

form was bent with the weight of his sufferings, and his face bore the expression of the excruciating torture from which for long months he was never free. It was worth a visit to Washington to see that champion of liberty stagger up the aisle among the scowling minions of slavery to the seat, which, like Pompey's statue where Cesar fell, will be memorable in future history. And there was Douglas too, who had not yet broken with his Southern confederates, whose bows and smiles were yet reserved for the magnates of secession, and who had no word of salutation for the sufferer, in whose attempted murder he had been little better than a particeps criminis.

Through a dark, winding passage I sought my way to the gallery of the House. Speaker Banks was in the chair, of whom an officer in the 13th Army Corps wrote me from New Iberia, the other day, "I am at last compelled to acknowledge that, next to Gen. Grant, he (Gen. Banks) is the smartest General we have." I think that I never entertained a profounder admiration for any man than I did for Speaker Banks, as for two hours I sat and watched him preside over that assemblage of noisy, turbulent rulers. He seemed born for the place, as Horace says poets are for their vocation. He had a surprising grace and dignity that no outburst could disturb. He was perfectly self-possessed. Though the whole House were on their legs at the same time, shouting "Mr. Speaker," he knew just what to do and how to do it. He had a rich, deep-toned voice, that swelled out, with no apparent exertion, to the entire capacity of the Representative Hall. Conspicuous among the members was Mr. Humphrey-Marshall, of Kentucky, who displayed his large, burly form to a very poor advantage. During the proceedings he came staggering up the passage so drunk, that he could with difficulty maintain his perpendicular. Truth compels me to add that many of the members were in the same plight. The habitues of the Capitol said it was customary at the close of the session.

The following day was memorable beyond all others of my stay in Washington. I had learned that the Supreme Court was in session and I determined to take a look at the venerable men who composed it. The Court at that time occupied a small, cramped room underneath the Senate Chamber. It seemed a dark and gloomy place to me, appropriate to the work that was then going forward in that concave of pro-slavery zealots. As soon as the Court opened, Justice McLean commenced to read his opinion in the Dred Scott case. A few days before, the Chief Justice had read the decision of the Court. What that decision was it is needless to repeat here. It was now the time for the dissenting Judges to show the ground for their dissent. When Justice McLean, in a manner calm and deliberate, opened his assault upon that most extraordinary, partizan, pro-slavery deliverance of his fellows, they all listened with fixed attention. As he proceeded to show that it was contrary, both to law and precedent, I could notice by the nervous twitching of his face and hands and the tremor of his voice that under that calm exterior, there was no little excitement. He evidently was somewhat disconcerted while he planted the blows of his tremendous logic in the very faces of his fellow-judges. For a time, they bore it with apparent equanimity. But when he proceeded to show that, in any event, the opinion was extra-judicial, that it had no binding force whatever, two of the majority indulged in a little chat, and in sundry shrugs and smiles, and finally left their seats and withdrew from the room. It was the last time I saw Justice McLean, and I shall never forget how my heart swelled with gratitude to God as I sat and listened to his noble words so worthily a Christian Judge.

Justice Curtis followed with an opinion that helped to show to the world that all the members of the Court had not gone crazy on the question of slave domination. It was my first, and may prove my last, visit to Washington. When I left it behind me and turned my face homeward, it was with feelings of extreme sadness and apprehension. It seemed that a dark night was settling upon our country. Slavery had placed in the Presidential chair one of the most pliant of its servants. It had converted the Supreme Court into a band of pro-slavery advocates. Henceforth there was no claim however monstrous and unfounded, which it seemed would not readily be conceded. Seven years have passed and you, Mr. Editor, saw Washington redeemed! What hath God wrought? Yours, PRESBYTERIAN.

THEY THAT SOW PLENTIFULLY shall reap plentifully. I see there is no such way to have a large harvest, as to have a large heart. The free giving of the branches of our present estate to God, is the readiest means to have the fruit increased for the future.—Fuller.

SACRED SYMBOLS.

BY REV. DANIEL MARCEL.

No. V.—THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

1 Cor. vii. 31.—The fashion of this world passeth away.

The word rendered "fashion" was applied by the Greeks to the scenic representations of the stage. The apostle would say, that the system of things with which we are surrounded and in which we bear a part, may be compared to some grand dramatic representation, which dazzles and delights for a time and then passes away.

In the exhibitions upon the stage, events of the greatest importance are set forth in such rapid succession before the eyes of the spectator, that he has not time to be weary while sitting to gaze. The rise and fall of kingdoms; the life-long labors and achievements of patriots and heroes; the change of the field of action from one country to another; the development of the most deep-laid schemes, and the consummation of designs that have cost years of study and toil, are all made the transactions of an hour. However gorgeous the scenery, however brilliant or majestic the action, it never rests for a moment. On it hurries the ever-imminent catastrophe, swifter than the wheels of time. The mighty passion which seems sufficient to inflame the world, and which makes all beholders shudder and shrink from its consuming fervor, burns itself out with a few meteoric and momentary flashes of its stormy wrath, and soon the astonished and delighted spectator is left to return to the homely scenes of real life, and to sigh at the vision of splendor and of beauty which had stirred his mind with great thoughts and mighty purposes, and thrilled his heart with tumultuous emotion, had melted away before he had half appreciated its charm. He thinks the world to which he retires from the gaudy lights and the tinsel robes and the mock passion of the stage, is cold and barren of interest, and limited to one unchanging sameness of character and of action. He little thinks that his own daily life, is itself a drama of far deeper and more awful significance than any transient show of the stage. The part which he acts is one of infinite concern to himself, and the catastrophe of eternal destiny is as inevitable as death. He has no time to pause and study his part anew and improve his acting in a second representation. He appears upon the stage but once, and the awful tragedy which is to fix his destiny forever, is moving onward to its appointed conclusion every moment.

The scenery with which he is surrounded in his first and only representation of life, is designed and set up by the Builder of worlds to teach him every moment the solemn lesson—"passing away." The busy fingers of time are ever chiselling deeper into its most substantial structures the inscription of the divine word, "passing away." Even those works of nature which seem impregnable in strength and immortal in beauty, take up the refrain and repeat the same song, "passing away." The glory with which the whole creation is clothed to welcome the returning spring; the voices of new life that sing with gladness through all the advancing summer, are adopted in all languages as the fitting symbols of transient beauty and fleeting joy. The frailest flower in all the fields with no more certain blossoms to die, than the strong oak waves its foliage in the breath of a hundred summers, only to have the garments of its glorious beauty as often changed to the pall of death and strewn on the grave of the dying year. Night follows the day and itself breaks into the dawn. Here the land encroaches upon the deep, and there the sea devours its ancient shore. The clouds scatter the vapors of the ocean upon the mountains, and the mountains send them back, burdened with the tribute of the worn and wasted rocks, to the sea. The lofty peaks, the battlements of the skies, are shattered by the artillery of the clouds; the everlasting hills are bowed, the rivers change their channels, and the foundations of ancient cities are swept by the waves. The sun, the symbol and the reality of all constancy in the material world, displays a changing and disfigured disc; and here and there a star, disappearing from the jeweled crown of night, starts the shuddering conjecture whether darkness may not eventually usurp the thrones of the sons of the morning.

So changes and passes away all that is most beautiful, all that is most magnificent in the material world; and man, the living actor in the midst of the mighty scene, Man for whose sake all nature stands And stars their courses move, man himself changes and passes away. The surges of the great sea of life, which roar and swell around us to-day, will soon sleep upon the silent shore of eternity. The busy schemes of earthly ambition, which fire the hearts and exhaust the energies of thousands to-day, will soon come to naught or sink forever in "the breezeless sea of infinite oblivion." The gem that sparkles upon the brow of beauty, will soon lend its light to other eyes when the present wearer has put on the dark

drapery of the tomb, just as the gaudy robes and the mock jewels of the stage pass from one actor to another in the representation of successive scenes. The hearse, with the coffin dead, hurries along the crowded street as fast as the swelling current of life flows in the same channel. In the months and years of the future, there will be rich and poor, old and young, happy and miserable, but not the same that hold such conditions to-day. The possessions and palaces of the rich will pass to other hands; the wretched hiding places of the poor will have woe for others to suffer, when all that are now acting a part in the various scenes of life have passed away to return no more. As the shadows of clouds, in a summer's day chase each other along the slopes of the mountains; as wave follows wave breaking on the same shore; as the busy multitude moving along the crowded street, causes meetings and partings every moment to be repeated never more, so passes away the swift and awful vision of this earthly life. Everything we learn from the history of the past, everything we observe in the moving panorama of the present, the whole course of things in this changing world, reminds us that the part we are acting must be brief; and the word of revelation adds infinite meaning and solemnity to the voices of nature and of Providence, by declaring that as we live in time, shall be our destiny in eternity.

Soldier's Scrap Book.

NINTH. SORAP.—SKIP THE HARD WORDS.

With the exception of one vice, I would set up the general morality of the soldiers of our army against that of any like number of men promiscuously counted up in the abodes of peace. I have said this often, and I say it gratefully and heartily.

But that one vice—to you, soldier, I need not name it. You know only too well how frightfully extensive it is, and how awful are the terms employed in the practice of it. I bring it to your notice chiefly for the sake of giving the outline of a conversation which I had with one of your fellow-soldiers respecting it.

I first saw him sitting with a small company of comrades, on a bench outside of one of those shelters for soldiers near the depot in Washington. The numbers on their caps showed them to be fellow-members of an Ohio Regiment, and the one of whom I speak wore the uniform of a sergeant. They were highly excited about something, and their conversation was awfully profane. The sergeant was behind none of the others in profanity; but there was something about him which impressed me with the belief that in a cooler hour he would be accessible to Christian admonition.

Later in the morning, I saw him walk up the track alone, and seat himself on a stick of timber near by. I approached him with a pleasant "Good morning" to which he responded with a soldierly politeness. I asked the liberty of sitting by his side. He assented, still politely, but evidently cautious of being over cordial. As I wore the badge of the "Christian Commission," he doubtless expected some religious conversation, and he seemed not exactly disposed to repulse me, but to hold himself in reserve, until he should see how he was likely to be approached.

I spoke to him of the soldier life, and, as in all honesty I could, of the noble estimation in which our soldiers are held at home. I inquired for his adventures; of the home he had left, and of the friends of that home. I inquired also respecting the religious privileges which his camp-life afforded, and what kind of reading he had. Just then he had nothing of the kind. He had been furnished with pamphlets and tracts, bad and good, but they had all been lent, given away or lost. His Testament was lost at Antietam, and he had owned none since. I proposed his acceptance of one which I had in my pocket. He took it thankfully, and promised to read it daily. By this time he had become free and chatty. I offered him three or four tracts which he cheerfully accepted. I also handed him a card, gotten up by the late Isaac Collins, of Philadelphia, on which were printed the well-known lines, beginning:

"It chills my blood to hear the Blest Supreme, Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme." He said it was all very good, but added: "We soldiers will forget it once in a while, do our best." As for example, when you and your comrades were talking this morning about —, I replied, smiling at the same time, but perhaps sadly, "Ah, you heard that, eh? Well there was some tall swearing there, I must confess. But it was a case that called for swearing. Nothing else would have answered." My good fellow, tell me now, did swearing help the case? Will it help you one whit toward making — do as he ought; or will it give you any patience

under your wrongs, or make it easier to bear them if they are not righted? Will it do any good?"

"O I can't just say what good it does, but then it comes so natural to us soldiers. You mustn't think hard of us: we curse without thinking what we are about. We don't mean anything bad."

"Consider, sergeant: is not that worse than all the rest? You speak the high and holy name of God with the most contemptuous irreverence which language can express. You extend this contempt to the sacred name of Christ, the only Saviour for lost souls. You invoke damnation upon men and things, even upon your own head, on the most trivial occasions. You make foul mockery of the most awful subjects in the universe. Now all this is wrong—impious, awful and eternal wrong, is it not?"

He was silent. "Think, my dear fellow," I proceeded, "what must be the condition of that heart which has ceased to feel the shock of such wrong? What have become of the moral sensibilities of the man to whose lips blasphemy has become so natural that in uttering it, he does not think what he is about, and means nothing bad."

He still made no reply. He was evidently disturbed, but not angry. I spoke of the recklessness of the feelings of others involved in the use of profanity. People who were his real friend, were distressed by his abuse of the best friends of us all—God. He had previously told me that of his parents only his mother was living; that neither she nor his sisters were public professors of religion, but that they were church-goers, and moved in Christian society. I ventured to ask him if he had been accustomed to swear in their presence.

"No," he replied, "I was always careful about my speech at home. No, sir; not for all this city of Washington would I have them hear what you heard from my lips this morning. But there is no help for it here. Nine-tenths of us first learned to swear in the army. We must do it, for everybody here swears. Our generals swear; so do our colonels; and our captains are always cursing us. What then can we do? There is swearing in the tent; swearing on parade, and swearing on picket. We all have to come to it."

My companion was vehement; so it was not strange if he was extravagant. I thought then as I still think, that he over-estimated the proportion of those who first took up the habit of swearing in the army; and I know that we have high officers who are not profane. As for his assertion that "everybody here swears," and "we all have to come to it," I will tell you in another scrap how that came out. B. B. H.

The Poultry Yard.

POULTRY RAISING IN DELAWARE.

Mr. EDITOR.—Having lately seen many statements of a "big thing" in the way of poultry-raising, more especially chickens, in the N. Y. Observer, by gentlemen living in bigger States than my own, I would like to call attention to what has been done in this locality. Allow me to give the statistics as taken from the accounts.

Table with 2 columns: Date and Stock/Chickens. Rows include Jan 1st 1863, Feb, March, April, May, June, July, Aug, Sept, Oct, Nov, Dec, and Total.

In addition to the above, 300 chickens and 32 ducks, (also hatched by hens,) were part of the production of stock on hand. They were fed, during the entire year, 76 bushels corn, 19 1/2 do. corn meal, 1040 lbs. beef cracklings at one cent per lb., all amounting to \$62.02.

Table with 3 columns: Item, Price, and Total. Rows include 27 1/2 dozen eggs @ 20c, 150 pair chickens @ 62c, 16 pair ducks @ \$1, Feed during entire year, Eggs used for setting, Total gain.

As regards the quality, it is not necessary to speak to any one who during the past year has visited Delaware. New Castle, Co., Del., Jan. 18th, 1864.

THE PHILADELPHIA "SEAMEN'S HOME."

That worthy organization, the Pennsylvania Seamen's Friend Society, is desirous of maintaining its efficiency and usefulness among the important class to whom its Christian efforts are directed, by repairs and improvements on the Seamen's Home. Desirous of aiding them in the work, we lay before our readers some extracts from an article sent us by the managers of the society. It describes the "Home" as

A place where the sailor in port, after the labors and perils of the voyage, may receive the kind instruction of faithful missionaries, be surrounded with home comforts, and kept from the snare of rum-sellers, who ply their satanic trade almost in front of every wharf and at the corner of every street, alluring their unfortunate victims into dens of the lowest degradation, where their hard-earned wages are exchanged for the intoxicating cup and the seductive smiles of abandoned women. These are the ordinary boarding houses for seamen—a state of things which should not be permitted to exist in any Christian city without a determined effort to counteract the evil. The remedy is in the "Sailor's Home." There is already a substantial and commodious house, 422 South Fourth street, capable of accommodating one hundred boarders, and upwards of 14,000 mariners have shared its privileges since its establishment; but notwithstanding the yearly average shows nearly one thousand, yet, from their transient character, the number might be four or five thousand, if the resources of the society were such as to fix the price of board below the usual rates, and also to keep the "Home" in good and attractive order.

Anything short of this is but a half measure. From want of adequate funds the building has got out of repair; many of the rooms ought to be refurnished, and the whole interior and exterior needs repairing, which the house committee are anxious to accomplish if a thousand dollars can be raised for that purpose; and surely no object is more worthy the attention of the church. In proportion as we improve the sailor, we are materially helping the work of foreign missions, besides saving many a poor soul from ruin, among those who toil on the great deep we owe, in a large measure, our commercial prosperity. In New York and Boston, Sailor's Homes have been very successful; let not Philadelphia, rich as she is in works of benevolence and labors of love, be unmindful of her duty in this work.

The Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Seamen's Friend Society is A. G. Coffin, Esq., President of North American Insurance Company, Walnut street, below Third, to whom donations may be forwarded.

THE MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.

By a vote of 51 to 15, the Legislature of Maryland have recognized the overwhelming sentiment of the people of that State, and have declared their purpose to call a convention to amend the State Constitution so as to effect, as soon as practicable, the abolition of Slavery.

We clip the above from one of our daily contemporaries. It deserves to be marked as another indication of the revolution in popular sentiment on slavery now going forward with rapid strides in our land. The majority is more than three to one in favor of the convention; doubtless it represents very nearly the popular majority in favor of the abolition of slavery throughout the State of Maryland. Indeed, it seems inexplicable to us how, upon the narrowest and plainest consideration, any part of the population could persist in adhering to an institution which has become so suddenly and so utterly obsolete. The fall of slavery in America has been like the predicted doom of Babylon:

And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying: Thus, with violence, shall the great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.

All concerned had better get out of the way of the falling millstone.

DR. BOURNS AT PORTVILLE.

Our readers found in the addresses and proceedings at the meeting; to receive Dr. Bourns at Portville, copied in the last number of this paper, full justification of all the interest which we or others have taken in the pathetic case of Humiston and his family. It is no mere flush of sentimentalism which gives that portrait and the happily discovered family such a place in our hearts. And if the feeling were such as to exhaust itself in reaching a single fallen soldier's family, and in placing around them the strong arms of a grateful and patriotic public, that end alone would be fully worth all that has been done in this instance. But a great deal more is meant, and a great deal more may result from the interest awakened by the discovery, identification and return of the picture to the family of this fallen soldier. It is all eminently calculated to awaken and stimulate our sense of obligation to all the families which have been orphaned for our country's sake in this war. And this nation might almost as well become a prey to dismemberment, as to be guilty of ingratitude and disrespect to the memory of those who have perished in delivering it from this fate. We do not deserve our restored unity and power, and it will be of no lasting benefit to us if we are indifferent to the necessities of these bereaved families. Gov. Curtin, in his annual message, has suggested to our State Legislature to appropriate a sum to this object. It is just what we should expect from one who has so nobly earned the title of Friend of the Soldier. We earnestly hope it will receive early attention both from Legislators and people.