



### THE BIRD.

BY MR. HENRY A. MORRISON.

Sitting idly by my window,  
Listening to the autumn rain,  
As it is pattered on the house top,  
Dashed against the window-pane—  
While I dreamed about the future,  
While I dreamed about the past,  
Wondering if my sky would ever  
Clear from clouds about its east.

As I sat thus idly dreaming,  
Idly gazing on the rain,  
In the damp a bird came flying,  
Tapping on my window-pane;  
Gently tapped, as if to ask me  
For protection from the storm,  
Said his wings were wet and weary,  
And that I could feed and warm.

Then I roared me from my dreaming,  
Threw the window open wide,  
Reached my hand and took the wanderer,  
Pleaded him gently by my side,  
Dried his wet and weary plumage,  
Gave him crumbs from out my hand,  
As I listened to his singing,  
"Surely," thought I, "I've a friend!

"God has sent me something to love me,  
One to love me, and not to leave me,  
I will soothe me with his music,  
I will teach me not to grieve me,  
But this while the sky was clearing,  
And a gleam of sunshine fell,  
On my nose found Hope's bright plumage,  
And he flew, my soul—farewell."

### Letter From Washington Territory.

[The writer of the following letter is a native of this place, and his numerous relatives and friends will no doubt be pleased to hear from him.]

Snake River, Washington Territory, Jan. 21st, 1861.

Dear Cousin:—It is with great pleasure I take this opportunity to pen a few lines, and at the same time ask to be excused for not doing so long ago. I believe it is the first I have written to you since I left Clearfield. I am confident that I have yet the first to receive from you. It is a great wrong that friends—especially relatives—do not correspond more frequently.

Travel is very slack here, times dull, and I am very lonesome, being alone in an Indian country. I suppose you would like to know where I am, what I am doing, and what brought me here. I will give you a short sketch of my wanderings. I thought old to me, it may be new to you. When I left Clearfield I intended to visit some of the Western States and cities, and then go down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and thence take a sea voyage, as I had a great inclination to see the world. I left Clearfield in the fall of 1855, went to Pittsburgh, Erie, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Canada, Detroit and Chicago, and many other places, and at last reached the Mississippi river at Rock Island. But, alas, the great Father of Waters was covered from shore to shore with ice for miles and miles above and below. This put me all back. A knew not what to do. My business here (at Rock Island) was to look up an uncle, my father's brother, Hugh Fullerton. I inquired of many, but no one could give me any information. In strolling about to relieve my mind I fetched up at the river and concluded to step over to Davenport. In stopping at a half-way station, or saloon on the ice, (a place where passengers who choose can step in and leave their quarters,) I learned that my uncle lived at Hampton, ten miles above Rock Island, which place I reached next day, and remained there till spring—giving up my sea-voyage. Two years later I left Hampton for Ogle county, on the arrival of my brother Camden. I stopped in Ogle and De Kalb counties almost two years, when the Elke's Peak Gold excitement broke out. Like thousands of others, I started out, at present, a very short sketch of my travels on the Plains. It was a very rainy day in April, 1859, when I took leave of my friends in Ogle county. I spent a week in Hampton, when my partner and wagon arrived. Though the roads were bad, we made our way through to Council Bluffs, on the Missouri river, in three weeks. Here we bought six months' supply of provisions, and crossed over into Nebraska. We got along very well until we began to meet the emigration pouring back the other way, with these beautiful illustrated mottoes painted upon their wagon covers, "Eike's Peak a humbug," "Home, sweet home,"

"It is home you ought to be—Home, dearest home, in your own country."

&c., &c. This rather lowered our sails a little; but concluding to go and see for ourselves, we kept up the north of the Platte river to Fort Kearney, intending to cross over, meeting every day from seventy-five to one hundred wagons on the back track. Every camping-place was a scene of destruction. Provisions and mining tools were dumped out and left at the mercy of the wild beasts, rather than be permitted to obstruct their homeward flight.

There was no ferry on the Platte, and the water had raised so that we could not ford it with safety, and we travelled up to Fort Laramie, the last crossing on the way to the new gold fields, and only seventy miles distant, or 500 miles from the Missouri river. The golden news being still below par, we concluded to be over a day or two and take a tuffalo hunt and make up our minds as to what we had best do. This great metropolis, or Camp city, was in uproar from end to end. It is the great starting point East, West and South—parties dividing—some going home—some to the Peak, and others to California and Oregon; partners dividing their teams—making carts out of their wagons—some throwing out—others loading up for long journeys. Auctioneers'

voices were heard in all directions, selling wagons, teams, &c. In cases of law-suits, officers were appointed, juries sat in the brush, free of charge, where damages were claimed lawfully by the plaintiff—the loser's team, or wagon, if he had either, was put up and knocked off to the highest bidder, and the claim satisfied. Many a poor fellow was left there without a dollar in his pocket.

After considerable consultation as to our future exploits, our little party very agreeably settled up all standing bills and divided into three parts—one for home—one for Cherry Ridge (Eike's Peak)—the other for California, to which I united. We took down our canvass, while others were still pouring in, pitching their tents and keeping up a continual hum up and down the river. The gold question was being expounded by male and female—the latter bouncing about in their hoops as if pronouncing Broadway. The thousands of cattle, horses, mules, wagons, &c., in that vicinity and adjoining valley, and the large trains continually arriving and departing, gave the place the appearance of an old settlement. But I must be more brief. It would take me a month to write all I saw, heard, and experienced.

Our load being heavy, we set part of our provisions aside, though we needed them before we got through. We soon struck what is called the Black Hills—over them, and we are climbing the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. Day after day, trudging along beneath a burning sun, shaded by nothing except clouds of mosquitoes, all claiming kindred. Having no tau, I was compelled to carry a brush made of twigs to fight my way, or be smothered with a coat or blanket wrapped around my head. These sufferings can be better imagined than described. We worked on day after day, and week after week, until we reached the junction of the California and Oregon roads. Here was another mass meeting. Parties here went through the dividing operation more precisely. After rearing our stock a few days we drove up to the turning post, exchanged compliments, good wishes, &c., and separated, perhaps forever.

I and my partner, Mr. Hoffman, took the Oregon road. The Indians on this road are troublesome, though the only harm they done us was to steal five horses and a few cattle. We made up a train of twenty wagons, or 104 persons, men, women and children. We run short of provisions before we got through, and were put on short allowance for a long spell. We then overtook a government train of soldiers, (the only train ahead of us on this road,) going from Salt Lake to Oregon. They helped us some, but were short themselves. It was then we thought of what we had thrown away on the Plains. We lived on fish and water, and a short allowance of bread, until we got near enough to send an express through, when the government sent provisions to our relief.

There were some emigrants attacked on this road towards the last of the travel. Some were wounded, but none killed. It is reported that ten wagons were attacked, and all the emigrants killed. There were more killed on other roads. Soldiers were stationed on this road this summer until they thought the emigration over, but after they left the Indians attacked a train and killed between 35 and 40 persons. The soldiers went out and recovered 12 persons—two women, four men and six children. The Indians stole all their horses, cattle and provisions. The survivors had to eat the dead bodies of their late companions, or perish. They even had to make clothes, or mats, by weaving long grass. It is supposed there are several children still in the hands of the Indians. It is the Snake and Bannet Indians that are doing this. They will be apt to be chased out next summer.

But to close this long narrative, I will just say that after landing in Walla Walla Valley, Washington Territory, we made a final separation. Some went to Oregon and some stopped here. We were just four months on the way—others were six months. Two weeks later I hired to run a ferry boat on the Snake river at \$50 per month, and am still at the same. I had a pretty hard time of it in the summer, but as I said at the beginning, travel is slack now, times dull, and being lonesome I thought I would devote an hour or so to giving you a sketch of my adventures. This is a great place for raising stock, but no agricultural or farming country. It is too dry to produce grain except close along the small streams. Low, wet land produces large crops, and beats the world for vegetables. There are many gold excitements in this country, but they do not amount to much—except to break up poor folks. No more at present, but remain yours truly,

MONTGOMERY FULLERTON.

It appears by official statement that the bids for the \$5,000,000 loan advertised for by the Government, amounted to \$53,916,000. Of these bids only about \$3,000,000 have been accepted, at 94, the Secretary believing that he can procure the \$5,000,000 yet wanted at the same rate.

The schooner Carry, while engaged on the 26th ultimo, carrying coal and supplies to the U. S. ship Wyandotte, off Pensacola, was captured by the Confederate forces, and was confiscated.

The business men of Pittsburg have determined not to receive depreciated money except at banker's rates. There is every indication of the success of the movement. The farmers all demand and receive par funds for their produce. No wholesome experiment should not be confined to Pittsburg.

The Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, died on the 16th of March, after a prolonged illness.

### WASHINGTON'S VISION.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

[From the American Monthly.]

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the Fourth of July, 1850, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-nine, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which he said he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand, "what time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to."

"Half-past three."

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the Hall—I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life, one which no one alive knows except myself; and if you live, you will before long see it verified. Mark I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitors room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved we sat down upon one of the old fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable companion related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it, as near as possible in his own words:

"When the bold action of our Congress, in asserting the Independence of the colonies, became known in the old world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom British preudens would very soon tame into submission; but undauntedly we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of Seventy Six, but they little know, neither can they imagine, the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing I much fear, and that is, the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and without it is checked, will at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative."

"From the opening of the Revolution we experienced all phases of fortune, now good and now ill, one time victories, and another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our old commander's care worn cheeks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray; well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God, the interposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation."

"One day, I remember it well—the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly—he remained in his quarters nearly all the afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something upon his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he despatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity, which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing exactly opposite to me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat the questions, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor, except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading throughout me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even though itself presently became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, to possession of me. I could no longer gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitor. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to radiate, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy and yet more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing, fixedly, vacantly, at my companion."

"Presently I heard a voice saying:—'Son of the Republic, look and learn,' while at the same moment my visitor exhorted her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, raising fold upon fold, this gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain all the countries of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America, the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific

"'Son of the Republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn.'"

"At that moment I beheld a dark shadowy being like an angel, standing, or rather floating in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with the left. Immediately a dark cloud raised from each of these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For awhile it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people."

"A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, whose heaving waves it sunk from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice saying:

"'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'"

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns and cities springing up one after another, until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say:

"'Son of the Republic, the end of the century cometh, look and learn.'"

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened specter approaching our land. It drifted slowly and heavily over every town and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array against each other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word 'UNION,' bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said:

"Remember ye are brethren!"

Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh, look and learn.'"

"At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia and Africa."

"Then my eyes beheld a fearful scene.—From each of these countries arose thick, black clouds, that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass there gleamed a dark-red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea, to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn the villages, towns and cities that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'"

"When the voice had ceased, the dark shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth and blew a long, fearful blast."

"Instantly a light as of a thousand suns shown down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word 'UNION,' and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from Heaven attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived were well given over, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again I heard the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'"

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America.—Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants:

"While the stars remain and the Heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!"

"And taking from his brow the crown on which still blazed the word 'UNION,' he placed it upon the standard, while the people kneeling down said 'Amen!'"

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who, in that same mysterious voice I had heard before said:

"'Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which the whole world united, shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land and the Union.'"

"With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had seen a vision wherein had been shown to me the birth progress and destiny of the Republic of the United States."

"In Union she will have her strength, in Disunion her destruction."

"Such my friend concluded the venerable narrator, 'were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her forever remember that, in Union she has her strength, in Disunion her destruction.'"

### The Impending Civil War.

PENSACOLA.—Pensacola is an ancient town, having been founded at an early period by the Spaniards. The houses are built in the olden style, with low, narrow windows and projecting roofs, which in some instances run into a shelter across the sidewalks. In speaking of Pensacola, the Mobile Advertiser, in a recent issue, says:—

Pensacola is historic ground, and its historic note is essentially military. Centuries ago the warlike events of which it, with its vicinity, was a scene, gave its name a place on the page of history. In its time it has known many masters, and none surrendered it except of necessity, few without a struggle, and none gained it except by the power of compulsion. It is a "debatable ground" by its tradition, its chronicle and its local conditions. Before the days of De Soto it was not the undisputed possession of the aboriginal nationalities; for our meagre records of those times and people show that different tribes came and sojourned on the waters of the bay and made it a sort of common territory—a quasi neutral ground, where they could spend a warm season in fishery, and enjoy the cool Gulf breezes which fanned the waves of the bay of "Pensacola"—of "Ochuse"—of "Panzacola"—or of "Pensacola," as we of this day finally have in its confirmed nomenclature. In later times the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Britisher and Anglo-American contended for its ownership, and each all possessed and held it *vis a vis* primarily, and some by treaty right, for a time. These Jackson added something of fame to his name—there Britain fought with Spain, Spain with France and India, and India with Britain—and now again it is the fair bone of contention between the rival races of Anglo-Americans. In these latter days of its history it is become the point of interest in the eyes of the nation, and may possibly have the eyes of the world directed to it as the Crimea of the New World. Let us consider this possibility, premising that it is contingent upon the course of governments, and not upon the humors of those concerned in the proceedings of the *local*. The war between these mighty Powers, Russia, France and England, was fought out on the narrow field of the Crimea, and now, before a blow is struck, it may be considered that, in a large measure, the complexion of our differences with the United States may be decided by the course pursued at this new Crimea, the classic "Bay of Ochuse," and before this Sebastopol of Pickens. If we get into difficulties, it may be through the agency of this same troublesome locality in its proving true to its tradition.

As a summer residence, Pensacola is delightful; for the town is pleasant, the drives good, the scenery romantic, the water excellent, and there is a fine breeze from the sea in the hottest day of summer. The sunset scenes are as beautiful as any in the Bay of Naples.

### PENSACOLA BAY.

Pensacola Bay is twenty seven miles in length, and in its broadest part twelve miles in width. It has immediately at the mouth of the Escambia river, running along the front of the bay for four teen leagues, nearly east and west, is a long line of sandy shore, narrow, barren, and as low that in a severe gale the sand waves dash over it. Pensacola bay has rare properties as a harbor, and cannot be excelled on the Gulf, if by any in this country. It is accessible to frigates of large size there being twenty one feet of water on the bar; and when once inside, all the ships of our navy could ride in safety. The channel runs near the coast across the bar, which is short and easily passed. The harbor is completely land-locked, and the roadstead capacious.

The peculiar position of Pensacola bay makes it desirable as a naval station, as excellent positions for rockyards can be found in the harbor. When the railroad from Montgomery, now in progress of completion, shall have been finished, the facilities for reaching it will be so much increased that it will present quite another appearance. The upper arm of Pensacola bay receives the Yellowwater or Pea river, Middle river and Escambia river, eleven miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

### FORT PICKENS.

Fort Pickens, the great bone of contention in the Gulf section of the South, is the principal work of defence for Pensacola harbor. It is built on a low sandy spot, on the westernmost end of Santa Rosa Island, and a little over one mile distant from Fort McRae, which forms another sentinel to the bay. Fort Pickens is a first class bastioned work, built of stone for foundation purposes, with walls of brick and bitumen. Its walls are forty feet in height, by twelve feet in thickness. It is embowered for two tiers of guns in bomb-proof casemates, and one tier open or *en barbette*. The work has all the usual concomitants of a first class work, viz:—covert ways, dry ditch glacis and outworks complete. The guns from this point radiate to all points of the horizon, with flank and enfilading fire in the ditches and every angle of approach. Its guns command Fort Barrancas, Fort McRae, the Navy yard, and the other works now in the possession of the Confederate States' troops. The work was commenced in 1828, and finished in 1853. It cost the federal government nearly one million of dollars. When on a war footing the garrison consists of 1,200 soldiers. Its present armament consists of—In battery, 26 twenty four pound howitzers; casemate, 2 forty two pounders, 53 thirty two pounders, 59 twenty four pounders; in barbette, 24 eight inch howitzers, 6 eighteen pounders, 12 twelve pounders, 1 ten inch columbiad, mounted, and 4 ten inch mortars in bad order.

The possession of this work, therefore, by the secessionists is, of course, of the first importance; for, unless it is occupied

by them it will secure to the United States troops a base of operations along the whole Gulf coast, and keep open a road right into the heart of the South, which cannot be obstructed by any fixed fortifications. Once within the gates of the harbor, and an army could be disembarked at any point on the wide bay which it might select. It could run up beyond the Escambia river and land many hours ahead of any opposing force which might be at Pensacola, besides placing a wide river between it and the latter—or even two rivers, the Escambia and the Black Water—by going far enough up. Hence, with a start of at least forty-eight hours, it could march into interior Alabama. An enemy holding Fort Pickens could rendezvous a naval force there and keep up a blockade of all the ports on the Gulf, unless it could be met on the sea. The fort is only approachable by land on one side. Owing to the openness of the country, which is but a barren bed of sand, a party attacking from that quarter would be very much exposed.—The federal forces now in garrison at Fort Pickens consist of about two hundred and fifty men, under the command of Lieut. Slemmer. If Fort Pickens be taken by the secessionists, Pensacola will be the great naval depot of the Southern Confederacy, from which no doubt privateers will be fitted out for the purpose of preying upon the commerce in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea.

FORT PICKENS, JUNIOR.

This is a small outpost of defence, or auxiliary, of Fort Pickens, erected by Lt. Slemmer's orders. It is situated about one mile and a quarter from Pickens, and commands the Warrington Navy Yard, in possession of the Confederate States troops. Fort Pickens, Jr. is now used as a station for picket guards, and it will answer the purpose of effectually preventing anything like a surprise of the main fort.

### "Old Hundred."

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips are, that have not sung that tune? If they were grey old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, and with, out the pealing organ, sounded on the sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she, whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and as she sung it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs, with white hands placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And tho' sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding.—The dear white headed father, with his troumulous voice how he loved "Old Hundred!" Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair, his hands crossing over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound now hursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by four score years' service in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sound indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath primas donnas whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit stirring tones of "Old Hundred," sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it—it has gone up from the dying beds of saints. The old churches, where generation after generation have devoutly worshipped, and where many of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar, where they gave themselves to God, seems to breathe of "Old Hundred," from restable to tower top—the very air is humped with the spirit.

Think for a moment of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Through upon through—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful—their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of their heavenly sounds.

"Old Hundred!" King of the sacred band of ancient airs! Never shall out ours grow weary of singing thee! And when we get to Heaven, who knows but what the first triumphant strain that welcomes us may be—"Be Thou, O God, exalted high!"

OUR FATHERS.—It is wise occasionally to recur to the sentiments and to the character of those from whom we descended. Men who are regardless of their ancestry and of their poverty; are very apt to be regardless of themselves. The man who does not feel himself a link in the great chain to transmit life and living, intellectual and moral existence from his ancestry to his posterity, does not justly appreciate the relations which belong to him. The contemplation of our ancestors and descendants ought ever to be within the grasp of our thoughts and affections. The past belongs to us by all affectionate anticipation of those to come after us. And then only do we do ourselves justice when we are true to the blood we inherit, and true to those to whom we have been the means of transmitting that blood.

The city election held at St. Paul, Minn 3d instant, went Democratic. Columbus Ohio, for the first time, has also elected Democratic city officers.

The Maysville (Ky.) Express says the prospect for a heavy wheat crop was never more promising than now in that section of the State.