

since the secession of the Southern members of Parliament—I beg pardon—of Congress.

The geological character of Pennsylvania is most interesting. The "conglomerate," according to the miner's patois, somewhat typifies the social structure of the Keystone State, in which pebbles of all sizes and sorts, from the man of science and the woman of refined charms, to the brawny Meinherr, and the ardent, witty, prolific, dirty, genial, generous Biddy, are whirled in one Republican "pudding." Nature is true to her own typical forms, and our lamented Miller told us that certain wavy lines on some ancient strata, when copied as ornaments on ladies' dresses, delight the modern eye, as they did the immortal spirit of beauty in the days when the earth was a voiceless waste, preparing by cycles of slow moving change for the advent of man.

It strikes me that when nature colored the beautiful green of your Pennsylvania sandstone, she was only antotyping the verdant vigor of the fresh manly sinews of your imperial state; the sharp lucid crystals which crust your quartz, bring to my mind that beautiful ordinance of Republican truths, which shall endure only less lastingly, than the eternal diamond of divine truth.

Your red sandstone, is it colored with shame at Pennsylvania Judases, or is it rich with the red saving blood of immortal Gettysburg?

There are some fossils of interesting nature in your formations; instance, the coprolith copperheads, an ignoble impression on the everlasting rock of American patriotism.

I must not omit to mention one remarkable relic of a former age, a mammalian fossil which is not found outside of your State. I have named it Asthenetherium. There is only one specimen extant, and that is found at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. L.

#### NATIONAL SAILORS' FAIR.

We have been requested by our Boston friends to notice in our paper their intended Fair for our sailors, and feel that we cannot do this better than by inserting their own words:

"In view of the gigantic and noble efforts of the Sanitary Commission in aid of the soldiers of the country, in this her hour of peril, it has been thought by some that the claims to sympathy and support of an equally deserving class, viz: the Sailors, Marines and others of our naval service, have been too little remembered. It is therefore proposed to make an effort in their behalf, by providing a home for the disabled, where in addition to the comforts which that name implies, they may enjoy the added reflection that their valuable services to the country are appreciated by a grateful community, who are disposed in this way to express their interest in their welfare.

In accordance with this suggestion, it is proposed to hold a Fair in November next, in Boston, Mass., and a call is therefore made on the loyal and patriotic men and women of our land, to aid in the good cause by contribution, either of money or articles of taste and utility; and it is confidently believed that the subject need only to be brought before the public, to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of all."

#### FREEDOM'S DAWN.

Written for "Our Daily Fare."  
BY RICHARD COE.

I sing of freedom to the slave,  
E'er yet an hour be past;  
We should not dally with the wrong,  
That right may come at last!  
Our brothers' blood, my countrymen,  
Is crying from the sod;  
Then let us purge our statute-book,  
And leave results with God!  
Chaotic darkness filled the void,  
When God, in voice of might,  
Above this shapeless mass of earth,  
Proclaimed, "let there be light!"  
And lo! upon a thousand hills,  
And valleys far away;  
Burst forth in full refulgency,  
The pure glad light of day!  
And yet a greater darkness still,  
Than filled the void e'en then,  
Hath settled on the consciences,  
And on the hearts of men;  
And now, once more, the voice of God  
Is speaking into birth,  
The glorious dawn of freedom's day,  
To bless the sons of earth!  
Up, then, ye haters of the wrong,  
Ye lovers of the right,  
And let your shouts of triumph greet  
The coming of the light;  
Until from every mountain's height,  
And every valley's sed,  
The increase of a nation's praise,  
Shall upward waft to God!

#### PRACTICAL "LOVE FOR THE SOLDIER."

"Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, at the battle near Zutphen, was wounded by a musket ball, which broke the bone of his thigh. He was carried about a mile and a half to the camp, and being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was immediately brought to him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a *poor wounded soldier*, who happened at that instant to be carried by him, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth and delivered it to the soldier, saying: "*Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*" — [Murray's English Reader.

One is reminded of the above incident, (to be found recorded in a familiar old school book,) by reading the following article from the *Sentinel*, of Mifflintown, Juniata county, Pennsylvania:

LIEUT. COL. GEO. F. M'FARLAND.

We are happy to state that this gentleman has been appointed to a clerkship in the school Department. We hardly know which most to congratulate, the Lieut. Colonel in getting the clerkship, or the Department in securing his services. It was a worthy selection beyond doubt. The following letter shows to whom he is indebted, and it speaks volumes for the magnanimity and generosity of Mr. Worden, of the Lewisburg *Chronicle*:

SENATE CHAMBER,  
Harrisburg, Pa., April 12, 1864. }  
To Hon. Chas. R. Coburn, Sup't., Common  
Schools of Pennsylvania:

DEAR SIR:—Some months since, upon the recommendation of one of your predecessors,

you offered me a clerkship in your department, commencing this season. I have had no reason to doubt your intention to depute to me all that trust, at the time designated. But having to-day seen a recommendation of Colonel GEORGE F. MCFARLAND, for the position—having known him, for many years, as a worthy man, and a public-spirited citizen—and he having been disabled from more active employment by being partially crippled from a wound received in his country's service, I cheerfully join in commending him for the vacant clerkship.—Believing him to be more *worthy* and *capable* than myself, I decline, in his behalf, the favor promised me.

Respectfully, yours, &c.,  
O. N. WORDEN.

Mr. M'Farland was pleasantly engaged in conducting an Academy at McAllisterville, Juniata county, when the rebellion commenced, but he volunteered for the old flag, served honorably and faithfully, and, while leading the 131st P. V. in action near the Seminary, at Gettysburg, he was prostrated by the enemy's balls. One leg was amputated, and he was in bed forty-two weeks before he could arise and stand upon the other wounded limb, which is still unhealed, though improving. Mr. Worden, we understand, is unfitted for military duty, but has fought the slave power with his quill, for a quarter of a century. However desirable to a civil "veteran," as a comparative holiday, an easy and well paying clerkship might have been, he seems to have felt towards the fighting soldier—as did Sidney in our first quoted extract, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Mr. Coburn, in the same commendable spirit, made the appointment.

Our aim in copying the article of the *Sentinel*, and enlarging upon it, is not the honor or praise of the individuals named, well deserving though they may be, but to adduce one *practical example* of self-sacrificing regard for the men who have truly suffered in a great and holy cause, and to exhort others to *imitation*.

#### THE CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH.

The beautiful Chromo-Lithograph in nine colors, of the Buildings of the Great Central Fair, now being struck off at the table in Union Avenue, (and sold at cost) attracts the attention of every visitor. Among the lookers on the other evening, was a gentleman from the country, *via*, one or two or three drinking saloons. He planted himself as steadily as circumstances would admit, near the operator of the press, and spoke:

"I've been *about* in my time. I've had *my* fortergraft took; I've seen authorgrafts, and parrotgrafts in the papers, and other kind of grafts, but I never see, no never, at *any* table, such another *crumb-lifter-graft* as you've got there. Never, nev-er."—He bought one for family use.

COMFORT IN ADVERSITY.—A lady complains that she has received too many papers for her money.