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Select Poetry.

THE HARVEST GREETING.

BY M. B. HALL.

Hail! Hail! thou smiling goddess,
With thy gaily glittering train,
Thy clover-crimsoned meadows,
And thy wavy seas of grain;

With thy merry music ringing
From hillsides green and glades—
The songs of swarthy reapers
As they drive their rattling blades;

With the odors pure and fragrant,
The scattered haybed leaves,
And thy sunbeams lightly dancing
Around the ripened sheaves;

With thy morning's dewy brightness,
And thy dreary twilight gray,
And thy silvery moonbeams blending,
As their shadows flit away;

With the azure depths of ether,
And the pale stars gleaming high,
As troops of watching angels
In realms beyond the sky;

With the lightnings swiftly gleaming,
As with gilded pen of flame,
On the arching dome of Heaven
Thy traces their Author's name;

With thy distant rolling thunder,
And thy storm-clouds gathering nigh,
And the rainbows brightly bending
Around the eastern sky;

With thy cloudy mountains dreaming,
As they sleep on Heaven's breast,
And thy sunsets calm and beautiful,
As the day-god sinks to rest.

Then come with scenes enchanting,
To gild fair nature's shrine,
And thy stories of hallowed offering,
That spring from source divine.

And as weak dependant children,
Shall we our voices raise,
To ever sound thy greeting
In holy hymns of praise.

Aye! with grateful hearts vibrating,
For blessings round us shed,
Shall we hail thy smiling presence,
And lay sacred banquet spread.

Till time's loud trumpet sounding,
As his car rolls swiftly on,
Proclaims *life's harvest* gathered,
And its transient season gone.

And our souls on pinions soaring,
Unencumbered from their clod,
Shall join their angel gleaners
That reap in realms of God.

JULY.

BY DORA BURNSIDE.

When, her beauty earth resuming,
All the choicest flowers are blooming;
When from grove and garden fragrant,
Mildly come the breezes vagrant,
When the young birds chant their glee,—
That's the happy time for me.

When the blue sky is serenest,
When the twinkling leaves are greenest,
When the dawn comes up in glory,
And the evening tells her story,
Flushing all the tranquil sea,—
That's the lovely time for me.

When the jocund children, straying,
Through the woodland paths go playing,
When we pick the ripest cherries,
And begin to find the berries;
When we watch the toiling bee,—
That's the merry time for me.

When, to mountain-tops ascending,
We can mark the colors blending
In the landscape stretching under,
And can kneel, in love and wonder,
All things beautiful to see,—
That's the holy time for me.

Our Olio.

EXPLOSIVES.

Gunpowder is one of the most useful explosives known to the art, and it is not likely to be superseded by any of the recent improvements or substitutes for it. Mortar, cannon, rifle and musket purposes, nothing has yet successfully competed with it. Some years since Schonbein, of Germany, supposed that gun cotton, invented by himself in 1843, would excel gunpowder in all the varied uses to which it had been applied. But this proved to be a error. During the past few years rather confidence has been manifested in gun cotton, because the charge could be regulated to graduation according to the purpose.

A sudden explosion of the gun-cotton alarmed to endangered the barrel of the gun or implement in which it was used. The shock was sudden and too great, and the few explosions in the chamber, the surrounding would expand and burst. On the other hand, gunpowder is propagated in its explosion; that is, it does not explode all at once, and hence the force of concussion was spread throughout the barrel. It has been determined that only thirty-two hundredths of the powder explodes in the gun and much of it takes place between the charge and the muzzle. The remainder is burn out, and is either consumed in the air or falls to the ground.

Nitro-glycerine and other high explosives act precisely as gun-cotton, but with many of them the suddenness of their decomposition is greater; and this result arises principally from the fact that they are more compact in a given cubic space. In such compounds as gun powder, gun cotton, nitro-glycerine and their like, the explosive force or power depends upon the quantity of nitre they contain. Ordinarily gunpowder is composed of seventy-five parts of saltpetre (nitre), ten parts of sulphur, and fifteen parts of charcoal.

These ingredients are well pulverized, mixed together, pressed and granulated, and then covered with plumbago.

Gun-cotton, as invented by Schonbein, is made in this manner: He took one part of nitric acid of high specific gravity, (48° Baume); two parts sulphuric acid (66° Baume); and these being mixed, he immersed common cotton into the acids. After thus placed a short time the cotton was taken out, and for a few hours kept in jars, and then washed in water. The cotton thus treated, when dried, was highly explosive. The nitre of the nitrid acid united with the cotton fibre, and the water of the acid united with the sulphuric acid. Improvements since that day, invented by Leak, of Austria, Shaffer, of America, and Abel, of England, are mere details for adjusting the charge to a gradual explosion, and for the better manufacture of the compound known as nitrated fibre, pulp or gun cotton.

Nitro glycerine was discovered by Sobrero about 1845, and being a liquid it was found to be practically useless. Military men of the different governments of Europe exercised their talents to devise means to use it, but it was reserved to Vobel, of Sweden, to make the discovery or invention in 1863. He found that it required a concussion, or suddenly applied force, to explode it, and from this he proceeded to place the nitro-glycerine in a vessel or bore-hole for blasting, and explode *in or near it* a large percussion cap or a charge of gunpowder, or other explosive substance. This was the climax of the invention.

Nitro-glycerine is made by the same acid mixture required for making gun-cotton. Suppose you have the acids mixed in a glass jar holding a gallon. Surround it with ice, as is used around a freezing tub for making ice cream; then agitate the acids with a glass rod until they become cold, say 55° Fah.; then pour some ordinary glycerine, as found in the drug stores, gradually into the acids, the mixture being stirred all the time. In that quantity of acids you may use a pound of glycerine. When thus mixed, pour the whole into ten times its quantity of pure water. The product will be about two pounds. It is six-tenths heavier than water. If the nitro-glycerine be well washed, you will have a pure article.

Dynamite is a compound that has come into use within a few years. Some ten years ago, in 1866, Col. Shaffer discovered that for general purposes of blasting the nitro-glycerine was too much concentrated in the bore-hole of the rock, and in order to spread it throughout the drill hole he mixed with it fine sand; the finer the sand the greater would be the absorption. After this, Nobel found that when nitro-glycerine was thus mixed it could be safely transported, and that the finest silicious matter that could be found would be the most advantageous. With this view he selected the earth known as infusoria, found in large quantities in Holland. This infusoria is composed of small micro-silicious shell, which have lost their living creatures in the unknown ages of the past. The cellular parts receive the nitro-glycerine and hold it by capillary attraction, both inside and outside. This earth is very light. The water is expelled from it by a furnace, and then, in the form of powder, it is mixed with the nitro-glycerine, twenty-five parts of the former and seventy-five parts of the latter, by weight. This compound is known in Europe as dynamite, and in America it is called giant powder.

Since the success, as to safety, in the transportation and use of the above compound, various substitutes have been introduced by rivals dealing in that class of explosives. Among them may be mentioned rend rock powder, being a mixture of nitro-glycerine and gunpowder pulverized; dualin, a mixture of nitrated fibre, or gun-cotton, with nitro-glycerine; Hercules powder, a mixture of chalk with nitro-glycerine. Besides these there are many others that have been introduced for blasting purposes, but they all follow the formula of the giant powder mixture.

The explosive power of giant powder is about the same as gun-cotton, weight for weight, but cube for cube the former far excels the latter, and is more generally used for the blasting of rock. It has done wonders in advancing the excavation of tunnels and heavy rock cuts on railways, and has economized that class of work at least 100 per cent. over the old style of blasting with gunpowder.

The success of dynamite, or giant powder, has caused many adventurers to make up explosive compounds and to some extent, these supposed improvements have been more or less disastrous, and destructive to life and property. Giant powder cannot be exploded by ordinary handling, and if a car-load was precipitated down a hill a thousand feet it would not explode. If you set fire to the car-load it would burn free, but would not explode. If you explode a large percussion cap in the midst of the giant powder there will be an explosion of the powder. The infusoria serves as a cushion to whatever force may be applied to it, and thus a sharp or close impingement of great power must be made, or an explosion cannot be effected. The nitro-glycerine does not leak or evaporate from this silicious earth, and this circumstance further adds to the safety of the compound.

Gunpowder and gun cotton will explode by a spark, but giant powder will not in that manner. There must be a powerful explosive force applied to it, and hence it is far less dangerous as an article to handle or transport than any other explosive. Thomassen, the author of the Bremerhaven calamity, knew the safety of dynamite, and hence he had arranged his clockwork to let fall a hammer with a force of 30 lbs. upon a percussion cap in the midst of the powder, to effect its explosion. The jar or fall of the cask let go the hammer, and hence the premature result.

A Home Recipe for Otto of Roses.

At this time of the year, when so many rose leaves fall to the ground and are wasted, every lady can, if she chooses, manufacture a delicious perfume at a cost of less than fifty cents, and in a few minutes' time. Take a two gallon glass jar, and fill full of clean fresh picked rose leaves. Then cork it tight and take a two-ounce phial and fit the neck into the cork of the two-gallon jar. Cut some sponge into narrow strips; soak them in good oil, free from smell or rancidity, put the strips into the small phial, turn it upside down, and put the neck into the bung of the large jar. Place them in the sun for four days, and the heat will distil the rose leaves, and the aroma will ascend and saturate the oil in the sponge. Put in fresh leaves about four times, and you will have a small phial of the finest otto of roses that can possibly be made, and in quantity sufficient to scent the clothes and handkerchiefs of a family for a year. Pure otto of roses costs $30 per ounce. Be sure and keep it well corked or it will evaporate.

The Coral Islands.

The *Scientific American* publishes an interesting report of a lecture delivered at the Stevens Institute of Technology by Professor A. Guyot, of Princeton, N. J., from which we extract the following:

Those who are familiar with the glowing narrations of Captain Cook and other navigators will remember that the presence of an island is recognized, long before it becomes visible, by clouds directly above it in the otherwise clear sky. The land absorbs the heat of the sun and accumulates it faster than the water; soon an ascending current of warm air is formed, carrying up moisture into the colder regions of the atmosphere, where it is condensed, and forms clouds. A similar phenomenon is observed in our western plains, where the sky is frequently clear early in the morning, but by 10 or 11 o'clock enough heat has been accumulated to cause the formation of clouds.

The islands of the Pacific are of two kinds, called the lower and the higher. The lower rise but 7, 10, and rarely as high as 100 feet above the level of the sea, while the higher islands reach an elevation of 10,000, 12,000 and even 15,000 feet. There is no transition between them. The most remarkable are the lower islands. The appearance is very peculiar. In the first place the eye is arrested by a white beach; then comes a line of verdure, due to tropical trees; than a lagoon of quiet water of a whitish or a yellowish color; then another line of verdure, and finally, beyond all, the dark blue waves of the ocean. The lagoon inside of Whitsuntide Island is but a few fathoms deep; but on the outside of the island, the water is 15,000 feet deep. Here then we evidently have a tower-like structure reaching up from the bottom of the sea, and having a depression in its summit. Some of these lower islands are fifty miles across, but most of them are not so large. In some the ring is broken at several points, and these are designated by the Malay word *atoll*.

The island of Tahiti, the principal one of the Society Islands, is a good example of the second class or higher islands. It rises 7000 to 8000 feet above the level of the sea, has no lagoon in its centre, but a crater and the water around it is very deep. It may, in fact, be considered as a mountain rising to a height of some 18,000 feet from the bottom of the sea. Outside of it is a double girdle of low islands, one near, which Darwin calls a fringing reef, and one further out, to which he gives the name of a barrier reef.

On examining these reefs and the lower islands their structure will be found made up entirely of animal remains, generation after generation having left their homes, consisting of limestone, to accumulate there. On the top we find these animals living and growing, in all colors, shapes and sizes. The higher islands, on the contrary, except those near the continent, like Borneo, Sumatra, etc., are entirely volcanic, and do not contain sandstone, granite or gneiss, like the mountains of the continent.

The limestone of the lower islands is not due to sedimentary deposits from the ocean, but is the work of the coral animal, the great architect of the sea. According to Agassiz's description, which is here followed, these animals are but a sac, like the finger of a glove, only more leathery. Around the mouth is a series of tentacles, formed by a prolongation of the skin. They are all skin, in fact, and have no special organs, yet they digest food with tremendous rapidity, absorbing it directly. It makes no difference if you turn them inside out; they will digest just as well as before. You cannot kill them by dividing them; for they live all over, like a plant. For this reason they have been called zoophytes. If you cut one into eight parts, each part will live and set up in business for itself. Like all other animals, however, they grow out of eggs. The eggs are formed within the skin, which is double, and divided into cells by partitions or septa. When mature, they detach themselves, move about in the water until they find a favorable place, and then establish a new colony. They do not contribute to the growth of their parent colony, which is effected in another way.

On examining a piece of coral, it is seen to be full of little holes, popularly supposed to be the places for the stomachs of the animals; but this is not so at all; the coral animal does not form a secretion around it like the mollusks, but inside, between the two folds of its skin. Coral is, therefore, the bones and not the skull of the animal. As before stated, these animals work in societies or colonies, and their tendency is to repeat the forms peculiar to each species; thus we have corals shaped like a hand, like the branches of trees, like mushrooms, like a brain, with its convolutions. They grow and multiply in these societies by budding or gemmation. The side of the animal begins to bulge out, and the protuberance so formed develops into a new mouth, which soon eats and digests for itself, but does not separate from its parent. This process goes on symmetrically, and produces the variety of regular shapes thus described.

Some distance below the surface we no longer find these beautiful shapes, but a dense, solid coral rock. Take, for instance, the coral reefs of Florida. Beginning 120 feet below the surface, we first find about 30 feet of massive rock, then the astræ, then the meandrina, and about ten feet below the surface the palmata or hand-shaped coral. In the shallow mud between the reefs and the continent, there are multitudes of branching corals of the most beautiful forms, colors and delicacy of structure. The production of coral rock is explained partly by the mechanical action of the waves, and partly by the destruction of the coral insect by the sea urchin and other animals that feed on it. The waves disintegrate the structure formed by the animal, and then roll back the coral sand thus produced upon it, where it undergoes a process of induration in the course of time.

It is an interesting question how the structure ever rises above the water level, seeing that the animal which makes it cannot live out the water. The little architects retain enough sea water to last them over until the next tide, and are so enabled to work up to the highest water-mark. Actinia have been observed all closed up on the rock at low water, and then suddenly opened like magnificent flowers, five and six inches in diameter, when the tide rose.

The ring form of the Pacific Islands is due to the shape of the foundation upon which the coral animals built. On the Florida coast the reefs run parallel to the land for the same reason. Now take this, together with the fact that all the high islands are volcanoes, with the regular conical shape, and you will be prepared to understand the explanation, given simultaneously by Darwin and Dana, that the low islands were originally reefs around the high islands or volcanoes, and that the latter, by the gradual subsidence of the ocean bed, sank and left the reefs appear as low islands, with a lagoon where the crater of the volcano was. The reefs, of course, were gradually carried down along with the mountain upon the sides of which they rested, but the coral insects kept on building towards the surface; the mountain appeared as a smaller and smaller cone in the centre; what was left a fringing reef now became a barrier reef, and the mountain finally disappeared altogether. This theory is supported by the fact that barrier reefs are found extending 1700 feet down, while the coral insects cannot live at a depth greater than 120 feet.

The vegetation on the islands is due partly to seeds floating in the sea, and partly to seeds dropped by birds. Hence there are very few species of trees and plants; but being in the tropics, they flourish luxuriantly.

At present, the coral formations are confined to the tropics, because the coral animal cannot exist where the temperature falls below 60 degrees. Dana states that the central axis of the Pacific Ocean is subsiding altogether; it has already gone down more than any other part of the ocean. There are now no islands at all above the water along its line.

In old geological times, the temperature of the earth must have been much more uniform; for we find coral formations very abundantly in nearly all parts of the world. Other limestone formations are formed by a yet lower form of animal, a protozoon, which works at the bottom of the sea and thus covers nearly three-quarters of the whole surface of the globe. A diagram was exhibited, showing what the microscope revealed to Ehrenberg in a piece of chalk.

Surely then, concluded the lecturer, if so great a portion of the earth's crust is the product of animal life, we must correct our notions of matter and force, and admire the beauty and simplicity of the economy of God, who makes the most insignificant of creatures subservient to his great works.

How They Hang a Man in China.

I observed one mode of Chinese capital punishment known as the "cage." The "cage" used was between two and three feet square, and over six feet high. Near the bottom was a close floor of plank. The four sides were open work of plank palings. The planks composing the cover were made to fit around a man's neck, close enough to hang him. The condemned man was put into this cage, his head projecting above, the cover fitting around his neck, and under his feet a number of bricks, one above the other—just enough to enable him to stand on tiptoe. When this position, from weariness, became unendurable, his only relief was to hang by his neck. The design is to make a man suffer as much as possible, but not to kill him too quickly. Usually, after a criminal has been standing thus for a day or so, one of the bricks is removed, and then another, until he hangs by his neck altogether. It is said that a strong man ordinarily will endure this tortue several days before life becomes extinct.

On the present occasion death was hastened more quickly. The man was put into the cage on Sunday afternoon, I believe about one o'clock. I heard of it on Monday morning, and went over to Amoy about two o'clock in the afternoon to see him. He had then been dead some time. The guard said that he had died just before daylight; that he was conscious of having committed great crimes, and had hastened his own death by kicking the bricks from under his feet. But the people said (privately) that the guards wished to get rid of their charge, that they might prepare to keep the New Year's day, (the Chinese New Year was near at hand,) and therefore had taken the bricks from under his feet during the night. This probably was the fact.

ASBESTOS.—A curious exhibition has just been organized at the Simonetti Palace, on the Corso, in Rome. It is a display of asbestos in all the stages through which it passes, from the time that it is taken out of the bowels of the earth until it appears as a manufactured article. Asbestos is a compound of silicate of magnesia, and has the property of resisting fire. The ancients had discovered a means of weaving it, and with it made napkins for meals, wicks for lamps, and winding sheets for the dead for purposes of cremation, so that the ashes of the deceased could be collected unmixed with those of the wood which had formed the funereal pyre.

He who finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue is a novice both in one and the other.

Man may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to man.

Centennial Chimes.

Thrice each day—at sunrise, noon and sunset—are the Centennial Grounds enlivened by the tintinabulations of a chime of bells in the northeastern tower of Machinery Hall. Their music is heard at other times also, just as the operator takes the notion. The bells are thirteen in number, representing the original thirteen States. Their aggregate weight is 21,000 pounds, that of the largest being 3,600 and that of the smallest 350. They were cast by McShane & Co., of Baltimore, and it is claimed that the chime is the finest in this country. It is operated by Professor F. Widdows, who carries a huge silver bell on his watch chain. He formerly had charge of the chimes at the Metropolitan Church in Washington.

The bells are immovably suspended from an immense horizontal square frame on the topmost floor of the tower. Each bell has two hammers, one heavy, the other light, the latter being muffled, so as to cause a soft tone whenever desirable. On the floor, below the centre of the frame, are twenty-six triangular levers, pivoted at one angle, so that a pull or depression on the outer arm causes the hammer attached to the other arm to strike the bell. These outer arms are connected, by means of long elastic strips of wood running through the ceiling, with the operating apparatus, which is directly beneath the bells on the next floor below. On the operating floor there is a frame containing two sets of levers, which look and work like pump handles. The upper set contains thirteen levers, which operate the muffled hammers. The lower set contains the same number, and they work the heavy ones. To prevent too much stiffness the wooden strips, twenty-six in number, are connected with the triangular levers above, and with the "pump" levers below by means of leather straps. The latter levers are operated by hand, but, if desired, they may be disconnected from the upright strips, and these fastened with long straps to a set of thirteen pedals at the bottom of the frame.

The Professor has no less than one thousand pieces in his repertoire, but he boasts far more of the merits of the bells than of his own accomplishments. He tells you they are "maiden" bells, which means that they are now just as they came from the moulds, having required no other turning than the proper mixture of their metallic ingredients and making them of the right size. Visitors sit in the nearest shade to Machinery Hall and listen to the music of these bells. They think, as the clear, silvery sound strikes their graceful ears, what a delightful occupation the Professor has—with nothing to do but worship Orpheus all day long. He has, for instance, just begun "Sweet vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest." Up you go to the third floor of the tower, and if you say that the Professor is resting, or that he is evidently in the land of poetic dreams, there are people who would thank you for defining the condition of a short, stout gentleman, partially bald, with British-cut whiskers and a round, good-natured face, hopping from side to side of the frame, pressing down the levers as rapidly as an expert pianist manipulates the keys of his instrument, and perspiring in a manner extremely damaging to linen. The professor has thrown aside his hat, coat and waistcoat. He is playing "Still so gently o'er me stealing." But, shade of his own townsman, Poe, look how quickly the great drops of perspiration steal o'er his face! He stands at his work. The upper set of levers is breast high. Down goes the deepest bass with lightning movement and heavy thud. It springs back to its place by the weight of the hammer on the triangular lever above. The other "pump" levers do the same. He gently touches a soprano, sharply jerks a treble, shoves a tenor half way down, throws his whole weight on a bass—and all while one would say "Jack Robinson." As the extremities of each set of levers are over five feet apart, and it requires a pressure of twenty pounds to depress some of them to their furthest extent, a cool calculator may form some conception of the amount of physical labor which the professor must accomplish in executing such flighty compositions as Yankee Doodle and Captain Jinks. And yet he never misses a note, never makes a push where he means a jerk, and never hits the wrong bell. If anybody is everybody's man, it is the professor. He plays "The Wearing of the Green," and there are a thousand Hibernian listeners ready to swear they knew him in "th' ould dart," where he was "the broth of a boy in airnest." The Marseillaise resounds over the Park, and nine hundred and ninety-nine Frenchmen are skipping about like kangaroos, with the joy of discovering that "la belle France" possesses so gifted a son. Now he takes up another air, and in Lauber's restaurant the tables dance, the glasses ring, and from such lungs as none but Teutonic bodies enclose rise the thundering climaxes of "Die Wacht am Rhein." By the time the "Star Spangled Banner" comes from the tower everybody believes that the professor is cosmopolitan, except a critical few who hold that he is over partial to "Maryland, my Maryland." The bells came from Maryland, and he performs this tune more frequently than any other.

The secret of the professor's playing so much between regular hours of late is this: The ladies have discovered that he is sacrificing himself in their behalf. They take advantage of his good nature by sending up notes of request for particular tunes. When overburdened with these, he begins—say, "Yankee Doodle," and winds up at the end of ten minutes with "Pop Goes the Weasel," after having in the meantime, performed about one bar of a score or more tunes. The Professor is intensely annoyed with the forty-thousand cow-power, caloric fog siren, which, every evening at six o'clock—the moment he begins one of his sweetest tunes—bellows forth the signal for visitors to leave the grounds. The only thing that keeps him from distraction on this account is that his levers make such a din about his ears that he does not know whether his chimes drown the siren or the siren his chimes. Being a philosopher he presumes in favor of the chimes.

LIBERTY BELL.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

There is no relic of the Revolution so deserving of our veneration as the old "Liberty Bell" in the State House in Philadelphia. Its history is interesting. In 1752 a bell was imported for Philadelphia, and hung up in the steeple of the State House in that year. On the first trial ringing, after its arrival, it cracked. Under the direction of Isaac Norris, of Philadelphia, it was recast in 1753. And that is the bell upon which is written:—"*Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, and unto all the inhabitants thereof.*" And it did proclaim liberty. On the fourth of July, 1776, the representatives of the thirteen rebel colonies were assembled in the State House, anxiously discussing the question whether they should submit to the King of Great Britain, or boldly throw off all alegiance and declare their independence. If the latter course was adopted, the bell in the steeple was to ring out the tidings, and for this purpose the old bellman was at his post, and an anxious crowd was gathered in the streets awaiting the deliberations of the Assembly. Independence square and the streets adjoining were densely packed with men, whose care worn faces plainly indicated the anxiety within their hearts. For hours they remained on the streets, eagerly casting their eyes upward towards the bell, speaking in whispers, and praying deeply in their souls that their representatives might cast their vote for liberty and independence. At length the door opened, and John Nixon, with a smile on his face, and the Declaration of Independence in his hand, stepped on the threshold. A messenger ran wildly up stairs to the belfry, and as Nixon proceeded to read the first sentence of that immortal document, the glorious tones of the bell burst over the silent city, a cheer rose from the hearts of that vast multitude, the iron voice of the discordant cannon, and the rolling of drums joined in the chorus; and for two hours, amid the joyful acclamations of the people, the glorious melody of that bell floated in the air, and was wafted far beyond the Delaware. The bellman, who was a thorough patriot, and whose name I am unable to ascertion, rung it with such energy that it cracked, and its voice has ever since been mute. It had done its duty, it had proclaimed Liberty throughout all the land and unto all the inhabitants thereof. It was afterwards taken down, and a new one put up in its place. The old bell stands in the most conspicuous position in the room in the State House, where the Declaration of Independence was written and signed.

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

Silent and lone in the belfry's tower,
A watchman stands at the midnight hour,
There's a troubled look on his furrowed face,
As he counts the hours in that lonely place;
He can see, if he lists, the waves that glide
And roll on the Delaware's foaming tide,
But he recks not now of their rise or swell
For his eyes, like his thoughts, are upon the bell.

There's a surging crowd in the streets below,
Who in breathless silence fit to and fro:
Nor jest, nor laughter rise on the air,
But an ominous silence is dwelling there.
Their lips are hushed, and their cheeks are white,
And their eyes flash fierce in the moon's pale light,
As ever with anxious gaze they dwell
On the turret where hangs that old Church Bell.

Why stand these men at the midnight hour?
Why gleam these lights from the lofty tower?
Do they dread the might of some tidal wave
Will engulf the city in one dark grave?
They move in awe, and with light footfall,
And the silence of death is over all,
Listen! the words of the tale heed well,
And gaze with me at yon tower and Bell.

The troops of a King, from a foreign strand
Hove come in their strength to subdue our land,
And the slaves who fear their behests obey,
But the freeman spurns them in wrath away;
The people's voice shall be heard to-night,
Arrayed 'gainst Kings and their tyrant might:
Should Liberty win on the breeze shall swell
The joyful chimes from that grand old Bell!

Hush! there's a step on the creaking stair,
How painful it sounds on the midnight air,
Men's hearts to a fearful tension strung
Scarce dare to throb, while their lips are dumb.
Higher, and higher the footsteps ring,
See! the bellman clutches the trembling string;
One moment more—and with musical swell
Sounds the song of freedom from Liberty Bell!

As over the city its wild notes ring
Up! up from their couches the sleepers spring,
The tall smith grasps in his hand the knife,
And rushes ready to join the strife;
The joiner's adze is flung on the board,
And he grasps a nobler weapon—the sword;
And priest, and poet, and women as well,
Are stirred by the sound of that grand old Bell.

Out, with a shout, on the streets they run
With ringing of musket and rattle of drum,
With hearts prepared to endure the worst
The foe can do, ere his flag accurst,
With its blood-red folds, shall be raised again,
Or flaunt in the faces of freeborn men!
And they swear no tyrant their souls shall quell,
While louder and louder rings Liberty Bell!

Its tones on the night breeze are wafted away
To where by their camp fires the patriots lay,
And the soldiers of Greene and Washington swore
To fight till the Freemen were forced from our shore.
It rose on the billows, and burst o'er the sea,
The slave at the sounds lashed his chains to be free.
Oppression shank backward, and bigotry fell,
Struck down by the chiming of Liberty Bell.

CENTENNIAL HYMN, 1876.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Marking the coast-line as night's shadows break,
Freedom's fair flag in one long wave appears;
And North and South with pealing ordnance wake
The varying echoes of a Hundred Years.

Deep calleth unto deep. The Golden Gate
The Orient's joyful Hymn of Freedom hears;
Between two oceans from one mighty State
Ascend the voices of a Hundred Years.

Where rivers run and quiet valleys rest,
Where mountain peak its snowy crest uprears,
Bearing its sunny hues from east to west,
Beams the bright banner of a Hundred Years.

The stars of promise gem the gloom of night;
Our fathers read the legend 'mid their fears,
And wove it in the Flag, whose lines of light
Have signaled onward for a Hundred Years.

Not always onward. Place to doubt we give,
Sowing in weakness what we reap in tears,
In God we trust, in Him to-day outlive
The faults and sorrows of a Hundred Years.

Not unto us! To Him the praise we pay—
(Not unto human heroes, sages, seers)
To whom a thousand years are as a day,
To whom one day is as a Thousand Years.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN.

Oh! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
Oh say does the star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses,
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star spangled banner! oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home, and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation:
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."
And the star spangled banner! in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

This beautiful and patriotic national song was composed by Francis S. Key, Esq., a prominent citizen of Maryland, under the following circumstances:—A gentleman had left Baltimore with a flag of truce, for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mourh of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was, therefore, brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag of the fort through the whole day, with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bombshells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly waving flag of his country.

Hon. Francis S. Key, died in 1846. He was a distinguished civilian, and not only wrote the best patriotic song ever penned, but many tasteful fugitive pieces, which have been published since his death.

Origin of Names of States.

Maine takes its name from the province of Main in France, and was so called in compliment to the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta, its owner.

New Hampshire—first called Laconia—from Hampshire, England.

Vermont from the Green Mountains (French, *verd mont.*)

Massachusetts, from the Indian language, signifying the country about the great hills.

Rhode Island gets its name from the fancied resemblance of the island to that of Rhodes in the ancient Levant.

Connecticut was Mohegan, spelled originally Quoin-eh-ta-cut, signifying a "long river."

New York was so named in compliment to the Duke of York, whose brother, Charles II., granted him that territory.

New Jersey was named by one of its original proprietors, Sir George Carter, after the island of Jersey in the British Channel, of which he was Governor.

Pennsylvania, as is generally known, takes its name from William Penn, and the word "sylvania," meaning woods.

Delaware derives its name from Thomas West, Lord De la Ware, Governor of Virginia.

Maryland receives its name from the Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria.

Virginia got its name from Queen Elizabeth unmarried, or Virgin Queen.

The Carolinas were named in honor of Charles I., and Georgia in honor of George II.

Florida gets its name from Kasquas de Flores, or "Feast of the Flowors."

Alabama comes from a Creek word, signifying "the land of rest."

Louisiana was so named in honor of Louis XIV.

Mississippi derived its name from that of the great river, which is, in the Natchez tongue, "The Father of Waters."

Arkansas is derived from the Indian word Kansas, "smoky waters," with the French prefix of "ark"—a bow.

Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning "The river with a big bend."

Kentucky is also an Indian name—"Kain-tuk-ae" signifying "at the head of the river."

Ohio is the Shawnee name for "The beautiful river."

Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for fish weir or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested.

Indiana's name came from that of the Indians.

Illinois' name is derived from the Indian word "Illini" (men) and the French affix "ois," making "Tribe of men."

Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian name for a wild, rushing channel.

Missouri is also an Indian name for muddy, having reference to the muddiness of the Missouri river.

Kansas is an Indian word for smoky water.

Iowa signifies in the Indian language "The drowsy ones," and Minnesota "a cloudy water.

The most valuable knowledge is that which is obtained through personal experience.

Don't fret. The world will move on as usual after you are gone.

From the Rugby Monthly.

The Ancient Metropolis of Maryland.

MR. EDITOR:—Having occasion, a short time ago to visit St. Mary's county, in the State of Maryland, I determined to take advantage of this opportunity to visit the historic ground where once stood the ancient city of St. Mary's, formerly the capital of Maryland. Leaving Leonardtown in company with the rector of St. Andrew's and Poplar Hill churches, we first visited those old churches, which are the pride of the good people of St. Mary's County. I will not describe those buildings at the present time, but will remark that Poplar Hill church stands almost on the site of the first Church of England, erected in the province of Maryland. In wandering through the old graveyard, I noticed many old tomb stones. Among them I saw a horizontal slab still in good preservation, with the following inscription:

"Near this place Lyes Inter'd the Rev'd. Leigh Massey. He was educated at Oxford, Rector of this parish, the darling of his Flock and Beloved by all who knew him. He dyed January 10, 172¾ aged 29."

Another stone which is to the memory of a child, Joseph Holt, who died 1701, is probably the oldest tombstone now remaining in Maryland.

We left Poplar Hill Church at about 4 P. M., and after a few miles ride the beautiful St. Mary's river with its enchanting landscape burst upon our view. This river penetrates from the Potomac about twelve miles inland, where it terminates in little forked bays which wash the base of the woody hills. In the distance we could see St. Inigoes creek flowing into the St. Mary's—and between these rivers lies the beautiful plain on which once stood the city of St Mary's which had been the seat of the Lord Proprietary's Government for more than sixty years. After viewing the magnificent scene for a short time we were carried across the river in a sail boat kindly loaned to us by a gentleman residing near the river. Arriving at the other side, we were met by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, the rector of the parish, at whose house we were most hospitably entertained by himself and his charming family. We spent a delightful evening, deeply interested with the many reminiscences related by our kind host, and retired finally with the intention of visiting the places of interest on the following day.

We arose quite early the next morning, and after eating an excellent breakfast, our friend told us his carriage was ready and as our time was limited, we started at once. "Where shall we go first?" said I.

"To Rose Croft by all means," said Mr. H. As "Rose Croft" was the residence of Blanche Warden, the beautiful heroine of Hon. J. P. Kennedy's charming novel entitled "Rob of the Bowl," we readily assented, and were soon on our way. After a ride of about half a mile, we arrived at our destination, where we soon formed the acquaintance of the present owner of Rose Croft. This ancient building stands upon the high bank formed by the union of St. Inigoes' creek and St. Mary's river, built of imported brick, and was built before the year 1638. Mr. Anthony Warden, the father of Blanche, performed the duties of the collector of the proprietary's revenues in the port, having received from his patron and friend, Cecilus Calvert, the grant of a large tract of land stretching along the creek of St. Inigoes. After taking a stroll through the garden, with its trellised and vine-clad gateways, and walks lined with box, we were invited to enter the house by the present proprietor, whom we found to be a polite and courteous gentleman, who kindly showed us every thing of interest about the house. The rooms are large and embellished with carved wainscots and a profusion of chiseled wood-work. I almost imagined I was living in the days of Lord Baltimore, and would not have been much surprised if the genial Anthony Warden had presented himself before us, with "his embroidered coat of drab velvet, with wadded skirts and huge open cuffs, his lace wristbands, his ample vest and white lamb's wool hose rolled above his knees, his buckled shoes and three-cornered hat." Before leaving the house, we were shown the stairway, down which Kennedy tells us, Blanche was carried in the arms of Master Cocklescraft when abducted by this notorious buccaneer.

Leaving Rose Croft, we next visited the site of the old capital and metropolis of Maryland, but alas, the only remnants of the old city of St. Mary's that can be found are a few scattered bricks, the mouldering and shapeless ruin of the ancient State House. Near the wreck of this early monument of the founders of Maryland, stands Old Trinity Church, in the building of which church many of the old bricks were used.

The State House, it is said, was cruciform, and faced the west bank of St. Mary's river. The building was for more than a century consecrated to the worship of God. By reference to the journal of the Upper House of Assembly, St. Mary's, 10th of May, 1682, it will be seen that in that year the State House was in a "ruinous condition," that in a short time thereafter, "if not speedily repaired, it must inevitably fall to the ground," and that measures were then taken for its new covering and making necessary repairs thereof." The first settlement made by Leonard Calvert with two hundred colonists, sent out by his brother Lord Baltimore, was called "St. Mary's" in honor of their Queen, and their two vessels the "Ark" and the "Dove" arrived in St. Mary's river in March, 1634. In a few years St. Mary's city grew rapidly, as it was the baronial seat of the lords proprietary of Baltimore, but now the ancient city has entirely disappeared and has become trackless and tokenless. She has left nothing but her name and a few mouldering bricks. There yet remains the fallen body of an old mulberry tree, under which it is said Lord Baltimore made his treaty with the Indians. Only a few years since did this venerable tree succumb to the ravages of time. A peace of this relic together with one of the bricks I have taken away with me to be deposited among the curiosities and relics in the cabinet of the Rugby Literary Society.

As our time was very limited, we were obliged, reluctantly, to tear ourselves away from this historic ground, and were soon sailing across the river. Arriving on the other side, we found our horse and carriage ready for us, and at once started for Leonardtown.

After visiting one or