

The Sunbury American

NEW SERIES, VOL. 13, NO. 43.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 21, NO 17

The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY H. B. MASSER, Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

TO CLUBS: Three Copies to one address, 10 cts. Five copies to one address, 25 cts.

TO ADVERTISERS: One Square of 12 lines 3 times, \$1 00.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING: One Square of 12 lines 3 times, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

ONE SQUARE OF 12 LINES 3 TIMES, \$1 00.

Select Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come, The saddest of the year,
Of waiting winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren have flown,
And from the shrub the jay;
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A besauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers,
And lying in their lowly bed,
With the privilege of having different arrangements weekly.

The wild flower and the violet,
The perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchid died
With the first winter snow;
But on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook,
In Autumn months stood
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold
heaven.

As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From sprang, glade and glen.
And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter homes,
With the faint and feeble notes is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill.
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmet it was that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

Original Matter.

For the Sunbury American.

EIGHTH OF JANUARY.

Meeting of Old Soldiers of the War of 1812, and other Citizens.—Sumptuous Dinner at the Washington House.

The Old Soldiers, survivors of the war of 1812, residing in this district, with a large number of present citizens, celebrated the Anniversary of the victory of New Orleans on the 8th Inst. A grand dinner was served up at the "Washington House," James Covey, proprietor. The dinner was a splendid affair, and abundantly appreciated.

The Governor adopted the sentiment, and proceeded to make one of those masterly and eloquent speeches for which he is so justly celebrated. He concluded by offering: The Judiciary of Northumberland County, represented here in the person of the President Judge of this district, faithful, earnest, profound, clear logical and honest, an ornament to the profession, and a light upon the bench.

The following resolutions were then read by the Secretary, and unanimously adopted. Resolved, That reverencing and loving our Country, in this hour of her peril, when passion and madness seem to rule; resting in hope and humble faith on the Divine Majesty of our God, we fervently implore Him to avert, by Almighty interposition, the calamities which threaten our land; to put it once more into the hearts of our countrymen universally and reciprocally to support and sustain each other; to renew their pledges of faithfulness to the Constitution; and in the management of unselfish and patriotic thought, once again to resolve to devote themselves through life and for death, to the defence of the Union and the cause of Liberty; so that the people of this great Republic in every portion of its may live in brotherhood, henceforth, for all time to come.

Resolved, That it is the duty of those who participated in the war of 1812, as well as of good citizens, to celebrate the anniversary of the great victory at New Orleans, and cherish the memory, and emulating the example of the Patriot Soldier and Statesman Andrew Jackson, the Captain on that battle; leave a holier love and deeper reverence for our Country.

Resolved, That we recommend to the two Houses of Congress to pass a pension act, for the benefit of the poor and infirm old soldiers who served in the war of 1812, and called for a song. He begged to be excused on the plea of ill health. (Signed by the officers.)

Resolved, That the surviving patriots of the war of 1812, whether dispersed throughout the nation, and engaged like us to-day, in celebrating the glorious victory at New Orleans, have our sympathy and our blessing.

Resolved, That while soldiers of 1812 survive, the 8th day of January should be by them, even the last one of them left on earth alone, publicly and gratefully commemorated. The regular toasts are omitted, deeming it unnecessary to occupy space with them. Among the volunteer toasts offered, are the following:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.
Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A SOLDIER'S DUTY.

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he paced his midnight round.

Mr. Billington, then sang the following song, with fine execution and a voice of remarkable sweetness and compass, singularly preserved:

A soldier is the noblest name,
Enroll'd upon the list of Fame;
His country's pride and boast,
Honor, the glorious bright reward,
For which the hero draws the sword,
For which the hero draws the sword,
Shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
To guard our Rights and Liberties,
His duty and his care;
The brave and worthy to respect,
The brave and worthy to respect,
And from the ill of life protect,
The innocent and fair.

The Eagle towing from her nest,
Her influence of peace and rest,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
There Freedom soon appear'd,
'Twas there she saw her favorite son,
Through all the world his name is known,
Through all the world his name is known,
GEORGE WASHINGTON, never!
And smiling, thus the goddess spoke:
"Columbia's sons draw near—
A soldier's duty never forget,
A soldier's duty never forget—
Behold, the bright crown set—
The school of Honor's here."
The song was received with great applause. Mr. Billington on concluding, begged to offer the following sentiment:

By Judge Jordan.—The surviving soldiers of 1812.

Henry Billington, Esq., was called upon to respond to this sentiment. Mr. Billington said: talking was not his vocation, but rather action. He felt vigorous and young enough yet for a new campaign, when his country required his services. His heart had not grown old; his love of country had strengthened with the strengthening of intellect. He would give the company a song, if it would please them to hear it, a relic of the past time—a song which many a time had cheered the weary soldier at his camp fire, and relaxed the sentinel at his watch, merrily humming it as he