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John B. Bratton.

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Poetical.

Life is Real.

BY H. W. STRINGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act!—act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Foot prints on the sand of time.

Foot prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Miscellaneous.

MACOLM WARREN; OR, THE OLD MAN'S LESSON.

'Malcolm, I wouldn't go out to-night. Come stay with me this evening.'

'Not this evening, Alice. I have promised to meet some friends this evening, and must keep my word. I will be at home in good season.'

'I had hoped that I should have your company. Come, why can't you try and see if I cannot make you as happy as those companions whom you are to meet? Just this once, Malcolm. O, this once!'

'No, no, Alice; I am going out. What—crying! Now what's the use of that? Can't a fellow go out once in a while without leaving a crying wife?'

'I can't help it, Malcolm. But here, kiss me before you go.'

Thus spoke Malcolm Warren and his young wife. Malcolm was a young man, twenty-seven years of age, and a carpenter by trade. His wife was one of the sweetest dispositioned girls in town, and she made one of the best wives.—She loved her husband with the whole energy of her pure soul, and she knew that she was loved in heart. Her two children, a boy and girl often saw her shed tears when they were alone with her in the snug little sitting-room, and the boy was old enough to ask what made his mother cry, but she dared not tell him.

Malcolm Warren owned the little cottage in which he lived, and he had paid for it all out of his own hard earnings, while Alice had borne her own share of the burden, by purchasing all the furniture. Malcolm was stout, and an excellent workman, and had never yet seen the hour when he needed to lay idle for the want of work. A better-hearted youth lived not in the town, and when he took the gentle Alice for his wife, there was many a fair maiden whose bosom gave place to a kindly, wistful envy.—They would not have robbed Alice of her prize, but they only hoped that their own lot might be as fortunate. Why, then, should a cloud come upon that house? Why should Alice weep? Ah, for the same reason that thousands of our fairest daughters wept. For the same reason that hot tears are ever crying out their silent appeals for mercy; tears that run until they make a flood that fairly shrieks as it rolls over our land.

Malcolm Warren had a highly social nature—his society was prized by all who could secure it—and he had been indulging in the false smiles of the wine-cup. For the last year he had been allowing his appetite to gain strength. At first it was only an 'occasional glass,' then 'a glass or so once in a while,' and then 'one or two glasses a day.' But lately he had gone so far as to spend his earnings away from home, and for nearly two months past he had spent all his money with his jovial companions.—Alice saw all this, and she knew full well where it would end if it were not stopped. She knew her husband's nature, and she knew how surely he was fallen. She had whispered to him her fears, and he had tried to laugh them off as idle whims. She had prayed to him to stop the fatal career while he yet had strength, but he had been offended because she would think that he would ever become a drunkard. So Alice was afraid to speak all her fears. Yet she saw with a clear eye all that was coming. She saw the broad road upon which her beloved was traveling, and her heart was aching.—She knew that even now want was staring them in the face! It was autumn, and she had asked Malcolm for money to buy warmer clothes for herself and children, and he had none to give her. Only a day before he had brought home a bucketful of flour, instead of sending home a barrel, as he used to do. He earned money, and where was it? Alas! poor Alice knew too well Malcolm's face, and she saw that its manly beauty was slowly but surely eating away. The large blue eyes were growing dim, bleared and bloodshot; the once fair cheeks were becoming swollen and bloated; and his lips looked dry and cracked. No wonder she knelt down by her bedside and prayed.

It was now Sunday evening, and Malcolm was going out. He was to meet some friends, and Alice knew he was to meet them at the tavern. He had worked only three days the past week, and he had the pay for these three days' work in his pocket. That money was needed at home, but where would it be on the morrow?

'Malcolm! O, do not wholly forget your fond, loving Alice, when you are gone.'

But Malcolm did not answer. He kissed her not as he used to do, but kissed her merely because she had asked him to, and then left his cottage. After he had gone, Alice sat down and wept. She could not help it. Her darling boy crept by her side, and placed his arms about her neck. He asked no questions, but he asked her not to cry. His little mind seemed to have some idea of the coming calamity. It must have been vague, but it was clear enough to prevent him from forcing the dread thoughts upon his mother. Once more he asked her not to cry, and then his own little heart burst, and mother and child wept together.—This was another drop in the poor woman's cup of affliction. O, how palpable must now be the husband's course, when even the prattling child saw and knew the danger! But she could only clasp and pray more fervently. And the little boy, when his mother had done praying, said, "Amen."

It was a clear, cool evening, and as Malcolm Warren stepped out into the street, he seemed to shake himself as though he would shake off the influence of the place he was leaving. But he could not wholly do it. He could not wholly drive from his mind the tearful countenance of his fond and faithful wife, nor could he forget the look of earnest, simple anguish he had noticed upon the face of his child. Yet he tried to crush the thoughts that were thus springing into life. 'Pooh!' said he, as the image of his wife forced itself upon him: 'it's only a little fun and frolic. Whose business is it? Get out with your nonsense.'

And thus speaking, the young husband and father closed his hands as though he would hold upon the feelings he had tried to repress, and then he hastened on. At length he reached the tavern, and here he found his companions. The laugh and the joke commenced, and ere long Malcolm forgot all about his home. He sat in the bar-room, and his sharp wit made food for much merriment.

'Who says there's danger in the bowl?' cried a young man, as he raised the glass to his lips.

'It's the raven's croak,' said another of his companions. 'Here's confusion to the idea.'

'Good!' exclaimed Malcolm Warren, poising his glass. 'Poison in the bowl? Nonsense!—Look at old uncle Adam, now. He's been used to it all his lifetime, and he is the oldest man in town. Come, here's to Uncle Adam!'

The person to whom Malcolm had thus alluded was an old, white-haired man, who stood at the bar with a glass of rum in his hand.—His name was Adam Stanford, and almost ninety years had rolled over his head. His form was bent, and his limbs trembled, but still he lived, and his mind was yet clear. He heard the remark which the young carpenter made, and having set down his untouched liquor, he turned and gazed upon the youthful speaker.—He knew Malcolm Warren well.

'Malcolm,' he said, 'come with me. Come alone, for I alone would speak with you.—Come!'

There was something very deep and meaning in the old man's voice, and as he turned toward the door, Malcolm arose to follow.

'Detain him not,' said Adam, as some of his companions sought to hinder him.

'Why should I go with you?' he asked.

'To please an old man. I mean to do you no harm, Malcolm. Come!'

Passing out of the door they moved across the street. Near by was the village church-yard, and thither he bent his steps. Arriving at the gate, he passed in. When Malcolm hesitated to enter, the old man said:

'Come, follow me.'

Malcolm went, and soon they stood within the village church-yard! And this white-haired guide was the sexton, who for more than sixty years had made the beds for the children of immortality. The pale moon shed its beams upon the place, and the chill air sighed mournfully among the weeping willows that grew by the hedge. The grave-stones stood like spectres among the faded grass, and here and there arose a white monument, like some more powerful spirit that watched the sanctity of the place.

'Malcolm Warren,' spoke the old man, in a voice so deep that it seemed almost to come from one of the neighboring graves, 'not long since you pointed to me as an example of how long a man might live who smiled upon the wine cup. You pointed to me as one who had outlived all my companions, and yet as one who who had always quaffed at the intoxicating bowl. Perhaps you spoke truly, but you did not speak the whole truth, for the whole truth you did not know, and I have brought you here to whisper the truth into your ear.'

Malcolm Warren looked up into the old man's face, and as he saw how solemn was the expression that rested there, he forgot the bad company he had left behind at the tavern, and his thoughts became serious.

'Malcolm,' resumed the sexton, 'I can look back now into the past, and see a score of young men who commenced the race of life with me. We loved to learn the excitement of the intoxicating cup, and we thought not then of the dangers we were courting. Years passed on, and I saw those twenty men sink into the arms of death, and I buried them all here. Malcolm Warren, *they all sleep in drunkard's graves!*—One after another I saw them fall, and at length I was left alone of the party who were wont to assemble around the bar-room fire.'

A deep groan escaped from the young man's lips, and a shudder ran thro' his frame.

'All gone?' he asked

'Yes, all!' the old man uttered. 'But this is not half, Malcolm. Their wives and children have died, and they, too, lie here! O, how well can I remember when I saw them standing at the altar; and when they turned away from the place they were blushing brides. But a few short years, and I began to gather them into the fold of death. They sank down with broken hearts and crushed hopes! Some of them lived to be gray-headed, but their gray hairs came down in sorrow to the grave! See that grave there—the one with the dark gray stone. He who sleeps beneath that mound was once the happiest youth in the village. He was a carpenter by trade, and he built the house in which you were born. He used to laugh and sing over the wine cup, and he thought not then of harm. I once heard his young wife beg of him to remain at home with her, but he refused her the boon. She told him that she was cold and hungry, and that her children needed clothing, but he heeded her not. A few short years afterward, that wife's heart broke, and she died, and her children. The husband and father I found one cold night lying by the road side, and he was dead! Those are their graves, for I buried them all togther. You can see the wife's grave next beyond the graystone of the husband, and those two little graves are where lie the frozen boy and girl!'

The old man drew his sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the tears, and while he did so, Malcolm bowed his head and groaned mournfully.

'Malcolm Warren,' he said, 'there was once a full regiment of stout soldiers followed Napoleon Bonaparte into Russia. There were many other regiments went also, but of this one in particular have I read. Of that whole company of men, only one solitary individual lived to return to the home of his birth. All the rest died on the way. They were starved and frozen, and they dropped by the wayside. Now, suppose some thoughtless youth should point to that single living soldier, and say that amid the eternal snows of Russia there is no danger, because that man had passed them and still lived! Like that single fragment of the regiment, do I stand here a living man.'

The youth gazed upon the face of the aged speaker, and new emotions were working upon his features!

'Come, Malcolm, I would show you one more spot before we go.'

The old man leaned upon his staff, and moved slowly on among the graves, and involuntarily did the youth follow. At length they stopped by a spot where two graves laid side by side. The slabs were of marble, and they glistened brightly in the moonlight.

'Malcolm,' spoke the sexton, in a deep whisper, 'I remember well when I made those two graves. There was no sorrow to fill the graves which here I made, for they who sleep here died amid the sweet breathings of peace and honor. They were good, virtuous people, and when they were gone our townsmen mourned, for our village had lost two of its most noble spirits.—O, I love to come and stand over those graves, for I know that God smiles upon them. There is no tint nor dishonor here. Malcolm, do you know who rests in those two graves?'

The youth did not answer, nor did he raise his head, but with one deep, wild cry, he sank down, and there he lay across both the graves, weeping and sobbing like a child. His father and mother slept there!

For a while the old man gazed tearfully upon the scene, and then he took the youth by the arm and aroused him up.

The youth followed his guide out from the church-yard, and after the gate was closed they passed on to the street. Here Adam Stanford stopped.

'Now, Malcolm,' he said, 'you can return to your companions at the tavern, but let me pray you, never use my name again as you did this evening. When you again think of poor old Adam Stanford, think only of what he has told you in the church-yard; think of what he has seen and of what he has suffered, and that you may in welcome speak.'

The old man turned partly away, when Malcolm sprang forward and caught him by the arm.

'Uncle Adam,' he uttered, in choked and broken accents, 'O, forgive me for what I have now said and what I have done. I—I cannot tell you all now. I cannot speak, but I shall go to the tavern no more. O, God bless you! God bless you!'

* * * * * *

The clock struck nine, and Alice Warren folded the hands of her little boy together, and bade him say his prayers. Her youngest girl was asleep in the cradle. The first words of the prayer were uttered—"Our Father, who art in Heaven"—when there came the sound of footsteps upon the plank walk in the little front garden.

'It's papa,' said the boy, letting his hands drop upon his mother's knees, and bending his ear to listen. But the mother dared not speak.

At last the door opened, and the husband entered. Alice cast her trembling eyes up, and saw the big tears that were rolling down the cheeks of her beloved. Instinctively she sprang forward and clasped her arms about her husband's neck.

'Malcolm! Malcolm!' she cried, 'what has happened? Tell me—O, tell me!'

Malcolm Warren sank into a chair, and as he did so he drew his wife into his lap.

'Alice—O, Alice!' he uttered, sobbing and weeping as he spoke, 'can you forgive me for all that is passed?'

The gentle wife was bewildered at first—nay, almost frightened: for the speech of her husband was so wild and incoherent, she feared his brain was turned. But ere long he spoke again, and as he spoke he kissed her. He was more calm, and his voice was more low. He told where he had been, and he spoke of the resolution he had made. He did not tell of any trial he was going to make, but he told her of the iron will that had entered his soul. The night of his temptation had passed, and the day of his salvation had dawned.

A few moments more, and the husband and wife were upon their knees. Their emotions were too deep for utterance—too wild and thrilling for speech. A moment they struggled there, and then wept in silence.

The little boy crept to the spot, and threw his tiny hands about the neck of his parents, for even his young soul had caught the spark of new life that had been breathed into existence within his happy home.

On the next morning, Malcolm Warren arose a better and happier man. He was calm now, and he told Alice all that had transpired the night before, and when it was all told, they prayed as redeemed souls can pray.

Days, weeks, months passed away, and Malcolm Warren become once more the handsome youth that had been loved and cherished by honest friends in times gone by. The flowers of affection bloomed again about his hearth-stone, and the angel of peace and joy made a home beneath his roof.

People wondered, when they noticed that Adam Stanford went no more to the tavern; but the story of that night's lesson in the village church-yard became generally known, and other men took it to heart and profited by it.—It was a good seed sown in a fertile spot, and the fruit was abundant. The good old sexton never again gave his example on the side of moral ruin, but to the last day of his life he glorified in the reform he had helped to work and the last hours of his life were cheered by knowing that some of the happiest families in the village blessed him for the joys that dawned upon them.

☞ An Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America:

"I came to this country several years ago, and as soon as I arrived, hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres.

He showed me over the premises, the stables, cow, and where the corn, hay, oats, &c., were kept, and then sent me in to get my supper.—After supper he said to me, 'James, you may feed the cow, and give her the *corn in the ear*.' I went out and walked about thinking what could he mean—had I understood him? I scratched my head, then resolved I would enquire again; so I went into the library, where he was writing very busily, and he answered without looking up, 'I thought I told you to give the cow some *corn in the ear*.'

'I went out, more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be?—I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country.

Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more. 'Please, sir, you bid me give the cows some corn in the ear, but didn't you mean the *mouth*?'

He looked at me for a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, I made for the stables as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man."

☞ A few days since a gentleman, who was *en route* for New York, got out at the station, leaving his "better half" sole occupant of the seat; returning he found a good looking gentleman occupying his seat and making himself sociable with his travelling companion, and politely requested the stranger to give him his seat.

"Your seat, sir?" said the stranger, "I don't know that you have any better claim to it than I have."

"Very well, sir," replied our friend, "if you will keep it, allow me to introduce you to my wife."

The stranger looked blank, and made very hasty tracks for the next car.

SONG OF THE COQUETTE.

AIR—*Oh! I should like to marry.*

O! I shall never marry
For money, love or fun!
The men—Tom, Dick and Harry—
Are traitors, every one;
They worship and cajole us
While maidens in our pride,
They are surer to control us
When once the knot is tied.

Talk of a moon of honey,
Of roses and so forth;
Of making matrimony
A paradise on earth!
For such a mess of pottage
Her thraldom who would weave?
For love within a cottage
A palace who would leave?

I do not care a copper
For sentiment and love;
It may be very proper
For those who ape the dove.
But such a bird as I am
Who roves as well as sings,
Has got (sometimes to try 'em)
A brilliant pair of wings!

Then I shall never marry
For money, love or fun!
The men—Tom, Dick and Harry—
Are traitors, every one.
A little admiration,
A little liberty,
An innocent flirtation,
Is just enough for me.

A WITTY PREACHER.

The Rev. Dr. Sprague, in his visits to "European Celebrities," gives anecdotes of the Reverend Mathew Wilks, a celebrated London preacher.

There was nothing for which he had a more cordial abhorrence than an exhibition of dandyism in a young preacher; and nothing of this kind ever came in contact with him without meeting a rebuke. On one occasion, a young minister of a good deal of pretension and parade, went from the country to London, and carried Mr. Wilks a letter, designed to procure for him an invitation to preach.

"Well, young man," said Matthew, with a nasal twang that is perfectly indescribable, but which nobody who has once heard can ever forget, "Well, young man, you want to preach in London, don't you."

"I am going to pass a few days here, sir, and if it should suit Mr. Wilks' convenience, I should be very happy indeed to give his people a sermon while I am here."

"Well," replied Matthew, "you can preach—you can preach; come along next Wednesday morning to the Tabernacle, and I'll meet you there, and you can take my lecture for that morning."

The young man agreed to do so, and was on the ground at the appointed hour. Matthew met him at the door, disgusted as he had been before with his dandy airs, and addressed him thus:

"Go along into the pulpit, young man, and I will be below and look at *you*, and shall hear every word *you say*."

The *young preacher darted through the aisle into the pulpit, in a manner that seemed better to befit a ball-room than a place of worship.*—He performed the introductory service with an air of insufferable self-complacency, and in due time opened the Bible and read his text, which was the last verse of the first chapter of John—"Hereafter you shall see Heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." He had written his sermon, and committed it all to memory, as he supposed, to a word, but unfortunately he had left his manuscript behind. When he had read his text, he found it impossible to remember the first sentence. He hesitated and hemmed, and began thus:

"You perceive, my brethren—you perceive—that the angels of God—are here represented—as ascending—and descending." He then set up a good stout cough, in the hope that his memory might get to work in the meantime; but the cough was as unproductive as it was artificial, and he could do nothing but go right over again with the absurd sentence with which he had started. He coughed again and again, but his memory was in too profound a slumber to be awakened by it. After three or four minutes, during which he was a spectacle to the congregation, and especially to Matthew, who was all the time watching and listening, according to his promise, he shut his Bible in perfect consternation, and abruptly closed the service. Of course he came out of the pulpit with a very different air from that with which he entered it. But the worst was to come—he had to meet Matthew and hear his scathing comments.

"Well, well," said he, "young man, you've preached—you've preached in London—han't you? I've heard you; I've heard every word you've said, and I've only one comment to make; if you had ascended as you descended, then you might have descended as you ascended."

It is needless to say that the young man was by this time completely cured of his ambition to preach at the Tabernacle.

Another young minister of a similar character, paid him a visit, and Matthew observed he sported what he thought a very indecent number of watch seals. He eyed them for some time, as if crutinizing the material of which they were made, and then said, with a terribly sarcastic air:

"It seems to me you've got a great many seals to your ministry, considering how young you are."

He was once preaching on some public occasion, when there were not less than fifty persons in the congregation taking notes of his sermon. At length he stopped suddenly for a minute, and the stenographers having nothing to do, all looked up, and were gazing at him with astonishment.

"Behold!" said he, "I have confounded the scribes."

On one occasion, as he was on his way to a meeting of ministers, he got caught in a shower in the place Billingsgate, where there were a large number of women dealing in fish, who were using the most profane and vulgar language. As he popped under the shed in the midst of them he felt called upon to give at least his testimonial against their wickedness.

"Don't you think," said he, speaking with the greatest deliberation and solemnity, "don't you think I shall appear as a swift witness against you in the day of judgement?"

"I presume so," said one, "for the biggest rogue always turns State's evidence."

Matthew, when he got to meeting, related the incident.

"And what did you say in reply, Mr. Wilks?" said one of the ministers present.

"What could I?" was the characteristic reply.

☞ An Illinois paper says there is a man in Olney so dirty that the assessor put him down as real estate.

☞ A scientific association has decided that a man has no business to marry his cousin.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

A friend tells us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his great black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius—strong drink.

Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety.—The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance, overcome all his scruples and prejudice. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company re-seated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes turned trembling upwards, were wet with tears. As yet, he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken, as if by an electric shock, as his rich toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth, "Our Father who art in Heaven," &c., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts.

He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from my boyhood to the present time I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I had never heard it before, never."

"You are right," replied Booth, "to read that Prayer as it should be read, has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one in ten thousand comprehended how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in so small a space and in words so simple. That Prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monysyllables, and almost entirely ceased, and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up, and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts.

THE FLOWERS.

I am about to tell you a tale, dear reader, that I hope, shall move thee to pity, and teach thee a lesson of kindness and love. Wouldst thou hear it? Wouldst thou learn the lesson it contains?—Read it.

There was a flower that bloomed in a rich gentleman's greenhouse. 'Twas *the brightest and sweetest flower there—so delicate, so modest, and yet so beautiful, so lovely. You may not find a more handsome flower than this in any place where flowers grow at all.* This always looked bright, whether the sun shown scorchingly upon it, or whether its rays were entirely interspersed by clouds; in all weather it bloomed alike: in sunshine or in showers, it still flung its fragrance to the breeze. When the sky was clear and hot, and all other flowers were scorched and withered, it but looked the brighter for the contrast: and when it was dark and lowering, its perfume was diffused the more abundantly around. And yet it was a tender flower—a rude breath would cause the tear to stand in its eyes, and a careless touch would cause it to wither and pine for a long while in sadness. In every respect was the flower perfect.

But, ah! a change, a mournful change came o'er that lovely flower. The gardner had placed the flowers in the open air, to enjoy the sun, and that his rays may dispel the chills which crept over them in the night. He set this plant apart from the rest, and in a more favorable situation, and by some unhappy mischance it escaped his memory when he rejnoved the others to their original warm and sheltered greenhouse. Ah! pale grew the flowers when the evening damps came on. The cold dew fell gently, very gently, upon it, but its touch was more than its delicate sense could bear, and shivering with the cold, it turned its eyes once more to heaven then slowly withering away it sank so gently to rest, that, one would have thought it was taking its accustomed slumber, after being rocked by the zephyrs to sleep.—But when the gardner came in the morning to visit his flowers, he found this, the loveliest of them all, dead upon the ground outside. It had perished through neglect.

Wouldst thou know the flower's name, reader? It was affection! for I have spoken in parables; affection the loveliest flower that adorns the soul of man. The human heart is like the greenhouse, filled with rare exotics, and bearing the divine impress and stamp of their Creator, God. The flowers that grow there, are Faith, Charity, Gentleness, Goodness, Meekness, Long-suffering, Peace and Joy: but the sweetest of them all is Love! Oh, man! oh, woman! tamper not with affection, for it is in all respects like the flower—it blooms alike in all weathers, and is ever constant to its object, but a single breath may bring a tear to its eye, and an unkind touch may cause it to wither for a long time. If thou knowest one that loves thee, oh, speak not harshly to him, for now the heart is thine; and with care and kindness thou mayest keep it thine—but a harsh word is like the young vulture which tortured Prometheus Vinctus—it may prey on its vitals forever. A heart filled with affection, if met with coldness and scorn, repulsed, must have something to love, and will turn upon and live in for and itself. Coldness and disdain will triumph there, and however calm, and composed the interior may seem like the flower; it will sink gently down to the cold earth and will perish through neglect. Oh, then, be careful how you tamper with affection, for it is the fairest, the sweetest flower ever implanted in the breast.

Negro Wit.—How much do you charge massa magistrate, to marry me and Miss Dinah?'

'Well, Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars.'

'Two dollars? What you charge to marry white folks, massa?'

'We generally charge five dollars, Clem.'

'Well you marry us like white folks, and I'll gib you five dollars, too.'

'Why, Clem, that's a curious notion, but as you desire it, I'll marry you like white folks for five dollars.'

The ceremony being performed, and Clem and Dinah being one, the magistrate asked for his fee.

'O, no, massa! you no come up to de 'greement.'

'How so, Clem; what's lacking?'

'Why, you no kiss the bride.'

'Get out of my office you black rascal.'

Lamartine's Mother.

It was the fate of the father of Lamartine, the great living French poet and orator, to be mixed up with the first French Revolution. During that stormy period, he with a great number of compatriots, was immured in the prison at Macon. He was not there long before his wife, with her child, took lodging opposite the window of the cell which inclosed the republican. She soon drew his attention to herself and his child, which though he could not speak to her for fear of the sentinel, reconciled him in some measure to his captivity and lessened the burthen of his woes. "My mother," says Lamartine, "carried me every day in her arms to the garret window, showed me to my father, gave me nourishment before him, made me stretch out my little hands towards the bars of his prison, then, pressing my forehead to her breast, she almost devoured me with kisses in the sight of the prisoner, and seemed thus to waft him mentally all the caresses which she lavished on me." At last she hit upon the happy expedient of conveying to him letters in the following manner: She procured a bow and some arrows, then tying a letter to a thread, she shot the arrow, to which was attached the other end of the thread, into the window of the prisoners' cell. In this way she sent him pens, ink and paper. He then by the same ingenious expedient, sent love-letters to her. Thus the separated husband and wife were enabled to correspond, to cheer each other's hopes, and sustain each other in their misfortunes. This was all done at night time, when the scrutinizing eyes of the sentinels remained in happy ignorance of the medium of communication. Success having inspired courage, the lady with the assistance of the arrow and thread, afterward conveyed a file to the captive with which he silently filed through one of the bars of his prison, and then restord it to its place. On the next evening when there was no moonlight, a stout cord was fastened to the thread and transmitted to the prisoner. The rope was firmly fastened on the one end to the bars of the cell; then summoning up all his courage, the prisoner glided along the rope, above the head of the sentinels; he crossed the street, and found himself in the arms of his wife and beside the cradle of his child. Such an adventure required the hero's courage and the philosopher's caution, and none but those who were personally interested in it can ever imagine the feelings which must have agitated their hearts. From time to time, when the night was dark, the knotted cord would glide from window to window, and the prisoner pass from knot to knot and enjoy delightful hours of converse with her whom he loved best on earth.

Journeyman Printers.

From high to low, they are the same careless, well-informed, good-hearted men—knowing how to act better than they do—nothing at times, yet everything if occasion requires it.we have seen one and the same individual of the craft, a minister in Carolina, a boatman on the western canal, a lawyer in Missouri, a sheriff in Ohio, a sailing master on board a privateer, an auctioneer in New York, a pressman in a garret printing office!

Having nothing to lose, no calamity can overwhelm them, and caring to gain nothing, no tide of fortune carries them upward from the level, where they choose to stand the happiest dogs in all Christendom, philosophers by practice, spendthrifts by inclination. They complain not when the stomach cries for bread; and they have none to give—and the next hour if fortune favors them with the means, they expend more for unnecessary delecacies than would serve to keep them in wholesome food for a week.

Doesticks joins the Know-Nothings.

Knowing more about selling groceries than about politics or religion, but was scared to death by Dampool and others of his kin and name; told me if I didn't join the Know-Nothings I'd be bust up, broiled on gridirons by the Catholics; also, that the Irish burned natives, then fricassed them as a choice foreign lunch: did'nt like to be burnt or fricassed; told them I'd join.

Started at 12 o'clock at night, went down town, then up town: met watchman: Dampool and he turned round three times then stood on one leg; Damphool then said, 'Horum scorum: watchman said, 'High-catalarum, go ahead;' Damphool said, 'watchman was one of 'em.' Went thro' seven back streets, then a-long cross street to near where we started, dived down celler steps door; Damphool whoo-whied like an owl three times, knocked at door nine times, somebody inside squalled like a tom cat twice, knocked door three times, door opened, dark as Egypt: tied handkerchief over my eyes; another door opened, rattling of chains and strong smell of sulpher; thought my time had come, and tried to pray, but could'nt think of anything but 'now I lay me down to sleep.' They led me in: threw me down on all fours, hit me nine cracks with a paddle on unmentionable place, stuck two pins in the same, blated like a billygoat, then general caterwaling by the whole company. Raised me up and took off handkerchief, saw large crowd with fool's cap on; big ears sticking up.—Damphool led me up to the man with the biggest ears of any, behind a table; made me kneel down; man with the biggest ears said—'You solemnly swear;' told him I'd swear to anything; don't know what I did swear, was so sacred: 'Man with big ears told me I was a member of the transient and honorable order of Know-Nothings—made him a bow, told him I was much obliged, and took my seat. Song by the whole house;

'Possum up a gum stump,
Raccoon in a holler, &c."

After the song, the man with the big ears offered a short prayer, that 'the land might be delivered from the Pope, the devil, and from foreigners in general,' to which some said amen, some bravo, and others encore. Man with the big ears then stated that the business for the night was to decide upon a candidate for Congress: said 'they had nine hundred and twenty-seven candidates. Didn't know how it was, didn't understand it; but one thing we knowed, he wern't going to give up his claim, wished he might be totally extinctificated if he did,' but thought a little delay wouldn't hurt, better count noses first.

Meeting then broke up; went home and sent to an apothecary for Jew David's Hebrew: couldn't sit down for three days, effect of paddle.

Dampool called to see me; talked politics; told him I should vote for Stephens. He said I shouldn't; had sworn not to; told him I'd quit; said if I'd lose my custom, K. N's. wouldn't trade with me, called me 'traitor perjurer,' and all that. Didn't know what to do; reckon I'll have to stick to 'em.

Reading and Thinking.—Always have a book or paper within your reach which you may pick up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day. If you can give fifteen minutes it will be felt at the end of the year. Thoughts take up no room. When they can afford a portable pleasure, with which one may travel or labor without any trouble or incumbrance.

A Fable for a Strong-Minded Woman.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Respectfully addressed to Miss Lucy Stone.

A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had reached that height at which it required support.

"Oak," said the vine "bend your trunk so that you may be support to me."

"My support," replied the oak, "is naturally yours; and you may depend on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have ambition to climb as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, as I stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the great Master to grow together, and that by our union the weak may be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine; "why can not you twine around me and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent on you?"

"Nature, answered the oak, "did not design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone; and if you try it the winds and rains, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and thither among the trees. The trees will say, it is not my vine; it is a stranger—get thee gone. I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches that thou canst not get back to the oak, and nobody will admire thee or pity thee."

"Ah, me!" said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny;" and with this she twined herself around the oak, and both grew and flourished happily together.

Beautiful Extract.

The following beautiful tribute to woman, was written several years ago, by a contributor, I believe, to the Saturday Post. It occurs in a tale of touching interest, entitled "The Broken Heart." Its author, Dr. J. F. Stratton, now, or at least seven years since, a resident of Preble county, Ohio, contributed in years past, many beautiful things to American Literature, over the non de plume of Rasselas.

Oh! the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Title and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around, and even the guant poverty menaces with his skeleton finger it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress, it follows the prisoner into his dark cell and sweetens the homo morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hands of a loved one, is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer and the portion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her, brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revives the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassioning woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like interest should cast into forgetfulness, man's remembrance of the fall by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom and chrystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

Woman.—A pretty woman is one of the "institutions" of this country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, fourth of July and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem written in rare curls, choice calico and good principles. Men stand up before her, as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float around the ear like music, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. *Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint-hearted.* Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find pleasant firesides, boquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light, and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of heaven.

A Troublesome Church Member.—Spending a night in a certain neighborhood of A—— we inquired of our host, a fair, Christian man, how the church got on, for we passed a neglected frame chapel at the cross roads.

"Oh! poorly enough," said he.

"Why, what's to pay? You are in a thick settlement of intelligent people: able to keep a congregation and support the gospel.

"Just so," said he, "but one troublesome man has broken up the society and keeps it broken up. It was an unlucky day for the church when he moved here. Yet he is a person of good parts, and has an interesting family. Before he came here he had troubles in the same way."

We suggested that perhaps the troublesome man's peculiarities were not consulted; indulge him a little. May be he wants the lead.

"Oh! as to that, we have tried him in the lead, and every way. He is not satisfied with leading, but turns ad buts the wheel-horses."

We gave it up. Our host was a farmer, and the illustration cut like an argument. David had a few of this sort in his mind when he wrote the 12th Psalm.

The Old-fashioned Mother.—Ah! how much meaning is comprised in that simple expression, the old-fashioned mother. It carries our thoughts back to those women, whose home influence was pure and elevating; who taught their daughters to render themselves blessings to society by their goodness, their diligence, their useful knowledge. We think of the lofty heroism, the brave endurance, the thousand virtues they *inculcated*, and sigh at the contrast between the past and the present. How few modern mothers understand or perform their duty in the training of their children. A smattering of this, that and the other is considered quite sufficient education, and to *show off* to advantage is made the great business of life. No wonder there are so many unhappy wives, so many drinking, gambling husbands.

Authority.—Engage the people by their affections—convince their reason—and they will be loyal from the only principle that can make loyalty sincere, vigorous, or rational—a conviction that it is their truest interest, and that their government is for their good. Constraint is the natural parent of resistance, and a pregnant proof that reason is not on the side of those who use it. You must all remember Lucian's pleasant story: Jupiter and a countryman were walking together, conversing with great familiarity on the subject of heaven and earth. The countryman listened with attention and acquiescence while Jupiter strove only to convince him; but happening to hint a doubt, Jupiter turned hastily round and threatened him with his thunder. "Ah! ah!" said the countryman, "now Jupiter, I know that you are always wrong when you appeal to your thunder."—*Erskine.*

Rules for Study.—The other evening Prof. Davis, the eminent mathematician, in conversation with a young friend of his upon the importance of system in studying, as well as in everything else, took a piece of paper and wrote off for him the *following rules*: 1. Learn one thing at a time. 2. Learn that thing well. 3. Learn its connections, as far as possible, with other things. 4. Believe that to know everything of something, is better than to know something of everything.

☞ A single transgression of the law of God breaks a link in the chain that connects us with him, and sets us adrift on the stream of destruction.