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POETRY.

For the Democrat.

A Song for Little Carry.

By JESSIE JONES.

Carry is so beautiful,
She seems no child of Earth—
And where the lovely never fade,
She must have had her birth.

Her head that's tossing gaily,
The bluest shade might be,
Of fancies, such as angels love,
In their blissful purity.

Her ringlets that are golden,
With sun-light can compare—
Hearst of fancies they're shining,
And glowing shoulders fair.

Her forehead's alabaster,
Where light blue veins are seen—
Her cheeks have two sweet dimples,
To exude roses in.

Her eyes—sparkling, yet tender—
I cannot well decide,
If their light is morning's beaming,
Or moonlight on the tide.

Her nose, and chin, are fashioned
With exquisite grace—
Her mouth has an expression
On which 'tis bliss to gaze.

Her voice 's a full of music,
Loved more when oft heard—
Her heart with love is freighted,
And she's merry as a bird.

But I fear she is a fairy,
With her tiny wings concealed,
And only here to tarry
Till our hearts to her we yield.

—Hingham, N. Y.

Dried Flowers.

Give me from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour.

—Mas. HENRICK.

Alone of all things bright and pure,
Flowers! why did I place you here?
Why thus embalm each floral gift,
Just as a book their sepulchre?

And, ere I place you in my hand,
I keep you Eden flowers,
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I keep you Eden flowers.

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Just as a book their sepulchre?
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MISCELLANY.

THE END OF IT.

By ERASTUS STYTHERS.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER XVI.

For a few days after leaving his bed, Wilton remained sober. But as his strength began to return, his old habit exerted all its former power, and regardless of the terrible warning he had had, he yielded to it.

Two weeks after his recovery, he was strolling about in search of work. His face was bloated and disfigured, and the haggard expression caused by his sickness, had not entirely left it. His dress was a full and complete uniform of the regular army of Alcohol. A pair of coarse, cast-off, stained pants, that were all pockets; a dirty shirt of checked calico, crossed by a single leather suspender, and a faded cotton cravat, that assumed no such responsibility as a collar, a torn glazed cap surmounting his long, matted hair, ragged shoes, and a forlorn green baize jacket constituted his remaining apparel. Add to this, that his beard had been permitted to grow in utter defiance of soap and razor for weeks, and few would have recognized in him, the one whom our first chapter introduced.

He happened to enter the street in which he had formerly resided, and walking on, before the door of the very house which had once been his own, he saw a heap of coals lying. His last cent was gone, he must have more liquor, and he stepped at the basement door.

"Do you want these coals shovelled in?" he asked the servant who came.

"Wait a moment, and I'll see," she returned very shortly, told him yes, and handed him a shovel. He pulled off his shabby jacket, and commenced the work. He could labor but slowly, for his strength was not yet entirely recovered, and when it was about half done, he seated himself upon the door step to rest.

A few moments after, a gentleman turned an adjacent corner, and came towards him. "Is this B—street?" asked he of Wilton.

"It is, sir."

The stranger would have passed without saying more, but as Wilton spoke, something in his appearance attracted his attention.

Coming closer, and looking steadily at him. "Is your name Wilton?" he asked.

"Yes it is."

"Frank! is this you?" he grasped the reeling drunkard by the hand, who then recognized his old friend and classmate—Eaton.

But he could say nothing, and turned his head away entirely overcome.

"I've been looking for you, for some days," said Eaton at length. "Will you be here half an hour hence? I wish very much to see you."

"Yes, I will, Mr. Eaton."

"You used to call me 'Fred,' Frank. I shall feel offended, if you call me anything else." The remark touched Wilton to the quick, for though his soul's harp was defaced and rusted, though there was scarcely a string that was not untrue, and its music had all gone, since palsy had seized the hand of the player, yet there was one chord which would thrill, and did, to the touch of kindness.

"I've a little matter of business to attend to, and will meet you here then, in half an hour," said Eaton.

"Very well, I'll be here."

When he returned, he found the other had finished his work, and was seated upon the door steps waiting. Eaton was a good Temperance man. He knew the way to the drunkard's heart, and had determined upon his plan of action.

"Take my arm, Frank," said he. "I want you to go down to my room at the C—Hotel, and we'll talk over old times," and taking Wilton's arm in his own, they walked off together.

It was a novel sight, to see a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, walking arm-in-arm through Broadway, into which street they had turned, with a shabby drunkard. But Eaton's was a noble mission, and all feelings of petty pride were swallowed up in it. They entered the Hotel, and proceeded up stairs to his room.

"Sit down, Frank?" and offering him a chair, he took one himself, and immediately entered into conversation. He spoke upon general matters at first, and gradually led the way to particulars. Wilton had been so deeply affected by his kind manner, that the reserve which would have been natural towards a stranger, or even a former friend in such circumstances, was entirely broken down. He related fully and frankly, all that had occurred within the past ten years—his evil habits, his attempts at reform, his relapses, his separation, sickness and all.

It was a sadly interesting narration to Eaton, and his deep emotion prevented him from speaking for several moments after its conclusion. He drew his chair closer to Wilton's, and took him by the hand. "Frank! what would you give to be a sober man again?"

"Give! What wouldn't I give?"

"Then you really wish to be?"

"Most certainly. Did you ever see a drunkard, who in his inmost soul, didn't wish it?"

"Do you think you can be?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I've tried it over and over again. I should only resolve just as I have before, and the result would be, I should break it, and be just as bad as ever."

Let me ask you one question, Frank. Did you ever sit down, and think over all you've suffered, and then make the resolve before God, angels and men, that come sickness, come health come wealth, come poverty, come life, come death even, you would give up drinking entirely and forever?"

"Why—why—no: I don't think I ever resolved quite so strongly as that."

"Haven't there been all the time a lurking feeling, that when a few months' abstinence had overcome the habit, you might resume moderate drinking again?"

"Well, no not exactly. Somewhat of that feeling, perhaps."

"Would you be willing to give up all the pleasure of drinking, even of the most moderate drinking, if you could be reformed?"

"Yes."

"Well now, Frank—excuse my talking so plainly, on the ground of our old, and firm friendship—I wish you to be a reformed man, I wish you to be as you ever have been, and more. I wish you to be a living, and eloquent witness, to the power of total abstinence. And I am willing to pledge my honor on the result, that if you follow a course which I prescribe you may."

"What is it?"

"Simply to sign a pledge of entire abstinence, from all which can intoxicate."

"Well, suppose I do?"

"You are a saved man. You always had a great deal of strength of purpose, Frank, and such a resolve once made, and written down, would be kept. I could point you to hundreds, who never possessed one half your self-control, who stand up this very day, living examples of the power of the pledge, who but for it might have filled drunkard's graves. Will you make it, Frank?"

"Well—I don't know."

"You would like to be a temperate man again?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel more like making the resolve than not?"

"Yes."

"Will you go with me, to-night, and attend a Temperance meeting, at the Tabernacle, and after thinking over the matter between now and then, if you feel as you do now, will you sign the pledge when it is handed you?"

Wilton hesitated a moment. But it seemed his last chance. If he failed, his condition could be no worse, or he might succeed, and if he should, oh what joy was yet in store for him! He thought of Eaton's kindness, he remembered the past—the bitter, wretched past, he thought of the future—a dreadful, hopeless future, to him remaining as he was. He remembered all, as he replied, with a trembling voice, "I will, Fred—so help me God."

"I'm rejoiced to hear you say so, Frank—And now, will you put yourself under my care, until to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Well, then: first of all, I wish you would go down stairs with me, and take a bath—Then we will go to the barber's, and the return."

Wilton did not see the precise connection between these and his reformation, nevertheless, he accompanied him without objection.

The hotel proprietor was not a little surprised that Mr. Eaton should request a bath for such a dirty, forlorn wretch as Wilton, and even the woolly-headed Ethiopian considered considerable dissatisfaction as he lathered his whisker like beard, and afterwards arranged his long, matted hair into something like smoothness, preparatory to cutting it. These kindly offices performed, they returned to Eaton's room, who then selected every requisite article from his own wardrobe, and left his friend to make an entire change in his dress.

When he returned the transformation was so complete that he would hardly have recognized him. They were so nearly of a height, that the black dress coat and pants, the polished boots, clean linen and black cravat fitted as if made to order. And as Wilton changed for the worse to be sure, dissipation, but still the fine face and figure of former years, stood before him, Eaton already felt as if the reformation were complete.

"Would you like to take a walk, Frank?"

"Yes, I would—thank you," and as they mingled again with the well-dressed throngs in Broadway, Wilton felt as he had not for many a month before. Already he seemed to perceive the dawning of a new life within him. He appeared to have been slumbering in a state of darkness and of death, and there had already begun a resurrection of his whole being. They went down to the Hoboken ferry, crossed the river, and spent a very delightful hour in sauntering through its beautiful walks and talking of old times and returned to tea with excellent appetites.

The Temperance meeting to which Eaton alluded, was to be one at which Mr. G— was expected to speak, and it was with great confidence in the result that he delayed signing Wilton to sign the pledge until the meeting.

They left the hotel in good season, but found the Tabernacle already tolerably well filled, though it lacked a full hour of the time appointed. Pushing through one of the aisles, Eaton succeeded in obtaining seats very near the platform.

As the hour approached, the audience grew more and more impatient. One person after another was mistaken for the speaker, and several hearty rounds of applause were thrown away. When, at length the seats, aisles and standing places, in every part of the immense building, were filled, and still it lacked a quar-

ter of an hour of the time, the restlessness of the audience increased in a geometrical ratio. One whispered to another that he didn't believe G— was in town. If he is, another said, he won't be here to-night. All at once there was a slight disturbance in a side aisle. "There he goes! That's him! That's G—," were murmured about the room, and a burst of applause, which fairly shook the building, was not this time thrown away.

"Do you see him?" asked Eaton.

"Yes—that fleshy man, with light hair and a book under his arm."

"No; wait a moment," and as the President and several clergymen, followed by a young man of medium height and very slight form, came upon the stage, Eaton told Wilton that was Mr. G—.

Wilton had very little to do with temperance and as for temperance meetings, he had never been in one before since he was born. But he had often heard of the "young apostle," as many called him, and if he was ever prepared to be disappointed in this life, it was when he saw the pale, delicate-looking man whom that immense audience had assembled to hear.

The speaker seated himself very quietly with the others, and during all the introductory exercises seemed to shrink from, rather than to court observation. He was dressed in a plain suit of black. His eyes, as he lifted them now and then, were seen to be large and expressive, but their strange fire was not yet kindled. His hair was black, and lay smoothly upon his broad and prematurely wrinkled forehead. Upon his face there was a thoughtful, and it seemed to Wilton, one of the saddest expressions he had ever seen.

Exercises commenced with a few introductory remarks by the president. A prayer was then offered by a clergyman; then an ode was sung, and after it an address was delivered by another clergyman, and two or three brief speeches followed. They were all excellent and contained much which was new and interesting to Wilton. But they were made by individuals who had never suffered from intemperance, and who, therefore, could not strike the chords deepest hidden in the breasts of intemperate men.

But these ended and another ode sung, the president announced Mr. G—. The announcement called forth a tremendous round of applause, during which the speaker stepped forward upon the railing in front of the desk, and came forward upon the widened platform.

At first sight, Wilton was disappointed, he was not less so when the speaker commenced. He began in a low voice, and although his tones were sweet and musical, there seemed a slight impediment in it. He began in a low voice, and although his tones were sweet and musical, there seemed a slight impediment in it. He began in a low voice, and although his tones were sweet and musical, there seemed a slight impediment in it.

He seemed like a man who was almost broken down with excessive labor, and one would almost wish the audience might not breathe too hard lest it should blow his frail figure from the stage.

His introduction was very brief, expressing a perfectly simple, modest manner his thanks to the audience for their kind reception, and his increasing determination to battle with the fearful foe Intemperance, while life and strength were given him. Gradually his eye began to kindle, and his frame seemed acquiring strength and energy. Before long the audience which had been somewhat restless grew perfectly still. You could have almost heard a faint whisper or a heavy breath. At the very outset the speaker has gathered in his rich experience. Those large eyes are dilated, and there's a fire kindled in them as if they were the vents of a furnace. His hair is thrown back from a forehead whose veins seem almost to be bursting, his face is flushed, and the rapid and thrilling tones of his voice seemed almost to wake echoes upon the farther side of the breathless house. The intensity of interest becomes painful—the story is pathetic in its conclusion, and the tears of president and clergymen begin to glisten, every lady in the house finds her handkerchief of service, and stern-faced and strong-hearted men are conscious of looking at the speaker through a kind of ecstasy. And quick as thought the expression upon every face has changed—smiles take the place of tears, and a burst of uncontrollable merriment succeeds.

Wilton's disappointment very soon vanished, and a feeling of the deepest interest followed. Mr. G— spoke of the Temperance temper, of its history and prospects. He enumerated its triumphs, the blessed influence exerted by it upon all classes. The mother had blessed it for her son's salvation—the darling, only boy; long an out-cast and a wanderer brought back to his home, and to her, to be an out-cast and wanderer no more. Broken-hearted wives, reduced from affluence to poverty, made to bear abuse and privation, and the seen light of love brought back to their dark dwellings, had felt each soul-wound healed, and had welcomed their reclaimed husbands to glad homes, and gladder hearts. Age had blessed it; children had blessed it, and fathers, sisters, brothers had swelled the Hosanna.

He spoke of intemperance, and oh! how he described it. Upon all that was best and dearest in the world, were its ravages committed. Other diseases attacked the body, but this, body—mind and soul. He spoke of man, as he might be, as God meant he should be, and then as intemperance made him. Then he alluded to his own sad experience—told how the habit was first formed, how he had struggled against it, and how often failed. He

spoke of the mother who had been with him in his poverty, and had given him her dying blessing, ere his evil courses commenced—of the cold treatment he had suffered from the world, and its effects upon him, of his terrible attacks of delirium tremens, of his reform, and enjoyment since. And when, after a most eloquent conclusion, he took his seat, amidst tremendous applause, and the pledge was circulated, it was with a tearful eye, and a breast heaving like that of one about to make a death struggle, that Wilton wrote his name, in trembling letters upon it.

Eaton had watched him very narrowly, and felt but little doubt of the result. Yet it was with the deepest pleasure he saw him do so. As they left the meeting, Wilton was too deeply absorbed with his own thoughts, to feel disposed for conversation. Having reached the hotel, Eaton insisted so positively upon his staying with him for the present, that Wilton could not refuse, and he did so.

But the struggle was yet to come. The day upon which he signed, and the day following, his novel circumstances occasioned a kind of excitement which made him almost forget his craving for stimulus. But this very soon subsided, and then when the diseased stomach, like the daughters of the horse-leech had begun to cry—give—give, when bitter thoughts of the past rushed like a dark tide over him, and his recent illness, made his weakness and depression the more insupportable, then his struggle became fearful—terrible. But Eaton was true to the last. He was constantly with him, seeking to direct his mind from bitter reflections, and by reading to him, walking with him, and visiting one place of amusement after another, endeavoring to keep up his spirits, until his system began to react, his mental faculties slowly acquired their former vigor, and in less than three weeks from the time of signing the pledge, he felt like a renovated man.

CHAPTER XVII.

Not many weeks after the date of our last chapter, if we had looked into Judge Wilton's parlor, upon a certain evening, we should have seen a group composed of his daughter-in-law, her two children, and the Judge.

A sad expression was on the face of the former, and seemed habitual. Yet, although time and trouble had worn some wrinkles, and given her face a more matronly look, she still seemed a most lovely woman.

Frank sat by the table reading, and Lizzy was busily engaged, in tormenting a fine old Newfoundland dog, who had stretched himself out with all the familiarity of an old friend, at full length upon the rug.

Years have rolled over the judge's head, since we first introduced him. His hair was now almost white, his eye had grown dimmer, and he stooped more than then; but apart from this, Time had touched him but gently. Since his son's irregularities however, he had seemed more sad and serious. It was his great trial, and though he strove to conceal his anxious thoughts he had them daily, hourly.

At the time we speak, the New York papers were lying upon the table before him, and he was perusing them. He met nothing of particular interest, until happening to glance at the report of a Temperance meeting, he noticed the following:—"The most interesting of the speeches, was made by Francis Wilton, Esq—a gentleman very well known a few years since, as one of the most promising young members of our Bar. To the deep regret of all, his habits became irregular, but within a short time he has been hopelessly reformed, and he alluded most touchingly to his own experience; in his eloquent address of last evening."

"We are informed that Mr. Wilton, has within a few days past, made an argument before the supreme court, worthy his highest former reputation."

Twice and again, Judge Wilton read the paragraph, and then laid the paper upon the table, while the expression, "God be thanked" broke from his lips.

Mrs. Wilton looked up from her work, and turned an enquiring glance towards him which he did not observe. "For what father?" said she, after waiting a moment.

"Excuse me, Mary, for not showing it to you immediately, but the news so joyful, that I was entirely overcome, and handing her the paper, the judge pointed to the paragraph. Oh, how the color came, and went, as reading it again, and again, she seemed to devour every word, while the tear drops fell fast upon the paper, which fairly shook in her trembling hand. She was still reading it, when all at once the door opened, "Father?" said Frank, and in a moment the wife was in the arms of her reclaimed husband.

Yes, to his father's house, had the prodigal come. Again, and again, he clasped his beloved wife to his heart, and their tears of joy, thanksgiving, mingled together. Again, and again, he embraced his children, and many forms of parent and son, were in deep convulsion with emotion as the latter, though lost, now found, though dead, now alive, again embraced his revered father.

They could say little then, for there are times when, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"—not. But silent, tearful, joyful, they sat together, and as Wilton looked at his wife, whose face was fairly radiant with joy, at the children, whose countenances seemed the reflection of his, and at his father, who, like aged Simeon, appeared ready to say "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation; oh! it was a rich reward, for every struggle, and to Eaton, could he have witnessed the scene, there would have been an abundant recompense, for his disinterested kindness.

But there was to be another meeting. For after sitting with them a few moments, Judge Wilton left the room, and returning soon after, said a few words to his son, who immediately retired. As he walked softly up the familiar staircase, and knocked upon the door of the room at the head, the remembrance of an other visit there, rushed so vividly to his mind, that for some moments he was obliged to pause and regain his self-composure. When he knocked, the same sweet voice bade him "come in," and there in the same chair, with the same open Bible, and dressed almost precisely as then, sat the same blessed mother, whose life had been strangely lengthened out, that she might witness this joyful scene.

With a feeling akin to veneration, he approached his beloved parent, and taking her extended hand, kissed her transparent forehead. Then he seated himself by her side, and a single glance assured him she knew the whole. In her inmost soul, there was a depth of thankfulness, which would have been mocked by words. The prayer that night and morning, had ascended to a covenant keeping God, had dawned back at length, like an Eden-bird, laden with the wished-for blessing. In her son's heart, there was much sorrow for the past, much deep humility, but oh! how much more of joy, deep earnest joy. And there they sat, the mother's hand firmly clasped in his, and at length the latter said, in a faltering voice, "You must forgive me, mother, all the anxiety I have caused you, and pray for me, that I may be enabled to remain firm amidst temptation."

"Forgive you, Frank? I feel that I have nothing to forgive, for now that my prayer is answered, and you are restored to me, thanksgiving seems the only word I know."

He would have stayed later, but the clock warned him, that the hour when his mother retired had long passed. So he arose, and kissed her again, and with a warm grasp of the hand, and a good-night, left the room.

When the family had assembled for prayers that evening, and the Judge had turned to the 103 Psalm, his voice trembled with emotion, at the utterance of almost every word. And there was not a dry eye in the room, nor a heart which did not respond "Amen" to the prayer which was a thank-offering, from commencement to close.

When Mrs. Wilton had retired up stairs, taking her children with her, there was a long and affecting interview between the Judge and his son, and ever after, it was noticed that wine was banished from the side-board and table of the former, and that in his prayers, he never failed to invoke Heaven's blessing upon the cause of Temperance.

It was a joyful household, which reposed that night, in Judge Wilton's dwelling. And tell me, indulgent reader, is not Temperance a blessed fanaticism, if it could make that mother's sick room radiant, as with the light of Heaven; if it could bring to the aged father's couch slumber more refreshing, than he had enjoyed for years; if it could make wife and children thankful, hopeful, happy?

Nearly a year, from the date of the above, at the close of a beautiful summer's day, Mr. Wilton stepped on board one of the South Ferry boats, upon his return from the office. The west was soft and balmy, and the glorious West was piled with magnificent clouds, resembling some huge mountain range. The sun setting behind them, had lit up their summits, and shone down into many a dark ravine, or irradiated what seemed some grim old castle upon a mountain bluff.

The Bay swarmed with vessels, from the trim little pilot boat, to the largest merchantman, while at once, the Sound steamers rounded the Battery and like hounds loosed from the leash, moved swiftly up the river. From houses and churches, roofs, domes, and spires the golden sunlight was reflected, and the dwellings upon the Heights, lit as by ten thousand lamps; shone like fairy palaces.

Mr. Wilton stood at the stern of the boat, and his eye swept the whole scene. Now, glancing far down the bay, which seemed as if whole fleets were entering the harbor, towards the white dwellings, and verdant fields of Staten Island, then across the green woods of Jersey, and then up the river, which presented a constantly changing panorama.

It was with gratitude, that he gazed upon it, for within a few months he had learned to look with a clearer eye upon the works of nature, and to see in them, the reflected glory of a kind Father.

In a few moments, the boat had touched the Brooklyn side, and stepping upon the wharf, he proceeded up the street, with the plastic glow of health and youth renewed. He looked much as when we saw him last, only full five years younger, for the blotting had entirely left his own dwelling, and at the window he saw the face of his wife and daughter, and the former held in her arms, an infant of a few months, who cowered a baby-welcome, when she brought it to the door.

"See father! I've brought home the medal to-day," said little Lizzie, holding up the token of her diligence.

"Have you, Lizzie?" and her father lifted her in his arms, and gave her two kisses upon each cheek, as an additional reward.

"Where's Frank, Mary?"

"He went him upon an errand—a little while ago. He will be home very soon."

He returned shortly—the same noble looking boy, grown much taller, since we mentioned him last. In a few moments, a voice wonderfully like the nurse Minerva's, came from the cook in the regions below, telling Mary Ann to ring the tea-bell. They went down into one of the earliest basement possible, and the round tea-table, with its snowy cloth, and service of blue china, the cake in the silver basket, the golden butter, white bread, and the pitcher of water for father, looked wonderfully inviting.

"Well, Frank, did you learn that hard lesson at last?"

"Yes, sir—and Mr. Coleman gave me ten head-marks."

"He did? Why I'm very glad to hear it, and now, don't you feel better, of having mastered it yourself, than if I had helped you more?"

"Yes, sir—I think I do, but it was proper hard."

"Do you think it was as hard as my Parlay's Geography, pa?"

"I don't know, Lizzie, but I do know, that it is the doing of difficult things which makes men and women too. I am very glad to hear such good accounts from my children, and to give them pleasure in return. I received a letter from father, to-day, Mary, and he wishes us to come up and spend the Fourth with them. Harry and Kate are to be there."

"Are they? Oh, we must go, by all means."

"Good—good," said Lizzie.

"May I ask Uncle Fred to go with us, father?"

"Certainly—and I think he will."

"Uncle Fred," was no other than Eaton, who wore that title, by common consent, with as good grace as though he were a blood-relative. Tea over they adjourned to a finely finished parlor. Among other paintings which adorned the walls, was a most excellent portrait of Eaton, and if you had opened a large family Bible, lying upon the centre table, you would have found among its leaves, a family temperance pledge, signed by four names.

Boys after Nightfall.
(Parents will please read the following, and profit by it.)

I have been an observer, as I am a sympathizer, of boys, I like to see them happy, cheerful, gleesome. I am not willing that they be cheated out of the rightful heritage of youth—indeed I can hardly understand how a high-toned, useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a fair share of the glad privileges due to youth. But while I watch with a very jealous eye all rights and customs which entrench upon the proper rights of boys, I am equally apprehensive lest parents who are not fore-thoughtful, and who have not habituated themselves to close observation upon this subject, permit their sons' indulgences which are almost certain to result in their demoralization, if not in their total ruin, and among the habits which I have observed as tending most surely to ruin, I know of none more prominent than that of parents permitting their sons to be in the streets after nightfall. It is ruinous to their morals in all instances. They acquire under the cover of night, an unhealthful state of mind; bad, vulgar, immoral, and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments, a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed it is in the streets after nightfall that the boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute, criminal men. Parents should in this particular have a rigid and inflexible rule, that never will permit a son, under any circumstances whatever, to go in the streets after nightfall, with a view of engaging in out-door sports, or meet other boys for social or chance occupation. A rigid rule of this kind, invariably adhered to, will soon deaden the desire of such dangerous practices. Boys should be taught to have pleasures around the family centre-table in reading, in conversation, and in quiet amusements. Boys gentlemen's sons, are seen in the streets after nightfall, behaving in a manner entirely destructive of all good morals. Fathers and mothers, keep your boys home at night, and see that you take pains to make your homes pleasant, attractive, and profitable to them; and, above all, with a view of their security from future destruction, let them not become, while forming their characters for life, so accustomed to disregard the moral sense of shame, as to openly violate the Sabbath day, to street pastimes, during its day or evening hours.

A TRUE FRIEND OF THE BOYS.

SHANK HUNTING.—This exciting and manly sport commenced for the season on Saturday last. The carcass of a horse having been procured, it was properly prepared and set adrift towards the close of the day, and having floated down opposite the Battery, its convulsive motions gave evidence that the sea wolves were at their feast. Three of our young gentlemen, who are enthusiasts in this sport, having provided themselves with the proper implements, proceeded in a stout boat to the bay side, and soon found themselves in the midst of a large school of sharks who, not at all disturbed by their presence, continued their repast—the larger ones moving up to the carcass, fastening their teeth in