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By William H. Bowdle.

POET'S CORNE

CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS TO THE A
—FLAG.—

United States! your banner wears
Two emblems; one of fame;
Alas! the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.

The white man's liberty, in types,
Stand blazoned by your stars—
But what's the meaning of your strip
They mean your negroes' scars.

George Lunt, in his new volume of
plied to Campbell, and thus gives the re
teous to the English flag.

England! whence came each glowing hu
That tints your flag of 'meteor' light
The streaming red, the deeper blue,
Cross'd with the moonbeam's pearly

The blood and bruise—the blue and red
Let Asia's groaning millions speak;
The white—it tells of color fled
From starving Erin's pallid cheek!

COLD WATER SONG.

BY PIERPOINT.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Shall e'er cold water be forgot
When we sit down to dine?
O no, my friends, for is it not
Poured out by hands divine?
Poured out by hands divine, my frie
Poured out by hands divine;
From springs and wells it gushes for
Poured out by hands divine.

Cold water, too, (tho' wonderful,
'Tis no less true, again)—
The weakest of all earthly drinks
Doth make the strongest men;
Doth make the strongest men, my f
Doth make the strongest men:
Then let us take that weakest drink,
And grow the strongest men.

And as the bells of tulips turn,
To drink the drops that fell
From Summer clouds—then why s
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle;
What sweetens more than water pu
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky
To catch the rain, then drinks it up
And thus the oak *gets high!*
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my frie
'Tis thus the oak gets high,
By having water in its cups;
Then why not you and I?

Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be stro
The girls like tulips fair,
The girls like tulips fair, my friend
The girls like tulips fair,
The boys shall grow like sturdy o
The girls like tulips fair.

Select Miscella

[From the Saturday Evening

Too Proud.

A SKETCH FROM REAL

BY JANE WEAVER.

"What do you intend to do?" said
son to his brother Frederick, as th
sat together, about two months after
their last parent. "It is necessary
speedily, for our money is nearly go
not do to starve."

"What do you intend to do?" s
who, though the elder, seemed dispo
brother's plans, before he announced

"I shall look out for work of some
to-day. The truth is, there is no
we must have, and wishing won't b
must labor for it, as better persons
fore us.

"I don't see that," said Frederick,
lawyer, and the first of his family w
be even that, for all the rest were
lived on their estates. What would
was alive, to see his sons hiring out
ers, or even going behind a counter.
stoop to that—I'll starve first. Bu
cessity for such extremities," added
less vehement tone, "for old Mrs.
know, has invited us there, and I s
invitation."

"What! go where you are not wa
ed Edward indignantly. "I am
you said when the letter came, th
was barely civil, and gave the invit
cause she was our nearest relative,
things might be said of her by th
she neglected us entirely."

"Yes! there is no doubt that she
to get rid of us, and that is one re
going there. She was under many
father, when he was wealthy and
charity companion to mother. F

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