

# American Courier

BY JOHN D. BRATTON. VOL. 39. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1852. NO. 5.

### Poetical.

**THE SPELLS OF HOME.**  
BY MISS REMANS.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,  
On the banks of some where thy childhood played;  
By the household fire in the chimney smoke,  
First looked in to the summer sky;  
By the soft breeze from the window pane,  
By the sun's gleam on the grass beneath,  
Upon thy heart there's laid a spell  
Holy and precious—Oh, guard it well!

By the soft green light in the woody glade,  
On the banks of some where thy childhood played;  
By the household fire in the chimney smoke,  
First looked in to the summer sky;  
By the soft breeze from the window pane,  
By the sun's gleam on the grass beneath,  
Upon thy heart there's laid a spell  
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### Miscellaneous.

#### WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,  
And freedom first arise, when no child  
Such as Columbia saw arise, when she  
Sprang forth a Pallas, armed and undressed  
Or such wild minds be cherished in the wild,  
Or sleep in the arms of a patriot's arm;  
Of captives, whose nursing Nations smiled,  
On infant Washington? Has earth no more  
Such seed within her breast, or Europe no such  
shores?" Byron.

The revolution was over. The eight years' struggle had ceased, and the waters were now to separate forever, turning their weapons into ploughshares, and their camps into work shops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings; for, alas! in the retiring of the patriot army of patriotic soldiers, now about to disband without pay, without support, stalked poverty, want and disease—the country had not the means to be grateful.

The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one in the camp of the American army in the city of New York. The news of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington to his military comrades forever.

A celebrated gambler, after attending a great revenue meeting, experienced, as he supposed, a change of feeling, and was finally induced to take his seat upon the "anxious bench."

**OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY!**  
From the Philadelphia Inquirer.  
**CALMNESS—PATIENCE—AND SELF-POSSESSION.**

The philosophy of keeping calm and cool is very difficult to understand and practice with success at this season of the year. Some individuals are all ways in a heated and excited state, and their sufferings, with the thermometer at 95°, must be intolerable.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eyes and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek, and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone. Men, 'till about unused to the melting mood, stood around him, whose uplifted hands, to cover their brows, told that the tears, which they attempted to conceal bespeak, the anguish they could not hide.

Washington grasped his hand in convulsive emotion in both of his. All discipline was now at an end. The officers could not restrain the men as they rushed forward to take the hand of their commander, and the sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engraven upon their affections was the love of their commander.

Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rang his bell, and nobody answering, he opened his door, and found on the floor, in an elbow chair, his minister, who towards him, he was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket.

"A great book is a great evil," says an ancient writer—an axiom which an unfortunate Russian author felt to his cost.

"O," replied my friend, unconsciously. "The city and town of Brooklyn, terminated fatally.

#### The Minister Abandons.

A friend in Stockholm writes, sending us the following anecdote of Rev. Zeb. Twitchell, a Methodist Clergyman, in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Conference. At one time he represented Stockholm in the State Legislature. "Zeb," says our informant, "is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified—a thorough, systematic sermonizer; but out of the pulpit there is no living joy in his face and no cheerfulness in his eye. On one occasion he was sending his way towards the seat of the Annual Conference of Ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to his companion: 'The last time I dined at this tavern I slept with the land-lord's wife.' In other moments, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant. 'I mean just what I say,' replied Zeb; and on went the two travellers.

Patience, my dear friend, is a virtue of the highest order. It is the mother of all other virtues. Without it, we cannot be patient, kind, lowly, meek, long-suffering, or merciful. It is the power that enables us to bear with the follies and weaknesses of our fellow-men, and to wait for the fulfillment of God's promises.

My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low courtesy, replied: 'If Mr. White intended to call on me, he should have sent word to me before he called.' 'I have sent word to you, my lady,' said the woman.

Incredible! says an ancient writer—an axiom which an unfortunate Russian author felt to his cost.

The city and town of Brooklyn, terminated fatally.

#### Effects of Night Air.

An error which excites most pernicious influence is the belief that the night air is injurious. This opinion has been introduced by the introduction more than all other errors together. Now, there is not a particle of proof, nor have we any reason whatever, to believe that the atmosphere of oxygen and nitrogen undergoes change during the night.

Another fact is, that all bodies, animate or inanimate, exposed at night to the direct rays of the sun, radiate heat with great rapidity, and their temperature is lowered, and gradually reduced to the level of the temperature of their bodies to be greatly and rapidly reduced. But persons sleeping in a ventilated room, even if the windows are open, are not exposed to the direct rays of a clear sky, and the law does not apply to any other case.

There are hours, dark hours, that mark the history of the brightest year. For not a whole month in any of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone so brightly all the time. And there has been a cold and stormy day in every year. And yet the clouds and shadows of the darkest hours were dispelled, and bled heedlessly away.

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The following letter was received at the Albany post office "several years ago."

From the toasts drunk at a celebration of the 4th of July 1815, in Fairfield, Connecticut, we select the following:

The People of the United States—May they rally round the standard of liberty, and defend the rights of a free and enlightened people.

#### March of Mind.

An honest farmer in the State of Pennsylvania, married a Miss from a fashionable boarding school for his second wife. He was struck dumb with her eloquence and gaped with wonder at his wife's learning.

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#### Dark Hours.

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