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POETICAL.

[For the Record.

HOMELESS STILL.

Oh! where is my home!
Go ask of the wild
That shelters in silence,
Adversity's child:
Go ask of the brook,
As it flows to the sea,
What worth more is a tear,
What joy its bright glint!

The willows are there
And bend to each breeze,
But this wretched heart
Seems aching to freeze;
No more shall I feel
That I have a home,
Poor, friendless—forsaken
In sadness I roam.

The beasts of the desert
Have caverns to flee,
The birds of the air,
Have nests; and are free;
And the fishes that swim
In the water they lave,
All, all, have a home,
And I but a grave!

The snow-flakes may fall
And whiten the ground,
The bleak winds of winter
Spread sorrow around;
Kind words may be spoken,
Warm hearts may be free,
The felon has friends
But who cares for me!

No matter what snow
Or cold cracking sleet,
May fall on my head,
Or freeze at my feet;
No matter what tears
May fall from mine eye,
Not a friend bids me hope,
All wish me to die.

Go ask of the storm
That sweeps through the sky,
If it is the last
That will darken mine eye;
And when I am gone,
Weep not over me,
Friendless I've lived,
In peace let me be.

MISCELLANY.

It Surpasses Uncle Tom's Cabinet.

In one of Gen. Butler's late speeches at the East, he said:

He had on reading Mrs. Stowe's book—"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—believed it to be an overdawn, highly-wrought picture of Southern life, but he had seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears many things which go beyond her book as much as her book does beyond an ordinary school-girl's novel. He related an instance of shocking demoralization of society at New Orleans.—There came into his office a woman, 27 years of age, perfectly white, who asked him in proper language if he would put her in one of her father's houses. Her history was this: Her father had educated her in the city of New York, until she was between 17 and 18 years of age, and taken her to one of the metropolitan hotels, where he kept her as his mistress. Not relishing the connection, and desiring to get away from him, she went to New Orleans—he followed her, but she refused to live with him, at which he whipped her in the public street, and made her marry a slave. She afterwards resumed the unnatural relation, and went to Cincinnati, but was brought back by her husband, or father, with a child, belonging to somebody. Her father fled from the city at the time of its occupation by the United States forces, leaving her in a state of destitution. She wanted to live in one of her father's houses, but her story was not credible, and he determined to investigate it. To his surprise it was found to be well known, and testimony of its truth was obtained from A, B and C, without difficulty.

Notwithstanding this fact, widely known as it was, this man could be elected in Louisiana, in the city of New Orleans, a Judge of one of the Courts. On one occasion one of his aids brought before him a young woman almost white, who had been brutally whipped and turned out of the house of her father. For this outrage the man had been made to pay a fine of $1,000 and give the woman a deed for emancipation. [Applause.] Those were the kind of charges which had been brought against him. [Cheers, and cries of "Send him."] Yes, any right minded man could be sent to New Orleans without returning an unconditional Anti Slavery man, even though the roofs of the houses were not taken off and the full extent of the corruption exposed. All the lower class of the people of New Orleans were loyal. During the first fourteen days after the Union forces entered the city, 14,000 took the oath of allegiance and, when he went on board the steamer, on his return to the North, at least one thousand laboring men came down upon the levee and uttered all words except those of code will ed him as the representative of the Government. General Butler continued by saying that the war could only be successfully prosecuted by the destruction of slavery, which was made the corner-stone of the Confederacy.

It was a beautiful expression of Burke's upon the death of his son, that his child in this world should be his ancestor in the skies. Millet born an glory, the junior of the household is the senior in heaven.

In our university it is night with us and in the night many beasts of prey range abroad that keep their dens through the day.

Little graves—the footprints of angels.

Noble Letter From General Rosecrans.

On Tuesday last, in the Ohio Legislature, a message was received from the Governor, inclosing the following letter from General Rosecrans:

Headquarters Department of the Cumberland, Murfreesboro' Tenn. Feb. 5, 1863.

To the Honorable, the General Assembly of the State of Ohio.

The resolution of thanks passed by your honorable body to the Army of the Cumberland, its Commanding General and his staff has been duly received, and published to the troops of this command. On behalf of all, I return you heartfelt thanks.

This is, indeed a war for the maintenance of the Constitution and the laws—nay, for national existence—against those who have our honest friendship, deceived our just hopes, and driven us to defend our country and our homes. By foul and willful slanders on our motives and intentions, persistently repeated, they have arrayed against us our own fellow-citizens, bound to us by the triple ties of consanguinity, geographical position and commercial interest.

Let no man among us be base enough to forget this, or fool enough to trust an oligarchy of traitors to their friends, to civil liberty and human freedom. Voluntary exiles from home and friends, for the defence and safety of all, we long for the time when gentle peace shall spread her wings over our land; but we know no such blessing is possible while the unjust and arbitrary power of the rebel leaders confronts and threatens us. Crafty as the fox, cruel as the tiger, they cried "no coercion" while preparing to strike us. Bully like, they proposed to fight us, because they said they could whip five to one, and now, when driven back, they whine out "no invasion," and promise us of the West permission to navigate the Mississippi, if we will be "good boys," and do as they bid us.

Whenever they have the power, they drive before them into their ranks the Southern people, and they would also drive us. Trust them not. Were they able they would invade and destroy us without mercy. Absolutely assured of these things, I am amazed that any one could think of "peace on any terms." He who entertains the sentiment is fit only to be a slave; he who utters it at this time, is, moreover, a traitor to his country who deserves the scorn and contempt of all honorable men. When the power of the unscupulous leaders is removed, and the people are free to consider and act for their own interests, which are common with ours under this Government, there will be no difficulty in fraternization. Between our tastes and social life there are fewer differences than between those of the people of the Northern and Southern Provinces of England or Ireland.

Hoping that the time may speedily come when, the power of the perfidious and cruel tyrant of the rebellion having been overthrow, a peace may be laid on the broad foundation of national unity and equal justice to all, under the Constitution and laws, I remain your fellow-citizen,

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major General.

The Case of Texas.

The history of Texas is indeed an illustration of the sublime of treachery, faithlessness and ingratitude. We found her in beggary and want. She was without friends, without character, without credit. She came to us in her destitution and asked us to adopt her. We took pity on her; took her out of the cold; nursed and dressed her; introduced her into decent society; taught her the manners of civilized life; learned her to respect herself; defend her against her old masters; even went to war for her; and made her, that was so lately friendless and outcast, an honored member of our national household.

Nor was this all. We spent millions in constructing lighthouses and harbors, we kept a considerable army on her borders, to protect her against the Indians; we made it safe for emigrants to settle on her soil, we trusted her with all the foolish indulgence shown towards a spoilt child. And what was her return? An attempt on the life of her benefactor; an alliance with the enemies of her first, best, and only friend! An endeavor to tear down the old mansion that had given her shelter. A deliberate conspiracy to overthrow the Government whose protection she had sought and upon whose bounties she had fed.

The fruits of her treachery are rapidly ripening. She is destined to suffer more.—The progress of civilization within her borders was suddenly arrested. She became speedily the prey of anarchy, and brutality. Law and order became a mockery and a farce. Justice and equity were ruthlessly trampled under foot. A "reign of terror" supplanted the mild sway of the Federal power. Ruffians and bandits, gamblers and cut-throats seized the reins of government. Life ceased to be safe. Property became the prize of the strongest hand. All that was sacred all that was of good report were trampled under foot. The halter and the stake became the instruments of irresponsible power.

It is proposed to put an end to this barbarous regency—to save her from her own madness—to bring her back to the allegiance from which she wandered and substitute for anarchy. The work has been already nobly commenced—a provisional governor has been appointed—an expedition is on foot which will, it is hoped, speedily bring her within the pale of the Union.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Some young ladies brought our bachelor friend a bunch of wormwood and rue, to ask which he answered that they might bring him something sweeter yet, but he would not alter the wilkin.

Want of Courage.

Sidney Smith, in his work of moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass, as it is termed:

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they would only have been induced to begin, would in all probability, have gone great lengths in the carreer of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and think of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetual calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends; that he has no time left to follow their advice. There is so little time for over-squeamishness at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

Eternity.

O eternity, without all bounds! O eternity, that can be understood by no understanding of men; how much dost thou increase the punishment of the damned! After innumerable thousands of years, they shall always be constrained to think that this is to them only the beginning of torments! How grievous a thing is it to lie in a most soft bed for twenty years! What will it be to burn thirty thousand years in that lake of fire and brimstone! O eternity! eternity! thou alone, beyond all measure, dost exaggerate the torments of the damned.

Grievous is their punishment by reason of the *sharpness* of their torments; it is the more grievous by reason of the *diversity* of their torments; it is the most grievous for the eternity of their torments. There shall be death without death, and without end, defect without defect, because death ever liveth, and the end ever beginneth, and the defect knoweth not how to fail. They shall seek life, and shall not find it, they shall seek death, and death shall fly away from them; after an hundred thousand, thousand, thousand years, without any end, they shall return to renewed torments.—*Gerhardt.*

"Conscience Makes Cowards of us All."

A few nights since a boy chimney sweeper making his rounds in the country, called at a farm-house near Shippensburg, but it not being convenient to employ him till the following morning, the farmer informed him he might if he thought proper, sleep in his barn, which he readily agreed to. He accordingly made himself a comfortable bed among the straw, and consigned himself to the arms of Morpheus. Some time in the night he was awakened by two men entering the barn with a lantern and candle, and each of them had a sack. He immediately supposing they were not about their lawful business, lay still to watch their motions, when they began to consult how they might place the light, till they had filled their sacks from the corn crib. Seeing that they were at a loss how to proceed, the chimney sweeper crept softly from his couch, and with an audible voice, said, "Gentlemen, I'll hold the candle." Turning suddenly, they behold the knight of the brush, in his sable robes, and supposing him to be a messenger from the infernal regions, threw down their sacks and lanterns and immediately skedaddled.

The Nashville Union thus forcible and truly discourses on the sham unanimity of the South in favor of the slaveholders' rebellion:

"The *Louisville Union* says that the Southern people *were* not disunionists. We never said the contrary, and we go still further, and affirm our belief that the *Southern people are* not to-day disunionists. If the conscription law, enforced by Morgan, Forrest, Wade, and hundreds of other guerrilla chiefs with armed bands of desperadoes, had not recruited the rebel armies; if a military tyranny, more terrible than Austrian despotism, did not stamp out the first symptoms of resistance; if it were not high treason to hinder the circulation of confederate notes; if the power of a wealthy, and almost unanimous consolidated slaveholding minority, were broken, a large majority of the citizens of the south would to-day be for the Union. The fear of the dungeon, the halter, and the sword have silenced the voice of southern loyalty."

DANGEROUS PLEASURES.—I have sat upon the sea-shore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with his hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So I have seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—*Bishop Montagu.*

The happiest state of man—A pretty wife, one child, and a receipt to advance for the Village Record.

THE SILENT HOUR.

The dark and cloudy gather round our way,
We must not stop or slumber;
The sun that hides its face to-day,
May brightly shine to-morrow,
And should he not, life's storm and cloud
Will vanish soon forever,
And peace and rest be found at last
By Death Time's rapid river.

The gilded toys that now we prize,
Like autumn's leaves will scatter,
And from our sight will fade at last
Like sunshine from the water;
But steadfast faith, and noble deeds
Will shine around us ever,
Like guiding stars to lead us home
Across that silent river.

The Hudson Star tells the following singular story? A wonderful instance of rescue from drowning occurred at Athens, Tuesday. The facts, as we have gathered, are those: A boy about eight years old fell into a hole in the Athens channel, a short distance from the new ice-house which is building. He was seen to go down and the alarm was given. While some ran towards the spot, others had the presence of mind to run in the opposite direction to the tool house three hundred feet off, for an ice chisel.—The ice was new and transparent, and they found the boy was lying upon his back on the top of the water, floating along under the ice. A hole was made, but he passed one side, and they could not reach him. A second and third hole further down was made, but with no better success. But thro' the fourth hole, which for want of time was made very small, a young man thrust his hand and caught him. The ice was cut away and he was taken out, not only alive but conscious. He was soon entirely restored. He had floated, as was found by measurement, one hundred and twelve feet under the ice, with his face up and rubbing against it. He must have taken a full inspiration of air on going down; and the little fellow was taken out with his hands tightly clasped over his mouth and nose, so that not a drop of water had entered his body.

The Oath of Allegiance.

Senator Anthony, who does not speak very often, but who always speaks to the point, administered a very pleasant rebuke, we learn, to those Senators who complain because some of those imprisoned since the rebellion broke out have had to take the oath of allegiance in order to obtain their liberty. Said the Senator:

"I cannot understand why any citizen should refuse to take the oath of allegiance when called upon so to do by competent authority. Were it not that I hear gentlemen upon the other side, whose loyalty I do not question, say they would not do it, I should say that no loyal citizen should refuse to take it.

A senator on the opposite side of the chamber asked the other day, "would you take the oath of allegiance on compulsion?" Sir, I would take it any way and every day, as often as anybody wished me to take it. I would be willing to take it three times a day as grace before meat. Indeed, I think there is no form of expression in the language, except the Lord's prayer, that an American citizen can oftener take with advantage to his soul's health, than an oath to support the Constitution of the United States."

A LIEUTENANT MURDERED BY A SECESH BEAUTY.—The Leavenworth *Bulletin*, of the 15th contains an account of the most fiendish instance of rebel crime that has marked their diabolical deeds during the war. While the army was near Bentonville, Ark., last spring, a secession young woman often visited the camp, and made herself very agreeable to the officers. A Lieutenant in the Second Indiana battery named Masterson, became charmed with her and she pretended to respond to the passion she had created. Their relations became quite intimate, and on one occasion she invited him to visit her at the residence of her uncle. He unsuspectingly availed himself of the invitation to spend an afternoon in her society.—Having been with her about two hours, she went to the window, raised it, and at the same moment twelve guerrillas appeared and fired upon him. He fell dead in the house and was carried off to a mill pond, and his body thrown into the water. Some four days afterwards the body floated to the shore, and was buried by an old man and his son. After the lapse of four weeks the body was found, disinterred, and identified by the comrades of the unfortunate Lieutenant.

A HERO.—In the battle of Fredericksburg the color-bearer of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment fell mortally wounded, when a sergeant named Plunkett seized the standard, bore it to the front, and there held his ground until both arms were shot away by a shell. He was carried to the hospital, and subsequently was taken to Washington, the whole regiment turning out to escort him to the station. If brave a man deserved so marked an honor.

The eloquence of the eyes out strip that of the voice, as the quick lightening the sluggish thunder.

If a man is blind, a pig has been fattened on pine apples, he will be sure to taste the pine-apple flavor in the pork.

Wealth is a good external illumination for a fool, and learning a capital internal one, lighting him up like a true lunatic.

Honesty without sharpness is like a sword without edge or point; sweet and well thought but of no use to the owner.

A wife is as necessary at the repast of dinner party as the pepper box or the platter-full but.

Affected simplicity is robed in

Doubtful Theology.

Talmage, though he is not all fat, for short, tells us the following good story on himself:

When but a little boy, he was called up one day in a country school and the question suddenly propounded by the pedagogue:

"Patrick, how many Gods are there?"

Pat was not a distinguished theologian then, and years have made him no better very fast, in such matters, but promptly responded:

"Three, sir."

"Take your seat," thundered the master, "and if in five minutes you don't know correctly, I'll welt you."

The probationary period passed, and Pat, taking the floor, hesitatingly stated the number of Gods at five, sir. He received the promised welting, and a remand to his seat for ten minutes for consideration.

Ten minutes up, Pat was up too, and satisfied that he hadn't fixed the matter sufficiently high before he shouted:

"There's ten, sir!"

He saw the ferule descending, and bolting out of the door, cleared a five rail fence, and broke like a quarter horse across the fields. Panting with exertion, he met a lad with a book under his arm, and with the look of one who desired the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.

"Where are you going?' said Pat.

'To school, yonder,' was the reply.

'You are, are you?' said Pat, quietly.—'How many Gods are there?'

'One,' answered the boy.

'Well, you'd better go down there. You'll have a good time with your *one* God! I just left there with *ten*, and that wasn't enough to save me from the darndest licking you ever heard of.'

A Shinplaster Story.

A shinplaster story has been localized here, and applied to a popular dry goods dealer. The story may have been in print, perhaps, but a repetition will do no harm. As the story goes, a farmer purchased a few cents worth of goods from this trader, and gave him a bill to make change from. The latter returned him eighty-five cents in his engraved promises to pay, genteely known as checks but vulgarly known as shinplasters.

"What's them?" inquired the astonished countryman.

"Oh," said the merchant, "those are a sort of currency we dry goods dealers have," and went away to another customer.

The countryman went off not exactly satisfied—but soon after returned, and bought nearly a dollars worth of goods. After receiving the neatly tied up package, and being told the price he deposited a number of pumpkin seeds on the counter.

"What are those?" inquired the merchant.

"Oh," replied the countryman coolly. "them's a sort of currency we farmer's have, and thereupon left the store.

The story has it that the dry goods dealer, who appreciates good jokes, was so amused he did not call his unprofitable servant back.—*Boston Post.*

MAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.—Above all let no man practice on woman, perpetually, the shameless falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness adoring her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assert to her every high opinion as if she was not strong enough to maintain it against opposition nor yet manufacture opinion for her, and force it on her lips by dictation.—Let them not crucify her motives, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality nor insult her independence, nor play mean jests upon honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubt of her, as wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicion of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate witness of angels. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.—*Rev. F. D. Huntington.*

He who cannot bear to be alone because he soon gets weary of himself, should know that others will probably get weary of him still sooner.

If our eyes were open, we should see that this oval globe is but an egg, and that what we call time is but the incubation of Eternity.

Indolence deprives men of that energy which should call forth their virtues and make them illustrious.

Kindness is a language, which not only the dumb can speak, but the deaf can understand.

Morose, solemn and inflexible men enjoy in general a greater share of dignity than of happiness.

Skillful mariners get their art in tempestous storms; any novice can sail on a smooth sea.

Slanderers are like flies that habit and fasten upon sores.

He who serves only himself is the slave of a fool.

Men often woo angel purposes and devil deeds but themselves indeed to hell.

Suffer books to know how things ought to be, only man to know how things are.

Old age is a relentless tyrant.

Miscellaneous.

Why was Cain's brother an Irishman?—Because.

Typographical error: The sin was rent with the *snouts* of three thousand people.

Many persons seem to be of Franklin's opinion, that time is money; they like so much of it to pay their debts.

Why is a stick of candy like a race horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

The first time a man has most to tell that he lets himself out at camp meeting for a steeple.

A tombstone cutter, contracted the motto, 'Let her rest in peace,' for want of space, and it stood, 'Let her r. i. p.'

As the French have no w in their language. Mr. Guppy wants to know how they can spell wagon.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?—Because neither of them is satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

An old soaker 'down east accounts' for his perpetual thirst from the fact that he was weaned upon salt fish.

Why is a patch of corn like a dunce?—Because it is always liable to have its ears pulled.

Mrs. Burr says, she has to drink her coffee without cream in it, for the milk is so high that the cream cannot get to the top.'

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

As the London Times threatens to "withdraw its moral support" from the rebellion, we hope it don't mean to transfer it to the Federal side. *This* would be a disaster.

You will occasionally see a reckless man, who, at every leap he makes in his life-journey, leaves not a foot print, but a rude scar upon the earth, a horrid deformity, a flurry-print, a flounder-mark—to tell man that he is a knave, to tell God that he is a fool.

STRIKING EFFECT OF A STRIKE.—A Boston contemporary says he finds among his exchanges the following paragraph:

THE PRINTERS ARE ON A STRIKE FOR HIGHER WAGES. WE HAVE COMPLIED WITH THEIR REQUEST AND HEREAFTER SHALL PAY NOTHING.

CATSUP AND DOG SOUP.—"Will you have some catsup?" asked a gentleman of aunt Priscilla at a dinner table.

"Dear me, no," she replied, with a shudder; "I'm fond of cats in their place, but I should as soon think of eating dog soup.',

The gentleman did not urge her.

"Poor Hans!" wrote a German to a friend who had been inquiring after his son, "he bit himself mit a rattle-snake, and was sick into his bed for six weeks in the month of August, and all his cry vas, 'vater! vator!' And he couldn't eat nothing at all till he complained of being a little better so he could stand up on his elbow and eat a cup o'tea."

LITTLE FAILINGS.—"My James is a very good boy," said the old lady, but he has little failings, for we are none of us perfect—he put the cat in the fire, hung his grandmother's wig down in the cistern, tied the coffee pot to Jowlers tail, set off squibs in the barn, took my cap bobin for fishing lines and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eyes. But these are only childish follies.

ARKANSAS WATER.—A recent visitor to one of the midland towns of Arkansas, after inquiring very particularly of a prominent citizen about the health of the place, continued his interrogatories by asking—

"Doctor, what kind of water is mostly used here?"

"Well water," answered the doctor.

"Is it good?"

"Those who use it," replied the doctor, "say it is first-rate. I use whiskey."

HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE.—John W——, was, or is a genius. He made quite a pile in the Mexican war and invested it in a canal boat running on the Ohio Canal. John was a bachelor, but in the course of time was smitten by the little god: An old farmer, who lived in the "boat path," near Massillon, had two rosy cheeked daughters but all attempts were foiled by the old man. But John was not discouraged. A large chunk of beef brought off the mastiff, and John proceeded to deliberately appropriate the various articles hanging on the clothes' line. Chemisetts and stockings, breeches, shirts; such things were crowded in inglorious confusion into the capacious bag carried by John on this occasion.

They were brought aboard the boat and placed in the "bow cabin," to pave the way for an introduction on the return trip.

A week after, the boat passed the farm house on its way south, and John jumped ashore and went to the house. He represented that one of his divers had stole the clothing; that he discharged him, and desired to restore the articles. The ladies were delighted, as the sack contained all their Sunday finery.

Fairways changes that all the boatmen on the canal, and [illegible] one knows you. You must again, captain.'

The captain did call again, and soon after married the youngest.

On the wedding night, he told his wife that even he had used to get at little information, and the old man gave information, a more clothing should be left 'on' [illegible]