



A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c. &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1861.

VOL. 34, NO. 8.

Poetry.



MARYLAND: "THE HEART OF OUR UNION."

Unroll the Nation's crumpled chart—
Half rent, amid Disunion's jars—
And mark the State whose loyal heart
Beats for the Union stars!

Unfold the Nation's bannered blue,
And flash its gales from hill to hill;
For MARYLAND, thank God is true—
True to the Union still!

Behold! from Vernon's solemn gloom
Our FATHER lifts his guardian hand;
Behold! from Vernon's silent tomb
He points to MARYLAND!

As if, in sooth, his Mother's name
Could link no worthless soil with fame!
No link last then, oh Baltimore!
Of storied shafts to crown thy shore!

While roll the waves of Chesapeake
Their seaward song thy truth shall speak,
And round our home, returning ships
Cry "Union still!" with eager lips!

For, high on Alleghany's edge,
And blue Catocins misty ridge—
And up the ancient Warrior crags,
I see ten thousand starry flags;

And, woven with every stripe and star,
In scrolls of glory flashing far,
I see the Union's azure band
Enwrap the zone of Maryland!

Heart of our Nation!—nobly steed
To best and baffle danger's shocks!
True, in the changing battlefields—
True, at the ballot box!

Heart of the Union—Maryland!
Clasp thy banner in thy hand!
Let this thy faith repay:
Where Calver's tolerant footsteps trod,
And good Charles Carroll worshipped God;
There—deep within thy hallowed sod—
Plant thou that Flag—for aye!

From Susquehanna's joyous tide,
And where Patuxent's waters glide,
To Wicomico's sunset side;
Ye Southern maidens rise;
Go! crown with wreaths your patriot band—
Go! bless the brave who loyal stand—
Go! greet the sons of Maryland
With lips and cheeks, and eyes!

Faithful, amid the faithful none,
Oh Sister of the South! thou art!
Henceforth our Banner-Bearer thou—
Thy name—"The Union's Heart!"
Our Flag shall wave—our Union stand,
While beats the heart of Maryland!
A. J. H. DEGANNE.

Agricultural.



Management of a Colt.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives his method of imparting an education to a colt, as follows:

"In the first place, never intrust him to the care of a person of ungovernable temper. Secondly, he should be treated with kindness from the beginning until he is ready for labor. Since Mr. Ray's laid his method of subduing the horse before the public, I made the horse and his disease my study. The colt should be commenced with gentle quietude, and handled carefully, as he is quick to resent an injury. I begin as soon as he is able to run about—get him so that he will not run away at your approach—get his head in your hands—if he wants to get away, let him—your colt can easily get him again. After handling the head so that he is not afraid, pass on to the side and limbs. The sooner he gets used to having his legs handled, the easier he will be to shoe when necessity requires it to be done. See that the dam gives plenty of milk. If she does not reach the colt to drink cow's milk; there is nothing better to promote the growth.

Great care should be observed in not using the dam so as to heat the milk, as a great many colts are rendered worthless by so doing. I should in no case let the colt remain with the mother after he is five months old, as it gives her time to get in good condition for winter, and it is also the best time for him to shift for himself; do not let him remain out after the nights get cold and frosty, as it will do him no good but much harm. There is plenty of skimmed milk at this season of the year; give him all he will drink, it will not hurt him. After he is weaned is the time to commence halter-breaking him."

MANAGEMENT OF A HORSE.—Among the many excellent animals on exhibition at the Horse Show at Springfield in September, was a mare owned by a gentleman from New York, the qualities of which for kindness and easy management were very remarkable. She was the admiration of the many who witnessed her. This mare, as we learn, is about a dozen years old, and has been in the possession of her present owner several years;

previous to which she was somewhat noted in the neighborhood where she was kept as a vicious, unmanageable animal, and the pest of the farmyard, on account of an apparently unconquerable disposition to bite and kick everybody and everything. Her present owner was induced to purchase her at a price to him seeming low, not knowing the worst of her disposition. He took her home, and turning her loose with his stock, soon saw that something must be done to break her of these bad tricks.

As a matter of necessity she was stabled, and no person was allowed to approach without something to please her palate. Occasion was often taken to fondle and talk kindly to her, and in fact much patience and time were expended, as an experiment, to try and dispel the almost insatiable aversion of the animal to everybody. This had its desired effect in time, and the once almost unmanageable, very disagreeable and unsafe "old kicker" was brought to her senses, and one advantage gained over another, until she is now the pet of her master and wonder of all who know her. There appears to be no secret about this; only a little patience, kindness, and, withal, a determined perseverance on the part of the would-be-master, and most vicious horse may be made the kindest of the brute species.—*Boston Atlas.*

CALVES WITH SHEEP.—To the editor of the Germantown Telegraph: It is well known, perhaps, to most of your agricultural readers, the late calves, when they come to the barn in the fall, if, confined in the yards with older animals, frequently sicken and become debilitated. Being weak and small, they are usually shorn about, and deprived of their due share of food, and in consequence "fall away" rapidly. Now I never allow animals of this description to associate or be confined with larger ones, but put them with my sheep, where there is no danger of their doing or receiving harm. Sick calves, I have observed, often pick up and devour with avidity the hay and straw from among the sheep dung. It is medicinal, and I know of no article that has a more immediate and salutary effect in restoring diseased calves to health than sheep dung. I have practiced this usage for many years and have never lost an animal, though I have had many sick when they came to the barn.—*A Chester Co. Farmer.*

HOW CARROTS AFFECT HORSES.—The carrot is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities. When analyzed, it gives but little more solid matter than any other root, 85 per cent. being water; but its influence on the stomach upon the other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. This result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from the presence of a substance called pectine, which operates to coagulate or gelatinize vegetables or vegetable solutions, and favors this digestion in all cattle. Horses are especially benefited by the use of carrots. They should be fed to them frequently with their other food.—*Markland Express.*

ARTEMAS WARD MAKES A SPEECH.—Artemas Ward received an invitation to make a speech on the "Krysis," at Baldinsville, Indiana. Of course he accepted the invitation, and reported the speech himself. He says:

On retracing to my humsted in Baldinsville, Indiana, recently, my fellow citizens extended an invite to me to narrate to 'em on the Krysis. I accepted, and on last Tuesday nite I appeared before a O of upturn-defaces in the Red School House. I spoke nearly as follows:

Baldinsvillians, Heretofore, as I have unceremoniously observed, I have abstained from bavin any sentiments or principle, my polities, like my religion, bein of an exceedin accomodat-in character. But the fact can't be longer disguised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it my duty to except you invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammatory individuals who assisted in preparing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't soeely. But the Krysis is hear. She's been hear several weeks, & Godnes nose how long she'll stay.— But I venture to assert that she's rippin things. She's knout trade into a kookt up hat and chased up any of my livin wild Beests. Allow me to hear dygress & stait that my beests at present is as harmless as the new born Babe. Ladies & gentlemen need have no fears on that pint. To reason—Altho I can't exactly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the original caws of her is. The original caws is our Atrikan Brother. I was into day, & saw that excentric Etheopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, you folks air raisin thunder with this grate country. You're gettin to be rather more numeris than interestin. Its a pity you eodent go ofr sumwheres by yourselves, & be a nashon of What Is Its, tho if you'll excoose me, I shoold'n care about marryin among you. No doubt yure excedin charmin to bum, but yure stile of livelices isn't adapted to this climat." He larfed into my face, which rather Biled me, as I had bin perfectly virtuous and respectable in my observashons. So sez I, turcin a littel red in the face I speet, "Do you folk have the unblushin impudence to say you folks havent raised a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What Is It?" He larfed agin, wusser nor be4, whareupon I up and sez, "Go home, Sir, to Afrikys' burnin shores & taik all the uther What Is Its along with you. Don't think we can't spair your interestin piers.— You What Is Its air on the pint of sunshin up the gratest Guvment ever erected by man, & you actually have the ousidessy to larf about it. Go home, you low euss!"

I was workt up to a high pitch, & proceeded to a Restorator & cooled ofr with sun little fishes biled in ile—I bleeve they call them sardens.

An Australian says that cowbees are a complete cury for dysentery. He takes them in pills, four a day. They are also used for fever and ague.

OUR NATIONAL AIRS.
So much has been said and done lately, in these stirring times of ours, about our good old national music, that we have thought it would not be uninteresting to our readers to refresh their recollections of the history of some of those familiar airs.

And first, a few words about time-honored and association-honored "Yankee Doodle."—Much learned research has been expended on the origin of this tune, and various are the opinions that have been expressed upon this point. One authority has it that the air was composed by a British doctor, one Shuckburg, as long ago as the time of the old French war in Canada, when the British regulars and the colonial troops fought side by side, and that it was got up in derision of the old fashioned manners of the provincials as contrasted with the more trim and soldierly appearance of the regulars. Others say that the air is as old as Cromwell's time, and that it may be found in the "Musical Antiquities of England." Certainly it was well known in New England before the American Revolution, and there were words to it about "Lydia Fisher" and "Lucy Lockit." And the red coats who occupied Boston in 1775 and 1776, made verses in ridicule of the people their presence insulted, adapted to the time, for example:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a firelock,
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

When the brigade under Lord Percy, on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, marched out of Boston on their way to Concord and Lexington, the drum and life played, derisively, this very air. On the rather rapid return of what there was left of them, they were told they had been made to dance it. And from this time out "Yankee Doodle" was accepted as a reminiscence of the first battle of the Revolution.

It was played on every battle field in the great strife for American Liberty, from Banker Hill to Yorktown and the "Redes" (S. C.) It was heard amidst the hurrying of the leaders of industry and artillery on the plain of Chalmette, on the banks of the Chippewa, and beneath the snowy sierras of Mexico; and the pulses of every true American heart, of whatever State or section, have leaped into accordant harmony with it for generations past, and will do so for generations yet to come.

"Hail Columbia" has also a most interesting history. This, the most popular of all the national songs of America, was written by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable; Congress then being in session at Philadelphia. The theatre was then open there, and a young actor, a schoolmate of Hopkinson, being about to take a benefit, asked the Judge to compose for him some words to the tune of the "President's March," which was then the popular air. This was on Saturday; on the Monday night following the song was ready, its song with great success, and at once took its place as a national air of America. As the Judge, writing of this song, in 1840, said of it, "it was truly American; and nothing else; and the patriotic feeling of every American heart responded to it."

We should add here that the tune itself—"President's March"—was composed in 1789, by a German named Foyles, on the occasion of General Washington's first visit to a theatre in the city of New York. A pretty fair pedigree for "Hail Columbia," and one of which no one born on American soil has any reason to be ashamed.

The origin of "The Star Spangled Banner," as a national song, is less ancient, but hardly less richly fraught with patriotic associations than the others we have been treating of. Its history is familiar to our readers.

The air is old English, and has been known, time out of mind, under the name of "Anacore in Heaven." To this tune Robert Treat Paine wrote one of his best odes, during the lifetime of Washington.

It was called "Adams and Liberty," and was written for some patriotic festival dinner. Just as the company were taking their places at table, a friend of the writer, to whom he had shown his verses, told Paine he had forgotten to name Washington in them. Whereupon the ready poet called for pen and ink, and impromptu threw off the best stanza in his song. It was this:

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts can ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved at its portal shall Washington stand,
And repel with his breast th' assaults of the Thunder.

His sword from the scabbard shall leap,
And conduct with its point, every flash to the deep,
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a planet, or the sea rolls its waves!"

And it was to this same air, that, in 1814, Francis Scott Key, of Baltimore, then a young man, and afterwards an eminent lawyer, composed that well known lyric, "The Star Spangled Banner." It happened that Key, under a flag of truce, went on board a British frigate, which was one of a fleet that was then beleaguering Baltimore. During his stay on board the frigate, it was decided to commence the bombardment of Fort Mifflin, and the young Baltimorean was compelled to be a witness of the deadly attack upon the defenses of his native city and his home. The Fort responded gallantly, and the engagement between it and the fleet lasted throughout the night.—By

"The rocket's red glare,
And the bomb bursting in air,
The ardent young patriot could see
—thro' the night,
That our flag was still there."

Feller Sitterzans, the African may be our Brother. Several hily respectable gentlemen, and sum talentid femals tell us so, & for argyment's sake I might be injoiced to grant it, tho I don't bleeve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't several of our brothers and all our fast wife's relashons. He isn't our grandfater, & our grate grandfater and our Aunt in the country. Soeely, & yit numeris persons would hav us think so. It's too he runs Congress & several other public groseery, but then he ain't everybody and everybody eue like wise. [Notiss to bizness man of Vanity Fair. Extry chag fur this larst remark. Its a goak.—A. W.]

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we going to do about it? He's a orful noosance. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was created for sum wise purpos, like the measles and new England run, but it's nity hard to see it. At any rate, he's no good hero, & as I staid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he eodent go ofr sumwheres by himself whar he could wear red weskits and speckled neckties & gratefully his ambushin in varis interestin wair.

Praps Iue bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on it, I am. He woudn't be sich an infernal noosance if white people woud let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white people let him alone? What's the good of continually stirrin him up with a ten foot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Performery when in a natural stait.

Feller Sitterzans, the Union's in danger.—The black devil disunion is truly here, starin us squarely in the face. We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2d Mexiko of ourselves? Shall we sell our birtrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of another brother? Shall we mix our whiskey with each other's blood? Shall the Star Spangled Banner be cut up into dish-cloths? Staidin here in this Skoolhouse, upon my nativ soles so to speak, I answer—Nary!

Oh you fellers who air raisin this row & who in the first place staid it, I'm ashamed of you. The Showman blusies for you, from his boots to the topmost bar upon his venerable head.

I say to the South dont ecessit! I say to the galyant people of that sunny land, just look up a few hundred of them tarrin & roarin fellers of yours in some strong boxes, and send 'em over to Mexiko. And we people up North here will coupsin a ekal number of our addle braned ripsorters to the same lokality, & that let em die it out among theisr selves. No konsekwent, not the slickest, which links Why shooden't the people that got up this fite do all the fite? Git these ornery citters out of the way, & the sensible people of the North & South can fix the matter up very easy. And when its fixt let both seeshuns resolve to mind their own bizness.

Feller Sitterzans, I am in the Sheer & Yeller leaf. I shall peg out I of these das.— But while I stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the Superrizers of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars and Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsoever will I seesh.— Let every Stait in the Union seesh & let Palmer's flag flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't. And next summer when I start out on my rampans with my Show wharever I pitch my little tent, you shall see floatin proudly from the center pole thereof the American flag, with nary a star wipid out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers floatid thar! & the price of admushin will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children half price.

Feller Sitterzans, I am dun. Accordinly I squatted.

CURIOUS INDIAN LEGEND ABOUT THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—There is a quiet tradition existing among the Indians of the Northwest, in connection with the snow-peaks of Mounts Baker, Haner, St. Helen's and Hood, of the Cascade range of the Rocky Mountains.

The lofty peaks were supposed, when the world was young, to be Tyees—Kings—of the lesser mountains of their respective districts. Here they ruled in kingly grandeur, receiving from their subjects such homage as is due to great chiefs, and in themselves acknowledging no superior except the Great Spirit. For ages their reign was an uninterupted scene of peace and happiness. Seas, lakes and mighty rivers bathed their feet, and their sides were clothed with evergreen forests. Here the beasts and fishes roamed in primeval bliss, fearing neither the hunter nor the fisherman, for man was not yet here.

But in time, like nations, discord arose among them. Each chief assumed the quarrel of his subjects, and an unrelenting war was the result. In their rage they belched forth fire and smoke, and hurled at each other fiery rocks, desolating their fair sides; chokung up the lakes and rivers with their fragments, and destroying the inhabitants of both land and water. For years this conflict raged with demonic fury, until the Great Spirit became angry, and bade them cease their quarrel and close their very mouths. And to punish them for their folly and their sin in laying waste their fair domains, he covered them each with an eternal mantle of snow. From that time peace has reigned among them, although occasionally they have muttered and given signs of rebellion; but the Great Spirit points, with a significant smile, to their snowy fetters, and their burning spirits sink deep within their bosoms.

And when the morning came it was still plainly discernible, flying proudly and freely.

"In the dawn's early-light,"
just as it was
"At the twilight's last gleaming,"
This was the inspiration of the "Star Spangled Banner," so called from the writer's designation of the American flag, in the chorus of his song. And far distant be the day when the descendants of those who have shed their blood on the battle fields of liberty, and when the countrymen of those who have brightened the page of our country's history by such words as these, and by the noble achievements that suggested them, shall be ashamed of the song, or of the flag that inspired it. And let us say of these songs, as did the Jews in their captivity:—"If I remember not these, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

There have been other songs written by American poets that may be considered as having gained a place among the acknowledged national songs of America. Gen. Morris' fine stanza; "The Flag of Columbia Forever," may be named prominently among these, as well as several other songs, "Columbia, the Pride of the Ocean," the "Red, White and Blue," and others.

Eloquently Patriotic.
We take the following most eloquent and truly patriotic passage, from a speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln the President elect, at Springfield, Illinois, Dec. 1829—twenty-one years ago. Let every man read it, and then say, if he can, that "Honest Old Abe" is not all that has ever been claimed for him, by the Republican party:

"Mr. Lamborn refers to the late elections in the States, and from their results, confidently predicts that every State in the Union will vote for Mr. Van Buren at the next Presidential election. Address that argument to ourselves and to ourselves; with the free and the brave it will effect nothing. It may be true, if it must be true. If any free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose here; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. I know that the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, hiding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing, while on its bosom are riding like demons on the waves of Hell the imp of that evil spirit, and fiendishly taunting all those who dare resist its destroying course, with the hopelessness of their effort; and knowing this, I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it, I too, may be, how to it, I never will. The probability that we may fall in the struggle, ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which I deem to be just; it shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soil within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before High Heaven, and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty and my love. And who, that thinks with me, will not fearlessly adopt the oath that I take. Let none fatter, who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if, after all, we shall fall, be it so. We shall have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the course approved by our judgment, and adorned by our hearts, in disaster, in chains, in torture, in death, we never faltered in defending."

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of the Abbe Siorod gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."
"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."
"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch maker of the Universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts—He therefore never reasons."

ENGLISH COMPLIMENTS TO THE SECESSIONISTS.—As Georgia and South Carolina are to send Commissioners to Great Britain, it is interesting to consider the probable results of their labors. In relation to this matter, the following extract from a late number of the London News is perfectly appropriate:

"It is not easy for us to conceive of the state of mind which grows up under such conditions as those of slaveholding life in a Republic in the nineteenth century, under a gagged press, a corrupted pulpit, a scanty and emaciated literature, the pressure of general poverty, and the perverseness which grows out of a sense of exclusion from the sympathies of general society. If the slaveholders were men of the world and of cultivated reason there would be no such quarrel as is now raging; but they are not; and hence the fluctuations which so embarrass the general judgment."

On a certain occasion a noted Infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. When he came to pay he thought to dose the doctor with argument from the Bible.

"You ought not to take interest for this money for the Jews were forbidden to take usury."
"Oh, no," answered the doctor, "you forget; the Jews were, indeed, permitted to take of the heathen."
The application was to direct to be mistaken and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.

OUR NATIONAL AIRS.

And when the morning came it was still plainly discernible, flying proudly and freely.

"In the dawn's early-light,"
just as it was
"At the twilight's last gleaming,"
This was the inspiration of the "Star Spangled Banner," so called from the writer's designation of the American flag, in the chorus of his song. And far distant be the day when the descendants of those who have shed their blood on the battle fields of liberty, and when the countrymen of those who have brightened the page of our country's history by such words as these, and by the noble achievements that suggested them, shall be ashamed of the song, or of the flag that inspired it. And let us say of these songs, as did the Jews in their captivity:—"If I remember not these, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

There have been other songs written by American poets that may be considered as having gained a place among the acknowledged national songs of America. Gen. Morris' fine stanza; "The Flag of Columbia Forever," may be named prominently among these, as well as several other songs, "Columbia, the Pride of the Ocean," the "Red, White and Blue," and others.

Eloquently Patriotic.
We take the following most eloquent and truly patriotic passage, from a speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln the President elect, at Springfield, Illinois, Dec. 1829—twenty-one years ago. Let every man read it, and then say, if he can, that "Honest Old Abe" is not all that has ever been claimed for him, by the Republican party:

"Mr. Lamborn refers to the late elections in the States, and from their results, confidently predicts that every State in the Union will vote for Mr. Van Buren at the next Presidential election. Address that argument to ourselves and to ourselves; with the free and the brave it will effect nothing. It may be true, if it must be true. If any free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose here; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. I know that the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, hiding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing, while on its bosom are riding like demons on the waves of Hell the imp of that evil spirit, and fiendishly taunting all those who dare resist its destroying course, with the hopelessness of their effort; and knowing this, I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it, I too, may be, how to it, I never will. The probability that we may fall in the struggle, ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which I deem to be just; it shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soil within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before High Heaven, and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty and my love. And who, that thinks with me, will not fearlessly adopt the oath that I take. Let none fatter, who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if, after all, we shall fall, be it so. We shall have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the course approved by our judgment, and adorned by our hearts, in disaster, in chains, in torture, in death, we never faltered in defending."

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of the Abbe Siorod gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."
"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."
"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch maker of the Universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts—He therefore never reasons."

ENGLISH COMPLIMENTS TO THE SECESSIONISTS.—As Georgia and South Carolina are to send Commissioners to Great Britain, it is interesting to consider the probable results of their labors. In relation to this matter, the following extract from a late number of the London News is perfectly appropriate:

"It is not easy for us to conceive of the state of mind which grows up under such conditions as those of slaveholding life in a Republic in the nineteenth century, under a gagged press, a corrupted pulpit, a scanty and emaciated literature, the pressure of general poverty, and the perverseness which grows out of a sense of exclusion from the sympathies of general society. If the slaveholders were men of the world and of cultivated reason there would be no such quarrel as is now raging; but they are not; and hence the fluctuations which so embarrass the general judgment."

On a certain occasion a noted Infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. When he came to pay he thought to dose the doctor with argument from the Bible.

"You ought not to take interest for this money for the Jews were forbidden to take usury."
"Oh, no," answered the doctor, "you forget; the Jews were, indeed, permitted to take of the heathen."
The application was to direct to be mistaken and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.

THE MOB SPIRIT AT THE SOUTH.—The whole machinery of the Government at the South is controlled by public enemies. A dispatch sent in cypher, recently, to Pensacola, was arrested at Mobile, and the Department notified to that effect. The telegraph company have lost all control of their own property, and are compelled to submit to the prevailing terrorism. This demoralization began under Messrs. Cobb and Floyd, and has ramified through all the service. The Post Office and other means of communication are notoriously perverted by the Disunionists to their own purposes, and the Departments have been compelled to employ special messengers on any important business.

Hon. L. M. Keitt, "late" a member of Congress from South Carolina, who drew his pay up to the 4th of March, and then rushed out of the Union with indignant precipitancy, is not, after all, thoroughly out—as letters were last week received at Washington from him, dated Charleston, bearing his frank of "Free Keitt!" In noticing this the Baltimore Clipper says it reminds one of a celebrated stump orator, in hard money times, who fiercely denounced bad money, and after producing a bank note which he took from his pocket as a worthless bit of paper, carefully restored it to his pocket again and buttoned the flap thereof!

Mr. Parton tells us, in his "Life of Jackson," of an interview between the President and "Big Sam" Dale, at the height of the nullification excitement. In the course of a conversation on the subject, the President said:—"General Dale, if this thing goes on, our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle, or endwise, and it will run out. I must to the bag and save the country." There is no doubt of the fact that both ends of the bag are again open, but we know not who will tie the bag and save the country.

An Irishman met a brother Paulander, who had, but a day or two previous, entered the matrimonial State, and accosted him with—
"Well, Patrick, faith, an' sure, an' I heard ye'd got married; an' is it a true story they're after tellin' on you this time?"
"Ay, course it is, Dennis."
"Yejabers! an' who in this blessed land of freedom, have you made happy—that is, who'd you ye get married to?"
"Oh, elaboration, to me wife, to be sure; dy'e 'spos'd I'd be afther martyry' innybody else's wife?"

LEAN DIRT.—A Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life.

"Money!" replied the steward. "You preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls!"

"Souls!" replied the minister; "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal!"

A lady, writing on the cant of the day, as to the improvement in female education, says:—"Let men be what they should be as men, before they pronounce judgment upon us as women. Until then, we shall go on very much as we have done. If we were as perfect as they wish, where should we find suitable husbands? We should all of us live and die single, or else be sadly mis-mated. If they don't like us, they may do without us—if they can."

Not the least of marvels of this marvellous country, is the rapidity with which obscure settlements in the West, expand into vast and populous cities. A case in point is stated by a correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate, who speaking of Superior city says:—"The location of the city is charming, superior to any on the lake. Population eight hundred, subsisting mainly by selling lots to one another."

A lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding house keeper the following question:—"Mr. —, if a man gives you \$500 to keep for him and he dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?"
"No, sir," he replied, "I pray for another like him."

"In my time, Miss," said a stern aunt, the men looked at the women's faces, instead of their ankles!"
"Ah! but my dear aunt," retorted the lady, you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

A colored firm in Newark, N. J., having suffered some pecuniary embarrassment, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "notis":—"De disolution of coparntiss heretofore existin betwix me and Mose Jones in de barber profession, am hereself resolved. In de future who ever must pay in de scriber. Dem what de firm owe mus call on Jones, as de firm is insolvent."

I'm glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said Brown, a boarder at breakfast.
"Why?" asked Smith.
"Because, I don't believe it would ever settle."

A Dutchman being called upon for a toast, said—"Here ish to de heroes who fit, plom and died at de Battle of Ponker till—of whom I am one."

"Here's Webster on a bridge," said Mrs. Partridge, as she handed Ike the Dictionary "staid it confoundedly, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

Why is the letter 'O' the most charitable letter in the alphabet? Because it is found oftener than any other letter in doing good.

OUR NATIONAL AIRS.

And when the morning came it was still plainly discernible, flying proudly and freely.

"In the dawn's early-light,"
just as it was
"At the twilight's last gleaming,"
This was the inspiration of the "Star Spangled Banner," so called from the writer's designation of the American flag, in the chorus of his song. And far distant be the day when the descendants of those who have shed their blood on the battle fields of liberty, and when the countrymen of those who have brightened the page of our country's history by such words as these, and by the noble achievements that suggested them, shall be ashamed of the song, or of the flag that inspired it. And let us say of these songs, as did the Jews in their captivity:—"If I remember not these, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

There have been other songs written by American poets that may be considered as having gained a place among the acknowledged national songs of America. Gen. Morris' fine stanza; "The Flag of Columbia Forever," may be named prominently among these, as well as several other songs, "Columbia, the Pride of the Ocean," the "Red, White and Blue," and others.

Eloquently Patriotic.
We take the following most eloquent and truly patriotic passage, from a speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln the President elect, at Springfield, Illinois, Dec. 1829—twenty-one years ago. Let every man read it, and then say, if he can, that "Honest Old Abe" is not all that has ever been claimed for him, by the Republican party:

"Mr. Lamborn refers to the late elections in the States, and from their results, confidently predicts that every State in the Union will vote for Mr. Van Buren at the next Presidential election. Address that argument to ourselves and to ourselves; with the free and the brave it will effect nothing. It may be true, if it must be true. If any free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose here; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was the last to desert, but that I never deserted her. I know that the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, hiding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing, while on its bosom are riding like demons on the waves of Hell the imp of that evil spirit, and fiendishly taunting all those who dare resist its destroying course, with the hopelessness of their effort; and knowing this, I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it, I too, may be, how to it, I never will. The probability that we may fall in the struggle, ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which I deem to be just; it shall not deter me. If ever I feel the soil within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before High Heaven, and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty and my love. And who, that thinks with me, will not fearlessly adopt the oath that I take. Let none fatter, who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if, after all, we shall fall, be it so. We shall have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the course approved by our judgment, and adorned by our hearts, in disaster, in chains, in torture, in death, we never faltered in defending."

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of the Abbe Siorod gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."
"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends—a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."
"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch maker of the Universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts—He therefore never reasons."

ENGLISH COMPLIMENTS TO THE SECESSIONISTS.—As Georgia and South Carolina are to send Commissioners to Great Britain, it is interesting to consider the probable results of their labors. In relation to this matter, the following extract from a late number of the London News is perfectly appropriate:

"It is not easy for us to conceive of the state of mind which grows up under such conditions as those of slaveholding life in a Republic in the nineteenth century, under a gagged press, a corrupted pulpit, a scanty and emaciated literature, the pressure of general poverty, and the perverseness which grows out of a sense of exclusion from the sympathies of general society. If the slaveholders were men of the world and of cultivated reason there would be no such quarrel as is now raging; but they are not; and hence the fluctuations which so embarrass the general judgment."

On a certain occasion a noted Infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. When he came to pay he thought to dose the doctor with argument from the Bible.

"You ought not to take interest for this money for the Jews were forbidden to take usury."
"Oh, no," answered the doctor, "you forget; the Jews were, indeed, permitted to take of the heathen."
The application was to direct to be mistaken and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.

THE MOB SPIRIT AT THE SOUTH.—The whole machinery of the Government at the South is controlled by public enemies. A dispatch