

Choice Poetry.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Valleys lay in sunny gray,
And a ruddy glow was shed
From the west, and the sun
At a feast stood. Then we said
Our feast will be a grand
Of good Thanksgiving turkey.

And already still November
Drops her many tawny beads
From her crown of gold and red
Drops her many tawny beads
From her crown of gold and red
Drops her many tawny beads

Select Story.

OLD TICKER'S PROCLAMATION.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MISS ROSE PORTER.

"Forgive for his sweet to stammer one letter
Of the eternal's language, on earth it is called forgive."

Ab! then cometh his name: so follow likewise
This example.

They were young people just starting in life—
Edward Dale and his wife Mary—

And, happy little woman, she never thought,
those days, of the afterpart of the poet's song.

It was a letter of these talks that Edward
Dale told his wife, if, for a moderate sum,
she could find an old clock, she might make the
purchase without consulting him.

But, though she was well satisfied with her
possessions, one desire she had not fulfilled.
"An old clock," she said, "that contained
time for our forefathers. Oh! how I want one!"

The bright little woman would say, as she pointed
out to her smiling husband the very alcove
that seemed made for a tall, great, round, friendly-
faced clock; "and then, its loud tick," Mary
Dale went on to add, "would be such company
in the house, when you are sleeping in that
chamber, as to be a comfort."

"Do let us buy a dear
old clock to ring in for us the hours that are
making up these happy days of our lives," said
gayly the young man.

"O, precious one, O, golden prize
And absence of love and time.
Evening and morning, there be
These hours the ancient times told."

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Miscellany.

CENTENNIAL THANKSGIVING ODE.

BY HENRY G. PORTER, D. D.

A nation's heart uplifts to-day
In grateful praise of God, our King
To God, whose mighty and benign aid
Has guided us, and must be future aid.

A hundred years have run their course
Wrought with hope and fear, with good and ill
Yet still our fathers' God, through changed times,
Remains our champion, strength, and ever will.

Break forth in praise, O Nation, gratefully
Let every heart in songs of gladness wake
Accompanied with harp and fiddle-strings
And every spirit thankfully partake.

Kindle again the flame of love and truth
On altars sacred to the cause of man
Able to burn with quick-eyed, eager youth
The growing lustre of its future dawn.

O Nation! let thy motto ever be
The ringing music of that mighty host
Who braved the God of battles, and the sword
The hostile crown and the sterile coast.

Sing the old songs of everlasting trust
To Him who gave this goodly land to thee;
And though the future be a mystery
Cleave thou to God with glad humanity.

THE STABLE AND STEEP.

Interesting Centennial Occurrence.—The First

The first salute to the American flag after the

Declaration of Independence was fired to the

brigantine Andrew Doris, on the 16th of November,

1776, by Johannes de Graaf, Governor of the

Dutch West India Company, and the English

Governor of St. Christopher protested against

this honor shown to a rebel vessel, and

acquiesced in the salute. The British

Government, however, has since

of Holland to account. De Graaf's action was

discussed, and he was ordered home. Before his

arrival, his home government was notified of his

disposition in Holland to acknowledge

American independence that nothing was done

with the bold defiance against the laws of neutrality.

His portrait hangs in the

representative Hall of New Hampshire, but the

facts of the case were not known until recently,

when they were gleaned from the archives at the

Hague by our Minister, Mr. Hays, at the

request of the Secretary of State of New Hampshire.

Mr. Hays has furnished the official

correspondence, which is interesting in

many respects. The following article

procured by the British Governor of St.

Christopher, fully explains the circumstances of

the salute.

Abilvatt of James Frazer, made December

16th, 1776, before John Stanley, Esq., one of the

members of His Majesty's Council for the island

of St. Christopher. James Frazer, gentleman,

who, upon oath, states:

That on the 16th of November he, in company

with Capt. John De Witt, and other

commanders of ships anchored in the roads of Bass

point of this island (St. Christopher), being on

board a sloop in the roads of St. Eustatius, and

seeing a brigantine, which he supposed to be

coming from the above mentioned island,

said, "There comes the tender of a man of war,"

meaning a small vessel that sometimes accompa-

nies a man of war. Upon this Capt. De Witt

said, "No, it is an American privateer, for do

you not see the flag of the Continental Congress

with thirteen stripes, or in such words in substance.

The witness further says that the brigantine

was anchored at the Port of Orange, and

that he saw the flag of the Continental Congress

with thirteen stripes, and that he saw the

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stripes, and that he saw the flag of the

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and that he saw the flag of the Continental

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thirteen stripes, and that he saw the flag

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A FINE OLD MANSION.

Here and there in the books and corners of old

New England, colonial mansions yet remain

which carry us back, in thought, a century or

more. While all else has changed, these old

houses remain the same. They seem to speak,

and tell us what sort of men our forefathers

were. Many may be found in the Connecticut

valley. Possibly the most striking influence of the

stand old New England mansions is that

course, may have been the cause of their preser-

vation. There seems not to be many of these in

the west, indeed, few are to be found in the

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