

More than one hundred years have sunk into oblivion's tomb since the wilds of Columbia echoed and re-echoed the wide-spreading cry of freedom; since the dancing waves of the broad Atlantic wafted to the proud rulers of England the intelligence that America's sons had broken the chains of despotism—chains long since rusted by the tears and blood of a suffering, yet unoffending people; and now our Starry Banner, unconquered and unsullied, unfurls its proud folds among the mightiest ensigns of the world. Beneath it stands Liberty, and Liberty's safeguards repel oppression. How brilliantly the "Stars and Stripes" shine beneath the rays of never setting Freedom! Each star that glitters on her bright surface, like a beacon light, invites the serfs of the tyrant to a land where peace and contentment can be fully enjoyed: each stripe forms, as it were, an indissoluble link in the chain of power against which all opposition has been and will ever be unavailable.

Unlike the banners of many other nations, our standard has never sullied its history. The English flag is adorned with the fallen ensigns of her conquered, and is crimsoned with the sacred blood of Catholic Ireland and liberty-loving Scotland. The tricolored ensign of France blushes with the gore of priest and nun, and floats over the citadel of the goddess of Reason. Yet our flag is still the same spotless field of Red, White and Blue; whether we behold it upon the summit of Bunker Hill, when the troops of Britain staggered under the mighty force of its few defenders, or when it graced the memorable walls of Yorktown as the British Lion crouched at the feet of the immortal Washington. The cries of independence that then rose from four millions of down-trodden people seemed almost to rend it in twain as it waved triumphantly over the fallen flag of the tyrant.

But rapacious England could but ill restrain the anger that was glowing in her bosom, Again the Lion came roaring at Liberty's shrine, until the dull echoes roused the patriotic spirit of the American people; and from north to south and from east to west there arose one continued cry—Revenge. Then quailed Britain's haughty spirit. Defeat after defeat, repulse after repulse fell upon the enemy's troops like hail from heaven, until poor "John Bull" cringingly departed from our blood-stained shores with a dark-hued blemish upon his escutcheon that can never be effaced. No more did he tauntingly flaunt his banner; no longer did he proclaim the invincibility of his arms, for the very troops that had withstood the mighty Napoleon now ardently desired the suspension of hostilities.

Partial historians ask what glory does the rebellion of '64 bestow upon the Starry Banner. What glory? Imperishable glory. When the call to arms resounded throughout the sunny plains of the south, Liberty wept; for she saw the poor, degraded, uncared-for negro bound in slavery's cruel chains. The pens of her noblest

sons had failed; the sword was unsheathed, and for four gloomy years blood watered the fair plains of our land. The year '65 brought peace to the commonwealth and liberation to millions of negroes. Glorious achievement! Distressing effects! Republic cemented by the blood of her children! The dire consequences of this terrible warfare were, indeed, keenly felt; our glorious Republic tottered and threatened entire dissolution; but the powerful North raised a helping hand to the fallen South, and now both standards are sown together by the threads of eternal friendship.

AN INSTANCE OF THE MORAL SUBLIME.

R. W.

On the summit of a hill in Greenwood cemetery—so aptly called the "city of the dead"—there stands a monument erected by the gratitude of the citizens to the memory of the noble firemen who lost their lives in the discharge of duty. The sculptured marble represents a fireman, dressed in uniform, holding aloft a child, whom he had rescued from the devouring element at the cost of his own life. The names of the brave heroes who nobly sacrificed themselves in the sacred cause of humanity are inscribed on the polished monument. They are the plain, simple names of men who walked in the common ranks of life; yet a rough exterior sheltered hearts as true as ever beat in the human breast.

The evening sun had set over the great city, gilding with its mellow light the lofty spires looming up here and there, and the broad dome of the hall of Justice. The shadows of night grew apace. The busy throng had departed to their respective homes. The stern guardians of the peace, ever on the alert, paced to and fro through the silent, almost deserted, streets and avenues of the great metropolis. The outcasts from society, who pursue their nefarious avocations under the cloak of the night, were abroad, like hungry wolves, seeking whom they might devour. Suddenly, in the solemn stillness, the great bell of the City Hall pealed forth the alarm of fire. The warning sound floated through the midnight air, telling with fearful distinctness the scene of the conflagration. The gallant firemen, ever at their post, ever ready when duty calls, rushed forth to the scene of the fire. Already a large crowd, rudely awakened from their slumbers, had assembled. Hissing flames and blackened smoke were issuing forth from one of the many large tenement houses which are so numerous in the lower part of the city. So rapid was the progress of the flames that the terror-stricken occupants of the upper portion of the burning structure sought vainly an avenue of escape.

The devouring monster raged with unabated fury. The angry flames grasped post and pillar in its relentless embrace, as if defying the efforts of the brave firemen. The fearful con-