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SELECT POETRY.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

BY WM ROSS WALLACE.

The STARS and STRIPES! The STARS and STRIPES!
What though they have been sung
An hundred times o'er hundred harps
Since Freedom's bow was strung
By hero hands on Bunker Hill,
And storied Santee's crimson rill,
Shall they not yet draw holy fire
From every earnest patriot lyre?

Why, this is now the very time
Their glories should be told,
When round the Ark our fathers built
The treason clould is rolled,
When over even Vernon's grave
The traitor's flag would dare to wave,
And he would rend a Henry's sod
From sacred law and virtues God!

An Ellsworth sleeps the awful sleep
Because he loved their light,
A Lyon for their sake has walked
Into the dreamless night;
And see six hundred thousand now
For them are bearing breast and brow—
Then, as their folds like tempest fly,
Swear that the Nation shall NOT die!

Yes, sing the STARS, and sing the STRIPES!
From Maine to Georgia sing!
God's battle angels o'er them spread
The guardian plume and wing!
Behold! the Spirits of the Past
Who died for them, are on the blast!
Bid, bid their folds like tempests fly!
Swear, swear their Nation shall NOT die!

THERE'S A LAND OF GLOWING BEAUTY.

There's a land of glowing beauty,
Cloudless skies, serene and fair,
Where no stormy wind e'er bloweth,
Where the mind is free from care.

Just beyond the darksome river
Lies this land of joy and light;
Saints and angels dwell within it,
Songs and praises their delight.

O'er its verdant plains of pleasure
Streams of joy forever flow;
Peaceful rivers gently gliding,
Murmur music soft and low.

Fragrant flowers to deck its pathways,
Streets of burnished shining gold,
Pearly gates and walls of jasper,
Splendors that can ne'er be told.

Bowers of amaranthine splendor,
Fruits of fair ambrosial taste,
Verdant hills and fertile valleys;
Landscapes ne'er by sin defaced.

'Tis the land that God has promised,
Heavenly Canaan, land of rest;
Where for ever in his presence
Dwell at last the good and blest.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Early Attachments.

The attachments formed in early life are generally more enduring than those formed in early years. Almost every person looks back with a melancholy pleasure, with a smile and a tear, upon the sunbright hours of childhood and youth.—Surrounded unto everwhelming by the noise and strife of an eager, contending world, fancy will, at times, bear him back to the hallowed spot of his birth. The lofty woods again re-echo with the mingled shouts of mirth; again he sports with his companions beneath each well remembered tree in the orchard; and again he sits with the loved and loving ones around the wide old hearth, while the joyous hours pass by unheeded. There sits the father, the mother, the sister, the brother, each in his favorite place in the circle, and as kind and careful as ever before. The big bright fire sparkles and glows emblematic of the glow in the hearts of those by whom it is now surrounded; all is joy and peace in the happy family. Perchance there will come, too, a recollection of one dearer still than the chosen home circle; and again beneath the placid rays of the pale moon, he holds the white hand confidingly within his own, and listens to the transporting sounds of that voice. But reality brings him back, and tells him that the fire upon that hearthstone has long since died out, the flame of life has been extinguished by the hand of death, and that death has led away with him that radiant form.

"And should he seek his once loved home,
Where is the hand that cropped its flowers?
Unheard their clock repeats its hours,
Cold is the earth within their bowers;
Its echo and its empty tread
Would sound like voices of the dead."

The old homestead is deserted! Ruin has here had its perfect work. Where once sat the happy sire, and in the corner where the little sister nestled, now the horrid form of the rattlesnake is coiling.—The flower garden is overgrown with weeds, and the trees of the orchard are ones covered and decayed, or entirely passed away! O for the sad, the horrid contrast! But he refuses to think of it thus; he reflects upon it only as the abode of contentment, and the abode of love; and wherever fate may bear him on thro' the world, *this* must ever remain the green spot, the one oasis in the desert of life.—But he gives it only a passing thought, he dashes the tear which has unconsciously trickled down his cheek. His motto is "onward"—he looks not back, or he may be transformed into a monument of regret, more immovable than the pillar of salt which was once Lot's wife; he nerves him again for the combat, and hastens on, fearful of the past as he should be, and fully believing, with the poet, that

"There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving."

Honesty is the best policy.

It is upon Us.

A great struggle, the most momentous the spirit of progress ever encountered, the world ever experinced, of human hearts and hands ever enlisted in, is now fully inaugurated and by it is to be determined our future character and position as a government and a nation. The hour for peaceful adjustment has run out to the last sand; the halt for mutual compromise is over, the uplifted hoof of war at last has fallen, and the reluctant shoulder of a strong and mighty people brought alternately to the level musket's butt. The convulsive throes of internal dissolution have shaken from end to end the mightiest Republic ever reared by human skill, and in its own bosom have ruthless hands rent a yawning grave, and buried without a prayer of requiem its beloved colors. America seethes at last in the terrible crucible over which she has so long been trembling, and from which she is to emerge, purified and brightened to fill a fairer future, or as a blackened, dismembered mass, never more to be known as a power, or united as a people. Which it shall be, rests with the same God who gave victory to the struggles of our fathers, and with the might of our own arms, nerved to the stern valor of heroism by countless glory crowned memories. There is no averting step but that of ignominious dishonour: no other cup to choose but that overflowing with the bitterness of everlasting disgrace. The solution lies alone beyond blood stained battles; through ruins of smouldering cities; over war mown harvest fields; streets paved with headless trunks, and hearth-stones slippery with human gore.

That flag that has carried our renown to every land; and waved its victorious defiance to foes on every sea, has, after winning from powers abroad a full acknowledgement of the inviolable majesty of the spirit it symbolizes, with honorable deeds emblazoned all over its gallant folds, been struck to its native dust by those for whose protection it was unfurled and brought to battle for its very existence upon the soil that gave it birth. A spirit darker and more malignant than frowned upon the Roman Republic from Cateline's treacherous brow, or overshadowed our budding laurels with Arnolds blasted name, usurps the reign of Freedom in her meridian prime, and aims to hurl her, a dismembered body, to the winds of unrelenting fate. Upon this wild giant of sedition that has arisen in our midst, we gaze with horror, but not with fear. Before this mad monster of human delusion, we pause with sorrow, but not weakness. We appeal to God for justice, not revenge; we strike for the preservation of principles, careless of self; and we lower our bristling bayonets, not in menace but defiance.—With the awakened spirit of '76 crowned with eighty five years of untarnished glory we charge home, deaf to all appeals but the despairing cries of Liberty, and indifferent to all interests that are not bound up in the national weal, with the divine sanctity of human right; and as we turn from our dead soldiers to follow the sacred track of desolating armies, may the thought that we endure evil to incure good render us unyielding and invulnerable, triumphal and true.

Uses of Trouble.

There is a little plant, small and stunned, growing under the shade of a broad speading oak; and this little plant values the shade which covers it and greatly does it esteem the quiet rest which its noble friend affords. But a blessing is designed for this little plant

Once upon a time there comes along the woodman, and with his sharp axe he fells the oak. The plant weeps and cries, 'My shelter is departed; every rough wind will blow upon me and every storm will seek to uproot me."

'No, no,' saith the angel of that flower; 'now will the sun get at thee; now will the shower fall on thee in more copious abundance than before; now thy stunted form will grow up into loveliness, and thy flower, which could never have expanded itself to perfection, shall now laugh in the sunshine, and men shall say, "How greatly hath that plant increased! how glorious hath become its beauty, through the removal of that which was its shade and its delight!"

See you not then that God may take away your comforts and your privileges to make you the better christians! Why, the Lord always trains his soldiers, not by letting them lie on feather beds, but by turning them out, and by using them to forced marches and hard service; he makes them ford through streams, and swim through rivers, and climb mountains, and walk many a long march with heavy knapsacks of sorrow on their backs. This is the way in which he makes them soldiers; not by dressing them up in fine uniforms, to swagger at the barrack gates and to be fine gentlemen in the eyes of the loungers in the park. God knows that soldiers are only to be made in battle—they are not to be grown in peaceful times. We may grow the stuff of which soldiers are made, but, warriors are really educated by the smell of powder, in the midst of whizzing bullets and roaring cannonades—not in soft and peaceful times. Well, Christians may not this account for all? Is not thy Lord bringing out thy graces and making them grow? This is the reason why he is contending with you.—*Spurgeon.*

Marriages are often called matches; yet, of those who are married, few are ever matched! Temper, tastes and disposition should be well studied before marriage.

The Faith of the People.

Events pass us with such rapidity that time is not afforded us even for a moment's reflection. The country hangs, literally upon the wires, and the tri daily electric news has become such a fixed fact that one would think the nation impervious to a shock even from a galvanic battery.—But this is not the result of indifference nor callousness. It is the faith of the people in our rulers, and those who have the conduct of this war.

In all these weeks of agonizing suspense, when the fate of this nation has, to human eyes, hung upon the issue of a day, there has been no distrust of integrity, and but little complaint. The world in no land, under other institutions, can afford such an instance of the faith of the people.—One day the country feels certain that the seizure of Mason and Slidell is right, and are willing, on that issue, to accept a war with the greatest naval power in the world. The next day flashes the announcement that the Administration has surrendered those traitors, and could the electricity, the next hour, have combined the voice of those all over the land who love our Union it would have struck the White House, with a reply of acquiescence. The moral sublimity of such faith cannot be imagined.

Again, when all eyes are stretched towards the extending lines of half a millon of soldiers, hoping, and expecting, momentarily, that a combined movement would crush out rebellion and electrify the world the news comes that the head of the War Department has retired, and another takes his place. Not a criticism is heard, not a murmur uttered, but that abiding faith of the people acquiesces, and scarce a ripple runs along the surface of popular thought

Again, the National exigency demands a suspension of specie payments by the Banks, and no sooner is the sacrifice demanded, than the people acquiesce, burying all preconceived prejudices, and yielding a point that lies at the base of all ordinary financial operations.

All this shows the faith of the people; of a people who have given uncounted men and uncounted dollars to the cause of the Union, and who, too, for months, have been forced to live upon hope alone.

Tell us not that the people are unreasonable; that they are impatient; that they are fickle; but tell us that in no nation on the globe dwells such faith as in our people.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Love--Its purity and Power.

How very bright and beautiful is love in its power, purity and innocence? How mysteriously does it etherialize every feeling and impulse of the heart. Love, holy and mysterious love, is the garland spring of life—the dream of the heart, the poetry of nature. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor, as well as the gorgeous palaces of the rich—its flames embellish the solitude of the forest, and the thronged haunts of busy life, and its life imparts a brilliancy to every heart, no matter what be its condition. Love—pure, holy and devoted love—can never change. Friends may forsake us, and the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves will cling closer as loud roars the storms, and amid the wreck of the tempest it will serve as a beacon to light us on to hope and happiness Love is the mystic and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the fireside and unites in closet union the affections of society, and souls that love forever. Not like the waves of the ocean, nor traced in sand, is the image impressed upon loving heart. No; but it will burn on unfaded in its lustre amid the quick rush of winds and warring of tempest clouds and when our fate seems dark and dreary then will love seek shelter in her own hallowed temple, and offer as a sacrifice her vows and affections

Apprentice Boys. Attention.

Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic is called to pass; it is emphatically the spring season of his days—the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruit of which he is to reap in after years. If he spare no labor in its proper culture, he is sure of obtaining an abundant harvest; but if, in the culture of the mental soil, he follows the examples of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work, like them, he will find the seeding time past, and his ground only bringing forth weeds and briars. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hopes of success in the future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he improve the golden season. Let him bear in mind that he can became master of his business only through the closest application and the most perserving industry; and that unless he does master it, he may bid farewell to all prospect of success.—The apprenticeship is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice; and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles and falls to the earth. Then, young friends, persevere; be studious and attentive; study well all the branches of your business, both practical and theoretical—and when the time shall come for you to take an active part in life, you will not fail to be of use, not only in your own particular business but in society.

A Philosopher, being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered "an opportunity."

TO MY FRIEND.

When years have wrought their changes
Upon the human heart—
When life's bright hopes have vanished,
And early friends depart.
When thou art sad or lonely,
And would some voice attend,
O, think that mine for one will say,
"Truly I am thy friend."

When Time has parted us on earth,
And years have taken flight,
Let's not forget our friendship here,
That home hath made so bright;
Let us oft think of how we met,
Our voices raised in prayer;
And let our lives be pure on earth,
That we may meet Him there.

We've shared each others griefs and joys
We know each others heart,
But years will make great changes,
For we will have to part.
Yet let our friendship e'er be true,
While earth-life here is given,
And if we live as God requires,
We'll meet again in Heaven.

THE TRAITORS DOOM.

[A speech delivered at the Exhibition of the B. L. Society, of the Waynesboro' Classical and Commercial Institute, Monday evening, Feb. 24, 1862, by HARRY BONEBRAKE.]

Benedict Arnold stood in the presence of Tallyrand, the great French Diplomatist, a few years after the peace of Paris, disconsolate, neglected, and unknown.—He had left England, not finding that sympathy which he thought his traitorous deeds merited, but rather despised because his defection availed nothing to the Royal cause, and cost the blood of the gallant Major Andre. Having arrived at Paris he thought that possibly the Prime Minister would be interested in his welfare, and sympatize with his forlorn condition. On being introduced to Tallyrand, the latter with contempt and scorn, mantling his every feature, turned violently upon him and exclaimed: "The man who deserts his country and betrays liberty is not a fit companion for theives!—out of my presence traitor!—this hour is the saddest of my life!—I had hoped that mine eyes might never behold so contemptible an object!" Struck as by a thunderbolt the wretch vanished and was never seen again.

If there is any crime a human being can commit that will awaken feelings of scorn and detestation even in the bosom of a Hottentot, that crime is *Treason.* Other misdeeds may be chargad to avarice, revenge, impulse, intemperance, or some other similar human weakness, but to what fatality can Treason be imputed? To forsake the spot of your nativity, surrounded with those associations of home, around which cluster recollections precious as heaven sent blessings, charming as the sweet breath of spring, and then open the way to the alien enemy who will desolate the bright fields, desecrate the old homestead and then give it to the flames,—exhibits a degree of depravity, which words cannot describe and to which the Devil with his [illegible] the [illegible] of gladne[illegible] her human[illegible] policy, or generosity, he[illegible] sympathy. He was teaching the world in wisdom, and preaching sermons to all people on the prosperity incident to measures calculated to preserve peace between nations;—in view of these facts, how can we define in language, the infamy, the punishment, the torture that the Traitors merit, who in one short year, would overthrow this grand structure of progress, destroy this world exhalting influence, and dash these brilliant prospects to the dust! And this is not all. Not content with his own efforts at undermining the strongholds of his country, he would invite all the nations of the earth to follow him, and raising the torch of Rebellion would fire the temple of Liberty reared by his fathers, and laugh to see its remains spurned by the foot of the stranger!

The records of South Carolina were disgraced for many years after the revolution, by the names of Traitors. How many of her impious progeny petioned her legislature to change their *names, which were synonimous* with tory. The Burnwells, and Rhetts, and hosts of others were ashamed of their paternal signatures. It is said that monsters cannot propagate their species, but it is an indubitable fact, that the tory fathers of '76 are turning up in their vile traitor sons of '61. When the banner of the brave and free shall wave once more in glory from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where is the legislature so base, so contemptible, as to change the name of Burnwell or a Rhett?—And it would be well for those secesh sympathisers in our midst to ponder well on the positions they are assuming. It will not do to tell a patriotic posterity that they were deluded by Breck Democracy; it will be no excuse to plead fears that the Constitution would be overridden;—much less to confess that to them the Constitution was made for slavery, for its maintainance, its propagation,—and not for the free hosts that would eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. A more wonderful paradox has never been exhibited in philosophy, than this of the poor laboring white man of the north, opposing democracy and favoring southern aristocracy, which not only despises them as "mudsills of society," mere beasts of burden, created for their especial benefit, but would rivet the fetters of slavery upon their hands, and lay the galling yoke of ignorance and poverty up on their necks forever! I know of no punishment adequate to these deluded party worshippers. I know of no miseries that would be more nearly commensurate with their party malice and malignant course of action, than to hand them over to the tender mercies of their secession brethern in the South, who would speedily deal with them as hypocricy and sycophancy deserve.

Our patriotic army is beginning its grand movements, as if led by the God of War, victory is echoed everywhere, and Traitors fly as if pursued by the Demon of destruction, the very heart of Rebellion is being pierced with arrows of fire! The hearts of the oppressed patriots of the South are swelling with joy, and oh! what thunders of glad shouts will soon go up to Heaven, from the noble men, whose prayers have been coming up before God, lo! these many days, for deliverance from thralldom. Move on! gallant sons of noble sires;—wave on! thou Banner of the Free!—though thou hast been dishonored by the recreant sons of sires, who often bore thee on to victory, yet thou wilt again stream bright as ever over a people united and happy, and worthy of thy protection. Traitors! stand from under! The weight of infamy cast from twenty millions of noble hearts is about to descend. Flee to the mountains and pray them to fall upon you and hide you from the face of a justly enraged and outraged people. Cross the dark blue ocean; seek a home in Ethiopia or on the Mountains of the Moon, anywhere beyond the boundaries of civilization for ye have struck a blow at her,—anywhere without the pale of Morality, Education, for ye have attempted their overthrow; anywhere without the light of Progress, for ye have attempted to strangle her and drive her from your [illegible] Stand from under! Traitors, Secession peace-animals!—the Gods [illegible] and their thunderbolts of [illegible] descending, will crush [illegible]

"Oh, for a tongue to [illegible]
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes over the [illegible]
And blasts [illegible]

On the [illegible]
lo, resi[illegible]
Phila[illegible]
kin[illegible]
ha[illegible]

[illegible] a coke like mass, [illegible] the semblance of a human being left.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.—Thought endures thought. Place one idea upon paper, another will follow, and still another until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come in lumps—homely and shapeless—but no matter; time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write; the more you think the better you will be able to express your ideas.

When a person is very ill, he says "God has afflicted me;" but if he feels very happy, and very well, how rarely does he say "God has made me happy." How prone we are to think God is at burials, but not at bridals; how prone to think God is in all that is dark, sepulchral and gloomy, but not in the midst of all that is bright, and giving it greater brightness and in all that is joyful adding to its intensity and its purity.

The Charleston Mercury recommends the shooting of slaves who refuse to follow their masters. That would be constitutional, we suppose. These rebels are great stickters for constitutions—but they don't like their rules to work both ways.

HUMOROUS!

Who is the longest lived man? The shoemaker—he is ever lasting.

Who is the largest man? The lover—he is a fellow of tremendous sighs.

Who are the best natured men? The surgeons—they are never out of patients.

Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion? Because she dresses well.

The latest edition of "Burns' Justice." The conflagration in Charleston.

The worst of all kinds of eye water is a coquette's tears.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.

Tears at a wedding are only the commencement of the pickle that the young folks are getting into.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Why is a division in Congress scarcely better than a street fight? Because it ends by the *eyes* or the *nose* having it.

What man is generall[illegible] The tailor—he cuts co[illegible] of the time.

Pedagogue—We[illegible] spell?

Boy—I[illegible]

Ped[illegible]

Bo[illegible] like [illegible]

use it, ask [illegible] but be sure and [illegible] start of you. You can say [illegible] shoot.

"Julia, here are two cakes—one for you and one for Mary. Mary don't want her's just now, and you may carry it for her till we get home."

After a while mother observed that Miss Julia began eating upon the second cake, having already disposed of one. Of course she thought it was time to speak.

"Julia, whose cake are you eating?"

"Mine, ma."

"And where is Mary's?"

"Why, I eat her's first."

A young lady, weeping and wa[illegible] handkerchief, with much assidu[illegible] occasion of the departure of a [illegible] soldiers, was asked what r[illegible] in the regiment. "She[illegible]" "How many?" "[illegible]" "Why, the whole reg[illegible] Uncle Sam's buttons, lace[illegible] the laws.

When you see a young man [illegible] ed to carry a parcel along the stre[illegible] can make up your mind that, with [illegible] chance, he will come to somethi[illegible]

When heaven sends storms upon [illegible] they must imitate the humble grass, w[illegible] saves itself by lying meekly down.

He who swears informs us that his b[illegible] word is not to be credited.