



"LET US CLING TO THE CONSTITUTION AS THE MARINER CLINGS TO THE LAST PLANK WHEN THE NIGHT AND TEMPEST CLOSE AROUND HIM."

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### Poetical.

#### A Poem for President Lincoln.

BY A DAUGHTER OF DIXIE.

##### SOUTHERNS.

You can never win them back—  
Never—never!  
Though they perish on the track  
Of your endeavor—  
Though their curses strew the earth  
That smiled upon their birth,  
And blood pollutes each hearth—  
Stone forever.

They have risen, to a man,  
Stern and fearless!  
Of your curses and your ban  
They are careless!  
Every hand is on its knife  
Every gun is primed for strife,  
Every palm contains a life  
High and peerless!

You have no such blood as theirs  
For the shedding.  
In the veins of cavaliers  
Was its beating.

You have no such stately men  
In your Abolition den—  
To march thro' foe and fen,  
Nothing dreading.

They may fall before the fire  
Of your legions,  
Paid in gold for murder'd hire,  
(Bought allegiance!)  
But, for every drop you shed  
You shall have a mound of dead!  
And the vultures shall be fed  
In our regions.

But the battle to the strong  
Is not given,  
When the Judge of right and wrong  
Sits in heaven!  
And the God of David still  
Guides the pebbles with his will—  
There are giants yet to kill—  
Wrongs unshriven!

### Miscellaneous.

**PICKETING.**—*A Burlesque.*—While on my lonely beat, about an hour ago, a light tread attracted my attention, and, on looking up, I beheld one of secesh's pickets standing before me.

"Soldier," says he, "you remind me of my grandmother, who expired before I was born; but this unnatural war has made us enemies, and I must shoot you. Give me a chaw terbacker."

He was a young man, my boy, in the prime of life, and descended from the First Families of Virginia. That is to say, his mother was a virgin. At least that's what I understand by the First Families of Virginia.

I looked at him, and says I:  
"Let's compromise, my brother."  
"Never!" says he, "The South is fighting for her liberty, her firesides, and the pursuit of happiness, and I desire most respectfully to welcome you with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

"Stand off ten paces," says I, "and let's see whose name shall come before the coroner first."

He took his place, and we fired simultaneously. I heard a ball go whistling by a barn about a quarter of a mile on my right; and when the smoke cleared away, I saw the secesh picket approach me with an awful expression of woe on his otherwise dirty countenance.

"Soldier," says he, "was there anything in my head before you fired?"

"Nothing," says I, "save a few harmless insects."

"I speak not of them," says he, "Was there anything *inside* of my head?"

"Nothing!" says I.

"Well," says he, "just listen now."

He shook his head mournfully, and I heard something rattle in it.

"What's that?" I exclaimed.

"That," says he, "is your bullet, which has penetrated my skull, and is rolling around in my brain. 'I die happy, and with an empty stomach; but there is one thing I should like to see before I perish for my country. Have you a quarter about you?'"

Too much affected to speak, I drew the coin from my pocket and handed it to him.

The dying man clutched it convulsively, and stared at it feverishly.

"This," said he, "is the first quarter I've seen since the fall of Sumter, and had I wounded you, I should have been totally unable to give you any quarter. Ah! how beautiful it is! how bright, how exquisite, and good for four drinks! But I have not time to say all I feel."

The expiring soldier then laid down his gun, hung his cap and overcoat on a branch of a tree, and blew his nose.

He then died.

And there I stood, my boy, on that lonely beat, looking down upon that fallen type of manhood, and thinking how singular it was he had forgotten to give me back my quarter. The sight and the thought so affected me that I was obliged to turn my back on the corpse and walk a little way from it. When I returned to the spot the body was gone! Had it gone to heaven? Perhaps so, my boy—perhaps so; but I haven't seen my quarter since."

**A QUAKER CORNERED.**—Old Jacob J. was a shrewd Quaker merchant in Burlington, New Jersey, and, like all shrewd men, was often a little too smart for himself. An old Quaker lady of Bristol, Pennsylvania, just over the river, bought some goods at Jacob's store, when he was absent, and in crossing the river on her way home, she met him aboard the boat, and, as was usual with him upon such occasions, he immediately pitched into her bundle of goods and untied it to see what she had been buying.

"Oh now," says he, "how much a yard did you give for that, and that, and that?" taking up the several pieces of goods. She told him the price, without, however, saying where she had got them. "I could have sold you those goods for so much a yard," said he, mentioning a price a great deal lower than she had paid. "You know I can undersell everybody in the place;"

and so he went on criticising and undervaluing the goods till the boat reached Bristol, when he was invited to go to the old lady's store, and when there the goods were spread out on the counter, and Jacob was asked to examine the goods again, and say the price which he would have sold them at per yard, the old lady, mean while, taking a memorandum. She then went to the dock and made out a bill of the difference between what she had paid and the price he told her; then, coming up to him, she said—

"Now, Jacob, thee is sure thee could have sold those goods at the price thee mentioned?"

"Oh, now, yes," says he.

"Well then, thy young man must have made a mistake; for I bought the goods from thy store, and of course, under the circumstances, thee can have no objection to refund me the difference."

Jacob, being thus cornered, could, of course, not refuse—as there were several persons present who had heard his assertion.

**Long-winded persons can gather a hint from the following:—**

"Here, John," said a gentleman to his servant on horseback, in the rear, "come forward, and just take hold of my horse, whilst I dismount; after I am dismounted; John, you dismount too. Then ungirth the saddle of your horse, and put it down; then you will please ungirth the saddle of my horse and put it down. Then John take up the saddle of your horse and put and girth it on my horse. Afterwards, John, take up the saddle of my horse and put and girth it on your horse. Then, John, I will seat myself in your saddle, and you can seat yourself in mine, and we can resume our journey."

"Bless me, master, said the man, "why couldn't you have simply said, let's change saddles?"

**AN ACCOMODATING CREATURE.**—On Thursday evening last a couple of young folks called on Esquire F., and after considerable hesitation requested to be united in the "holy bonds of matrimony," which request the Esquire at once proceeded to comply with. The bride from the kindness of the hour and the peculiar nature of the call thought some explanation necessary and very innocently remarked: "We came from Columbia county to attend the fair, but finding the taverns all full, and no place for Aleck to sleep, we concluded to get married so he could sleep with me!" Such a wife as that is worth having.

**A sailor, calling upon a refiner, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The refiner beckoned him into a back room, and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot. "Oh," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet; but I'm going to Melbourne and would like to know the value of such a lump before I start."**

**A good Mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true hearted, noble minded sister is more precious than the "five hundred friends." The love we experience for domestic blessings, increases our faith, is an infinite goodness, and it is a foretaste of a better world to come. Our homes are the support of the government and the churches, and all the associations and organizations that give blessings and vitality to social existence, are herein originated and fostered.**

**Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once, at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious proposed as a toast the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain.—The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British paper stainers.**

**A chaplain was preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of habits. "Gentlemen," said he, "close your ears against bad discourses." The students immediately clapped their hands to their ears.**

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumps upon your back  
How he esteems your merit,  
Is such a friend that one has need  
Be very much his friend indeed,  
To pardon or to bear it.

**A mother, who is a better attender at balls than at churches, went with her child, a smart lad of three, to meeting one Sunday. When they began to play the organ, the child said:—**

"Ma, what are they going to do now? Don't you dance?"

**Dr. Stone, of New Orleans, speaking of yellow fever, says:—"The fever has a certain course to run. Keep the patient from lying, and he'll get well." Ahem!—Doctor O'Killagain couldn't have said more.**

**A poor scamp left his wife in a great rage declaring that she could never see his face again until he was rich enough to come home in a carriage. He kept his word; for in two hours he was brought home richly drunk in a wheelbarrow.**

**A teacher wishing to explain the manner in which a lobster casts his shed when he has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you outgrow your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."**

**An Irish lover said, "it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."**

**We saw a drunken fellow the other day, who mistaking a fly on an awning-post for a nail, tried to hang up his hat on it. The fly was astonished—so was the man—while the spectators were highly delighted to hear him "cuss the nail."**