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New Year's Address

OF THE CARRIER OF THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

Eighteen Fifty-One! twelve months agone
We hailed thee as the glad new year,
And crowned thy front of frost and snow
With offerings that spoke our cheer;
Whilst Wisdom gave the welcoming words,
And Beauty's sunniest smiles were thine,
Poured forth its songs almost divine.

Unthinking childhood's gleeful voice
Lisped out the "Happy New Year" wish,
Til sober age, made young again,
By such excess of happiness,
Unbent the brow of gloom and care,
And joined the merry group at play;
But Melancholy, turned out-doors,
Sought other where to spend the day.

Hope's promise-bow was o'er thee flung,
And golden seemed the mingled braid,
As if life's chequered scenes, for once,
Of sunbeams only might be made—
Nor clouds, nor storms, should rise again,
To obscure the dial-plate of Time—
And truth's pure incense might be shed
O'er fancies of the soul sublime.

Twere all unmeet, this lower life
Should yield but joy's unwaking dreams,
Since man would give to earthly things,
The pure affection Heaven claims,
And for vain trifles which decay,
Of its proud birthright cheat his soul.
So wisely God ordains, his rod
Shall the rebellions will control.

As down existence's tide we float,
Both light and shade are on our way;
Like isles that check the river's force,
Are the stern duties of to-day—
By which the soul grows strong to dare
The worst the world may have in store,
And learn that action—magic word—
Is an "open sesame" at faith's door.

Patrons and friends, since last we met,
New honors crown Columbia's name,
And laurels plucked from mercy's shrine,
Give brighter luster to her fame.
That patriot chief, the famed Kossuth—
An exile from his fatherland—
Now finds with us brothers beloved,
With friendly heart and helping hand.

Safe sheltered in our quiet homes,
Where Peace looked on with love-lit eye,
We heard the din of strife from far,
And prayed to Him, who rules on high,
To guard the cause of innocence,
And let the olive's fadeless wreath
Triumph wave o'er every realm,
Whilst free-born hearts should beat beneath.

Lo! Hungary—land of the brave—
Shall know her day of trial past,
And Poland's bonds be rent in twain,
And thy her fetters cast:
Yea, France shall lift her hands on high,
And purify her altar fires,
And tyrants' laws o'er all the earth
Serve but to light their funeral pyres.

Still has the search in Northern seas,
For Sir John Franklin and his men,
Proved all in vain: old ocean's depths
Yield not their prey to earth again.
And many a loving heart shall wait,
And trusting, watch a quick return,
Till hope shall die, and fear prove true,
And leave the stricken heart to mourn.

"Nightingale" of Swedish birth,
And wondrous song, came o'er the sea,
To charm our music-loving souls
With a lay thrilling melody.
Then came a "Swan" from Erin too,
And though our hearts seemed full before,
Entranced rapture! beam of day!
Thy seraph tones made room for more.

In age of enterprize is ours,
And strange inventions, very;
For man has set his brain to work,
That hands need not get weary.
And time and distance, worst of foes,
Have found themselves outwitted,
Foiled, by a *ruse de guerre*,
And like bond servants treated.

Age of progress dawns on us,
When weak, retiring woman,
Could shoulder all the cares of State,
Like any sturdy yeoman—
Could mount the stump for public speech,
Nor blush to cause a racket,
Could doff the modest, lengthy skirts,
For pettiloons and jacket.

In an age of wonders! Who can doubt,
When spirits—(now don't chuckle)—
Come back to town, and knock about,
As if they'd wooden knuckles?
Of gossip of the world below,
With any crone who'll call them,
And tell their fortune—what has pass'd,
And what shall yet befall them.

Can bring back letters from the dead,
As if they'd mail bags plenty;
Just as they claim enormous fees,
I guess their purse is scanty.
Much beside, your Carrier
Has not the skill to unravel,
Just set the people's mouths agape,
Till their wits escaped—what marvel?

And still our "Union" is intact,
In spite of Southern niggers,
And knavish politicians, who
Have pulled contention's triggers;
And made the Northens dance about
To pay them for their croaking,
Will catch the slippery fugitives,
Which surely is provoking!

The curious world has been afloat,
To see the "Exhibition,"
Where wares from every foreign port
Were shown in prime condition,
Crystal Palace that might shame
The halls of ancient story;
Yea Paxton, without magic aid,
Reared this in all its glory.

California still remains
The El Dorado of young and old,
And thousands, like the Argonauts,
Go forth to seek the fleece of gold;
Yet ofttimes, when they think to clasp
The treasure that so tempting seems,
Some Fortune's wheel will take a turn,
And empty scales will kick the beam.

Round Fifty-One! in all the past
No cycle with its deeds sublime,
Upon the Eternal's horologe,
Shall carve a greater name than thine!
Art thou art gone! The darksome pall,
Which hides from time each passing year,
With silent hand, has gathered all
The hours which thou didst give us here.

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NAPOLEON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

One morning as I strolled from the Hotel de Meurice (the Astor House of Paris,) in search of rooms, I stumbled on an object which for a moment held me by a deeper spell than anything I had seen in France. In the Rue Victoire, close beside the principal baths of the city, stands a small house several rods from the street, and approached by a narrow lane. It is situated in the midst of a garden, and was the residence of Josephine when the young Napoleon first yielded his heart to her charms. The young soldier had then never dreamed of the wondrous destiny that awaited him, nor had surrendered his soul to that waisting ambition which consumed every generous quality of his nature, and every pure feeling of his heart. Filled with other thoughts than those of unlimited dominion, and dreaming of other things than fierce battle-fields, he would turn his foot-steps hither, to pour the tale of his affections in Josephine's ear. His heart throbbed more violently before a single look and a single voice, than it ever did amid the roar of artillery and the sound of falling armies. The eye before which the world quailed at last, and the pride of kings went down, fell at the gaze of a single woman, and her flute-like voice stirred his youthful blood wilder than the shout of "*Vive l' Empereur!*" from the enthusiastic legions that cheered him as he advanced. Those were the purest days of his existence, and we believe the only happy ones he ever passed. When the crown of an emperor pressed his thoughtful forehead, he must have felt that it was better to be loved by one devoted heart, than feared by a score of kings. As I stood before the humble dwelling, and thought of the monuments of Bonaparte's fame that covered France and the world, I could not but feel how poor a choice he made after all. Surrendering the pure joy that springs from affection, and the heaven of a quiet home for the tumult of armies and the crown of thorns which unholy ambition wears, he wrecked his own happiness and soul together. He made life one great battle-field, and drove his chariot of war over heaps of slain, and up to the axletrees in human blood, to gain at last—*a grave*. He could have had *that* without such labor, and one, too, over which does not hang such darkness and gloom as rest on his. How often, in the midst of his power, must that voice of singular melody, whose tones, it is said, would arrest him in the midst of the gayest assembly have fallen on his ear like a rebuking spirit, telling him of his baseness, and bringing back faint echoes of that life he never could live again.

The Christian cannot muse over his many fields of blood without the deepest execration of Bonaparte's character. The warrior may recount the deeds wrought in that mighty conflict, but the Christians eye looks further—to the broken hearts it has made, and to the fearful retributions of the judgment. We will not speak of the physical suffering crowded into this one day, for we cannot appreciate it. The sufferings of one single man with his shattered bones piercing him as he struggles in his pain; his suffocation, and thirst, and bitter prayers drowned amid the roar of battle; his mental agony as he thinks of his wife and children; his last death-shriek, are utterly inconceivable. Multiply the sum of this man's suffering by twenty thousand, and the aggregate who could tell? Then charge all this over *to one man's ambition*, and who shall measure his guilt, or say how dark and terrible his doom should be? Bonaparte was a man of great intellect, but he stands charged with crimes that blacken and torture the soul forever, and his accusers and witnesses will rise from almost every field in Europe and come in crowds from the banks of the Nile. He met and conquered many armies, but never stood face to face with such a terrible army as when he shall be summoned from his grave to meet this host of witnesses. The murderous artillery, the terrific charge, and the headlong courage will then avail him nothing. Truth, and Justice, and Mercy, are the only helpers there, and *they* cannot help *him*. He trod them down in his pride and fury, and they shall tread him down forever. He assaulted the peace and happiness of the earth, and the day of reckoning is sure. He put his glory above all human good or ill, and drove his chariot over a pathway of human hearts, and the God of the human heart shall avenge them and abase him. I care not what good he done in founding institutions and overturning rotten thrones, *good* was not his object, but personal glory. Besides, this sacking and burning down cities to build greater, has always been a favorite measure with conquerors and the favorite apology with their eulogizers. It is false in fact, and false if true in the inference drawn from it. It is not true that improvement was his purpose, nor does it exculpate him if it was. God does not permit man to produce happiness in this way without a special command. When he wishes a corrupt nation or people to be swept away, he sends his earthquake or pestilence, or if man is to be his *anointed* instrument, he *anoints* him in the presence of the world. He may, and does, allow one wicked thing to scourge another, but the scourger is a criminal while he fulfils the design, for he acts not for the Deity, but for himself. The grand outline of *Bonaparte's* mental character—the great achievements he performed—mighty power he wielded, and the awe with which he inspired the world, have blinded men to his true character, and he remains half apotheosised to this day, while the sadness of his fate—being sent to eat his heart on a solitary rock in mid ocean—has created a morbid sympathy for him, anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we think has contributed to this wrong feeling. Dying amid the awful storm, while trees were falling and the sea flinging itself as if in convulsions far up on the island, have imparted something of the supernatural to him. And then his fierceness to the last, for though the night was wild and terrible, a wilder night was over his heart and spirit in its last final struggle, was watching the current of a heavy fight, and his last dying words were "*tete d' armee*," "head of the army." He has gone, and his mighty armies with him, but the day shall come when the world shall read his history as they read that of Cæsar Borgia, and point to his tomb with a shudder.

Condemn as we may the character of Napoleon, and who does not?—read the record an outraged world has written against him, till he stands a criminal before heaven and earth still, one cannot find himself beside the form that once shook Europe with its tread, without the profoundest emotions. But the arm that ruled the world lies still, and the thoughtful forehead on which nations gazed to read their destiny, is now only a withered skull, and the bosom that was the home of such wild ambition, is full of ashes.

The grave is a reckless leveller, and he who 'met at last God's thunder,' is only one of the thousands he left on his battle-fields. His fierce onsets, and terrible passages, and wasting carnage, and Waterloo defeats are all over. Crumbling back to dust amid a few old soldiers, left as a mockery of the magnificent legions he was wont to lead to battle, he reads a silent, most impressive lesson on ambition to the world. I turned away in the deepening twilight, feeling that I would not sleep in Bonaparte's grave for Bonaparte's fame.

Prediction of the First Eclipse.

BY PROF. O. MITCHELL.

To those who have given but little attention to the subject, even in our own day, with all the aids of modern science, the prediction of an eclipse seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How, then, it was possible, thousands of years ago, to accomplish this same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system, seems utterly incredible. Follow me, then, while I attempt to reveal the train of reasoning which led to the prediction of the first eclipse of the sun, the most daring prophecy ever made by human genius. Follow, in imagination, this bold interrogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit—withdrawn from the world—surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many—many years. But hope cheers him on and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep as is the problem, he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give over till victory crowns his efforts.

He has already remarked that the moon's track in the heaven's crossed the sun's, and that this point of crossing was in some way immediately connected with the coming of the dread eclipse. He determines to watch, and learn whether the point of crossing was fixed, or whether the moon, in each successive revolution, crossed the sun's path at a different point. If the sun in his annual revolution could leave behind him a track of fire, making his journey among the stars, it is found that this same track was followed from year to year, and from century to century, with undeviating precision. But it was soon discovered that it was far different with the moon. In case she, too, could leave behind her a silver thread of light, sweeping round the heavens, in completing one revolution, crossing the sun's fiery track at a point west of the previous crossing. These points of crossing were called the *moon's nodes*. At each revolution the node occurred further west, until, after a cycle of about nineteen years, it had circulated in the same direction entirely around the ecliptic. Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait, while the slow year glides by, observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded, when, at last, the darkness begins to give way, and a ray of light breaks in upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs unless *the new-moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track*. Here was a grand discovery. He holds the key which he believes will unlock the dread mystery, and now, with redoubled energy, he resolves to thrust it into the wards, and drive back the bolts.

To predict an eclipse of the sun, he must sweep forward from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new *moon*, which should occur while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was invisible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eyes he seizes the moon's places in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she crosses at her next change. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track; he looks around another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next year closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of the passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon, he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world, that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse. Bold prediction!—Mysterious prophet! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received that declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin or disgrace. Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and, at last, hour after hour, roll heavily. The last night is gone—the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze, in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on the slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun, as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round and bright, and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn—a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed—his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc—onward, with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights—the gloom deepens—the ghastly hue of death covers the universe—the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air—the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds—an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory.

Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is, to me, the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of Nature, of Ignorance, of Superstition, of Terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm. And, now, do you demand the name of this wonderful man?—Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital.—He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race—who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond"—even this one has perished from the earth—name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion; but the proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands; and although the touch of Time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

A thousand years roll by: the astronomer stands on the watch-tower of old Babylon, and writes for posterity the records of an eclipse; this record escapes destruction and is safely wafted down the stream of time. But thousand years roll away: the old astronomer, surrounded by the fierce, but wondering Arab, again writes, and marks the day which witnesses the sun's decay. A thousand years roll heavily away: once more the astronomer writes, from amidst the gay throng that crowds the capital of Europe. Record is compared with record, date with date, revolution with revolution, the past and present together—another struggle commences—another triumph is won. Little did the Babylonian dream that he was observing for one who, after the lapse of three thousand years, should rest upon this very record the successful re-solution of one of Nature's darkest mysteries.

HAPPINESS.

BY AN OBSOLETE WRITER.

There probably was never an age of the world in which so much pains were taken to make mankind better and happier; and yet, from the experience of a long life, as well as pretty extensive acquaintance with past generations, derived from history, I doubt whether the present has much to boast of in comparison with the past. In morals we certainly have not improved upon the patriarchs of the Scripture; and as regards happiness, the outward condition of a large portion of the human race, in countries that boast of the highest degree of civilization and refinement, will derive no triumph from a comparison with those periods of pastoral simplicity which, however embellished by poetry, certainly once existed in the world.

After all, however, happiness, although the universal pursuit of mankind, is not identified with any conditions of life, any mode of enjoyment, or any advances in mere human knowledge. It is a creature of the mind more than the body, and the most common error we commit is that of estimating the happiness of men by their possession of what we suppose the means of being happy. If it were possible for us to be content with our condition in life, without sinking into utter listlessness and apathy, that would probably come as near as anything *summum bonum* which so puzzled the ancient philosophers.

One day, as the Dervish Almoran, the wisest of all the followers of the Prophet, and the oracle of the chief Mufti of Stamboul, was sitting in a shady grove by the side of a bubbling fountain on the shores of the Bosphorus, trying to find out the true road to happiness, in order that he might benefit his fellow creatures by communicating the discovery, his speculations were interrupted by a man richly clothed, who, approaching, sat down and sighed heavily, crying out at the same time,

'Oh! Allah! I beseech thee to relieve me of life, or the burdens with which it is laden.'

Almoran, who was a sort of amateur of misery, because it afforded him the pleasure of administering consolation, approached the man of sorrow, and kindly inquired the cause of his griefs:

'Art thou in want of food, of friends, of health, or any of those comforts of life that are necessary to human happiness; or dost thou lack the advice of experience, or the consolations of sympathy? Speak for it is the business of my life to bestow them on my fellow creatures.'

'Alas!' said the stranger, 'I require none of these. I have all the means of happiness but one, and the want of that renders every other blessing of no avail.'

'And what is that?' asked the Dervish.

'I adore the beautiful Zulema; but she loves another, and all my riches and honors are as nothing. I am the most miserable of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be the greatest of blessings.'

Before Almoran could reply, there approached a poor creature clothed in rags, and leaning on his staff, bowed down to the earth with a load of misery. He sat down moaning, as if in great pain, and casting his eyes upward, exclaimed, 'Allah! be my star; for I have none other.'

The Dervish went to him and kindly said, 'What aileth thee, poor man? Perhaps it may be in my power to relieve thy distresses. What wantest thou?'

'Everything,' replied the beggar; 'health, food, kindred, friends, a home—everything. I am an outcast and a wanderer, destitute of every comfort of life. I am the most miserable of mankind; for in addition to my own suffering, I see others around me reveling in those luxuries for the lack of a small portion of which I am perishing.'

At this moment a third man approached, with weary steps and languid look, and casting himself down by the side of the fountain, stretched out his limbs at full length, and yawning desperately cried out,

'Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me? I am tired of life, which is nothing but a purgatory of wants, that when supplied only produce disappointment or disgust.'

Almoran approached and asked,

'What is the cause of thy misery? What wantest thou?'

'I want a want,' answered the other. 'I am cursed with the misery of fruition. I have wasted my life in acquiring riches that bro't me nothing but disappointment, and honors that no longer gratify my pride, or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated into the pursuit of pleasures that turned to pain in the enjoyment and my only want is that I have nothing to desire. I have everything I wish, and yet I enjoy nothing.'

Almoran paused a few moments, utterly at a loss to find a remedy for this strange malady, then said to himself,

'Allah! preserve me; I see it is all the same whether men want one thing, everything or nothing. It is impossible to make such beings happy, and may I eat dirt if I trouble myself any more in so vain a pursuit.'

Then, taking up his staff, he went on his way.—*Dollar Magazine.*

A Secret Worth Knowing.

Truth is strange—Stranger than fiction.

Under this heading, the Long Island Star publishes an interesting tale, for the extended details of which we cannot find room, (says an exchange,) but must content ourselves with giving the leading facts in a condensed form, for the benefit of our readers.

A young grocer of good character commenced business in a good and improved neighborhood. His stock was small, as were also his means, and his stock of customers was still smaller. His sales hardly met his expenses, and he was evidently going "down hill," and an old grocer on the opposite corner predicted he would soon be at the bottom.

That the young grocer had reason to regret this opinion of the old grocer will appear.—The latter had a daughter, who had won the heart of the former. He offered himself to her and was rejected. It was done, however, with the assurance that he was the man of her choice, but that she acted in obedience to her father's commands.

Assured of the affections of the woman of his choice, he set himself about removing the only obstacle in the way of their union—the father's objection to his pecuniary prospect.

A year had elapsed, and lo! what a change! The young grocer was now going *up hill* with the power of a locomotive. Customers flocked to his store from all quarters, and even many had left the old established stand on the opposite corner, for the young favorite. There was a mystery about this which puzzled the old grocer sorely, but which he could not unravel. He at length became nearly sick with losses and aggravations, and vain attempts to discover the secret of his neighbor's success.

At this juncture, Angelica—for that was the daughter's name—contrived to bring about an apparently accidental interview between the parties. After the old man had become, thro' the intervention of the daughter, tolerably good humored, he inquired with great earnestness of the young man, how he had contrived to effect so much in a single year, to thus extend his business and draw off the customers from the older stands.

The young man evaded an answer—but inquired if he had any further objection to his union with Angelica. "None," replied he, "provided you reveal the secret of your success." This the young man promised when his happiness was made complete. The old man commended his prudence on this point. The affair was all settled, and the marriage soon took place.

The friends of the young people were all assembled, and among them many of the customers of the two stores. Angelica and Thomas looked as happy as well could be, and the old gentleman was, if possible, happier than they. The bridal cake was about to be cut, when the old man called out for "*the secret.*"

"Aye, the secret," "the secret," exclaimed fifty voices.

"It is a very simple matter," said Thomas, "I ADVERTISE!"

The old gentleman was very, *very* old fashioned, and while he shook Thomas heartily by the hand, and kissed Angelica fifty times over, he merely muttered, "*Why the dickens didn't I think of that?*"

EDITORS.—'Nothing in it!' says the forwarder, throwing down the paper which cost hours of labor, when he perhaps was asleep, because it contains nothing of freights and prices 'below.'

'Nothing in it,' exclaims the lover of jokes, after a vain search for a paragraph that might throw him into convulsions.

'Nothing in it!' sneers the politician who dreams the country can't be safe without him, when he finds little in the paper regarding the state of the nation.

'Nothing in it!' languidly says the maiden, who sought the 'poet's corner,' and found a homily, the miscellany, and discovered an essay on Wool Growing or Guano.

'Nothing in it?' exclaimed the actor, whirling from him with a mock heroic air, the paper that contains not a puff of praise for him, sufficient to wait a Nautilus.

'Nothing in it!' cries the man whose communication to gratify a private pique was rejected by the editor, because he deemed himself something better than an old musket, primed for every markstman in ambush.

'Nothing in it!' says the lady of fashion, after a 'mistletoe' search for the last ball at Newport, the *fete* in New York, or the exact longitude of the new Turkish costume.

'Nothing in it?' asserts the believer in spiritual knockings, as he finds no confession of the Editor's faith in that behalf.

And so it goes day after day, all the time. A sheet that cost much care and much time, much toil, much thought, is thus tossed about and passed upon without Judge or Jury.

Pleasant is it when in some happy hour, an editor has elaborated a thought that he loves as his own child and hopes some body else will love it too, to have the paper that contains it, yet damp from the press, sent home to him, carefully enveloping a pound of candles! And as he watches the light blaze he has made of it, he sighs to think that the only light his thoughts shed, is when the paper that bears them is consigned to the grate.

EDUCATION.—The following instructions were given by a parent to the tutor of his sons

'I value the instilling of a single principle of goodness and honor into the mind of my dear child beyond all the wealth that the Indies can remit.

'First let it be your care to instruct him in morality; and let the law precede the gospel—for such was the education which God appointed for the world. Give him by familiar and historical instances, an early impression of the shortness of human life and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn from this day forward to distinguish between natural and imaginary wants; and that nothing is estimable, or ought to be desirable, but so far as is necessary or useful to man. Instruct my darling daily and hourly if possible in a preference of manners and things which bear an intrinsic value to those which receive their value from the arbitrary and fickle stamp of fashion. Show him also that the same toil and suffering, the same poverty and pain from which people now fly as from a plague, were once the desire of heroes and the fashion of nations; and that thousands of patriots, of captains and philosophers, through a love of their country or of glory, of applause during life or distinction after death have rejected wealth and pleasure, embraced want, and suffering and suffered more from a voluntary mortification and self-denial than our church seems to require in these days for the conquest of a sensual world into which we are fallen, and for enticing us to a crown in the kingdom of eternity.'

Go Ahead.

BY G. W. LIGHT.

When your plans of life are clear,
Go ahead;
But no faster than your brains;
Haste is always in the rear;
If dame Prudence have the reins,
Go ahead.

Do not ask too broad a test;
Go ahead;
Lagging never clears the sight;
When you do your duty best,
You will best know what is right.
Go ahead.

Never doubt a righteous cause;
Go ahead;
Throw yourself completely in;
Conscience shaping all your laws,
Manfully, through thick and thin,
Go ahead.

Do not ask who'll go with you;
Go ahead.
Numbers! spurn the coward's plea!
If there be but one or two,
Single handed though it be,
Go ahead.

Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead;
Scale them! certainly you can!
Let them proudly dare the skies—
What are mountains to a *Man*?
Go ahead.

Though fierce waters round you dash,
Go ahead;
Let no hardship baffle you;
Though the heavens roar and flash,
Still, undaunted, firm and true,
Go ahead.

Heed not Mammon's golden bell;
Go ahead;
Make no compromise with sin;
Tell the serpent he looks well,
But you cannot let him in.
Go ahead.

Better days are drawing nigh;
Go ahead;
Making Duty all your pride,
You must prosper, live or die,
For all Heaven's on your side.
Go ahead.

The Mission of Washington—Union among Men.

BY C. H. WILEY, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

For nearly six thousand years the world was without one pure patriot; for nearly six thousand years our race had been making progress before it produced a soldier without ambition, a statesman without guile, a ruler who preferred to live under equal laws rather than be the law himself.

He had been looked for: through the long years of injustice and misrule, of fraud and force, his expected coming had a hope in the hearts of men. And often it seemed that he had come; but they who ran to meet him and laid offerings at his feet were smote with iron rods and delivered over to destruction. Still this hope gathered strength, and the race advanced in the attributes of him who came to redeem it from its fallen estate.

"The Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden," and there he put man, formed in his own image, the possessor of life and happiness. But he was tempted and fell, and his estate forfeited; and, with a curse upon his head, he was driven from paradise. Westward, his face was set; and westward his children were still driven leaving their paternal estate, the happy mansion of their father behind.

Westward, still westward they continued to go; but though they were ever leaving their ancestral abode still farther in the rear, they were all the time coming near the condition which man once there enjoyed. Their exile was designed to chasten, soften, and purify their corrupted natures; and at each removal, instead of dragging a heavier chain, their yoke became easier, and their burdens lighter. Still onward they went in their pilgrimage, forbid to look backward or turn back, the avenger pursuing at their heels; but they carried a covenant with them, and they often stopped to read and scan and study its promises.

Thus they fled until they reached the shores of the Great Western or Atlantic Ocean; and on its borders they multiplied and increased in comfort and knowledge. But the spirit of Cain still pressed upon and scourged them; and then they took shipping and with their covenant and its promises bade adieu to eastern land, committing themselves and their hopes to the wide sea, steering westward, tho' nothing but the bleak sea was before them.—They found land, a new world of primeval forests; and here their hopes grew brighter and their hearts stronger, while their minds expanded with new ideas and happier fancies. But the oppressor still pursued and overtook them; and they looked again to be driven westward to find their expected champion and their resting-place. But he arose in their midst; and they prepared to stand their ground, and to fight here the battle of liberty and of right.

They heard and heeded a word to which human ears had been strangers since the strife between Adam's sons; they received and cherished a counter-charm greater than that "divide and govern" maxim which since the days of Nimrod, had worked such wonders for kings and politicians. That precious secret, that potent talisman was the word *Union*—it bended the hearts of the common people into one mighty heart, whose pulsations sent a healthful glow over the whole country; it embodied the just impulses of our better nature into one living mass of opposeless principle, that spoke the same eternal truths with a thousand voices of thunder, and it bound up in one resistless arm the whole patriot strength of oppressed humanity. This compact heart was a heart of power and courage; this blended sentiment was a consuming fire; this united strength an over-match for any human force.

"*Divide and enslave!*" shouted old Oppression from beyond the sea: "*Unite and be free!*" whispered the spirit of Washington. They did unite: and this compact humanity, like a mighty Briareus with a thousand arms, struck back at pursuing tyranny, overwhelmed and trampled upon it, and shook off the chains from its sturdy limbs.

The mission of Washington was fulfilled; he laid aside the sword and the insignia of power, he enthroned law in the seat of justice, in the seat which he himself had filled and resigned, and he bowed to it and hailed it as his ruler, and the ruler of all—God's only vicegerent on earth.

The hope of humanity was reached—its Washington had come—and as he descended into the grave, he called his followers about him and gave them his parting blessing and his dying counsel. He told them how much they had gained, and how they had gained it; and he told them how they could retain the blessings they had achieved.

His eye surveyed the extent, the beauty and greatness of the country which had been partially redeemed from the curse pronounced on Adam; earnestly and affectionately gazed at the busy and happy throngs that watched for his last benediction; and his heart swelled within him as he solemnly uttered the last promptings of his patriotic spirit, "Be united and free!" and then passed forever from the abode of mortals.

So far we have obeyed his injunction and inherited his blessing. The wilderness has given way to fields and meadows and gardens; cities and towns and villages cover all the haunts of the deer and buffalo; our rivers are crowded with ships and boats, our people fly from province to province on the wings of steam; our thoughts and wishes are communicated to our friends scattered all over this fair land, by the viewless messengers of the clouds. We are thrifty—we are free—we are increasing with amazing rapidity in strength, and substance, and comfort. In the midst of our abundance we are secure; we are sovereign, owe allegiance to no man, and pay tribute to no man. We make laws to suit ourselves—we fight no man's battles, we reap where we sow, and go whither we list. A healthy, vigorous, and intrepid humanity has sprung from and taken the place of the deceased bruised bodies that offend the eye in other lands; and it has spread its thrifty branches to the limits of the continent.

I said that at each remove of our race from its birth-place, its condition was improved; that from the beginning of its exile it had been slowly regaining some of the precious things lost by the grand shipwreck of Adam. Modern science has revealed another fact: we now know that in our progress westward we have been in fact on the road—a long and weary one it has been—but we have actually been on the road to the east. And now, from the borders of the western sea, the children of Washington extend to the Southern or Pacific; and just beyond this Pacific is the east, the starting point. We have arrived in view of this our first abode; we have made the circuit of the earth in exile, and now are approaching the paternal hearth, redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled. Happy and proud, erect and hopeful, the children of Adam gaze across the Pacific, upon the scenes of their fathers' glory and disgrace; and with free limbs, and renovated hearts and joyful recollections of perils past, or dangers overcome, and crimes expatiated, hail the old ancestral home. Nature there still glows in all her ancient glories; there are still the golden skies, the spicy groves and the unfading flowers of paradise. But a brooding curse inflicts the air; the flowers still bear the stain of Abel's blood. And they who have lingered there are still branded with the marks of Cain; death, moral death, still hovers over and about them, and the dreadful doom pronounced on the first sinning man and woman has, with aggravated horrors, been their constant portion. But now, from one of them, a light has dawned upon them; from one of them a light has dawned upon their long long night of gloom. And with the name of Christ and the Christian's hope comes a new name; and it is whispered in the dungeons and castles, in the dens of wretchedness and the places of pride. It kindles an unwonted glow in the withered heart of philanthropy; it strings the nerveless arm of patriotism, and awakens a new song on the lips of eastern bards.

Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land it is a refuge and a comfort; and they who have heard it, look out and are amazed. They see a silent coast become suddenly alive with a new and noisy and bustling race of people, building cities, covering the waters with travelling palaces, founding great states, and administering justice and keeping order without the aid of armies or of soldiers. And they see among these people men, with something of the erect bearing and majestic presence of Adam and women in whose faces shine glimpses of that spiritual light of those morning hues which graced the first mistress of Eden.

These are the people who cherish that name which has awakened hope in the east the people in whose hearts is engraved the great name of Washington. In the centre of their country stands the city called for him; and from it to the remotest extremes of that extended country, radiate law and justice, protecting governing, and supporting all the vast multitudes of people who cover that wide country with the improvements, the comforts, conveniences, and ornaments of art and science.

And over them floats a meteor flag which none dare insult or touch with irreverent hands; a flag which on the Andes and Himalayah mountains, in the deserts of Arabia, and in the polar wastes, renders secure from the hostile or plundering hand of man, savage or civilized all who repose beneath it. It is a charmed flag; on its starry folds is fixed a charm more powerful than ever adhered to sacred stone or relic, to letters or firmans or passports of kings and potentates. It is word which made us free; it is the word which has led us to glory and to power—it is the ever-blessed, the all-powerful, the all-conquering word, UNION.

E Pluribus Unum, that is its motto! *one out of many*, that is the talismanic sentence which protects the American citizen, the citizen of the *United States*, in all quarters of the earth. He is never alone, he is never unguarded; like a great monarch, protecting hosts march by his side, hosts that are better than the guards of kings, for they are hosts of his brethren. And on he goes, whithersoever his interests or his inclinations lead him: he pushes his researches in all the corners, and nooks, and holes of this planet; he plants himself and his customs, and takes his comfort, and follows his desires, a free, vigorous, and inventing, managing, cheerful man, sovereign and independent in all zones and all latitudes, all fearing, respecting, and giving precedence to him over whose head is emblazoned that warning sentence, *E Pluribus Unum*: Harm him not, for he is *one of many brethren*? That is the language which our banner speaks; that is the language which the divided and fratricidal tribes of the East look on with wonder and delight. With hands red with the blood of brethren, with dejected mien and scowling face, our ancestors started on their exile westward from the pleasant site of "the garden of the Lord," with hands of music and cheerful songs, and majestic stride, they approach again their paternal hearthstone, while upon their flaunting banners flash the words, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever!"

☞ The purest altar of love is the heart of a mother.