

VOLUME XXIII.?

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1852.

The Willted Bouquet.

(To the Lady who gave me a Bouquet of Flowers, the following lines are respectfully inscribed :) Ah ! my pretty bouquet, my cherished bouquet Has faded and withered at last; Its leaflets now languish and droop in decay-All it freehness and fragance have passed. And, ah ! how I prized it, my blushing bouquet, Bu beautiful, bright and so fair; It stood in a vase in my window all day, And I watched it at even with care.

Sweet flowers I in rapture, in silence they stood, And trembled and blushed all the while ; If some wild sportive zephys would pass as it

should, And imprint a soft kiss with a smile And, oft so I gazed on my lovely bouquet, With pendre delight I would view The lone shady dell and the brook far away, O'er the hill where my wild flowers grew. Yes ! green leafy wood-lands, still fountains and

streams, And ye banks, enameled with flowers ;. I behold you rejoice by the moon's mellow bea Aud glow, in the warm sunny hours. Earth's loveliest spots, since her beauty was young.

The minstrel has told us aright-Were those where the flowerets their aromaflung, O'er his shadowy harp with delight.

In that happiest of vales in the clime of the sun, Where bright "Peasts of Roses" diffuse Their joy o'ar the heart, there, in raptures begun,

Were the praises of Erin's loved Muse, And now, in the East, as the orient glow Of beauty, beams bright o'er their bowers, Some maiden-perchance, for a lover or beau, Entwinea her sweet selam of flowers. Ah, the beautiful flowers ! the language they How expressive, how chaste and rofined;

To tell us of virtues we should not refuse, Of the "graces" of heart and of mind !

Then, my emblems of friendship, affection, of love Is it strange, that I prized you, so dear ? That my heart its regrets should still justly sp-

when the "parting bloom" caused me a tear ! No longer, sweet flowers ! now failed and dead, Will your perfume my senses delight ; No more in my studio, cheerless, be shed In profusion from morn until night. Then farewell, my bouquet, my chererished bou-

quet, Blest symbol of hopes and our fears, Blest symbol of nopes and out reary, To tell us of beauties fast fading away, That the world hain its changes and tears. Penn. College, No. 57.

* Vide-Munie's lovely description of Cashmere, in Lalla Rookh.

And Jesus Wept,

tears! Why was He who knew no sin, er after flower on the tree of her life had and in whom no guilt was found, so deeply moved when He beheld the holy city, doomed to destruction ? Wore those tears of love had centered deeper in this last and called forth by the reflection that the walls only one. which encompassed that venerable city would soon crumble before the fierce assaults of an invading foe, that the beautiful Temple, with its richly decorated al-

WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON. BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The golden rays of a summer afternoon were streaming through the windows of a quiet apartment where everything was the picture of an orderly report. Gotty and noiselessly it glides, gilding the glossy old chairs polished by years of care; fluttering with flickering gleam on the book cases, by the fire and antique China vases on the mantel, and even coquetting with sparkles of fanciful gaicty over the face of a perpen-dicular sombre old clock, which thought at times apparently coaxed almost to the orge of a smile, still continued its inevita-

ble tick as for a contury before. On the hearth rug lay outstretched a great Maltesu cat evidently enjoying the eam that fell upon his sober sides and sleepily opening and shutting his great green eyes as if lost in luxuriant contemlation.

But the most characteristic feature in the whole picture, was that of an angel woman, who sat quictly rocking to and fro, in a great chair by the side of a large round table covered with books. There was a quiet beauty in that placid face-that silery hair brushed neatly under the snowy border of the cap. Every line in that furassuaged and passions hushed to rest; as on the calm ocean shore the golden furowed sand show traces of storms and flucuations long past.

On the round green covered table beside her lay the quiet companion of her age, the large bible, whose pages like the gates of the celestial city, were not shut all day; a few old standard books, and the pleasant ripling, knitting, whose dreamy irresponsible monotony is the best music of the age. A fair girlish form was seated by the her shoulders, the soft cheeks were sufferd and earnest, the long lashes and veiled eves were eloquent of subdued feelings as she read aloud from the letter in her hand. It was from "our Harry"-a name to both of them comprising all that was dear and valued on earth, for he was "the only son

of his mother, and she was a widow"-vet What a spectacle, the son of God in he had not always been an only one ; flowbloomed and died, now gradually as waters out off from many channels, the streams And in truth Harry Sargeant was all that

a mother might desire or be proud of.tienerous, high minded, witty and talent od, and with a strong and noble physical tars, would ere long be levelled with the development, he seemed born to command ground, that those who thronged in multi- the love of woman. The only trouble with tudes to celebrate the solemn feast of Zi- him was in common parlance that he was on, would soon be strewed in lifeless heaps too clever a fellow-he was too impresible, nations of the earth, hating and hated by in demand for his own good. He always all ? No, his reflections were more com- drew company about him as honey does prehensive, and the far-seeing eye of God flies, and was indispensable everywhere, ly destiny. How easy for him to send head and firm nerves for such a one to es- render the citadel.

wine was quite in the vocative, and seem- over young men, and Harry had loved From the Cincinnati Gazette! ed really in danger of being voted out of and revered her with something of the society. In such a turn of affairs, to sign same sentiment that he cherished towards a temperance pledge and keep it became an his mother.

It was the most brilliant party of the easy thing; temptation was scarce presented or felt, he was offered the glass in no senson.

Everything was got ap in faultless taste circle, met its attraction now here, and flatand Mrs G. was in the very spirit of it.-The girls were looking beautifully, the tered himself that he had escaped so great a danger so easily and so completely. rooms were splendid, there was enough His usual fortune of social popularity followed him, and his visiting circle bscame and not too much of light and warmth, and full as large and importunate as a young everybody was doing their best to please man with any thing else to do need desire. and be cheerful. Harry was more brilliant than usual, and in fact outdone him-He was dilligent in his application to businces, began to be mentioned with appro- self; wit and mind were the spirit of the bation by the magnates as a rising young hour.

"Just taste this tokay," said one of the man, and had prospects daily nearing of sisters to him, "it has just been sent to us competence and home, and all that man from Europe, and is said to be a genuine desires ; visions, alas, never to be refrticle.' alized

"You know I'm not in that line," said For after a while, the tide that had risen Harry, laughing and coloring. so high, began imperceptibly to decline. Men that had made eloquent speeches on "Why not?" said another young la

temperance had now other things to look dy, taking a glass. "Oh the temperance fledge you know to; fastidious persons thought that mat-

-I am one of the pillan of the order, a ters had been carried too far, and ladies very aposile, it will never do for me." declared that it was old and threadbare. "Pshaw ! those temperance pledges are and getting to be cant and stuff, and the like the proverb, 'something musty,' ever ready wine cup was gliding back into many a circle, as if on sober second

said a gay girl. "Well, but you said you hada headache thoughts the community was convinced the beginning of the evening, and you re that it was a friend unjustly belied. There is no point in the history of re-form either in communities or individuals medicine," said Fanny, "I'll leave it to rowed face, told some tale of sorrow long so dangerous as that where danger seems Hannah," and she turned to Mrs. G. who entirely past. As long as a man thinks stood gaily entertaining a group of young his health failing, he watches, he diets, and people

"Nothing more likely," replied she gai will nndergo the most heroic self denial; ly. "I think Harry you look pale, a glass but let him once set himself down as cured, and how readily does he fall back to one

of wine will do you good." Had Mrs. G-----known all of Harry's indulgent habit after another, all tending to past history and temptations, and had she ruin everything that he has done before. not been in just the inconsiderate state that So in communities ; let intemperance very good ladies sometimes get into at a rage and young men go to ruin by dozens, party, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand than to have thrown this and the very evil inspires the remedy; but when the trumpet has been sounded observation into the scales, but she did, table-the dress bonnet had fallen back on ly said and sung in speeches and newspaand the battle set in array, the victory onand they turned the balance for him .--"You shall be my doctor," he said, as per paragraphs, and temperance odes and laughing and coloring he drained the glass, professions, then comes the return wave; and where was the harm ? One glass of people cry enough, the community vastly wine killed nobody, and yet if a man falls satisfied, lay down to sleep, on its laurels. and knows that in that glass he sacrifices and then comes the hour of danger. principle and conscience, every drop may But let not the man, who has once been be poison to the soul and body.

swept down the stream of intemperate ex-Harry felt at that time that a great in citement almost to the verge of ruin, ternal barrier had given way, nor was that dream of any point of security for him .glass the only one that evening, another He is like one who has awakened in the rapids of Niagara, and with straining oar and another and another followed, his and mild prayers to heaven, forced his boat spirit rose with the mild and feverish gai upward into smoother water, where the ety incident to his excitable tempera drift of the current seems to cease, and the ment, and what had been begun in the so

banks smile and all looks beautiful, and ciety of ladies was completed at night in weary from rowing, lays by his oars to rest the gentlemen's saloon. and dream ; ha knows not that under that . Nobody over that one party, had smooth water still glides a current, that undone this young man, and yet so it was. while he dreams, is imperceptibly but From that night his struggle of moral resurely hurrying him back whence there sistance was fatally impaired, not that he

yielded at once and without desperate efis no return. forts and struggles, but gradually each Harry was just in this perilious point ; along the plains, or scattered among the too versatile, too attractive, and too much he viewed danger as long past, his self- struggle grew weaker, each reform shortconfidence was fully restored, and in his er, each resolution more inefficient, yet at security, he began to neglect those lighter the close of the evening all those friends, out-works of caution which be must still mother, brother, and sister, flattered them- the thoughtful study of the young. Noth- the tree and thus produce its effect. penetrated far beyond the limits of an earth- and to everybody, and it needs a steady guard who does not mean, at last, to sur-

that the next weak Mr. H. thought that it feelings of the noble and the good, as to

Childhood.

How sweet the smile of infancy, That playeth o'er the face; The ripple of the summer stream Hath not a purer grace : Methinks the vilest of the f the vile Must love to see an infant, smile ! The happy laugh of childhood;

That ringeth on the air ; There's not an after note of joy That will with it compare; It chaseth years of care away To hear a tone so wild and gay ! And e'en the tear of childhood, That faileth from the eye, Is brighter than the pearly gem

That droppeth from the eky : Soon, like the dew, it fades away Before the smiling face of day !

O, happy hours of childhood ! I would I were a boy, That I might taste but once again Such perfectness of joy : No smile, nor ringing laugh-but team Are left us in our later years !

Our Little Boy. When the evening shadows gather Round about our quiet hearth. Comes our eldest-born unto us, Bending humbly to the earth ! And with hands enclasped tightly, And with meek eyes raised above,

This the prayer he offers nightly To the source of light and love : "Bless my parents, O my Father ! Bless my little sister dear ; While I gently take my slumber,

Be thy guardian angels near ! Should no morning's dawn a'er a morning's dawn s'er greet me, Beaming brightly from the skies, Thine the eye of love to meet me In the paths of Paradise !

Now a g lad "good-night" he gives us; And he seals it with a kiss ; Naught of earthy sorrow grieves us In an hour so full of bliss ! Now our arms about him wreathing, One fond kiss before he sleep ; Soon we hear his gentle breathing In a slumber catm and deep !

Our Little Girl. Our little babe ! our bright-eved one ! Our youngest, derling joy. We teach, at evening hour, to kneel

Beside our little boy ; And though she cannot lisp a word, Nor breathe a simple prayer, We know her maker blesseth her The while she knoeleth there !

And, oh ! we love our little one, So artices and so purs ; She hath so many winning ways Our fondness to secure :

And while she thus in silence kneels. Some angel-prompted tone, Unheard by us, may mingle with The prayer to Mercy's throne !

And she, too, fondly comes to us, With oyes of sparkling blies, And, like her brother, she receives A good-night, parting kim ; Nor aught of fear disturbe our breast, The while to sleep she's given, For such as she will ever find

The guardianship of Heaven !

GUARD AGAINST VULGARITY .---- We pecially commend the following extract to

stick.

gentleness and humanity."

yourself happy.

vice versa.

troubled.

A man may have a thousand intimate

equaintances, and not a friend among

Reader did you ever hear of the simple

Hibernian who had clambered to the brink

In making some people, nature appears

o have made a mistake, lustead of the

heart being soft and the head hard, it is

Pageants and titles too are vain; It is the heart that's worth the most,

It is the mind that makes the man

Solitude is necessary in the moments

We may do a very good action and not

The mercy of men is to be just, the jus-

GRAVES are but the prints of the foot

MEN are usually tempted by the devil

By forgetfulness of injuries, we show

HEARTS make the home precious, and

Goonness thinks no ill where none

Sick-

to."

out the idle man tempts the devil.

ourselves superior to them.

t is the only thing that can

Riches are but an empty boast.

them all. If you have one friend think

THE MAN AND THE VINE-In one of the early years of the oreation of the world, man began to plant a vine, and Satan saw it, and drew near. "What plantest thou, son of the earth I" said the prince of demons. "A vine," replied the man.

"What are the properties of this tree !" "Oh, its fruit is pleasant to look at, and delicions to the tasts : from it is produced

a liquid which fills the heart with iov." Well, since wine makes glad the heart of man, I shall help thee plant this tree."! So saying the demon brought a lamb

and slew it, then a lion, then an ape, and last of all, a pig. killed each in succession, and moistened the roots of the vine with the blood.

Thence it has happened eversince, that when a man drinks a small portion of wine, he becomes gentle and caressing as a lamb ; after a little more, strong and bold as a lion ; when he takes still more, he rebut when he has swallowed the liquid to mire.

FATTENING YOUNG LADIES IN TUNE.in a small room, with shackles of gold and -Col. Keating's Travels in Europe and his hands !- the married man. Who has Asia.

EARLY RISING .- Happy the man who is an early riser. Every morning, day ried man. Who is taken up for beating comes to him with a virgin love, full of his wife i-the married man. Who gets bloom, purity, and freshness. The copy divorced ?-- the married man. Finally, of nature is contagious, like the gladness who has got the Scriptgres on his side?of a happy child. I doubt, if any man can the bacuelor. St. Paul knew what he was be called "old" as long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And in youth but he that does not marry does better.' -take my word for it-a youth in dress-

ing gown and slippers, dwadling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepid, ghastly image of that youth who sees the sun blush over the mountain, and the dews sparkle upon blossoming hedgerows.-Bulwer.

A SENSIBLE contemporary asys, "the women ought to make a pledge not to kins man who uses tobacco, and it would "oun break up the practice." A friend of ours save then dist die to niedre themselves to kiss every one that don't use it.

Dr. Johnston, an eminent agricul turist, says that if a tree be bored with an inch A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.-Rev. Dr. augur and filled with sulphur, it will kill all the insects in 24 hours thereafter, the

Slow, pastor of the Rowe Street Church, baptised ten persons last Lord's day, Of sulphur will penetrate to every branch of this number four were young men, nearly the same age, bearing the names of Dan-Or all the annoying men in this world, jel Webster, Henry Clay, William Henry

Defence of Bachelors, We find the following in an exchange paper, without any evidence of its authorship. As we frequently publish articles against this often abused part of the creation, it is no more than right to give place to anything that can be said in their defence : "Bachelors are styled, by married men

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who have put their foot in it, as but half a pair of shears," and many other cutting titles are given them, while on the other hand, they extol their own state as one of such perject bliss that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good.

'If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their happiness, and hold their tongues about it? What do half of the men get married for ! That they may have somebody to darn their stockings, sembles an ape in his mischievous actions; sew buttons on their shirts, and troi the babies ? That they may have so mebody. excess, he is like a hog wallowing in the as a married man once said, to 'pull off their boots when they are a little balmy ?

These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, ingirl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up deed ! Who is petied to death by the ladies who have marringcable daughters ?---silver upon her ankles and wrists. If she Invited to tea and to evening parties, and is to be married to a man who has discharge teld to drop in when it is convenient?-ed, despatched, or lost a former wife, the The Bachelor. Who lives in clover all shackles which the former wife wore are his days, and when he dies has flowers put upon the bride's limbs, and she is fed strewn on his grave, by all the girls who till they are filled up to the proper thick- couldn't entrap him ? The Bachelor .-ness. The food used for this custom, Who strews flowers on the married man's worthy of barbariand, is a seed drough, grave ! his widow-not a bit of it ; she which is of an extraordinary fattening qual- pulls down the tombstone that a six week's, ity. With this seed, and their national grief has set up in her heart and goes and dish, cuscusoo, the bride is literally eram- gets married again, she does. Who goes med and many actually die under the spoon. In bed early because time hangs heavy on

> wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and lazy servant girls to look after ?---the marsalking about-He that marries does well,

> > Winnie Lec.

Winnie Lee is full of mischief, Laughing all the live long day; Morry as a chirping wild bird, "Fhat 'mid flowers loves to stray; Ringlets floating round her forchead, Give her such a dreamy air ; Lips that seem to say, just parted, "Come and kiss me if you dare!" Winnie Leo lives in a cottage, All embowered in a dell: Front of white and walts of wondbine, Here, and beauty, Winnie's happy-Sunshine, flowers, leaves of green ; Revelling in pomp of nature, One more happy no'er was seen.

confusion and overthrow in the ranks of

the relentless besiegers, or when their des-Harry's course in college, though brilolating hand had swept over Judea, to speak, liant in scholarship, had been critical and perilous. He was a decided favorite with and at the word, would arise from the solitude, as earth from chaos, and a temple the faculty and students, yet it required a far more gorgeous, would crown Moriah. great deal of hard working and adroit man-His thoughts swept beyond the boundaagement on the part of his instructors to ries of time and ranged through eternity .---bring him through without any infringe-But still if it was "all of life to live. and ment of college laws and proprieties, not all of death to die," why this emotion !-that he ever meant the least harm in his For on this hypothesis, the doom which life, but that some extra generous impulse, rested upon the suffering, famished multisome Quixotish generosity was always tudes, was only a sweet repose from a life tumbling him neck and heels into someof disappointment and sorrow, and the body's scrapes and making him part and death dealing weapon, the instrument parcel in every piece of mischief that was which soothed the sorrowing to rest. going on.

While the son of God in many instan-With all this premised, there is no need ces alleviated the sufferings of humanity, to say that Harry was a special favorite of it was not these that moved him to visit the ladies ; in truth, it was a confessed earth. For his own blood-washed peo- fact among his acquaintainces, that whereple are not distinguished from the world as dozens of creditable, respectable, well-toby exemption from afflictions, which is do young men, might besiege female hearts the certain inheritance of man-they are with all proper formality, waiting at the regarded as things "to be borne for a sea- gates, and watching at the posts of the doors ' It was the lost condition of man in vain, yet before him all gates and pasthat penetrated His bosom and led him on sages seemed to fly open of their own acan errand of mercy to the earth-that man ord; nevertheless there was in his native was lost to spiritual knoweledge, to spiritvillage one quiet maiden, who alone held in ual life and favor with his God. It was her hand the key that could unlock his in view of the condemnation which had heart in return, and carried silently in her passed upon every unbelleving soul and heart the spell that could fatter that bril-the overwhelming anguish, treasured up liant restless spirit; and she it was of the against the day of wrath, for the perdition thoughtful brow and down cast eyes whom of the ungodly, that the son of God was we saw in our picture bending over the letwe saw in our picture bending over the letmoved to tears. He had taught them to ter with his mother.

fear not him that can destroy the body That mother Harry loved to idolatry. and hath no more power, but rather fear She was to his mind an impersonation of him who can destroy both body and soul. all that was lovely, in womanhood, hallowin ...hell." He well knew that even after ed and sainted by age, by wisdom, by sorthe dreadful tragedy of the Cross, that al- row, and his love for her was a beautiful ter his bosom was cleft and the fountain union of protective tenderness, with venerof life was opened, that many would re- ation, and to his Ellen it seemed the bost fuse to drink and only stain their souls the most sacred evidence of the nobleness with deeper guilt. of his nature, and of the worth of the heart Then the spirit of Christ prompts to sym-

which he had pledged to her. pathy for every variety of human suffer-Nevertheless, there was danger ing, and its impulses excile deeper and hanging the heads of the three ; a little more pungent anxiety for the salvation of cloud, no biger than a man's hand, rising nonis. But how many wear the sacred name of Christian whose hearts are little in the horizon of their hopes, yet destined to burst upon them dark and dreadful in a moved by the sufferings of humanity, and future day.

less by the prospect of the lost soul's eter-nal auguish. With what interest the news of the ravages of a pestilence in foreign lands is devoured, and there are treasures without limit to feed a starving nation .---But oh, how feebly is the cry that comes to drank free and deeper than was best.

us from the distant perishing heathen for the brand of life. How few are the hearts, comparatively, that respond to such anpeaks-how small the treasures that flow into the channel of that holy enterprise, the meat "that endures unto everlasting Even parents who suffer so much when diasase preys upon their child, often without emotion behold that dear one drinking in from day to day, that poison to a dreadful perception of his danger, and works death beyond the grave .---And in this day of refinement, it is a most uppartionable offence to warn men "with

Cincinnati to establish himself in business. The formal dengunce it as weak- and at this time the temperance reforma-But this was a weakness manifest- tion was in the full tide of success there, ad by our Saviour and his Apostles, when they contemplated the power of sin reign-ing in the frume heart and the death it is when heart and the death it is a fuller before ing in the frume heart and the death it is a fuller before is a fuller before ing in the frume heart and the death it is a fuller before is a fu

PART II. "Now girls, and boys, "said Mrs. G. to her sons and daughters, who were sitting round a centre table covered with notes of invitations, all the preliminary et cetra of a party-"what shall we have on Friday light-tea-coffee-lemonade-wine !of course not." "And why not wine, mama ? said the o have it-they had wine at Mrs. A's. and Mrs. M's."

"Well, your papa thinks it won't dothe boys are members of the temperance ociety, and I don't think, girls, it will do

myself." There are a good many persons by the by who always view moral questions in t this style of phraseology-not what is right, but what will "do."

The girls made an appropriate reply to this view of the subject by showing that Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. had done the thing and nobody seemed to make any talk.

"The boys," who thus far in the con versation had been thoughtfully rapping their boots with their canes, now interposed and said that they would rather not have wine if it wouldn't look shabby.

"But it will look shabby," said Miss Fanny. "Lemons you know are scarce to be got for any price, and as for lemonare made of syrup, it's positively vulgar and detestable. It tastes just like cream

of tartar and spirits of turpentine." "For my part," said Emma, "I never did see the harm of wine, even when people were making the most fuss about it-to be sure rum and brandy and all that are

"And so convenient to get," said Fanny, and no decent young man ever gets drunk at parties, so it can't do no harm : besides one must have something, and as I

said it will look shabby not to have it." Now there is no imputation that young slavery to custom, and yet who but women are so much alraid of, especially from the lips of ladies, as that of shabbyness, and as it happened in this case as most others that the young ladies were

In those scenes of college hilarity where, the most efficient talkers, the question was Harry had deen so indispensible, the bright | finally carried on their side.

poetic wine cup had freely circulated, and Mrs. G. was a motherly woman, just often amid the flush of conversation and the one fitted to inspite young men with a the genial excitement of the hour, he confidence and that home feeling which all men desire to find somewhere. He

He said, it is true, that he cared nothhouse, was a free and easy social ground ing for it, that it was nothing to him, that for most of the young people of her ac-it never affected him, and all those things quaintance, and Harry was a favorite dothat young men always say, when the oup | mesticated visitor.

During the temperance reform, fathers usis. A good naturel word is worth more and brothers had given it either open and remonstrated, but he laughed at their decided support and Mrs. G. always eas- fornia. People who send folks away with fears, and insisted on knowing himself ily enlisted for any good movement, sym-best. At last, with a sudden start and pathised warmly in their enveavors. The notice." shiver of his moral nature, he was awoke great fault was that too often incident in to gentleness of woman, a want of self relient principle. Her virtue was too of single blessedness, thus wrote to her inresolved on decided and determinate resismuch the result of mere sympathy, too lit- | tended : tance. During this period he came to

the of her own conviction. Hence when those she loved grew cold towards a good

standing were its patrons and supportors ; | man that always acquired a great influence | er. Your flame.

would do to give wine at a party because Mrs. G. had done it last week and no harm fane, or low, vulgar language. The young had come from it. of our city are particularly guilty of pro-

In about a year after, the G's. began to fanity. In our day it seems the "boy' notice and isment the habits of their young does not feel himself a "man" unless he friend, and all unconsciously to wonder can excel in this great sin. ho w such a fine young man should be led

"We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly astray. Harry was of a decided and desperate proper. Use no profane expressionsnature, his affections and his moral sense allude to no sentence that will put to blush waged a fierce war with the terrible tythe most sensitive. You know not the rant. The madness had possessed him. tendency of habitually using indecent and

and when at last all hope had died out, he profane language. It may never be oblit- tight boots, tobacco, rum, and-the broomletermined to avoid the anguish and shame crated from your heart. When you grow of a drunkard's life by a suicide's death. up, you will find at your tongue's end

Then came to the trembling heart-strick some expression which you would not use en mother and beloved one, a mild incofor any money. It was one learned when herent letter of farewell, and he disappear you were quite young. By being careful, you will save yourself a great deal of mored from among the living. In the same quiet parlor, where the sun ification and sorrow. Good men have

shine still streams through flickering been taken sick, and became delirious .leaves, it now rested on the polished sides In these moments they used the most vile and glittering plate of a coffin; there at and indecent language imaginable. When last lay the weary at rest, the soft shininformed of it. after restoration to health.

ing grey hair was still glearning as before, they had no idea of the pain they had givbut deeper furrows on the worn cheek and en their friends, and stated that they had a weary heavy langor over the pale learned and repeated the expressions in of a well, and then let go his hold to spit peaceful face told, that those grey hairs had childhood, and though years had passed on his hand ? He was just about as wise been brought down in sorrow to the grave. since they had spoken a bad word, they as the man who stops advertising. Sadder still was the story on the cloudless had been indellibly stamped upon the heart. check and lips of the young creature bend-Think of this, ye who are tempted to use

ing in quiet despair over her; poor Ellen! improper language, and never disgrace her life's thread woven with those beloved your selves.' ones was broken. Advice of Polonius to his Son.

And may not all this happen? Nay Give thy thoughts no tongue, does it not happen to young men among Nor an unproportion'd thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means sulgar. us every day, and do they not lead in

thousand ways to sorrows just like these ? The friends thou bast, and their adopt And is there not a responsibility on all Grapple them to thy soul with books of steel ; that say they ought to be guardians of the But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new hatched unfleg'd comrade. safety and purity of the other sex to avoid Of entrence into quarrel 1 but, being in,

setting before them the temptation to which Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thes. Give every man thins ear, but few thy voice ; so often and so fatally manhood has yielded? What is a paltry consideration of Take each man's consurs, but reserve thy jud fashion, compared to the safety of sons

brothers and husbands. The greatest fault of womanhood But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gandy ; For the apparel oft proclaims the man. man makes custom ? Are not all the usages and fashions of polite society more her work than that of man? And let every mother and sister think of the mothers and sisters of those who come within

the range of their influence, and say to themseves when in thoughtlessness as they discuss questions affecting their interests "behold thy brother !" "behold thy son !"

each increases by being fed, and is never The New York Dulchman says -- "To satisfied ; both ruin-one the intellect and better the condition of the world there the other the health-and together, the should be more charity and less alms-givsoul. "The makers and venders of each ing-more kindness and less broken vict-

are equally guilty, and equally corrupters of the community ; and the safeguard ato some men than all the riches of Caligainst each is the same-total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body .-a shilling and a slammed door, will please S. S. Ad.

A gint out west, who had become tired

there are loved grew cold towards a good ing at all, as Sile Holmes is insistin that our good and evil deeds. He who writes down there, and there who were retying on her me so continually that I han's hald

JULIA ANN. And leaves a line of white acress the page."

the Lord preserve us from him who thinks. himself more righteous than his neighbors Trans. -who imagines that his way to Heaven FOURTH OF JULY SENTIMENT .- "Canis the only true way, and that those who

ada-The beautiful Virgin of the North. won't believe in him, disbelieve in God. longing to fall into the arms of Jonathan. May the greenhorn overcome his bashful-Man is never wrong while he lives for ness and take her to his bosom as a galothers; the philosopher who contemplates lant youth thad aughter.' " from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

THERE are two difficulties in life. men A recent philosopher sliedges that the are disposed to spend more than they can five great evils of life are-standing collars, afford, and to indulge more than can endare.

144

14.

1.4

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Some girls in kiesing, convert their nouths into eyelet holes just as if they "I never knew," said Lord Erskine, a man remarkable for heroic bravery were going to suck a straw or give 'went' to a "visile,' as Captain Cutler would say. whose very aspect was not lighted up by Let it be reformed.

> Love. Tell me, my heart, what love is ! It giveth but to throb Two souls and one ides, 'Two hearts and but one throb-And tell me how love cometh ! It comes-and ah, 'tis here, And whither, pray, it fleeth ! 1.1.1.1.1 "I'was not-'twas fancy mere. And when is love the purest ? an site When its own self it shuns; And when is love the deepest ? When love the stillest runs. And when is love the richest ? It hourdeth when it gives ;

And tell me how it speaketh ? It speaketh not-it lives, in un Jat 24. 64

The other day while over in Jersey City, a tall, long-legged, big, flat-fouted, six foot Vermouter came up to us, with a rush, holding in his hand a pillow-case well filled, undoubtedly, with 'home affairs when grief is surongest and thought most and fixings,' and also gnawing away on a large cake of gingerbread. He looked as hough be was a hunk. "Can you tell me, sir, what time the cars come in !"

"The cars, sit ?" "Yes sir."

"The cars, air, come in right after the ocomotive."

Down went the pillow-case-off went his cost-oh, he was full of fight.

An Irishman, who was near-sighted. being about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer his datagonist than the other did to him, and that they were to fire at the same time. "This beats Sherridan's telling a fat men, who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked an the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside of the mark, it was to go for nothing.

A young convert got up in a aburch not a thousand miles from here, and was, making his confession somewhat sfter this sort :----- I have been very wisked--indeed I have; I have chested many persons, very many > but I will restore four-fold ;" when he was snappibly interrupted by an old lady, thus, "Well, I should shink, before you confess much you had better matry Nancy Stabbings, as you agreed

ENGLAND has 20,000 soldiers stulicited in India. and the state of the

88m \$....

TRUTHE, like roses, often have thorns A Gelden Sentiment. bout them. The following exquisite nonceau is from Longfellow's new poem; "The Golden Legend."

IT is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. MER as often dig their graves with their

eeth as with their tumblers. Everything does some good. ess leads to virtue, while the world is inlebted to war for two-thirds of its surgical

knowledge.

ne a good man, but we cannot do a very ment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, ill one and not be an ill man. Every time you avoid doing wrong, you crease your inclination to do that which

Neither a borrower nor a lender be : or loan oft losss both itself and friend, is right. And borrowing dulls the edge of husban dry. This above all-to thine own self he true And it must follow as the night the day, tice of women is to be merciful. Thou canst not then be false to any man Bap Books ar like ardent spirits ; they tops of the angel of eternal life. furnish neither aliment nor medicine-they are poison. Both intoxicate-one the d, the other the body; the thirst for