THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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OUR UNION!

J. G. WHITTIER.

This blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimson'd bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf and by the Lakes of Maine:
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast;
And those to whom September brings the fireside social hours,
With those who see December's brow wreathed with gorgeous flowers!

From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling western wave
To where Potomac sighs beside the Patriot hero's grave;
And from the gleaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood,
The glory of the Nation's past thrills through its kindred blood!

Wherever Arnold's tale is told it dyes the cheek with shame
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill or Moultrie's wider fame;
And wherever o'er above the fray the stars of empire gleam,
Upon the deck or o'er the dust, it pours a common stream!

It is a sacred legacy ye never can divide,
Nor take from village urchin, nor the son of city pride;
Nor the hunter's white-haired children who find a fruitful home
Where nameless lakes are sparkling and where lonely rivers roam!

Green drew his sword at Eutaw, and bleeding Southern feet
Trod the march across the Delaware amid the snow and sleet!
And, lo! upon the parchment, where the natal record shines,
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines.

Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart,
That first were written boldly there with plight of hand and heart?
Could ye erase a Hancock's name e'en with the sabre's edge,
Or wash out with fraternal blood a Carroll's double pledge?

Say, can the South sell her share in Bunker's hoary height,
Or can the North give up her part in Yorktown's closing fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?

Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?
Or could you meet around his grave as fatricial foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

Ye dare not! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned decree;
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern shore,
And where, through frowning mountain-gates, Nebraska's waters roar.

A Word to the Boys.

We cannot forbear to give the following capital extract from a late speech by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, at the Bishop's Stratford High School. After speaking of the English soldiers at the battle of Alma he said:

"They did not hear the roar of the cannon, to whose very jaws they marched with unflinching tread; they only heard the whisper at their hearts. And if we be cowards this day, what will they say of us in England?' Ay, and when a boy sits down resolutely to his desk, puts aside all idle pleasure, faces every tedious obstacle, firmly bent upon honorable distinction, it is the same elevating sentiment which whispers to him. 'And if I succeed, what will they say of me at school?' or a dearer motive still, 'What will they say of me at home?' Boys, when I look at your young faces, I could fancy myself a boy once more! I go back to the day when I, too, tried for prizes, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing. I was once as fond of play as any of you, and, in this summer weather, I fear my head might have been more full of cricket than of Terrence or even Homer: but still I remember that, whether at work or play, I had always a deep, though a quiet determination, that sooner or later, I would be a somebody or do something. That determination continues with me to this day; it keeps one hope of my boyhood fresh, when other hopes have long since faded away. And now that we separate, let it be with that hope on both sides—on my side, upon yours—that before we die, we will do something to serve our country, that may make us prouder of each other, and if we fail there, that at least we will never willfully and consciously do anything to make us ashamed of each other.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MISTAKE.—On Wednesday last, Mrs. Catharine Burke, residing in 11th avenue, near Forty-seventh street, learned that her husband Patrick had been killed at Tarrytown by a train of cars belonging to the Hudson River Railroad Company. She immediately started for that place, and on seeing the body of deceased, at once recognised it as that of her husband. A handsome mahogany coffin was immediately procured and a regular old fashioned Irish wake followed, after which, (on Thursday) the body was brought to this city. Five carriages were hired, and being filled with the mourning friends of the deceased, the funeral cortege started for Calvary Cemetery; but on their way were brought to a halt by the sudden appearance of the genuine Patrick Burke. The funeral procession was of course, immediately stopped, and Patrick returned to his home in a carriage beside his wife. The corpse was started off for the Bellvue dead-house, where Coroner Perry held an inquest upon it, and the above facts were elicited.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

HOW MURAT DIED.

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it, as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced of his own accord toward the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, awaited him there. The narrow space would not permit him to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive his death of a part of its horrors. Murat, in stepping over the threshold of the chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and, looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile, said; "My friends, do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble, do not strike me in the face; aim at my heart—here it is."

As he spoke thus he placed his right hand upon his coat to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained in one focus of love the image of his wife and four children, as if he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last look.—He fixed his eyes on this potrait, and received the death blow in the contemplation of all he loved on earth. His body, pierced at so short a distance with twelve balls, fell, with his arms open and his face to ward the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom he once possessed, and which he had come to reconquer for his tomb.

They threw his cloak upon his body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pizzi. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch, not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the champions of the new Alexander.

A YOUNG GIRL TERRIBLY MANGLED BY A DOG.—A young lady of 16 or 18 years, named Mitchell, residing at Ossian, N. Y., was a few days ago attacked by a neighbor's dog, who instantly sprang at her throat. She put out her hand to ward him off, when he seized her arm, taking out a piece of flesh and tearing off her sleeve.—He then seized her other arm, all the while trying to get at her throat, and managed to get her down. But she succeeded in regaining her feet, and had the presence of mind to work her way towards the house, the dog all the while shaking and mangling her in a horrible manner. As she neared the door the savage brute succeeded in getting hold of her jaw, driving his teeth to the bone. She at length got in, and with her feet succeeded in partly closing the door, the brute still hanging to her face with devilish ferocity, only losing his hold when the door was shut upon him and the flesh gave way! The poor girl sunk to the floor from exhaustion, covered with blood, and with nearly all her clothing torn off. Her face and limbs were completely mangled, she having received, it is said, near one hundred and thirty wounds on her person! There is no hope of her surviving.

A STATE WITHOUT TAXES.—The State of Texas is in a most enviable condition in regard to her finances. Her Comptroller, in a recent report, presents the following picture of her condition: "The State is out of debt, with a surplus of over a million dollars in the treasury—a permanent 5 per cent school fund of ten millions of dollars—an unappropriated public domain, estimated at one hundred millions of acres, which, if judiciously used, would subserve all the purposes of internal improvements required by the State, and a tax lighter than is imposed on any other people, and which is adequate to all the wants of the government. The aggregate amount of taxable property is very nearly $150,000,000, being an increase of $22,500,000 over the previous year.

A COINCIDENCE.—Indiana has gone stronger for pro-slavery than any other northern State. Is there any connection between this and the fact that she has 69,440 voters who can neither read nor write, more than other State except Virginia and North Carolina, and more than six as many in proportion to population as New York has? However there is some hope for her. She has 220,061 children in her public schools.

JENNY LIND AND LABLACHE.—On the occasion of this charming singer's second rehearsal at the opera house, the celebrated Lablache was so delighted with her singing, that he came up to her and said, "Give me your hand; every note in your voice is a pearl." "Give me your hat," was the reply; and then putting it to her mouth, and giving one of her incomparable *revutades*, "Here," said she, "is a hat full of pearls for you."

TIME FOR MARRIAGE.—At twenty-four an unmarried woman is in the May-time of her existence. At that age her chance of marrying well is better than it was at any previous period—because her judgment is more able to exercise a beficial control over her imgination.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION IN AUSTRIA.—According to a recent statistical return, there are now in the Austrian monorchy, 6,398 physicians, 6,200 surgeons, 10,000 midwives, and 3,000 apothecaries—making about one physician and one surgeon to every 6,000 inhabitants, and one apothecary for every 42,000.

☞The Irish census tables just published, report that in one year there were twenty-one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five deaths from starvation.

HON. JOS. P. COMEGYS, the new U. S. Senator from Delaware, is said to be a near relative of the late Hon. John M. Clayton.

AN HIGH HANDED AFFAIR IN RICHMOND VA.

Our city readers are doubtless aware of the fact that protracted meetings have been in progress at two of the Baptist churches in Richmond for several weeks, and that a large number of persons, of both sexes, have been induced to become "professors of religion." Among the converts are three young ladies who have been reared in the Roman Catholic faith. two of them were immersed some days ago, and the third, who is an orphan, was immersed on Sunday night. The Irish friends of the latter, on learning of her intention to become a Protestant, resorted to the most scandalous measures to prevent the consummation of her resolve. They first sent for her to attend a meeting of her Catholic friends, and in their presence make a recantation of her profession of Protestantism; but being fully determined upon the course she had marked out for herself, the summons was of course disregarded. On Sunday night she proceeded to the second Baptist church to prepare for the rite of baptism, and while thus engaged, a party of Irish—men and women—made their appearance in front of the church. A small number of them entered the doors, and seated themselves on the front pews, uttering the most violent threats against the young lady. The attention of the pastor, Dr. Howell, having been called to these intruders, he summoned several of the male members of the congregation to the vicinity of the pulpit, and it was determined, on consultation, to have them ejected from the church unless they would consent to depart quietly. The efforts to induce them to withdraw met with a blustering opposition, but finally prevailed, and the champions of Papacy retired, still avowing their determination to be avenged on the young lady for abjuring the religion of her deceased parents. Quiet being restored, the services were proceeded with, and the ordinance of baptism administered to the young lady who had been the object of such unscrupulous annoyance.—*Richmond Paper.*

From "Porter's Spirit."

KISS MUSICA

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

[When two pairs of affectionate lips are placed together to the intent of osculation, the noise educed is something like to the ensuing:

'Epe at' weep'ts-e-e!'

and then the sound dies out so softly and so musically that no letters can do it justice."—*N. Y. Knickerbocker.*]

Evening silence, not a sound,
Not a murmur from the breeze,
Not a cricket in the grass,
Not a rustle in the trees!
When at once a whisper fell,
Though no speaker I could see;
And a sound of music chirped,
'Epe a' weep'ts-e-e.'
Never flute so sweetly trilled,
Nor lute, 'neath dainty finger tips.
'Twas the every wine of sound
Pressed from loving ruddy lips;
And it softly chirped again.
Like a humming bird when he
"Peeps" in sucking at a flower:
'Epe a' weep 'ts-e-e-e!'
Oh, the music of a kiss!
Slow it burns in heart and veins,
How it drowns the very soul,
When 'tis heard and felt *again!*
Peach and apricot may hide
In the blossoms on the tree;
But what future bliss may lurk
In *'Epe a' weep'ts-e-e-e!'*

People who go upon surprise parties ought by all means to send notice. One of those called upon a respectable merchant in Albany the other night, and we were very much suprised indeed to find him inebriated on the front stairs, while his wife, with a black eye and bruised face, was bathing his temples with ice water. The surprise party, no doubt, speedily retired.

☞It appears that in New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union.

In Christian land it isn't so;
The bridegroom and the bride
To loggerheads but seldom go
Until the knot is tied.

☞The London Times was established in 1785, by John Walter, and inherited by his son, now a member of Parliament. It is valued at $3,740,000. Its principal editor has an annual salary of $25,000, and its Paris correspondent $10,000. Its advertisments, it is estimated, yield it $3,000,000 a year, one firm alone paying $150,000 a year.

THE TELEGRAPH.—It is considered a safe prediction that the result of the next Presidential election will be known in all the principal cities of Europe, and possibly in India, on the morning of the next day after it has transpired.

MINNESOTA.—A census of the Territory of Minnesota has just been concluded. It shows the total population to be 170,000. St. Paul city has 12,000. St. Anthony and Minneapolis 4,000 each.

DISTANCES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY THE VARIOUS ROUTES.—The Boston Post gives the following as the correct distances across the Atlantic by the various routes (circle sailing) as furnished it by Lieut. Maury:

	Geographical Miles.
Philadelphia (via Delaware Capes) to Liverpool,	3,690
New York to Southampton,	2,980
New York to Liverpool,	2,880
New York to Glasgow,	2,800
Boston to Liverpool,	2,720
Boston to Belfast,	2,620
Boston to Galway,	2,520
Cape Race (Newfoundland) to Galway,	1,730

The arms of a pretty girl wound tight around your neck have been discovered to be an infallible remedy in the case of sore throat. It beats pepper tea all hollow.

THE AUTHOR OF THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

LETTER FROM CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

In a recent edition of the Poems of Francis S. Key, is published a letter from Chief Justice Taney, (who is a brother-in-law o Mr. Key,) detailing the circumstances origicating and attending the composition of the most famous of his pieces, "The Star Spangled Banner." The letter is interesting, and we give it entire:

WASHINGTON, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR:—I promised some time ago to give you an account of the incidents in the life of Mr. F. S. Key which led him to write the "Star Spangled Banner," and of the circumstances under which it was written. The song has become a national one, and will, I think, from its great merit, continue to be so, especially in Maryladd; and every thing that concerns its author must be a matter of interest to his children and descendants. And I proceed to fulfill my promise with the more pleasure, because while the song shows his genious and taste as a poet, the incidents connected with it and the circumstances under which it is written, will show his character and worth as a man. The scene he describes, and the warm spirit of patriotism which breathes in the song, were not the offspring of mere fancy or poetic imagination. He describes what he actually saw. And he tells us what he felt while witnessing the conflict, and what he felt when the battle was over, and the victory won by his countrymen. Every word came warm from his heart, and for that reason, even more than from its poetic merit, it never fails to find a response in the hearts of those who listen to it.

You will remember that in 1841, when the song was written, I resided in Frederick, and Mr. Key in Georgetown, D. C. You will also recollect that soon after the British troops retired from Washington, a squadron of the enemy's ships made their way up the Potomac, and appeared before Alexandria, which was compelled to capitulate; and the squadron remained there some days, plundering the town of tobacco, and whatever else they wanted. It was rumored, and believed in Frederick, that a marauding attack of the same character would be made on Washington and Georgetown before the ships left the river. Mrs. Key's family were still in Georgetown. Her husband, and myself with much pain, leave the place, while it was threatened by the enemy; for he was a volunteer in the Light Infantry, commanded by Major Peter, which was composed of citizens of the District of Columbia, who had uniformed themselves and offered their services to the Government, and who had been employed in active service from the time the British fleet appeared in the Patuxent, preparatory to the movement upon Washington. And Mrs Key refused to leave home while Mr. Key was thus daily exposed to danger.

Believing, as we did, that an attack would probably be made on Georgetown, we became very anxious about the situation of his family. For if the attack was made Mr. Key would be with the troops engaged in the defence; and as it was impossible to foresee what would be the issue of the conflict, his family, by remaining in Georgetown, might be placed in great and useless peril. When I speak of *we*, I mean Mr. Key's father and mother, and Mrs. Taney and myself. It was agreed among us that I should go to Georgetown, and try to persuade Mrs. Key to come away with their children, and stay with me or Mr. Key's father until the danger was over. When I reached Georgetown, I found the English ships still at Alexandria, and a body of militia encamped in Washington, which had been assembled to defend the city. But it was then believed, from information received, that no attack would be made by the enemy on Washington or Georgetown; and preparations were making on our part to annoy them by batteries on shore when they descended the river. The knowledge of these preparations probably hastened their departure, and the second or third day after my arrival the ships were seen moving down the Potomac.

On the evening of the day that the enemy disappeared Mr. Richard West arrived at Mr. Key's, and told him that after the British army passed through Upper Marlborough, on their return to their ships, and had encamped some miles below the town, a detachment was sent back which entered Dr. Beanes house about midnight, compelled him to rise from his bed, and hurried him off to the British camp, hardly allowing him time to put his clothes on; that he was treated with great harshness, and closely guarded; and that as soon as his friends were apprised of his situation they hastened to the head-quarters of the English army to solicit his release, but it was peremptorily refused, and they were not even permitted to see him; and that he had been carried as a prisoner on board the fleet. And finding their own efforts unavailing, and alarmed for his safety, his friends in and about Marlboro' thought it advisable that West should hasten to Georgetown and request Mr. Key to obtain the sanction of the Government to his going on board the Admiral's ship, under a flag of truce, and endeavoring to procure the release of Dr. Beanes before the fleet sailed. It was then lying at the mouth of the Potomac, and its destination was not at that time known certainly.

Dr. Beanes, as perhaps you know, was the leading physician in Upper Marlboro', and an accomplished scholar and gentleman. He was highly respected by all who knew him; was the family physician of Mr. West, and the intimate friend of Mr. Key. He occupied one of the best houses in Upper Marlboro', and lived very handsomely; and his house was selected for the quarters of Admiral Cockburn and some of the principal officers of the army when the British troops encamped at Marlboro', on their march to Washington. These officers were, of course, furnished with everything that the house could offer, and they, in return, treated him with much courtesy, and placed guards around his grounds and out-houses to prevent depredations by their troops.

But on the return of the army to the ships, after the main body had passed through the town, stragglers who had left the ranks to plunder, or from some other motives, made their appearance from time to time, singly or in small squads, and Dr. Beanes put himself at the head of a small body of citizens to pursue and make prisoners of them. Information of this proceedings was, by some means or other, conveyed to the English camp, and the detachment of which I have spoken was sent back to release the prisoners and seize Dr. Beanes. They did not seem to regard him, and certainly did not treat him as a prisoner of war, but as one who had deceived and broken his faith with them.

Mr. Key readily agreed to undertake the mission in his favor, and the President promptly gave his sanction to it. Orders were immediately issued to the vessel usually employed as a cartel in the communications with the fleet in the Chesapeake to be made ready without delay; and Mr. John S. Skinner, who was agent for the government for flags of truce and exchange of prisoners, and who was well known as such to the officers of the fleet, was directed to accompany Mr. Key. And as soon as the arrangements were made he hastened to Baltimore, where the vessel was, to embark; and Mrs. Key and the children went with me to Frederick, and thence to his father's, on Pipe creek, where she remained until he returned.

We heard nothing from him until the enemy retreated from Baltimore, which, as well as I can now recollect, was a week or ten days after he left us; and we were becoming uneasy about him, when to our great joy, he made his appearance at my house, on his way to join his family.

He told me that he found the British fleet, at the mouth of the Potomac, preparing for the expedition against Baltimore. He was courteously received by Admiral Cochrane and the officers of the army, as well as the navy. But when he made known his business, his application was received so coldly that he feared it would fail. Gen. Ross and Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the expedition to Washington—particularly the latter—spoke of it at first not disposed to release him. It however happened, fortunately, that Mr. Skinner carried letters from the wounded British officers left at Bladensburg, and in these letters to their friends on board the fleet they all spoke of the humanity and kindness with which they had been treated after they had fallen into our hands. And after a good deal of conversation, and strong representations from Mr. Key, as to the character and standing of Dr. Beanes, and the deep interest which the community in which he lived took in his fate, General Ross said that Dr. Beanes deserved much more punishment than he had received; but that he felt himself bound to make a return for the kindness which had been shown to his wounded officers, whom he had been compelled to leave at Bladensburg; and upon that ground, and that only, he would release him. But Mr. Key was at the same time informed that neither he, or any one else would be permitted to leave the fleet for some days; and must be detained until the attack on Baltimore, which was then about to be made, was over. But he was assured that they would make him and Mr. Skinner as comfortable as possible while they detained them.—Admiral Cochrane, with whom they dined on the day of their arrival, apologized for not accomodating them with his own ship, saying that it was crowded already with officers of the army; but they would be well taken care of in the frigate Surprise, commanded by his son, Thomas Cochrane. And to this frigate they were accordingly transferred.

Mr. Key had an interview with Dr. Beanes before Gen. Ross consented to release him. I do not recollect whether he was on board the Admiral's ship or the Surprise, but I believe it was the former. He found him in the forward part of the ship, among the sailors and soldiers; he had not had a change of clothes from the time he was siezed; was constantly treated with indignity by those around him, and no officer would speak to him. He was treated as a culprit, and not as a prisoner of war. And this harsh and humiliating treatment continued until he was placed on board the Cartel.

Something must have passed when the officers were quartered at his house, on the march to Washington, which, in the judgment of Gen. Ross, bound him not to take up arms against the English forces until the troops had re-embarked. It is impossible, on any other ground, to account for the manner in which he was spoken of and treated. But whatever Gen. Ross and the other officers may have thought, I am quite sure that Dr. Beanes did not think that he was in any way pledged to abstain from active hostilities against the public enemy. And when he made prisoners of the strugglers, he did not think himself a prisoner on parole, nor suppose himself to be violating any obligation he had incurred. For he was a gentleman of unstained character and a nice sense of honor, and incapable of doing anything that could have justified such treatment. Mr. Key imputed the ill-usage he had received to Admiral Cockburn, who, it is still remembered, while he commanded in the Chesapeake, carried on hostilities in a vindictive temper, assailing and plundering defenseless villages, or countenancing such proceedings by those under his command.

Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner continued on board of the Surprise, where they were very kindly treated by Sir Thomas Cochran, until the fleet reached the Patapsco, and preparations were making for landing the troops. Admiral Cochrane then shifted his flag to the frigate, in order that he might be able to move farther up the river, superintend in person the attack by water on the fort. And Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were then sent on board their own vessel, with a guard of sailors or marines, to prevent them from landing. They were permitted to take Dr. Beanes with them, and they thought themselves fortunate in being in a position which enabled them to see distinctly the flag of Fort McHenry from the deck of the vessel. He proceeded then with much animation to describe the scene on the night of the bombardment.—He and Mr. Skinner remained on deck during the night watching every shell, from the moment it was fired until it fell, listening with breathless interest to hear if an explosion followed.

While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the Fort had not been surrendered. But it suddenly ceased, some time before day—and as they had no communication with any one of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack upon it been abandoned. They paced the deck for the residue of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait for it; and as soon as it dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the stars and stripes or the flag of the enemy. At length the light came, and they saw that "our flag was still there." And as the day advanced they discovered, from the movements of the boats between the shore and the flats, that the troops had been roughly handled, and that many wounded men had been carried to the ships. At length he was informed that the attack on Baltimore had failed, and that the British army was re-embarking, and that he and Mr. Skinner and Dr. Beanes, would be permitted to leave them and go where they pleased, as soon as the troops were on board and the fleets ready to sail.

He told me that under the excitement of the time, he had written a song, and handed me a printed copy of the "Star Spangled Banner." When I read it and expressed my admiration, I asked him how he found time in the scenes he had been passing through to compose such a song. He said he commenced it on the deck of the vessel, in the fervor of the moment when he saw the enemy hastily retreating had written for so anxiously as the morning opened; that he had written some lines or brief notes that would aid him in calling them to mind, upon the back of a letter which he happened to have in his pocket; and for some of the lines as he proceeded, he was obliged to rely altogether on his memory; and that he finished it in the boat on his way to the shore, and wrote it out as it now stands at the hotel, on the night he reached Baltimore, and immediately after he arrived. He said that on the next morning he took it to Judge Nicholson, to ask him what he thought of it; that he was so much pleased with it that he immediately sent it to a printer, and directed copies to be struck off in handbill form; and that he (Mr. Key) believed it to have been favorably received by the Baltimore public.

Judge Nicholson and Mrs. Key were nearly connected by marriage, Mrs. Key and Mrs. Nicholson being sisters. The Judge was a man of cultivated taste, and had at one time been distinguished among the leading men in Congress, and was at the period of which I am speaking Chief Justice of Baltimore, and one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals, of Maryland. Notwithstanding his judicial character, which exempted him from military service, he accepted the command of a volunteer company of artillery. And when the enemy approached, and an attack on the fort was expected, he and his company offered their services to the government to assist in its defence. They were accepted, and formed a part of the garrison during the bombardment. The Judge had been relieved from duty, and returned to his family only the night before Mr. Key had showed him his song. And you may easily imagine the feelings with which, at such a moment, he read it, and gave it to the public. It was, no doubt, as Mr. Key modestly expressed it, favorably received. In less than an hour after he had left it in the hands of the printer it was all over town, and hailed with enthusiasm, and took its place at once as a national song.

I have made this account of "The Star Spangled Banner" longer than I intended, and find that I have introduced incidents and persons outside of the subject I originally contemplated. But I have felt a melancholy pleasure in recalling events connected in any degree with the life of one with whom I was so long and so closely united in friendship and affection; and whom I so much admired for his brilliant genius, and for his many virtues. I am sure, however, that neither you or any of his children or descendants will think the account I have given them too long. With great regard, sir,

Your friend, truly, R. B. T.

A PLEA FOR KISSING.

The fountain mingles with the river,
The river with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever,
With a sweet commotion.
Nothing on the earth is single,
All things by a law divine,
In another being mingle,
Why not I with mine?

See the mountain kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained to kiss its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
But what are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

P. T. Barnum has gone to Europe as the business agent of "Little Cordelia Howard" and her parents.

A GREAT CURE-ALL.

Several gentlemen were talking one evening at the house of a friend, when one of them exclaimed, "Ah! depend upon it, a soft answer is a great cure-all."—At this stage of the conversation, a boy who sat behind a table began to listen, and repeated as he thought, quite to himself, "A soft answer is a great cure-all." "Yes, that's it," cried the gentlemen, starting and turning round; "yes, that's it; don't you think so, my lad?" The boy blushed a little at finding himself so unexpectedly addressed, but answered, "I don't know that I understand you, sir."

"Well, I will explain then. In the days of my boyhood it so happened that, in the school to which I was sent, my seat was next to a lad named Tom Tucker. When I found he lived in a small house behind the academy, I began to strut a little, and talk about what my father was; but as he was a capital scholar, very much thought of by the boys, we were soon on pretty good terms; and so it went on for some time. After awhile some fellows of my stamp, and I with the rest, got into a difficulty with one of the ushers, and some how or the other we got the notion that Tom Tucker was at the bottom of it

"'Tom Tucker! who is he? I cried, angrily. 'I'll let him know who I am!' and I went in a passion to Tom, and said, 'I'll teach you to talk about me in this way!' But he never winced or seemed in the least frightened, but stood still looking at me mute as a lamb. 'Charles,' he said, 'you may strike me as much as you please; but I shan't strike back again; fighting is a poor way to settle difficulties. I'm thinking when you are Charles Everett, I'll *talk* to you.'

"O what an answer was that! How it cowed me down! So firm, and yet so mild! I felt there was no fun in having the fight on one side. I was ashamed of myself, my temper, and everything about me. I longed to get out of his sight. I saw what a poor, foolish way my style of doing things was. I felt that Tom had completely got the better of me; that there was power in his principles superior to anything I had ever seen before; and from that hour Tom Tucker had an influence over me nobody ever had before or since; it has been for good, too. That, you see, is the power, the moral power of a soft answer."

Journal de Frankfort relates the following story:—"A few days since a foreigner presented himself at the office of a merchant at Hamburgh to receive cash for a bill of 2,000 double Louis, and got 10,000 francs too much. He did not perceive the mistake until he reached his hotel, when he returned to the office and mentioned the fact. The merchant looked at him, and then said, 'It is impossible.'—The foreigner persisted, and said, 'Your cashier has certainly made a mistake.'—'That is not possible, replied the merchant, in a decided tone. 'Take your money—no mistakes are ever made at my office.' The stranger then pocketed the money and left the place, when the merchant turning to the book keeper told him to enter 10,000 francs to the account of profit and loss, adding that the cashier would never hear a word of reproach from him on the subject, but that he would not allow any one to imagine that a mistake could occur in his office.

STRIKING SCENE AT A GAMING TABLE.—As a company of our fast young men were busy over the card table a few evenings since a singular noise attracted their attention. It was of so unusual a nature that they immediately began to look about for its cause. It was repeated in another direction. Something more than curiosity was now excited, and playing was suspended. Immediately one of the company dropped into what is called a trance, and proceeded to utter, as if from his deceased father, a homily against gambling and its associate vices. This was followed by an admonition purporting to come from a deceased sister of one of the company, crouched in such terms, and uttered with such sisterly feeling that the whole group was irresistibly moved to tears. There was no more card-playing that night. None of those present were believers in spiritual manifestatations, and the scene was wholly unexpected to all. Whether it was indeed spiritual, or is capable of some other solution, is a question.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞Virginia, as one of the States of the Republic, theoretically admits universal suffrage. In practice, however, it appears that the right must be exercised according to the prevailing State sentiment, or a man is in danger of his life. A Mr. Timothy Stannard, recently, at Norfolk, gave a vote for Fremont, which, when proclaimed by the inspector, as is the custom in that State, was refused by that officer, and the voter had to leave the State for fear of mob violence.

☞An elderly gentleman travelling in a stage, was amused by the constant fire of words between two ladies. One at last kindly inquired if the conversation didn't make his head ache? He replied, "No madam; I have been married upwards of twenty-eight years."

☞A crooked gentleman on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another what place he had travelled from? "I came straight from London," replied he. "Did you so?" said the other; "then you must have been terribly *warped by the way.*"

☞The homeliest female in the world may render herself more attractive, by the exhibition of delicacy and refinement, than the prettiest vulgarian that ever smiled.

☞He who masters his passion subdues a fearful enemy.