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The American Star.

BY MRS. DAYS MYSTAYER.

[The following poem is contained in an old manuscript volume of muster rolls, military orders, garrison letters, &c., of the war of 1812, extending from the 17th of August to the close of that year. We have not met it in print, and would rescue it from oblivion.]

Come, strike the bold Anthem, the war dogs are howling,
Already they eagerly snuff up the prey;
The red clouds of war o'er our Forests are scowling,
Soft peace spreads her wings and flies weeping away;
The infants affrighted cling close to their mothers,—
The youths grasp their swords, for the combat prepare,—
While beauty weeps for fathers, lovers and brothers,
Who rush to display the AMERICAN STAR.

Come, blow the shrill bugle, the loud drum awaken,
The dread rifle seize, let the cannon deep roar;
No heart, with pale fear or faint doubtings, be shaken,
No slave's hostile foot leave a print on the shore;
Shall mothers, wives, daughters and sisters, left weeping,
Insulted by ruffians, be dragged to despair?
Oh, no; from her hills the proud Eagle comes sweeping
And waves to the Brave, the AMERICAN STAR.

The spirits of Washington, Warren, Montgomery,
Look down from the clouds, with bright aspect serene;
Come soldiers, a tear, and a toast to their memory,
Rejoicing they'll see *us* as they once have been.
To us the high boon by High Heav'n has been granted
To spread the glad tidings of Liberty far;
Let millions invade us,—we'll meet them undaunted,
And *conquer or die*, the AMERICAN STAR.

Your hands, then, dear comrades, round Liberty's altar,—
United, we swear by the souls of the Brave,
Not one from the strong resolution shall falter,
To live independent, or sink to the grave!
Then freemen, fill up! Lo, the striped banners flying,—
The high bird of Liberty screams through the air,—
Beneath them, Oppression and Tyranny dying,—
Success to the beaming AMERICAN STAR.

THE BOY PATRIOT.

In the year 1776 Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the field of Brandywine gave American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scouted the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would disgrace a Vandal.

On the evening of a delightful Autumn day, a group of boys, ranging from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenantless storehouse in the little village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely, and with the exception of the youthful band referred to, not the human being met the eye. All the men capable of bearing arms had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the Schulylkill. A youth of 16 mounted on a barrel, was giving an account of the disastrous battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the orator, was a bold boy, enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His blue eyes and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath that plain homespun jacket throbbed a heart that never shrank before any obstacle. His father was commander of the Delaware troops and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narrative, and was deeply lamenting that he could not join the army. "I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a musket I would not stand idle here, with my hands useless by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description in the village?" asked a listening youth.

"None. I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect that the Tory Livingston has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land I am unable to say positively."

"Why not take a party and search his dwelling?" asked Frank Howard; "he has no one to assist him except his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easily as that, and the boy snapped his fingers to imply the readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's son.

James Wilson's eyes sparkled with joy.

"If there are any three boys in this company who will help me, I will search old Livingston's house this night. All who are willing to go just step forward three paces."

Every boy in the crowd stepped forward without a moment's hesitation. Jame's eyes flashed like stars.

"Now by the dead of Bunker Hill! I will search out old Livingston's residence, though death stands in my path."

With a firm tread, and with the utmost silence, the young heroes took up their march for old Livingston's. Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and some of his former laborers had reported that he kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events he was generally regarded by the Whigs as a dangerous man. His house was situated a short distance from White Clay Creek, on the side of the steep hill, surrounded on all sides by tall trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the plotting of treason.

At the time James Willson and his little band left the deserted store-house in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the darker shades of night. Still it was not so dark; the new moon was shining brightly through the clouds, and every cloud was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked firmly forward, maintaining solemn silence. At length they gained the bend of the creek, and slowly following the winding path soon came to a little low bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet leading into White Clay Creek, and James ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself reconnoiter the premises first, to see whether any danger may be apprehended. All the rest stand here till we return. Make no noise, and keep a constant watch."

James and Frank silently departed, and were soon lost in the thick woods through which the path run. Scarce had they gone from their companions, the quick ear of Wilson detected a noise.

"Hist!" said he to Frank as he pulled behind a gigantic beech tree. Presently George Livingston came in sight. James Willson darted from his covert and tightly grasped the boy by the neck.

The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor "and I'll toss you into the creek."

The Tory's son, struck dumb with fright, found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, with the vice-like grasp of James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and truly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear? Who are in your father's house at this moment?"

"I—I cannot tell," stammered the half dead boy.

"You shall tell," or,——

"Spare me, and I'll tell you everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our family and Major Bradstone."

"Who is he?" asked James.

"I don't know—I don't indeed."

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is a captain of the Yorkshire dragoons.

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy, and he soon gained from the Tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character. They discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a correspondence with the British commander, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous design that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes and its women and children left exposed to the pitiless foe. The old Tory was to receive as a compensation, the land whereon the village stood, and an annual pension from the British Government.

But stranger than all the plot was to be consummated on the very night the Tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a neighbor two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned too, that the British troops had secured their horses in Livingston's stable, and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them besides their captain.

Major Bradstone, the leader of the band was in temper and heart a thorough demon, and scrupled not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant or the sick wife. Not a few in that youthful band trembled for a widowed mother or a defenceless sister. Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp of the Tory's son, ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was bound hand and foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast, and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston. Willson motioned his little band to follow him and in a few moments they stood on the summit of a high precipice which overhung White Clay Creek.

"Now boys," said Wilson, "the narrative which we have just heard is true, and as we have no ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion. The british band will pass this spot in their boat, and as we have an hour to work let us busy ourselves in rolling some of those large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the redcoats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy immediately set to work, and in an incredible short space of time nine huge rocks, each a half a ton in weight were balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock on which our heroes stood. If the British descended the creek they would certainly pass this spot; and if they pass it then death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered, "let no one drop his rock till I give the word and then all at once."

Peeping cautiously over the cliffs James Wilson saw the Tory boat slowly but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bow guiding the oarsmen by his orders, and the epaulets on his sholders told that he was the identical fiend. Major Bradstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about twelve feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stone defence and shouted:

"Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing, and gazed with astonishment about them. The impetus which the boat had acquired, ceased it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and just as it was fairly below, came forth the loud doomed words,

"Cut loose in the name of liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and as it with one impulse the gigantic stones fell.—A loud shriek from the dark waters told how well the plan had succeeded, and as the exultant boys again looked over the rocks, nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood. The boat was burst in pieces, and the occupants, found a grave at the bottom of White Clay. A cry of victory burst from the joyous lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed along in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoners!" cried Frank Howard bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that in his efforts to get free George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord, and choked to death! There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their derserved doom, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of America's foes, forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field pieces, several barrels of powder and an abundance of balls, were concealed in the Tory's cellar. The military stores found here were given over to the American troops, and found a joyous welcome at the head quarters.—Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the White Clay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware would have been overrun by preditory bands of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Green, and served with distinction in the Southern campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, bewailed by all who knew him. James lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued and he expired with the ever-to-be-remembered words. "Cut loose in the name of Liberty."

The village of Newark still stands, and has become a town of some celebrity. The scenes of the defeat of the British by the boy patriots, is still pointed out, and is a sacred spot in the annals of Newark.

[From the Nantucket Knickerbocker.]

GRUMBLINGS.

"Clam exclamate! be less clamerous, sirs!"
—*Link.*

Fidelius.

"Fresh clams! fresh clams! who'll buy, who'll buy."
The world is in a stew—
I wish that fellow's clamshells there
Were *enivale'd* by glue.
Why, every animal that swims
Is floundering on land—
Scales grow upon your face and eyes,
Fins fasten to your hand.

"Fresh halibut!" just hear that boy
Yelling with *alto* lungs,
As if they were of triple brass,
Hinged to a thousand tongues.
Ere day has dawned, my rest is broke,
And it perchance I dream,
Millions of clamorous mouths expand,
And grin, and hiss, and scream.

"Tap! tap! it is the milkman's rap—
I hear him at the door;
He treads like some rhinoceros
Waltzing about the floor.
And there! his tin quart measure falls
Upon those steps of stone,
And grates like filing of a saw
Upon your every bone.

"*Yar-char-foin** cod fish, fresh and corn'd,
Mackerel and eels! who'll buy!"
Oh! hear that long tongued fellow sing
His everlasting cry!
Dreams! dreams! oh Clarence look'd not down
So deep into the sea,
Nor saw such monsters without heads,
As lash their tails at me.

A minnow beckons to a whale
To cool him while he boils
And sharks turn up their crisped snouts
And gape for roasting spoils.
Huge porpoises there roll along
Sea serpents on their hams,
For pickled salmon foraging,
For chowder and for clams.

There shoals of herring tow along
Big skeletons of whales
And ever and anon they join
Together all their tails.
Then change into a mermaid fair,
Who jigs it on the sea,
And whistles to those skeletons
To dance and have a spree.

"Fresh lobsters from the sea—who'll buy!"
Zounds, how he howls and sings;
When will the ocean yield its loads
Of creeping, wriggling things?
There's not a thing that crawls or swims,
From whale to smaller fry,
That is not thrust into my dreams—
By Jonah! I shall die!

Oh mercy! let a single man
Enjoy his blessed rest,
Nor overwhelm his morning thoughts,
Unquiet ones at best.
I have no wife to scold or fret
No brats to cry or tease;
Then bawl and sing! but give me leave
To grumble when I please.

I'd rather be a hake and gasp
And dangle from a line,
And have my either end bit off
Far down the bitter brine;
Than thus my twilight visions fill'd
With all that h— surrounds—(whew)
"Ancient and fishlike" cries and groans,
Unearthly *tongues* and *sound*.

*The vernacular for "here's the fine," &c.

Hints on Mental Culture.

This is a busy world; never deem yourself superior to what Bacon calls "the wisdom of business." If your pursuits take you somewhat aside from the practical affairs of life—if you are a poet, a scholar, an artist—it is the more necessary that you should keep yourself wide awake when you deal with a tradesman or look into your accounts; for it is a popular notion that poets, scholars, and artists can be very easily cheated; and therefore more people try to cheat them than they do ordinary mortals. Even among the inferior races, the more a creature is likely to be preyed upon, the more wary and vigilant Nature designs it to be. Poet, before you sit down to surpass *Paradise Lost*, be sure that you know the market price of mutton; you may not surpass *Paradise Lost*, but you will certainly have to pay for your mutton. Politician, before you devote yourself to your country with the ambition to excel Mr. Pitt, see that your servants don't cheat you; they cheated Mr. Pitt, and, in cheating him, made one of those few dread humiliations of his august life which brought tears to his proud eyes, but no amendment in his weekly bills. Perhaps the only thing in which, O politician you may resemble Mr. Pitt, is, that your servants may cheat you; and if you are not Mr. Pitt, no friends will come forward to humble you by paying your debts. Poet or politician, the more you labor for immortality, be the more on your guard that your mortal career do not close in the Queen's Bench, but especially if you be a professional man of letters, living on the profits of your pen, let your publisher know that you are as punctual and scrupulous in the fulfilment of engagements as if he were dealing with a formal clerk in the city.—No genius can afford to dispense with loyalty and honor. Loyalty and honor necessitate the attention to business. Every man to whom you make a promise that you will do such and such work in a certain time, should rest assured that your word is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.—Confidence is the first principle of all business.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman-friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendships I mean pure friendships—those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love, except in the married state. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendships he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and a loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," says the Horace of essayists, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solitude and retirement, as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendships, indeed, is to man "præsidium et dulce decus"—bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.—*Bulwer.*

THE PROMISES PRESENTED OF A BRIGHT FUTURE.

The indications which come to us from the world of finance and trade, and despite all the threatening aspects of the war, point to a possible condition of prosperity in the future which seems to utterly confound the mere theorists who have been in the habit of basing sage calculations upon what has happened with us and other nations in the past. Every one must recollect—and vividly, too—the thousand prognostics of ruin and bankruptcy which flew about the land, and which were so eagerly caught up by the politicians and financiers of the Old World, eighteen months ago. According to the calculations then made, ruin from an hundred causes should have overtaken the loyal States almost with the advent of hostilities; grass was to have grown in the streets of all the loyal towns and cities, ships were to have rotted at the wharves, whilst by this time the great fleets of England and France were to have had possession of our coast, and our nationality in effect blotted out. If we add to all these expectations others equally sanguine—that the starving operatives of the loyal States were to have besieged capital wherever found, in their madness for bread; and that the armies of the Rebel States were long since to have marched over the ruins of the Capital on their way to lay under contribution the great cities of the North—the picture of what was expected by many seems only half complete even then, and we are left to wonder what miracles have interposed to ward off the ruin so confidently anticipated.

And what makes the case more remarkable still, all these anticipated results were not merely the fruits of imaginings on the part of those inimical to the cause of the Union. The fears of the timid had much to do in giving them currency, at least; and not until facts had upset theories were even the loyal reassured and the country placed upon that proud elevation which promises now a glorious career to the end of time. Even yet, with many, admissions of its triumphant success in surmounting the trials in its paths are conceded with reluctance; ominous shakes of the head still serving to cast doubts upon its prospects in the future.

But, admitting that we have been "saved as by fire;" admitting that with the preponderance of our iron-clads we may scoff at all thoughts of "intervention" from those who have in the past times exhibited insolence towards us, the fearful and weak still question our financial strength, still wonder whether we can ever surmount the trials yet before us! What are the probabilities in this regard?

Let us observe, in the first place, that from the first begining of hostilities all saw the necessity of economizing to the fullest extent, thus reducing our imports of luxuries to the smallest possible amount. Let us remember, that until this war came, the American people were wondrously extravagant; that silks, and wines, and laces, that gewgaws of almost every kind, were always putting a balance against us to be adjusted by the constant export of the precious metals.—All at once, as we have said, every person saw the necessity of a change of programme in this regard; and in view of the war, a rigid system of economy was established, which, changing the currents of trade, relieved us to a great degree of the pressure from Europe upon our resources.—Foreign tradesmen and manufacturers and financiers might complain never so loudly, yet it was adhered to, and has measurably been adhered to up to the present hour. A favorable harvest here, and a market for our products abroad was the next feature in the case, letting loose the hoarded treasures of the old world, to flow back upon us in revivifying streams. And so we moved onward through the year with our foreign transactions, for without dealing in tedious statistics, we are reminding our readers of facts patent to all.

But there have been other reasons for the comparative ease with which we have surmounted a formidable crisis in the history of the nation.—Our Government has found in the staunch patriotism of the people, in their earnest *confidence*, its main ally. Determined to maintain the Government as bequeathed to them, they loaned the Government their money; they authorized it to establish that system of finance, which although it may throw upon those who come after us a portion of the expense incident to the defence of her institutions, will be cheerfully borne by them as it is by those of the present generation. Complain of this, or indulge in unfounded fears as any may, it will prove one of the strongest bonds of union ever introduced—wisely managed—for the whole population is thus committed to the struggle, and interested, relatively, in seeing the Government maintained intact. Even the otherwise indifferent to the result; the sordid, the mean-spirited, are forced to feel an interest in its success, when their coffers suffer if it goes down; and so it is that the Government was never so strong in its position as it is to-day, and from a combination of causes quite irresistible in their nature and application.

And now, here we are in the last month of summer, and favored by Providence with another splendid harvest, safely garnered, and ready for the hungry millions of the Old World. The harvest is reported short at various points there, and bread must be had—had from us. The gold which has gone forth must come back again, to strengthen us for the further struggle in which we are to be engaged; and never more completely than in this case could financial strength mean *success!* The nations abroad see it; the Rebels see it; there is no escaping the inevitable conclusion.

This is no idle calculation. Despite the dead halt to which we had arrived of late in our military operations; despite the plain failure to take Richmond, an event upon which the nation had set its heart; despite the recent shipments of gold abroad and its advance to twenty per cent premium, the pathway to ultimate success has become now so plain that we have the announcement made from the great financial centre that everything again is "buoyant;" that term which, as an almost unmistakable barometer, measures for the world the chances of financial and political prosperity. Remembering that the sharpest intellects of the age figure in these financial marts; that, sensitively alive to every reverse, no sign is forgotten which can be consulted to indicate a knowledge of the future; remembering, also, that the advance of the credit of the Government from its lowest point of depression has been as steady and almost as irresistible as the swelling of the ocean's tide, since no evil prophecies from abroad have served at all to stay it, let the loyal exult to see the favorable signs thus exhibited, and hope anew for a glorious future. In this regard, if we take the history of the English funds as a parallel case to mark successes or reverses there, it has in the past proved one of the most unmistakable indications of prosperity or adversity, of confidence or the lack of it in the Government; and we may well congratulate ourselves, therefore, at the aspect things here at present exhibit. All that the Government has to do to keep up this favorable condition of things is to push its military advantages, and it will never want for money or credit in the future.

There is one more thing for the "prophets of evil" to consider. Quarrel as any may—of the many sordid holders of money—at the low rate of that article at present; at the difficulty of finding profitable investments for it, let us not forget that in all the past we have been, to a greater or less extent, at the mercy of British and French capitalists. From a steamship or railroad line down to the most insignificant mining enterprise, we have been in the habit of standing, hat in hand, at the doors of English capitalists especially, begging their favorable consideration of this or that scheme. We have pushed our credit abroad, instead of depending on credit at home. In this regard the charm of foreign dependence is forever broken. The credit of our Government, *well sustained*, results in the *creation of capital, in effect*, such as will not only carry us safely thro' our great struggle, but such as will supply the country with means to develop a thousand useful enterprises hitherto impossible from lack of an admitted sound circulating medium. Once through the war, and every branch of commerce and of trade must feel the genial effects of what was forced upon us at last by a dire necessity, and which we never should have known unless present events had driven us to a release from the leading strings of English bankers. Complain as any may do at the increased taxation needful to keep up the credit of the Government and so to enable it to keep its currency sound, the corresponding benefits alluded to will be an abundant compensation. As to real, severe taxation, the country has never known it; and, even with the present experiment in this line carried out, there will be no comparison betwixt it and that under which English and French statesmen congratulate their respective countries, that everything flourishes in the way of trade, agriculture and finance.

And finally, in this cheerful view of our affairs, we are sure there is no exaggeration. For more than two-thirds of a century the wealth created here, without molestation on the part of rulers, has been remarkable—a wonder to all other nations. Accumulating almost in spite of ourselves, in the public treasury in years past, it has been cause of fierce quarrel as to what should be done with it; and now with the gold of California and other auriferous regions in that direction, pouring in upon us in constant streams, and with other nations absolutely unable to avoid paying us constant tribute, avowing at last their absolute dependence upon us, what room is their for despondency? Who will not pluck up new courage as he surveys the bright promise of the future. A little more patience, a little more constancy and we shall have emerged from the temporary difficulties that surround us, and stronger, richer, more formidable every way than ever we were before. True to ourselves and our own splendid destinies, we shall come out of these troubles the foremost nation of all the earth; we may speedily hold the destinies of the greatest in our hands.—*Baltimore American.*

Mr. Lincoln between the Fires.

The middle course may be, nay, sometimes is the safest; but it is not often the easiest. There is a sort of non-committalism, which agrees with both sides, in order to keep in with both; but this will hardly answer where something great is to be done. Diverse opinions may be poured into different ears, and the cheated parties may be none the wiser for the opposite professions made to each, but public actions speak for themselves, tell their own story, and somebody is sure to see that his advice has not been followed.

In the ordinary current of peaceful times, a President may be so far the President of a party as to shape his policy by the principles of that party and by the advice of its chief men; but such a time is not the present, and such a partisan aspect could not now be given to the Administration without imminent hazard. One object is, of course, to unite the greatest possible number of loyal people, and thus keep the nation compact. All must agree that Mr. Lincoln has not been wanting in earnest, constant effort toward this end. Except in the style and manner of the doing, the personality of the President has but rarely disclosed itself. While in these respects the man has been intensely original, considered simply as President of the United States, he has been a sort of embodied impartiality, a personification of discretion and sagacity.

The result is, that while he has become the cherished father and the hope of the great body of the people, the extremists on both side assault him. Messrs. Wickliffe, Carlile, and a few others of the same way of thinking charge the President with having sold out to the Abolitionists, denounce him for accepting the blacks as workmen, and speak offensively about the Negroes and their cotton-growing at Port Royal. On the other hand, the out-and-out Abolitionists are manifestly uncomfortable because the President does not take hold of slavery more vigorously. Why, for instance, asks the *Tribune*, does not the order directing the employment of the blacks as laborers in McClellan's army let the slave know that taking a spade in his hand for union frees him at once? This is the question the *Tribune asks*; but the one which worked and festered in its heart was a much more warlike one, namely, why did not the President use the whole power placed at his discretion by the Confiscation Law, and make regular soldiers of the blacks? This is what is wanted by these men, for this would fully commit the President to their keeping, and make him their President.

Wickliffe and company, on the other hand, would have the thousands of Negroes within the Union lines neither ditch nor raise cotton, but held, and fed, and clothed as slaves until the war *is* over, and then delivered up to their owners, or, perhaps, sold to aid in paying the expenses of the war. Mr. Lincoln is eminently wise in restraining both of these factions. We hope he will ignore their very existence. His present course is precisely the one to unite the great body of the nation. Let the blacks at Port Royal earn their living, especially if they can do something toward the production of the world-coveted staple. Let them work in the trenches; the climate is their own, and it is fitting that our noble soldiers, who are new to the Southern heats, and whose lives are exposed in battle, should be saved from such labor. Exposure to the thirst and exhaustion of long marches and to the weapons of the enemy is surely enough to ask of them. We hope the blacks will do all the labor of our camps.

The President pleases us equally well in refusing to arm the blacks. In this he respects the prejudices of a part of our foreign population, many of whom have shared the noblest deeds of the war, and are yet expected to enlist in large numbers. By the same refusal he meets a demand of the loyal Border slave States, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, Western Virginia, and East Tennessee. Besides, impartial judges would scarcely consider it right to demand military service of a class of men from whom nearly all the States have persistently withheld the rights of citizenship, and even a number of the free States the boon of asylum. Shall the President, to please a faction, brave public opinion by making soldiers of men whose whole race are still aliens? Nay, the opinion of the President with regard to liberated slaves has already been settled in a way hostile to the theories of these extremists. In his Emancipation Message to Congress, he proposes not to denizenize the Negro among us, but to send him into a foreign country. It would hardly be treating the African like a man to use him as a soldier and then banish him. Mr. Lincoln's practical foresight has discovered that the question of emancipation is not the only one involved in the war—that the scarcely less important one of the colored man's political rights is its twin. He sees he cannot settle the one without precipitating the other. And to precipitate is not always rightly to adjust.

The President is the admirably poised centre of the nation.—*Methodist.*

WHAT I HAVE NEVER KNOWN.

I have never known a poor man to obtain a premium at a fair where there was a rich man to compete with him.

I have never known a naturally dishonest man to become morally honest by becoming a member of any church.

I have never known a minister to be called from a high to a low salary.

I have never known a really poor man elevated to an important office, let his intellect be ever so brilliant.

I have never known a man to be respected because he was poor.

I have never known a rich man but what was respected on account of his riches.

I have never known a merchant to continue talking with a poor man when a rich man entered his store.

A DEAD MAN'S SPEECH.—"Here is a book containing a dead man's speech," said a witty auctioneer to a gaping crowd. "What will you offer me for the dead man's speech?—Who bids?" "Ten cents"—"twenty"—"thirty"—thirty-five" —and it was finally knocked down to a literary youth from the Emerald Isle, at fifty cents. He tendered the cash and received the book. After turning the leaves, "Hallo, said he, "Mr. Auctioneer, by St. Patrick, but I b'lieve there's a bit of a mistake. Divil a bit of a spache do I see at all." "My good fellow," said the auctioneer, "the book contains the whole of his speech, every word of it. So just put the book in your pocket, and say no more about it. *It was a blank book!*