Cambridge Democrat.

"Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

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Shall we Know Each Other There?

When we hear the music ringing
Through the bright Celestial dome,
When sweet angel voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care—
In the land of light and glory—
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see their bright eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms entwining
Fondly round us, as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friend to know.

Oh! ye weary, sad and lone ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear:
Evermore this sweet tongue lingers—
"We shall know each other there!"

INAUGURATION OF JEFF. DAVIS AS PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

From the Richmond Examiner Extra, Feb 22.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW CITIZENS—On this the birthday of the man most identified with the establishment of American Independence, and beneath the monument erected to commemorate his heroic virtues and those of his compatriots, we have assembled to usher into existence the permanent Government of the Confederate States. Through this instrumentality, under the favor of Divine Providence, we hope to perpetuate the principles of our Revolutionary fathers. The day, the memory and the purpose seem fitly associated.

It is with mingled feelings of humility and pride that I appear to take, in the presence of the people and before high Heaven, the oath prescribed as a qualification for the exalted station to which the unanimous voice of the people has called me. Deeply sensible of all that is implied by this manifestation of the people's confidence, I am yet more profoundly impressed by the vast responsibility of the office, and humbly feel my own unworthiness.

In return for their kindness I can only offer assurances of the gratitude with which it is received, and can but pledge a zealous devotion of every faculty to the service of those who have chosen me as their Chief Magistrate.

When a long course of class legislation, directed, not to the general welfare, but to the aggrandizement of the Northern section of the Union, culminated in a warfare on the domestic institutions of the Southern States—when the dogmas of a sectional party, substituted for the provisions of the constitutional compact, threatened to destroy the sovereign rights of the States, six of those States, withdrawing from the Union, confederated together to exercise the right and perform the duty of instituting a Government which would better secure the liberties for the preservation of which that Union was established.

Whatever of hope some may have entertained that a returning sense of justice would remove the danger with which our rights were threatened, and render it possible to preserve the Union of the Constitution, must have been dispelled by the malignity and barbarity of the Northern States in the prosecution of the existing war. The confidence of the most hopeful among us must have been destroyed by the disregard they have recently exhibited for all the time honored bulwarks of civil and religious liberty. Bastiles filled with prisoners, arrested without civil process or indictment duly found; the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended by Executive mandate; a State Legislature controlled by the imprisonment of members whose avowed principles suggested to the Federal Executive that there might be another added to the list of seceded States; elections held under threats of a military power; civil officers, peaceful citizens and gentle women incarcerated for opinion's sake, proclaimed the incapacity of our late associates to administer a government as free, liberal and humane as that established for our common use.

For proof of the sincerity of our purpose to maintain our ancient institutions, we may point to the Constitution of the Confederacy and the laws enacted under it, as well as to the fact that through all the necessities of an unequal struggle there has been no act on our part to impair personal liberty or the freedom of speech, of thought or of the press. The courts have been open, the judicial functions fully executed, and every right of the peaceful citizen maintained as securely as if a war of invasion had not disturbed the land.

The people of the States now confederated became convinced that the Government of the United States had fallen into the hands of a sectional majority, who would pervert that most sacred of all trusts to the destruction of the rights which it was pledged to protect. They believed that to remain longer in the Union would subject them to a continuance of a disparaging discrimination, submission to which would be inconsistent with their welfare, and intolerable to a proud people—They, therefore, determined to sever its bonds and establish a new Confederacy to themselves.

The experiment instituted by our Revolutionary fathers, of a voluntary Union of sovereign States for purposes specified in a solemn compact, had been perverted by those who, feeling power and forgetting right, were determined to respect no law but their own will. The Government had ceased to answer the ends for which it was ordained and established. To save ourselves from a revolution which, in its silent but rapid progress, was about to place us under the despotism of numbers, and to preserve in spirit, as well as in form, a system of government we believed to be peculiarly fitted to our condition, and full of promise for mankind, we determined to make a new association, composed of States homogenous in interest, in policy and in feeling.

True to our traditions of peace and our love of justice, we sent commissioners to the United States to propose a fair and amicable settlement of all questions of public debt or property which might be in dispute. But the Government at Washington, denying our right to self government, refused even to listen to any proposals for a peaceful separation. Nothing was then left to us but to prepare for war.

The first year in our history has been the most eventful in the annals of this continent. A new Government has been established, and its machinery put in operation over an area exceeding seven hundred thousand square miles. The great principles upon which we have been willing to hazard everything that is dear to man have made conquests for us which could never have been achieved by the sword. Our Confederacy has grown from six to thirteen States; and Maryland, already united to us by hallowed memories and material interest, will, I believe, when able to speak with unstifled voice, connect her destiny with the South. Our people have rallied with unexampled unanimity to the support of the great principles of constitutional Government, with a firm resolve to perpetuate by arms the rights which they could not peacefully secure. A million of men, it is estimated, are now standing in hostile array, and waging war along a frontier of thousands of miles. Battles have been fought, sieges have been conducted, and, although the contest is not ended, and the tide for the moment is against us, the final result in our favor is not doubtful.

The period is near at hand when our foes must sink under the immense load of debt which they have incurred, a debt which in their efforts to subjugate us has already attained such fearful dimensions as will subject them to burthens which must continue to oppress them for generations to come.

We, too, have had our trials and difficulties.—That we are to escape them in future is not to be hoped. It was to be expected when we entered upon this war that it would expose our people to sacrifices and cost them much, both of money and blood. But we knew the value of the object for which we struggled, and understood the nature of the war in which we were engaged. Nothing could be so bad as failure, and any sacrifice would be cheap as the price of success in such a contest.

But the picture has its lights as well as its shadows. This great strife has awakened in the people the highest emotions and qualities of the human soul. It is cultivating feelings of patriotism, virtue and courage. Instances of self sacrifice and of generous devotion to the noble cause for which we are contending are rife throughout the land.—Never has a people evinced a more determined spirit than that now animating men, women and children in every part of our country. Upon the first call the men fly to arms; and wives and mothers send their husbands and sons to battle without a murmur of regret.

It was, perhaps, in the ordination of Providence that we were to be taught the value of our liberties by the price which we pay for them.

The recollection of this great contest, with all its common traditions of glory, of sacrifice and of blood, will be the bond of harmony and enduring affection amongst the people, producing unity in policy, fraternity in sentiment and joint effort in war.

Nor have the material sacrifices of the past year been made without some corresponding benefits. If the acquiescence of foreign nations in a pretended blockade has deprived us of our commerce with them, it is fast making us a self-supporting and independent people. The blockade, if effectual and permanent, could only serve to divert our industry from the production of articles for export, and employ it in supplying commodities for domestic uses.

It is a satisfaction that we have maintained the war by our unaided exertions. We have neither asked nor received assistance from any quarter. Yet the interest involved is not wholly our own. The world at large is concerned in opening our markets to its commerce. When the independence of the Confederate States is recognized by the nations of the earth, and we are free to follow our interests and inclination by cultivating foreign trade, the Southern States will offer to manufacturing nations the most favorable markets which ever invited their commerce. Cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, provisions, timber and naval stores will furnish attractive exchanges.

Nor would the constancy of these supplies be likely to be disturbed by war. Our confederate strength will be too great to tempt aggression; and never was there a people whose interest and principles committed them so fully to a peaceful policy as those of the Confederate States. By the character of their productions they are too deeply interested in foreign commerce wantonly to disturb it. War of conquest they cannot wage, because the Constitution of their confederacy admits of no coerced association. Civil war there cannot be between States held together by their volition only. This rule of voluntary association, which cannot fail to be conservative, by securing just and impartial government at home, does not diminish the security of the obligations by which the Confederate States may be bound to foreign nations. In proof of this it is to be remembered that, at the first moment of asserting their right of secession these States proposed a settlement on the basis of a common liability for the obligations of the general government.

Fellow citizens, after the struggles of ages had consecrated the right of the Englishmen to constitutional representative government, our colonial ancestors were forced to vindicate that birthright by an appeal to arms. Success crowned their efforts, and they provided for their posterity a peaceful remedy against future aggression.

The tyranny of an unbridled majority, the most odious and responsible form of despotism, has denied us both the right and the remedy. Therefore we are in arms to renew such sacrifices as fathers made to the holy cause of constitutional liberty. At the darkest hour of our struggle the provisional gives place to the permanent Government. After a series of successes and victories, which covered our arms with glory, we have recently met with serious disasters. But in the heart of a people resolved to be free, these disasters tend but to stimulate to increased resistance.

To show ourselves worthy of the inheritance bequeathed to us by the patriots of the Revolution, we must emulate that heroic devotion which made reverse to them but the crucible in which their patriotism was refined.

With confidence in the wisdom and virtue of those who will share with me the responsibility, and aid me in the conduct of public affairs, securely relying on the patriotism and courage of the people, of which the present war has furnished so many examples; I deeply feel the weight of the responsibilities I now, with unaffected diffidence, am about to assume; and, fully realizing the inadequacy of human power to guide and to sustain, my hope is reverently fixed on Him whose favor is ever vouchsafed to the cause which is just. With humble gratitude and adoration, acknowledging the Providence which has so visibly protected the Confederacy during its brief but eventful career, I commit myself, and prayerfully invoke Thy blessing on my country and its cause.

To Thee, O God, I trustingly commit myself, and prayerfully invoke Thy blessing on my country and its cause

[From the Southern Ægis.]

BOOKS.

Books are my passion. There is something friendly in their appearance when ranged in book cases—seeming to say to us, "Here we stand, ready to entertain or instruct any one who will take us." I can sympathise with the Chinese in his reverence for printed paper, not using, it is said, any scrap of print for ordinary purposes, tearing the name of his God is upon it.

It has always afforded me great pleasure to visit public libraries, and gaze on hundreds of shelves devoted to books—where, in whatever direction you turn your eyes, you see only—books—monuments of the great and wise, who rest from their labors. I envy the office of librarian in a public library, and think it a want of laudable ambition that this office is not one sought after with the same spirit and eagerness with which men strive for political office. To be custodian of those legacies, bequeathed to the world by the wisest and best of men—what a privilege! I am not in danger of breaking the tenth commandment when in a public library; I would not appropriate one of those many volumes as private property. I love to gaze around, and think, "Here is a temple to which the citizens of this great city can repair, and enjoy an intellectual feast." We read in history, that in the days of Rome's luxury—when she was enriched with the spoils of the known world—her rich citizens collected large and valuable private libraries, but threw them open to common use—and the humblest plebeian might wander into one of these libraries, and sit and read to his heart's content.

The first public library in these *once* United States, is the Philadelphia library in Philadelphia—a brick building with marble front, near Independence Hall. It is worth visiting for this fact alone: The librarian—whose name I forget—gave me some particulars of its history, which may not be uninteresting to the reader. The idea of a public library was projected in Philadelphia, when this country was dependent on England for its literature, and books were very expensive. Sir Benjamin West the celebrated painter, who acquired his great fame in England,—while in that country, was invited by Rev Samuel J. Preston, of the English Church, to visit him and paint his portrait. West did so, and was struck by the reverend gentleman's library, which was unusually large, and embraced many rare and valuable works. West observed to Mr. Preston, that as he was a bachelor he could find no more worthy object than the Philadelphia library, to bequeath his books. Not long after this conversation, Mr. Preston died, and left his library, portrait and a sum of money to the Philadelphia library; and thus, by the munificence of an English gentleman, whose eyes never rested upon this fair continent, the first library in the *once* U. States was established. I looked with veneration at the portrait of Mr Preston—which as a specimen of Mr West's life like portraits, is of itself remarkable,—and felt that he had erected an enduring monument to his own memory. This Philadelphia library contains many old and valuable books, which cannot now be obtained "for love or money." There is also an old chronometer, pointed out to the visitor as having once served as an hour piece to Oliver Cromwell. As I never admired this gentleman or his puritanical followers who people the New England States, this memento of a usurper gave rise to no pleasant reflections. I hope when the Confederates capture Philadelphia—as I doubt not they will, if this suicidal war continues much longer—they will carefully box the books of this old library, together with the portrait of Mr. Preston, and send them southward, ere they take up their victorious march northward.

I am fastidious about the binding of books. I like them in libraries to be of a uniform color and size—calf skin is I think the most serviceable binding. It is not, generally, considered a theft to borrow a book from one's friend and not return it. Now, I think to keep a borrowed book, is as great a violation of the eight commandment, as it is for a man to put his hand in your pocket, and abstract you purse.—Then we see people who ought to know better allow a borrowed book to pitch about the house, its leaves turned down and soiled—so when it is returned to the owner—we just *imagine* this part of the case,—it bears no resemblance to its former self. Perhaps, this book may be endeared to the owner by associations no other copy can impart, and yet we suffer this precious memento of "by-gone hours," to knock about as carelessly as an old news paper. Another profanation which books receive is at the hands of those multitudes of scribblers, who every year send forth a pack of nonsense, elegantly put up—evidently with the hope that the public will buy the book for its binding. Such are the novels which bear the euphonious names of Mrs. Southworth, Mrs Caroline Lee Hents, &c., &c. It is my opinion that the history of books teaches a bitter lesson to literary women, as in most every case books written by women are failures—witness Miss Wetherall's efforts. A few of Mrs. Grey's and Miss Pickerings novels are good—and everything written by Miss Evans is full of genius—I am glad she is a Southerner. When peace shall once more spread its protecting shadow over this land, pillaged now by Goths and Vandals, and the fifteen slave States shall form one glorious Confederacy, we shall see, among the Southern great men, a Shakespeare and a Macauley. M.

YOUNG GIRLS.—To our thinking there is no more exqisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is at least full promise of the dazzling noon; but yet the dew-drop glistens on the half-opened flower, and yet the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpeded yet by the sweeping raiment to which she aspires, she glides amongst her grosser play fellows like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal barges. Unconsciousness (alas! how soon to depart!) has all the effect of the highest breeding; freedom gives her elegance and health adorns her with beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to redeem this part of life from opprobrium.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.—At the time of a great drouth in England, several pious farmers agreed to hold a special meeting to pray for the much needed rain. When the appointed time came, the minister was surprised to see one of his little Sabbath scholars bring a huge old family umbrella, and asked her why she did so on such a lovely morning? The child gazed at him with evident surprise at the inquiry, and replied, "Why, sir, I thought as we were going to pray God for rain, I'd be sure to want the umbrella." While they were praying, the wind arose and the clear sky became clouded, which was soon followed by a heavy thunder-storm, by which those who came unprepared to the meeting were drenched, while Mary and the Minister were sheltered by the umbrella, her faith had led her to bring.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—If you do not begin, you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. The Popish fable of St. Denys, who lifted up his head from the ground, after decapitation, and walked away with it, was drawn by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the legend underneath—"It is but the first step which is difficult."

TO PREVENT TOOLS FROM RUSTING.—Thousand of dollars are lost each year by the rusting of plows, hoes, shovels, &c. Some of this might be prevented by the application of lard and rosen, it is said, to all steel or iron implements. Take three times as much lard as rosin, and melt them together. This can be applied with a brush or cloth to all surfaces in danger of rusting, and they can easily be kept bright. If tools are to be laid by for the winter, give them a coating of this, and you will be well repaid. It can be kept for a long time, and should always be on hand, and ready for use.

A HAYFIELD ANECDOTE. An old gentleman who was always bragging how folks use to work in his younger days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it.

The challenge was accepted and the wagon driven around and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditable, calling out—

"More hay? more hay!"

At length the struggle to keep on the top of the disordered and ill-ranged heap, it began first to rest then to slide and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it.

"What are you here for?" cried the boys.

"I came down after hay," answered the old man stoutly.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you had only a shilling a week, is to live upon elevenpence and save a peny; good luck is to trouble your heads with your own business, and to let your neighbors alone; good luck is to fulfill the commandments, and do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only plod, but preserve. Pence must be taken care of, because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.—*De Fraine's Lectures.*

MAXIMS ON TIME.—Time is like a creditor, who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last. Time is like a verb that can only be used in the present tense. Time, well employed, gives that health and vigor to the soul which rest and retirement afford to the body. Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed. Time is a greatful friend, use it well, and it never fails to made a suitable requital.

NEW DISCOVERIES.—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes. The club with which an idea struck the poet. A stick to measure narrow escapes. The hook and line with which an angler caught a cold. An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants. A knot from the board a man paid twenty shillings a week for. A glass of lemonade made of a sour temper and the sweets of matrimony.

FACTS IN BRIEF.—Out of every thousand men twenty of them die annually.

The number of inhabitants of a city or county is renowed every thirty years.

The number of old men who die in cold weather as to the number of those who die in warm weather is seven to four.

The proportion between deaths of women and those of men is 100 to 108.

One half of those who are born die before they attain the age of seven.

Why is an attorney like a minister? Because he studies the law and *profits.*

You can easily keep yourself thro'out the winter from freezing, by getting continually into hot water with your neighbors.

"You are always yawning," said a lady to her husband,—"My dear Maria," replied he, "the husband and wife are one, and when I am alone I grow weary."

All fruit trees have military propensities. When young they are well trained; they produce many kernels; and their shoots are very straight.

"Well John," said a doctor to a lad, whose mother he had been attending during her illness, "how is your mother?"—"She's dead, *I thank you, sir!*"

We notice the marriage of Mr. Day and Miss Field, which presents this singular anomaly, that though he won the field, she gained the day.

"Tell your mistress that I've torn the curtain," said a lodger to the servant. "Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as extra rent."

One of the best preventives of the ravages of wheat-destroying insects is early sowing.

The true poet is always great, if compared with others, not always if compared with himself.

If men praise your efforts, suspect their judgement, if they censure them, your own.

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than each of them appear.

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