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Select Poetry.

I'M WEARY.

I'm weary, oh, so weary.
Of this sad and sorrowing earth,
Its gaudy glittering pageantry,
Its scenes of joy and mirth;
And I long to lay my weary head,
Beneath the grass-grown sod,
With my spirit calmly resting on
The bosom of my God.

I cannot bear its heartless frowns,
Its smiles of mockery;
Its pleasing sights and loving sounds
Have lost their charms for me;
But I loved them, oh, so fondly
In my childhood's happy hours,
When my heart was pure and holy,
As the pearly dew on flowers.

But a change is o'er my spirit cast,
A dark and frightful gloom—
Like the mournful pall o'ershadowing
The portals of the tomb;
And I cannot tell why the bitter tears
Are falling thick and fast,
As I muse on all the changing scenes
Of sorrow in the past.

The friends I loved in early years
Are angels now in heaven;
Methinks I hear their joyous songs
In the stilly hush of even;
Methinks I see in the golden orbs
That deck the heavens at night,
Those old familiar faces
Shining out with heavenly light.

I know 'twere better far, to dwell
On high with white robed saints,
Than to linger where the sorrowing soul
Grows weary, sick and faint;
Oh, I long to lay my weary head
Beneath the grass-grown sod,
With my spirit calmly resting
On the bosom of my God.

HESPERUS.

Madison University, N. Y.

ON A CURL OF CHILD'S HAIR.

BY REBECCA I. HINDMAN.

'Tis but a curl of soft brown hair,
A simple, common thing to see;
But you, who only call it fair,
Dream not of what it is to me.

You take it in your hands and praise
Its glossy smoothness o'er and o'er;
But oh! to you it pictures not
The childish face it shades no more!

You smile to see how goldenly
Its hue, like sunlight, meets the eye;
But oh! through tears I only see
The brow whereon it used to lie.

The temples fair it clustered round,
The loving eyes it often hid;
Those fair cold temples, blossom-crowned,
Resting beneath the coffin-lid!

The childish voice, so sadly sweet,
The lisped words, to love so plain,
The echoing sound of childish feet,
At sight of this come back again.

Oh! gather up the shining links,
And lay them softly, gently by;
Oh! place them where they may not meet
The careless gaze of every eye.

So silently—so mournfully
They speak of what the grave has won;
The idol of a loving heart,
The early called—the only one! —Teacher.

A Select Story.

THE MISTAKE.

"I'll never do it,—never, so long as I live!" And the boy clenched his hands together, and strode up and down the room, his fine features flushed, and his forehead darkened with anger and shame. "I'd ask the minister's pardon, in father's presence, of course I would; but to go before the whole Academy, boys and girls, and do this!" His whole frame writhed at the thought. "Ellsworth Grant, you'll brand yourself as a coward and a fool all the days of your life."

"But father never retracts, and he said I must do this or leave the school, and go out on the farm to work; and the whole village will know the reason, and I shall be ashamed to look anybody in the face. I've a good will to run away." The boy's voice grew lower, and a troubled, bewildered expression gathered on his flushed features.

"It would be very hard to leave all the old places; and then, never to see Nellie again; it would break her heart, I know it would." And his face worked convulsively a moment, but it settled down into a look of dogged resolution the next. "I musn't think of that now; though it's only ten miles to the seaport, and I could walk that in an hour, and get a place on some ship about to sail, before father was any wiser. Some time I'd come back, of course, but not until I was old enough to be my own master." The boy sat down and buried his face in his hands, and the sunset of the summer's day poured its currents of crimson and amber into the chamber, and over the bowed figure of the boy.

At last he lifted his head—there was a look of quiet resolve in the dark hazel eyes and about the usually smiling mouth, which in youth is so painful, because it always indicates mental suffering.

Ellsworth Grant was, at this time, just fifteen; he was his father's only son, and he was motherless.

The deacon was a stern, severe man; while Ellsworth inherited his mother's warm, sunny temperament. His father was a man of unswerving integrity and rectitude—a man who would have parted with his right hand sooner than have committed a dishonest act; but one who had few sympathies for faults indigenous to peculiar temperaments and characters; a man whose heart had never learned the height and depth, and the all-embracing beauty of that mightiest text, which is the one diamond among all the pearls and precious stones of the Bible; "*Be ye charitable.*"

He was a hard, exacting parent, and Ellsworth was a fun-loving, mischief-brewing boy, that everybody loved, despite his faults, and the scrapes he was always getting his neck into. There is no doubt that Deacon Grant loved his son, but he was not a demonstrative man; and, then—it is the sad, sad story that may be written of many a parent—"he didn't understand his child," and there was no mother, with her soft voice and soothing words, to come between them.

Ellsworth's last offence can be told in a few words. The grape vine, which, heavy with purple clusters, trailed over the kitchen windows of the school-teacher's residence, had been robbed of more than half its fruit, one Saturday afternoon, when the inmates were absent.

The perpetrators of this deed were, however, discovered to be a party of the schoolboys, among whom was Ellsworth.

The rest of the scholars privately solicited and obtained the school teacher's pardon, but the deacon, who was terribly shocked at this evidence of his son's want of principle, insisted that he should make a public confession of his fault, before the assembled school.

In vain Ellsworth explained and entreated. His father was invulnerable, and the boy's haughty spirit entirely mutinied.

"Ellsworth, where are you going?"—There came down the garden walk, an eager, quivering voice, that made the boy start, and turn round eagerly, as he stood at the garden gate, while the light of the rising day was flushing, the grey mountains in the east with rose colored hues. A moment later, a small, light figure, crowned with golden hair, and a large shawl thrown over its night dress, stood by the boy's side.

"Why, Nellie, how *could* you! you'll take cold in your bare feet, among these dews."

"I can't help it Ellsworth." It was a tear-swollen face that looked up wistfully to the boy's. "You see, I haven't slept any, hardly, all night, thinking about you, and so I was up, looking out of the window, and saw you going down the walk."

"Well, Nellie," pushing back the yellow, tangled hair, and looking at her fondly, "you see, I can't do what father says I must, today, and so I'm going off."

"O, Ellsworth! what will uncle say?" cried the child, betwixt her shivering and weeping, "what will uncle say? How long shall you be gone?"

"I don't know," evasively, "I shan't be back to-day, though. But you musn't stand here, talking any longer. Father'll be up soon, you know. Now, good-bye, Nellie."

There was a sob in his throat, as he leaned forward and kissed the sweet face, that had only seen a dozen summers, and then he was gone.

"Go and call Ellsworth to breakfast, will you, Ellen?" said the deacon, two hours later.

"He isn't up stairs, uncle." And then, as they two sat down to theirs, Ellen briefly related what had transpired.

The deacon's face grew dark as she proceeded. "He thinks to elude the confession and frighten me, by running off for a day or two," he said; "he will find he is mistaken."

So that day and the next passed, and the deacon said nothing more, but Ellen, who was his adopted child, and the orphan daughter of his wife's most intimate friend, noticed that he began to look restless, and to start anxiously at the sound of a foot-fall; but still Ellsworth came not.

At last a strict search was instituted, and it was discovered that Ellsworth had gone to sea, in a ship bound for some part of the western coast of Asia, on a three years' voyage.

"I hope he will come back a better boy than he left," was the deacon's solitary commentary, but in the long nights Ellen used to hear him walking restlessly up and down in his room, and his black hair began to be thickly scattered with grey.

But the worst was not yet come. One November night, when the winds clamored and stormed fiercely among the old apple trees in the garden, Deacon Grant and Ellen sat by the fire in the old kitchen, when the former removed the wrapper from his weekly newspaper, and the first passage that met his eye was the one that told him how the ship——, the one in which Ellsworth had sailed, had been wrecked off the coast, and every soul on board had perished.

Then the voice of the father woke up in the heart of Deacon Grant. He staggered toward Ellen with a white, haggard face, and a wild, fearful cry, "My boy! my boy!" It was more than his proud spirit could bear.—"O Ellsworth! Ellsworth!" and he sank down restless, and his head fell into the lap of the frightened child.

After this, Deacon Grant was a changed man. I did not know which was the most to blame, the father or the son, in the sight of God who judgeth righteously.

But equally to the heart of many a parent and many a child, the story has its message and its warning.

Eight years had passed. It was a summer time again, and the hills were green, and the fields were yellow with her glory.—It was in the morning, and Deacon Grant sat under the porch of the great, old, rambling cottage; for the day was very warm, and the top was wrapped round thickly with a hop vine.

These eight years had greatly changed the deacon. He seemed to have stepped very suddenly into old age, and the light wind that stirred the green leaves, shook the grey hairs over his wrinkled forehead, as he sat there, reading the village newspaper, with eyes that had begun to grow dim.

And every little while, fragments of some old-fashioned tune floated out to the old man, soft, sweet, stray fragments; and flitting back and forth from the pantry to the breakfast table was a young girl, not handsome, but with a sweet, frank, rosy countenance, whose smiles seemed to hover over the household as naturally as sunshine over June skies.

She wore a pink calico dress, the sleeves tucked above her elbows, and a "checked apron." Altogether, she was a fair, plump, healthful-looking country girl.

And while the old man read the paper under the hop vine, and the young girl hummed and flattered between the pantry and the kitchen table, a young man opened the small, front gate, and went up the narrow path to the house.

He went up very slowly, staring all about him, with an eager, wistful look, and sometimes the muscles of his mouth worked and quivered, as one will when strong emotions are shaking the heart.

He had a firm, sinewy frame, of middling height; he was not handsome, but there was something in his face you would have liked; perhaps it was the light away down in the dark eyes; perhaps it was the strength and character foreshadowed in the lines about the mouth. I cannot tell; it was as intangible as it was certain you would have liked that face.

The door was open, and the young man walked into the wide hall. He stood still a moment, staring around the low wall, and on the palm leaved paper that hung on the side. Then a thick mist broke into his eyes, and he walked on like one in a dream, apparently quite forgetful that this was not his own home.

I think those low sweet fragments of song unconsciously drew his steps to the kitchen, for a few moments later, he stood in the doorway, watching the fair girl as she removed the small rolls of yellow butter from a wooden box to an earthen plate. I can hardly transcribe the expression of the man's face. It was one of mingled doubt, surprise, eagerness, that, at last, all converged into one joyful certainty.

"Merciful man!" The words broke from the girl's lips, and the last roll of butter fell from the little hands, as looking up, she saw the stranger in the doorway; and her rosy cheeks actually turned pale with the start of surprise.

The exclamation seemed to recall the young man to himself. He removed his hat. "Excuse me," he said, with a bow of instinctive grace, "but can you tell me, ma'am, if Deacon Grant resides here?"

"O! yes, sir, will you walk into the parlor and take a seat? Uncle, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you." And in a flutter of embarrassment, she hurried towards the door.

The gentleman did not stir, and, removing his silver spectacles, the deacon came in; and the two men looked at each other, the older with some surprise, and a good deal of curiosity in his face; the younger with a strange longing earnestness in his dark eyes that seemed wholly unaccountable.

"Do you know me, sir?" he asked, after a moment's silence, and there was a shaking in his voice.

"I do not know that I ever had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir," said the deacon.

But here a change came over the features of the girl, who had been watching the stranger intently all the time. A light, the light of a long buried recollection seemed to break up from her heart into her face. Her breath came gaspingly between her parted lips, her dilated eyes were fastened on the stranger; then, with a quick cry, she sprang forward, "Uncle, it is Ellsworth! it is surely Ellsworth!"

O! if you had seen that old man then!—His cheeks turned ashen pale, his frame shivered; he tottered a few steps forward, and then the great, wild cry of his heart broke out—"Is it you my boy, Ellsworth?"

"It is I, father; are you glad to see me?" And that strong man asked the question with a sob, and a timid voice, like that of a child.

"Come to me! come to me, my boy, that I thought was dead, that I have seen every night for the last eight years, lying with the dark eyes of his mother under the white waves. O! Ellsworth, God has sent you from the dead! Come to me, my boy!"

And the old man drew his arms around his son's neck, and leaned his grey head on his strong breast, and for a while there was no word spoken between them.

"You have forgiven me, Father?" asked the young man at last.

"Do not ask me that, my boy. How many times I would have given everything I possessed on earth to ask, 'Forgive me, Ellsworth?' and to hear you answer, 'Yes, father.'"

So there was peace between those two, such peace as the angels, who walk up and down the hills, crowned with the royal purple of eternity, tune their harps over!

"And this—this is Nellie? How she has altered! But I knew the voice," said Ellsworth at last, as he took the girl's hand in his own, and kissed her wet cheeks, adding very tenderly: "My darling sister Nellie." And at last they all went out under the cool shade of the vine, and there Ellsworth told his story.

The merchantman in which he had sailed from home was wrecked, and many on board perished; but some of the sailors constructed a raft, on which the boy was saved, with several others. They were afterwards rescued by a vessel bound for South America. Here Ellsworth had obtained a situation in a large mercantile establishment, first as clerk, afterward as a junior partner.

He had written home twice, but the letters had been lost or miscarried. As he received no answer, he supposed his father had never forgiven him for "running away," and tried to reconcile himself to the estrangement.

But he had of late, found it very difficult to do this, and, at last, he had resolved to return to his home, have an interview with his parent, and try whether the sight of his long-absent son would not soften his heart.

O! it was a happy trio that sat under the green leaves of the hop-vine that summer morning. It was a happy trio that sat down in that low, old-fashioned kitchen, to the delicious dinner of chicken and fresh peas, that Nellie had been so long in preparing.

And that night three very happy people knelt in the old sitting room, while the trembling voice of the deacon thanked God for him that was dead and is "alive again."

☞CIVIL LIBERTY.—Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love to justice is above their rapacity; in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves. Society cannot exist, unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free; their passions forge their fetters.—*Burke.*

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS. —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII. HUNTINGDON, PA., JUNE 3, 1857. NO. 50.

Interesting Miscellany.

The Model Gentleman.

BY PUNCH.

He never broke a bank. He has never been known to dress up as a jockey, or try practical jokes on water-men, or empty flour-bags on chimney-sweeps. He shuns cross-barred trowsers, horticultural scarfs, overgrown pins, and can wear a waistcoat without a cable's length of gold chain round it. His linen is not illustrated, but beautifully clean. He never does "a little discounting," nor lends his hand to "flying a kite." His aversion for the gent is softened by pity.—He can look at a lady without the aid of an eye-glass. He allows the performer to talk louder than himself at the theatre, and does not spring on the stage if there is a row at the Opera. He abhors a lie as he does a sheriff's officer. He is not prodigal of oaths, and is equally sparing of perfume. He does not borrow his English from the staples, and never puts his lips through a fashionable dreary course of lisping. He is not too proud to walk, or to carry an umbrella if it rains, and never waltzes with spurs after supper, even in uniform. He never bets beyond his means, and is not fond of playing high at cards. He never ruined a young man—to say nothing worse. He bows scrupulously, even to an inferior. He never shrinks from an I. O. U., nor is he afraid of a bill, nor seized with a sudden shortness of money at a sight of an old friend, whose coat is not so young as it used to be. He has never proved his cowardice by fighting a duel, giving satisfaction always in a more gentlemanly way. He pays for his clothes, disdaining to wear his tailor's in consideration of valuable introductions. His horses, too, are his own, and not purchased of his friends, by a series of profitable exchanges. He is not madly attached to billiard-rooms, nor is he seen at Casinos. He locks up his conquests in his own heart, and his love letters in his desk, rarely disclosing either to his most intimate friends. He does not bully his servants, nor joke with them, nor 'cut' a man because his father was in the trade.—He is not obsequious to a lord, nor does he hang on the skirts of the Aristocracy, knowing that a man's nobility does not depend entirely upon his title, however old and unstained it may be. He travels to enjoy himself and does not intend to crush poor foreigners with gold or pride. He values a thing, not by its price, but by its real value, and does not blush to drink beer when he is thirsty. He does not think it essential to his reputation to keep late hours, to pull down signboards, bait policemen, and besiege toll-keepers during the night. He has no such violent love for door-knockers as to induce him to collect them. He is not facetious with waiters, or given to knock a cabman by way of setting a fare. He is not afraid of laughing if he is amused, even in public, or of handing down an old lady with a turban to dinner, or dancing with his wife. He likes quiet, but does not hate children, and thinks a seat in the House of Commons not worth the bribery and the continual riot. He was never the hero of any wager, riding, eating, or swimming, and does not know a single prize-fighter. He is fond of amusements, but does not instal himself at the Opera every night, because it is fashionable. He follows the races, but goes down without a dog-cart or a key Bugle. He is unobtrusive in his dress, and very retired to his jewelry; and has an antipathy for a white hat with a black band, and all violent contradictions either in dress or conversation. He is generous, but does not give grand dinners and expensive suppers to persons he does not know or care about. He lends money; and, if he borrows any, he makes a strange practice of returning it. He rarely "speaks his mind," and is very timid of rushing into a quarrel—of husband and wife especially. He is a favorite with the ladies, but does not put too much starch into his politeness, or too much sugar in compliments. In matters of scandal he is dumb if not exactly deaf, as to rumors, he only believes one half, (the kinder half, too) of what he hears. He is not prejudiced himself, but has a kind toleration for the prejudices of others. His golden rule is never to hurt the feelings of anybody, or to injure a living creature by word or deed. All his actions, all his sentiments, are shaped to that noble end; and he dies as he lives, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" This is the model gentleman.

The Eccaleobion Triumphant.

"Eben Neezer," a "Friend," writing to the Knickerbocker Magazine from the Quaker City, relates the following admirable story in admirable style:

There sits, owing to our chair-a-table-ness, and her ability to pay rent in the aforesaid market, a comely female huckster, dealing in poultry, game, and fine vegetables, who is especially noted for bringing the freshest, whitest eggs, always commanding the best and highest prices. It so happened that friend Brown, who is in business in Market street, took sick some time since, with the Hen Fever, and went through all the stages or coops of Shanghais, Chittagongs, Burrampooters, Polanders, Dorkings, coming to a crisis with the purchase of an Eccaleobion, (does thee think I spell this word right?) or Egg-Hatching Machine, and which after purchase, was duly set up in the cellar of his store, and prepared to go into operation as soon as friend Brown saw fit, which was immediately. Of all friend Brown's friends, none was so earnest a friend as friend Smith, especially in the matter of this Egg-Hatching Machine; he would run in several times per diem to note progress, and finally when completed, naturally recommended friend Brown to go at once to the comely female huckster in Jersey market, and procure a plentiful supply of those fresh white eggs. Friend Brown went, secured all the huckster had, and obtained the refusal of a few dozen more. Friend Smith was, to use an expression of my daughter Sally, who associates with the world's people, "perfectly charmed" on hearing this; he assisted friend Brown in placing the eggs carefully in the machine; he watched the thermometer assiduously, day after day, paying repeated visits. One morning, on coming up from the cellar, there was a cloud on his brow, and friend Brown noted it.

"Why, Jacob!" said friend Brown to him; "what is the matter with thee? Thee looks discontented."

"Ah! James," answered friend Smith, "I begin to have doubts."

"What *does* thee doubt?" inquired friend Brown.

"The ability of thy Egg-Hatcher. Five days have I watched the eggs, and I do not note any symptoms of the chickens coming into the world."

"Thee is impatient, Jacob; thee surely knows that eggs won't hatch in five days."

"Yes, yes!" answered friend Smith. "But there should be symptoms. I tell thee candidly, I have no faith in thy Egg-Hatcher." Then speaking out earnestly: "I don't believe one of the eggs will hatch, not one! I am sure of it, so sure of it that—I see thee needs a new hat—well, I will give *thee* a new hat if one of those eggs hatch, on condition that thee give *me* one if they do not. Does thee comprehend?"

"I do, Jacob," said friend Brown, "and foresee that thee will have to give me a new hat—I foresee it."

Friend Smith agreed to wait until a certain time, so as to give the eggs a fair chance, and went his way rejoicing; feeling so elevated at the thought of obtaining a new hat, that he already had determined to give his old one to the porter in his store.

Why was he so certain?

A few weeks before friend Brown came to a crisis with the Egg-Hatching Machine, friend Smith had learned from the comely huckster in the market, that in order to insure her hens laying regularly, she penned up the hens *by themselves;* and friend Smith knew enough about hens to know that though they would lay eggs under these circumstances, yet that these eggs, needing the vital principle, never would hatch! and being fond of fun, as well as greedy of having a new hat, he had laid a long train solely to obtain this end; had appeared interested in the Egg-Hatcher, tended it, recommended friend Brown to buy these particular eggs, and—now he was waiting for the hat. But the excellence of the joke seemed so great in his eyes, that he could not forbear telling friend Simms all the particulars, by a great oversight neglecting to enjoin secresy on friend Simms, who was so much rejoiced at this latter, that he went at once to friend Brown the Egg-Hatcher, and told him the whole story. Friend Brown laughed very hard, but toward evening he might have been seen buying eggs of a countryman, who wasn't acquainted with the "seclusive system." These eggs friend Brown substituted for the ones purchased from the female huckster, and said nothing.

Friend Smith waited for the appointed time, and then claimed the hat; friend Brown begged for three day's grace, which was granted very cheerfully. At the expiration of the three days he called again. Friend Brown invited him to come down in the cellar; down he went, hearing all the certain "pseep, pseepings" that he did not like at all, and at last saw four new hatched chickens.

"Friend Brown," said he, "thee can take the hat!" And at once handed over a five dollar bill, walked up stairs, and as he passed the female huckster in the market, on the way to his store, muttered:—"Thee is a humbug with thy hen nunnery!"

Gethsemane.

Lieut. Lynch, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Red Sea, in 1848, visited the Garden of Gethsemane about the month of May. He says:

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and, although, the garden in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know, to soothe a troubled mind. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a lofty mountain, with a deep yawning chasm of Jehosaphat, between them. Crowning one of them is a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish Cemetery—City of the Dead. Each tree in the grove, cankered, and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself from the root of the dying parent stem, the tree springs into existence. These are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceding growth, therefore, the Savior was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed, and wept. No cavilling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for a moment's hesitation. Here the christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad, yet soothing meditation. The few purple and crimson flowers growing about the roots of the trees, will give ample food for contemplation, for they tell of the suffering and ensanguined death of the Redeemer."

One and Twenty.

With youth the period is looked forward to with so much impatience as the hour that shall end our minority. With manhood none is looked back to with so much regret.

Freedom appears to the young man as the brightest star of our existence, and is never lost sight of till the gaol to which he has been so long traveling is reached. When the mind and the spirit are young, the season of manhood as reflected with a brightness from the future, which nothing can dim but its own cold reality. The busy world is stretched out before our boyhood like the exhibition of a mechanical automata. We behold the merchant accumulating wealth—the scholar planting his foot upon the summit of the temple of fame—the warrior twining his brow with the laurel wreath—and we yearn to struggle with them for supremacy. In the distance we see nothing but the most prominent part of the picture, which is success—the anguish of disappointment and delay is hidden from our view. We see not the pale cheek of neglected merit, or the broken spirit of unfortunate genius, or the sufferings of worth. But we gaze not long, for the season of youth passes away like the moon's beam from the still water, or like a dew drop from the rose in June, or an hour in the circle of friendship. Youth departs, and we find ourselves in the midst of that great theatre in which we have so long gazed with interest.—The paternal bonds, which, in binding, have upheld us, are broken, and we step into the crowd with no guide but our conscience, to carry us through the intricate windings of the path of human life. The beauties of the prospective have vanished. The merchant's wealth has furrowed his cheek. The acquirements of the scholar were purchased at the price of his health—and the garland of the conqueror is fastened upon his brow with a thorn, the rankling of which shall give him no rest on this side of the grave. Disappointment damps the ardor of our first setting out, and misfortune follows closely in our path, to finish the work and close our career.

How often, amid the cares and troubles of manhood, do we look back to that sunny spot in our memory, the season of our youth; and how often a wish to recall it escapes from the bosoms of those who once prayed fervently that it might pass away.

From this feeling we do not believe that living man was ever exempt. It is twined around the very soul—it is incorporated in our very nature, and will cling to us even when parental enthralment is broken, and when the law acknowledges the intellect to be full grown, may at the time, be considered one of rejoicing, yet after life will hang around it in the emblems of sorrow, while it is hallowed as the last bright hour of happy youth.

Slander.

Slander, in its broadest sense, is conversation about a person that lessens or degrades the character of the person in the minds of others.

It is practiced to a great extent even in this land of boasted morality, by the high and low, the rich and poor—in the streets, public assemblies, and in private circles.

How often do neighbors meet for a social visit without enumerating the faults of some one who is absent? It is common on such occasions, if one leaves before the rest, those who remain, before the departing one fairly gets out of hearing, will commence talking about his manners or style of dress, exaggerating the faults and overlooking the good qualities.

Persons of the same trade or profession often try to injure the reputation of each other. Each will represent the other as being ignorant, careless or dishonest.

Sometimes, from jealousy or some other cause, the innocent and virtuous are represented as being of the lowest character. Often those who have been guilty of a mean act are the first to scatter the news of the fall of another, even without being sure of the truthfulness of it.

When a person becomes convinced of the error of his ways, and resolves to live a better life, how few will tell of it! But when a person performs an evil act, there is a multitude ready to act as messengers to carry the news. Then as the story spreads, it loses nothing, but rather increases, similar to a snow ball rolling down the side of a mountain, which becomes an enormous mass by the time it gets to the foot.

Some who are somewhat conscientious about talking of their neighbors will not commence directly, but in this way—"I am sorry for such a neighbor." Then the one to whom he speaks will ask why he is sorry, "What has such a one done?" Then the first speaker will answer for politeness sake; but he intended to tell of it in the first place, taking this way to escape the blame of tattling.

Many a person is made worse by having it reported when he made the first false step, when he might have been reclaimed if a friend had gently reproved him, instead of reporting him to the public.

Many innocent persons have been led to lead a life of sin, regardless of character or condition in life, by having false statements made about them. They say they "might as well have the game as the name."

How much better it would be, what a beneficial influence it would have on society, if we would have charity for others, overlook their faults, or kindly reprove them, and speak more of their virtues!

Look at the influence on a child. Tell him often that he knows nothing, and he never will know much. Treat him like a brute, and he will be a dunce; but tell him he can do something if he tries—his eyes will brighten with hope, then he will try to be somebody, and succeed to some extent. This rule will hold good with those of mature years. Try it and see.

The Coolest on Record.

A foreign correspondent at Dublin relates the following anecdote of some fair but uninvited attendants at one of the Lord-Lieutenant's balls:

Three ladies, daughters of a gentleman residing in a county town not thirty miles from Dublin, not having been honored with cards of invitation, determined to try their chance of admission without going through the necessary forms, and they were successful. Although quite unknown to the rest of the guests, they obtained partners, and danced merrily throughout the night. At length questions began to be asked as to the identity of the fair strangers, and Mr. Bagot, the Chamberlain, having consulted his list speedily ascertained that they had come unbidden to the feast; but no farther notice was then taken of the matter, and the ladies were permitted to finish the night as they had begun it. On the day following, however, a billet from the Chamberlain's office was dispatched to the intruders, requesting to know upon what authority they had attended the ball on the night previous, as most positively he (the Chamberlain) had not furnished them with the requisite passports. The reply was candid, and even conciliatory.—They admitted that they had not been honored with invitations, but they kindly attributed the omission to an oversight of the Chamberlain, but as they knew that no offence was designed, no more need to be said upon the subject.—The answer to this explanation was written in a totally different spirit, as the ladies were politely informed that upon a review of the case, the lord-lieutenant had come to the conclusion that their presence at the next drawing-room could be dispensed with. Nowise abashed by this intimation, they rejoined that such a communication was altogether superfluous, as before its receipt they had reconsidered the slight put upon them on the previous occasion, and had resolutely made up their minds to discountenance the Irish court for the rest of the (so-called) fashionable season.