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TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1845.

Mr. Booth's Lecture is commenced in this week's paper. It possesses the great merit of originality, and is written in a chaste, classical and beautiful style.

JOHN MAYNARD.—The following beautiful lines are descriptive of a most touching act of bravery—one of those scenes of patient suffering and death which are rarely met with—the pilot standing at his post, until the flames have scorched and burned him to death. Those who read the incident to which we refer—for it was very generally published at the time—will find here a tribute to the "Helmsman of Lake Erie," whose conduct there excited their admiration.

"The Helmsman of Lake Erie."

BY E. S. GOODRICH.

At morn a gallant vessel swept
O'er Erie's emerald wave,
She bore a hundred souls along—
The beautiful—the brave,
Bodily she ploughed the ocean-lake—
A power that knows no stay
Urged her along with heaving breath,
Upon her watery way.

All day she held her onward course,
Her pilot's faithful eye
Marked, as the evening fell, her port,
Beneath the western sky.
And joy, and hope, and happiness
In many a bosom burned,
As o'er the rolling waves, bright eyes
With eager gaze were turned.

For on the distant strand were seen
Full many a home of bliss,
And lips already ready to give
The pure parental kiss;
And beating hearts, and heaving sighs
Full many a bosom moved
Lest the proud vessel should not bear
Their cherished, their beloved.

But oh, in life, how soon the cup
Of joy is drugg'd with gloom,
How soon the shadow of despair
Follows the blush of bloom.
The sunlight glow on beauty's cheek,
A moment may o'ercast,
As sweeps, before the light of day
The wild sirocco's blast.

"What, ho! that smoke!"—the captain cries,
As from the hatchway roll'd
The curling volume's graceful wreath,
Up from the vessel's hold;
The answer needed not a voice,
For, at all eyes it came,
In the most terrible forms—
A sheet of lurid flame!

And there she was a ship on fire,
Blazing against the sky,
The most sublime, terrific sight
That meets the sailor's eye!
And every art to quench the flame,
And all the seaman's skill
Were vain,—a thousand fiery tongues
Seemed mocking human will.

And while despair rang o'er the deep
In accents wild and loud,
While the last hope seemed to have fled
From all the maniac crowd,
Where was the brave old pilot then,
When everything seemed lost!
Standing, as duty bade, unmoved,
And calmly at his post!

One hand still held the wheel, as on
She madly swept the tide,
The other hung, a blackened thing,
Yet seething, at his side—
And onward still she strove,
Still shoreward rushed her keel,
Still stood, amid the blazing mass,
Her pilot at the wheel!

And boats came rushing from the shore,
And reached in time to save
All the devoted vessel bore
From a dread and watery grave—
Not all—not all—that helmsman, bold,
Whose life all else did save,
Now sleeps amid that blackened wreck,
'Neath Erie's rolling wave!

Build high a monument to him,
Let not his humble name
Perish, for he has nobly earned
The richest meed of fame!
Ye give those monuments who send
Their millions to the grave!
Then give JOHN MAYNARD, one, who died
A hundred lives to save!

ENLARGE YOUR OWN PAPER.—We commend the following article to the attention of those who are patronizing foreign papers, in preference to those in their immediate vicinity. The recent reduction of the postage, now places the country papers nearly, if not quite, on a level with those of the city, in point of price. Then, in your country paper, you have a compendium of what is passing immediately in your vicinity; personages, places and incidents with which you are familiar, and in which you have an interest, which no city paper can grasp as fully. Nor need they be lacking in general information; but should be in fact—"an abstract and brief chronicle of the times." A well-conducted country paper, will be hailed with greater pleasure, and perused with more satisfaction, than the best city paper. Then if you would have a paper in your own county worthy of your support, you should first cheerfully and promptly give it that encouragement, which is due to it, and without which it cannot be worthy of support.

There is another class of individuals, who possess of no generosity, no spirit of independence and pride, or no computation of conscience, and content to read, weekly, the property of others. From newspaper borrowers, deliver us! They are a curse to the Printer, and a great trouble to the subscriber. Every subscriber to a paper should repel peremptorily, to lend it. In this way they would get rid of troublesome visitors, who have not the sense to discover that they are unwelcome, and insure

the quiet possession of their own property. But here is the article from the Patriot.

"Let no farmer and no other man relinquish the newspaper published in his own neighborhood, for the sake of some other larger, cheaper, or more popular paper, published in one's own town, is always, as a general rule, more valuable than any other, if for nothing but the advertisements; and, the somewhat abused and much neglected advertisements, are a thermometer of the business of the place, and often the key which opens the door to excellent bargains. It is of no little consequence for the farmer to know what is going on in his market town—the competition in buying produce—the change in business operations—the settlements of estates—the sale of farms, stock, &c. &c. We venture to say, there is not a man who may not every year more than save the price of subscription to his neighboring newspapers. This should be done also for weighty reasons, one of which we will name; the mammoth weekly sheets of the cities being furnished at a price which no country printer can compete, (for one reason, because made up generally from the once used and paid for in the daily papers,) are encroaching largely upon the country papers, thus discouraging improvement and enterprise, and gradually bringing the whole country under the influence, and in some sense the control of the leading cliques in the cities. Thus a tone is given to the morals, the politics, and the habits of the country—and we hesitate not to say, that the preponderance of this influence is bad. The people of the country get full enough of this influence through their own papers; and if they would not see the complete supremacy of the cities over the moral and political destiny of the country newspapers. Take the city papers if you can afford it, and as many of them as you please; but first see to it that you have your own home paper as a regular visitor to your fireside. Support them first and liberally, and they will hardly fail to support your interests."

[For the Bradford Reporter.]

MEMOR. EMBROS.—I proceed in my review of Juvenal's answer to my first paper. He says: "It may be well for those who want the means of a gentlemanly life to avoid both brandy and cigars; or if one is too weak to keep himself within the bounds of temperance, he may as well choose the safer course: &c. &c."

Here it should be considered whether Juvenal has the true idea of "a gentlemanly life," or whether it may not involve more than he seems to think. He certainly will not make indulgences in question, an indispensable part of such a life: for he would not have to go farther than the bench of our Court House to see a true gentleman, who avoids both the articles referred to. One is not surprised that boys should fall into mistakes as to the process of becoming gentlemen; but one of Juvenal's age and intelligence, is hardly allowed the benefit of their plea.

I cannot but remark upon the admission that there is "a safer course," in this matter. Indeed I think it decisive. In all common instances men choose, or at least profess to choose, the safer, rather than an unsafe way; and this especially if the possible gain in a hazardous path is very small. Suppose now the gain incoherently small, and the risk very great, more than a possibility of one's losing himself even, and that for time and eternity—who can think of the unsafe course as one that may be wisely chosen? These same gentlemanly indulgences have cost thousands all that they had to lose, and never brought one any real gain—how then is it possible to choose them in preference to the certain advantages of abstinence? Men have found it practicable to live and do good without doing themselves much harm—is not this the wiser course?

I am not speaking of the practices in question as immoral, or as incompatible with high respectability; but as very questionable for young men, and as having nothing to recommend them in preference to less expensive and less dangerous pleasures. I feel no disposition to indulge in vituperation or caricature. If reason and religion are not on my side, I shall deserve, and surely encounter an entire defeat. If they are, Juvenal will do well to accept my friendly admonitions. I wish him well; and hope he will not be less than this his own friend. He may expect to hear from me again.

BENEVOLE.

The Stream of Death.

There is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and the unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go.

Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
'Mid sullen silence downward sweep,
With moanless flow.

I saw where at that dreary flood,
A smiling prating infant stood,
Whose hour had come.

Entangl'd ill, it neared the tide,
Then sunk to cradled rest, and died,
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye anon,
A youth diseas'd, and pale, and wan;
And there alone.

He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And fear'd to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength,
Came busting on, till there at length
He saw life's bound:

He shrunk, and raised the bitter prayer:
Too late—his shriek of wild despair
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore
A being bowed with many a score
Of tollsome years.

Earth-bound and sad, he left the bank,
Back-turn'd his dimming eye, and sank—
Ah! full of tears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
O, Death!—How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die!

I mused—when to that stream again,
Another child of mortal man,
With smiles drew nigh.

'Tis the last pang, he calmly said—
To me, O Death! thou hast no dread—
Saviour, I come!

Spread but thine arms, on yonder shore,
I see—ye waters bear me o'er—
THUS IS IT HOME.

Address Delivered by Mr. Booth,

Before the Borough Temperance Society, Monday Evening, Sept. 29. Published by Request of the Society.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—The prominent idea that I wish to present to you, in connection with the subject of temperance, may be expressed in a few words. It is the broad fact that the affairs of this world are administered strictly upon a principle of compensation.—Every thing has its price. Every gratification which the faculties of man are capable of receiving may be enjoyed by paying its price. There is a quaint saying of the ancients, "if you would have any thing, say the Gods, pay for it and take it." This principle which paid received the form of a proverb in ages gone-by, seems to be forgotten among us at present. I wish to recall it for your consideration at this time—for it is eternally true. Nature is a strict accountant; and will not be balked in the thousandth part of a grain, of the price which she exacts for her favors. No man ever cheated her in any of his dealings. No man ever stole a pleasure from her. Her ministers, more subtle and refined than the element which we breathe, and irresistible as the force that binds the planets together, pervade the constitution of all things; seize upon the culprit and exact to the uttermost farthing the full price of whatever gratification he has enjoyed.

This grand principle which governs this life of ours may be illustrated by many familiar examples; and, it is immaterial for our purpose what one we select; for the principle will be found equally true in all. But to choose one that is most familiar to all men, we will for a moment mark its application in the ordinary pursuit of wealth. We say, then, that a poor man may become rich by paying the price of wealth. In those cases where the acquisition of fortune has been made during a long series of years by the slow profits of persevering industry, all can easily see that a price has been paid. The accumulator has labored much, foregone much, suffered much, and what is frequently, though not always the case, acquired such habits as have entirely incapacitated him for making a rational use of his treasures or of rendering them contributory to his enjoyment. The estate has grown bulky, but the man has dwindled. "Nature has taken from the man all that fortune has put into his chest." At all events in such cases as these, all men understand that the man has made his bargain with Nature and paid her, her price for what he has got—that to him at least her favors have not been given, but sold.

But when, as it sometimes happens, a man by speculations, by taking advantage of the necessities of his fellow-men, and by gambling in some of its various forms, has suddenly succeeded in amassing riches; the justness of our principle in its application to such a case may not be so readily admitted. Let us not however be deceived by appearances. This man, too, as well as the other, has paid for his fortune—though a different price from the former. If he has moved among his species like a shark only to devour and prey upon them, insensible to their rights and regardless of their enjoyments; if he has gone about to establish a rule of dealing with his fellow men that is good for himself and for no one else, and to appropriate with greedy rapacity the good things of this world, leaving none for his neighbors, we shall have little difficulty in discovering the price that he has paid for his acquisitions. He has parted with the confidence and esteem of his fellow-men. He has aroused the suspicions, and acquired the universal distrust of his species. Such is the too general absence of that reliable merit and deep self-respect among men that would enable them to bestow their regard upon men rather than circumstances, that a show of respect will always be paid to fortune; but it is hollow and unmeaning.—There will be no cordiality in the hand that is extended to greet him—no real kindness in the look that meets his. The bosoms of his fellows are barred by distrust against the man who waxes a social war upon the interests of the community.

But these suspicions which his line of conduct has induced in others are not all, nor in comparison any very considerable portion of the price he has paid. Even if he has escaped his reckoning in this particular, there still remains a fearful account unsettled. Nature is not so weak a governess that she requires the instrumentality of other men in order to exact her penalties. She is supreme also in the dispensation of rewards and punishments within his own bosom. If he is conscious of villainy and unworthy practices in the acquisition of his gains, he has lost the front and bearing of a man. To fear no evil and to dread no accusation is the prerogative of conscious integrity alone, but the moment a man has selfishly committed a crime against the happiness of a fellow-man, there is confession in his eye, there is accusation at his heart. He is conscious that every individual whom he meets, knows some evil of him, and therefore the knitted brow—the restless, furtive glance—he is a poor, pitiful, trembling culprit at the bar of his own conscience.

But it may be still insisted that there is at least one exception to the principle which we have asserted, in the case where a fortune has been inherited, and therefore no odium as to the means of its acquisition can attach to its possessor, and no illiberal habits have been formed inconsistent with its enjoyment—where it is sufficiently ample and there exists no desire to increase it;—surely here, it will be said, is a gift, and Nature has for once bestowed a favor without demanding or expecting a compensation. A closer attention will convince us that Nature has no more intended a gratuity in this instance than in any other, and that the principle is universal. He who has inherited wealth has also inherited the responsibility of making a wise appropriation of it for benevolent and worthy purposes. Nature has made the advancement and the price she demands for any advantage or distinction that may arise therefrom, is that he bear himself, with all diligence in the exercise of whatever faculties he may possess in order to make it as useful as possible in producing human happiness. This

price he must pay cheerfully, or it is in her power to scourge his delinquency with such penalties as may cause him to regret never having been the recipient of her favors. If he thinks to enjoy her bounty in voluptuousness and indolence, then she stings him with disease, stupefies him with spleen, or tortures him with those indescribable disgusts and horrors that prey upon the vacant mind. Nature will not be robbed or cheated; and the wise man will pay promptly and cheerfully all her demands upon his heart and health, by a free, generous and noble activity in every good and generous work, knowing that her favors when suffered to accumulate on his hands unpaid for, will give him infinite uneasiness and pain, and that though the day of settlement may for a time be postponed, yet it can be only postponed, and that he will at last be forced to pay the uttermost farthing.

This principle holds true respecting all our faculties and all our talents. Has Nature given any one a talent? Then she holds him strictly accountable for the employment of that talent, and she threatens him with penalties for its perversion. Has she given to one man a clearer insight into the spiritual relations of things than to another; has she illuminated his understanding with new truths that have not found acceptance among mankind? Then she has placed him under the necessity of asserting these truths, of running counter to the received opinions of his age, of losing that sympathy of his fellows that is so dear to him; and though the torch and the faggot should threaten him, he must still bear testimony to the light that is in him.

Personal advantages are also subject to the same law of compensation. Does Nature confer upon a man a person of singular grace and elegance, together with features of unworldly comeliness? She at the same time manages to trick him out with such disgusting airs of foppishness and vanity as reduce him to a full level with the majority of his fellow-men.—Does she bestow upon a woman a face of extraordinary beauty? She at the same time sends the world distracted after her; and the fair one trusting to the evidence of her eyes, and believing that she can reign supreme over the hearts of men by the fascinations of a pretty face alone, neglects the cultivation of her mind, indulges in the suggestions of vanity, so that very soon there is no difference between herself and a waxen beauty, except in her superior tendency to fade. On the other hand, has Nature given a woman plain features?—She at the same time shows her the necessity as well as the superior value of mental attractions, and thus the balance is kept even.

A sufficient number of examples has now been instanced to illustrate the principle that has been asserted; and it will be understood that this law of compensation is equally applicable to the distribution among mankind of what are called natural gifts, and those which are the proper subjects of the human choice. It is however with the latter that we are chiefly concerned, and to these I invite your particular attention.

The whole progress and history of our lives is determined by a succession of choices, in which from various desirable objects of opposite nature, we are continually selecting some in preference to others, and in which the good things that we renounce may properly be called the price that we pay for those that we enjoy. We choose daily and hourly, and our choices extend in their effects not only to the day and hour in which they are made, but they reach forward and involve in their consequences interests as weighty as the well-being of the immortal soul. The result of one choice becomes the ground of another, and the chain of cause and effect thus begun may be as limitless as the universe.

Since then, the character of life depends upon our election, and since every gratification has its price which must be paid in order to its enjoyment, a wise man will make a wise choice, and drive such a bargain with nature as shall put him in possession of her noblest and most valuable enjoyments at a sacrifice of those that are of least consideration. When he sits down to her banquet there will be something of the epicure apparent in his selection of dishes; he will partake moderately, and of those that are most congenial to health and blandness of spirits, and will not overburden the body and supply the soul by swinish gluttony and drunken excess. The intellect, the soul will shine forth apparent in all his acts, and show that the man is master of himself and all his habits and appetites; and though he does not undervalue the pleasures of sense, yet he knows too well the conditions upon which they must be enjoyed as also their inferiority to the joys of the soul, ever to give them an inordinate importance in his well regulated plan of living. A wise man, in short, will not make a fool's bargain with Nature.—He will not barter away the soul for the body, health for disease, the equable and uninterrupted enjoyment of all his faculties, for irregular and interrupted pleasures. I say he will not drive a fool's bargain—for if there is a fool that walks the face of the earth, an unpardonable fool, it is he who sacrifices the rational enjoyment of a serene, unclouded mind, of health, of reputation and friends, to the gratification of a sensual appetite; who can look abroad over the fair face of nature and the thousand enjoyments of social life, and conceive no higher gratification to eat and be stupefied with gluttony—to drink and be drunken. Our life is surrounded with innumerable sources of pleasure and entertainment. The past is open to us with its stores of wisdom; history invites with its instructive lessons; science displays her invaluable treasures; the earth is clad with beauty and sublimity; there is splendor in the sunbeam; there is poetry in the stars. Society is enlivened and charmed by all the endearments of the conjugal, parental, and filial relations. A well regulated mind vibrates to a thousand cords of sympathy and love that unite him to his kindred, his friends, his country, and to every thing that God has made. And can we consider him other than a fool who sacrifices all these to a beastly appetite? Who drowns the soul and deadens the sense of

pleasure from every refined and elevated source in the intoxicating cup?

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
Upon the gilded couch of luxury to roll,
Stung with disease and stupefied by spleen?
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
Oh how canst thou forego and hope to be forgiven?

Among the gratifications that Nature affords us, are those of the natural tastes and appetites. These when indulged within moderate limits, such as are easily understood, are legitimate sources of enjoyment which may be purchased at a price that a wise man would be willing to pay. Beyond this lies a whole, fairy region of excess and intemperance; and there too are pleasures, keen and exquisite, which may be enjoyed by paying the price. In advertising to the pleasures of the flowing bowl, the audience must not understand me as speaking from my own experience. I do not pretend to preach from the text of my own errors in this particular; and therefore my remarks are subject to whatever deductions are due on the score of inexperience. I never enjoyed a drunken frolic in my life—to my recollection; though I believe persons are not usually apt to recollect such things. I speak simply from observation—but an obliged to believe that there is pleasure, deep, ecstatic pleasure in the flowing bowl. There is abundant evidence of the fact from a thousand sources.—The poets have sung the praises of rosy wine and brandy too.

Wreath the bow with flowers of soul
The brightest wit can bind us;
We'll take a flight towards heaven to-night
And leave dull earth behind us—

and we have no doubt that many a mistaken knight has in fancy at least supposed that soaring to the highest heaven of enjoyment upon the fumes of rosy wine; until he has broken through the enchanted cloud that waited him upward, and been precipitated headlong as many fathoms deep into the gulf of wretchedness and repentance. To drink oblivion to dull-thoughted care and black-browed melancholy; and while the tide of health flows strongly along one's veins and arteries, to meet a merry band of friends and push about the social glass with song and jest and repartee, until the company have reached that happy elevation of excited spirits which Tam O'Shanter attained by inspiring virtue derived from deep potatoes of tippenny and usquebaugh—

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious—

all this is doubtless quite pleasant so long as it lasts. But sensual pleasure especially of this character is eternally subject to the important objection that it does not last.

Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower the bloom is fled;
Or like the snowfalls in the river—
A moment white, then gone forever.

Nevertheless they are pleasures still, and may be enjoyed by all who are willing to pay the price.

There is no gratification of the human mind that may be enjoyed; there is no depraved desire of the human heart but what may be satisfied by paying the price. We live in a wide field of Nature, and around us are growing innumerable pleasures tempting to the eye, the mind, the heart; and we are all invited to gather each for himself whatever pleases him, but under condition that we pay for all that we take. They are all labelled in such a sort that every wise man may distinctly understand beforehand the terms of the bargain. An inexorable fool only is liable to mistake. "There is no room for artifice or deception. You cannot pluck a fruit, you cannot touch a flower, though it be done ever so secretly, but immediately her invisible ministers have seized upon you, and ere you are aware, the conditions of the purchase have been exacted, and you have parted with the full estimated value which she had placed upon the favor that you have enjoyed. Crime and retribution are traits that mature both upon one stem; and you can no more gather the one without plucking the other, than you can toy with the beauty of the curling flame without being affected by its heat. "Punishment," says a beautiful writer, "is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it." The flower is fragrant and beautiful—the fruit is deadly. Would you escape the terrible poison of the fruit you must let alone the flower. The gratification of revenge for real or imaginary injuries, to minds of a certain constitution may afford a pleasure of the most intense description; and there is no doubt that the assassin may feel the keenest delight as he pulls away his blade from the heart of his victim. But watch him afterwards when passion has accomplished its work, and excitement subsiding has delivered him over to the tyranny of reflection; and mark the writhings of remorse and the agonies of apprehension.—These are part of the price he has to pay for his hasty gratification. Nature has laid the groundwork of his retribution in the laws of his own being, and it is almost immaterial except for the purposes of example, whether he suffer the penalty of human laws or not; for her penalties are sure. The truth of these observations as well as the universality of the principle that we contend for must be obvious to every man upon a moment's consideration. Nothing is more common than to see men everywhere and in every position in society, paying, slowly, painfully and by lives of extreme wretchedness, the price of former pleasures—the debauchee by a wasted constitution, loathsome disease and withering scorn of all men; the drunkard by all the evils combined that are ever inflicted upon debased and degraded humanity. These things should be clearly understood and carefully considered, so that each man in making his bargain with Nature, may well know the price he has to pay, and meet the exaction with the air of a person who

has counted the cost and is not "taken in," in the result of the transaction—who acts deliberately and wishes no sympathy from his friends in case of either event. There is good sense in the language which Milton puts into the mouth of Belshazzar, of the fallen spirits, in reply to his weaker companions.

I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And ventures, if that fall them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror.

It is admitted that there is pleasure in the intoxicating bowl; let there be a full understanding as to the price that must be paid for its enjoyment. On this head I can only tell you what you already know, though you may not all you have thought of it precisely in this light. You who are leading a free and easy life and abusing the blessing of good health and sound constitutions for the purposes of excess, who can enjoy nothing until you have heated your blood with intoxicating drinks, and who know no pleasure until you have partially drowned the voice of reason in your own bosom, you must understand to a fraction the reckoning you must meet for your tumultuous, short-lived gratifications. That reckoning is fixed and inevitable. Nature has written it upon your own mental and physical constitutions, and upon the constitution of things around you. Are you a young man of an ardent, vivacious temperament, fond of carousing and inclined to excess? Do you find your chief delight in the social drinking party where the wine and the brandy circulate freely with song and jest and merriment? We will not insult your reason or belie your experience by asserting that there is no pleasure in all this, for you know to the contrary. There is doubtless a good in this, though far enough from the highest good of which your nature is susceptible. But we ask you whether you are willing to pay the price that Nature puts upon such gratifications? Choose your course deliberately and abide by your choice. It is brief in itself, but endless in its consequences. Have you an intellect capable of appreciating truth with clearness, fond of exploring the domains of science, which revels in the beautiful creations of genius, which is equally at home in the graceful walks of literature, and in the subtle shades of philosophy? All this you must prepare to renounce. Gradually, it may be, and by slow degrees, but certainly and inevitably, you must descend from your high mental elevation and become assimilated to the brute. The hardest rock does not more certainly yield to the continued wearing of water, than does the soundest intellect to habitual excess in animal gratifications of whatever description. You cannot bury your reason under a load of animal excesses, without affronting her sovereignty and compelling her to abandon the throne of your intellect. Have you a perception quick to take in and enjoy every pleasing variety of sight and sound? Have you a sensibility alive to everything beautiful or refined in nature or in art? That delicate texture of your nerve upon which such sensibility depends was never intended by nature to withstand the convulsions of drunken excitement, or the irritating action of alcoholic poisons.—Whatever refined enjoyments you are accustomed to derive from these sources you must renounce.

Have you a moral sense that has never yet yielded to temptation, ready to discover the right and magnanimous to pursue it? Have you a sentiment of honor that scorns all littleness and meanness, that feels a stain like a wound, and would you maintain that honor unblemished and stainless till the day of your death? Have you hitherto preserved a pride of character which has never faltered, and which has in all circumstances armed you with the independent bearing of an honest man?—All these high sentiments of honor, of character and morality you must renounce. Instead of that nice moral sense, you must become familiar with the odious features of vice, and experience her disgusting trail upon your own person. Instead of those honorable sentiments by which you are now possessed, you must exhibit in your own character and person a most humiliating instance of degradation. A sense of infamy will have succeeded to your present self-respect, and you will by degrees have descended from your present respectable position in society, and from the sight of those bright prospects that allure you, to make your bed with swine. Those buds of promise which the spring time of your youth has put forth, and which have excited the hopes of your friends, will bear no fruit sacred to the interests of virtue. The honors of the young tree are destined to untimely blastments and premature decay. Your course is downward. You are destined to witness the decay of every flower of virtuous growth, and behold every shoot of generous affection wither; until you stand in the serene leaf of age, "a blighted trunk upon a cursed root." The price that you pay for your pleasures is yourself, your moral and intellectual being.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE CROWN ON THE FLOOR.—A notable incident occurred in connection with the ceremony of proroguing Parliament, which the Queen did in person. The old duke of Argyll, whose office it is to carry the crown on a cushion on the occasion, being a little stiff in the joints, as old noblemen are apt to be, stumbled and fell flat on the floor, prostrating the emblem of royalty, and scattering the precious stones of which it is composed on the floor of the house.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—The Wolverine, published at Ann Arbor, Michigan, gives the following:

A man that would cheat the printer, would steal a meeting house, and rob the grave yard. If he had a soul, ten thousand of his size would have more room in a musquito's eye, than a bull frog has in the Pacific Ocean. He ought to be winked at by blind people, and kicked to death across lots by cripples.