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Selected Poetry.

HELP THE POOR.

BY C. G. DUNN.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Help the poor! they need assistance!
Pass them not unheeded by—
Exercise a strong resistance
'Gainst thy useless vanity,
And by acts of moral beauty
'Mong the lowly do your duty.

What are satins? what are tatters?
They but indicate the clan;
Fashion's raiment only flatters
Outward show, and not the man.
Rags are eloquent revealings
Of the crushed heart's bitter feelings.

What is life, that we so lightly
Should consider grief and pain?
Though for us all things shine brightly,
And there's fortune in our train,
Yet the hearts that we have slighted
Have by sorrow's frosts been blighted.

Scoff not at the suffering lowly—
Rather love them more and more;
Let us set examples holy,
If we would their joy restore,
And our hallowing behavior
Will be treasured by the Saviour.

Help the poor, the weak the stricken,
While they struggle with their fate—
While their heavy sorrows thicken—
Help them ere it be too late;
While their hot tears upward bubble
Let us take them out of trouble.

God of mercy—oh, have pity
On the bleeding hearts around!
On the hearts that in the city
Stung with misery are found.
Look thou down upon the humble,
They who in the darkness stumble.

Help the poor! O show them kindness.
They have hearts to feel and know
There is far too much of blindness
In the eyes of men below—
And by acts of moral beauty
Let us ever do our duty.

Selected Miscellany.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY ANN CORA RITCHIE.

There could be no shadow where there be no light, no eclipse were there no luminary to be obscured, no dark side to things spiritual and natural were there no bright; and the former implies and testifies to the existence of the latter.

"Let the night be never so dark
The moon is surely *somewhere* in the sky!"

To discover that moon beneath its thickest shroud, to have perfect faith in the reality of this sunny side to all creation, to seek it out with unflagging hope, to draw it from the gloomiest abyss, until it rise radient as Truth from the depth of her fabled well—oh! that is one of the most joy-imparting, peace-producing, wealth-coming of all life's secrets.

Doubtless, Dr. Johnson meant to convey a very impressive counsel when he said that the habit of looking on the best side of every event was "far better than a thousand pounds a year," but we think he made a very low estimate of the value of that blessed faculty which lines all the clouds with silver.

Wealth cannot be computed by our actual possessions, but by the exorbitance or moderation of our desires; nor happiness gauged by the enjoyments within our grasp, but by those after which we aspire. Sunny temperaments, smilingly deem whatever they receive *sufficient*, and neither their affluence nor their felicity have no regard to pound or pence, weights and measures. To them Poverty wears the graceful robes of Content, and would look no fairer in the diadem of Luxury. To them the stream of Sorrow is like that fountain of Anletus, which rise salted from the earth, but sweetened in its course, for their grief can have no lasting taste of bitterness. There is a clear, blue firmament in their souls where the star of hope always shines, piercing the most noisome vapors that ascend from a pestilential world beneath.

Alas! how few is the number of these bright and brightening natures! How countless are the hosts of those who resolutely turn their eyes from the golden light gleaming through the darkness of life's picture; who, with irrational perversity, augment all its shadows! who, when calamities threaten, experience all their anguish in anticipation—who, when sorrows really arrive, magnify their sum; and who, even when griefs are removed, cling to their sombre remembrance, and torture themselves with evoking phantoms of departed woe!

Sometimes this morbid tendency of the mind to "take trouble on interest," to multiply its actual amount, and conjure up its vanquished ghosts, is inherent and hereditary.

Then it gives birth to a demon difficult, indeed, to exercise, for his feet are planted among the deepest fibres of the heart, and his murky form rises in giant strength, and possesses the soul as a lawful home. Religion, Reason, and Philosophy must unite in a powerful triad, and wage fierce war against the fiend before he can be cast out, and life's sunny side can be revealed to the spirit he has enslaved.

Sometimes this despondency of character is the offspring of sheer ingratitude, and a disregard of, or disbelief in, the perpetual guidance of an over-ruling Providence.—Then is the daily punishment it entails no heavier than its sin, and the sunny side shall never be disclosed to those unthankful hearts until they are cleansed and illuminated.

Sometimes this mental gloom springs from purely physical causes. D'Israeli takes a very prosaic, but common sense, and useful view of the subject when he says, "our domestic happiness often depends upon the state of our biliary or digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than the moralist." Happily and billious mists that veil the sunshine from the eyes of this dismal class of beings may be dispelled, by a few strokes of the cabalistic pen, and the sufferer find an open sesame to the sunny region conveyed in a medical prescription.

Oh! if we only believe that on the stormiest sea, in the dreariest night, the mysterious fingers of Divine Providence is always pointing to some faint, far off, beacon name which will grow larger the more steadily we gaze, and become brighter and brighter as Faith takes her seat at the healm and guides our bark nearer and nearer, until we behold a luminous harbor of Consolation rising out of the chaotic gloom, from how much hopeless anguish we should be shielded! If we could only be convinced that the saddest event *has* its sunny side, how many hours groping in despairing darkness we should escape! If we would only resolutely use our eyes to search for that sunny side, how many tears they would be spared! If we could only accept the interpretation of the term happiness which supposes it (in the words of Diana Muloch) "to consist in having our highest faculties most highly developed, and in use to their fullest extent," how quickly we should be numbered with the dwellers upon this glorious sunny side of the earth!

Quacks a Hundred Years Ago.

If our forefathers, a hundred years ago, could not boast of their mesmeric influences, or of table-turning, or of spirit-rapping, they were the victims of a marvellous list of quackeries of other descriptions, which were, perhaps, more injurious in their effects. It was literally the age of quack medicines, and every possible disease was fitted with its nostrums, all duly qualified by His Majesty's letters patent. There were "The Original Balsam of Health," otherwise called "The Balsam of Life," which is described as "the most admirable vulnerary in nature;" the "Golden Nervous Cordial or Paralytic Drops," which was the greatest preservative and restorer of health ever yet published," and had been "sent many years ago by Her Catholic Majesty to King James the First's consort;" "The Famous Sugar Plums for Worms;" the "Grand Elixir of Ease," which was a certain cure for the colic, and "The much-famed Hypo-Drops," which "infallibly cure melancholy in men or vapors in women." One "Doctor Toscono" declares himself able to find out and cure all diseases to which humanity is liable, adding, in conclusion, "I will forfeit one hundred quineas if anybody can prove to the contrary."

Some of these medicines are put forward under the name of the celebrated Dr. John Hill, the great medical and literary quack of the age; such as the "Essence of Water Dock," a safe remedy for scurvy; and the "Elixir of Baridana," which was infallible against gout and rheumatism. Those who needed the latter were encouraged by the information added to the advertisement, that the baridana (burdock) is a common, innocent British plant. Dr. Hill's "Elixir" met with a rival in a medicine against the same diseases by one Dr. Colley, who announced, as an "effectual remedy," his "Antiarthritick Wine," supposing, perhaps, that the very name of wine was enough to cure a gouty patient.

But all these inventions are thrown into the shade by the "Medicinal Arabian Quilt," "wherein," we are told, "is infused a salutary composition," chiefly of "Eastern vegetables," and "by wrapping up in this quilt," sufferers under all sorts of diseases were to find quick relief. We learn from the same advertisement that "the author also has invented a medical paper cap, for the constant wear of those who are vaporous, or subject to catch cold;" and of this it is further stated, "likewise it refreshes the memory of the studious, particularly those who apply constantly to their pen, and so curiously contrived that gentlemen (*sic*) may constantly wear them under their wigs, or even ladies, under their caps.—*London Review.*

☞"Anatomists say that a man changes every seven years." Therefore, says the inimitable Jones, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill I contracted in 1854—I ain't the man.

☞Useful knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

Fanny Fern on Lovers and Marriageable Daughters.

How any young fellow can have the face to walk into your family and deliberately ask for one of your daughters passes me. That it is done every day does not lessen my astonishment at the sublime impudence of the thing. There you have been, sixteen or seventeen or eighteen years of her life, combing her hair and washing her face for "him." It is lucky the thought never strikes you while you are doing it, that this is to be the end of it all.

What if you "were" married yourself? that is no reason why she should be bewitched away into a separate establishment just as you begin to lean on her and be proud of her; or, at least, it stands to reason, that after you have worried her through the measles and chicken pox and scarlet fever and whooping-cough, and had her properly baptised and vaccinated, this young man might give you a short breathing spell before she goes.

"He" seems to be of a different opinion; "he" not only insists upon taking her, but taking her immediately, if not sooner. He talks well about it—very well; you have no objections to "him" not the least in the world except "that."

When the world is full of girls, why couldn't he have fixed his eyes on the daughter of somebody else? There are some parents who are glad to get rid of their daughters. Blue eyes are as plenty as blackberries; why need it be this particular pair? Isn't she happy enough as she is? Don't she have meat and bread and clothes enough, to say nothing of love? What is the use of leaving a certainty for an uncertainty, when that certainty is a mother, and you can never have but one?

You put all these questions to her, and she has the sauciness to ask, if that is the way you reasoned, when her father came to you. You disdain to answer, of course; it is a mean dodging of a question. But she gets round you for all that, and so does he too, though you try your best not to like him; and with a—"well if I must, I must," you just order her wedding clothes, muttering to yourself the while—"dear, dear, what sort of a fist "will" that child make at the head of the house; how will she "ever" know what to do in this, that and the other emergency; she who is calling on "mother" fifty times a day to settle every trifling question."

What folly for her to set up a house for herself. How many mothers have had these foreboding thoughts over a daughter's wedding clothes; and yet that daughter has met life and its unexpected reverses with a heroism and courage as undoubted as if every girlish fear had not been kissed away by lips that alas! may be dust, when this baptism of womanhood comes upon her.

Balls, Shells and Bombs.

The correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, writing from Troy, N. Y., May 8th, says:

The Watervliet Arsenal, situated at West Troy, is, as you doubtless know, the largest arsenal for the construction and fabrication of military implements, other than small arms and cannon, in the country, and a visit to its workshops at the present time, powerfully impresses one with the strength and resources of our Government. Everything is at present on a war footing, and from three to four hundred hands directly, and as many more indirectly, in the neighboring foundaries, are kept busy night and day. A large number of hands are engaged in the preparation of ammunition; sixty thousand ball cartridges are made daily. Most of these are intended for the Minie rifle, but large numbers of the old fashioned round ball cartridges are also manufactured. The rapidity with which a cartridge is made, is wonderful. A boy sits at a counter with a cylindrical stick—a pile of greased balls and one of prepared paper before him—a simple roll of the paper and stick, a jerk and a twist at one end, a twist of a string, and a cartridge is ready for filling in less time than it takes to read this description. They are then taken into another room, placed open end up in shallow boxes, and a man, by means of a simple instrument, fills them with an equal and specific amount of powder, at the rate of thirty a minute. A twist at the open end, and the cartridge is complete. The manufacture goes on so fast that it requires nearly a dozen men and boys to pack, box, and remove the finished cartridges. In another apartment, a number of men and girls are employed in the manufacture of cannon cartridges of all sizes, from the mightiest columbiad down to a six-pounder. The material of which they are made is a kind of woolen goods—moreen—imported from England especially for the purpose. Thousands of yards of this material were in the process of being cut up and manufactured. Cannon cartridges are not filled here, but at the place where they are intened to be used. In still another department grape, canister, and strapped ammunition are in course of preparation, while huge cart-loads of bomb-shells and spherical shot are hourly arriving from the neighboring foundries. The grape-shot are larger than I supposed, and might more properly be called peach-shot than grape-shot. Some six or seven more of these are packed in a sort of wire corkscrew arrangement, and fitted into a tin case, and when thus finished have much the appearance of jars of preserved meats or fruit.

The manufacture of bomb-shells is also a matter of much interest. The preparation of those I witnessed is briefly as follows:—The shell is first filled full with old-fashioned round leaden bullets; melted sulphur is then poured in to fill up the interstices and bind the bullets in one solid mass; the shell is then put into a kind of lathe, and a cylindrical hole of the exact size of the orifice of the shell is bored through the bullets and sulphur. This cavity is filled with powder, even with the interior edge of the orifice, a six-inch shell of the kind here described holding about half a pound. The fuse fitted into the orifice is a recent Belgian invention, made of pewter, and resembles the screw-cap used for the patent fruit cans. An examination of this pewter cap shows, however, that it is made of two hollow discs of metal screwed together, and filled with meal powder. A number of fine holes are drilled in the lower disc, while the outer disc is entire, and marked with figures in a circle, 1, 2, 3, 4. In this state the shell is water and weather-proof. When taken for use, the gunner, by means of a small steel instrument, scoops out a portion of the outer soft metal surface, and lays bare the charge of composition powder below it. If the shell is desired to explode in one second after leaving the gun, the scooping is made on the figure 1; if in two seconds, on the figure 2, and so on—the idea being that the shells of this description shall first strike the object aimed at and do execution as a ball, and then explode, sending the bullets forward as if from another cannon located at the point where the flight of the shell is arrested. Large shells of eight or ten inches are filled with powder only, and, bursting, do execution by means of a fuse of meal powder, extending through a brass plug screwed into the mouth of the shell. In both cases the fuse is fired by the ignition of the charge of the gun.

Views of Senator Crittenden of Kentucky.

The Hon. John J. Crittenden made a speech at Lexington, Ky., last week, thus defining his position as a candidate for Congress:

The first great object which he ardently desired was, that this war should be put an end to; that the longer it continued, and the more devastating it became, the more difficult would be its solution; and to the end of pacification and the restoration of the kindly feelings which once prevailed among the happy and prosperous people of a common government would his whole energies be devoted, if it should be the pleasure of the people to confer on him the responsible trust of representing them. To a war of subjugation he was opposed; and while he was satisfied that the government did nothing more than its duty in the preparation it had made to defend the National Capital, yet he would be prepared, at any moment, to lend a helping hand to arrest the further progress of this unnatural conflict. Mr. Lincoln, he declared, was not the President of his selection, and he was neither responsible for nor prepared to sustain the policy of that functionary. Lincoln, however, was not the government, although charged, for the time, with its administrative functions; and, while he repudiated all allegiance to him or his creed, he was, as he had always professed to be, loyal to the Constitution of his country, under which the nation had been so prosperous, the people so free and happy, and the blessings of which are priceless and innumerable.

Mr. Crittenden declared that, in his judgment, every means should be resorted to to restore the blessings of peace, to preserve the Union, and to hand down, unimpaired, the noble institutions which have come down to us hallowed by the sanction of our revolutionary fathers. To that end he declared first that the Southern States should present to Congress, when it meets, a fair statement of the grievances under which they labor; that, when presented, the Congress of the United States should promptly grant a full measure of redress for those grievances; and that, if Congress should not do so, he would not vote one dollar to the prosecution of the war. In the next place, if the South should fail to present their grievances with a view to adjustment, then that the North should promptly concede such assurances of redress and security as were just to the South; and that besides these, all other possible means should be employed that would have the effect of maintaining the Union, preserving the Government, and putting a period to the unnatural war in which the country is involved. In the event that all the means employed for this patriotic and noble purpose should fail, and the war should still rage on, then he was of the opinion that Kentucky, poising herself upon her proud position of neutrality, should summon all her judgment and reason, and, discarding all passion and prejudice, should decide for herself what position she should assume.—He declared that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof; and that while he was not now, under the continually shifty scenes of the political drama, prepared to say what position Kentucky should occupy in the contingency mentioned, he would be prepared, as a native and loyal son of Kentucky, to follow her destiny, be it what it might.

☞Corruption is like a ball of snow, when once set a rolling it must increase. It gives momentum to the activity of the knave, but it chills the honest man, and makes him almost weary of his calling: and all that corruption attracts, it also retains; for it is easier not to fall, than only to fall once, and not to yield a single inch, than having yielded, to regain it.

☞Some religionists would make contempt of the creation a test of piety; but they greatly err. It was said of the material universe that six times over God said that it was "good."

A BATTLE AT VIENNA.

Another Masked Battery Disaster to Federal Troops.

On Sunday last, when a train of cars was returning from Vienna, on the Alexandria and Loudoun Railroad (about fifteen miles from Alexandria,) a man fired on the train from an ambush, wounding George Busbee, of the Connecticut Light Guards, and came near wounding Gen. Tyler, who was standing at his side in an open car.

In consequence of this attack the Government resolved to place pickets along the road, and yesterday Col. McCook's First Ohio Regiment, accompanied by General Schenck, set out in a train of cars, and the men were distributed in detachments along the line. When the cars reached Vienna, at about five o'clock, with only three companies remaining, a masked battery was opened upon them, killing and wounding, according to the report we have, about two hundred of them. Reinforcements were sent forward, but we have no further particulars of what occurred.—*National Intelligencer of the 18th.*

A small portion of the above important despatch was telegraphed to this city on Monday evening last, (says the Baltimore *Exchange* of the 19th,) but it was promptly suppressed by order of the Federal Government, so that the official report might have precedence. As the report of Brigadier General Schenck follows very carefully the precedent set by General Butler, in the Great Bethel affair, and puts down the number of killed and wounded at twenty only, whilst the *National Intelligencer*, more candid and ingenious, announces a loss of two hundred, the reason why the Government was anxious to tell its own story first is obvious.

An Engagement between the Federal Troops and a Masked Battery near Vienna, on the Loudoun Railroad.

Washington, June 18.—The following official despatch was received here at a late hour last night, by telegraph from the camp, addressed to Lieut. Gen. Scott:

Left camp with 658 rank and file, including 29 field and company officers, in pursuance of General McDowell's orders to go upon this expedition with all the available force of one of my regiments.

[illegible] volunteers, I left two companies, company J and company K, an aggregate of 135 men, at the crossing of the road. Sent Lieutenant Colonel Parrot with two companies of 117 men, to Falls Church, and to patrol the roads in that direction. I stationed two companies, D and F, comprising 135 men, to guard the railroad and bridge between the crossing and Vienna. I then proceeded slowly toward Vienna with four companies.

Company E, Captain Paddock, and company C, Lieut. Woodward, who were afterwards joined by company D, Capt Pease, company G, Capt. Bailey, company H, Capt. Haslett, total 205 men. On turning the curve slowly, when within one quarter of a mile of Vienna, we were fired upon by a raking masked battery of, I think three guns, with shells, round shot and grape, killing and wounding the men on the platform and in the cars, before the train could be stopped. When the train was stopped, the engineer could not, on account of the damage done to some part of the running machinery, draw the train out of range of the enemies fire. The engine being in the rear, we left the cars and retreated to the right and left of the train through the woods. Finding that the enemies' batteries were sustained by what appeared to be about a regiment of infantry, and by cavalry, which force we have since understood to have been some 1,500 South Carolinians, we fell back along the railroad, throwing out skirmishers on both flanks.

This was about 7 o'clock, P. M. Thus we retired slowly, bearing off our wounded five miles to this point, Little Falls Church, which we reached at 10 o'clock, P. M.

The casualties are as follows: Capt. Haslett's company, 2 known to be killed, and 3 wounded; 5 missing.

Capt. Bailey's company, G, 3 killed, 2 wounded, and 2 missing.

Capt. Paddock's company E, one officer slightly wounded, Capt. Pease, and two missing.

The engineer, when the men left the cars, instead of retiring slowly, as I ordered, detached his engine with the passenger car, from the rest of the disabled train, and abandoned us, running to Alexandria, and we have heard nothing from him since. Thus we were deprived of a rallying point, and of all means of accompanying the wounded, who had to be carried on litters and in blankets. We wait here holding the road for reinforcements. The enemy did not pursue.

I have ascertained that the enemy's force at Fairfax Court House, four miles from Vienna, is now about 4,000 strong. When all the batteries were opened upon us, Major Hughey was at his station on the foremost platform car. Col. McCook was with me in one of the passenger cars. Both of these officers, with others of the commissioned officers and many of the men, behaved most coolly under this galling fire, which we could not return, and from batteries which we could not flank or turn, owing to the nature of the ground. The approach to Vienna is through a deep, long cut in the railway. On leaving the cars and before they could rally, many of my men lost their haversacks or blankets, but brought off all their muskets, except, it may be, a few that were destroyed by the enemy's first fire, or lost with those who were killed.

(Signed,) ROBERT C. SCHENCK,
Brigadier-General.

The 71st regiment went down to Alexandria, but arrived after the battle was over. As they left, says the Washington *Star*, a train came down from Vienna, bringing eight killed and fourteen wounded. Some of the killed were brought to this city by the steamer Star, which plies between Seventh street wharf and Alexandria.

Another Account.

The correspondent of the Washington *Star*, whose letter is dated at Falls Church, June 18th, says:

When General Schenck reached this point yesterday, by rail, with the Ohio regiment of Col. McCook that stumbled on the disunionists' concealed battery near Vienna, they were duly notified that between a thousand and eleven hundred South Carolina troops were stationed there. A consultation was held on the cars, and some of the officers urged that discretion was the better part of valor, while others maintained that they could whip them anyhow. It was determined to proceed, and when the train got in sight of the battery, of the existence of which no one on it (the train) knew anything, the brakes were instantly put down hard, to stop as quickly as possible. That was at the curve just east of Vienna. It was too late, however, for a shot came booming along that severed the connection of the locomotive with the train. The battery fired seven shots in all, killing, I believe, five of our men and wounding more, before Col. McCook ordered his men to seek cover of the woods, which was all that could be done under the circumstances at that time. The whole regiment left Alexandria upon the expedition, which was designed to leave a strong guard upon the railroad all the way to Vienna. By the time the train arrived at Fall's Church all but three companies had been so posted; those three being all that were fired on by the battery. A message was sent by the locomotive back for the companies left below, who hurried up to the relief of those in the woods, and the advance of the relief got on the ground just as the attacked party had formed in the woods.—All the train, wood cars, and two passenger cars were completely demolished by the fire of the battery, the locomotive and tender only escaping. W. M. H.

Nine killed and thirty wounded was the highest estimate in Alexandria at noon today. The engagement lasted not more than twenty minutes.

"The Second Criminal Blunder."

Under this caption the Philadelphia *North American*—one of the leading military journals—thus treats of the affair at Vienna:

It is not a little irritating to find that our troops in Virginia have fallen into another of those assassin planned traps in which the chivalry of secession rejoice. After the folly and disaster at Bethel, it is amazing that any commander should venture on untried ground, with four or five companies in a position so helpless as that of being packed in cars, and being drawn slowly through deep cuts of a railroad, in a country occupied by traitors. The great antecedent folly of giving the rebels all the guns and all the ammunition gathered at Norfolk should have sufficed of itself. That was calamity enough for one war, but it seems that as a sort of corollary of that most favorable proposition, our small commanders now arrange the bodies of troops sent out so as to offer unresisting targets to these same guns. And when fired on by a masked battery, there seems to be no effort made to get out of the way, still less to take the battery. After standing to be shot down for a couple of hours or so, the forces are slowly drawn off, leaving the assassins masters of the field. Gen. Schenck will have hard work to explain by what folly he was drawn into this stupid ambuscade. If it was not incumbent on him to know the ground on which he was venturing, it was incumbent on him to have his force in position to either fight or run away.

☞"Come in and go to bed," said a wife to a jolly son of Erin who had just returned from a fair in a decided state. "You must be tired with your long walk of two miles."

"Arrah! get away with your nonsense," said Pat. "It wasn't the length of the way at all that fatigued me, but the *breadth* of it."

☞He is wealthy enough that wanteth not. He is great enough that is his own master. He is happy enough that lives to die well. Other things I will not care for, says Judge Hale, nor too much for these, save only for the last, which alone can admit of no immoderation.

☞"Why," said a lover to his mistress, "are you like that hinge?" "Can't even guess." "Because you are something to a door" (adore.) She declined his acquaintance immediately, which considerably unhinged him.

☞A young lady in Maine advertised for the young man who "embraced an opportunity," and says if he will come over to their town he can do better.

HAPPINESS.—Happiness in part is imaginary, and its possession depends almost entirely upon ourselves; contentment is the key which unlocks the treasure house, and with "godliness is great gain."