THE PARTERRE.

Defence of Fort M'Henry.

The following beautiful and animating ode has been sung long to outlast the occasion, and outlive the impulse, which produced it, has already been extensively circulated. In our first renewal of publication, we rejoice in an opportunity to enliven the sketch of an exploit so illustrious, with verse, which so nobly celebrates it.

The presently sung song was composed under the following circumstances: A gentleman had left Baltimore, in a flag of truce, for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet of which he had been captured at Malvern. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, when his prisoner, and he was compelled to return lest the intended attack on Baltimore should make his escape impossible. There, he bought the bay to the mouth of the Patuxent, and the flag was kept under the guns of a frigate, and he was compelled to return lest the vessel attack Fort M'Henry. The admiral had boasted that he could carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. The flag at the Fort from the whole day with an anxiety that could not be expressed, and under the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at each explosion there was a gleam produced by the proudly-swinging flag of his country.

O say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Where broad streams run and bright stars shine through
The darkness of night.

O say does that star-spangled Banner yet wave,
O say does that star-spangled Banner yet wave,

So swift that our flag was still there;
Our flag was still there;

Above the land of the free and the home of the brave.
Above the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

With a glory that never was given to mortal man;
With a glory that never was given to mortal man;

Nor the blood of the brave.
Nor the blood of the brave.

That the brave have shed in vain;
That the brave have shed in vain;

But the star-spangled Banner long may wave
But the star-spangled Banner long may wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Until we meet again
Until we meet again

In God is our trust.
In God is our trust.