BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. [Read before the Alumni of the Friends Tearly Meeting School, at the annual meeting to Newport, it. I., 15th 6th me., 1863.]

Once more dear friends, you meet beneath A clouded sky;
Not yet the sword has found its sheath,
And, on the sweet spring airs the breath
Of war floats by.

Yet trouble springs not from the ground, Nor pain from chance; Th' Eternal order circles round, And, way, and storm find mete and bound In Perchange.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have tred,
Content with ereed and garb and praise:
A harder path in eather days
Led up to tool.

Too cheaply truths, once purchased dear, Are made our own;
Too long the world has smiled to hear
Our boast of full corn in the car
By others sown.

To see us stir the martyr fires Of long ago;
And wrap our satisfied desires
In the signed mantles that our sires
Have dropped below.

But now the cross our worthles bore On us is laid. Profession's quiet sleep is o'er, And in the scale of truth once more our faith is weighed.

The cry of ignorent blood at last Is calling down
An answer on the whirlwind blast,
The thunder and the shidow cast
From Heaven's dark frown.

The land is red with judgments. Who Stands guiltless forth? Have we been tarbful as we knew, To God and to our brothers true, To Heaven and Earth?

How faint through din of merchandise How faint through an of merchantes.

Ind count of gain,
Ras seemed to us the captives' cries!
How far away the tears and sighs

This day the fearful reskoning comes To each and all,
We hear annote our peaceful homes
The summons of the conscript drums,
The bugle's call.

Our path is plain; the war net draws Round us in voin,
While, faithful the Higher Cause,
We keep our fealty to the hiws
Through patient pain.

The leveled gun, the battle brand

Why ask for ease where a'l is pain? Shall we alone
Be left to add our gain to gain
When over Armageddon's plant
The trump is blown?

To suffer well is well to serve : Safe in our Lord

The rigid lines of the shall curve
To space us; from our heads shall swerve
Its smiting sword.

And light is mingled with the gloom, And joy with grief,
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief.

Thanks for our privilege to bless,
By word and deed.
The widow in her keen distress,
The childless and the fatherless,
Tue hearts that bleed.

For fields of duty, opening wide, For fields of duty, opening wine;
Where all our powers
Are tasked the eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried;

Ours by traditions dear and old, Which makes the race
Our wards to cherrsh and uphold,
And east their freedom in the mould
Of Christian grace.

And we may tread the sick-bed floors Where strong men pine. And, down the greaning corridors, Pour freely from our liberal stores The oil and wine.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon His getes of peaise
Shall rise at last.

Turn and o'erturn; O outstretched Hand! Nor stint, nor stay;
The years have never dropped their sand on mortal issues wast and gran1
As ours to lay.

Already,s on the sable ground Of man's desptir, Is freedom' glorious picture found, With all its dusky hands unbound

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice And pain and loss,
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross !

Miscellaneous.

BURNING DOWN A PIRATE.

* * * " Steer due north !" said he still like one whose mind was elsewhere While the ship was coming about he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to insure cooperation in the first part of a delicate and dangerous manœuvre he had resolved to try.

The wind was west-northwest; he was standing north; one pirate lay on his lee beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken masts and yards,-The other, fresh and thirsting for the cager prey, came up from the northeast. to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own put his helm up a little, and gave the ship a broadsule-well aimed, but not destructive, the guns being loaded with

Dodd, instead of replying, as was ex pected, took advantage of the smoke and put his ship before the wind. By this unexpected stroke the vessels engaged ran swiftly at right angles toward one point, and the pirate saw himself menaced with two serious perils-a collision, which might send him to the bottom of the sea in a minute, or a broadside delivered at pistol shot distance, and with no possibility of his making a return. He must either put his helm up or down .-He chose the bolder course, put his helm hard-a-lee, and stood ready to give broadside for broadside. But ere he could bring his lee guns to bear, he must offer his bow for one moment to the ship's broadside; and in that moment, which Dodd had provided for, Monk and his mates raked him fore and aft at short distance with all the five guns that were clear on that side; the carronades followed and moved him slantwise with grape and canister. The almost simultaneous discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke; loud shricks and groans were heard from the schooner; the smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib-boom was cut off like a carrot, and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lace, lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee souppers ran blood into the sca.

The ship rushed down the wind; leaving the schooner staggered and all abroad. But not for long; the pirate fired his broadside, after all, at the now flying Agra, split one of the carronades in two, tilled a Lascar, and made a hole in the more cunning who catches him.

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foresail; this done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the

horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his how chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel and the captain on

the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, ara.ed them with cutlasses; and compelled Kenealy and Fullalove to come down out of harm's way, no wiser on the smooth-bore question than they went up The great patient ship ran environed

by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her-but no reply. Suddenly the yells of the pirates on

both sides ceased, and there was a me ment of dead silence on the sea. Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened; the pirates to windward, and the pirates to leeward, of the Agra, had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed, and bullied, and tortured, was a patient but tremendous man It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had but his ship before the wind, it was easy to cut away the ground bebut also by a double, daring master-stroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could nev er get out of his way. Her crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and un shipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail.— Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by an heroic, able villain. Astern the consort thundered; but the Agra's response was dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harbor.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep. calm voice, with a motion of his hand,

" Starboard it is." The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

" Port!" said Dodd, calmly.

" Port it is." But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot, and knocked one of the men to atoms at the

Dodd waved his hand without a word and another man rose from the deck, and took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place ie took.

The huge ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; she seemed to know: she eared her lofty figure-head with great wful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout: it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the Agra's

"Port!" said Dodd, calmly. "Port it is."

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped; oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans and Sooloos, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one color now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway, and out flew their knives like crushed wasp's stings. Crash! the Indiaman's cutwater in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside down went her masts, to leeward like fishing rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shricking vell: wild forms leaped off on the Agra, and were hacked to pieces almost cre they reached the deck-a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of engulphing waves; a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel- and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awestruck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of, the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with bands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the reast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fulfalove, Kenealy, and others, rushed to catch him; but ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.

The fox is very cunning, but he is

The disentembed city of Pompeii presents objects of commanding interest to among the ruins, some years since, three of the houses were still standing-the sidewalks and pavements in good order.

Among the Dead at Pompeii.

and the fresco-paintings on the walls, and laid them flat on the forecastle. He also the mosaics of the floors were still fresh and beautiful. But a new chapter has Pompeii for the reading world, and some of its inhabitants have come into view after a concealment of eighteen hundred years. A letter in the Atheneum informs us that two hundred men, wemen Pompeii. Their writer says:

The excavations are being carried or in two spots, near the temple of Isis, and near the house called that of Abbondanza. but we are more immediately concerned with the former site. Here in a house in a small street just opened, were found the bodies of skeletons which are now attracting crowds. Falling in a mass of had not become attached to the soil, and neath them; but above, fire; ashes and hot water had been rained upon them from the fiery mountain, causing their nearly two thousand years. On removing the debris, which consisted of the root and the ashes which had fallen into the interior of the house, something like a human form was discovered, though nothing but a fine powder was visible .--It occurred to Cay. Fiorelli that this might be a kind of sarcophagus created by Vesuvius, and that within were the emains of one of the victims of that terrible eruption. But how to remove or preserve them? A happy idea struck him. Plaster of Paris was poured into an aperture, the interior having been discovered to be hollow, in consequence of the destruction of the flesh, and, mixing with and uniting with the bones, restored to

the world a Roman lady of the first cen-Further researches led to the discovery of a male body, another womam, and that of a young girl; but that which first awakened the interest of the excavations was the finding of ninety-one pieces of silver money, four car-rings, a finger-ring, all of gold, together with two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag. The first body, so to speak, is that of a woman, who lies on her right side, and from the twisted position of her body had been much convulsed. Her left hand orted and the knuckles are bent in tightly; the right arm is broken, and at each end of the fragments one sees the cellular character of the bones. The form of the head-dress and hair are distinctly visible. On the bone of the little finger of the left hand are two silver rings, one of which is a guard. The sandals remain, or the soles at least, and iron or nails are unmistakably to be seen. The body is much bent, the legs are extended as if under the influence of extreme pain. By the side of this figure lay the bags of which I have already spoken, with the money, the keys and the cast of it, with all the remains intermingled with or impressed

on the plaster, is preserved in the same Passing on to an inner chamber, we found the figure of the young girl lying on its face, resting on its clasped hands heels just then scourged her deck with and arms; the legs are drawn up, the left lying over the right; the body is thinly covered over in some parts by the scorice or the plaster, while the skull is visible, highly polished. One hand is partially closed, as if it had grasped omething, probably her dress, with which it had covered her head. The finger-bones protruded through the incrusted ashes, and on the surface of the body, in various parts, is distinctly visible the web of the linen with which it had been covered. There was lying by the side of the child a full-grown woman, the left leg slightly clevated, while the right arm is broken; but the left, which is bent, is perfect, and the hand is closed. The little finger has an iron ring; the left ear, which is appermost, is very conspicuous and stands off from the head. The folds of the drapery, the very web remain, and a nice observer can detect the quality of the dress

The last figure I have to describe is that of a man, a splendid subject, lying on its back, with the legs stretched out to their full length. There is an iron ring on the little finger of his left hand, which, together with the arm, are supported by the elbow. The folds of the dress/on the arm, and over the whole of the upper part of the body are visible; the sandals are there, and the bones of one foot protrude through what might have been a broken sandal. The hair of the head and beard by which I mean of course, the traces of them-are there; and the breath of life has only to be inspired into this and the other three figures to restore to the world of the nineteenth century the Romans of the first century. The first was the mother and the head

of the household, for by her-side was the bag of money, the keys and the two silver vases, and a silver hand-mirror, which was only found on Friday. She was of gentle birth too; the delicacy of her arms and legs indicate it; and coiffure. too. The hands are closed as if the very nails must have entered into the flesh, and the body is swollen, as those of the others, as if water had aided the cruel death. The child, perhaps her childdoes not appear to have suffered so much, rice, unveasonableness of some folks."

but, childlike, it had thrown itself on the ground, and wrapped its dress about its head, thinking thereby to exclude all the stranger and traveler, such as he can danger. I judge so far from the marks hardly find elsewhere among the ruined of the folds of the linen around the arms cities of the world. When we walked and on the upper part of the body, and from the partially open hand, as if it had miles of streets had been opened to the grasped something. Poor child! it was light of the sun, which had remained not so tenacious of life as the mother, and buried for eighteen centuries. The walls soon went to sleep. There is the figure of another woman, of a lower class, a servant perhaps, and I thought so from the large projecting ear, and the ring on the finger, which was of iron. She had suffered much, evidently, as the right leg recently been opened in the history of is twisted back and uplifted. She lies on her side, and the left hand, which is closed, rests on the ground; but her sufferings were less than those of her mistress, as the sensibility was perhaps less acute. The man, man like, had strugand girls are employed in excavating at gled longer with the storm which raged around him, for he fell upon his back, and fell dead His limbs are stretched out to their full length, and give no sign

of suffering. A more touching story than that which pumice stone, those unfortunate persons at work. They are cutting out streets ing off the soil for many feet above them. ment, with the large red inscriptions, and the popular jokes of Pompeiania. Many death, and insuring their preservation for houses have been completely uncovered with the exception of two or three feet of sand, which are left on the ground floor, and cover up the antiquarian wealth which is reserved for the eyes of disting here." guished visitors. One house I remarked particularly, as it is the largest in Pomperi. There are two large gardens in the intorior of the building, and marble fountains, around which were found the figures of a wild boar being pulled down by dogs and a serpent and other animals, all of bronze. On the walls are elegant fresco paintings, and in one small room, a sleeping chamber, is a mosaic floor, a portion of which was repaired and that right artistically too, by some old Roman mosaicist. Among the many improvements which Cav. Fiorelli has introduced is the establishment of a museum, in which many objects of great interest are deposited, all discovered in Pompeii. There are the skeletons of two dogs; and sixty loaves which were baking when Vesuvius burst forth, and which were "drawn", only the other day. There are the great iron doors for the mouth of the oven. There are the tallies, too, and hammers, and bill hooks, and colors, should the artist need them and medicines for the sick, and pulse for the hungry. Vases and paterae of plain and colored glass, light and elegant in form, are She did not even deign to answer there, and candelabra, so graceful that one longs to grasp them. There, too, are brasiers more ornamental, and more useful and elegant than any that modern

> STRONG CHARACTERS.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and nower of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence-strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake a strong feeling for a strong character .-A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake, because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strongth of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale. and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He, who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive-those are the strong men-the spiritual heroes.

Italians have made.

DREAMING IN CHURCH .- At Ballston Spa, one Sunday afternoon, fatigued with his long purney, a wagoner, with his son John, drove the Sabbath in enjoying a season of worship with the good people of the village. When the time for worship arrived, John was sent to watch the team, while the wagoner went in with the crowd. The proacher had hardly announced his subject before the old man fell sound asleep. He sat against the partition in the centre of the body slip; just over against him, separated by a very low partition, sat a fleshy lady who seemed all absorbed in the sermon. She struggled hard with her feelings, but unable to control them any longer, she burst out with a loud scream, and shouted at the top of her voice, arousing the old man, who, but half awake, throw his arm around her waist, and cried, very soothingly:
"Whoa, Nancy! Whoa, Nahey! Here John,"
calling his son, "out the belly band and
loosen the breeching; quick, or she'll tear
everything to pieces!"--Albany Times.

shirt stolen, vents his rage as follows: We would say to the rascal who stole

bed waiting for it to dry, that we sincerely hope the collar may out his throat. him right; no business to have a shirt .--Such luxuries. We expect next to hear

LIFE IS BUT A SPAN. Life is but a span-of horses:

Up and down the hill our course is; "do in," ponies-"make your time." Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure :

Youthful folly gives a stroke; Manhood goads them at his leisure, "Let 'em rip, they're tough as oak." "Heya! there" the stakes we'll pocket.

To the winds let care be sent ; Time, 2,40- whip in socket ;"

"Give 'em string and let 'em went." On the sunny road to fifty,

O Prime" is drowned in Lathe's stream " Age" is left, old, unthrifty; Life then proves "a one horse team."

" Age" jozs on, grows quite unsteady, Reels and slackens in his pace; · Kicks the bucket," always ready, "Cives it up"-Death wins the race.

Persian Stories of Husbands.

A married man presented himself trembling and sorrowful at the gates of paradise. He had heard so often of his faults and short-comings while upon ourth, that he believed in them devotedly, is told by these silent figures I have never | and had no hope of being admitted to the read, and it is with comparatively little habitations of the blessed. One wife, he interest that I closed this day by visiting had been repeatedly informed, was a the sites where the laborers are actually blessing far beyond her merits while in the flesh, how, then could be hope for beneath the roots of large trees, and cart- the smiles of seventy hours. But the prophet, when he presented himself at Walls are coming out to view every mo- the gates of heaven, to his great surprise, greeted him with a smile of ineffable compasssion. "Pass on, poor martyr," said Mahomet. "You have indeed been a great sinner, but you have suffered enough upon the earth, so be of good cheer, for you will not meet your wife

A man who had hitherto crept up to heaven, now stood up confidently and presented himself to the prophet upon the ground that he had been twice married.

"Nay," said the prophet, angrily,

paradise is no place for fools." A ruffling young fellow married the widow of a great Kahn: On the wedding-night she determined to assert her authority over him. So she treated him with great contempt when he came into the ante-room, and and sat luxuriously imbedded in rose-leaf cushions, caressing a large white cat, of which she pretended to be dotingly fond. She appeared to be annoved at her husband's entrance, and looked at him but of the corners of her eyes with a look of cold disdain

"I dislike cats," remarked the young soldier, blandly, as if he was making a mere casual observation, "they offend

my sight." If his wife had looked at him with glance of cold disdain before, her eyes now wore an expression of anger and contempt such as no words can express. seemed to be in the cat, and cold was General Meade and General Rosecrans. the shoulder which she turned to her husband. Bitter was the sneer upon her beautiful lips.

"When any one offends me." continued the gallant, gayly, "I cut off his head. It is a peculiarity of mine which I am sure will only make me dearer to you." Then drawing his sword, he took the cat gently but firmly from her arms, cut off its head, wiped the blade, sheathed it, and sat down continuing to talk affectionately to his wife as if nothing had happened . After which, says tradition. she became the most submissive wife in the

world. A henpocked fellow meeting him next day as he role with a gallant train through the market-place, began to condole with him.

" Ah !" said the henpecked, with deep feeling, "you, too, have taken a wife, and got a tyrant. You had better have remained the poor soldier that you were I pity you from my very heart." "Not so," replied the ruffler, joyfully,

keep your sighs to cool yourself next summer." He then related the events of his wed-

ling-night, with their satisfactory results The hennecked man listened attentivey, and pondered long. "I also have a sword," said he "though of eats. I will cut off the head of my

wife's favorite cat at once.' He did so, and received a sound beatng. His wife, moreover, made him go down upon his knees and tell her what

commit the bloody deed. "Fool!" said the lady, with a vixenish smile, when she had possessed herself of his team into a barn, and determined to pass the hennecked's secret, "you should have

done it the first night.' MORAL .-- Advice is useless to focl :.

TO A BRIDE. The following letter was written by an ole friend to a young lady on the eve of

her wedding day;

They are the gentlest types of a delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our sides when others have deserted it: and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cher-· A WESTERN editor having had his last it; that flowers and music, kind friends and carnest words, should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing in to a the shirt off the line while we were in sacrament.

The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal and the burial. To To this a cotemporary adds. Served the first we bring only weakness-for the last we have nothing but dust! But here, at the altar, where life joins life, of the extravagant fellow aspiring to wear the pair come throbbing to the holy man, stockings and beaver hats. Oh I the avalue whispering the deep promise that arms ments of friendship which flow from the rice, unreasonableness of some folks."

struggle of care and duty. The beauti ful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene. The gay and the frivo-One is "Age," the other "Prime," lous, they and their flounces will look

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solemn for once. And youth will come to gaze on all its sacred thoughts pant for; and age will totter up to hear the old words repeated, that to their own lives have given the charm. Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb, and some laugh over it as if it were a joke; but two must stand by it, for it is fate,

> And now, can you who have queened it over so many bending forms, can you come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart! Hithe o you have been a clock, giving your time to the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one par-

ticular bosom, warming only his breast, marking only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock where all hearts are united around the Central Heart of all.

Hoping that calm and sunshine may allow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature

Big Words and Small Ideas.

Big-words are great favorites with peo le of small ideas and weak conceptions They are often employed by men of mind. when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half ducated persons use more "big words' han people of thorough education.

It is a very common but very egregi ous mistake, to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones-just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the styles of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always " commence."-They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "re ire." They don't eat and drink, but partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed. And, instead of dying at last they "de-

cea-e. The strength of the English language s in the short words-chiefly monasyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other .-Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sen tences; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation, delight in what Horace calls verba sesquipedalia-words a "foot and a half long.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT LIN-

COLN. Washington, July 7 .- A procession, with a hand of music, proceeded to the Executive but she took the cat to her bosom and the patriotic cheerings of the citizens and fondled it passionately. Her whole heart music, repeated cheers for the President, The President appeared at an open win-

dow, and spoke in substance as follows :-Fellow-citizens-I am very glad to see you to-night, and yet I will not say I thank you for the call but I must sincerely thank Almighty God for the occasion on which you called [Cheers.] How long ago is iteighty-seven years since, on the fourth of July, for the first time in the history of the world, a nation by its representatives, as-sembled, and declared, "as a silf-evident truith, that all men are created equal.'

[Cheers.]
That was the birthday of the United States of America Since then the fourth of July has had several very peculiar recognitions The two most distinguished men engaged in the framing and support of the Declaration, were Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. The one having formed and the other sustained it most forcible in debate. The only two of forty-five who supported it, being chosen Presidents of United States.

Precisely fifty years after they put their hands to the paper it pleased Almighty God to take them from this stage of action.

These are indeed remarkable events in our history. Another President, five years af ter, was called from this stage of existence on the same day and month of the year, and now on this last fourth of July, just passed, when we have a gigantic rebellion, at the bottom of which is an effort to overthrow the principle that all men are created equal, we have the surrender of a most powerful position and army on that very day. [Cheers.] -And not only so, but in a succession of t is rusty, and my wife is likewise fond battles in Pennsylvania, near to us, continu ing through three days, so rapidly tought that they might be called one great battle, on the first, second and third of the month

of July, and on the fourth the cohorts of those who opposed the declaration that "all men are created equal," turn tail and run. ghin, or evil spirit, had prompted him to [Long continued cheering.]
commit the bloody deed.

Gentlemen, this is a glorious theme, and the occasion for a speech, but I am not pro

would like to speak in tones of praise due to the many brave officers and soldiers who have fought in the cause of the Union and liberties of the country from the beginning of the war. There are trying occasions, not only in success, but for the want of success. I dislike to mention the names of officers, lest I might do wrong to those I might for get. Recent events bring up glorious names and particularly prominent ones, but those I have sent you a few flowers to adorn I will not mention. Having said this much the dying moments of your single life.— I will now take the music.

Three cheers were given, and after the music the largest part of the crowd proceededeto the War Department. Lond cheers were given for Mr. Stanton, who returned his thanks for the compliment, and spoke in high culogy of the recent deeds of the Army ish, have forgotten us. It seems that a of the Potomac, and of the success resulting past, so calm and pure as ours, should in the fall of Vicksburg. He expressed his expire with a kindred sweetness about confidence in the early crushing out of the rebellion, and anticipated that successes will follow successes, and claimed that we had acheived great victories over the rebels and Copperheads.

General Halleck, Mr. Stanton, Senators Wilson, Wilkinson, Lane, and others made speeches, which were frequently interrupted by applause.

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter. So those senti-

Brevities.

Never insult poverty. The truest courage is always mixed

with circumspection. Never taste an atom when you are not hungry : it is snicidal.

Never speak of your father as "the old

Reverence and stand in awe of your-A dollar in the hand is generally worth

We should never mourn for that we

cannot have. The man that provides not in summer

must want in winter. He that pours in his rum pours out his

We should pen our injuries in the now, but our benefits in brass.

The bad mechanic will always condemn

A man's worth consists in his virtue

not fun, this everlasting locking of their and not in his dollars and cents.

The man that has become enamored of himself has chosen a fool for a lover. Every fashion that is a useful improve-

ment should be adopted.

In arguing with a fool you throw away both your learning and eloquence.

The person we generally love most is the one we see in the mirror.

Error loves to walk arm in arm with truth, to make itself thought respectable. The evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen. The remedy of to-morrow is too late for the evils of to day.

The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer.

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

Beware of women who seem very sweet. Dealers in candy are not always candid. "You are my idle!" as the quizzical husband said to his lazy wife.

Many people's heads are like the bead of a glass of porter—all froth.

The moon is so old, that, if it is made of green cheese, it is unquestionably inhabited.

We often excuse our want of philanthopy by giving the name of fanaticism to the more ardent zeal of others. The more ignorant some of us are, the

more we will try to make the people be-

lieve we are wise.

Every man that finds a nest of golden eggs should be allowed to cackle over

No people are capable of self governnent who will first count the cost of their Great and good men are the common

property of mankind, as all nations have share in the wealth of their intellects. Good lawyers, like good ministers, are the salt of a nation; but a one-horse law-

yer is a nuisance in any community. As marriage, was not designed for infants, children should not be allowed to Mansion last evening. The growd soon be | pop the question before they are weaned. It is wrong to mete out justice accord ing to the wealth or poverty of the offen-

> There are some professors so spiritually minded that they scarcely ever draw a

sober breath. There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would

melt into glorious song. The religious persecutor abominates the smell of a raw heretic, but greatly en-

joys the oder of a roasted one. The highest degree of cunning is a pretended blindness to snares which we

Love generally makes a wise man act like a fool, and interest sometimes makes a fool act like a wise man.

To every old man, his departed boy-

hood is a Paradise Lost-fuller of poetry than Milton's. A lazy man's farm is always dressed in weeds, as if he was dead, and it were his

mourning widow. Love isn't a healthy thing for a young man, it causes such tremendous swelling of the bosom.

Do not anxiously expect what is not

yet come; do not vainly regret what is

already past. If a beautiful woman lets her heart rest upon her lips, the first enterprising young man she meets may kiss the sweet prize

My notions about life are much the same as they are about travelling; there is a good deal of amusement on the road but, after all, one wants to be at rest. Young ladies who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to conscious-

ness by just whispering in their ear you were only joking. Some philanthropists are so bitterly fanaticized against hanging that they

would gibbet all those who are in favor of Poverty is often despair. A poor fellow went to hang himself, but finding a pot of gold, went merrily home. But he

who had hidden the pot went and hung THE greatest men of simple manners. Parade, show, and a profusion of compliments are the artifices of little minds, made use of to swell them into an appearance of consequence, which nature has denied

to them. Regr People usually consider two hands enough for all purposes, but we recently saw a man who had got a little behind hand. Why is a minister like a locomotive?

We have to look out for him when the bell rings. Heaven could execute its purposes just as easily without great men as without

little ones. The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo often lasts much longer.