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done with neatness and dispatch, and at the
lowest possible rates.

THE MERRY GIRLS.

BY NAT WENDHAM.

The girls, the girls, the happy girls!
O ginger, how we love 'em!
Sweet, pretty girls with sunny curls,
O what can be above 'em!
We love to see them run and skip,
And hear them laugh and giggle;
We like to press the nectar lip,
Ha! how it makes us jiggle!
O! none but hateful, hunchbacked churls
Can help but love the merry girls!

The lass, the lass with rosy cheeks!
O roaring, fighting Cussar!
We'll clamber up the Alpine peaks,
To get a chance to squeeze her!
She's plump and neat as any doll,
And, glory, how we'd founder—
We'd give our fortune, pipe and all,
To get our arms around her!
For none but hateful, hunchbacked churls
Refuse to squeeze the merry girls!

The maid, the maid with laughing eyes!
O save us, mighty Juno!
Who can the pleading orbs despise?
O we can't do it, you know!
We'd kiss all babies now in town,
And try to look some snigger;
We'd always smile and never frown,
If we could only hug her!
For none but hateful, hunchbacked churls
Will steady long to hug the girls!

Croak em, croak em, ya "baches" old,
We'll listen to you never!
We'll hug the girls till we grow old!
We'll love them on forever!
O! sing and talk of single bliss,
But we'll not bear your story!
We'd sell ourself for sue sweet kiss!
O! glory! glory! glory!
For none but hateful, hunchbacked churls
Can help but love the merry girls!

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

The Comic Grammar says:
But remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be oves, not axes.

To which an exchange paper adds:
And remember, though fleece
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Aren't geeses nor gesses.

We may also be permitted to add:
And remember, though house
In the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse
Should be mice, and not mouses.

Philadelphia Gazette.

All of which goes to prove
That grammar a farce is;
For what is the plural
Of rum and molasses?

New York Gazette.

The plural, Gazette,
Of rum don't us trouble;
Take one glass too much
And your sure to see double.

Brooklyn Daily Advertiser.

A pair of blue eyes—
Just to vary the strain—
Says the plural of kiss,
Is—"to do it again!"

Reading Journal.

And this without straining
The sweet variation,
Is what we call the essence
Of sanctification.

Mariettian.

A few months ago, the editor of
the Charleston Mercury prayed that
our ships might be sunk. Quite a num-
ber of them, laden with stone, have been
sunk right before his eyes. The Louis-
ville Journal hopes he is grateful for
the answer to his prayer. This is another
evidence of the accommodating spirit
of the Yankees—expending thousands
of dollars to gratify the desires of one
of their bitterest enemies.

A witness in a certain court, not
a thousand miles from Rappahannock,
on being interrogated as to whether the
defendant in a certain case was drunk,
replied: "Well, I can't say that I have
seen him drunk exactly; but I once
saw him sitting in the middle of the
floor, making grabs in the air, saying
that he'd be hanged if he didn't catch
the bed the next time it run past him."

A sensible Manchester politician
suggested to the Duke of Newcastle
that it would be cheaper for the English
government to ship all the unemployed
cotton factory hands to the south of
Europe and feed them, than to fight
America. The Duke's reply is not given.

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

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NO. 28.

Communicated for "The Mariettian."
"When Doctors disagree Deciples are
Free."

Below will be found two articles copied
from a Scotch paper, one, an extract
from a speech delivered by the Rev. Dr.
GUTHRIE of Edinburgh, on Sabbath
Evening Sermons; and the other on
Dancing by Dr. JOHN BROWN, son of the
late Dr. BROWN Professor of Exegetical
Theology in the Divinity Hall of the
United Presbyterian Church. We had
always regarded the Scotch Presbyteri-
ans as being of the most rigid punitical
type, and were not a little surprised to
find the orthodoxy of Sabbath evening
preaching questioned and dancing de-
fended by some of the highest Presby-
terian authorities of Scotland. Dr.
Guthrie is, by far, the most popular pul-
pit orator in Scotland at the present
day, and spends much of his time in
reclaiming the vicious, feeding the
hungry, and clothing the naked. Dr.
Brown besides being an acknowledged
connoisseur in the fine arts is a gentle-
man eminently distinguished for his
literary and scientific attainments. His
writings of late have had a very exten-
sive circulation. One story entitled
"Rab and his friends" has, of itself, al-
most immortalized him. And he is,
withal, a gentleman of high christian
character, and is therefore well qual-
ified to give good and wholesome advice
to his fellow sinners, and this we believe
rarely comes amiss. "C."

On the duties of Parents toward their
Children.

By Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, Scotland.
You should also, when the time comes,
explain to your children what about
their own health and the ways of the
world they ought to know, and for the
want of the timely knowledge of which
many a life and character has been lost.
Show them, moreover, the value you
put upon health by caring for your own.
Do your best to get your sons well
married, and soon. By well married, I
mean that they should be married old-
fashionedly, for love, and marry what
is lovely. I confess I think falling in
love is the best way to begin; but then
the moment you fall, you should get up
and look about you, and see how the
land lies, and whether it is as goodly as
it looks. I don't like walking into love,
or being carried into love; or, above
all, being sold or selling yourself into it,
which, after all, is not it. And by soon,
I mean as soon as they are keeping
themselves; for a wife—such a wife as
alone I mean—is cheaper to a young man
than a no wife, and is his best com-
panion.

Then for your duties to yourselves.
See that you make yourself do what is
immediately just to your body, feed it
when it is really hungry; let it sleep
when it, not its master, desires sleep;
make it happy, poor hard-working fellow!
and give it a gambol when it wants it
and deserves it, and as long as it can
execute it. Dancing is just the music
of the feet, and the gladness of the young
legs; and is well called the poetry of
motion. It is like all other natural
pleasures, given to be used, and to be
not abused, either by yourself or by
those who don't like it, and don't enjoy
your doing it—shabby dogs these, be-
ware of them! And if this is done, it
is a good and a grace, as well as pleas-
ure, and satisfies some good end of our
being, and in its own way glorifies our
Maker. Did you ever see anything in
this world more beautiful than the lambs
running races and dancing round the
big stone of the field? and does not
your heart get young when you hear—
"Here we go by jingo ring,
Jingo ring, jingo ring,
Here we go by jingo ring,
About the merry ma tanzie!"

This is just a dance in honor of old
Jingo; measured movements arising
from and giving happiness. We have
no right to keep ourselves or others
from natural pleasures; and we are all
too apt to interfere with and judge
harshly the pleasures of others, hence
we who are stiff and given to other
pleasures, and who, now that we are
old, know the many wickednesses of the
world, are too apt to put the vices of
the jaded, empty old heart, like a dark
and ghastly fire burnt out, into the feet
and the eyes, and the heart and the head
of the young. I remember a story of a
good old Anti-burgher minister. It
was in the days when dancing was held
to be a great sin, and to be dealt with
by the session. Jessie, a bonnie, and
good, and blithe young woman, a great
favorite of the minister's, had been

guilty of dancing at a friend's wedding.
She was summoned before the session to
be "dealt with"—the grim old fellows
sternly concentrating their eyes upon
her, as she stood trembling in her striped
short-gown, and her pretty bare feet.—
The Doctor, who was one of divinity,
and a deep thinker, greatly pitying her
and himself, said, "Jessie, my woman,
were ye dancin'?"

"Yes," sobbed Jessie.
"Ye maun e'en promise never to
dance again, Jessie."
"I will, sir; I will promise," with a
curtsy.

"Now, what were ye thinking o',
Jessie, when ye were dancin'?" tell us
truly," said an old elder, who had been
a poacher in youth.
"Nae ill, sir," sobbed out the dear
little woman.
"Then, Jessie, my woman, eye dancin',"
cried the delighted Doctor.
And so say I, to the extent, that so
long as our young girls think "nae ill,"
they may dance their own and their
feet's fill; and so on with all the round
of the sunshine and flowers God has
thrown on and along the path of his
children.

Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh, Scotland, on
Sabbath evening Sermons.

As to Sabbath evening sermons, he
never allowed a servant of his to go out
on a Sabbath evening, nor any member
of his family. The good old Scotch
plan of a man and his family spending
the Sabbath evening under the domestic
roof was the best way of all—(applause).
If there was no other way by which the
servant could get to church through the
day, then one of the members of the
family should stay at home a part of the
day and let the servant go to church in
broad daylight. Then a great deal
might be done by parents. He was
surprised at working people allowing
their children so much out in the evening.
He would say to every father and
mother, "Take care of your lambs when
the wolves are abroad." More mischief
was done in two or three hours after six
o'clock in the winter evenings than in
all the other hours put together. He
thought ministers in Edinburgh could
preach with great profit on some of
those practical duties of life; and he
did not know of a more important one
than this, that they should preach from
the pulpit to parents about the duty of
taking care of their children in the
darkness, when evil deeds were done.

DEATH OF A CONTEMPORARY OF BURNS.

—Walter Glover, known as the carrier
between Dumfries and Edinburgh in the
time of Burns, died on Sunday last, at
Farneside, in his native parish of Lib-
ertou—an extraordinary example of
longevity, being in his 104th year, hav-
ing been born on the 18th of July, 1758.
When Burns was exciseman at Dumfries,
rum was extensively imported there, and
Glover was frequently employed to convey
it to Edinburgh. The permits on these
occasions required to be signed by the
post, and, contingent on the arrival of
the vessels, these documents were often
required either at a very late or very
early hour. Glover was wont to state,
as a proof of Burns' regularity and busi-
ness habits, that sometimes, when he
used to apologize for disturbing him at
these untimely hours, the poet said,
"Walter it is but my duty, and never
hesitate at any hour to call on me to do
it." Till within the last twelve months
this memorable old man was in the hab-
it of walking frequently to Edinburgh—a
distance of between three and four miles;
and his chief enjoyment was sitting by
the fireside playing his fiddle, which he
did with considerable skill.—Scotsman.

TOBACCO AND LONGEVITY.—A writer
in the Christian Ambassadors says:

"The account given by your correspon-
dents of aged persons yet living, re-
minds me of a veteran and his 'help
meet,' on whom I called in Oswego,
New York, last summer. His name is
Peter Ruzell. He was born in Brook-
lyn, New York, in 1753, and conse-
quently is now one hundred and eight
years of age! He is living with a
second wife, who is seventy-three years
old. By his first marriage he had fif-
teen children, and by his second, ten—
making in all twenty-five children. The
eldest child now living is eighty-two
years old. This aged friend enjoys com-
fortable health—visits his neighbors—
sight and hearing good—and has used
tobacco one hundred years.

If a man is doomed to the stake,
he would generally prefer that it should
be beef or venison.

WHAT NAPOLEON DID.—Just before
the great battle of Wagram, while the
army was encamped on the Island of
Lobau, near Vienna, Napoleon walking
one day with one of his Marshals on
the shore, passed a company of gren-
adiers seated at their dinner. "Well, my
friends," said he, "I hope you find the
wine good?" "It will not make us
drunk," replied one, "there is our celler,"
pointing to the river Danube. The Em-
peror, who had ordered a bottle of wine
to each man, was surprised, and made
an immediate inquiry. He found that
forty thousand bottles sent by him a few
days before, for the army, had been pur-
loined and were unaccounted for by the
Commissaries. They were immediately
brought to trial and condemned to be
shot, which sentence was speedily car-
ried into execution. Here was a venal
offence, insignificant, indeed, when com-
pared with the frauds upon the urgent
wants and necessities of our soldiers, re-
cently brought to light, but it received
a severe and merited punishment. A
few such examples in our army would
do a world of good.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST LOVE.—Before
Queen Victoria's marriage to Albert,
her majesty cherished a tender passion
for a young Scotch nobleman, subse-
quently Lord Epsingstone and Governor
General of India. Her ministers were
very much disturbed at the state of af-
fairs, since the laws of England forbid
the Sovereign to marry a subject, and
the Queen, like many heedless girls, was
reported to have said that she was
Queen and would marry whom she pleased.
It was Lord Palmerston's diploma-
cy that served the occasion. He very
adroitly shipped the young lover off to
India, commissioned to a high and lu-
crative employment, and in the meantime
Albert of Coburg, the handsomest
Prince in Europe, came along and did
the rest. The one became Governor
General of India; the other first subject
of her majesty.

A USEFUL DOG.—Mr. Schenck, at the
Farms, has a dog which goes out near
the railroad track every night, on a
few moments before it's time for the cars,
and waits until they pass, then picks up
the paper which is thrown off by the
expressman, and carries it to his master.
He is always on hand at the regular
time, and never fails to bring
the paper when it is there. Monday
night he came back without it, and so
confident was Mr. Schenck that it had
not been thrown off, that he walked to
Rockport, and learned that another
person had been on the route that day,
instead of the regular expressman, and
had forgotten to throw it off. This same
dog used to get the paper by the stage-
coach, ere the cars commenced running,
and never missed being at his post when
the stage came along.—Cape Ann Adv'r.

SOLDIER'S STRATEGY.—The soldiers in
some portions of our army, display the
highest powers of strategy in their
schemes for smuggling liquors and other
contraband articles into camp. One
day not long since, a party started out
with their coffee pots to get a supply of
milk, but the officer of the day, think-
ing he smelt whiskey, ordered every man
to give him a sample of their milk, which
they did, by pouring out a lot of the
lacteal fluid, and were allowed to pass.
That night whiskey was found to be abun-
dant in camp, and then it was dis-
covered that the soldiers had sealed up
the ends of the spouts of their coffee
pots with bread, filled the spouts with
milk, and the pots with whiskey, and so
passed the inspection of the officer.

On a bitter cold night of last
month, John Fanwright, of London, C.
W., while drunk, turned his family all
out of doors into a neighboring bush,
and went to bed. The attention of the
family was soon called to their house by
seeing it in flames. The eldest girl
reached it first, and opening the door,
she called to her father, who answered,
when she rushed in and pulled him out
by the arm, he having been lying on the
bed. When taken out it was found that
every stitch of clothes he had on was
consumed, his body being literally roast-
ed from his head to his feet. He lived
for about four hours, suffering the most
excruciating pain.

Spitting has long been regarded
as an American weakness, but it is only
lately that the full extent of its applica-
tion to one section of the country has
been discovered; it is now well known
that the citizens of the Southern Con-
federacy expect to rate as a nation.

A HEALTH-SEEKING SHIP.—A Paris
correspondent of the New York World
says that an American in that city pro-
poses to build a steam vessel for the ac-
commodation of consumptive patients.
The writer says:

A portion of the year will be spent
in Nice, and when this becomes tiresome
and monotonous, or the weather begins to
prove chilly, they will steam away for
Madeira, or even farther south, as far as
the Cape of Good Hope, and thus the
patients will be kept in a warm and even
temperature continually. Five hundred
francs, or about one hundred dollars a
month from each patient will, the pro-
jector thinks, be amply sufficient to pay
a handsome profit to the managers of the
enterprise, and he is already in com-
munication with one of the largest naval
constructors in France in relation to the
matter; and he hopes some time during
the coming year to see launched the
health-seeking ship.

AN IRISHMAN'S WISH.—Patrick Mc-
Quinn was a baggage master on one of
our railroads, and attentive to his busi-
ness. A few evenings since, while at his
post, he was accosted by an excited
passenger, who, in a rude and boisterous
manner, demanded to know the where-
abouts of his trunk. Pat, after several
times replying to the interrogatory, lost
patience and thus put an end to the
stranger's troublesome questioning:—
"Och, mister, I wish in me soul ye were
the elephant instead of the jacksass, for
this ye'd have yer trunk always under
yer eye." The passenger didn't ask for
his trunk another time.

ARMY GUNNERS.—Some of the news-
papers advise the soldiers, especially
artillerymen, to wear oiled wool in their
ears to protect them from the concussion.
A correspondent of the Philadelphia
Ledger who professes to know, says
"No man's ears will be hurt by the re-
port of artillery, if he will open his
mouth, just as we throw up a sash to
prevent our glass being shattered by the
discharge of cannon, so we should open
our mouths to save our ears. The con-
cussion comes then on both sides of the
drum of the ear, and has no ill effect."

LONGEVITY.—In the United States,
during the last year, twenty-four persons
have died at or over one hundred years
of age. Of these, seven were of African
descent, one Indian, and the rest whites.
Twelve were females. Two of the cen-
tenarians were from Connecticut. The
highest age claimed was for Havana,
the Indian, who died aged one hundred
and twenty. There were but sixty-three
names on the pension roll at Washing-
ton, of Revolutionary pensioners, on the
1st of July last; and not more than
fifty, it is probable, are now living.

HAVE YOU COLD FEET?—Every night
on lying down and every morning on
rising, dip them in cold water and rub
them hard with a rough towel. If this
towel-rubbing he followed by sharp fric-
tion with the naked hand, it is an im-
provement. Have you headache? then
keep your lower extremities warm, stop
drinking tea and coffee, eat less, don't
sleep with your head high, and avoid
hot feather pillows. Be sure that you
always breathe a pure air, and exercise
much.

A NOBLE BOY.—The troops paid off
Sunday afternoon deposited in the hands
of Governor Tod over \$3,000 to be for-
warded to their friends. One noble lad
who received only six dollars and five
cents, handed over the six dollars to be
sent to his mother, retaining only the
five cents for himself. A mother's
training will develop the man in that
boy, if spared to reach maturity.

A CAUSE OF THANKSGIVING.—A clergy-
man, while praying, "Thou! O Lord,
hast made man after thine own image,
and woman like unto him with but little
variation," was interrupted by an old
sinner in the congregation, with the ex-
clamation—"Thank God! for the little
variation!"

Winkle, the prize-fighter, who re-
cently had a contest with Elliot at Wee-
hawken, has died from the pummeling he
received at the hands of his antagonist.
Elliot was arrested, and is now held for
examination on a charge of leaving the
State to engage in a prize fight.

The story that Mrs. Eunice Brady,
residing in Trumbull county, Ohio, had
recently been blessed with eight children
at a birth turns out to be untrue. The
Albany Argus says it was a literary man
that invented the hoax, and not a liter-
ary woman that gave birth to the brood.

[From the Louisville Journal.

"WITH THY SHIELD, OR UPON

BY S. C. MERCEN.

The loss of a shield was regarded as pecu-
liarly disgraceful by the Greek soldiers. The
dead were borne home upon their shields—
"Return with thy shield, my son, or upon it,"
was the heroic injunction of a Spartan mother.
Sound the trumpet, sound! The die is cast,
The Rubicon of fate is passed,
The loyal and the rebel hosts,
Kentucky, through thy leaguered coasts,
And on the issue of the strife
Hang peace and liberty and life;
All that the storied past endears,
And all the hopes of coming years;
The startled world looks on the field—
Thou canst not fly—thou dar'st not yield—
Then strike! and make thy foe man feel
Thy triply-consecrated steel,
And with or on thy shining shield
Return, Kentucky, from the field.

Strike! though the battle's dead be strowed
O'er land and wave from zone to zone;
Strike! though the gulf of human blood
Roll o'er thee like the primal flood.
Treason at home—beyond the sea
Its ally, ancient tyranny,
Democracy's relentless foe,
Aim at thy heart their deadliest blow;
Freedom's last hope remains with thee,
Oh, armies of democracy;
Then lead thy martial hosts abroad
In the grand panoply of God,
And with or on thy shining shield,
Return, Kentucky, from the field.

Wave, banners, wave, and let the sky
Glow with your flashing wings on high,
There's music in each rustling fold
Sweeter than minstrel ever told;
Oh, who that ever heard the story
Of all our dead who fell in glory,
Still pressing where the starry light
Streamed like a meteor o'er the fight,
Till their expiring bosoms poured
The red libation of the sword,
Would leave Kentucky now, or trust
Her beaming forehead in the dust,
Where treason's reptiles writ and hiss
Like fends shut out from Eden's bliss.
Better the freemen's lowliest grave
Than golden fetters of a slave;
Then with or on thy shining shield,
Return, Kentucky, from the field.

If bribed by lust of power or gold
Thy country's welfare thou has sold,
Is traitor-like thy name shall be
In freedom's dark Gethsemane;
Disgrace and fell remorse shall plow
Eternal furrows o'er thy brow;
By angels, men, and fends abhorred—
Like Judas who betrayed his Lord,
Outcast at home—across the sea
Shunned like a leper thou shalt be—
No spring shall slack thy burning thirist,
The fire shall shun thee as accurs'd—
Day shall be cheerless—no repose
At night thy swollen eye shall close—
Lift to indignant Heaven thine eye,
Curse God in black despair and die!
Kentucky, hast thou so no base
Thy fame unscathed would disgrace?
Attain his blood, disown his race,
His line, his very name efface.
Then charge! thy grand battalions free
From all attain of treachery—
Charge on thy foes! make all the air
Vocal with freedom's holiest prayer,
And with or on thy shining shield,
Return, Kentucky, from the field!

State of the "Dark and Bloody Ground,"
The trumpet peals its final sound,
Down every mountain height, arrayed,
Comes thundering on the long brigade;
By every valley, pass, and river,
Sabres and bayonets flash and quiver;
Shame to the faithless son who falters
When impious hands assail their altars,
And fill each foot of happiness
With waves of woe and bitterness;
The dead their august shades present
By Frankford's battle monument—
Not now their souls can be at rest,
Though in the Islands of the Blest—
"Remember us," their voices cry,
"When comes the hour of conflict nigh,
Draw on the traitor ranks abhorred
The sword of Gideon and the Lord!
And with or on thy shining shield,
Return, Kentucky, from the field!"

ARISTOCRACY.—The best hit at repub-
lican aristocracy is the following from
the witty John G. Saxe:—
Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "sierce Democracy"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!
Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family 'tread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the further end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes;
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

WHY SLEEP RESTORES.
When we are wearied out with toil,
And bruised with pains of earth's turmoil,
If for a time of slumber deep
We lose ourselves in dreams and sleep,
We rise, from strength's exhausted hoard
Enriched and thoroughly restored,
When, but a little while before,
We were so feeble, drained, and poor.
Thinker and saint, man god and wise,
Canst tell me whence this doth arise?
Dear friend, I verily can tell
The cause, and explicate it well.
With grief and blows wien worn and torn,
If sleep we may, we wake at morn
Refreshed in every nerve and thought,
Because this marvel hath been wrought:
The instant that asleep we fall,
The soul escapes its fleshy pall,
And is absorbed in heaven from this,
To lave with love and bathe in bliss
Its stiffened limbs and flagging powers
Through all the nightly slumberous hours;
And when returning morn arrives,
It fresh from God's embrace revives.