sea. The when they come home at night. When once estimated cost is seventy two millions of a home is regarded as only a place to cat francs. The object of course; is to connect drink and sleep in, the work is begun that the Swiss Line of Geneva and the Valley of the Rhone with the Italian Cis Alpine lines. During four months, a band of enrelaxation semewhere; if they do not find it gineers and their assistants, numbering forty at their own hearthstones, it will be sought individuals, have traced the line over mountain tother, and perhaps, less profitable places. tain summits, across valleys, gorges, and Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night precipicos, living all that time in temporary and make the home-nest delightful with all sheds, and carrying with them food, clothing, those little arts that parents so perfectly unand all the necessaries of existance into the very heart of unexplored mountain forests. Out of about seventy miles of railroad thus laboriously laid down in these places, nearly out the remembradee of many a care and an twenty will be in tunnels and as many more | noyance during the day, and the best safe guard they can take with them into the world cades on one side like those of the Rue de Rivali. The appearance on the plans is mestic circle.—Life Illustrated.

A NOVEL DINNER PARTY.-The New York Home Journal says the latest bit of uptown fashionable news is the exceeding sumptu ousness of two successful dinner parties, given to two betrothed ladies by a wealthy bachelor of their acquaintance, each party numbering about twenty persons, and the latter one in-A Model Speech.—A Captain in an Iowa regiment, having been informed that his company had subscribed a handsome sum for the purpose of purchasing and presenting him with an elegant sash and sword, called his men forgether and daligned himself of the table. It was oval shaped, but a white cloth only circling the more forgether and daligned himself of the table and the purpose of purchasing and presenting him with an elegant sash and sword, called himself of the purpose of purchasing and presenting the novel furnishing of the table. It was oval shaped, but a white cloth only circling the purpose of purchasing the purpose of purpose of purchasing the purpose of purpose its outer rim, the whole interior being an ex-quisitely arranged parterre, filled with basboys, it you have any money to spare, send it home to your families if they need it; set in wet sawdust and moss, and the air being they my own sword. Should you do it. of choice dishes, according to the beautifully printed carte distributed to all. At the close of the dinner, each lady guest took (as a present from the host) one of these costly and superb baskets of flowers, which had ornamented the centre of the table-the beautiful burden of the banquet being thus borne away by the most admiring beholder.

> EXACTLY ALIKE.—White men are to pay \$300 per head to set the niggers free, and then \$300 more to free themselves from the draft. Thus the value of a white man and nigger is placed at the same figure; only, the former has the privilege of paying for both .- Allentown Democrat

"Have you said your prayers, John?" "No, ma'am-it aint my work. Bill says the prayers, and I the amens! We agreed word "blackg to do it, because it comes shorter."

Origin of Things.

"The Star Spangled Banner." The author of this national song was Frances J. Key, Esq., a native of Maryland, and the attending incidents are condensed from an extended narratively by his brother-in-law, the pre-

"the song has become a national one, and will, I think, from its great merit, continue to be so, especially in Maryland, and everything that concerns its author, must be a matter of interest to his children and descendants. The scene he describes, and the warm spirit of patriotism which breathes in the song, were not the offspring of mere fancy or poetic imagination. He describes what he actually saw, and what he felt while witnessing the conflict, and when the battle was over and the by his countrymen. Every word came warm from his heart, and it never fails to find a response in the hearts of those who listen Dr. Beanes, the author's particular friend, was a prisoner on board the British fleet then lying at the mouth of the Potomac. Mr. Key volunteered in endeavoring to procure his release, in which he was finally successful, but was detained on board until the attack on Baltimore, which was then about to be made, was over. The bombardment commenced, and during the night, the author, with his two fellow-prisoners, paced the deck in breathless anxiety, watching every shell from the moment it was fired un-til it fell, listening to hear if an explosion fol-

lowed. "While the bombardment continued it "While the bombardment continued it was sufficient proof that Fort McHenry had not surrendered. But it suddenly ceased some time before day; and as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the forthad surrendered, or the attack upon it been abandoned. They watched intensely for the return of day, looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait their watches to see how long they must wait for it, and as soon as it dawned, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whethor they should see there the stars and stripes was still there, and were informed, that the attack on Baltimore had failed, and that

the enemy was re-embarking. "He told me under the excitement of the time he had written a song, and handed me a copy of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' After expressing my admiration, I asked him how he had found time in the scenes he had been passing through to compose such a song. He said he commenced it on the deck of the vessel in the fevor of the moment, when he saw the enemy hastily retreating to their ships, and looked at the flag he had watched for so anxiously as the morning opened."

Mr. Taney concludes: "I have made this longer than I intended, but I have felt a melancholy pleasure in recalling events connected in any degree with the life of one with whom I was so long and closely united in friendship and affection, and whom I so much admired for his genius and loved for his many virtues.

TIT FOR TAT!-In a small town on the Schuykill river there is a church in which the singing had "run completely down."

It had been led for many years by one of he descons, whose voice and musical power

had been gradually failing.
One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was in metrical measures rather than usual, and the deacon arose

"Brother B --- will please repeat the hymn, as I can not conscientiously pray fter such singing !" The deacon very composedly pitched it to

mother tune with a manifest improvement upon the first effort, and the clergyman pro-ceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up a book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying, in a voice audible to the whole congregation.

"Will Mr.——please make another prayer? It will be impossible for me to sing

ifter such praying as that !".

TALKING TO CHILDREN. -The Superintendent of a Sunday School was questioning his pupils concerning the address made to them nring the previous session.
Children what did Mr. Phonny tell you this morning! ' No answer was made

'Can't any of you tell me what was said? susie, can't you remember? Susie, a bright little one of seven years, rouse, and with one finger in her mouth, pashfully lipsed out:
'Pleathe, thir, he talked and he talked, and he thed ath how he loved uth, and he, talked—and we all thought he wath agoin to thay thumthing, but he didn't thay

IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT .- Arrangements are being made, it is said, to imeach the President at the next session of Congress. Certainly no public officer ever deserved it more. If a majority of the House vote in favor of the impeachment, he will then be tried by the Senate, the Chief Justice presiding, and a committee of the House conducting the prosecution. A two-thirds vote of the Senate is required to convict.

THE FLAX SEED CROP IN OHIO. -The crop of flax seed last year in Ohio was unusually large—fully 20 per cent greater than the previous year. Prices are high, but as the contract system prevails to a great extent farmers do not reap the benefit. The crushers furnish the seed to the growers on condition that they sell them the crop at one dollar per bushel.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

How softly on the bruised heart A word of kindness falls, And from the dry and parched soul The moistering tear-drop calls! O, if they know, who walk the earth 'Mid sorrow, grief and pain, The power a word of kindness hath, 'Twere paradise again!

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend: 'Has your sister got son or a daughter?' He answered;—'Upon my life, I do not know whether I am uncle or aunt!'

" Hans, what is the matter?" "Do sorrel wagon has run away mit de green horse, and broke de axeltree of de brick honse what stands by de corner lamp-post across de telegraph, and mine pipe ran off mit de gooseneck."

A young lady in this borough is so refined in her language, that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "Afri-