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BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY MRS. NORTON.

The soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears:
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances, to hear what he might say:
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely—and that when the day was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun,
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars—
The death wounds on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars:
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
For I was still a truant bird that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and even when a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister—in happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning;
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with *her* and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarse—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled;
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle field with bloody corpses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

HOW CAME THAT CHICKEN IN MY HAT.

We have seen a few "cool" people in our extensive travels in various parts of the world, but we recollect of none that more nearly approximated zero, than little Joe W., who is now (poor fellow!) in his last resting place—he having gone to Mexico during the last war, and had the misfortune to be numbered among the dead at the close of the bloody battle of Buena Vista.

To use an old phrase, Joe could never be found with both eyes asleep, nor with his thumb in his mouth. However bad a scrape he might be caught in he would either lie himself out, or remain perfectly silent, and look as indignantly injured as a pet goat.

When about fourteen years of age he was afflicted with a protracted headache; and hearing that a sure remedy had been discovered by perforating the crown of the hat, and thereby ventilating the head, he was not long in making daylight visible through an inch and a quarter hole in the top of his old black tile, which in its plainest days had been worn by his great-grandfather, on the occasion of Washington's Farewell Address to his troops at New York.

With his hat upon his head, he paid a visit one forenoon to the barn-yard of Mr. B., distant about three-quarters of a mile, to discover, if possible a few stray eggs, which he hoped by chance might have escaped the searching eyes of Mrs. B.

Not being able to find any eggs, the wicked thought suddenly entered Joe's mind to take the next best thing to them, and the resolution was no sooner formed than he grasped a young white headed pullet, thrust it in his hat, and immediately started for home, balancing the precious load upon his head and counting the eggs he should soon be able to call his own, and dispose of or eat, as he might in his own judgment be inclined.

But Joe was not destined to enjoy these pleasing reflections for any great length of time, for farmer B., happening to meet him, discovered protruding through the top of the youngster's hat, the white head of what he had good reason to suppose was one of his favorite bantem's and accosting Joe, he inquired where he was going?

"Going home, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"Down at your house," said Joe, without the slightest hesitation.

"Did you go down for anything particular?" inquired B., casting his eyes up to the white head and neck of his pullet, which was moving to and fro, like an ostrich feather in an officer's cap.

"Nothing particular," replied Joe. "I wanted a little walk and I strolled down to your house."

"What have you got in your hat?" queried B.

"Nothing," replied Joe, looking astonished.

"Nothing?" said B.

"Yes, nothing!" reiterated Joe.

B. here cooly took off Joe's hat with one hand, while he held on to the pullet's head with the other, and with a voice of spiritual indignation he exclaimed—

"Joseph, do you call *that* nothing?"

Joe straightened himself up as erect as a bean pole, put on a look of unheard of surprise, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed:

"How came that chicken in my hat!"

EDWARD EVERETT'S ADDRESS,

AT FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, JULY 4TH.

The seventy-seventh anniversary of American Independence was celebrated with much fervor at Boston. A large civic and Military procession, when the out door ceremonies were over, proceeded to Faneuil Hall, where a dinner was served up. Of the regular toasts offered at this entertainment, the fourth was a follows:

The Senate of the United States:—Whenever it (Everett) speaks, discord and disunion shall hide their heads.

Hon. Edward Everett responded as follows:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: I thank you for the toast which has just been given, and for the marked kindness with which it has been received by the company. I deem it a priviledge to be present on this occasion: We all, I think, sir, who had the good fortune to be present at the Old South Church, felt that it was good to be there. [Cheers.] We felt that it was good to pause awhile from the hurry of passing events, and revive our recollections of the times which tried men's souls. I do not know that I have ever attended a celebration conducted in a more interesting manner. The solemn prayers that the God of our farthers would extend his protection to us; the public reading of the great Declaration which has given immortally to the day: the sweet voices in the gallery, giving assurance that the sons and daughters were training up to catch the spirit and imitate the example of the fathers and mothers: this all gave uncommon interest to the exercises. [Much cheering.] It was, also, I own, sir, particularly pleasing to me to listen to our young friend on my right, the orator of the day, who gave us such a treat in his ingenious, manly, and fervid discourse, in which he rose very far above the commonplaces of the occasion, and adorned his great theme with much original and seasonable illustration. It was especially gratifying to me, sir, to witness the brilliant promise he afforded us of adding new lustre to a name on which two generations in this community have accumulated their honors. [Great cheering.]

I believe no one, sir, who has attended this day's exercises, or is now present, will be disposed to concur in the opinion, which we sometimes hear expressed, that the interest of the Fourth of July was on the wane—that it is a worn-out, old-fashioned affair, which has ceased to have a significance for us.—For my own part, I value it in no small degree, because it is, I will not say an "old-fashioned," but I will say an ancient and venerable institution [cheers;] because its annual celebration for seventy years has already nourished the patriotic feelings of more than two generations, and amidst the perilous convulsions of States abroad, and the rapid march of events at home, has left us one great theme on which political opinion is united; one happy day on which party strife is at rest. [Great applause.]

I trust, sir, that the Fourth of July will ever continue to be celebrated as it has been to-day, understandingly as well as enthusiastically; because it furnishes at once the most instructive and glorious illustration of the union of the two great principles of *stability* and *progress*, on which our independence was originally founded:—on which our prosperity, at the present day, rests as upon its corner stone;—and by whose cordial alliance, and joint-working alone, the great designs of Providence in reference to our beloved country can be fulfilled. [Much cheering.]

I am the more desirous, sir, of making this remark on the present occasion with some emphasis, because there is, on the part of many—perhaps of most—persons among us a disposition to separate these two great principles—to take up one to the neglect of the other—and consequently, in effect, to do violence to both. As in all party divisions, so in this: we throw ourselves passionately into the cause we have embraced, push its peculiar views beyond proper limits, overlooking all reasonable qualifications, and forget that practical wisdom and plain common sense are generally found about half-way between the two extremes. [Cheers.] Accordingly there are and always have been among us, as in all countries where thought and speech are free, men who give themselves up, heart and soul, to the reverence of the vast; they can do justice to no wisdom but the wisdom of ages; and if an institution is not time-honored, it is very apt, by them, not to be honored at all. They forget that the tall oak was once an acorn, and that the oldest things had a beginning. [Cheers.] This class of men received a few years ago, in England, the designation of "conservatives," from their disposition to maintain things just as they are. Recently, in this country, they have been called by the rather unpromising name of "old fogies," the origin and precise import of which are unknown to me. [Cheers and laughter.]

Now, sir, those benighted individuals (straight-faced and stiff-necked as they are) err only in pushing a sound principle to extremes; in obeying one law of our social nature to the neglect of another, equally certain and important. The reverence of the past, adherence to what is established, may be carried a great deal too far, but it is not merely an innate feeling of the human heart, but a direct logical consequence of the physical and spiritual constitution which our creator has given us. (Cheers.) The sacred tie of family, which, reaching backward and forward, binds the generations of men to-gether, and draws out the plaintive music of our being from the solemn alternation of cradle and grave,—the black and white keys of life's harpsichord—(sensation;)—the magical power of language, which puts spirit in communion with spirit in distant periods and climes: the grand sympathies of country, which lead the Greeks of the present day to talk of "the victory which *we* gained over the barbarians at Marathon;"—[cheers]—the mystic tissue of race, woven far back in the dark chambers of the past, and which after the vicissitudes and migrations of centuries wraps up great nations in its broad mantle;—[cheers]—those significant expressions which carry volumes of meaning in a word,—Forefathers, Parent, Child, Posterity, Native Land;—these all teach us not blindly to worship, but duly to honor the past, to study the lessons of experience, to scan the high counsels of man in his great associations, as those counsels have been developed in constitutions, in laws, in maxims, in traditions, in great undoubted principles of right and wrong, which have gone before us; thus tracing in human institutions some faint recollection of that Divine wisdom, which fashioned the leaf that unfolded itself six weeks ago in the forest, on the pattern of the leaf which was bathed in the dews of Paradise in the morning of creation. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

These feelings, I say, sir, are just and natural. The principle which prompts them lies deep in our nature; it gives birth to the dearest charities of life, and it fortifies some of the sternest virtues. [Cheers.] But these principles and feelings are not the whole of our nature. They are a portion only of those sentiments which belong to us as men, as patriots and Christians. We do not err when we cherish them, but when we cherish and act on them exclusively; forgetting that there is another class of feelings and principles—different, though not antagonistic—which form another side to our wonderfully complicated existence.

This is the side to which an opposite class in the community devotes itself exclusively. They are "the men of progress," or, as they sometimes call themselves, in imitation of similar designations in most countries of Europe, "Young America." Either from natural ardor of temperament, or the fervid spirit of youth, or impatience caused by constant meditation on the abuses which accumulate in most human concerns in the lapse of time, they get to think that everything, which has existed for a considerable time, is an abuse; that, consequently, to change is, as a matter of course, to reform—to innovate, of necessity, an improvement. They do not consider that if this notion is carried too far it becomes suicidal; it condemns their own measures, and justifies the next generation in sweeping away their work as remorselessly as they are disposed to sweep away the work of their predecessors. [Great cheering.]

Now here again, sir, the error is one of exaggeration only. Young America is a very honest fellow—he means well, but like other young folks he is sometimes a little too much in a hurry. [Laughter and cheers.] He needs the curb occasionally, as we old ones, perhaps, still more frequently need the spur. (Laughter.) There *is* a principle of progress in the human mind—in all the works of men's hands—in all associations and communities, from the village club to the empire that embraces a quarter of the human race—in all political institutions—in art, literature, and science—and most especially in all new countries, where it must, from the nature of the case, be the leading and governing principle.—(Great cheers.) Who can compare the modern world, its condition, its arts, its institutions, with the ancient world and doubt this: the daily newspapers, smoking every morning from a hundred presses, with a strip of hieroglyphics on the side of an obelisk, perplexing the world with its dubious import, and even that found out within the last thirty years,—the ocean steamer with the row galley, creeping timidly round the shore—the railways in the United States alone, without mentioning those of Europe, with those famous Roman paved roads, the Appian and Flaminian way, to which the orator alluded—which our railroads exceed ten-fold in extent, to say nothing of their superiority in every other respect, as a means of communication; the printing press, driven by steam, with the scribe's toilsome pen; the electric telegraph, with the mail coach, the post horse, the pedestrian courier; and above all, a representative republican confederacy, extending over a continent, with a feudal despotism building a palace on the necks of a people, or a stormy Grecian democracy, subsisting its citizens by public largess deeming all labor servile, ostracising its good men, insulting and oppressing its allies, and rending its own vitals within the circuit of the city walls to which it was confined—who, I say, can make this comparison, and doubt that the principle of progress is as deeply seated in our nature as the principle of conservatism, and that true practical wisdom and high national policy reside in the due mixture and joint action of the two. [Enthusiastic applause.]

Now, sir, this was the wisdom of the men of '76. This is the lesson of the Fourth of July; this the oracle which speaks to us from the shrines of this consecrated hall.—[Great cheering.] If we study the writings of the men of that day, we find that they treated the cause of civil liberty not only as one of justice and right, of sentiment and feeling, but also as one of history and tradition, of charters and laws. [Cheers.]—They not only looked to the future, but they explored the past. They built wisely and skilfully, in such sort that after times might extend the stately front of the temple of freedom, and enlarge its spacious courts, and pile its stories arch above arch, gallery above gallery to the heavens, [great cheers:] but they dug the foundation deep down to the eternal rock; the town, the school, the militia, the church—those were the four corner stones on which they reared the edifice. [Enthusiastic cheers.]

If we look only at one part of their work—if we see them pouring over musty parchments by the midnight lamp—citing the year books against writs of assistance—disputing themselves hoarse about this phrase in the charter of Charles the First, and that section in a statute of Edward the Third, we should be disposed to class them with the most bigoted conservatives that ever threw a drag chain round the limbs of a young and ardent people. [Cheers.] But, gracious heavens, look at them again, when the trumpet sounds the hour of resistance; survey the other aspect of their work.—[Great cheering.] See these undaunted patriots in their obscure caucus gatherings, in their town meetings, in their provincial assemblies, in their continental Congress, breathing defiance to the British Parliament and the British throne, march with their raw militia to the conflict with the trained veterans of the seven years' war. [Cheers.] Witness them, a group of colonies extemporized into a confederacy, entering with a calm self-possession into alliance with the oldest monarchy in Europe—and occupying as they did a narrow belt of territory along the coast, thinly peopled, partially cleared—hemmed in by the native savages, by the Alleghanies, by the Ohio, and the lakes—behold them, dilating with the grandeur of the position, radiant in the prospective glories of their career, [much cheering,] casting abroad the germs of future independent States, destined at no distant day, not merely to cover the face of the thirteen British colonies, but to spread over the territories of France and Spain on this continent—over Florida and Louisiana—over New Mexico and California—beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains—to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, the Arctic and the Torrid zones, in one great net-work of confederate republican governments. Contemplate this, and you will acknowledge the men of Seventy-Six to have been the boldest men of progress that the world has ever seen.—[Enthusiastic cheers.]

These are the men whom the Fourth of July invites us to respect and to imitate;—the James Otises and the Warrens, the Franklins and the Adamses, the Patrick Henrys and the Jeffersons, and him whom I may not name in the plural number, brightest of the bright and purest of the pure—Washington himself. [Rapturous cheers.] But let us be sure to imitate them [or to strive to do so] in all their great principles in both parts of their noble and comprehensive policy. [Applause.] Let us reverence them as they reverenced their predecessors—not seeking to build up the future on the ruins of all that had gone before, nor yet to bind down the living, breathing, burning present to the mouldering relics of the dead past—(cheers)—but deducing the rule of a bold and safe progress from the records of a wise and glorious experience. [Great applause.]

I am trespassing unconsciously, sir, upon the time of the company, ["go on, go on,"] but I will, with your leave, add one further reflection. We live at an era as eventful, in my judgment, as that of '76, though in a different way. We have no foreign yoke to throw off, but in the discharge of the duty devolved upon us by Providence, we have to carry the republican independence which our fathers achieved, with all the organized institutions of an enlightened community, institutions of religion, law, education, charity, art, and all the thousand graces of the highest culture, beyond the Missouri, beyond the Sierra Nevada; perhaps in time around the circuit of the Antilles; perhaps to the Archipelagoes of the Central Pacific. [Great cheering.] The pioneers are on the way; who can tell how far and how fast they will travel? Who, that compares the North America of 1753, but a century ago, and numbering but a little over a million of souls of European origin; or still more the North America of 1653, when there was certainly not a fifth part of that number; who that compares this with the North America of 1853—its twenty-two millions of European origin, and its thirty-one States, will venture to assign limits to our growth—will dare to compute the time-table of our railway progress; or lift so much as a corner of the curtain that hides our crowded events of the coming century? [Great cheering.] This only we can plainly see: see the old world is rocking to its foundations. From the Gulf of Finland to the Yellow Sea, every thing is shaken.

The spirit of the age has gone forth to hold his great review, and the kings of the earth are moved to meet him at his coming. [Cheers.] The band which holds the great powers of Europe together in one political league, is strained to its utmost tension.—The catastrophe may for a while be staved off, but to all appearance they are hurrying to the verge of one of those conflicts, which, like those of Pharsalia and Actium, affect the condition of States for twice ten centuries. [Sensation.] The Turkish Empire, encamped but for four centures on the frontiers of Europe, and the Chinese Monarchy, contemporary with David and Solomon, are alike crumbling. While these events are passing in the Old World, a tide of emigration which has no parallel in history, is pouring Westward across the Atlantic and Eastward across the Pacific, to our shores. The real political vitality of the world seems moving to the new Hemisphere, whose condition and fortunes it devolves upon us and our children to mould and regulate. [Great cheering.]

Sir, it is a grand, let me say a solemn thought, well calculated to still the passions of the day and to elevate us above the paltry strife of parties. (Applause.) It teaches us we are called to the highest, and I do verily believe the most momentous trust that ever devolved upon one generation of men. Let us meet it with a corresponding temper and purpose—with the wisdom of a well-instructed experience; with the foresight and preparation of a glorious future; not on the narrow platforms of party policy and temporary expediency, but in the broad and comprehensive spirit of seventy-six. [Great and long-continued cheering.]

After Mr. Everett had resumed his seat, the Mayor called for nine cheers for the eloquent orator, which were given with a hearty good will.

From the Southern Planter.

ACTION OF GYPSUM ON ORGANIC MANURES.

BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL, OF N. CAROLINA.

Certainly one of the most important questions with the farmer, especially in the older States, is this—"how may fertilizers be best obtained, and made most profitable?"

Soils that have been long under cultivation, must necessarily become deficient in many of the elements of fertility, unless the exhausted supply be restored from time to time by proper applications. Without this restoration, farming would soon become a profitless business. Labor cannot bring from a soil what is not there. When you wish your horse to do long and faithful service, you feed him well; if you do not, his strength soon fails, and whip and spur are insufficient to revive his drooping energies. So, plough and hoe are equally inefficient in reviving the energies of a *starving field*. Economy in sustaining or restoring the strength of soils, is no less important than economy in feeding horses and cattle. But, as an abundance of such nutritious food as may arise from the products of home culture is most economical in feeding stock, so the free application of home made manure, *well collected* and *well kept*, is the most economical of all fertilizers. The farmer who goes abroad to buy guano, while he leaves at home masses of manure, from which wind and rain are rapidly carrying off some of the very same elements that give to guano its value, is not acting more wisely, than he who leaves his hay to be drenched with rain and bleached by the sun, while he goes out to buy oats or barley to take the place of hay in his next winter's feeding. Let what you have be made as available as possible: then, it will be time to begin to look abroad for it. After all proper means have been resorted to for collecting and preserving your barn yard, stable and hog pen manures, ashes, soapsuds, &c., you can better afford an occasional ton of guano for the sake of an extra crop of wheat, and a succeeding "fair set" of clover.

In collecting fertilizing materials for farming purposes, two leading objects should be kept in view:

1. To prevent as far as possible, any loss of value in the material during the interval elapsing before it can be conveniently applied to the soil.

2. To increase its value, if this can be done profitably.

My present wish is to state briefly, that which others have stated before, but in a different form—what careful experiments dictates as the most efficient means of attaining both these objects.

I am well aware how little confidence farmers, generally, place in chemical theories and laboratory experiments, before their claims have been fully established by the unerring test of *practice*. Hence, for the satisfaction and benefit of those whom it may concern, I have just concluded an experiment independent of laboratory, crucible and retort—an experiment, involving nothing new or remarkable in the eye of one familiar with the principles of chemical science, yet, important in its practical bearing. It was conducted as follows:

A barrel was filled with fresh scrapings from the stalls of horses. Over the manure, as thrown in, a little ground plaster was sprinkled from time to time. After the barrel had been compactly filled it was allowed to stand for some weeks, until it had gone through the heating process, found always to take place when newly collected manure is thrown into heaps. But during this heating or *fermentation*, (as it may with propriety be called,) there was none of that "vapor" of strong odor which ordinarily arises from fermenting manure heaps.—When the mass had become cool, clean rain water was passed through it and collected at the bottom of the barrel. This water was found to contain one of the elements* of plaster, and one of the volatile substances (carbonate of ammonia) above alluded to. On emptying the barrel, a white powder, looking very much like plaster was found mingled with its contents. But, when tested, this powder was found to contain only one of the elements of plaster; while it contained also one element of the volatile carbonate of ammonia just mentioned.

In order that those who are not familiar with the principles of chemistry may understand the foregoing experiment and fully appreciate its results, a little explanation is necessary.

The volatile matter which escapes so rapidly from heaps of manure, and the presence of which is perceived by its odor about stables where horses are fed, is called by chemical writers "carbonate of ammonia, consisting of corbonic acid and ammonia combined.

Plaster (gypsum) is, according to chemical nomenclature, a sulphate of lime; *i. e.* sulphuric acid and lime combined. Liebig says, "carbonate of ammonia and sulphate of lime (gypsum) cannot be brought together at common temperatures without mutual decomposition. The ammonia enters into combination with the sulphuric acid, and the carbonic acid, with the lime, forming compounds which are not volatile; and, consequently, destitute of all smell." Thus, we get two new compounds; namely, carbonate of lime in very fine powder, and sulphate of ammonia, which is not volatile, and of course not liable to be lost in the same way as the carbonate of ammonia.—This sulphate, however, is readily dissolved in water. Hence, in the experiment above detailed, it was carried out in solution by the water passed through the mixed mass of plaster and manure.

What points, now, are illustrated by the results of this experiment? First, that ground plaster sprinkled about stables and over fresh manure, as it is collected into heaps, will arrest the escape of a most valuable portion of the fertilizing matter. Secondly, that if this manure be left unsheltered from the rain, the sulphate of ammonia generated by the action of the plaster will be washed away; and thus, the sulphuric acid and ammonia, both of which are highly valuable as fertilizers, will be lost.

What has been said above applies equally to all animal manures, and all decaying organic matter from which carbonate of ammonia is set free.

The proper course, then, to be pursued in the management of such manures, is entirely obvious. They should be thrown together in a convenient place—sprinkled with plaster as they are thrown up, and carefully sheltered from the rain until they can be conveniently applied to the soil.

If the farmer who buys guano while he leaves his stable and yard manure exposed, would expend the cost of a single ton of guano in constructing shelters for these manures, he would, in a few years, realize in their increased value, the worth of ten tons of the imported manure with all its remarkable properties.

* "Element" is not used here in its strict chemical sense.

(From the Baltimore Clipper.)

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Reception of the President at New York—The Procession and Incidents on the Route—Dedication of the Crystal Palace—Throngs of Strangers—Business Suspended, &c.

NEW YORK, July 14.—At 10 o'clock this morning the committee of the City Council, together with the Committee of Reception, arrived at Castle Garden, having the President and suite in charge, accompanied by Gov. Fort, of N. Jersey, whilst salutes were being fired from Governor's and Bedlow's Island, and from the Battery, under the direction of Brigadier General Morris.

The President was formally received by Mayor Westervelt in an appropriate address, to which he briefly, but eloquently, responded. The first division of military were stationed on the Battery, with an immense throng of spectators, and were reviewed by the President, on horseback, amid the shouts and hurrahs of the multitude. The procession was then formed, and was full one hour in passing out of the Battery.—The parade was very splendid; but a severe storm of rain, for a time, interrupted the evolutions of the troops. After the storm had ceased, the procession took up its line of march for the Crystal Palace. The streets along the route were crowded with people, who greeted the President with the utmost enthusiasm.

At two o'clock the cortege reached the Crystal Palace, and the President and Cabinet were conducted to a platform on the north nave, where were also assmbled Generals Scott and Wool, Gov. Hunt, and many other distinguished personages from home and abroad. On the platform on the east nave were the officers of the Army and Navy, British officers, Mayors of different cities, Foreign Consuls, Mayor and Councils of New York, and various public functionaries.

The opening prayer was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Wainwright, followed by an anthem, sung by the New York Harmonic, and accompanied by the National Guard Band.

The President was then welcomed by Theodore Sedgwick in a neat address, to which he responded in a very short address, pleading his inability to speak at length. He seemed very much fatigued.—The ceremonies were then closed with Handle's celebrated Hallelujah Chorus, from the "Messiah," which, sung by an immense chorus, produced a magnificent musical effect.

While the guests were occupied with viewing the exhibition, a grand concert was given by Dodsworth's and the National Guards' Bands. The Palace was not over crowded, as none but invited guests and those holding season tickets were admitted.

A PROBLEM.—A man was travelling, and stopping at a house, he said to the owner, "If you will give me as much money as I have, I will spend six cents with you," which was done. He went to two other places and made the same request, which was complied with, and when he had spent six cents at the third place, he had not a cent left. How much money had he when he started?

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed down spirit glad, than all other blessings the earth can give.

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