# Subfors 

## 

WCOMOS

ORO Wo


In the tirioutat of Lifo
Be not tike dumb, dixicen caulle
Trust no future, bowe'c. pleasnnt:
Let tho dead past, bury its dead:
 Lives of great men all remind us
We con make our lives subilime,

 A foloran and ditiprected trother Lete ue, then, be up and doing. Still schioving, still purasi,
Leamm to tabor and to wa Lines suggested by the 78 th birth Andrew Jaetison.

Oul lion heart! how ligh the soows

 Whee sank the staini in cerimson heapps

 Flashed on the red man't blasted path
Lite the areageres sundertolt :
 Till, treaming from the land of foo
It d dank the blood of Waterlo.


 The idend queen her empire बrages
Let the bold Engitid knigut beware The conqueref's steed of other daya Man of the Hermiuge! lire on, rill, ilike a second wablington fame,
 An oraclo of trumb and love, And find at thst, mid blooming fowert,
$\Lambda$ pathexay to thy rest ibore.
 Huw to Marry.


aot out for the giil, that is hacalihy and young

## tongue. though

though she be frecklou, or burnt to a tan,
With richés will wretchedness often in life, But marry, and makkio ill the tichecs you car, Like a told, independentent, ond scribitle man.
A.ook for a gith who is gentle and kind If she's wise, as beriching her your mind the plan,
And soon le the wife of a sensilue man.
Thea chetrist her excellence wisely and kind,
And be to small foibles indulgently blinu;
For so you make happy, if any thing can,
The wife of a
The wife of a ober, asd sensilhe man. Rpiltpph
How lor'd, how vilud once, availy thee not;
To whom related or by A heap of dast alonen remitins of lice : Tu all thou art, and all the prouid shal


## What ami $1 ?^{?}$

When 1 ask myself, shis, question; "What am I" : it puzzles me how to answer Mat Materialy nenentity $=$ small
a sort of increased ne
barrel of unstrained oil of noibing, hickened mo:substance by arcidenti ly coming into contact with a cold
congealing worlda. Chemically speat ing. I am a compound of phos phorus,
gas, and amospheric wind - as you have, c loubiles 3 ; Cong discoverel
Mechanically, 1 am an old leock, made. wound, set in motion geverat Was made to run 70 years; at least; and
if Fate and Forune will keep my inner if Fate and Foriune will heep my inner
works in order, I shall expect 10 keep going till my weights have run the ful length of their jcords: Morally speat
ing. Iam an equal misture of vice and virtue-a kind of vinegar and molases
mess. So nicely are they mixed totoo sour to be unpalaitable, nor the mo lasses of viriue os siveet as to be sickening My feelings are iender as toal
stoon-my passions as strong as a de stools-my passions as strong as a de
coction of tobacco juice-ny sympa thies are as down underan angel's wing
and my desires for the promotion of human happiness are just as I tappen
to feel about the head, lieari and stomach.
Metaphorically speaking, I am a toy
thing of time, plaved for a short period thing.of time, played for a slort period and then casi among ribbish; a fool-
ball of fate, kieked about till I butst, and wind mill excruenent, that moves
with the popular breeze, but is still in a calm and current hermometer, my mer cury rising io summer heat by the
warm rays of hope, and sinking to below zero in the cold atinospliere of
donbt; a mean tallow candle, already doubt ; a mean tallow candle, already
burnt one-third of the way to the sackburnt one-third of the way to the sock-
et, and every moment in danger of bedeath ; an old boot worn by a pllgrition wih a wooden leg', over the rough roid
of exisience, till it is heither worli heeling, soleing, patching, nor presers-
ing. In fact,
my friends, 1 don't see that $I$ am anymore use io the universe,
(considereil as a whole, ) than a shovel of poudretie to a ten acre cornfield.
When 1 am dead ahd rohe When 1 am deaid ohd gone,, :shiall be children of posterity wilt probably shoot marbles acioss iny grave, as an-
conscious of their saciliy as a pateel of inice gnawing at the grea:
sy leaves of an old and favorite lauily

Suitable Sor Parious Meridianis The Times and Press; a neivspaper
publishedu at Fort Vas ne, Indiana, has a chapler on boys, from which we copy
the following paragraph, belfeving it to
he he as applicable to the rising geniuses
of our own merilian as to any of the
young fry of tie Hosier Staie. young fry of the Hoosier State: It does appear as though all parental
restraint and authority were removed resirant and authority were removed
from the youth of the presenin day at
fie from the your of age, and they were
five sixi yeats
permitued io run at loose ends from that permited io run at loose ends frot that
time on:. It is no uncommon thing int time on, Tt is no uncommon thing ith
our streets, to hear boys, fron eight. to ing oaths and ing precations lhat would choke a pirate. We know plenty of
such boys; and yet his communty is siuch boys; and yet this communny
raising noney-and some of tiese. very
bose send to the other silde of he gletece lo
to convert the hectithen. Benenevolent indeed! Better to begin at ouroowh

The Dignity of Printing. Gad was the first Primter! Ife grave
from his awful hand, mid the darkness of Sinai, the mind, of God! darkness
calogue of all moral law calogue ar all moral law. Hee chaims
man upon man, and God nupon all. Printin!! Ha ari Hat shall haut
down lo the latest y cars, to remotest down to the latest ycars, to randitst unborit of God, the thoughis, of hien
who are living now of men who hived evituties since, they defy time, aud the printed iranscript or ithese men Blath
live too flll of soul to be put in the grave wilh their perishable boties.: It was a bright thought of that atuhor,
whlo in, his dying nonient, was justablo
io agk if to ask if the prool of liis last. work was
correcled -all corrected! © Yes, all:


 now bebetcer for he the mbers to thosome-


