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"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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Poetical.

A HYMN.

There is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the sky;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,
And waves on rocks that dash and die;
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
he crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shapes,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
The eye that on the turret fades;
The city sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering cypress murmur'd sighs,
The silent temple on the hill,
The solemn silence deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of thee, O God! this voice is telling,
Thou who art truth, life, hope and love;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright morning looks above;
Of thee—proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious sound
Declares, yet not defines thy light;
Of thee—the abyss and the source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who hast but one name—Infinite.

All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time,
Each according to his measure,
Interpreting its scene sublime.
But ah! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy;
A weight too great for earthly mind,
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
In solitude our only joy.

So when the feeble eye-ball fixes
Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold emblazoned chariot mixes
With rosy clouds that towards it run;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
And sees but gloomy specks float by;
And darkness indistinct o'ershade
Wood, meadow, hill and pleasant glade,
And the clear bosom of the sky.

Miscellaneous.

Legends of the Revolution.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD—New Series.

Legend Twenty-eighth.

"REMEMBER PAOLI."

Hist!—It is still night; the clear sky arches above; the dim woods are all around the field and in the centre of the meadow, resting on the grass crisped by the autumnal frosts, sleep the worn veterans of the war, disheartened by want, and wearied by the day's march.

It is still night: and the light of the scanty fire falls on wan faces, hollow eyes, and sunken cheeks: on tattered apparel, muskets unfit for use, and broken arms.

It is still night: and they snatch a feverish sleep beside the scanty fire, and lay them down to dream of a time when the ripe harvest shall no more be trodden down by the blood-stained hoof—when the valley shall no more be haunted by the Traitor Refugee—when Liberty and Freedom shall walk in broadcloth, instead of wandering about with the unshodden feet, and tattered rags of want.

It is still night: and mad Anthony Wayne watches while his soldiers sleep.

He watches beside the camp-fire. You can mark his towering form, his breadth of shoulders, and his prominence of chest. You can see his face by the red light of the fire—that manly face, with the broad forehead, the marked eyebrows, over-arching the deep hazel eye, that lightens and gleams as he gazes upon the men of his band.

You can note the uniform of the revolution—the wide coat of blue, varied by the buckskin sword-belt, from which depends the sword that Wayne alone can wield,—the facings of buff, the buttons rusted by the dews of night, and the march-worn trooper's boots, reaching above his knees, with the stout iron spurs standing out from each heel.

Hist! The night is still, but there is a sound in yonder thicket.

Look! can you see nothing?

No. The night is still—the defenceless Continentals sleep in the centre of the meadow—all around is dark. The sky above is clear, but the stars give forth no light. The wind sweeps around the meadow—dim and indistinct it sweeps, and is silent and still. I can see nothing.

Place your ear to the earth. Hear you nothing?

Yes—yes. A slight sound—a distant rumbling. There is thunder growling in the bosom of the earth, but it is distant. It is like the murmur of the ocean, ere the terrible white squall sweeps away the commerce of the nation—but it is distant, very distant.

Now look forth on the night. Cast your eye to the thicket—see you nothing?

Yes—there is a gleam like the light of the fire-fly. Ha! It lightens on the night—that quivering gleam! It is the flash of swords—the glittering of arms!

"Charge upon the Rebels! Upon them—over them—no quarter—no quarter.

Watcher of the night, watching over the land of the New World, watching over the fortunes of the starved children of Freedom—what see you now?

A band of armed men, mounted on stout steads, with swords in their uplifted hands.—They sweep from the thicket: they encompass the meadow: they surround the Rebel host!

The *gallant* Lord Grey rides at their head. His voice rings out clear and loud upon the frosty air.

"Root and branch, hip and thigh, cut them down. Spare not a man—heed never a cry for quarter. Cut them down! Charge for England and St. George!"

And then there was uplifting of swords, and butchery of defenceless men, and there was a riding over the wounded, and a trampling over the faces of the dying. And then there was a cry for quarter, and the response—

"To your throats take that! We give you quarter, the quarter of the sword, accursed Rebels!"

There was a moment, whose history was written with good sharp swords, on the visages of dying men.

It was the moment when the defenceless Continental sprang from his hasty sleep, into the arms of the merciless death! It was the moment when Wayne groaned aloud with agony, as the sod of Paoli was flooded with a pool of blood that poured from the corses of the slaughtered soldiers of his band. It was the moment when the cry for quarter was mocked—when the Rebel clung in his despair to the stirrup of the Britisher, and clung in vain; it was the moment when the gallant Lord Grey—that gentleman, nobleman, *Christian*—whose heart only throbbed with generous impulses: who, from his boyhood, was schooled in the doctrines of mercy, halloed his war-dogs on to the slaughter, and shouted up to the starlit heavens, until the angels might grow sick of the scene—

"Over them—over them—heed never a cry—heed never a voice! Root and branch cut them down! No quarter!"

It is dark and troubled night: and the Voice of Blood goes up to God, shrieking for vengeance!

It is morning: sad and ghastly morning, and the first sunbeams shine over the field, which was yesternight a green meadow—the field that is now an Aceldema—a field of blood, strewn with heaps of the dead, arms torn from the body, eyes hollowed from the sockets, faces turned to the earth, and buried in blood, ghastly pictures of death and pain, painted by the hand of the Briton, for the bright sun to shine down upon, for men to applaud, for the King to approve, for God to avenge.

It is a sad and ghastly morning, and Wayne stands looking over the slaughtered heaps, surrounded by the little band of survivors, as he gazes on this scene of horror, the Voice of Blood goes shrieking up to God for vengeance, and the ghosts of the slain darken the portals of Heaven, with their forms of woe, and their voices mingle with the Voice of Blood.

Was the Voice of Blood answered?

A year passed, and the ghosts of the murdered looked down from the portals of the Unseen upon the ramparts of Stony Point.

It is still night; the stars look calmly down upon the broad Hudson; and in the dim air of night towers the rock and fort of Stony Point.

The Britishers have retired to rest. They sleep in their warm, quiet beds. They sleep with pleasant dreams of American maidens dishonored, and American fathers, with grey hairs dabbled in blood. They shall have merrier dreams anon, I trow. Aye, aye!

All is quiet around Stony Point; the sentinel leans idly over the wall that bounds his lonely walk; he gazes down the void of darkness until his glance falls upon the broad and magnificent Hudson. He hears nothing—he sees nothing.

It is a pity for that sentinel, that his eyes are not keen, and his glance piercing. Had his eye sight been but a little keener, he might have seen Death creeping up that rampart in some hundred shapes—he might have seen the long talon-like fingers of the skeleton-god clutching for his own plump British throat—But his eye-sight was not keen—more's the pity for him.

Pity it was, that the sentinel could not hear a little more keenly. Had his ears been good, he might heard a little whisper that went from two hundred tongues, around the ramparts of Stony Point.

"General, what shall be the watchword?"

And then, had the sentinel inclined his ear over the ramparts, and listened very attentively indeed, he might have heard the answer, sweeping up to the Heavens, like a voice of blood—

"Remember Paoli!"

Ho—ho! And so Paoli is to be remembered—and so the Voice of Blood shrieked not in the ears of God in vain.

And so the vengeance for Paoli is creeping up the ramparts of the fort! Ho—ho! Pity Lord Grey were not here to see the sport!

The sentinel was not blessed with supernatural sight or hearing; he did not see the figures creeping up the ramparts; he did not hear their whispers, until a rude hand clutched him round the throat, and up to the Heavens swept the thunder-shout—

"Remember Paoli!"

And then a rude bayonet pinned him to the wood of the ramparts, and then the esplanade of the fort, and its rooms and its halls were filled with silent avengers, and then came Britishers rushing from their beds, crying for quarter, and then they had it—the quarter of Paoli.

And then, througe the smoke, and the gloom and the bloodshed of that terrible night, with the light of a torch now falling on his face, with the gleam of starlight now giving a spectral appearance to his features, swept on, right on, over heaps of dead, one stout form, grasping a stout broad-sword in his right hand, which sternly rose, and sternly fell, cutting a British soldier down at every blow, and laying them along the floor of the fort, in the puddle of their own hireling blood.

Ghosts of Paoli—shout! are you not terribly avenged!

"Spare me—I have a wife—a child—they wait my return to England! Quarter—Quarter!"

"I mind me of a man named Shoelmire—he had a wife and child—a mother, old and gray-haired, waited his return from the wars. On the night of Paoli, he cried for quarter! Such quarter I give you—Remember Paoli!"

"Save me—quarter!"

How that sword hisses through the air!

"Remember Paoli!"

I have a gray-haired father—Quarter!"

"So had Daunton at Paoli, Oh, remember Paoli!"

"Spare me—you see I have no sword!—Quarter!"

"Friend, I would spare thee if I dared.—But the Ghosts of Paoli nerve my arm—'We had no swords at Paoli. and ye butchered us!' they shriek,"

"Oh, REMEMBER PAOLI.

And as the beams of the rising moon, streaming through yonder narrow window, for a moment light up the brow of the avenger—dusky with battle-smoke, red with blood, deformed by passion—behold! That sword describes a fiery circle in the air, it hisses down sinks into the victim's skull? No!

His arm falls nerveless by his side; the sword, that grim, rough blade, dented with the records of the fight of Brandywine, clatters on the floor.

"It is my duty—the Ghosts of Paoli call to me—but I cannot kill you!" shouts the American Warrior, and his weaponless hands are extended to the trembling Briton.

All around is smoke, and darkness, and blood; the cry for quarter, and the death-sentence, Remember Paoli! but here, in the centre of that flood of moonlight, pouring through the solitary window, behold a strange and impressive sight:

The kneeling form—a gray-haired man, who has grown hoary doing murder in the name of Good King George,—his hands uplifted in trembling supplication, his eyes starting from the dilating lids, as he shrieks for the mercy he never gave.

The figure towering above him, with the Continental uniform fluttering in ribands over his broad chest, his hands and face red with blood and darkened with the stain of powder, the veins swelling from his bared throat, the eye glaring from his compressed brow—

Such were the figures disclosed by the sudden glow of moonlight.

And yet from that brow, dusky with powder red with blood, there broke a gleam of mercy, and yet those hands, dripping with crimson stains, were extended to lift the cringing Briton from the dust.

"Look ye—old man—at Paoli"—and that hoarse voice, heard amid the roar of midnight conflict, grew tremulous as a child's, when it spoke those fatal words—at Paoli; "even through the darkness of that terrible night, I beheld a boy, only eighteen years old, clinging to the stirrup of Lord Grey; yes by the light of a pistol flash, I beheld his eyes glare, his hands quiver over his head, as he shrieked for 'Quarter.' "

"And he spared him?" faltered the Briton.

"Now, mark you, this boy had been consigned to me by his mother, a brave American woman, who had sent this last hope of her widowed heart forth to battle——"

"And he sparred him"—again faltered the Briton.

"The same pistol, which flashed its red light over his pale face, and quivering hands, sent the bullet through his brain. Lord Grey held that pistol, Lord Grey heard the cry for mercy, Lord Grey beheld the young face trampled into mangled flesh by his horse's hoofs. And now, sir—with that terrible memory of Paoli stamped upon my soul—now, while that young face with the red wound between the eyes, passes before me, I spare your life;—there lies my sword—I will not take it up again. Cling to me sir, and do not part for an instant from my side, for my good soldiers have keen memories. I may forget, but hark. Do you hear them? They do not massacre defenceless men in cold blood—nh no. They only—

"REMEMBER PAOLI."

———o———

HOW TO SPELL CAT.—It is well known, in the 'old school,' that at the commencement of the last war, a number of citizens were appointed officers in the Army, who were more noted for their chivalry than for the correctness of their orthography.

One day, at mess, after the decanter had performed sundry perambulations on the table, Capt. S——, a brave and accomplished officer and a great wag, remarked to Doctor M——, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers:—

"Doctor M—— are you acquainted with Captain G?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the Doctor; "He's one of the new set—but what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Captain S——, "I have just received a letter from him and I will wager you a dozen of old Port that you cannot that you cannot guess how he spells *Cat*."

"Done," said the Doctor, "it's a wager."

"Well—commence guessing," said S——.

"K-a-t."

"No."

"K-a double t."

"No."

"K-a-t-e."

"No—try again."

"K-a-t-t-e."

"No—you have missed it again."

"Well, then, " resumed the Dr., C-a double t."

"No, that's not the way, try again, it's your last guess."

"C-a-g-h-t."

"No," said S——, "that is not the way, you have lost the wager."

"Well," says the Doctor, with much petulance of manner "How the Devil does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it *Cat*," replied S——, with the utmost gravity.

Amidst the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the Doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Captain S——, I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner."

———o———

THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

Mother! art thou not proud of that babe lying on thy bosom; proud of its loveliness; proud of its clinging faith; and proud of each development of future manhood or womanhood? And hast thou thought that the character of that future in this world, will greatly depend on the impressions made in this present time, on the mind of thy child?

We fear that not many mothers reflect how much the earthly advancement and prosperity of the child depends upon themselves; much less do they understand his nature, and gather him and his immortal destinies around their spirits. That babe will become a man, and if a Christian, will be daily advancing from glory to glory in the divine life. Soon the labors of time will be over, and his disembodied spirit will take its flight to heaven. Thousands of years have passed away, and there it is in heaven, still praising and blessing God. It has become more glorious than when last we saw it leave the body. Ten thousand times ten thousand years are gone, and there it is, higher up the eternal hills of light. From glory to glory. Millions and millions of ages have passed, and there, so covered with beauty, intelligence, and loveliness, that we can scarcely look upon it, stands the same spirit. Surely it hath gone from glory to glory.

Mother, what thinkest thou of the eternal advancement of the soul from glory to glory? We have traced it in the instance of that babe which we found lying on thy bosom. We have done it for thy good. There are to thee many days between the present helplessness and coming manhood of thy child, days lent thee in which to prepare him to advance through life, and into the future world, from glory to glory. Wilt thou bear constantly before thee then, the spirit of thy child, and educate it for its destiny? Do so, and heaven will aid the, and bless both thee and thy child.

Agricultural.

CULTIVATION OF THE QUINCE.—The quince is but little cultivated, as a useful fruit in this country; and it is, indeed, from some unknown cause to me, greatly neglected wherever it thrives, although the fruit is always in demand, and generally commands a good price. There is no fruit tree I am acquainted with that requires more and pays better for pruning than the quince, and there is none, I believe, that receives less, or is more neglected. The pear, the apple, the peach, the cherry, &c., are all cherished, dug around, pruned, and trained by the amateur, but the quince is often left "solitary and alone," by the side of a ditch, with its roots overgrown with grass or rank growing weeds and briars, unpruned and neglected, except when in fruit, and then the good lady of the house has a jealous eye for its golden load, and would sooner be deprived of her best set of china, than the crop of quinces to grace her table, as one of the best preserves; and then every one exclaims, what a fine preserve the quince is—how very delicious! Now, sir, as I am always an advocate for the ladies, and have one present whilst I am writing this, I hope for their sake, this much neglected tree will arrest the attention of the cultivators of fruit, and be pruned and cultivated in connection with other trees of the orchard.

The quince thrives best in a rich loamy soil, and, if planted by the side of a ditch, cow-houses, shed, or such location it grows and bears well. The tree is increased and propagated by taking suckers from the mother plant, by layering and putting out cuttings in the spring, precisely the same as the gooseberry and currant. Purning, as I said before, is essential, and should be done at the fall of the leaf. The method I adopt is, simply to cut out all the small old branches, at the points, and leave all young shoots of the last year's wood, which will be the bearing branches next year; the small old twigs are always unfruited, and take a portion of the sap from the fruitful one, and hence the utility of pruning. The principal object to be kept in view by the pruner, is to cut out a portion of the old bearing wood every year, in order to bring in young shoots for fruiting the succeeding summer, and to keep the tree in regular and uniform shape.

In addition to the usefulness of the quince as a fine fruit, the tree answers as an excellent parent stock to graft or innoculate the pear upon; and perhaps, on giving it a fair trial, will evade some of the diseases the pear stock is subjet to, as the fire blight, &c. The roots of the quince do not penetrate so deep as the pear tree into the sub-soil, which perhaps will be traced as an evil to the growth of the pear in wet weather, as the soil must certainly become cold and saturated at a certain depth, and, consequently, the root of the tree must be in a colder temperature than the branches.—Western Farmer & Gardener.

———o———

MODES OF DIGGING CARROTS, PARSNIPS, AND BEETS.—The labor of cutting off the tops of these roots, after they are out of the ground, has induced us to attempt other modes of harvesting. We have recently been trying different ways of taking off the tops before pulling up the roots.

We first tried a scythe in a carrot field, but this did not cut close enough. We next took a common hoe, that answered better; but at length we tried a scuffle hoe, ground quite sharp. This did the business well. A man takes a row and passes through the field almost as rapidly as an ox would walk, clipping the tops close. After a number of rows have been cut, a rake gathers the tops into heaps to be thrown aside, and out of the way of the plough.

Now take a horse, or a yoke of oxen, and run a small plough close to the first row. Let men or boys follow with baskets and gather up the roots, that will now come easy. When the field has considerable extent the team may pass around it and take a furrow on each side alternately. This is the cheapest and best mode of harvesting roots of this kind that we have ever tried.

Yellow carrots never grow above the surface of the ground, and there is but little danger of cutting them with the hoe. But the white kind grow irregularly, some of them two or three inches above the surface. The tops of these cannot be cut so even with the hoe.—White carrots have been recommended by others as more productive than the yellow.—But in our own grounds we have found the yellow to be the most prolific. Will some of our readers please to tell us which kind has grown best in their fields?—Massachusetts Ploughman.

———o———

NITRATE OF SODA.—This article is now extensively used in many sections, especially as a manure on lands cultivated in grain and grass. Of late we have noticed several very interesting accounts in our agricultural journals, all tending decidedly to corroborate its nature, as a cheap and efficacious manure, particularly when applied to the crops above named. A late Liverpool paper gives an account of an experiment made with this fertilizer in the following words:

"On the 6th of May last, five alternate ridges of wheat, measuring one acre, two roods, and four perches, were sowed with five cwt. of nitrate of soda. In a few days the difference between the ridges with the nitrate and the intervening ridges of the same size could be discerned at a considerable distance from the field, which continued throughout the summer. The two sorts have been reaped, threshed, measured, and weighed separately, and the following is a correct account of the produce:

"Nitrate wheat 48 bushels, weight per bushel 56 lbs.; straw of the same, 2 tons 4 cwt. 3 qrs. 56 lbs.

"Of that portion of the field on which no nitrate was sowed, the produce was 23 bushels, weight per bushel 56 lbs.; straw of the same, 1 ton 5 cwt. 1 qr. 2 lbs. The quality of both is represented as inferior. It will at once occur to every reader, at all familiar with the nature of nitrate, that the amount applied in this case was excessive. Had the application been limited to one-half or two-thirds the quantity, its effect upon the crop would in al probability have been far more efficient."

So far as our own observations extend, an we have made some experiments with it, n trate is a valuable manure, and will, we hav no doubt, be so considered by all who try i either on grass or grain.