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Select Poetry.

Shall we Know Each Other There?

When we hear the music ringing
Through the bright celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care—
In the land of light and glory—
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see their bright eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?

Yes, my earth worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friend to know.

Oh! ye weary, sad and lone ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear;
Evermore this sweet tongue lingers—
"We shall know each other there!"

Home.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love—
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it,
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to greet us!

The Old Woman's Pride.

The sinfulness of pride is a popular theme with moralists of all degrees. But to our view, one of the best hits yet made was that made not long ago by the good but eccentric Rev. Mr. L——, of Mississippi It is in these terms:

"You don't know how far pride will lead folks. Listen, and I'll tell you.—When I was a young man I traveled one of the circuits contiguous to the sea shore. The people didn't wear fine silks and calicoes like they do now. No, they thought themselves very fine if they could get calico to wear on Sunday; but the people were just as vain in calico as some are now in silks. It is not the stuff we wear that makes the sin; tis the degree of homage we pay to it. In that circuit there was an old woman. Her wealth consisted in a spot of land, a churn, and a cow. But she got proud. Oh ho! Yes, and she thought she must have a calico frock to hear the young man in next Sunday. And so to get it she sold her cow and bought it. Ah ha! Bought a frock? Yes, and bless God, while she was making it she saw the churn, and she said to herself that she'd have no use for the churn, without the cow; so she sold the churn, and with the money bought a bonnet. And bless God, when I went to church next day who should come in, big as life, but Mrs —— with the cow on her back and the churn on her head!"

TO DETECT EXPLOSIVE COAL OIL.—Many disasters being already occasioned by the use of explosive coal oil, the following receipt for ascertaining whether or not the article is explosive, may not be out of place: Pour a small quanity into saucer, and bring a lighted match slowly down to it. If explosive, the oil will blaze and flash up almost like powder; if not explosive, it will not burn at all. The latter only is safe for use.—*Phila. Ledger.*

The cause of explosion in all such cases is due to the oil assuming the gaseous condition by evaporation, and mixing with about eight volumes of the atmospheric air The evaporation of the air is dependent upon the temperature of the room, and the extent of surface over which it is distributed. The very light coal and rock oils should be used with great caution for burning in lamps, as they are fully more volatile, and equally as dangerous as the old explosive lamp mixtures of alcohol and turpentine. The burning oils which are most commonly used now, are of a much lower specific gravity, than those that were in common use about eighteen months ago. They are quite cheap, clear, free from the fetid smell of old coal oils, and are not so liable to smoke; but these qualities are obtained at the expense of durability—one pint of the old brandy colored oil having given as much light as a quart of the clear light oil.—*Scientific Amer.*

THE PEACH CROP.—From present indications, says the Delawarian, the largest peach crop ever gathered in Delaware will reward the labors of our husbandmen this year. So far everything has been favorable, not a bud has been blasted or a tree killed by the frost. The cold weather has kept down the sap, and unless we have strange weather in March no harm can now be done by frost to this crop.

A YOUNG woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there is any nonsense in him, he is sure to talk it to her.

THE DEBT-PAYER AN HONORABLE MAN.

Talking of such concerns, it is a theory of ours—based upon experience—that man's character may be read if we can ascertain how he conducts himself in reference, especially, to his little indebtedness—leaving the larger to take care of themselves. In politics, Jefferson's formula is comprehensive enough—"is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?"—but in private, ascertain if you can, "whether he pays his debts when he has the money," and you will perhaps know enough for your guidance. If he does not, it is certain, at least, that there is a screw loose somewhere; and it is for you to determine how far such looseness affects the whole fabric. But if, on the contrary, a debt unpaid is a discomfort and an uneasiness, from which spontaneously he is disposed to relieve himself, fear not to place yourself in such hands. The axis of this man's revolutions is true; and it may be inferred, we think, that all the mechanism works well; for when there is a disposition to go wrong, in almost any direction, it is generally shown early in the axis aforesaid. Have no faith in that species of goodness which is unwilling to pay its debts—"fine fellow," "good fellow," "whole souled fellow" and that sort of thing—it is all nonsense, and worse than nonsense, leading to a belief that honesty and honor may be secured without them. Is he a "good fellow." for instance, who frolics and enjoys himself upon money which really belongs to other people?—And is that a "whole-soul" which, while the washerwoman pines and suffers for want of that which is due to her by the individual with the "whole-soul" goes flaunting about in gay attire from carousal to carousal, and from one place of enjoyment to another? Have no faith in it.—Depend upon it that this openheartedness, as people call it, and would have you admire, is all selfishness, narrowness and dishonor—selfishness the most intense—so intense that when its own gratification is concerned, it can deny itself nothing, no matter how duty may remonstrate. He is a much better fellow than all these, who goes threadbare and refuses indulgence, until he can stand square with the world, though reckless profusion may deride him as mean; for you may rely upon it that he assumes no responsibilities except from a well founded belief that he will be able to meet them. He is the man that pays his debts, if a possibility exists of paying them; and we strongly incline to the conviction that a debt-paying man is one of the best members of society, and that he should thus be honored. Let us all, then, "pay our debts."

SHEEP.

Sheep are fast becoming, to a certain extent, the most profitable stock a farmer can keep. With them much less labor is required to realize the same amount of money than with cows, horses, or young cattle.

The long-wooled, or *mutton variety*, which are, perhaps, the best adapted of any kind to our soil and climate, are very hardy and easily kept. They are not liable to disease, or, at least, have not been in this vicinity; so there is little risk to be feared in this respect. They are evidently *the* kind for the times, when both mutton and the coarser varieties of wool are in active demand.

There is little trouble in raising the lambs, for they are as hardy as calves, and it is nothing uncommon to see them *outnumber* the rest of the flock—indeed, one man in this place raised eighteen from nine ewes the past season.

Lambs five or six months old are fit for market, which is not the case with other kinds of stock, hence the expense of wintering is avoided. The past few years, when beef has been dull and hardly to be disposed of, mutton has been in good demand at profitable prices. Owing to the war this demand is steadily increasing, and in consequence there is a large call for store sheep at high prices, in anticipation of future requirements.

How long this state of things will continue is uncertain, but from present indications there will be no serious decline for a time at least. Mutton will undoubtedly be in fair demand, as there seems to be a growing inclination for this meat in preference to beef or pork, while so long as cotton goods maintain their present high prices, with an "upward tendency," there will be a favorable inducement, not to say necessity, for employing wool, so far as possible, in all fabrics for use or wear.—*Plowman.*

EXPENSIVE SHOT.—The Ericsson iron-plated floating battery, at Green Point, has been armed with two 11-inch columbiads, which have been furnished with four hundred wrought iron shot, each ball costing forty-seven dollars, and weighing 284 pounds. These balls were made by forging square blocks of iron at the Novelty Works, and then turning them at the lathe. The cost of the four hundred amounts to $18,800, and their total weight is 73,000 pounds Cast iron shot are liable to break in pieces when fired against thick iron plates. These wrought iron shot are for smashing through the sides of such secession floating batteries as the Merrimac at Norfolk, and Hollins Turtle at New Orleans.—*Scientific American.*

IT seems to be about time for the rebels to resume their old cry, "let us alone."

SYMPATHY FOR THE REBELS.

The Louisville Journal, in an editorial on the presentation by the ladies of Louisville, of a suit of flags to General Thomas' division, for the gallantry displayed at Mill Spring, says:

But the American people, though they deeply regret that the mad ambition of the turbulent plotters of the Confederate States has deluded our land in blood and brought it to the verge of anarchy, cannot assume the superior virtue of forgiveness to such an extent as to overlook the pestilent crimes of those who have torn their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons from once happy homes to repress rebellion and resist invasion. The women of America, though their hearts are attuned to the most sympathetic chords of pity and charity, cannot forget that, in striking at the Government of the United States and the nationality of the Union, a dastard, cruel and cowardly blow was aimed at their security. They cannot forget that this rebellion has been the most wicked and uncalled-for since Satan, Moloch, and their confederate friends first thought to fire the archangel heart and precipitate the realms of Heaven into revolution! Nor have they forgotten what Eden blessings their country enjoyed until this serpent of Secession tempted its "weaker half" not simply to taste of the fruits of the tree of national life, but actually to apply the axe to its very roots in the insane attempt to destroy it. The retribution has come; the flaming sword is now placed all along the borders, from the seacost to the Potomac, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi, to drive forth the rebels, while the ground beyond to which they are exiled brings forth but thorns and thistles.

There is a retribution in the glorious victories which grace our heaven-inspired cause. When the Union troops marched through one of our towns with the beaming stars and stripes waving over them, a beautiful rainbow (a bow of promise, let us hope—a covenant of honorable peace) appeared in the heavens. A little boy, perceiving it, ran to his mother, exclaiming: "Mother, God is a Union man!"—His mother asked him his reasons for thinking so. He replied that "he had seen his flag in the sky, and it was red, white and blue!" Every soldier in arms, and every patriot who loves the land he lives in, feels that God *is* a Union man, for this nation has been His peculiar care, and its people have been his people. The Union troops, then, are God's soldiers, fighting for the right and for the truth. Let them go on, then, conquering and to conquer. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," and what cause so just as that which wars for the preservation of our Union, reared by patriot prayers and patriot blood.

From the Rutland (Vt.) Courier.

Jeff. Davis Three Years Ago.

In looking over our files we find in the *Courier* of October 29th, 1858, some remarks made by Jeff. Davis at the Maine State Fair, with comments of our own, all of which must be interesting to our readers at this time.

The following is the article as it appeared in the *Courier*, of the above date:

Noble Sentiments.—The Hon. Jefferson Davis was present at the Maine State Fair, held a few days ago at Augusta, and, in response to a call and without preparation, made a speech which is spoken of in terms of commendation by the papers in that State. The following extract, which is all for which we can find room, will show that it was a Union speech in the best sense of the term:—

"From the different interests of the North and the South some pretended to see reasons why they should be divided. But he saw why, particularly for this, they should and would be united. The North with its leaping rivers and mechanical genius, would be a manufacturing section, and the South was a producer of staples.

"Behind this selfish interest, which formed a bond of union between the States, there was the pride of being an American citizen—the greatest country in the world, not reckoned by its armies and navies, but by its resources, the genius of its people, and their will and power to do what will become a free man. "*The whole is my country,*" said the speaker, "*I love it with all my heart.*" (Tumultuous applause.)

"But," said he, "if I had no love for any State but my own, still I should be interested in the welfare and prosperity of Maine, for it will act and react on Mississippi. *The hand of nature set the seal of unity on the country; our fathers saw it and embraced it, and patriotism made them one forever.* New England was celebrated for its manufactures, so much so that ingenuity had become a Yankee characteristic. The name Yankee was now a synonym of enterprise and intelligence, which was once a term of reproach. And, said, the speaker you may well be proud that you are Yankees—in the school-house, in the public assembly, in the worship, and on every sea. New England was celebrated for the power of mind over matter, which makes our people great"

A wounded Irishman wrote home from the hospital, and finished up by saying, "I'm for this country, I've bled for it, and I shall soon be able to say I've died for it."

THE Southern Confederacy is on its last pair of legs, and it has the inflammatory rheumatism, gout, dropsy, and several other maladies in them.

The Battle at Fort Donelson.

THE FAMOUS COUNCIL OF WAR BETWEEN FLOYD, PILLOW AND BUCKNER.

General Pillow, who commanded the Rebels at the battle of Fort Donelson, has published his official report. He took command of the fort on the 8th of February, and immediately set to work to improve its defences. We make a few extracts from the report, which show the design of the rebels in the severe fighting of the last day of the battle, and also the views of their Generals in regard to the surrender:

"We had fought this battle to open the way for our army and relieve us from an investment which would necessarily reduce us and the position by famine. We had occupied the whole day to accomplish our object, and before we could prepare to leave, after taking in the wounded and the dead, the enemy had thrown around us again in the night an immense force of fresh troops, and reoccupied his original position in the line of investment, thus again cutting off our retreat. We had only about 12,000 troops all told. Of these a large proportion we had lost in the three battles. The command had been in the trenches night and day for five days, exposed to the snow, sleet, mud and ice-water, without shelter and without adequate covering, and without sleep.

"In this condition the general officers held a consultation to determine what he should do. General Buckner gave it as his decided opinion that he could not hold his position one-half an hour against an assault of the enemy, and said the enemy would attack him next morning at daylight. The proposition was then made by me to fight through the enemy's line and cut our way out. General Buckner said his command was so worn out and cut to pieces and demoralized, that he could not make another fight; that it would cost the command three-quarters of its present numbers to cut it way through, and it was wrong to sacrifice three-quarters of a command to save one-quarter; that no officer had a right to cause such a sacrifice—General Floyd and Major Gilmer I understood to concur in this opinion.

I then expressed the opinion that we could hold out another day, and in that time we could get steamboats and set the command over the river, and probably save a portion of it. To this Gen. Buckner replied that the enemy would certainly attack him at daylight, and that he could not hold his position half an hour. The alternative of the propositions was a surrender of their position and command.—General Floyd said that he would neither surrender the command nor would he surrender himself a prisoner. I had taken the same position. General Buckner said he was satisfied that nothing else could be done, and that, therefore, he would surrender if placed in command. General Floyd said that he would turn over the command to him if he could be allowed to withdraw his command; to this General Buckner consented. Thereupon General Floyd turned the command over to me, I passing it instantly to General Buckner, saying I would neither surrender the command nor myself a prisoner. I directed Colonel Forrest to cut his way out. Under these circumstances, General Buckner accepted the command, and sent a flag of truce to the enemy for an armistice of six hours to negotiate for terms of capitulation. Before this flag and communication was delivered I retired from the garrison."

Letter of Hon. Reverdy Johnson.

The Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate having addressed a joint official letter to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, informing him of his election to the U. S. Senate, that gentleman replied in the following patriotic letter:

ANNAPOLIS, March 7, 1862.

To the Hon. J. S. Berry, Speaker of the House of Delegates of Maryland, and the Hon H. H. Goldsborough, President of the Senate of Md.

Gentlemen—Your official communication of yesterday, advising me of my having been elected on the 5th instant "a Senator of the United States from the State of Maryland, for the term of six years from the fourth of March, 1863," is received.

I accept the trust confided to me—in itself at all times important, but especially so at this period of our country's trial—with a full sense of its difficulty, and with but a hope that I may prove able to discharge it to the satisfaction of our people.

One thing I can promise, and do promise, that I will devote myself to the duty it involves, and do all which may enable me to arrest the causeless rebellion so afflicting to the good and patriotic of all sections, and to heal the dissensions now so much disturbing our harmony and impairing our reputation with the other nations of the world.

Gratefully sensible of the confidence of the Legislature, and of the kind and friendly feelings which you individually express for me, I remain, with high regard, your obedient servant,

REVERDY JOHNSON.

A Superintendent of police once made an entry in his register, from which the following is an extract:—"The prisoner set upon me, called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scarecrow, a ragamuffin, and an idiot—*all of which I certify to be true.*"

A Message from the President.

The President of the United States, on the 6th inst., transmitted to Congress the following important message:

Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives—I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies, which shall be substantially as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt the gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."

If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet the approval of Congress and the country, there is the end; but if it does command such approval, I deem it of importance that the States and people immediately interested should be at once distinctly notified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider whether to accept or reject it.

The Federal government would find its highest interest in such a measure, as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation. The leaders of the existing insurrection entertain the hope that this government will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and then all the slave States north of such part will then say, the Union for which we have struggled being already gone we now choose to go with the Southern section. To deprive them of this hope substantially ends the rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation completely deprives them of it, as to all the States initiating it. The point is not that *all* the States tolerating slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation, but that while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall by such initiation make it certain to the more Southern that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed Confederacy. I say initiation, because, in my judgment, gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all. In the mere financial or pecuniary view, any member of Congress with the census tables and Treasury report before him, can readily see for himself how very soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase at a fair valuation all the slaves in any named State. Such a proposition on the part of the General Government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery in State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject in each case to the State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them.

In the annual message last December I thought fit to say, "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed." I said this not hastily, but deliberately. War had been made, and continues to be an indispensable means to the end. A practical reacknowledgment of the national authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come.

The proposition now made, though an offer only, I hope it may be esteemed no offence to ask, whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned than are the institution and property in it in the present aspect of affairs?

While it is true that the adoption of the proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not within itself a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important practical results.

In full view of my great responsibilities to my God and to my country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to this subject. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BOILED POTATOES FOR THE ARMY.—The Portland Transcript says that an establishment is in operation in that city, under a contract from government, for putting up boiled potatoes for the use of the army. Fifty girls are employed in peeling the potatoes after which they are washed and put up in air-tight cans.

AN UNFORTUNATE CULTIVATOR.—One little "garden patch" of ours, says a wag, has been very unprofitable this season, very. The snails ate up the cucumbers, the chickens ate up the snails, the neighbors' cats ate the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat the cats. Can any of our agricultural friends aid us? Yes, dog your cats.

WHEN the legislative hall at Concord, N. H., was cleared of rubbish after adjournment, we learn that there was found in the desk of one of the members a letter which closed with this injunction: "*Jane ses get her a 24 hoop skellington.*"

POLITE HINT.—"I do not wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a very polite gentleman, "But I would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that to him "truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

The Merry Girls.

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 Cæsar!
We'd 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 flounder—
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 snugger;
We'd always smile and never frown,
If we could only hug her!
For none but hateful hunchbacked churls
Will study long to hug the girls!

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

AN OX WITH A WOODEN LEG.—A Pennsylvanian had the following misfortunes happen to an ox:

The animal was grazing near where the farmer was making a fence, and accidentally stepping into a post hole, broke his leg. As the ox was too lean to kill, the farmer consulted a physician who lived close by, the result was that it was determined to cut off his leg. A wooden leg substituted in proper time, and when his ox was finally killed, it presented the finest beef in the Philadelphia market.—*Cleveland Leader.*

To the above item the Crawford county *Forum* makes the following reply:

When an editor undertakes to lie, why don't he "do it up brown?" We know a case that beats the Pennsylvania farmer all hollow. A gentleman of our acquaintance, named P. Uke, of Auburn township, had a Durham cow that gave birth, all at one time, to a two year old heifer that had no legs at all. Mr. Uke took a five quarter auger, and bored holes where the legs ought to be, and then drove in the legs of an old United Brethren mourner's bench. He then applied Dr. Stafford's Celebrated Indian Hair Tonic to the legs, which haired them over in one night and brought out the hoofs beautifully. The animal has since trotted her mile in 1.18 and took the first premium at the last Illinois State Fair. During the month of July she suckled six calves and gave ten gallons of milk every day. She is to be presented to the late Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, who will know how to use her.

ANOTHER CANARD.—As soon as the rebels are exposed in one of their humbugs, in accordance with Boyce's "audacity" system, they are prompt to start another—all of them intended to keep the spirits of their dupes from flagging. The latest specific canard is started from Paris that Slidell has been authorized to offer the throne of the "so-called Southern Confederacy," as Lord Russell generally terms it, in his allusion to the rebel Government, to the young Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, the grandson of Madame Bonaparte, and the son of Jerome Bonaparte, Esq., of Baltimore. We have no doubt that the desperation of the rebels at the South would induce them to make an offer of any kind, or to any body, if they could thereby induce help for their desperate cause, with the full intention of cheating their new friends whenever they no longer required their aid. But men who have been found traitors to such a Government as this, will find no respectable power in Europe to put trust in any offer they may make.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—It has been finally determined to divide the army of the Potomac into five corps d'armees, according to the plan of Major-General McClellan, urged prior to the retirement of General Scott. These army corps are to be commanded respectively by Generals Banks, McDowell, Sumner, Heintzleman and Keys. Major-General McClellan is of course to continue in command of the the whole.

A celebrated barrister, retired from practice, was one day asked his sincere opinion of law. "Why, the fact is," rejoined he, "if any man was to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a law suit, he should certainly have it—lest, in defending my coat, I should lose my waist-coat also."

A NICE DISTINCTION.—Rev. T. Starr King, an Universalist preacher to an Unitarian congregation, lately defined the difference between the two bodies to be this: "The Universalists hold that God is too good to damn them; and the Unitarians hold that they are too good to be damned by Him."

SOME of the Canadian papers that have been extremely friendly to Jeff. Davis begin to think that it is time for that individual to look out for some means of safe retreat.