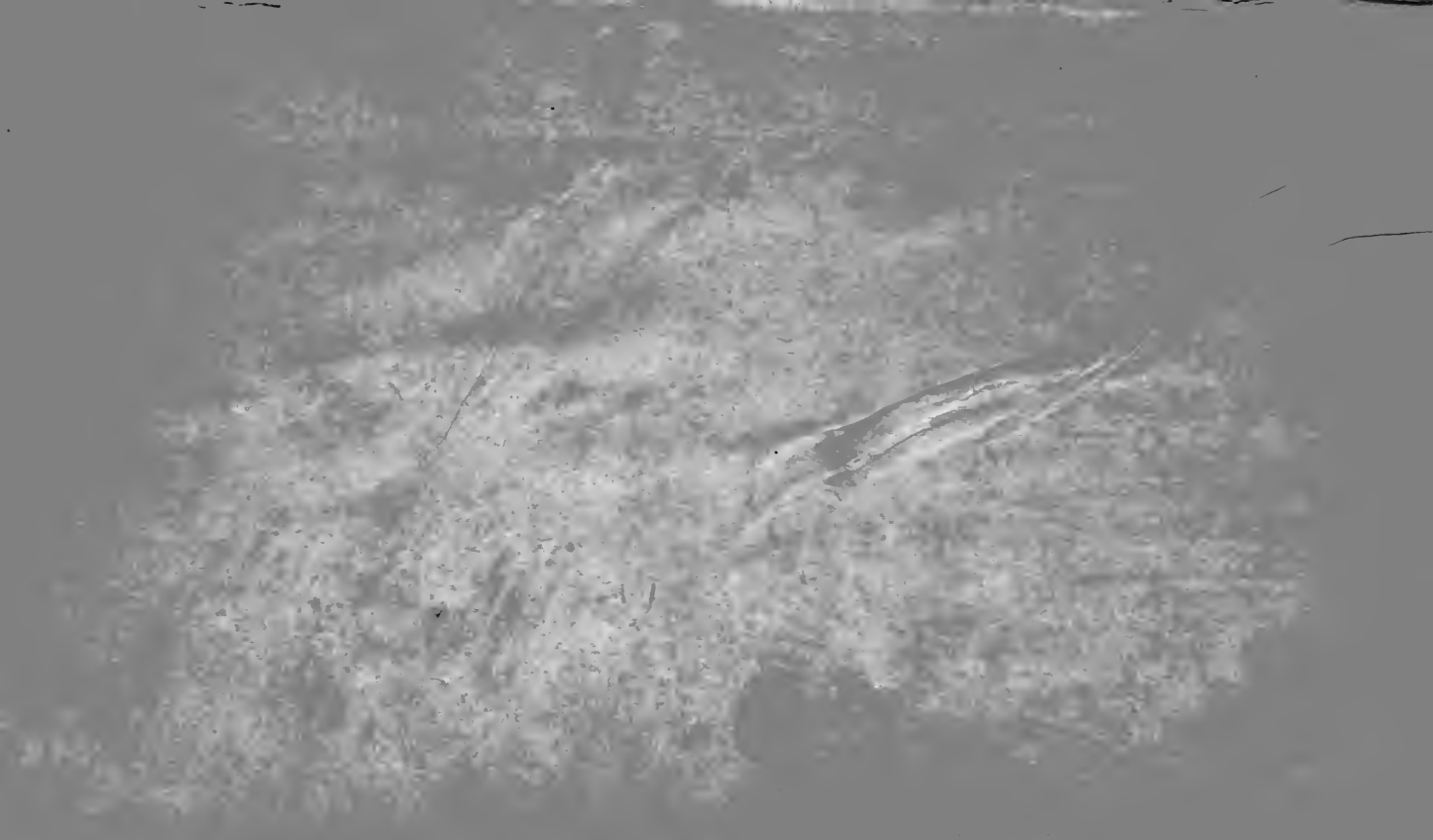

COLL.

Lincoln, Pp. 44-45

Robert Blackwell.

Original

ACROSTICS

ON ALL THE

States and Presidents of the United States,

AND VARIOUS OTHER SUBJECTS,

RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND PERSONAL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

Portraits of all the Presidents, and Engravings of various other Kinds.

By ROBERT BLACKWELL,

Nashville, Tenn.:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1861.

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Robert Blackwell.

RHYMING is my occupation;
On I will my course pursue,
By this I rise to observation,
Expecting pay for what I do,
Regarding men of higher station,
They read my book, and pay me too.

Burlesque me not, ye wise and knowing,
Let me work and make my rhymes,
All I ask is half a showing,
Come, gentlemen, hand o'er your dimes;
Keep them not in pockets tight,
When I work I want my pay—
Encourage worth with talents bright—
Little critics, clear the way;
Learn to spell before you write.

Invocation.

[Gentlemen.]

GRANT me one favor, I ask no more,
Examine all my writings o'er;
Not forgetting all the time
'Tis hard to make a name to rhyme.
Let those who think they can compose
Excellent verse as well as prose,
Make one effort to be wise,
Ere they scoff and criticise
Numerous works they would revise.

Part I.

Presidents.

Presidents.

PRINCES ruled by right of birth
Regions fair o'er all the earth;
Ere the standard of the brave,
Striped and starred, aloft did wave,
In the strife that made us free,
Drove our foes beyond the sea.
Ever since those grand events,
Nations see our Presidents
Taken from the great and wise,
Set, our statesmen to advise.

George Washington.

George Washington.

[First President of the U. S.]

Born in Virginia, February 22, 1739. President from 1789 to 1797—eight years. Died December 1, 1799.

GO, read the history of the earth,
Each book, and try to find
One man so loved for sterling worth
Respected, more refined—
Greater and of a better birth,
Endeared more to mankind.

We read, that ere to fight he went,
All brave of heart to do and dare,
Some one beheld our hero bent,
His God to seek in humble prayer.
In that behold his faith in God—
Not in the prowess of his sword.
Great chieftain, gift of Heaven above,
There never was a man
On earth deserved more praise or love,
Not e'en since time began.

Moral Lesson.—Washington's Filial Piety.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, when young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged; the vessel lay opposite his father's house; the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and, perhaps, never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said: "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him: "George, God has promised to bless the children that honor their parents, and I believe that he will bless you." The young man who thus honored his parents was afterward honored by his countrymen, and will be to the end of time.

John Adams.

John Adams.

[Second President of the U. S.]

Born in Mass., October 30, 1735. President from 1797 to 1801. Died July 4, 1826.

JUDGE of this man—his history read—
Our Patriot would no tyrant heed;
His loss is felt by one and all
Now living on this earthly ball.

And while all streams their courses keep,
Directing us toward the deep,
And stars shine in the azure deep
Men who prize true worth and fame
Shall e'er rejoice to read his name.

Moral Lesson.—John Adams and his Latin.

JOHN ADAMS used to relate the following anecdote: "When I was a boy, I used to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college; and, therefore, I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer: 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps *that* will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin, and try that.'

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I had ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor; and right glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin and ditching; but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father, that if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that abominable ditch."

Boys may learn several important lessons from this story. It shows how little they oftentimes appreciate their privileges. Those who are kept at study frequently think it a hardship needlessly imposed on them. The opportunity of pursuing a liberal course of study is what few enjoy; and they are ungrateful who drag themselves to it as to an intolerable task. Youth may also learn from this anecdote, how much better their parents are qualified to judge of these things than themselves. If John Adams had continued this ditching instead of his Latin, his name would not probably have been known to us. But, in following the path marked out by his parent, he rose to the highest honors which the country can bestow.

Thomas Jefferson.

Thomas Jefferson.

[Third President of the U. S.]

Born in Virginia, April 13, 1743. President from 1801 to 1809—eight years. Died July 4, 1826.

THREATENED by foes on land and sea,
Heeding not the powers that be,
Our fathers, struggling to be free,
Made us renowned, by giving thee
A pen to write a declaration,
Scorning chains and degradation,
Just in time to save a nation,
Expressing worth by demonstration;
Flinching not, with pen in hand,
For us so boldly took thy stand,
Elevated by command,
Rolled the ink to save our land.
So long as stars and stripes shall wave
O'er this land of the *fair and brave*,
Nations will respect thy grave.

Moral Lesson.—Wisdom Learned from Nature.

An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining or betraying the least impatience. One of his intimate friends, who highly admired the virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man; "I can teach you my secret with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged of him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a place I shall occupy in it, when I die and am buried; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed—where all our cares must end; and what little reason I have to repine or complain."

James Madison.

James Madison.

[Fourth President of the U. S.]

Born in Virginia, March 16, 1757. President from 1809 to 1817—eight years.

JUST at the dawn of Freedom's morn,
A beacon light he upward rose;
Mankind to bless, he on did press,
Encountering and subduing foes
Such as did our rights oppose.

Much time he spent while President,
Among the great, the high, and wise,
Declaring to all, both great and small,
Imperious foes he did despise;
Supported by a Monarch high,
"Our foes," said he, "with kings that be,
No homage shall receive from me."

Moral Lesson.—Merit Superior to Birth.

EURIPIDES was the son of a fruiterer; Virgil of a baker; Horace of a freed slave; Anayot of a currier; Voiture of a vintner; Tamerlane of a shepherd; Rollin of a herdsman; Mollière of an upholsterer; Rousseau of a watchmaker; Ben Jonson of a mason; Shakspeare of a butcher; Beattie of a farmer; Thomas Moore of a grocer; Rembrandt of a miller; Dr. Mibner, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhynia; Joseph Hume, of the British Parliament, was a sailor-boy. Thousands of such instances prove that birth is less honorable than true merit and industry.

The Philosopher Outdone.

A LEARNED philosopher being in his study, a little girl came for some fire. The doctor said, "But you have nothing to take it in;" and as he was going to fetch something, the girl, taking some cold ashes in one hand, put the live coals on with the other. The astonished sage threw down his books, saying, "With all my learning I never should have found out that expedient."

James Monroe.

James Monroe.

[Fifth President of the U. S.]

Born in Virginia, April 2, 1759. President from 1817 to 1825—eight years. Died July 4, 1831.

JUSTLY for us did he fight;
And since he won a name so bright,
Men should of his victories write;
Ever praising what he's done
So long as shines our glorious sun.

Monroe was a warrior true,
Of the battles he fought we remember too;
Nelson-like at them he fought,
Repelling those who victory sought;
Of all the times by foes surrounded,
Excepting once, *was never wounded.*

Moral Lesson.—A Noble Boy.

A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you." "*That is the very reason,*" replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father would not touch me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than anything else." A boy who grows up with such principles would be a man in the best sense of the word. It betrays a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

Merlin and the Hen.

During the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew, every Protestant in France that could be found was put to death. By order of the king, Admiral de Coligny was murdered in his own house, but Merlin, his chaplain, concealed himself in a hay-loft. He stated, at the next synod, that he was supported during his concealment by a hen, which regularly laid her eggs near his place of refuge.

John Quincy Adams.

John Quincy Adams.

[Sixth President of the U. S.]

Born in Massachusetts, July 11, 1767. President from 1825 to 1829—four years. Died February 23, 1848.

PEOPLE of every clime and tongue
Regarded him as one of worth,
Ever to his country true
So long as he remained on earth.
In learning none could him excel;
Discussion was to him delight,
Exploring was his mind, but still
Never did he swerve from right;
Think of the hight to which he rose,
Judge of his merits then,
Our statesman when but yet a youth,
Harangued with even the wisest men.
Now if you wish to blot his fame
Quite from beneath the sky,
Uplift the sea first from its bed,
Its mighty waves defy;
Not only so, but make the stars
Cease, at thy word, to run,
Yon silver moon, too, pluck it down,
And paralyze the sun;
Do all which we have named above,
And then you can, no doubt,
Make men forget his useful life,
Sweep, too, his memory out.

Moral Lesson.—Cicero.

THE great Roman orator was one day sneered at by one of his opponents, a mean man of noble lineage, on account of his low parentage. "You are the *first* of your line," said the railer. "And you," replied Cicero, "are the *last* of yours."

Andrew Jackson.

General Andrew Jackson.

[Seventh President of the U. S.]

Born in North Carolina, March 15, 1767. President from 1829 to 1837—eight years. Died June 8, 1845.

GREAT and noble, brave and free,
Ever faithful, kind was he;
None could bend his iron will,
Earth could not his spirit quell;
Read his exploits o'er and o'er,
And you love him more and more.
Low though he sleeps, his virtues shine,
And will to the end of time.
Now go with him through life's scenes,
Down to the battle of Orleans;
Respect the course he is pursuing.
Enter on the battle's plain,
Witness the dying and the slain;
Judge from what you see him doing,
All his efforts were not vain;
Cities though are saved from ruin.
Kindled is the very air—
See the British in despair—
On each foe destruction hurled—
Now his fame surrounds the world.

Moral Lesson.

Lord Tenderden, who was the son of a barber, had too much good sense to feel any false shame on that account. It is related of him, that when, in an early period of his professional career, a brother barrister, with whom he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad taste to twit him on his origin, his manly and severe reply was, "Yes, sir, I am the son of a barber; if you had been the son of a barber, you would have been a barber yourself."

Martin Van Buren.

Martin Van Buren.

[Eighth President of the U. S.]

Born in New York, December 5, 1782. President from 1837 to 1841—four years.

MORE greedy than wise, more knave than saint,
And yet he had so many charms,
Reclining on his chair of ease,
The people took him to their arms;
In all his glory they saw him rise,
Not clothed with virtue, but with disguise.

Vows he broke from day to day,
And, in truth, we this can say,
No tears can wash his sins away.

But still from us he homage claims,
Unmindful of his traitorous aims;
Robed in the garments of a foe,
Enticing men with him to go—
Not to heaven, but down below.

Fable.—The Fox and the Goat.

A fox having tumbled by chance into a well, had been casting about a long while, to no purpose, how he should get out again; when, at last, a goat came to the place, and wanting a drink, asked Reynard whether the water was good. "Good," says he; "ay, so sweet that I am afraid that I have surfeited myself, I have drank so abundantly." The goat, upon this, without any more ado, leaped in; and the fox, taking the advantage of his horns, by the assistance of them as nimbly leaped out, leaving the poor goat at the bottom of the well to shift for himself.

THE APPLICATION.

The doctrine taught us by this fable is no more than this: that we ought to consider who it is that advises us, before we follow the advice. For, however plausible the counsel may seem, if the person that gives it is a crafty knave, we may be assured that he intends to serve himself in it, more than us, if not to erect something to his own advantage out of our ruin.

The little, poor country attorney, ready to starve, and sunk to the lowest depth of poverty, for want of employment, by such arts as these, draws the squire his neighbor into the gulf of the law; until, laying hold on the branches of his revenue, he lifts himself out of obscurity, and leaves the other immured in the bottom of a mortgage.

William L. Garrison.

William H. Harrison,

[Ninth President of the U. S.,]

Was son of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was born in Charles City, Virginia, February 9, 1773, and was elected President 1840. But in the midst of his glory and bright career, was seized with sickness, and died April 4, just one month from his inauguration.

COMPOSED ON HIS TRIUMPHANT VICTORY AT THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

WHILE here in this land, at his people's command,
He rushed to the field with sword in his hand,
Huzzahing like Tweed, for his country in need,
All foes he compelled to fly at full speed;
Resisting, they fell, right and left, pell mell,
Rebuking each other rang out the wild yell;
Intruders were shot, and killed on the spot,
Still hourly the battle was growing more hot;
Onward he goes, overwhelming his foes,
Not leaving one rebel to tell of their woes.

Moral Lesson.

PETER THE GREAT made a law, in 1722, that when any nobleman beat or ill-treated his slaves, he should be looked upon as insane, and a guardian should be appointed to take care of his person and his estate. The monarch, however, who advised clemency, kindness, and forbearance, and thus severely punished the violators of the law by which he attempted to enforce them, was very irritable, and frequently struck his inferiors, whatever might be their rank. He frequently apologized, and it was considered an honor to have a blow and an apology from the emperor. He once struck his gardener, who being very sensitive, took to his bed and died. When Peter heard of it, he said, "Alas! I have civilized my own subjects; I have conquered other nations; yet I have not been able to civilize or to conquer myself!"

John Tyler.

John Tyler.

[Tenth President of the U. S.]

Born in Virginia, March 20, 1790. Succeeded to the Presidency on the death of General Harrison, in 1840. Served to 1845—three years, eleven months.

JUDGING from his traitorous course,
Our praise of him would have no force;
His duping friends, at once we see,
Never will forgotten be.

To him we did our homage pay,
Yet, strange to say, he went astray;
Laid by the honors which he won,
Ever to be, while shines the sun,
Rebuked by all—POOR TYLER JOHN.

Moral Lesson.—Nobility of Birth.

CRANTZ, in his Saxon history, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed *Iron*, on account of his great strength, who was a great favorite with Edward the Third of England, and much envied, as favorites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some nobleman maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favorite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that "If the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with only a night-gown over his shirt, he was met by the lion, bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl, not in the least daunted, called out, with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog!" At these words the lion couched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous project. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth without casting a look behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had in this trial of his courage, "let him among you all that standeth most upon his pedigree go and fetch my night-cap."

James K. Polk.

James K. Polk.

[Eleventh President of the U. S.]

Born in North Carolina, November 2, 1795. President from 1845 to 1849—four years. Died June 15, 1849. Glory to his name and peace to his ashes.

JUSTICE and truth he loved from his youth,
And, as he grew old in years, we are told,
More wise he became, till he won a proud name
Ever to be bright; while stars give us light,
Shall the world of his wisdom be told.
Kindest of men, there ne'er was a pen
Pointed with gems could praise him too high;
O'er the statesman true, now hundreds we view
Lamenting the hour, when God, by his power,
Kindled disease and caused him to die.

His fame it will last while ages go past,
Kind husband, great statesman, though dead,
Our people do boast of his valor and trust
On the marble which covers his head.

[INSCRIBED TO MRS. JAMES K. POLK.]

Moral Lesson.—Knocking Away the Props.

"See, father," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge. What are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?"

"They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers which are now finished."

THE APPLICATION.

God often takes away our earthly props, that we may rest more firmly on Him. God sometimes takes away a man's health that he may rest upon him for his daily bread. Before his health failed, though perhaps he repeated daily the words; "Give us this day our daily bread," he looked to his own industry for that which he asked of God. That prop being taken away, he rested wholly on God's bounty. When he receives his bread, he receives it as the gift of God. God takes away our friends, that we may look to him for sympathy. When our affections were exercised on objects around us, when we rejoiced in their abundant sympathy, we did not feel the use of Divine sympathy. But when they were taken away, we felt our need of God's sympathy and support. We were brought to realize that he alone can give support, and form an adequate portion for the soul. Thus are our earthly props removed, that we may rest firmly and wholly upon God.

Zachary Taylor.

Zachary Taylor.

[Twelfth President of the U. S.]

Born in Virginia, November 24, 1784. President from March 4, 1849, to his death July 9, 1850—one year, four months, and five days.

ZEALOUS was he to keep us all free,
And to march us in triumph o'er the powers that be;
Counselor and chief in the days of our grief,
He flew to our aid, and gave us relief.
As a true worthy son his duty he done,
Rushing on foes he made them all run,
Yelling like hounds at the crack of a gun.

The glance of his eye made the Mexicans fly,
All dreading his sword and fearing to die;
Yet thousands withstood our General so good,
Leaving his men to tread in the blood
Of cowards and foes who slept in repose,
Requiring some one their eyelids to close.

Moral Lesson.—The Two Rivers.

Evil communications (associations) corrupt good manners.

THE waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri unite and form one river. The water of the latter is exceedingly turbid, and the former clear. When they first meet the waters refuse to mingle. The clear and muddy water flows along, forming one river; but you can clearly distinguish the one from the other. By degrees the clear, bright waters of the one become united with those of the other, and the clearness is lost forever.

THE APPLICATION.

Virtuous and vicious persons can associate for a time, keeping their characters distinct. But if the associations be continued, the virtuous, pure character will become soiled by the vicious. No one can associate freely with the wicked without becoming in some measure like them.

Millard Fillmore.

Millard Fillmore.

[Thirteenth President of the U. S.]

Born in New York, January 7, 1800. Succeeded to the Presidency on the death of General Taylor, July 9, 1850. Served to March 4, 1853—two years, seven months, and twenty-three days.

THIS WAS COMPOSED IN 1856.

HONORED for thy love of right,
Onward soar to fame and might;
Never from the truth diverging,
Or spurious doctrines on us urging;
Respect the good, reprove the bad,
And brace the weak, and cheer the sad.
Be kind to all, do what we may,
Let nothing lead thy heart astray;
Ever kind in thought and deed,
Men by acts thy heart can read.
Indebted for past favors, we
Like loyal subjects, reverence thee;
Labor on, and be content,
And if elected President,
Restore the good to office, and
Disperse the bad, at thy command.

For many now in office be
In whom defects we plainly see;
Living on the revenue
Like wolves they eat, but nothing do.
Mean men, they seek for wealth and fame,
Our country's good is not their aim;
Repulse them all from office, and
Extend thy sway o'er all the land.

Franklin Pierce.

Franklin Pierce.

[Fourteenth President of the U. S.]

Born in New York, November 23, 1801. President from 1853 to 1857—four years.

FEW ever did live deserving more praise,
Reviving our hearts on him when we gaze;
And let us speak the truth as it stands,
No one from us more praises demands;
Keeping his eyes on the mansions of light,
Losing no time, 'tis precious and bright.
Inured to close study, a lover of truth,
Never swerving from right from the days of his youth.

Precious to all is the man of true worth,
Influenced by such we live on the earth;
Every eye should behold him and tongue give him praise,
Respecting his walk, his wisdom, and ways;
Condemning no one who willingly stands
Ever ready to go where duty demands.

Moral Lesson.—The Ornamented Bow.

A MAN possessed an excellent bow, made of ebony, with which he could shoot at a great distance, and with much precision. This bow he highly prized; but on viewing it attentively, he thought it somewhat too simple, its ornament consisting exclusively in its polish. "What a pity! I will repair to an artist, and order him to carve some figures on my bow," said the man. He did so; and the artist represented thereon a complete chase; and what could be more suitable? The man, overjoyed, exclaimed: "You well deserve these embellishments, my excellent bow!" at the same moment placing the arrow, twang sounded the string, and the bow—broke!

MORAL.

Sterling qualities and energy of character too often become enervated and useless by an undue regard for external accomplishments.

James Buchanan.

James Buchanan.

[Fifteenth President of the U. S.]

Born in Pennsylvania, April 13, 1791, and was elected President 1856.

JUGGLING men we hate to see,
And such a man should never be
Made to rule America.
Evil-minded, greedy too,
See how he spends the revenue.
Base-hearted, mean, intriguing, sly,
Unfit to live, unfit to die;
Corrupted by a Northern band,
Hating every Southern land.
A curse to all, to child and sire,
None should such a fame desire.
All the prayers of this whole nation
Need be made for his salvation.

A Fable.

A KITE had been sick a long time, and finding there were no hopes of recovery, begged of his mother to go to all the churches and religious houses in the country, to try what promises and prayers could effect in his behalf. The old Kite replied: "Indeed, dear son, I would willingly undertake anything to save your life, but I have great reason to despair of doing you any service in the way you propose; for, with what face can I ask anything of the gods in favor of one whose life has been a continued scene of rapine and injustice; and who has not scrupled, upon occasion, to rob the very altars themselves?"

Diogenes exposing Pride.

DIOGENES being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, magnificently dressed. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterward meeting some Lacedæmonians, who were in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "This also is pride." The keen observation of the philosopher enabled him to detect pride in these two opposite exhibitions of human nature.

Abraham Lincoln.

Abe Lincoln.

Elected President by the Black Republicans, November 6, 1860.

ABHORRED by all,
Both great and small,
Existing on this Southern soil.
Lean, hungry,
Insidious,
Nefarious man,
Cunning, and trying
Our ruin to plan;
Let Northerners bow to him,
No Southerner can.

Moral Lesson.

An eagle that had young ones, looking out for something to feed them with, happened to spy a fox's cub, that lay basking itself abroad in the sun. She made a stoop and trussed it immediately; but before she had carried it quite off, the old fox coming home, implored her, with tears in her eyes, to spare her cub, and pity the distress of a poor mother, who should think no affliction so great as that of losing her child. The eagle, whose nest was up in a very high tree, thought herself secure enough from all projects of revenge, and so bore away the cub to her young ones, without showing any regard to the supplications of the fox. But that subtile creature, highly incensed at this outrageous barbarity, ran to an altar, where some country people had been sacrificing a kid in the open fields, and catching up a firebrand in her mouth, ran toward the tree where the eagle's nest was, with a resolution of revenge. She had scarce ascended the first branches, when the eagle, terrified with the approaching ruin of herself and family, begged the fox to desist, and, with much submission, returned her the cub again safe and sound.

THE APPLICATION.

This fable is a warning to us, not to deal hardly or injuriously by anybody. The consideration of our being in a high condition of life, and those we hurt below us, will plead little or no excuse for us in this case. For there is scarce a creature of so despicable a rank, but is capable of avenging itself some way, and at some time or other. When great men happen to be wicked, how little scruple do they make of oppressing their poor neighbors! they are perched upon a lofty station, and have built their nest on high; and, having outgrown all feelings of humanity, are insensible to any pangs of remorse. The widow's tears, the orphan's cries, and the curses of the miserable, like javelins thrown by the hand of a feeble old man, fall by the way, and never reach their heart. But let such a one, in the midst of his flagrant injustice, remember how easy a matter it is, notwithstanding his superior distance, for the meanest vassal to be revenged of him. The bitterness of affliction, even where cunning is wanting, may animate the poorest spirit with resolutions of vengeance, and when once that fury is thoroughly awakened, we know not what she will require before she is lulled to rest again. The most powerful tyrants can not prevent a resolved assassination; there are a thousand different ways for any private man to do the business, who is heartily disposed to do it, and willing to satisfy his appetite for revenge at the expense of his life. An old woman may clap a firebrand to the palace of a prince, and it is in the power of a poor weak fool to destroy the children of the mighty.

Part II.

States and Territories.

The United States.

THE thickest dangers we can brave;
High above each watery grave,
Ever may our banners wave.
United we to greatness rose,
Notwithstanding deadly foes
In our youth did us oppose;
They could not make our sons to yield;
Each with sword and right to shield,
Displayed his valor on the field.
Servitude we could not stand,
They fought our foes on sea and land,
And made them fall on every hand.
The victory sought at last was won,
Efficient, brave George Washington,
Subduing made our foes to run.

Maine.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1820.
POPULATION IN 1860, 619,958.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 35,000.

Maine.

MOST Northern State of all the free
And independent states that be,
In thee the finest mills we see;
Noted for lumber, cities, and towns,
Exports of lime, and fine granite mounds.

Fable.—The Dog and the Shadow.

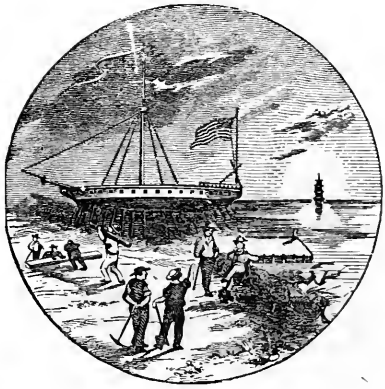
A DOG, crossing a little rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream; and believing it to be another dog, who was carrying another piece of flesh, he could not forbear catching at it; but was so far from getting anything by his greedy design, that he dropped the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sunk to the bottom, and was irrecoverably lost.

THE APPLICATION.

He that catches at more than belongs to him, justly deserves to lose what he has. Yet nothing is more common, and, at the same time, more pernicious, than this selfish principle. It prevails from the king to the peasant; and all orders and degrees of men are, more or less, infected with it. Great monarchs have been drawn in by this greedy humor, to grasp at the dominions of their neighbors; not that they wanted anything more to feed their luxury, but to gratify their insatiable appetite with vain-glory. If the kings of Persia could have been contented with their own vast territories, they had not lost all Asia for the sake of a little petty state of Greece. And France, with all its glory, has, ere now, been reduced to the last extremity by the same unjust encroachments.

He that thinks he sees another estate in a pack of cards or a box and dice, and ventures his own in the pursuit of it, should not repine if he finds himself a beggar in the end.

New Hampshire.



ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.
POPULATION IN 1860, 327,072.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES 9,200.

New Hampshire.

NE'ER falter nor pine, though troubles arise,
Extending, like darkness surrounding the skies,
With freedom to guide thee, till time it shall close,
Hold fast to the Truth, in spite of all foes;
And the Author of freedom, the King of the skies,
Most gracious and holy, he hears all thy cries,
Protects and directs thee, unseen though he be,
Supported by him are the States of the Free;
His arms are around thee, his power defends,
Immanuel, King Jesus, the best of all friends,
Reclaim thee when swerving from truth and from right,
Ere shades of deep darkness ingulf thee in night.

Fable.—The Man and his Goose.

A CERTAIN man had a goose, which laid him a golden egg every day. But, not contented with this, which rather increased than abated his avarice, he was resolved to kill the goose and cut up her belly, that so he might come at the inexhaustible treasure which he fancied she had within her. He did so, and to his great sorrow and disappointment found nothing.

THE APPLICATION.

Those who are of such craving and impatient tempers that they can not live contented when fortune has blessed them with a constant and continual sufficiency, deserve even to be deprived of what they have. And this has been the case of many ambitious and covetous men, who, by making an essay to grow very rich at once, have missed what they aimed at, and lost what they had before.

Vermont.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1792.

POPULATION IN 1860, 315,827.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 10,213.

Vermont.

VERY healthy, mountainous, and rich little State,
Endeared to the humble, the wise, and the great,
Restraining no one, all acting upright,
May walk from thy shores to the mansions of light.
Of all thy charms no mortal can tell,
No pen can relate them, all loving thee well,
They wish not to leave thee in far lands to dwell.

Fable.—The Vain Jackdaw.

A CERTAIN jackdaw was so proud and ambitious, that not contented to live within his own sphere, but picking up the feathers which fell from the peacocks, he stuck them in among his own, and very confidently introduced himself into an assembly of those beautiful birds. They soon found him out, stripped him of his borrowed plumes, and falling upon him with their sharp bills, punished him as his presumption deserved. Upon this, full of grief and affliction, he returned to his old companions, and would have flocked with them again; but they, knowing his late life and conversation, industriously avoided him, and refused to admit him into their company; and one of them at the same time gave him a serious reproof. If, friend, you could have been contented with our station, and not disdained the rank in which nature had placed you, you had not been used so scurvily by those upon whom you intruded yourself, nor suffered the notorious slight which now we think ourselves obliged to put upon you.

THE APPLICATION.

What we may learn from this fable is, in the main, to live contentedly in our own condition, whatever it be, without affecting to look bigger than we are, by a false or borrowed life. To be barely pleased with appearing above what a man really is, is bad enough; and what may justly render him contemptible in the eyes of his equals; but if, to enable him to do this with something of a better grace, he has clandestinely feathered his nest with his neighbor's goods, when found out, he has nothing to expect but to be stripped of his plunder, and used like a felonious rogue into the bargain.

Massachusetts.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, 1,231,494.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 7,800.

Massachusetts.

MAY all thy children in religion confide,
And trust in the merits of the Savior who died,
Suffered with hunger, with hardships and pains—
Sickness and torture, to free us from chains;
And since those chains which bound us once fast,
Can never more gall while ages go past—
Hold back the turbulent, and make them to see,
Union of all States, can never more be:
So should thy sons in the future be found,
Endeavoring to scatter dissension around,
Those traitors arrest, tho' fierce and tho' bold,
Their crimes, too, punish before they are sold
Slaves to Europe, that tyrant of old.

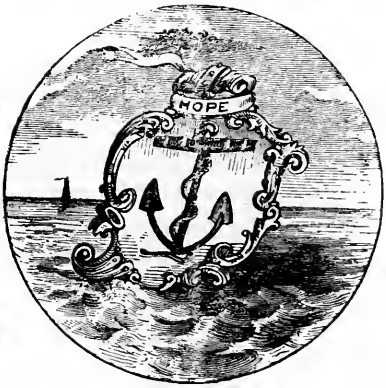
Moral Lesson.—Mohammed Saved by a Spider.

WHEN Mohammed, exposed to the wrath of his enemies, fled from Mecca, in company with Abubekar, they took refuge in a cave three miles from the city, called the cave of Ther, where the two fugitives concealed themselves for three days. His pursuers, coming to the cave, found that a spider had woven a web across the entrance, from which circumstance they judged that no one could have recently entered it. They accordingly retired without examining the interior, and the Prophet and his companion afterward escaped in safety. But for that spider's web, Mohammed had lost his life; and his career terminated only to be dimly written on the page of history.

A Noble Reply.

A YOUNG aristocrat taunted a member of the British House of Commons, who had won his way to a high position by industry and perseverance, with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well, sir," was the reply, "*did I not do them well?*"

Rhode Island.



ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.
POPULATION IN 1860, 174,621.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 1,306.

Rhode Island.

REGARDED small by one and all,
Healthy yet and like a light,
Ornamental to the free;
Decked with cities shining bright,
Each one speaks in praise of thee.

It gives us joy when we behold
So many ladies, young and old,
Laboring in thy factories fine;
All dependent though they be,
Not so much as one we see
Disposed to grumble or repine.

Fable.—The old Hound and the Huntsman.

An old hound, who had been an excellent good one in his time, and given his master great sport aud satisfaction in many a chase, at last, worn out by age, became feeble and unserviceable. However, being in the field one day, when the stag was almost run down, he happened to be the first that came in with him, and seized him by one of his haunches; but his decayed and broken teeth not being able to keep their hold, the deer escaped, and threw him quite out. Upon which, his master, being in a great passion, and going to strike him, the honest old creature is said to have barked out this apology: "Ah! do not strike your poor, old servant; it is not my heart and inclination, but my strength and speed, that fail me. If what I now am displeases you, pray recollect what I have been."

MORAL.

Past services should never be forgotten.

Connecticut.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.
POPULATION IN 1860, 460,670.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 4,750.

Connecticut.

CELEBRATED for industry, while factories we see
On our right and our left when traveling o'er thee;
No one can prevent us, when on thee we gaze,
Nor make us to falter when giving thee praise.
Every one who beholds thee thy name should adore,
Containing the learned, the rich, and the poor;
Tall churches, large towns, and cities quite fine,
Increasing in thee like diamonds they shine,
Cheering all mortals in thy limits around,
Undeniable, most beautiful, the learned and profound,
They admit, to thy glory, thy name is renowned.

Fable.—The Tunny and the Dolphin.

A FISH called a tunny, being pursued by a dolphin, and driven with great violence, not minding which way he went, was thrown by the force of the waves upon a rock, and left there. His death was now inevitable; but, casting his eye on one side, and seeing the dolphin, in the same condition, lie gasping by him, "Well," says he, "I must die, it is true; but I die with pleasure, when I behold him who is the cause of it involved in the same fate."

THE APPLICATION.

Revenge, though a blind, mischievous passion, is yet a very sweet thing; so sweet that it can even sooth the pangs, and reconcile us to the bitterness of death. And, indeed, it must be a temper highly philosophical that could be driven out of life by any tyrannical, unjust procedure, and not be touched with a sense of pleasure to see the author of it splitting upon the same rock.

New York.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, 3,851,663.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 47,000.

New York.

NUMEROUS mills, and factories too,
Enrich her sons and daughters true
With gold and silver bright and new.

Ye men, who buy fine goods of her,
Offend her not, her name is dear,
Reflecting light, be men profound;
Keep step with her, ye states around.

Fable.—The Hart and the Vine.

A HART, being pursued hard by the hunters, hid himself under the broad leaves of a shady, spreading vine. When the hunters were gone by, and had given him over for lost, he, thinking himself very secure, began to crop and eat the leaves of the vine. By this means the branches being put into a rustling motion, drew the eyes of the hunters that way; who, seeing the vine stir, and fancying some wild beast had taken covert there, shot their arrows at a venture, and killed the hart, who, before he expired, uttered his dying words to this purpose: "Ah! I suffer justly for my ingratitude; who could not forbear doing an injury to the vine that so kindly concealed me in time of danger."

THE APPLICATION.

Ingratitude has been always esteemed the biggest of crimes, and what, as it were, comprehends all other vices within it. Nor can we say that this estimation is rashly or unadvisedly made; for he that is capable of injuring his benefactors, what will he scruple toward another? If his conscience can not be felt with the weight of an obligation added to it, much less will it have any influence where there is none. So that, upon the whole, we may conclude that the man who has been once guilty of ingratitude, will not stick at any other crimes of an inferior nature.

New Jersey.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, 676,084.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 8,300.

New Jersey.

NEAT, lovely towns and cities high
Everywhere in her we spy,
With factories towering to the sky.

Justly worthy mints of gold,
Enriching men, let the days of old
Repeat her worth as yet untold;
She did the sword most bravely wield;
England tried to make her yield,
Yet Jersey whipped her on the field.

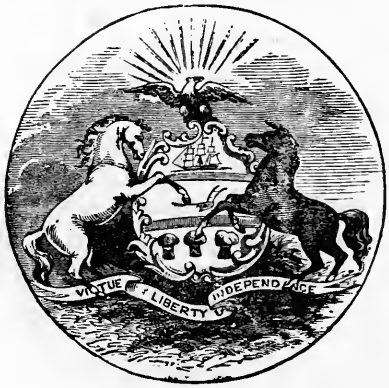
Fable.—The Wolves and the Sheep.

THE wolves and sheep had been a long time in a state of war together. At last a cessation of arms was proposed, in order to a treaty of peace, and hostages were to be delivered on both sides for security. The wolves proposed that the sheep should give up their dogs on the one side; and that they would deliver up their young ones on the other. This proposal was agreed to; but no sooner executed, than the young wolves began to howl for want of their dams. The old ones took this opportunity to cry out, "The treaty was broke;" and so, falling upon the sheep, who were destitute of their faithful guardians, the dogs, they worried and devoured them without control.

THE APPLICATION.

In all our transactions with mankind, even in the most private and low life, we should have a special regard how, and with whom, we trust ourselves. Men, in this respect, ought to look upon each other as wolves, and to keep themselves under a secure guard, and in a continual posture of defense. Particularly upon any treaties of importance, the securities on both sides should be strictly considered; and each should act with so cautious a view to their own interest, as never to pledge or part with that which is the very essence and basis of their safety and wellbeing.

Pennsylvania.



ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, 2,916,018.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 46,000.

Pennsylvania.

PRIZED by the good, and by the great
Enriched and called the Keystone State;
No state more true, no state more wise,
No state more loved beneath the skies;
She firmly stands, adorned with grace;
Ye men around, behold her face.
Look at her houses, white and new,
Various towns and cities too,
Alive with men. Now see, behold
Not only man, but women bold,
Invoking God to save our land,
And make this Union firmly stand.

Fable.—The Ant and the Grasshopper.

In the winter season, a commonwealth of ants was busily employed in the management and preservation of their corn; which they exposed to the air, in heaps, round about the avenues of their little country habitation. A grasshopper, who had chanced to outlive the summer, and was ready to starve with cold and hunger, approached them with great humility, and begged that they would relieve his necessity with one grain of wheat or rye. One of the ants asked him, how he had disposed of his time in summer, that he had not taken pains, and laid in a stock, as they had done. "Alas! gentlemen," says he, "I passed away the time merrily and pleasantly, in drinking, singing, and dancing, and never once thought of winter." "If that be the case," replied the ant, "all I have to say is, that they who drink, sing, and dance, in the summer, must starve in the winter."

MORAL.

Who pleasures love
Shall beggars prove.

Delaware.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 110,618 WHITES, 1,803 BLACKS.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 2,120.

Delaware.

DECIDEDLY small, but still we confess
Each beauty of thine we can not express,
Language would fail us to tell of thy charms,
Adorned with fine houses, fine cities, fine farms;
With ladies most lovely, as the learned will agree,
And gentlemen quite from vices all free,
Rich and refined in the arts of true worth,
Extending thy fame to the ends of the earth.

Fable.—The Fir Tree and the Bramble.

A TALL, straight fir tree, that stood towering up in the midst of a forest, was so proud of his dignity and high station, that he overlooked the little shrubs which grew beneath him. A bramble, being one of the inferior throng, could by no means brook this haughty carriage; and, therefore, took him to task, and desired to know what he meant by it. "Because," says the Fir-tree, "I look upon myself as the first tree, for beauty and rank, of any of the forest. My spring-top shoots up into the clouds, and my branches display themselves with a perpetual beauty and verdure; while you lie groveling upon the ground, liable to be crushed by every fool that comes near you, and impoverished by the luxurious droppings which fall from my leaves."

"All this may be true," replied the Bramble; "but when the woodman has marked you out for public use, and the sounding ax comes to be applied to your root, I am mistaken if you will not be glad to change situations with the very worst of us."

MORAL.

In every condition we should be humble; for the loftier the station, the greater the danger.

Maryland.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 646,783 WHITES. / 85,382 BLACKS.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 11,124.

Maryland.

MAJESTIC and rich, her name we adore,
A comfort to all, to the rich and the poor;
Revealing true worth to the men of each state,
Yet half of her charms we can not relate;
Look at her cities and mansions around,
Alive with fine ladies, for beauty renowned,
Neat and most lovely while ages shall roll,
Defending from harm, their virtues extol.

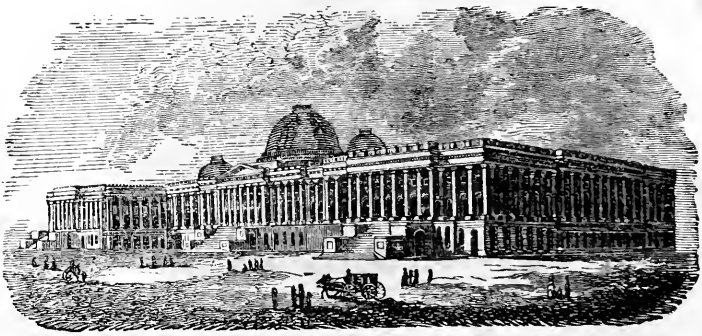
Fable.—The Wood and the Clown.

A COUNTRY fellow came one day into a wood, and looked about him with some concern; upon which the trees, with a curiosity natural to some other creatures, asked him what he wanted? He replied, that he wanted only a piece of wood to make a handle to his hatchet. Since that was all, it was voted unanimously that he should have a piece of good, sound, tough ash. But he had no sooner received and fitted it for his purpose, than he began to lay about him unmercifully, and to hack and hew without distinction, felling the noblest trees in all the forest. Then the oak is said to have spoken thus to the beech, in a low whisper, "Brother, we must take it for our pains."

THE APPLICATION.

No people are more justly liable to suffer than those who furnish their enemies with any kind of assistance. It is generous to forgive; it is enjoined on us by religion to love our enemies; but he that trusts, much more contributes to the strengthening and arming of an enemy, may almost depend upon repenting him of his inadvertent benevolence; and has, moreover, this to add to his distress: that when he might have prevented it he brought misfortunes upon himself, by his own credulity.

District of Columbia.



THE CAPITOL.

POPULATION OF THE ENTIRE DISTRICT, IN 1860, 75,321.
" " WASHINGTON CITY, 61,403.

Washington City.

WEEP loudly, proud City, for thy glory has fled!
And thy people endangered, are trembling with dread;
Some leaving scared badly, while Lincoln and crew,
Hath soiled thy escutcheon, and hath ruined thee too—
Incumbered with ruffians, with fiendish long claws,
Now seizing our goods, and in defiance of laws—
Grasping our weapons—and think in one day
Their cohorts can whip us and make us obey
Old *Lincoln!* But hear us—tho' we die on the field,
Never! no! never! to him will we yield.

Corrupted by monsters, thy brightness is gone,
In the zenith of glory we view thee forlorn—
Thy fanes and thy mansions, tho' towering so high,
Yielding to armed men soon in ruins will lie!

GREATNESS.

I have touch'd the highest point of my greatness
And from that full Meridian of my glory
I haste to my setting! I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Evening
And no man see me more.—SHAKSPEARE.

Virginia.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN

POPULATION IN 1860, { 1,097,373 WHITES. / 495,826 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 61,362.

Virginia.

VIRGINIA! Virginia! I love thee so well!
In youth o'er thy hills and thy streams did I roam;
Resplendent with cities, in thee could I dwell,
Glad, glad would I leave thee, my fair sunny home.
It was on thy soil that my parents first gazed,
Near Banistoe river, not far from its mouth;
Industrious, their children to labor they raised,
And hoping to enrich us they moved to the South.

Fable.—The Mole and her Dam.

A young mole snuffed up her nose, and told her dam she smelt an odd kind of a smell. By and by, "O strange!" says she, "what a noise there is in my ears; as if ten thousand paper-mills were going." A little after, she was at it again. "Look, look, what is that I see yonder? it is just like the flames of a fiery furnace." To whom the dam replied, "Prythee, child, hold your idle tongue; and if you would have us allow you any sense at all, do not affect to show more than nature has given you."

THE APPLICATION.

It is wonderful that affectation, that odious quality, should have been always so common and epidemical, since it is not more disagreeable to others than hurtful to the person that wears it. By affectation, we aim at being thought to possess some accomplishments which we have not, or, at showing what we have in a conceited, ostentatious manner. Now this we may be assured of, that among discerning people at least, when we endeavor at anything of this kind, instead of succeeding in the attempt, we detract from some real possession, and make qualities, that would otherwise pass well enough, appear nauseous and fulsome.

North Carolina.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 679,965 WHITES. / 328,377 BLACKS.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 50,704.

North Carolina.

NO state more free from debt than she;
O, could the proud her farms but see!
Rich farms of tar, rich farms of pitch—
They would, methinks, pronounce her rich.
Her bottom land is very good,
Covered with the best of wood,
And will produce, when cleared away,
Rich crops of wheat, rich crops of hay,
Oats, too, and corn, tobacco and rye
Leap like trees, and seek the sky;
Inviting us to go and view
Numerous men and women true,
At work in corn and cotton too.

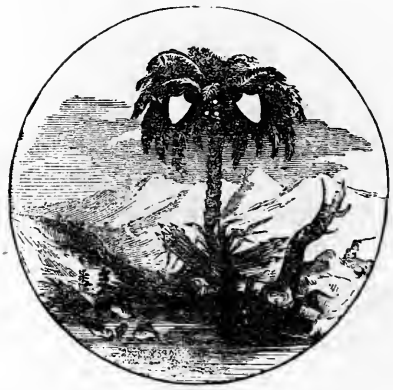
Fable.—The Proud Frog.

An ox, grazing in a meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young frogs, and trod one of them to death. The rest informed their mother, when she came home, what had happened, telling her that the beast which did it was the hugest creature that ever they saw in their lives "What, was it so big?" says the old frog, swelling and blowing up her speckled belly to a great degree. "O, bigger by a vast deal," say they. "And so big?" says she, straining herself yet more. "Indeed, mamma," say they, "if you were to burst yourself, you would never be so big." She strove yet again, and burst herself indeed.

THE APPLICATION.

Whenever a man endeavors to live equal with one of a greater fortune than himself, he is sure to share a like fate with the frog in the fable. How many vain people, of moderate easy circumstances, burst and come to nothing, by vieing with those whose estates are more ample than their own.

South Carolina.



ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 308,186 WHITES. / 408,185 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 34,000.

SETTLED IN 1670.

South Carolina.

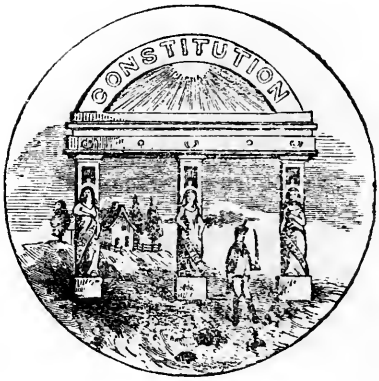
STAUNCH advocate of principle and right,
Of hazard her sons did never once think,
Upheld by justice, the first in the fight;
The base procedure of treacherous old "*Link*,"
Her people could see, before you can wink.

Courageous—they made them batteries of wood,
And to their foes their banners unfurl'd,
Resolving to conquer or pour out their blood—
Over the fort they cannon balls hurl'd,
Leaving impressions wherever they struck,
Igniting Old Sumter, the flames rose high!
Now glory to her sons, we admire their pluck—
And all that do Abe Lincoln defy.

Fable.—The Ass and the Little Dog.

THE ass observing how great a favorite the little dog was with his master, how much caressed, and fondled, and fed with good bits at every meal; and for no other reason, as he could perceive, but skipping and frisking about, wagging his tail, and leaping up into his master's lap, he was resolved to imitate the same, and see whether such a behavior would not procure him the same favors. Accordingly, the master was no sooner come home from walking about the fields and gardens, and was seated in his easy chair, than the ass, who observed him, came gamboling and braying toward him, in a very awkward manner. The master could not help laughing aloud at the odd sight. But the jest soon turned into earnest when he felt the rough salute of the ass's fore-feet, who, raising himself upon his hinder legs, pawed against his breast with a most loving air, and would fain have jumped into his lap. The good man, terrified at this outrageous behavior, and unable to endure the weight of so heavy a beast, cried out, upon which one of his servants running in with a good stick, and laying on heartily upon the bones of the poor ass, soon convinced him, that every one who desires it is not qualified to be a favorite.

Georgia.



ONE OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 615,336 WHITES. 467,161 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 58,000.

Georgia.

GO on, go on, from strength to strength,
Enterprising, and at length
One more railroad will be done,
Ready for the cars to run.
Go on, go on, improvements make,
It is time for states to wake,
And from thee some lessons take.

Fable.—The Bear and the Bee-Hives.

A BEAR, climbing over the fence into a place where bees were kept, began to plunder the hives, and rob them of their honey. But the bees, to revenge the injury, attacked him in a whole swarm together; and though they were not able to pierce his rugged hide, yet, with their little stings, they so annoyed his nostrils, that, unable to endure the smarting pain, with impatience he tore the skin over his ears with his own claws, and suffered ample punishment for the injury he did the bees, in breaking open their waxen cells.

THE APPLICATION.

Many and great are the injuries of which some men are guilty toward others, for the sake of gratifying some liquorish appetite. For there are those who would not stick to bring desolation upon their country, and the hazard of their own necks into the bargain, rather than balk a wicked inclination, either of cruelty, ambition, or avarice. But it were to be wished all who are hurried by such blind impulses, would but consider a moment before they proceed to irrevocable execution. Injuries and wrongs not only call for revenge and reparation, with the voice of equity itself, but oftentimes carry their punishment along with them; and, by an unforeseen train of events, are retorted on the head of the actor of them; and not seldom, from a deep remorse, expiated upon himself by his own hand.

As for the reprobates whose foreheads are hardened with triple brass, and hacked with daily deliberate practice in villany, we can not so much as hope to reclaim them by arguments of reason and justice; and must, therefore, be forced to leave them to the necessary consequences of impiety.

Florida.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1845.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 81,885 WHITES. / 63,809 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 59,263.

Florida.

FRESH fruits from thee we love to see;
Luscious lemons from the tree,
Oranges too, ripe and new,
Right from thee we love to chew.
In thee is seen the evergreen,
Decked with foliage, like a queen
Arrayed in garments white and clean

Fable.—The Travelers.

Two men traveling upon the road, one of them saw an ax lying upon the ground, where somebody had been hewing timber; so, taking it up, says he: "I have found an ax." "Do not say *I*," says the other, "but *we* have found; for as we are companions, we ought to share it between us." But the first would not consent. However, they had not gone far before the owner of the ax, hearing what had become of it, pursued them with a warrant; which, when the fellow that had it perceived, "Alas!" says he, to his companion, "we are undone" "Nay," says the other, "do no not say *we*, but *I* am undone; for as you would not let me share the prize, neither will I share the danger with you."

THE APPLICATION.

This fable hints to us the convenience, if not necessity, of making our friendships firm and lasting. And to this purpose, nothing is so requisite as a strict observance of the rules of honor and generosity; for the very life and soul of friendship subsists upon mutual benevolence, upon conferring and receiving obligations on either hand. A stingy, reserved behavior starves it; it ought to be open, free, and communicative; without the least tincture of suspicion or distrust. For jealousy in friendship is a certain indication of a false heart; though in love it may be the distinguishing mark of a true one.

Alabama.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1820.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 520,744 WHITES. / 435,473 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 59,268.

Alabama.

ACKNOWLEDGED rich by all the wise,
Lovely state thy name we prize;
Acquiring wealth from year to year,
Bravely onward persevere.
Among the richest states that be,
Men and women kind and free,
All say they love to live in thee.

Fables.—The Fighting Cocks.

Two cocks were fighting for the sovereignty of the dung-hill. And one of them having got the better of the other, he that was vanquished crept into a hole, and hid himself for some time; but the victor flew up to an eminent place, clapped his wings, and crowed out victory. An eagle, who was watching for his prey near the place, saw him, and making a stoop, trussed him in his talons, and carried him off. The cock that had been beaten perceived this, soon quitted his hole, and shaking off all remembrance of his late disgrace, gallanted the hens with all the intrepidity imaginable.

THE APPLICATION.

This fable shows the impropriety and inconvenience of running into extremes. Much of our happiness depends upon keeping an even balance in our words and actions; in not suffering the scale of our reason to mount us too high in time of prosperity, nor to sink too low with the weight of adverse fortune.

The Hen and the Swallow.

A HEN finding some serpent's eggs in a dung-hill, sat upon them with a design to hatch them. A swallow perceiving it, flew toward her, and said with some warmth and passion: "Are you mad, to sit hovering over a brood of such pernicious creatures as you do? Be assured, the moment you bring them to light, you are the first they will attack, and reek their venomous spite upon."

Mississippi.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1817.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 407,551 WHITES. / 479,607 BLACKS.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 47,156.

Mississippi.

MOST lovely state, we reverence thee;
Independent ever be,
So long as farms in thee are seen,
Some white and some with cotton green.
Infringe thou on no other state,
Still strive on, support the great,
Sustain the good, and lead the blind
In the only way to find
Peace, which will support the mind.
Permit us, lastly, to be taught,
Inclined to do the things we ought.

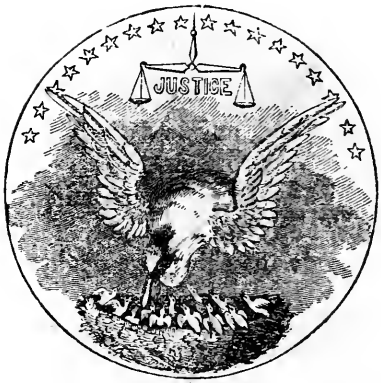
Fable.—The Porcupine and the Snakes.

A PORCUPINE wanting to shelter himself, desired a nest of snakes to give him admittance into their cave. They were prevailed upon, and let him in accordingly; but were so annoyed with his sharp prickly quills, that they soon repented of their easy compliance, and entreated the porcupine to withdraw, and leave them their hole to themselves. "No," says he, "let them quit the place that do not like it; for my part, I am well enough satisfied as I am."

THE APPLICATION.

Some people are of such brutish, inhospitable tempers, that there is no living with them, without greatly incommoding ourselves. Therefore, before we enter into any degree of friendship, alliance, or partnership with any person whatever, we should thoroughly consider his nature and qualities, his circumstances and his humor. There ought to be something in each of these respects to tally and correspond with our own measures, to suit our genius, and adapt itself to the size and proportion of our desires, otherwise our association, of whatever kind, may prove the greatest plagues of our life.

Louisiana.



ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1812.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 354,245 WHITES. / 312,186 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 41,346.

Louisiana.

LET thy fame for farming rise
On every breeze that fans the skies;
Unvailing merit, let it roll
In accents clear from pole to pole;
Surrounding states perhaps will be
Induced to follow after thee;
And will to thee for sugar send—
Not only so, but be thy friend,
And praise thee till the world shall end.

Fable.—The Cat and the Mice.

A CERTAIN house was much infested with mice; but at last they got a cat, who caught and eat every day some of them. The mice finding their numbers grow thin, consulted what was best to be done for the preservation of the public from the jaws of the devouring cat. They debated, and came to this resolution: that no one should go below the upper shelf. The cat, observing the mice no longer come down as usual, hungry and disappointed of her prey, had recourse to this stratagem: she hung by her hinder legs on a peg, which stuck in the wall, and made as if she had been dead, hoping by this lure to entice the mice to come down. She had not been in this posture long, before a cunning old mouse peeped over the edge of the shelf, and spoke thus: "Aha, my good friend! are you there? there you may be! I would not trust myself with you, though your skin were stuffed with straw."

THE APPLICATION.

Prudent folks never trust those a second time who have deceived them once. And, indeed, we can not well be too cautious in following this rule; for, upon examination, we shall find that most of the misfortunes which befall us proceed from our too great credulity. They that know how to suspect, without hurting or exposing themselves, until honesty comes to be more in fashion, can never suspect too much.

Texas.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1845.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 415,999 WHITES. / 184,966 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 274,356.

Texas.

THY lands are rich and sweet thy clime,
Ever mild so be it.
X neither begins nor ends a rhyme—
And yet we place it in the line,
So the folks may see it.

Fable.—The Husbandman and his Sons.

A CERTAIN husbandman lying at the point of death, and being desirous his sons should pursue that innocent, entertaining course of agriculture in which himself had been engaged all his life, made use of this expedient to induce them to it. He called them to his bed-side, and spoke to this effect: "All the patrimony I have to bequeath to you, sons, is my farm and vineyard, of which I make you joint-heirs. But I charge you not to let it go out of your own occupation; for, if I have any treasure besides, it lies buried somewhere in the ground, within a foot of the surface." This made the sons conclude that he talked of money which he had hid there; so after their father's death, with unwearied diligence and application they carefully dug up every inch, both of the farm and vineyard. From whence it came to pass, that though they missed of the treasure which they expected, the ground, by being so well stirred and loosened, produced so plentiful a crop of all that was sowed in it, as proved a real, and that no inconsiderable treasure.

THE APPLICATION.

Labor and industry well applied, seldom fail of finding a treasure; and since something toward the inconveniences and pleasures of life may be thus procured, why should we lose and throw it away, by being slothful and idle? Exercise is a great support of health, and health is by far the greatest single blessing of life; which alone will weigh sufficiently with any considerate man, so as to keep him from being utterly destitute of employment. But of all the kinds of treasure which are sure to reward the diligence of the active man, none is more agreeable, either in the pursuit or possession, than that which arises from the culture of the earth.

California.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1850.
POPULATION IN 1860, 384,770.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 188,981.

California.

COUNTRY far renowned for gold,
And for soil, rich and new,
Lofty hills and torrents bold,
Immense streams, and branches too,
Flow through thy hills of gold.
O happy land, illustrious one,
Richest, brightest clime that be,
No land, no state beneath the sun,
In all God's wide dominions free,
Acquires wealth so fast as thee.

Fable.—The Covetous Man.

A POOR, covetous wretch, who had scraped together a good parcel of money, went and dug a hole in one of his fields and hid it. The great pleasure of his life was, to go and look upon his treasure, once a day at least; which one of his servants observing, and guessing there was something more than ordinary in the place, came at night, found it, and carried it off. The next day, returning as usual to the scene of his delight, and perceiving it had been ravished away from him, he tore his hair for grief, and uttered the doleful complaint of his despair to the woods and meadows. At last, a neighbor of his, who knew his temper, overhearing him, and being informed of the occasion of his sorrow, "Cheer up, man," says he, "thou hast lost nothing; there is the hole for thee to go and peep at still, and if thou canst but fancy the money there, it will do just as well."

THE APPLICATION.

Of all the appetites to which human nature is subject, none is so strong, so lasting, and, at the same time, so unaccountable, as that of avarice. Our other desires generally cool and slacken at the approach of old age; but this flourishes under gray hairs, and triumphs amid impotence and infirmity. All our other longings have something to be said in excuse for them, let them be at what time of life soever. But it is above reason, and, therefore, truly incomprehensible, why a man should be passionately fond of money, only for the sake of gazing upon it.

Tennessee.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1796.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 859,523 WHITES. / 287,112 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 46,000.

Tennessee.

THROUGH thee the loveliest rivers glide,
Enriching thee on every side.
No truer hearts a state can boast,
No fairer maidens love can toast.
Each rill of thine is dear to me,
Sweet land, my native Tennessee.
So long as life this heart shall warm,
E'er to thee my thoughts will turn,
Emblem of the Eternal One.*

* Trinity in Unity, three states by natural divisions, yet one in fact.

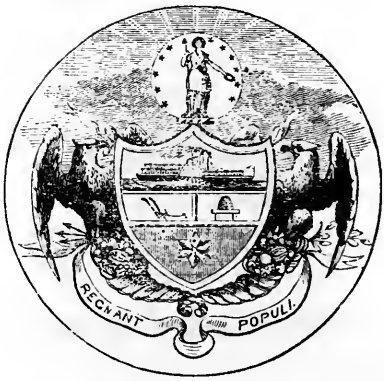
Fable.—The Bull and the Goat.

THE bull being pursued by the lion, made toward a cave, in which he designed to secure himself; but was opposed just at the entrance by a goat, who had got possession before him, and threatening a kind of defiance with his horns, seemed resolved to dispute the pass with him. The bull, who thought he had no time to lose in a contest of this nature, immediately made off again, but told the goat that it was not for fear of him or his defiances, "For," says he, "if the lion was not so near, I would soon make you know the difference between a bull and a goat."

THE APPLICATION.

It is very inhuman to deny succor and comfort to people in tribulation; but to insult them, and add to the weight of their misfortunes, is something superlatively brutish and cruel. There is, however, in the world, a sort of wretches of this vile temper, that wait for an opportunity of aggravating their neighbor's affliction, and defer the execution of their evil inclinations until they can do it to the best advantage. If any one labors under an expensive lawsuit, lest he should escape from that, one of these gentlemen will take care to arrest him in a second action; hoping at least, to keep him at bay, while the more powerful adversary attacks him on the other side. One can not consider this temper without observing something remarkably cowardly in it; for these whiffling antagonists never begin their encounter until they are sure the person they aim at is already overmatched.

Arkansas.



ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1836.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 531,710 WHITES. / 109,065 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 52,196.

Arkansas.

ADORNED with fields of cotton white,
Realm of wealth and realm of light,
Keeping step with states that be
Allied to all the brave and free.
New, yet firm and brave she stands,
Supporting those who till her lands;
And from men beyond the sea
She buys her coffee, spice, and tea.

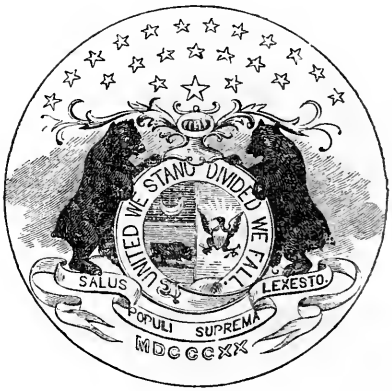
Fables.—Death and Cupid.

CUPID, one sultry summer's noon, tired with play, and faint with heat, went into a cool grotto to repose himself, which happened to be the cave of Death. He threw himself carelessly down on the floor, and his quiver turning topsy turvy, all the arrows fell out, and mingled with those of Death, which lay scattered up and down the place. When he awoke, he gathered them up as well as he could, but they were so intermingled, that though he knew the certain number, he could not rightly distinguish them; from whence it happened, that he took up some of the arrows which belonged to Death, and left several of his own in the room of them. This is the cause that we, now and then, see the hearts of the old and decrepit transfixed with the bolts of Love; and with equal grief and surprise, behold the youthful, blooming part of our species smitten with the darts of Death.

The Trumpeter taken Prisoner.

A TRUMPETER being taken prisoner, in a battle, begged hard for quarters, declaring his innocence, and protesting that he neither had, nor could kill any man, bearing no arms, but only his trumpet, which he was obliged to sound at the word of command. For that reason, replied his enemies, are we determined not to spare you; for though you yourself never fight, yet with that wicked instrument of yours, you blow up animosity between other people, and so are the occasion of much bloodshed.

Missouri.



ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1837.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 1,085,590 WHITES. / 113,619 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 65,350.

Missouri.

MOST rich and free, we find in thee
Industrious men of high degree;
Some till the land, while others stand
Secure from storm, with staff in hand,
Obliging those who seek for clothes,
Umbrella's verse or prose.
Really we are glad to see
Important men reside in thee.

Fable.—The Mule.

A MULE, which was fed well, and worked little, grew fat and wanton, and frisked about very notably. "And why should not I run as well as the best of them?" says he; "it is well known I had a horse to my father, and a very good racer he was." Soon after this, his master took him out, and being upon urgent business, whipped and spurred the mule, to make him put forward; who, beginning to tire upon the road, changed his note, and said to himself: "Ah, where is the horse's blood you boasted of but now? I am sorry to say it, friend, but indeed your worthy sire was an ass, and not a horse."

THE APPLICATION.

However high their blood may beat, one may venture to affirm those to be but mongrels and asses in reality who make a bustle about their genealogy. If some in the world should be vain enough to think they can derive their pedigree from one of the old Roman families, and being otherwise destitute of merit, would fain draw some from thence, it might not be improper upon such an occasion, to put them in mind that *Romulus*, the first founder of that people, was base born, and the body of his subjects made up of outlaws, murderers, and felons, the scum and offscouring of the neighboring nations, and that they propagated their descendants by rapes.

As a man truly great shines sufficiently bright of himself, without wanting to be emblazoned by a splendid ancestry, so they whose lives are eclipsed by foulness of obscurity, instead of showing to advantage, look but the darker for being placed in the same line with their illustrious forefathers.

Kentucky.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1792.

POPULATION IN 1860, { 920,077 WHITES. 225,490 SLAVES.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 37,680.

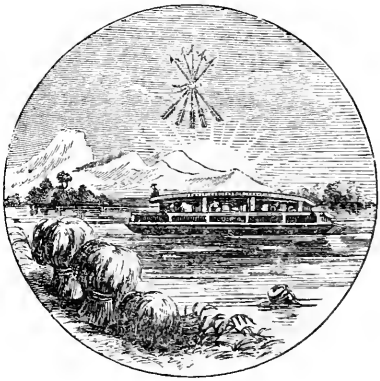
Kentucky.

KNOWN as a brave and farming state,
Entertaining, rich, and great,
Nursing men whose fame is known
To every land from zone to zone.
Unfailing are thy sparkling waters,
Confiding, too, thy sons and daughters;
Kindly marching side by side,
Yet free from vain and foolish pride.

Fable.—The Eagle, the Cat, and the Sow.

An eagle had built her nest upon the top branches of an oak. A wild cat inhabited a hole in the middle, and in the hollow part, at the bottom, was a sow, with a whole litter of pigs. A happy neighborhood; and might long have continued so had it not been for the wicked insinuations of the designing cat. For, first of all, up she crept to the eagle; "And, good neighbor," says she, "we shall all be undone; that filthy sow yonder does nothing but lie rooting at the foot of the tree; and, as I suspect, intends to grub it up, that she may the more easily come at our young ones. For my part, I will take care of my own concerns; you may do as you please; but I will watch her motions, though I stay at home this month for it." When she had said this, which could not fail of putting the eagle in a great fright, down she went, and made a visit to the sow at the bottom; and putting on a sorrowful face, "I hope," says she, "you do not intend to go abroad to-day." "Why not?" says the sow. "Nay," replies the other, "you may do as you please; but I overheard the eagle tell her young ones, that she would treat them with a pig, the first time she saw you go out; and I am not sure but she may take up with a kitten in the mean time; so, good-morrow to you; you will excuse me, I must go and take care of the little folks at home." Away she went accordingly; and by contriving to steal out softly at nights for her prey, and to stand watching and peeping all day at her hole, as under great concern, she made such an impression upon the eagle and the sow, that neither of them dared venture abroad, for fear of the other. The consequence of which was, that themselves and their young ones, in a little time, were all starved, and made prize of by the treacherous cat and her kittens.

Ohio.



ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1802.
POPULATION IN 1860, 2,350,802.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 39,964.

Ohio.

ORTHODOX from days of youth,
Holding firmly to the truth;
Industrious and in wealth abound,
Outshining every state around.

Fable.—The Frogs desiring a King.

The frogs, living an easy free life everywhere among the lakes and ponds, assembled together one day in a very tumultuous manner, and petitioned Jupiter to give them a king, who might inspect their morals, and make them live a little honester. Jupiter being at that time in pretty good humor, was pleased to laugh heartily at their ridiculous request; and throwing a little log down into the pool, cried, "There is a king for you." The sudden splash which this made by its fall into the water at first terrified them so exceedingly that they were afraid to come near it. But in a little time, seeing it lay without moving, they ventured, by degrees, to approach it; and, at last, finding there was no danger, they leaped upon it, and, in short, treated it as familiarly as they pleased. But not content with so insipid a king as this was, they sent their deputies to petition again for another sort of one; for this they neither did nor could like. Upon that, he sent them a stork, who, without any ceremony, fell a devouring and eating them up, one after another, as fast as he could. Then they applied themselves privately to Mercury, and got him to speak to Jupiter in their behalf, that he would be so good as to bless them again with another king, or restore them to their former state. "No," says he, "since it was their own choice, let the obstinate wretches suffer the punishment due to their folly."

THE APPLICATION.

It is pretty extraordinary to find a fable of this kind finished with so bold, and yet polite a turn by Phædrus: one who attained his freedom by the favor of Augustus, and wrote in the time of Tiberius; who were, successively, tyrannical usurpers of the Roman government. If we may take his word for it, *Æsop* spoke it upon this occasion: When the commonwealth of Athens flourished under good, wholesome laws of its own enacting, they relied so much on the security of their liberty, that they negligently suffered it to run out into licentiousness; and factions happening to be fomented among them by designing people, much about the same time, Pisistratus took that opportunity to make himself master of their citadel and liberties both together. The Athenians, finding themselves in a state of slavery, though their tyrant happened to be a very merciful one, yet could not bear the thoughts of it; so that *Æsop*, where there was no remedy, prescribes them patience, by example of the foregoing fable; and adds, at last: "*Wherefore*, my dear countrymen, *be contented with your present condition, bad as it is, for fear a change would be for the worse.*"

Indiana.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1816.
POPULATION IN 1860, 1,370,802.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 33,809.

Indiana.

IF foes invade thee day or night,
Newly plumed with weapons bright,
Disperse their ranks, and make them stand
In awe of those who till thy land,
And those who are from vices free.
Now bid them come that they may see
A noble race of men in thee.

Fable.—The Fox in the Well.

A fox having fallen into a well, made a shift, by sticking his claws into the sides, to keep his head above the water. Soon after, a wolf came and peeped over the brink; to whom the fox applied himself very earnestly for assistance; entreating that he would help him to a rope, or something of that kind, which might favor his escape. The wolf, moved with compassion at his misfortune, could not forbear expressing his concern. "Ah! poor Reynard," says he, "I am sorry for you with all my heart; how could you possibly come into this melancholy condition?" "Nay, prythee, friend," replies the fox, "if you wish me well, do not stand pitying of me, but lend me some succor as fast as you can; for pity is but cold comfort when one is up to the chin in water, and within a hair's breadth of starving or drowning."

THE APPLICATION.

Pity, indeed, is, of itself, but poor comfort at any time; and unless it produces something more substantial, is rather impertinently troublesome, than any way agreeable. To stand bemoaning the misfortunes of our friends without offering some expedient to alleviate them, is only echoing to their grief, and putting them in mind that they are miserable. He is truly my friend, who with a ready presence of mind supports me; not he who condoles with me upon my ill-success, and says he is very sorry for my loss. In short, a favor or obligation is doubled by being well timed; and he is the best benefactor who knows our necessities, and complies with our wishes, even before we ask him.

Illinois.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1818.

POPULATION IN 1860, 1,691,238.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 53,410.

Illinois.

I HAVE felt some of thy joys, I have seen some of thy trees,
Lofty and towering, yet lashed by the breeze
Like saplings and bushes, I have seen them whirl round
In their pride and their glory, and fall to the ground.
Not many hard storms, though, pass over thee,
Of none have I heard but the one seen by me;
I never, I never shall forget that hard blast
So long as I live, or memory shall last.

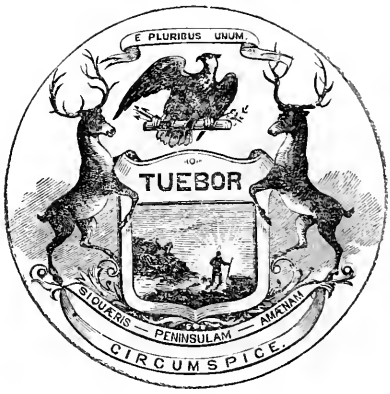
Fable.—The Goat and the Lion.

The lion, seeing the goat upon a steep, craggy rock, where he could not come at him, asked him what delight he could take to skip from one precipice to another, all day, and venture the breaking of his neck every moment. "I wonder," says he, "you won't come down and feed upon the plain here, where there is such plenty of good grass, and fine sweet herbs." "Why," replies the goat, "I can not but say your opinion is right; but you look so very hungry and designing, that to tell the truth, I do not care to venture my person where you are."

THE APPLICATION.

Advice, though good in itself, is to be suspected when it is given by a tricking, self-interested man. Perhaps we should take upon ourselves, not only a very great, but unnecessary trouble, if we were to suspect every man who goes to advise us. But this, however, is necessary: that when we have reason to question any one in point of honor and justice, we not only consider well before we suffer ourselves to be persuaded by him, but even resolve to have nothing to do in any affair where such treacherous, slippery sparks are concerned, if we can avoid it without much inconvenience.

Michigan.



ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1836.

POPULATION IN 1860, 754,291.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 56,451.

Michigan.

MANY rays from glory are shining on thee,
In their beauty and splendor, still thousands we see,
Consisting of men and women most true,
Hastening with gladness thy scenery to view.
In thy rich mines of copper, and fields of sweet green,
Great numbers of men may daily be seen
At work, and delighted on thy soil to dwell,
Newly settled with beings who love thee so well.

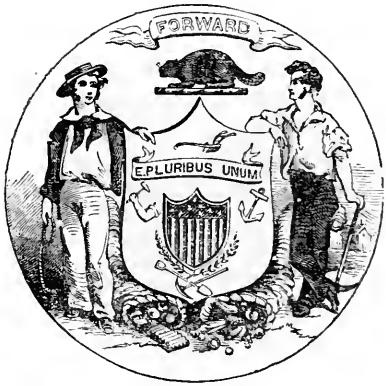
Moral Lesson.—How to enervate a People.

When Cyrus received intelligence that the Lydians had revolted from him, he told Crœsus, with a good deal of emotion, that he had almost determined to make them all slaves. Crœsus begged him to pardon them; "But," said he, "that they may no more rebel or be troublesome to you, command them to lay aside their arms, to wear long vests and buskins; that is, to vie with each other in the richness and elegance of their dress. Order them to drink, and sing, and play, and you will soon see their spirits broken, and themselves changed to the effeminacy of woman, so that they will no more rebel, or give you any uneasiness." The advice was followed, and the result proved how judicious it was for the conqueror, and how sterling qualities and energy of character may be enervated and undermined when external accomplishments take the first place in a person's estimation.

Dumoulin and the Spider's Web.

During the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris, by which so many thousands of Christians were perfidiously and cruelly butchered, the celebrated Moulin crept into an oven, over the mouth of which a spider immediately wove its web. When the enemies of the Christians inspected the premises, they passed by the oven without examination, saying, that it was plain no one could have been there for some days.

Wisconsin.



ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1848.

POPULATION IN 1860, 768,485.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 53,924.

Wisconsin.

WAKE, all men, come everything,
In mutual concert join and sing;
Sing of her plains, and hills of red,
Containing mines of copper and lead.
Old and young should on her gaze,
Never ceasing her to praise.
Sing of her rills and fertile hills,
Increasing with men, increasing with wealth
Noted for game, for scenery and health.

Fable.—The Lion and the Mouse.

A LION, by accident, laid his paw upon a poor innocent mouse. The frightened little creature, imagining she was going to be devoured, begged hard for her life; urged that clemency was the fairest attribute of power, and earnestly entreated his majesty not to stain his illustrious paws with the blood of so insignificant an animal; upon which the lion very generously set her at liberty. It happened, a few days afterward, that the lion, ranging for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunter.

The mouse heard his roarings, knew the voice of her benefactor, and, immediately repairing to his assistance, gnawed in pieces the meshes of the net; and, by delivering her preserver, convinced him that there is no creature so much below another, but may have it in his power to return a good office.

MORAL.

We are often indebted to the meanest creatures for the most valuable services.

Benebolence.

'T IS pity, Bounty had not eyes behind;
That Man might ne'er be wretched for his Mind.—SHAKSPEARE.

Iowa.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1846.
POPULATION IN 1860, 682,202.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 55,045.

Iowa.

IMPARTING wealth to every clime,
On thy name we love to rhyme;
We love thy streams, and love to view
All thy hills, and valleys, too.

Fable.—The Wolf and the Lamb.

One hot, sultry day, a wolf and a lamb happened to come just at the same time, to quench their thirst in the stream of a clear silver brook, that ran tumbling down the side of a rocky mountain. The wolf stood upon the higher ground, and the lamb at some distance from him down the current. However, the wolf, having a mind to pick a quarrel with him, asked him what he meant by disturbing the water, and making it so muddy that he could not drink; and, at the same time, demanded satisfaction. The lamb, frightened at this threatening charge, told him, in a tone as mild as possible, that with humble submission, he could not conceive how that could be; since the water which he drank ran down from the wolf to him, and, therefore, could not be disturbed so far up the stream. "Be that as it will," replies the wolf, "you are a rascal, and I have been told that you treated me with ill-language behind my back, about half a year ago." "Upon my word," says the lamb, "the time you mention was before I was born." The wolf, finding it to no purpose to argue any longer against truth, fell into a great passion, snarling and foaming at the mouth as if he had been mad; and, drawing nearer to the lamb, "Sirrah," says he, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all one." So he seized the poor, innocent, helpless thing, tore it to pieces, and made a meal of it.

THE APPLICATION.

The thing which is pointed at in this fable is so obvious, that it will be impertinent to multiply words about it. When a cruel, ill-natured man has a mind to abuse one inferior to himself, either in power or courage, though he has not given the least occasion for it, how does he resemble the wolf, whose envious, rapacious temper could not bear to see innocence live quietly in its neighborhood. In short, whenever ill people are in power, innocence and integrity are sure to be persecuted; the more vicious the community is, the better countenance they have for their own villainous measures; to practice honesty in bad times, is being liable to suspicion enough; but if any one should dare to prescribe it, it is ten to one but he would be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors; for to stand up for justice in a degenerate, corrupt state, is tacitly to upbraid the government, and seldom fails of pulling down vengeance upon the head of him that offers to stir in its defense. Where cruelty and malice are in combination with power, nothing is so easy as for them to find a pretense to tyrannize over innocence, and exercise all manner of injustice.

Minnesota.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1858.

POPULATION IN 1860, 172,793.

NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 83,591.

Minnesota.

MOST level, healthy, fertile state
In thee Itasca Lake doth rise,
Now the head of the longest stream
Ever seen beneath the skies.
Some Indians, too, now live in thee,
On thy hills and plains around,
Though, 'tis strange, there are but few
Among those tribes who till the ground.

Fable.—The Fox and the Crow.

A CROW, having stolen a piece of cheese from a cottage-window, flew up into a high tree with it, in order to eat it; which the fox observing, came and sat underneath, and began to compliment the crow upon the subject of her beauty: "I protest," says he, "I never observed it before, but your feathers are more of a delicate white than any that I ever saw in my life! Ah! what a fine shape and graceful turn of body is there! and I dare say you have a beautiful voice. If it be but as fine as your complexion, I do not know a bird that can pretend to stand in competition with you."

The crow, tickled with this very civil language, nestled and wriggled about, and hardly knew where she was; but thinking the fox a little dubious as to the particular of her voice, and having a mind to set him right in that matter, she began to sing, and, at the same instant, let the cheese drop out of her mouth. This being what the fox wanted, he snapped it up in a moment, and trotted away, laughing to himself at the easy credulity of the crow.

MORAL.

It is a maxim in the schools,
"That flattery's the food of fools;"
And whoso likes such airy meat,
Will soon have nothing else to eat.

Oregon.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1857.
POPULATION IN 1860, 52,566.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 95,274.

Oregon.

OF thy Indians to tell,
Representing each yell,
Especially where they in numbers retreat;
Great variety of clime;
On all did we rhyme,
Never could we our verses complete.

Moral Lesson.—Luther Martin and the Young Lawyer.

WE heard an anecdote of this distinguished lawyer, a few days ago, which we remember to have met with in print, but which is so good that it will do to tell again.

Martin was on one occasion riding to Annapolis, in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young lawyer, just commencing the practice of law. After some familiar conversation, the young gentleman said:

"Sir, you have been remarkably successful in your profession—few have gained so many cases—will you be good enough to communicate to me, a beginner, the secret of your wondrous success?"

"I'll do it, young man, on one condition, and that is, that you defray my expenses during my stay of a few days at Annapolis."

"Willingly," replied the young man, hoping thereby to profit greatly by the communication.

"The secret of my success," said Martin, "may be discovered in this advice which I now give you, namely: '*Deny everything, and insist upon proof.*'"

On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin was not very self-denying in the enjoyment presented by a fine hotel; the substantials and general refreshments were dispatched in a manner quite gratifying to mine host. The time for return at length came. The young man and Martin stood together at the bar, demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glancing at it, he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who, running his eye over it, leisurely returned it with the utmost gravity.

"Do n't you intend to pay it?" said Martin.

"Pay what?" said the young lawyer.

"Why, pay this bill. Did you not promise, on the route downward, that you would defray my expenses at the hotel?"

"My dear sir," said the young gentleman, "I deny everything, and insist upon proof."

Martin at once saw that he was caught, and eyeing his young friend a moment or two, he said, pleasantly, "You do n't need any counsel from me, young man—you do n't need any counsel from me."

Kansas

KEEP all thy men as in thy hand,
And make them fight at thy command;
No longer suffering them to be
Shedding blood, disgracing thee.
Arise, and in Jehovah's trust,
Subdue and grind thy foes to dust.

ADMITTED INTO THE UNION, 1861.
POPULATION IN 1860, 143,645.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 126,283.

Fable.—A Man bit by a Dog.

A MAN who had been sadly torn by a dog, was advised by some old woman, as a cure, to dip a piece of bread in the wound, and give it to the cur that bit him. He did so; and Æsop happening to pass by just at the same time, asked him what he meant by it? The man informed him. "Why then," says Æsop, "do it as privately as you can, I beseech you; for if the rest of the dogs of the town were to see you, we should all be eat up alive by them."

THE APPLICATION.

Nothing contributes so much to the increase of roguery, as when the undertakings of a rogue are attended with success. If it were not for fear of punishment, a great part of mankind, who now make a shift to keep themselves honest, would appear great villains; but, if criminals, instead of meeting with punishment, were, by having been such, to attain honor and preferment, our natural inclinations to mischief would be improved, and we should be wicked out of emulation.

Washington Territory,

Occupying the extreme northwest portion of the United States of North America. It is bounded on the north by the Straits of Juan de Fuca, which separates it from Vancouver's Island and British America, east by the Rocky Mountains, south by Oregon, (the Columbia River forming about half the boundary line,) and west by the Pacific Ocean. It lies (with the exception of a small bend in the Columbia River, between 46°–49° north lat., and between 110°–125° west lon., being about six hundred miles in its greatest length from north to west,

WAS named for one George Washington,
A man who made the British run;
States that be from sea to sea,
His praises sing while ages flee.
In that far land, on every hand,
Numerous things our praise demand.
Great streams descend, and o'er them bend
Tall trees, that do their banks defend.
Of all thy hills, thy plains and rills,
No one can tell, so fare-thee-well.

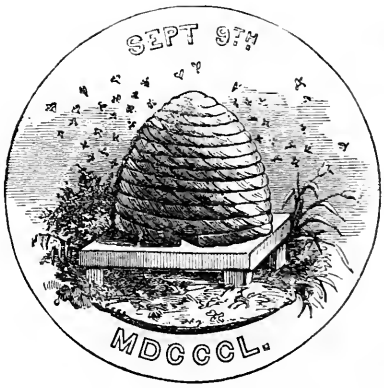
Fable.—The Jackdaw and Pigeons.

A JACKDAW, observing that the pigeons in a certain dove-cote lived well, and wanted for nothing, white-washed his feathers like a dove, and went and lived among them. The pigeons, not distinguishing him as long as he kept silent, forbore to give him any disturbance. But at last he forgot his character, and began to chatter; by which the pigeons discovering what he was, flew upon him, and drove him back to the jackdaws again. They not knowing him in his discolored feathers, drove him away likewise; so that he, who had endeavored to be more than he had a right to, was not permitted to be anything at all.

MORAL.

Impostors are sure to betray themselves.

Utah.



ERECTED INTO A TERRITORY, 1850.
POPULATION IN 1860, 50,000.
NUMBER OF SQUARE MILES, 187,923.

Utah.

UNWEARYING in thy efforts be
To join thyself to states now free.
As happy as the sun that sheds
His rays on our devoted heads.

Moral Lesson.—What Perseverance will Accomplish.

About forty years ago, in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, stood a log cabin, sixteen feet by eighteen, which was occupied by a father and a mother with some ten or twelve children, and among them was the hero of our sketch. In his infancy he was fed on corn and hominy, bear-meat, and the flesh of such wild animals as were caught in the woods.

At twelve years of age he was put out to work with a neighbor, as a farm-boy. He drove oxen, hoed corn, and raised tobacco in the summer, and cured it in the winter, till he was seventeen years old. Then he learned to make brick. To this he added the profession of a carpenter; and by these successive steps in mechanical arts he became able, by his unassisted skill, to raise a house from a clay-pit, or from the stump, and complete it in all its parts. He could do it, too, in a manner that none of his competitors could surpass.

His panel-doors are the wonder and admiration of the country, in which they continue to swing on hinges. He never saw the inside of a school-house or church, till after he was eighteen years old. Having achieved the valuable acquisitions of reading and writing, by the aid of another, all his other education has been the fruit of his own application and perseverance.

At the age of twenty-two he conceived the idea of fitting himself for the practice of law. He at first procured an old copy of Blackstone, and having, after the close of his daily labors, by nightly studies over a pitch-knot in his log-cabin, mastered the contents of that compendium of common law, he pursued his researches into other elementary works.

Having thus, by great diligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer who had left the practice, or whose practice had left him, with whom he made a bargain for his secretary and library, for which he was to pay him one hundred and twenty dollars in carpenter work. The chief part of the job to be done in payment for these old, musty books, was dressing and laying down a floor at three dollars per square of ten feet.

The library paid for, our hero dropped the adze, plane, and trowel, and we soon after hear of him as one of the most prominent members of the Mississippi bar, and an able statesman and orator. "I heard him one day," says one, "make two speeches in succession, each of three hours' length, to the same audience, and not a movement testified any weariness on the part of a single auditor; and during his delivery, the assembly seemed swayed by the orator as weeds before the wind."

That poor farm-boy became a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is Patrick W. Tompkins. He is a self-made man, and his history shows what an humble boy can do when he is determined to try.

Dakota.

This territory was detached from Minnesota in 1857. It lies south of British America and east of Nebraska, from which it is separated by the Missouri River.

DARKENING sea,
And shadows flee,
Keep thy sons from vices free;
Of joys unknown
To them be shown,
And may live for God alone.

Fable.—The Boys and the Frogs.

ON the margin of a large lake, which was inhabited by a great number of frogs, a company of boys happened to be at play. Their diversion was duck and drake; and whole volleys of stones were thrown into the water, to the great annoyance and danger of the poor terrified frogs. At length, one of the most hardy, lifting up his head above the surface of the lake: "Ah! dear children!" said he, "why will ye learn so soon to be cruel? Consider, I beseech you, that though this may be sport to *you*, it is death to *us*."

MORAL.

A noble mind disdains to gain
Its pleasure from another's pain.

Fame.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn
To think how modest Worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as Pride and Pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.—SHENSTONE.

New Mexico,

A portion of the tract acquired from Mexico by the treaties of 1848 and 1854, extends from 31° 20′ to 38° north lat., and from 103° to 117° west lon., being about 700 miles in extreme length from east to west, and about 470 miles in breadth from north to south, including an area of 207,007 square miles. It is bounded north by Utah and Kansas, east by Kansas and Indian Territory and Texas, south by Texas and Mexico, and west by California.

No doubt to men a good retreat,
Ever give them bread to eat,
While thy praises they repeat.
May thy towns and cities grow
Ever fast, and stand before
Xenia town, of great renown.
In thee is wealth, in thee is game,
Cattle wild and cattle tame,
One-half of which we can not name.

Fable.—The Crow and the Pitcher.

A CROW, ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a pitcher, which he beheld at some distance. When he came, he found water in it indeed, but so near the bottom, that, with all his stooping and straining he was not able to reach it. Then he endeavored to overturn the pitcher, that so at least he might be able to get a little of it; but his strength was not sufficient for this. At last, seeing some pebbles lie near the place, he cast them, one by one, into the pitcher; and thus, by degrees, raised the water up to the very brim, and satisfied his thirst.

MORAL.

Necessity is the mother of invention; and that which can not be accomplished by strength may be achieved by ingenuity.

Nebraska

Is the largest and most extensive division of the United States, being one-half larger than the State of Texas. It was organized by Congress in the year 1854. It includes the whole of the late Missouri Territory, besides a portion of the Indian Territory, and extends northward from latitude 40° to 49°, and westward from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains.

NEWLY settled,
Enriched with fountains,
Bounded by
Rough hills and mountains,
And some of them
So very high,
Kiss every cloud,
As passing by.

Fable.—The Angler and the Little Fish.

A MAN was angling in a river, and caught a small perch, which, as he was taking off the hook, and going to put it into his basket, opened its mouth, and began to implore his pity, begging that he would throw it into the river again. Upon the man's demanding what reason he had to expect such a favor? "Why," says the fish, "because at present I am but young and little, and consequently not so well worth your while, as I shall be if you take me some time hence, when I am grown larger." "That may be," replies the man; "but I am not one of those fools who quit a certainty in expectation of an uncertainty."

Lobe.

THE Rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The Rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.—SCOTT.

Part III.

Persons and Things.

Patrick Henry.

PRIOR to the first war he lived in our land,
And was foremost of all to take a bold stand
To oppose oppression; and the first that we see
Resolving from Britain to set us all free.
In our defense his speeches we hear;
Coming from one with vision so clear,
King George, as he read them, did tremble and fear.

He labored and struggled to set us all free,
Exclaiming, Give freedom or death unto me,
Naught else will serve my purpose, said he.
Resolving thus, in the sequel we read,
Young and old from fetters were freed.

Marquis de La Fayette,

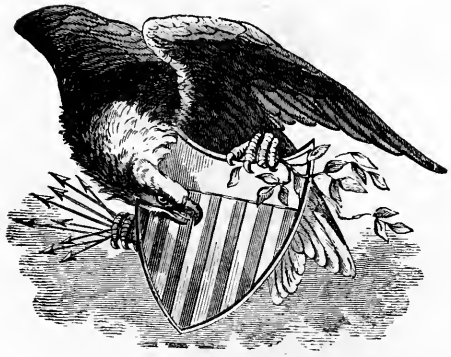
A MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE AMERICAN ARMY,

Is justly celebrated for leaving an immense estate, the best of friends, and, above all, a beloved wife, to fight the battles of a strange people in a far-off country. This generous act will render his name immortal. He was born in France, September, 1757, and died at Lagrange, in 1830, and now lies buried in France, near Paris, sleeping between his heroic wife and beloved daughter.

MY song and praise shall be of one
Among the greatest mortals, who,
Regarding us when struggling hard,
Quickly to our succor flew.
Undesigning in all he done,
Intrepid, wise, and generous man,
Soon for himself bright laurels won.
Disinterested here he came
Equipped with armor shining bright,
Leading forth his soldiers, who,
At his expense, came here to fight.
For us he fought, was wounded, too,
And for our cause did suffer pain;
Yet, soon as he recovered strength,
Enlisted in the war again.
The sun and moon will first grow dim,
The concave melt, the planets fall,
E'er men will cease to reverence him.

Moral Lesson.—Reason for Singularity.

A CELEBRATED old general used to dress in a fantastic manner, by way of making himself better known. It is true, people would say, "Who is that old fool?" But it is also true, that the answer was, "That is the famous General ———, who took such or such a place."



Winfield Scott.

BORN NEAR PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, ON THE 15TH OF JANUARY, 1786.

WHEN fighting for us no toil seemed mean,
In the flash of his eye his courage was seen,
Nations looked on him with awe and with fright,
Fearing to come in the range of his sight.
In youth and in age his virtues did shine,
Emboldened by them he walked in a line
Leading to victories, to peace, and content,
Defeating our foes wherever he went.

Suffice it to say, he never did yield;
Confronting our foes, he courage revealed;
Over thousands he trod, who refusing to fly
The dint of his sword, when the flash of his eye
Told them that death and destruction were nigh.

Honorable Henry Clay.

ON HIS DEATH.

HENCEFORTH we are of him bereft,
Of him who won a name
No other mortal man has left
On these low shores of fame.
Rising from youth to fame and night,
And with the wise and great,
Benign he labored, day and night,
Long grievance to abate,
Endeared to us and deep in thought,
He did his wit display,
Even those men his ruin sought
No harm of him could say.
Refuting every doctrine bad,
Yet craving not a name,
Calm, and in his right mind clad,
Leaped up to wealth and fame.
At Washington he passed away,
Yet his fame will ne'er decay.

Fable.—The Falconer and the Partridge.

A FALCONER having taken a partridge in his nets, the bird begged hard for a reprieve, and promised the man, if he would let him go, to decoy other partridges into his net. "No," replies the Falconer, "I was before determined not to spare you, but now you have condemned yourself by your own words; for he who is such a scoundrel as to offer to betray his friends to save himself, deserves, if possible, worse than death."

Honorable Daniel Webster.

ON HIS DEATH.

HIS race is run, his work is done,
Our statesman and our friend;
No more will we his features see,
Or to his speech attend.
Rich and poor his loss deplore,
And we that loved him well
Bewail the day he passed away,
Leaving us in tears to dwell.
Earth's fleeting breath was lost in death.
Descending to the tomb,
Around his grave bright laurels wave,
Ne'er may they cease to bloom.
In circles high death's arrows fly,
Each one bringeth sorrow;
Life's fleeting ray did pass away,
When death he hurled his arrow.
Equaled by few we ever, ever knew,
Brilliant the road he trod,
Serene in death, gave back his breath
To Christ, his mighty God.
Earth felt the blow when he sunk low;
Refulgent still his virtues glow.

John C. Calhoun.

ON HIS DEATH.

JUDICIOUS and wise, wherever he went,
On doing his duty he seemed to be bent;
He labored and struggled, yet never repined,
Nor thought of the joys for the faithful designed.
Concerning his greatness our Congress can tell,
Commenting on one who loved us so well,
And desired to see us grow mighty and strong,
Like hills and firm mountains, defying all wrong.
His singleness of heart, the loss of our choice
Our tongues can best tell, since we hear not his voice
Urging us all like soldiers to stand,
Nerved for the dangers which threaten our land.

Honored John S. Phelps.

HIGH-MINDED, noble man is he,
Observe his walk, ye brave and free;
Now view the man that seeks to do
Our country's will, and Maker's, too.
Repeat his fame and spread it o'er
Each distant land, while rich and poor
Declare his worth, and all agree
John is the man to rule the free;
Offend him not, ye sons of earth;
He speaks and we behold his worth.
Nor will we fear no galling chains
So long as he on earth remains.
Pond'rous are his words, and pure,
He feeds the rich, he feeds the poor;
Embracing all, in him we find
Learning, truth, and love combined,
Proclaiming worth, as on he goes,
Suppressing crimes, defying foes.

Christopher Columbus.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was a native of Genoa, and died at Valladolid, in the year 1506, being about seventy years old. But this great man was unjustly deprived of the honor of giving his name to this continent by AMERICUS VESPUCIUS, a native of Florence, who claimed the honor of being the first discoverer of the main land.

COMMISSIONED by the king of Spain,
He did a fleet of ships prepare;
Rejoicing, westward he set sail
In search of land he knew not where.
Some asserted he would find
The ocean deep, a boundless main;
Others, by sailing west it would
Prevent his coming back again.
Hopeful still he kept his course,
Ere long our glorious land he sees,
Rich, and covered o'er with trees.

Confirmed in what he thought was true,
Our lovely land he bids farewell;
Leaving this with joy he went
Unto his own the news to tell.
Men soon flocked here from every clime,
Both young and old, the rich and poor,
Until we see this happy land
Scattered now with cities o'er.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

ON HIS RETURN FROM ELBA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Bourbons had set a price upon
his head,
And though our hero knew it, of them he had no dread;
Perceiving everywhere, as on he did advance,
Old veterans all desired to make him king of France;
Like thunder peals from heaven, the people shout around,—
"Emperor live forever, and put the Bourbons down!"
On his cheeks they printed their kisses warm and true,
National Guards and volunteers all to his succor flew,
Because they looked upon him, and on their rightful king,
Owning him as worthy, did of his victories sing;
Not fearing but he was able to succor the distressed,
And lift the yoke of bondage from brothers sore oppressed.
Passing on and onward, our hero shortly stands
Among the streets of Paris, with victory in his hands;
Revived were all the people, and through the livelong night,
Ten thousand men were saying, and that with true delight,
"Emperor live forever, and put thy foes to flight!"

Moral Lesson.—Castillo.

A CURIOUS instance of the jealousy to which genius sometimes becomes a victim, is to be met with in the case of Castillo, a Spanish artist, distinguished by every amiable disposition, and the great painter of Seville. When some of Murillo's paintings were shown to him, (who seems to have been his nephew,) he stood in meek astonishment before them, and when he recovered his voice, turning away, he exclaimed with a sigh: "Castillo is no more!" Returning to his home, the stricken genius relinquished his pencil, and pined away in hopelessness.

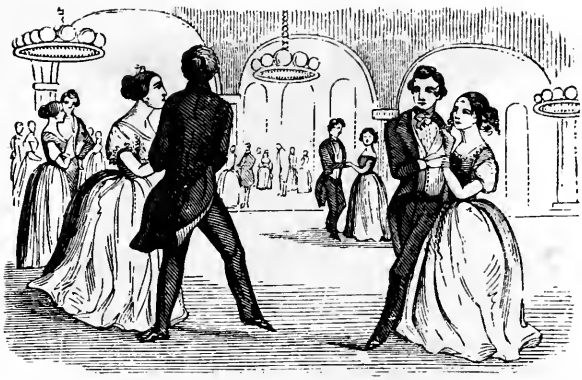
Honored Hugh A. Lawson,

Of Canton, Miss.

HERE loved while living, loved when dying,
Our tears now o'er him fall,
Never yet can we by weeping
Or by sighing, him recall.
Regretting much we give him up,
Evermore to love his name,
Deserving praise from rich and poor.
His worth to all we will proclaim,
Unfettered was his towering mind,
Grasping not at minor things,
He lived and died a virtuous man—
And now above the skies he sings.
His place on earth no one can fill,
Lost his friends and country, too,
And though he sleeps among the dead,
We love to speak of one so true;
So searching was his manly eye,
Of a truth it can be said
No truer man did ever die.

Moral Lesson.—Filial Regard.

A YOUTH lamenting the death of an affectionate parent, a friend endeavored to console him by saying he had always conducted himself toward the departed one with tenderness and respect. "So I thought," said the other, "while my parent was living; but now I remember, with shame and deep sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is now too late ever to make any atonement."

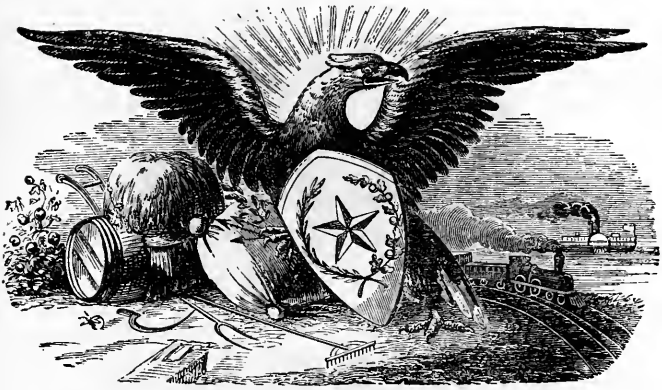


The Ladies of Jackson.

THE learned and the wise,
How we love and we prize
Each virtue composing their worth;
Like angels they shine,
All lovely, divine,
Dispelling all darkness from earth;
In the days of their youth
Embracing the truth,
Soothing the high and the low;
Observe what we say,
For a moment, we pray;
Just view them as onward they go,
Adorning each street,
Conversing so sweet,
Kin to the brave and the free;
Sublime are their ways;
On them when we gaze,
No fault nor error we see.

On the Ladies of Springfield, Mo.

PUTSHINING all the gems on earth,
No pen nor tongue can tell their worth;
They teach us, by example bright,
Heaven-born, religious light,
Enabling men to act upright.
Learned and skilled in everything,
And when I hear them sweetly sing,
Delight doth fill my heart;
I seem as in a trance to be,
Ethereal joys encompass me;
Soon time arrives, for home I start—
One lovelier than the rest I see,
From her I hate to part;
Still from her I'm forced to go,
Plodding all the country o'er,
Remembering that I am so poor
It is not wise to tarry;
Now could the lady read my heart,
Glance at it before I start,
From her I fain would never part;
I think she then would marry
Even one as poor as me.
Loveliest thing on land or sea,
Despise me not—farewell to thee.
My rhyme is done, I soar, I rise
On wings to meet thee in the skies.



Springfield, Mo.

SURPASSING in beauty, thy daughters are fair,
Prudent and worthy of praises they are;
Resplendent, industrious, in truth we can trace
In the eye of each lady, true worth and true grace.
No groggeries, no drunkards in thee can be found,
Gladness and joy thy limits surround;
From hour to hour, from morning till night,
In thee can we hear true songs of delight,
Enrapturing our hearts, endearing thy name;
Lead us then on to riches and fame,
Denouncing all crime till the exit of time.

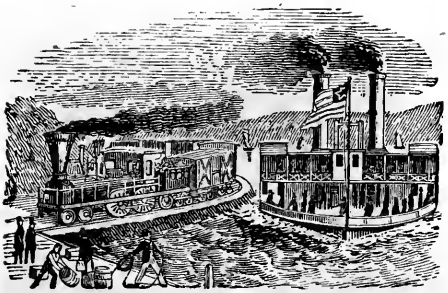
Moral Lesson.—Losing, but Liberal.

A WEALTHY merchant having lost by one shipment to the value of fifteen hundred pounds, ordered his clerks to distribute one hundred pounds among poor ministers and people; adding, that if his fortune was going by fifteen hundred pounds in a lump, it was high time to secure some part of it before it was gone.

The Ladies of Canton,

Mississippi.

TRULY kind,
Hence we find
Each of them
Like the moon
And stars at night,
Directing us
In the ways of right;
Each of them
Shining bright;
Offending none,
Firm and true,
Conversing free,
As ladies do;
Ne'er disposed
To act amiss,
Our good they seek,
No other bliss.



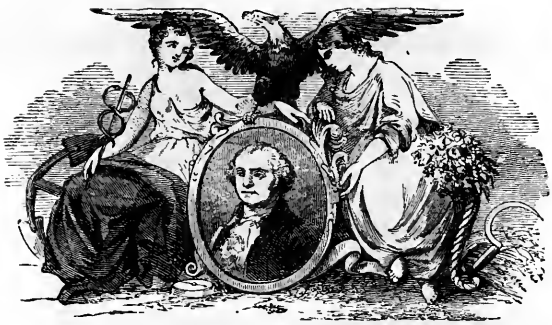
Memphis, Tennessee.

MOST wealthy men reside in thee,
Enlarging thee with houses bright,
More lovely than the stars we see
Peeping down on us at night.
How graceful do thy daughters walk,
In the house or on the street,
Smiling, wooing, one and all
Their praises to repeat;
Entrancing both the young and old,
Now see them how they shine,
Neat, and valued more than gold
Extracted from the mine.
Scintillations of the skies,
Sweet specimens of worth,
Extending their influence wide,
Even to the ends of earth.

Fayetteville,

Arkansas.

FILLED with men of the truest worth,
A place of wealth, a place of mirth,
Yielding up to nothing low,
Enterprising, onward grow;
Thy schools are good, thy teachers kind,
Thy daughters virtuous and refined,
Excelling all the girls that be
Venturing now to vie with thee;
Imparting light to every one,
Loveliest place beneath the sun,
Let thy boundaries wide extend,
Enlarging till the world shall end.



New Orleans.

NEVER fearing mortal foe,
Ever will I fastly grow,
While mighty waters by me flow.
Oppose me not, I love to see
Resplendent ladies, kind and free,
Leaving home to visit me;
Each on me their praise bestow,
And I feel I'm bound to grow,
Never fearing foes to face,
Soon distant towns I will embrace.

Moral Lesson.—Brotherly Love.

A LITTLE boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarreling," was the answer. "O, no, that can not be," replied the child, "they are brothers."

On Lancaster City, Pennsylvania.

ONWARD march, never lagging,
Never on thy riches bragging;
Let thy walls more wide extend,
And thy sons from harm defend;
Never let no foe invade thee,
Cast out those who would degrade thee;
And make thy sons and daughters be
Shining lights among the free.
Though Philadelphia is much longer,
Enriched with men, perhaps some stronger,
Regard it not, though thou art smaller.
Can she boast of houses taller?
Is she possessed of ladies fairer?
Truer? No, we can compare her,
Yea, and even prove that she
Possesses few so fair as thee;
Exquisite in their forms and features,
No city hath such lovely creatures,
Nor none possesses better preachers.
Some few on earth may be more wealthy,
Yet we know of none so healthy.
Laurels around thy walls are clinging,
Virtuous ladies, too, are singing,
And others working hard, while we
Now are speaking praising thee.
Indeed we love no place so well,
And yet thy worth we fail to tell.

Vazoo City,

Mississippi.

YOUNG girls of wealth
Adorneth thee,
Zealous hearted,
Of high degree,
Outshining those we daily see.
Containing, too,
Interesting men,
The kindest that ever
Yet raised a pen.

Moral Lesson.—A Soft Answer turneth away Wrath.

THE horse of a pious man in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse, put him in the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If I ever catch him in the road hereafter, I'll do just so again."

"Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my mowing-ground, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard: *I'll do it again!*" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

The Ladies at the Chalybeate Acid Spring.

THE richest and the neatest, the loveliest and the sweetest
Here we see;
Each possessing worth, full of life and mirth,
Laughing free;
And when we see them walk, or when we hear them talk,
Delighted are we.
I wish the world but knew how noble, wise, and true
Each seems to be,
Sent as from the skies, to make us truly wise,
And religious too;
To soothe their hearts with joy our pen we would employ,
Though our words be few;
Handsome girls are they, shining like a heavenly ray,
Ever true,
Claiming as a prize a home beyond the skies,
Hoping for bliss,
And bidding us to follow, though we are not worth one dollar;
Let us think of this.
Yon heaven, which they seek, was made for all the meek,
Beckoning us away;
Each one was made to bless poor beings in distress,
And, like a ray,
They cheer us all the while; and when on us they smile,
Enriched we seem;
And for each person here we have water good and clear,
Cooling to drink,
Increasing as it flows, a balm for earthly woes,
Do not let it sink.
So long as time shall glide, and men on earth abide,
Proclaim its worth;
Rushing from a hill, though it can not turn a mill,
It cures the sick;
No one should doubt our word, though they have not of it heard;
Gather round it quick.

Sun.

SOURCE of heat and source of light,
Upholding by thy strength and might
Numerous seas and planets bright.

Moon.

MOUNTED far above the sky,
Onward rolling, tell us why
Our eyes they can not see
No sweet and lovely stream on thee?

Stars.

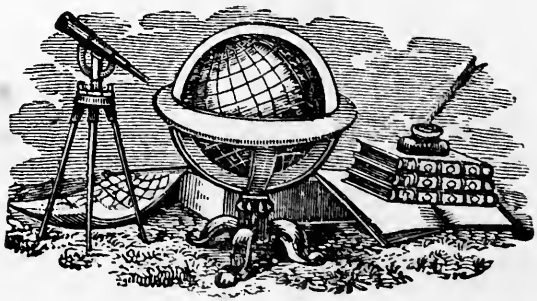
SEEN through no glass, to the naked eye
They look like gems set in the sky;
And yet they are but planets high,
Revolving round ten thousand suns,
Swift, yet smooth as water runs.

Comet.

COMPOSED of vapors shining bright,
Of wondrous size, yet harmless light,
Men view thee as a burning ball,
Expecting soon to see thee fall
To this low world and kill us all.

Light.

LUMINOUS, most useful, most lovely to scan,
It falls directly or obliquely on man,
Graceful in carriage, and pleasing to behold,
Highly prized, yea, precious as gold,
The thing we most need to cheer us when old.



William F. Stansbury,

Of Tchula, Miss.

WHEN men desire to buy fine goods,
In haste to him they go,
Loving to patronize the man,
Loved by the high and low.
In the country round his worth is felt,
And while we this proclaim,
Men and virtuous women, too,
Feel proud to speak his name.
Scarce beats a heart that does not love
The man we praises give,
And we can say, and truly say,
No better man doth live;
So good and kind to all around,
Bestowing favors, he
Unconscious wins himself a name
Resplendent bright. With true delight,
Ye rich and poor, his goodness see.

Moral Lesson.—Gustavus Vasa.

One day, when Gustavus was in the sixth year of his age, as he was running among bushes, his preceptor, to deter him, told him to beware of some large snakes which infested them. He unconcernedly answered, "Then give me a stick, and I will kill them." His courage was tempered with the most noble generosity. A peasant bringing him a small pony, the young prince said to him, "I will pay you immediately, for you must want money;" and pulling out a little purse of ducats, he emptied them into the peasant's hands. At twelve he spoke and wrote Latin, German, Dutch, French, and Italian with the same fluency and correctness as the Swedish, besides understanding the Polish and Russian.

Doctor L. A. Boswell,

Of Yazoo, Miss.

DISEASED I came, but go from thee
Once more from pain entirely free,
Changed in body and in mind;
Though I tried, I could not find
One thing to cheer till thou didst save,
Raised me up when near the grave.
Long as I live I will adore,
And tell thy worth from shore to shore,
Bidding all beneath the sky
On thy healing drugs rely;
Surely could the world but know
What wondrous good thou canst bestow,
Every invalid that be
Lingering, wishing to be free,
Lectures would receive from thee.

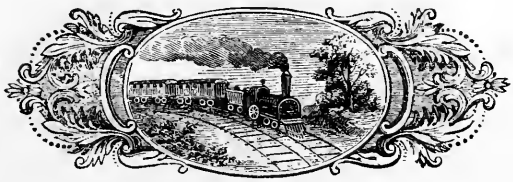
Moral Lesson.—The Horse's Petition.

In the days of John, king of Atri, an ancient city of Abruzzo, there was a bell put up, which any one that had received any injury went and rang, and the king assembled the wise men chosen for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened, that after the bell had been up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. Now there was a knight of Atri who had a noble charger, which was become unserviceable through age, so that to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the common. The horse, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, by which the bell was sounded. The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which appeared to demand justice. They decreed, that *the knight whom he had served in his youth should feed him in his old age;* a sentence which the king confirmed under a heavy penalty.

Doctor Isaac N. Cole,

Of Halifax County, Virginia.

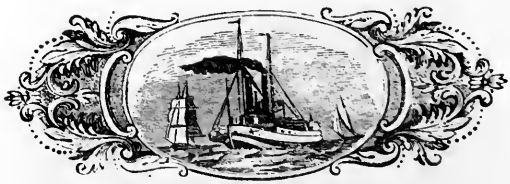
DIRECTED by wisdom,
Onward he hies,
Co-acting with men,
Those seeking a prize
Of glories now shining
Remote in the skies.
In all his acts
Such grandeur we see,
As beggars description;
A mortal more free
Can never be found,
Nor desired to be.
Concerning his wisdom
Of this we are sure,
Like a Christian he tries
Each person to cure.



Dr. T. C. Blackey,

Of Springfield, Mo.

DISTINGUISHED for his skill to save,
Our fellow-men, when near the grave,
Cross mighty streams his drugs to test,
They being the purest and the best;
Of vital strength, more prized than wealth,
Restores the sick to perfect health.
This is the man—the man for me—
Come old and young, come bond and free.
Behold the rich, behold the poor
Lingering round his office door,
And all desiring him to see,
Kindest man among the free;
Every one in him confides,
Yes, tell us where this man resides.



Doctor A. L. Cole,

Of Greensboro', North Carolina.

DOING good,
Onward go,
Curing the sick;
The high, and low,
On their friend
Rich praise bestow;
Justly acting,
Like a friend
Cheering us all
On whom you tend,
Loving God,
Each truth defend.

H. C. Barton,

Of Holly Springs.

HE is the man with sense to plan,
Confiding, too, as all agree,
Befriending those who on him call,
And making them contented be;
Regarded wise, for bliss he sighs;
The Greek and Latin he can speak,
One so true, and worthy, too,
No praise from us will ever seek.

Doctor W. A. Cheek,

Of Madison County, Miss.

DISCREET, industrious, good, and kind
Of pleasing manners, and refined,
Courteous, and of soothing voice,
To see him makes the sick rejoice;
O! that every man on earth
Resembled him in virtuous worth.
We reverence him, indeed we do,
And love to tell his merits, too;
Cheering all our friends around,
He is a man of sense profound,
Expert in every healing art,
Ever ready to impart
Kind aid to those of broken heart.

John M. West,

Of Lexington, Miss.

JUST and wise, thy name we prize,
Of all the men most kind and free;
Hating wrong, march along,
Never fearing foes that be.
Made to bless when in distress,
We have but once our wants to name.
Endearing sir,
Still persevere;
Thy worth to all we will proclaim.

Oliver A. Lucket,

Of Canton, Miss.

ON thy name I can write, with the truest delight,
Luminous thy virtues and free,
I never yet knew a man, though true,
Venturing to vie with thee;
Estimated for sense, in our country's defense,
Regarding the humble that be,
A scholar in truth, from the days of thy youth,
Lecturing the good and the wise;
Unerring and strong, defending from wrong,
Continue thy march to the skies;
Keep pleading the law, with power to awe,
Every lawyer which round us may be,
Their errors proclaim, and make them ashamed,
To think of vying with thee.

Moral Lesson.—Blowing the Bellows.

THE happiness to be derived from retirement from the bustle of the city, to the peaceful and rural scenes of the country, is more in idea than it often proves in reality. A tradesman in London, who had risen to wealth from the humble ranks of life, resolved to retire to the country, to enjoy, undisturbed, the rest of his life. For this purpose he purchased an estate and mansion in a sequestered corner in the country, and took possession of it. While the alterations and improvements which he directed to be made were going on, the noise of hammers, saws, chisels, etc., around him, kept him in good spirits. But when his improvements were finished, and his workmen discharged, the stillness everywhere disconcerted him, and he felt quite miserable. He was obliged to have recourse to a smith upon his estate for relief to his mind; and he actually engaged to blow the bellows a number of hours every day for relief to his mind. In a short time this ceased to afford the relief he desired; he returned to London, and acted as a gratuitous assistant to his own clerk, to whom he had given up his business.

S. A. Douglas,

Of Illinois.

SURPASSED by none beneath the sun,
At his face we love to gaze;
Dull care begone, from morn till morn.
One so wise we love to praise;
Untainted by, corruption's dye,
Generous man, possessing worth,
Let every state, his acts relate,
And spread his fame, and him proclaim
Superior to the sons of earth.

Fame.

I COURTED Fame but as a spur to brave
And honest deeds; and who despises Fame,
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.—MALLET.

John A. Reves,

Of Carrol County, Miss.

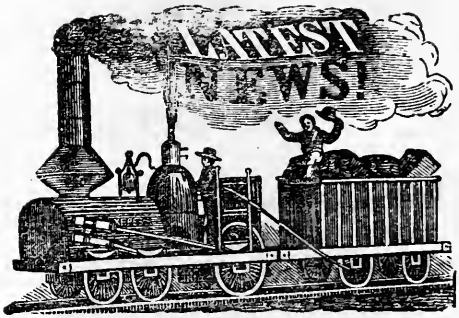
JUST and true, thy course pursue,
Offending none, from errors free,
Helping all who on thee call,
Now listen what we say to thee:
All love thee well who round thee dwell,
Regarding all thy actions true;
Extending light, each day and night,
Victorious on thy course pursue;
Encouraged by each motive high,
Still serve the Lord who rules the sky.

Moral Lesson.—The Brother and Sister.

A CERTAIN man had two children, a son and a daughter. The boy handsome enough, the girl not quite so comely. They were both very young; and happened one day to be playing near the looking-glass which stood in their mother's toilet; the boy, pleased with the novelty of the thing, viewed himself for some time, and in a wanton, roguish manner, observed to the girl how handsome he was. She resented the insult, and ran immediately to her father, and, with a great deal of aggravation, complained of her brother; particularly for having acted so effeminate a part as to look in a glass, and meddle with things which belonged to women only. The father, embracing them both, with much tenderness and affection, told them, that he should like to have them both look in the glass every day; "To the intent that you," says he to the boy, "if you think that face of yours handsome, may not disgrace and spoil it, by an ugly temper and a bad behavior; and that you," added he, addressing the girl, "may make up for the defects of your person by the sweetness of your manners and the excellence of your understanding."

MORAL.

A well-informed mind is better than a handsome person.



Cars.

CLATTER, clatter, here they come,
A wondrous source of power,
Running at a rapid rate,
Some thirty miles per hour.

Fable.—The Horse and the Loaded Ass.

An idle horse, and an ass laboring under a heavy burden, were traveling the road together; they both belonged to a country fellow, who trudged it on foot by them. The ass, ready to faint under his heavy load, entreated the horse to assist him, and lighten his burden, by taking some of it upon his back. The horse was ill-natured, and refused to do it; upon which the poor ass tumbled down in the midst of the highway, and expired in an instant. The countryman ungirt h' pack-saddle, and tried several ways to relieve him, but all to no purpose; whic when he perceived, he took the whole burden and laid it upon the horse, together with the skin of the dead ass; so that the horse, by his moroseness in refusing to do a small kindness, justly brought upon himself a great inconvenience.

John F. Bosworth,

Of Canton, Miss.

JUDICIOUS man, with sense to plan,
On his name we this compose;
He stands erect, and will protect
North and South, despite of foes.
Fearing none beneath the sun,
Being a lamp our feet to guide,
Our friend in need, for us doth plead,
Saying this Union must abide.
While he is near, our hearts to cheer,
Our country has no cause to fear
Rebellious foes that be;
The truth is known, as can be shown,
He loves, and will protect the free.

Fable.—The Wind, the Sun, and the Traveler.

A DISPUTE once arose between the north wind and the sun, about the superiority of their power; and they agreed to try their strength upon a traveler, which should be able to get his cloak off first.

The north wind began, and blew a very cold blast, accompanied with a sharp, driving shower. But this, and whatever else he could do, instead of making the man quit his cloak, obliged him to gird it about his body as close as possible. Next came the sun; who, breaking out from a thick, watery cloud, drove away the cold vapors from the sky, and darted his sultry beams upon the head of the poor weather-beaten traveler. The man, growing faint with the heat, and unable to endure it any longer, first throws off his heavy cloak, and then flies, for protection, to the shade of a neighboring grove.

MORAL.

Soft and gentle means will often accomplish what force and fury can never effect

John Bell.

Born near Nashville, Tennessee, 1796, and entered public life during the Federal Administration of John Quincy Adams, and in 1860 was run by the American Party as a candidate for the Presidency.

JUSTLY the pride of Tennessee,
Of patriots none more true than thee.
How pure thy life, how fair thy name,
Not Envy's self will dare defame.
Bear still her banner in the fight,
E'er be the champion of the right.
Let not defeat thy soul oppress,
Let future victory crown thy race.

Edward Everett.

EXPERIENCED, noble, wise, and true,
Devoted to our country, too;
We view him as a heavenly ray,
A learned man, with errors none,
Renowned for sense, and like the sun
Driving gloom away.
Engraven on his brow, behold
Vivid features bright and bold,
Excelling all was ever told;
Regarded by both friends and foes,
Evil-minded men he hates;
To enforce the laws and the union of states,
'Tis for this he goes.

Owen Van Varfer.

ON the tenth of November we embarked on the sea,
With others exposed to the dangers that be;
Exciting, alarming, a storm did arise,
No pen can describe it, it darkened the skies;
Vainly did we our condition deplore,
All was in danger; the rich and the poor
Now prayed to the captain to take us ashore.
Villainous man, on our ruin was bent;
At last to us a pilot was sent;
Changing our course, to the shore we returned.
This man was our friend, the wise, and the learned;
Ever thankful for favors, we gave him our hand,
Resolving near him in the future to stand.

Rev. A. D. Barlow,

Preacher, Canton, Miss.

RESPECTED sir, still persevere,
Enriched with grace, ever faithful be,
Victorious rise and seek the skies,
And bid all men to follow thee.
Disclosing worth to all the earth,
Bear the cross, be firm and true;
As one most kind, in thee we find
Real worth, and grandeur, too;
Lauded by the great and high,
On our word, we pray, rely,
We hope to meet thee in the sky.

Moral Lesson.—Edward Colston, the Bristol Merchant.

EDWARD COLSTON, at the age of forty years, became a very eminent East India merchant, prior to the incorporation of the East India Company, and had forty sail of ships of his own, with immense riches flowing in upon him. He still remained uniform in his charitable disposition, distributing many thousand pounds to various charities in and about London, besides private gifts in many parts of the kingdom. In the year 1708, he instituted a very magnificent school in St. Augustin's Back, in Bristol, which cost him £11,000 in the building, and endowed it with between £1,700 and £1,800 forever. He likewise gave £10 for apprenticing every boy, and for twelve years after his death, £10 to help them begin business. His private charities far exceeded his public benefactions. One of his ships trading to the East Indies had been missing three years, and had been given up for lost. At length she arrived with a rich cargo. When his principal clerk brought him the report of her arrival, and of the riches on board, he said, as she had been given up for lost, he would by no means lay any claim to her. He accordingly ordered the ship and the merchandise to be sold, and the proceeds to be applied to the relief of the needy; an order which was immediately put in execution.

Thomas Barton,

Of Madison County, Miss.

THE Bible, thy study and delight,
Hath robed thy brow with laurels bright,
Outshining all the orbs of night;
Making men to speak of thee,
As one from grosser errors free,
Surpassed by none on land or sea.
Honored sir, we love to write
About a man whose virtues bright
Repels all darkness from our sight
Thou art good, and thou art wise;
One man more free from all disguise, has
Never yet lived beneath the skies.

Moral Lesson.—Rev. Richard Cecil.

WHEN Rev. Richard Cecil was but a little boy, his father had occasion to go to the India House, and took his son with him. While he was transacting business, the little fellow was dismissed, and told to wait for his father at one of the doors. His father, on finishing his business, went out at another door, and entirely forgot his son. In the evening, his mother, missing the child, inquired where he was; on which his father, suddenly recollecting that he had directed him to wait at a certain door, said, "You may depend upon it, he is still waiting where I appointed him." He immediately returned to the India House, and found his dear boy in the very spot where he had ordered him to remain. He knew that his father expected him to wait, and he would not disappoint him by disobeying his orders.

Love.

LOVE goes toward Love, as schoolboys from their books;
But Love from Love, toward school with heavy looks.—SHAKSPEARE.

Almighty God.

ARMED with virtue and with might,
Leave me not by day nor night;
My only hope, my only plea,
Is that Jesus died for me.
Gracious Father—heavenly King,
Hear me while thy praise I sing;
Though so sinful, though so vile,
Yet in mercy on me smile.
Give me grace from day to day;
On thee I trust, and when I pray
Disperse my gloomy doubts away.

My Mother, Elizabeth L. Blackwell.

MY mother, and shall I no more see
Your eyes of blue, so dear to me?
My mother's voice no more I hear
On this earth of sin and care.
Thou art gone to Christ thy God,
He who bought thee with his blood,
Enabled thee to run thy race;
Raised thee now to see his face;
Exalted thee to hear his voice;
Lifted thee, where saints rejoice,
In holy songs of perfect love.
Zion and her walls above,
And all the beauties of the skies,
Before thee now in grandeur lies.
Expansive view of love divine
Thine to view; forever thine
Happiness without one sigh,
Precious fruits forever nigh—
Beheld by thee, by thee enjoyed,
Lasting, ne'er to be destroyed;
All thy cares and troubles o'er,
Christ thy praise for evermore.
King and Priest, be Him my stay
While here I dwell in flesh and clay;
Ever knowing death is nigh,
Let me but live, let me but die
Like thee, and meet thee in the sky.

On my Wife, Mary T. Blackwell.

OBSERVANT of truth, pure, lovely, and bright,
No gold can compare with my own heart's-delight;
Made for to cherish, to love, and entwine
Your tender affections around those of mine.
We have, 'tis true, no riches nor land,
Industrious, yet our bread we 'll demand;
For working and delving through cold and through blast,
Even indifference will aid us at last.
My wife, I fain would cross the deep sea,
And quickly return with riches to thee,
Rubies and diamonds, and pearls from the main,
Your head for to crown,—but my wishes are vain.
Thine eyes are stars which gladden the heart,
Bidding all gloom and sorrows depart;
Laughing, and blushing, thy smiles they are balm,
And hover around my passions to calm;
Consuming their dross, and making me be
Kindly disposed, and especially to thee,
With whom I hope to spend a long life,
Exultingly, too, caressing my wife;
Laughing at want, and defying all pain,
Living in hopes of living again.

Mary T. Blackwell.

MID pains and convulsions thy soul passed away,
And rose, as I trust, to the realms of bright day,
Reviving the thought, while thy death I record,
Your soul is now happy, and praising the Lord.
To win me to Jesus, thou seemedst to be sent,
But strange to relate, I refused to repent,
Loving those pleasures which last but a day,
All thy fond pleadings I threw them away,
Crushing thy hopes and giving thee pain,
Knowing that all thy efforts were vain.
While kindness and love yet beamed in thine eyes,
Earth was exchanged for a home in the skies;
Leaving me here, without friends, without home,
Loaded with sorrows, 'mid strangers I roam.

But could tears of anguish wake thee
From the dark and lonely grave,
In my arms I soon would take thee,
And bless the Lord who died to save.

But in that grave in which thou sleepeth,
No sun on thee will ever rise,
And though thy husband o'er thee weepeth,
Never canst thou hear his cries.

Deaf to all that now would greet thee,
Cold thy brow and still thy heart,
Yet in heaven I hope to meet thee,
Nevermore from thee to part.

Elizabeth Dean

EVER virtuous,
Lovely, too,
In religion foremost;
Zealous and true,
Alluring to good,
Bold to defend,
Ever kind;
True to the end
Her spirit lives,
Defying death,
Ever bright
Among the saints
Now in light.

Grief.

LIKE the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish.—SHAKSPEARE.

Death.

DREADFUL monster—ruthless foe,
Ever traveling to and fro,
And causing tears of grief to flow;
The good, the loved, and those that be
Hale and strong, must yield to thee.

Fable.—The Bees, the Drones, and the Wasp.

A PARCEL of drones got into a hive among the bees, and disputed the title with them, swearing that the honey and the combs were their goods. The bees were obliged to go to law with them, and the wasp happened to be the judge of the cause; one who was well acquainted with the nature of each, and therefore the better qualified to decide the controversy between them. "Accordingly, gentlemen," says he, (speaking to both plaintiff and defendant,) "the usual method of proceeding in these courts is pretty chargeable, and slow withal; therefore, as you are both my friends, and I wish you well, I desire you would refer the matter to me, and I will decide between you instantly." They were both pleased with the offer, and returned him thanks. "Why, then," says he, "that it may appear who is the just proprietor of these honey-combs, (for being both so nearly alike as you are in color, I must needs own the point is somewhat dubious,) do you," addressing himself to the bees, "take one hive; you," speaking to the drones, "another; and go to making honey as fast as you can, that we may know, by the taste and color of it, who has the best title to the dispute." The bees readily accepted the proposal, but the drones would not stand to it. And so Judge Wasp, without any further ceremony, declared in favor of the former.

THE APPLICATION.

Nothing is so sure a sign of a man's being, or, at least, thinking himself in the wrong, as his refusing to come to a reference. And how happy would it be for the public if our judges nowadays were empowered to dispatch causes in that easy expedite way which the wasp in the fable made use of. But as it is, the impudent, idle, good-for-nothing drones of the nation many times possess those favors and benefits which should be the reward of men of parts and industry.

Sarah Gregory Petty Pool,

Of Nashville.

SO full of light, her virtues bright
Attract where'er she goes;
Religious zeal, too, makes her feel,
And pray for wicked foes.
How calm her brow, behold it now
Glittering like a ray,
Reverential, with grace essential,
Embarked for realms of day;
Good to all, both great and small,
Our people love her well,
Respecting her whose name is dear,
Yet fail her worth to tell.
Pressing on at even and morn,
Enraptured with delight,
Truly kind, the sick and blind
They praise her day and night.
Ye young and old, her worth behold,
Perceive her as she walks,
Of heaven she sings,
Of heaven she talks,
Leaning on the King of kings.

Adaline Trotter.

Of North Carolina.

As sure as God rules in the sky,
Dear lady, we are born to die,
And it requires every breath,
Long as we live, to fix for death.
If that be so, no time to play,
No time to lose; so let us pray
Every hour in the day.
Thus acting, we will act aright;
Receiving grace both day and night,
Our path will shine forever bright.
'Tis sweet to think, though born to die,
There is a home beyond the sky,
Eternal joys that ne'er decay,
Reserved for those who watch and pray.

Mister Hume.

MOMENTS fast are gliding by us;
In procession on they hie,
Speechless, yet proclaiming loudly
That we are mortal, and must die;
Ere another day has fled,
Remember, sir, we may be dead.
How short our life, at longest, here;
Upon this subject let us think,
Make efforts for to win the skies,
Ere to endless pain we sink.

William V. Moon,

A BOY ABOUT NINE YEARS OLD.

WHILE now
In youth,
Love God,
Love truth;
In strength
All glorious,
March on
Victorious.
May the God
Of the free,
Overruling,
Nourish thee.

S. R. Childs,

Of Canton, Miss.

SWEET music round this place is ringing,
Ringing softly, stop and hear;
Childs has come, just hear him singing,
He was made our hearts to cheer;
It is a piano he's playing—
Let us go and near him stand,
Detain us not, for we must buy it,
Since he keeps the best on hand.

Mary.

MAY Heaven inspire me now with rhyme,
A power to write some pleasing line,
Rich in love, and rich in grace,
Your beauty and many charms to trace.

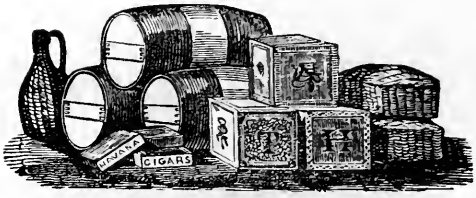
William A. Parrott,

Of Baltimore.

WE love thy manly words to hear;
In accents soft, in accents clear,
Like balm they fall upon our ear,
Leading us to persevere;
Interesting, good, and wise,
A man quite free from all disguise,
Men and virtuous women prize,
And will while stars beam in the skies.
Proudly then thy course pursue,
A conscious man with much to do,
Riches bright, and honors, too,
Reward thee for thy conduct true;
Onward, faithful day and night,
Through heat and cold, still speed thy flight
To bliss above, and realms of light.

Martha.

MAKE not light at what I write,
Although unknown to thee;
Resplendent miss, I wish thee bliss
Through all eternity.
How good thou art, and pure in heart,
And willing favors to impart.

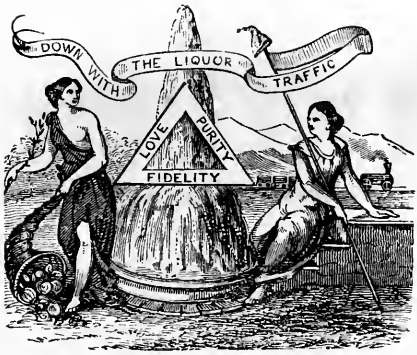


Rum.

RED fire of hell—uncooling drink,
Unpitying foe, now stop and think,
Make men no more to ruin sink.

Brandy.

BLASTING hopes of man and wife,
Real source of grief and strife,
A curse on land, a curse on sea,
No man of sense will drink of thee;
Drying all the vitals up,
Yet fools this poison daily sup.



Whisky.

WHILE men of sense still drink of thee,
How can we hope much good to see;
It seems, indeed, most strange to me
Such men should boast as being free;
Kept in chains, in fetters bound,
Yet simple people pour thee down.

Revelries.

(ADDRESS TO RUM, BRANDY, AND WHISKY.)

RIVERS of blood you cause to flow,
Enslaving men where'er you go;
Vain are the tears of babes or wife;
Endless cares you bring, and strife;
Love and hope you banish quite.
Remorseless foes, how great your might!
In the strength of One more strong
Even than the powers of wrong,
Should we learn your sight to spurn.

William C. Price,

Of Springfield, Mo.

WHAT intellectual light do we behold
In those bright eyes of thine so bold!
Lightnings flash, while words of worth
Leap from thy lips, proclaim their birth,
Infusing light, producing awe,
And while they sting they sweetly draw;
Making men respect the law.
Continue then thy bright career,
Pleading law, with none to fear;
Repelling gloom, and with delight
Inducing men to act upright;
Craving nothing here below,
Except thy country's will to know.

Edward.

ENTREATING the aid of the good and the wise,
Direct thy prayers to the King of the skies,
With a faith unwavering and true;
Alarming thy state, for mercy now cry,
Repenting of sin, on Jesus rely,
Determined henceforth thy duty to do.

Frank M. Smith,

Of Holly Springs, Miss.

FORMED to bless,
Receiving light,
Acquainted with
New subjects bright;
Keep thy heart
Meditating right.
Sustaining truth,
More prized than gold,
I love thy name;
Thy worth to tell
Has made me bold.

Mary T. S.,

Of Tennessee.

MEEK, modest, and kind,
And in language refined,
Respected by all and especially me,
Yet who could proclaim
To the world all thy charms,
Should they live while ages shall flee.

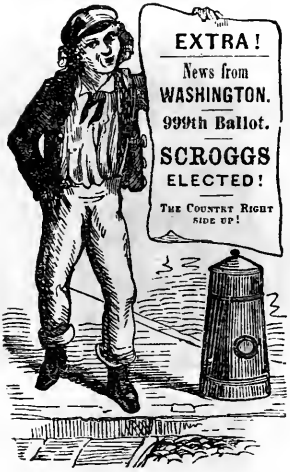
Marriage.

MOST solemn sight, to them delight,
As their hands they willing join;
Roll on, ye years, be free from cares,
Rich flowers round their pathway twine.
It has been said that those who wed
Are the ones most free from strife,
Glad tidings to the high and low,
Each man should get a lovely wife.

Moral Lesson.—How to Win.

A MAN who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught *me* never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this I was allowed to play; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity."

Let every one who reads this, go and do likewise, and he will meet a similar reward.



The Atlantic Cable.

(Composed on its refusing to Operate.)

THERE are some that of thy future doubt;
Hast thou one word? Now speak it out,
Ere thy name be lost to fame.
Already certain men are saying
Thy vital chords they are decaying;
Lion of the sea, awake,
And make those babblers fear and quake;
Now, now, we beseech, if thou art able
To prove thyself a talking cable,
Interchange one word or so,
Concerning of thy present woe;
Cleave each rock beneath the sea,
And prove thyself indeed to be
Beneficial to the free;
Like a king, from slumber wake,
Exulting, and thy scepter take.

Malissa Thompson,

Of Carroll County, Miss.

MADE up of charms
All sweet to view,
Learned, and skilled
In music, too;
Surpassed by none, I never knew
So much worth
As seen in you.
Thy words they flow
Harmonious, free;
One look of thine
Makes friends for thee;
Proficient one,
So full of glee,
O do, for once,
Now think of me.

Roberta A. P. Pool,

Of Nashville, Tenn.

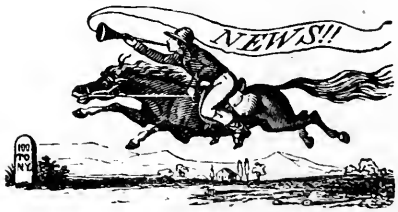
RESPLENDENT one,
Obscured by none,
Be on thy guard on land or wave,
Each good pursue,
Remember, too,
Thou hast on earth
A soul to save.
At God's right hand,
Prepare to stand,
Purged from all that sinful be;
Outshining pearls,
Our neighbors' girls
Long once more thy face to see.

John.

JESUS CHRIST, the truth, the way,
On Him trust from day to day;
Harmless, blameless, strive to be,
Nor fear to own He died for thee.

Sarah S. Statham.

SHE is so kind,
Attractive, too,
Revealing worth
Among the few,
Her virtues shine
Supremely true.
She loves to feed
The brave and free,
And all the poor
That round her be;
Hence her fame
All should proclaim,
Make it spread from sea to sea.



News.

NEVER falter, never tire,
Ever faithful horse to me,
We are traveling, traveling fastly,
Soon in sight of home to be.

Sarah P. Moon,

Of Madison County, Miss.

SO lovely and sweet, with virtues complete,
And a mind unclouded and pure,
Regard what I write,
Although 'tis night,
Had I wings I'd fly to thy door.
Proud to tell, I love thee so well,
My affections are flowing to thee.
One word more I pray—
Observe what I say,
Next week be looking for me.

Virtue.

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.—YOUNG.

Ann Howard,

Of Conway Co., Ark.

ACCOMPLISHED one, most kind and free,
No one on land, no one on sea
Need ever hope to vie with thee.
How it thrills my heart to write
On one so lovely and so bright;
With a form so good and fine,
And virtues which do sweetly shine
Resplendent as a heavenly ray
Descending from the orb of day.

Sympathy.

NATURE has cast me in so soft a mold,
That but to hear a story feigned for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood.—DRYDEN.

Fannie Tetlore,

Of Carroll Co., Miss.

FAMED for sense
And ways endearing,
Never scolding,
Never erring;
Impressed with right,
Each good preferring.
Lauding worth,
Education, too,
Freely we speak,
Loving to view
One so good,
Respected by
Each mortal true.

Mary Smith.

Written by request of John Flowers, of Choctaw Co., Miss.

MY sister dear, you need not fear
A Savior's love to tell;
Rejoice to know, his blood did flow
Your soul to save from hell.
Seeking light each day and night,
Marching on, with saints to be,
In songs of praise,
Through all thy days,
Honor Him who died for thee.

L. E. McCroskey,

Of Holly Springs, Miss.

LET every one
Endeavor to be
More like our friend;
Confiding is he,
Cheerful, and worthy
Rich praises from me.
Offending no one—
Seeking a bride,
Keeping his eye
Elevated and high,
Yet free from all pride.

Nancy Reves,

Of Carroll County, Miss.

NEATER by far, than a precious gold ring,
And once on a time, hearing her sing,
Nightingales came, her presence to greet;
Conscious that they, her music could beat,
Yet failing in this, did quickly retreat,
Resolving no more, in the land to be heard.
Excelled at last, by a mortal endeared,
Visions of glory, all vanished away;
Each fearing to speak, did secretly say
She sang more sweet, than an angel to-day.

Mistress Martha Prince,

Of Sunflower County, Miss.

MOST lovely one,
I know of none
So learned as thee beneath the sun;
Thine eyes are bright,
Reflecting light,
Enrapturing me with true delight;
So do not scorn, at me forlorn,
Since on thy name I love to write.
Made to cheer,
And wipe each tear
Rolling down from eyes most dear;
The humble poor,
Haste to thy door,
And feed upon thy bounteous store.
Pleased with worth,
Relieving dearth,
In the highest circles on the earth,
Nymphs we see
Conversing free,
Endeavoring hard to vie with thee.

Fanny Smith,

Of Springfield, Mo.

FAIREST one, in thee we find,
A virtuous, pure, contented mind;
Not only learned, not only wise;
No man of sense can fail to prize
Your captivating, lovely eyes.
Shedding light on all that be,
Making men to reverence thee;
In vain they bow, in vain they chat,
They tell thee this, they tell thee that,
Hear them not, but marry me.

Praise.

THE love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart;
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it but to make it sure.—YOUNG.

Colin J. Tilly,

Of North Carolina.

CONDESCENDING to teach poor children that be,
Our thanks we return, and say unto thee—
Let the ignorance of youth induce thee to stay
In our midst, till all darkness shall vanish away.
Noble-hearted young man, thy name we adore,
Just plaudits deserving from the rich and the poor;
Let the ignorance of youth induce thee to stay
In our midst till all darkness shall vanish away.
Lauded by those who knew thee the best,
Loved in the east and loved in the west,
You should not leave us when plunged in distress.

Patriotism.

HAD I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.—SHAKSPEARE.

Jesus.

JESUS, blessed Lamb of God,
Ever may I trust thy blood
So long as on this earth I be;
Uphold me now, to thy cross I bow,
Save me by thy mercy free.

Religion.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not,
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be
Thy God's, and Truth's; then, when thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.—Shakspeare.

Sarah E. Flowers,

Of Choctaw County, Miss.

SWEETEST lady, watch and pray,
As walking up the shining way,
Relying on thy Savior Lord;
And remember after death,
He will in heaven thee reward.
Every one should faithful be,
For Christ who died upon the tree,
Left his Word, in which we read
Of his grace we stand in need;
We are weak, but he is strong,
Ever faithful march along,
Recording mercies, gladly sing—
Savior, to thy cross I cling.

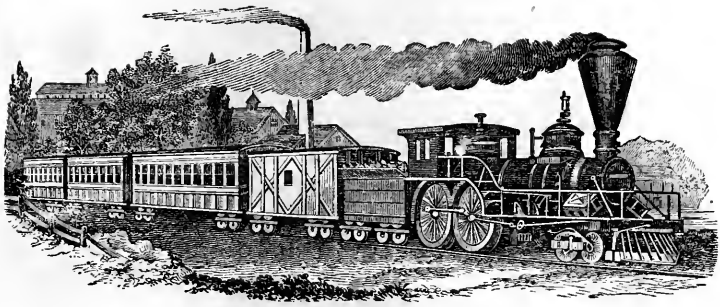
Isaac Shellie.

IT matters not though poor I be,
Scorn me not, nor look at me
As one who would thy smiles implore;
All low down words I do despise,
Coming from the rich or poor.
Shall a man, though poor, be forced to bow
His head to one, though wealthy, now
Exaggerates and lies;
Let my views be known to all,
Let me stand or let me fall,
I do all whisky bloats despise,
Existing now beneath the skies.

William Bell,

Of Virginia.

WITH firmness and with holy fear,
In the work of Christ engage,
Let nothing ever thee deter,
Loud although the tempest rage;
In deep retirement God is nigh,
And in the gloom of night,
Man may on his grace rely,
Benignity, truth, and might.
Ever then adore his name,
Let sinners scoff, the world defame,
Let heaven be thy only aim.

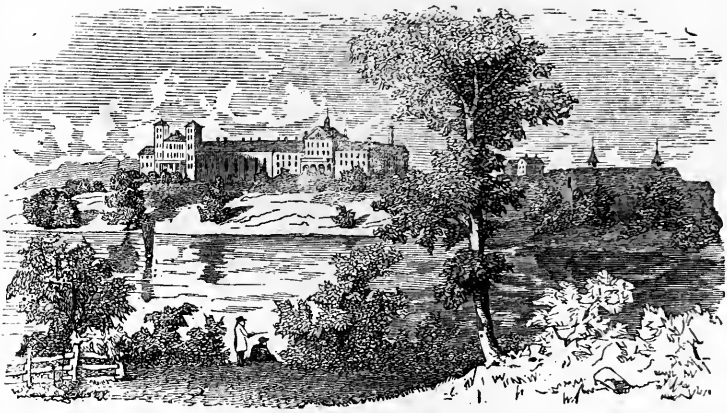


Atlanta.

A BUSINESS place, healthy, and neat,
The point where four great railroads meet,
Laurelled with cars a good supply;
All the time those cars are rolling,
Never tiring, how consoling,
They bring us things for which we sigh,
And things we need, as none deny.

Love.

O SPIRIT of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high-fantastical.—SHAKSPEARE.



Murfreesboro'.

MEN and ladies may talk of fine-looking faces,
Unerring sweet forms, adorned with bright graces,
Rich towns, lovely cities, but show one to me
For health and for beauty comparing with thee.
Rearing dear children, both sisters and brothers,
Ever obeying their fathers and mothers,
Each under the care of Southern good teachers,
Some wish to be lawyers, some to be preachers;
Befriending and wise, they are building a name
Of lasting material, more precious than fame;
Receiving instruction, at your college in sight,
One hundred students are seeking for light.

The Thirty-Fifth Parallel.

(A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED AT FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.)

'TIS once more here, our hearts to cheer,
Haste, subscribe and read it,
Each word and line our hearts incline
The truth always to heed it.
Hale and strong, it floats along,
Imparting peace and light,
Read it then, ye mighty men,
'T will lead to fame and might;
Ye young and old, come now behold!
For here is something worth your gold;
It comes to cheer, and wipe each tear,
For this we ought to prize it;
The rich and poor should read it o'er,
Here it is, revise it.
Proud are we, once more to see
A paper free from blunders;
Regard it then, ye mighty men,
And heed it when it thunders;
Like a light, 'tis shining bright,
Leading us to read it;
Even though we may be poor,
Light and truth we need it.

Sarah Ann Titsworth,

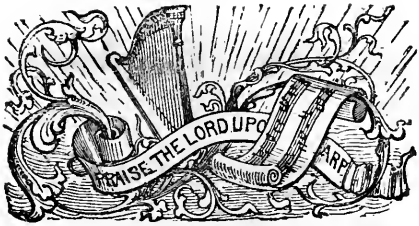
Of Washington County, Ark.

(COMPOSED ON HER LOSING HER MOTHER AND ONLY DAUGHTER.)

SWEET sister, cease to fret and pine
About departed friends of thine;
Remember now they brightly shine,
And sing of their Redeemer's love,
High in the realms of bliss above.
All their tears have ceased to flow,
No parting there, no death, no woe,
Nor chilling winds in heaven blow.
The Word of Life to them was sweet,
It led them to the Savior's feet;
They lived in peace and love with all,
So long as on this earthly ball;
We little thought their end was nigh;
Of death they speak, and without a sigh
Rejoiced that they were born to die;
They loved the Lord, and loved the day
He called them from the earth away.

Hope.

TRUE hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.—SHAKSPEARE.



Amelia A. Flowers,

Of Choctaw County, Miss.

AMBITIOUS be, from sin to flee,
Motives high now prompting thee,
Escape the pit of endless woe;
Look not behind, but strive to find
In every place the sick and blind,
And bid them to the Savior go.
A safe retreat, low at his feet,
Fear not his praises to repeat;
Let the world say what it may,
Only try with saints to vie,
When lightning's flash and rend the sky;
Embrace the Lord without delay,
Relying upon God's only Son,
Show forth his love each day.

Beauty.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy, when they love.—ROWE.

Leverett M. Snell,

Of Nashville, Tenn.

LIBERAL and cheerful,
Ever plying his pen,
Valued by all,
Especially good men
Respect him for worth,
Ever proud that he—
The truest of mortals—
Their friend should be.
Most wise, most noble,
Still learning each day,
Neglecting no duty,
Ever watch him, we pray;
Lover of learning
Leading the way.

Moral Lesson.—The Slanderer's Fall.

ONE of the favorites of Artaxerxes, ambitious of getting a place possessed by one of the king's best officers, endeavored to make the king suspect that officer's fidelity; and to that end, sent information to court full of calumnies against him, persuading himself that the king, from the great credit he had with his majesty, would believe the thing upon his bare word, without further examination. Such is the general character of calumniators. The officer was imprisoned; but he desired of the king before he was condemned, that his cause might be heard, and his accusers ordered to produce their evidence against him. The king did so; and as there was no proof of his guilt but the letters which his enemy had written against him, he was cleared, and his innocence fully confirmed by the three commissioners who sat upon his trial. All the king's indignation fell upon the perfidious accuser, who had thus attempted to abuse the confidence and favor of his royal master.

Emma Thomas,

Of Sunflower, Miss.

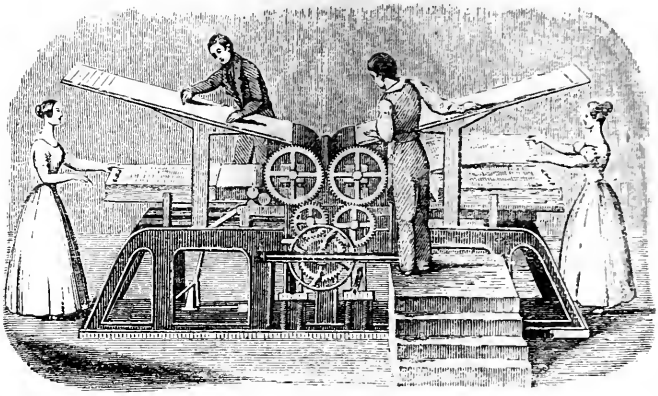
EQUALED by none of any station,
Made up of virtues shining bright,
Men of sense, of education,
Acknowledge thee a shining light.
Thou art the idol of the day,
Honored by the young and old,
One more rich, and one more gay,
My eyes did never yet behold;
And yet to think that we must part,
Sends pain and anguish to my heart.

Moral Lesson.—How to Avoid Calumny.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," says Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and, if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee."

When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," said he; "then I must learn to sing better."

Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he; "I will so live that none shall believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, "I am sure he would not do it," said he, "if he had not some reason for it."



The Steam Press.

THIS press so fine, like diamonds shines,
Hard money that will buy it;
Each printer wise, beneath the skies,
Should send for it and try it;
'Tis making dimes, more prized than rhymes,
Earth with its fame is ringing;
And people, too, rejoice to view
Meek ladies round it singing.
Propelled by steam,
Read of it—dream—
Ever keep it greasy;
See how it whirls, while boys and girls
Stand working here so easy.

Tea.

THOUGH tea, you know, caused blood to flow,
Extol it still, I trust you will,
And buy of me, and let me go.

Moral Lesson.—Advantage of Abstinence.

A BLACKSMITH in the city of Philadelphia was complaining to his iron merchant, that such was the scarcity of money that he could not pay his rent. The merchant then asked him how much rum he used in his family in the course of a day. Upon answering this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his drinking cost more money in a year than his house-rent. The calculation so astonished the mechanic, that he determined from that day to buy and drink no spirits of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year, he paid his rent, and bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in it through the rest of his life, and attained a position of competence and respectability.

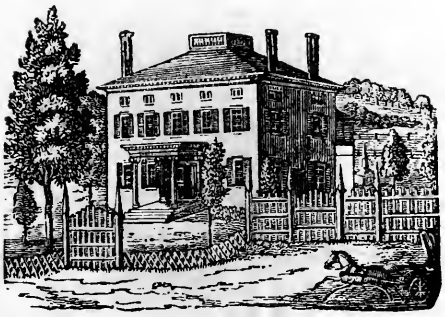
Ruth,

The Moabitess.

READ her life, ye rich and poor,
Unbounded praises to her give,
Though she died in days of yore,
Her virtuous name will ever live.

Moral Lesson.—How to be Loved.

One evening a gentleman related, in the presence of his little girl, an anecdote of a still younger child of Dr. Doddridge, which pleased her exceedingly. When the doctor asked his daughter, then about six years old, what made everybody love her, she replied: "I don't know, indeed, papa, unless it is because I love everybody." This reply struck Susan forcibly. "If that is all that is necessary to be loved," thought she, "I will soon make everybody love me." Her father then mentioned a remark of the Rev. John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great masses, one of happiness and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add all he could to that of happiness. "Now," said Susan, "I will begin to-morrow to make everybody happy. Instead of thinking all the time of myself, I will ask every minute what I can do for somebody else. Papa has often told me that this is the best way to be happy myself, and I am determined to try."



Augusta.

ALL admire thy beauty, thy streets are so wide,
Undefiled by drunkards, few passing this way;
Green wave thy sweet trees, of rich Georgia the pride,
Undergoing a change, for the better, each day,
Spreading and lengthening; here thousands have rolled
To greet their true friends and companions of old,
And made, by industry, ten thousands of gold.

Moral Lesson.—A Woman's Promise.

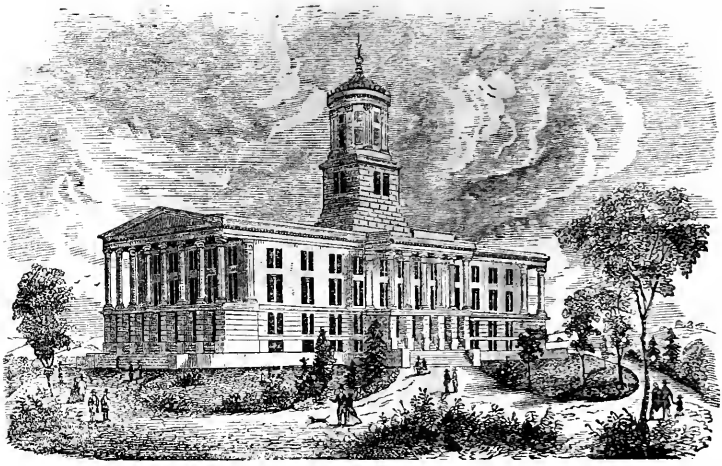
HENRY CAREY, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him, in a jocular manner: "What does a man think of, when he is thinking of nothing?"

"Upon a woman's promise," said Carey.

"Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth.

She retired, but did not forget Carey's answer. Some time after, he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him.

"True," replied she, "but that was a woman's promise."



THE CAPITOL OF TENNESSEE.

Nashville.

POPULATION, 30,000.

NOTED afar as the city of rocks,
And heroes brave and ladies fair,
She sits enthroned on her cliff, and mocks
Her envious rivals everywhere.
View all her noble works of art—
Increasing. Wealth on every hand;
Lawyers, Statesmen, schools, and mart,
Little to blame and much to praise,
E'en here, if rich, would I spend my days.

Bible.

BOUNDLESS source of information—
Information for the blind,
Bringing words of consolation,
Life and peace to soothe the mind
Exposed to grief of every kind.

Moral Lesson.—Books.

God be thanked for Books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—Channing.

The Ladies of Nashville.

THEY love to sing, like birds in spring,
Hear now each voice sweet,
Eight score times more prized than rhymes,
Let us their worth repeat;
A ray of light from them looks bright,
Deserving praises free;
Illustrious, fine, their features shine,
Enrapturing all that be.
See how they charm, while mercy's arm
O'er them extends to save;
Formed but to cheer, when they are near,
No greater bliss we crave.
All daily aim to win a name,
Shining like the stars;
How straight they walk, to plainly talk,
Very few with them compares;
In youth they pray, and learn the way
Leading to the skies,
Like saints of old, their worth untold,
Each man should love and prize.

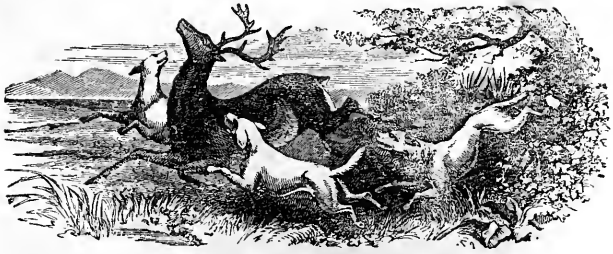
John L. Blackwell,

My Youngest Brother.

JOHN, dear brother, onward go,
Overcoming every foe;
Heavy though thy burdens be,
Never cease to pray for me.
Look at what we have to do
Before we can bright Canaan view;
Love for God we must possess,
And pray the Lord our foes to bless;
Conscious we are born to die,
Keep thine eyes uplifted high;
With confidence to Jesus pray
Every hour throughout the day,
Loving him who died for thee,
Let me repeat, Now pray for me.

The Two Oddities.

TURN this book, and at us look,
Heed our features, too;
Expressive, fine, our faces shine,
To please such folks as you;
With heads but four, we want no more,
Our eyes give us no light;
Our ears are deaf, but yet no grief
Disturbs us day nor night;
Deprived of feet, we can not walk
In houses where we go,
The reason why we do not sigh,
Is left for you to know.
Ever free from care are we,
So turn this book, and at us look.



The Chase.

THAT deer we see is now in danger,
Hemmed around by deadly foes;
Each to him a total stranger,
Craves to catch him by the nose;
He seems to dread the thought of dying,
As, leaping o'er those mighty logs,
Swiftly, swiftly, see him plying,
Ere long to be but food for dogs.

W. T. Watson,

Of Holly Springs.

WRITING and struggling day and night,
The man of worth we love to view;
Warmly embracing subjects bright,
And bidding all their duty do.
Though but young, we must agree,
Such range of thought he does possess,
One so good, so kind, and free,
No pen his wisdom can express.

H. A. McCrosky,

Of Holly Springs.

HIS name we love,
And can prove,
Most worthy men like him we prize;
Conscious he
Continues to be
Respected by the good and wise;
Opposed to wrong, he walks along,
Suggesting ways our feet to guide;
Kindest man, with sense to plan,
Young and old in him confide.

Clark & Gregory's Ambrosial Oil.

ALL cases of headache 'twill cure at a touch,
Men and dear ladies can't praise it too much;
Because 'tis marvelous, and cheering to read,
Respecting its power to cure with such speed;
Old sores, sore throats, and dyspepsia it cures,
Sprains, and all cuts, wherever it goes;
It cures the bronchitis, it cures the sore eyes,
And it cures the diarrhea, as no one denies,
Languor of spirits 'twill remove in a day,
One dose will do it—no cure, no pay;
It cures all bites, for which you should buy it;
Ladies and gents afflicted, now try it.

Secession.

SONS of the South, from slumber wake,
Each everlasting mountain shake;
Consecrated, fair Union flee,
Ere we enslaved by chains shall be;
Shackles now binding, break in two,
Seditious Northern States adieu;
Insults we will no longer stand,
Our people all, with sword in hand,
Now say, Farewell each Northern land.

William A. James,

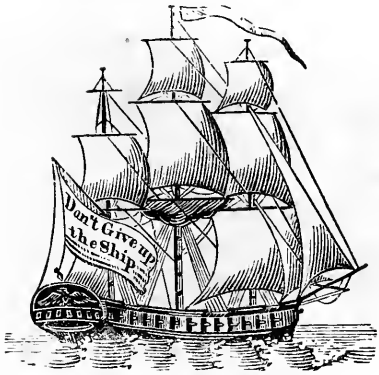
Of Nashville, Tenn.

WHAT light we view,
In one so true,
Like precious gold thy name we prize;
Learned and good,
In serving God,
Above the waves of sin we rise;
Much to thy praise,
All love thy ways,
Just as they should, thy worth they tell;
At home, abroad,
May Christ the Lord
Ever strengthen thee;
So fare thee well.

Mattie L. Collins,

Of Carroll County, Miss.

MEEKEST one,
Accept now this,
Tell all thy friends
To seek for bliss;
In doing right,
Each day and night,
Long will thy path
Continue bright;
Obeying God,
Love the way
Leading to
Infinite day,
Never swerving,
So watch and pray.



Hope.

HOLD her canvas to the breeze,
O'er the waves she rides with ease,
Praise to God, of our life the giver,
Each one from harm he can deliver.

Maggie C. Fox,

Of Carroll County, Miss.

MOST worthy and sweet,
A mirror of light;
Glittering like diamonds,
Glorious and bright;
Industrious, and giving
Each mortal delight.
Captivating our hearts,
Firm, faithful each day,
On thy name when we write,
X stands in the way.

Spencer C. Rogers,

Of Nashville, Tenn.

STILL upward gaze,
Pour forth thy praise,
Entreating God our land to save;
No one that be,
Compares with thee,
Except the noble, good, and brave.
Redeemed by love,
Continue to prove,
Religion can the heart refine;
Our sins subdue,
Giving us, too,
Essential joys for which we pine;
Removing woe, each friend and foe
Should on thy name rich praise bestow.

Canton.

CHARMING place,
Adorned with grace,
No rum in thee is sold;
Thy streets are wide,
On every side
New beauties we behold.

Stephen Thompson,

Of Carroll County, Miss.

SURROUNDED by friends,
The church he attends,
Every cloudy as well as fair days;
Pardon he finds,
His countenance shines.
Exulting in love, his conversion to prove
Now hear him—for sinners he prays,
Then rising at once,
His Bible he reads,
Obeying what Jesus demands;
May the King of the sky,
Permit him to die,
Shouting and clapping his hands;
Observing the way, march up to bright day,
No more to suffer nor sigh.

Edmund F. P. Pool,

Of Nashville, Tenn.

EVER faithful, persevere
Devoutly, good and worthy sir.
Men and ladies thee adore;
Upon thy word we all rely.
Nor can we speak of one too high,
Deserving praise from rich and poor.
Formed to bless poor helpless men,
Prized by all, there is no pen
Prepared to state thy worth.
Of all thy merits none can tell;
One so good deserves to dwell
Long, long upon this earth.

Holly Springs.

HEALTHY, rich, and lovely place,
Outgrowing towns with cities vie;
Looming up, adorned with grace,
Let thy banners wave, our land to save,
Your sons would gladly for us die.
Spreading wider, growing longer,
Precious men now live in thee,
Rich ladies, too, sweet and true,
In thy streets we daily see;
Neatly clad with garments bright,
Gentle-hearted, kind, and free,
Shining like the stars at night.

Jefferson Davis,

OF MISSISSIPPI.

JEOPARD thy head, the truth to spread,
Ever keeping thy armor bright;
Foremost now stand, with sword in hand,
For none can doubt thy skill to fight—
Evincing thy strength, show foes at length—
Ruffians and fiends thou canst defy.
Surrender not! though *Link* may plot
Our total ruin; yet ere we fly,
Now let us all, resolve to die.

Dreading no one beneath the sun—
As President, thy sway extend—
Vanquish with sword, each Northern horde;
In doctrine true, still keep in view
Sweet Southern Rights, we must defend.

Moral Lesson.—Mercury and the Woodman.

A MAN was felling a tree on the bank of a river, and, by chance, let his hatchet slip out of his hand, which dropped into the water, and immediately sunk to the bottom. Being, therefore, in great distress for the loss of it, he sat down and bemoaned himself most lamentably.

Upon this, Mercury appeared to him, and being informed of the cause of his complaint, dived to the bottom of the river, and coming up again, showed the man a golden hatchet, demanding if that were his. He denied that it was. Upon which Mercury dived a second time, and brought up a silver one. The man refused it; alleging, likewise, that this was not his. He dived a third time, and fetched up the individual hatchet the man had lost; upon sight of which the poor wretch was overjoyed, and took it with all humility and thankfulness. Mercury was so pleased with the fellow's honesty, that he gave him the other two into the bargain, as a reward for his just dealing.

The man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened, one of them went presently to the river's side, and let his hatchet fall, designedly, into the stream. Then sitting down upon the bank, he fell a weeping and lamenting, as if he had been really and sorely afflicted. Mercury appeared as before, and diving, brought him up a golden hatchet, asking if that was the hatchet he lost. Transported at the precious metal, he answered, "Yes!" and went to snatch it greedily. But the god, detesting his abominable impudence, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as let him have his own hatchet again.

William R. Flowers,

Of Choctaw County, Miss.

WILL you listen now to me?
It matters not though rich you be;
Let your prayers ascend to the
Lord of Adam's race;
In God we live, in God we move,
And when in him we dwell in love,
Magnified by grace.
Return, O! then, and cease to roam
From your once prospective home,
Located far above;
Oppressed with care, for mercy cry,
Winds are blowing, death is nigh,
Embrace the Lord of love;
Ready now he stands to save,
Sinners from a sinner's grave.

Beverly

BE up and doing,
Ever pursuing
Virtue's ray;
Extending light,
Learn with delight
Your prayers to say.

Samuel Davis,

Of Carroll County, Miss.

SIMPLICITY of character in him we behold,
And yet he has ten thousands of gold;
Many negroes, much ground, with trees on each hand,
Untouched by an ax, in their grandeur they stand;
Enriching our friend, while the needy receive
Large presents from him, their wants to relieve.
Disgracious to none, as all will agree,
An expression of goodness in his countenance we see;
Valued by all, the noble, and wise,
Interesting our hearts, his name we will prize
So long as we live beneath the bright skies.

Bettie T. Malone.

Written by Request of A. W., of Nashville.

BY all the stars,
Eternal bright,
Thy name I love,
Thine eyes of light,
I think of them
Each day and night.
The proudest queen
Might boast, if she
Adorned the earth
Like thou that be;
Of affection true,
No one but thee
Enraptures me.

The Black Republican Politicians.

THINK not by taunts that you can scare us!
Honors bright we will pursue;
Even our fathers standing near us
Bid us all our duty do;
Like soldiers now to our homes we cling,
And upon our rights repose,
Cheered by each friend, but while we sing,
Keep away, ye Northern foes.
Ruffians, ye vainly try to blind us,
Ever let our slaves alone;
Please to leave us where you find us,
Upon the soil which we own.
Because of you the people blunder;
Lament your crimes, give them up;
If you continue our land to plunder,
Can you from us pardon hope?
Arabs and Turks would blush to view
Naughty, thieving men as you.
Provoke no more the Great and High,
Our land is poisoned by your breath;
Lean, hungry, office-seekers, why
Induce your friends to rush on death;
The nation mourns because of you;
Is it not distressing times?
Can't you then now something do
In palliation for your crimes?
All ye that do our rights defy,
Now causing every land to sigh,
Shall torture you when called to die.

Charles Cosgrove,

WHO WAS HUNG AT LITTLE ROCK, JUNE, 1858, FOR KILLING A MAN FOR HIS MONEY.

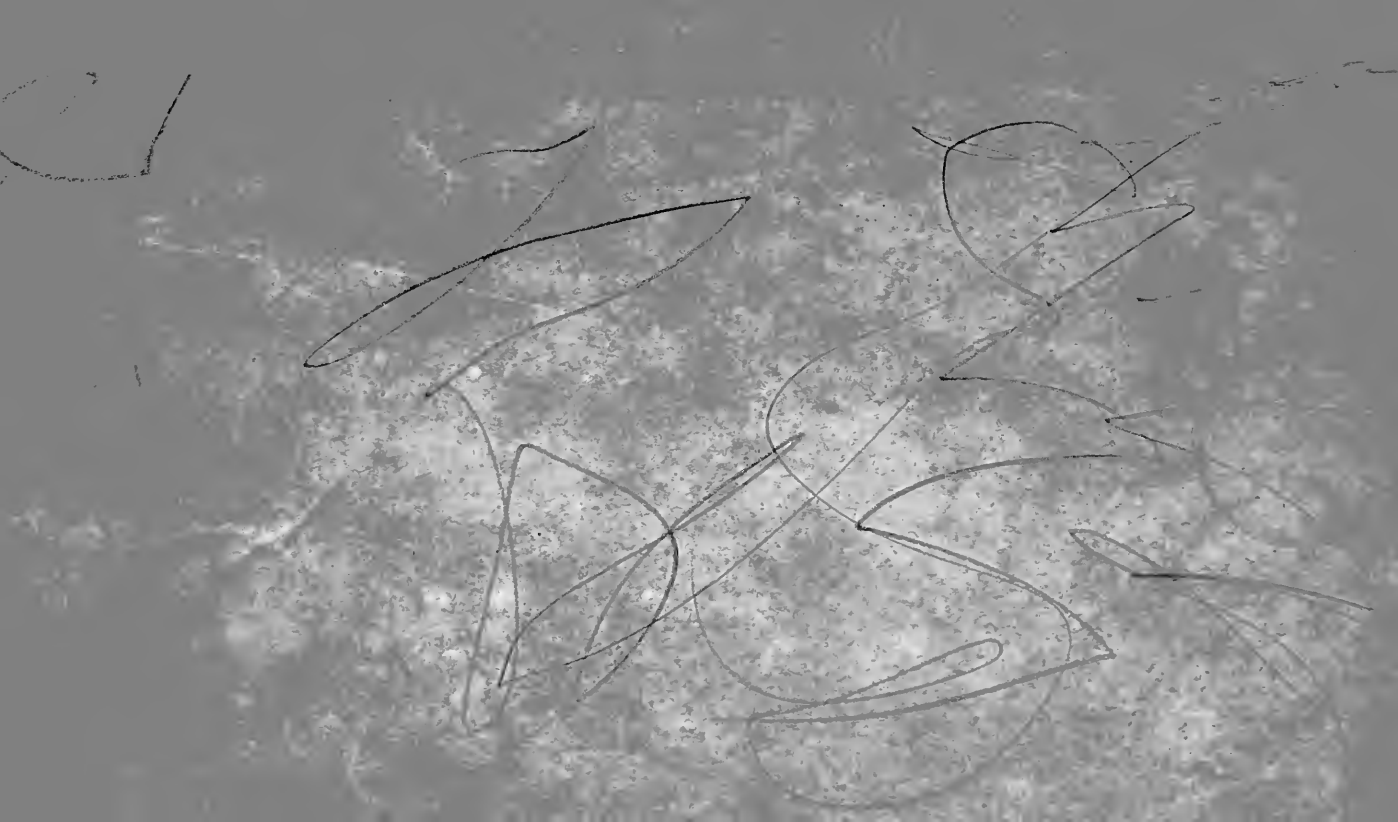
CALLOUS-HEARTED, ruthless man,
He devised a wicked plan,
And took poor Lester's life away,
Regardless of the judgment day;
Let the murderer and the knave,
Executed by the brave,
Sleep forgot within the grave.

Clothed with crimes of the blackest dye,
Observe him when he comes to die,
Supported by the Sheriff's hand,
Guilty wretch, he can not stand;
Reflections seemed to press him down,
One more step, his limbs are bound
Very close, and soon he swings,
Encountering death with all its stings.

John Brown,

The old Abolitionist.

JOINED with fiends, on murder bent,
Our homes to fire his base intent;
He thought to set our negroes free;
Notorious rebel, where is he?
Blasted for eternity!
Removed to where the wicked go;
O! may his friends but follow so;
With all his crimes upon his head,
Now sleeps he cursed among the dead.



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