in the Planting in

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS FER ANAUM, sti

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY VENING, MAY 27, 1853.

INUMBER 9.

TRUE ROBILITY.

BY ALICE CLRET Hilds is a body lady,
Tory proof is the

I nor but a simple bardeman
Dyspiling by the sea.

Hilds, both a specious palace,
Bread and white and high t

Twenty good dogs guard Hilds both a thousand me Thousand forest lands; the bath men and maids for have but my hands.

The sweet summer's ripest roses Hilds's cheeks outv Quieses have poled to see; her , bee But ,my, beard have I. Hilds from her palese window

Leakath down on me.

Keeping with my dove-brown axes
By the sliver se a.
When her dutest harp she playeth,
Wild hirds, singing sigh.
Go a listening to her white hands—

I am bijt i shaple berdemun, With not lieues nor lende Bie bette som und maide for I have but my hands.
And yet what are all her crimwo To any support of y-With my free hisper and my membood Hills's pair in L

PERWERS. Ye are not affent beautiful flowers Children of suprant, of succine and shoners! Cleme of the Borth! that even income impart in lenguage which speaks, thro' the eye to the

Youth ! to the maid of thy lave, would'st the speak? Praise the glance of her eye and the ble

Thy fith will the violet sayely disples As it bloods with thy glit of the groung If with hope, thy fond passion the lov'd one

The "Hawthern" her feelings will sweetly The Lily that's kissed by the morn's early gale

a no letty tame a kieses of the and the valo ; The emblem of parity; pride of the valo ; Unitracts in an wither a at evening it lies, What it is easies the playing develops, with

Thing benetical haters ! them measures of thing, ! Which, it is dearn the beare of March, brightly

Not only of love do they eleatly tell. The holler bearing in each of them dwell.

our Father. Often in the morning when we waken, we hear a distle childish voice, esying, renna Bobby, let's say our prayer." and then together both little voices offer up

that most beautiful of alt petition "Our Lather which art in Answa." All over the world, in castle and hall, by the prince and by the persons, is that enost beautiful prayer repeated but above all, it sounds awestest when lisped by the as to all this sending and fuming that is no minny-haired child at it's mother's knoe. Mark the little bending form—the hair put aufily book, the siny white hands folded, the reverent glance bent sewards here; as though it saw a Saviour in it's mother's

with and forebodings, and knows not how she shall pescure a meal for her little once -eweetly steal upon her senses the marmuring of tutant voices. She listens.— Her very babes are looking treetingly te-wards heaven. They have heabed their sports, and kausling together by their poor couch they say-

"Give us this day our daily bread." Her sout grows strong within her; she knows God will never forsake her and with tears she thanks Him that she eve taught them how to pray.
And are there little children who neve

say "Our Pather !" Are there mothers or lost in all that is hely and beautiful in Heaven and or ourth, that they put their babes to sleep without teaching them upor whose arm they rest ! When night folds tier starry burtain about them, and the more thoke down, silvering the meadows and spangling the trees, do they not tell them who, in His goodness made all this beauty? and how with sweet confidence they should trust in Him !

Whin me, but don't cry. picare father had a devoted great attention of his new sets attention inducation of his son, who had ensintained an amblemished reputation unill the age of fourteen, when he was deteced in a deliberate falsehood.

The father's grief was great, and he deermined to punish the offender se verely He made the subject one of prayer; for l was too important, in his esteem, to be pa and offer on a common occurrence of the day. He then called his son, and prepared to dedict the punishment. But the fountain of the father's heart was broken up. He wept sloud. For a moment the seemed confused. He saw the strucale between love and justice in his parent's main, and broke out with all his usual manuscus, "Father, father, whip me as much as you please; but don't cry.'

The point was gained. The father saw that the lad's character was sensibly affected bynthis incident. He grew up, and because one of the most distinguished Christian ministers in America. BR TAUE AND COURAGEOUS.—There is

iod ind His overruling providence, man a faith in himself is his salvation. I in the secret of all power and success. is the secret of all good luck-so called. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron. prining as the springing steel. And rhile others bow to chance and accident, he makes chance and accident bow to him ; and he moulds them to his purposes, and butterine them to the car of his fortune.

Good REASONING .- "If you are not afraid of God, I am afraid of you," said a merchant, as he passed a counting-room one Sebbath and saw it open. The next day he refused to sell his produce to the Subbath-breaker on any credit whatever. He seted wisely. In three mouths the flower as this would be untold happiness to walking off to see the effect, till her mother Sabbath-breaker was a bankrupt.

It is only great souls that know how much glory there is in being good.

THE TELL ROSE

BY MES. M. M. MERCHER STONE

There it stood, in its little green vase, on either side of it, and around glittered beautiful things that fleid makes are the posited. every rare and fasciful wife which wealth gift of all slike. You wilkese that my litcan afford to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked-its white leaves just touched with that delicious mesmy tint, passiler. to its hind, die cup no full, so perfect, its head bending as if it were sinking sad melting away in its own zichnes when did man even make any thing the must be hed; but having ministered to the living perfect flower !

But the smalight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the ross. Reclined on an ottoman, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a shock so pale, so spiritual, the face so full of high thought, the fair forehead, the lope, downess lashes, and the expression of the contiful asouth, so serrowful yet so subdued and sweet-it seemed like the picture of a dream.

"Florence,-Florence!" school a merry ind musical raice in a sweet impationt tone. Turn your heid, reider, and you will see a dark and sparkling maiden the very model of some little willful elf, born of mischief and motion, with a dan cing eye, a foot that scarcely seemed to touch the carpet, and a smile so multiplied by dimples, that is seemed like a thousand amiles at once. "Come, Florence, I say," said the little fairy, "put down that wise, good, excellent volume, and talk with a poor little mortal-come, descend from your cloud, my dear."

The fair apparition thus abjureded, and looking up, revealed just the eyes you expected to see beneath anth lide; eyes deep, pathetic and rich, as a strain of of sad music.

"Lasy, sommin," mid the tilarke ladve "I've been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose, when you go to New-York-as to our great constarnation you are going to do ; you know it mould be a and pity to leave it with such a spetter brain as I am. I do like flowers, that's a fact : that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up to carry to a party ; but eccury to keep them growing, I've no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself quite easy as to that, Kate," said Florence with a smile. "I've no intection of calling upon your talents;

"Oh! then you know just what I was would sustain, and so forth, and she said ers which now delights us." how delighted she should be to have it is hez green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like, of all things, to give it to her, you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm serry, but I have oth erwise engaged M." "Who can it be to ! you have so fee

intimates here." "Oh, only one of my odd fancios." "But do tell me, Elecence." "Well, cousin, you know the little pal

girl to whom we give eduling."

"What, little Mary Stephens? Hew abourd! This is just of a piece. Florence. with your other metherly, old-maidish little dirty babies in the region round a and her lips compressed as if in pain. when one of your most intimate friends. in

cumstances want with flowers ?" "Just the same that I do," replied Flo- ful buds !" rence, calmly. "Have you never noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? and don't you remember the morning when she asked me so prettily if I would let her my like misfortune; next to faith in mother come and see it, she was so fond of tarily.

flowers ?" "But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table, with ham, eggs, better to see this flower? Now you won't cheese, and flour, and stifled in the close look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in little room where Mrs. Stephens and her the market, will you? We have a Rose selves? Of course not. daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and handsomer than any of theirs. Why it nobody knows what besides."

live in one coarse room, and wash, iron, See how many more buds there are on it, and cook, as you say-if I had to spend just count, and only smell the flower !every moment of my time in hard toil, Where shall we put it!" and Mary skipwith no prospect from my window but a ped about the room, placing her treasure brick side-walk, or a dirty lane, such a first in one position then in another, and

"Pshaw, Florence all sentimental; be- could not preserve its beauty without sunsides, I don't think it will grow with them light.

d -it is a green-house flower, and used to delicate living."

. 440h; as to that, a down mover inquired whether is owner be rich or poor; and on a light ebony stand, in the window of Mani-Stephens, wheteren also she has not, Stephen's room as in ours."

"Well, after all how, add l-when cone girba ito poprapamble and wants to give toes or a ham, for example."

that we may have it in our power to give. I know that there are many of the poor who have fine feelings mad a keen; seame of part of that so lovely a flower. That cause they are too hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy ing. birds, and flowers, and mutic as much as I louked on the things in our drawing room, or Mary's teegne and agars flew the liveand yet not one beautiful thing can she long day. Mr. Steplan, in the happing first applied was to substitute it for cotton command. From accounty, her room, ness of her child, almst forgot that she the almost reptare that she and Mary felt than she had done for one time. when I offered them my Bose."

never thought of it before. I never thought winter that followed, so watching, tendthat these hard-working people had any ing and obertahing of the flower awakened and it diffuses a very agreeable and saluidea of tasto ["

aracked tempot in the paperest ,room, or thing put forth some free beauty; a bud, the Morning Glories planted in a box, and a leaf, or a new shoot, constantly excited stance from one stuffed with horse-hair. made to twine around the window. Do fresh delight in its persons. As it fines wool may be spun and woven, the not all these show how every human heart stood in the window, the person by would lar to flax, and quite as strong. When yearns after the beautiful? You remember the beautiful? You remember and then how would have been been and gar structed by its beautiful work for work and then how work and then how work and then how work and then how work and work (?) like cloth. she might make her first baby a pretty lit- care worn widow noticewith indifference tle dress to be baptised in.

at you for making such a tasty little cap

seWell, Katy, I think that the look of perfor delight and satisfaction with which the web of her desting the poor gial regarded her baby is its new rel of flour."

needed, and I have always been willing to he was going out, rester admiringly upon tablishment. do that, when I could without going far the Rose. He stopped and looked earnout of my way.

"Well, cousin, if our Heavenly Father going to say; Mrs. Marshall I presume gave to us as we often give, we should have has been speaking to you; she was here only coarse shapeless piles of provision. yesterday, and I was very pathetic on the lying about the world, instead of all the rabject, telling her the loss your favorite beautiful variety of trees, fruits, and flow-

"Well, well, pousin, I suppose you are right, but pany have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once : aven go on your awn way :" and the little lady began practicing a malising step before the glass with great satisfaction!

It was a very small room, and limited by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor ; there was a clean but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a oupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a sheet of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite news and indeed the only article in the room that seemed so. A pale sickly lookways-dressing dolls for poor children, ing woman of shout forty was leaving making caps, and knitting stoke for all the back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, about. I do believe that you have made She rocked bookward and forward a few more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling moments, pressed her hand upon her eyes alleys back of our house than ever you and then languidly resumed the fine stitch have in Chestnut street, though you know ing on which she had been busy since every body's been half dying to see you; morning. The door opened, and a slender and now, to crown all, you must give this little girl of about twelve years of age, anchoice little bijou to a sempetress girl, tered, her large blue eyes dilated, and ab solutely radiant with delight, as she held your own class, would value it so highly. up the small vase with the Rose-tree in it. "Oh see! Mother, see! there's one in What in the world can people in their cir. full bloom, and two more half out, beauti-The poor woman's face brightened, a

she looked first on the Rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months. "God bless her!" said she, involun-

"Miss Florence! I knew you would feel

so, mother; don't it make your headache seems to me, than it is worth as much to "Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to us as our whole little garden used to be. gently reminded her that the Rose-tree

"Oh yes, truly !" sail Mary ; "well. then, it must stand here in this new stand. much better." And Mr. Stephens laid

"There," said Mary, atching the artions, after which she heisted that her wool. Why, certainly, potetore and ham mother should go roul with her to

we felt, and so few do sat.

That Rose lits influese died not with ranium or Rose carefully nursed in an old their life. Every day the fair-growing when she new the eye f a chance visitor "Yes, I remember, and how I laughed rest admiringly on theifsverite.

But little did Florepe know when sh gave that gift, that therwantwined around it an invisible thread the resched for into

One cold afternoon a dress and cap, was semething quite worth tall graceful young manalled at the lowly. creating; I do believe she could not have room to receive and pg for some linen thanked me more, if I had sent her a bar that the widow had beemsking. He was a way-farer and a stranger in the place, reto the poor anything but what they really of Mr. Stephen's patents. His eye, as written on every broomstick about the establishment

contifular that in." ... I was wanted

fixing upon her a pair offery bright ayes, plosed and rather street with the simplioity of the communicatio, "and how come aba to give it to you, m little girl ?"

('Oh, because we arepeer, and mother pretty. We used to hee a marden once. and we loved flowers at much; and Miss Plorance found all thisout and so she gave ne this."

"Florence !" echoed he stranger. "Yes, Miss Florence Retrange, a besttiful young lady. The say she was from

just like any other ladyonly awester." "Is she acre now ? leshe in the city?" said the gentleman, eagily.

"No, abe left some maths ago;" said the widow; but moticist the andden shade of disappointment on in face, she added, gression; and the immense embryo loaves "but you sen died out a about her by inquiring at her aunts; Mrs. Carliale, No. 10, --- street."

As the result of all his. Florence received from the office, a the mext mail, a letter, in a handwriting hat made her tremble. During the sark years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her on that point. loves, but once; but here had been obstacles of parents and friends, separation in the house, the old entry clock included. and long suspense, till it length, for many From that time till Monday morning, she bitter years, she had blieved that the re- was devoted to her husband and her lentless are closed forer over that hand Sabbathical exercises. All I have to say and heart; and it was his belief that had touched, with such sweecalm serrow, every those halcyon hours. line in her lovely face. But this letter told her that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshues, the greeness of heart, which her deeds f kindness had left wherever she had passd. And thus much said lo our readers peed

A preacher who had noe been a printer, beerved in one of his semons, that "youth might be compared to roomers, manhood to a semicolon, old agen a colon, to which death puts a period.'

When a Tennessee girl is kissed, she exclaims: "Now put the right back where you took it from?"

Marriage is the strikest tie of perpetual friendship, and there an be no friendship without confidence, neconfidence without integrity .- Johnson.

Not far from Breslau, in Silesia, How glad I am that me have such a hand-demense called Humbold's meadow, there some new stand for it, it will look so are two establishments, in one of which into a species of wool or cotton, and in the the drawing room. The rich milities has enabline of at good a quality as that down her work and folded piece of news other the waters left from the manufacture sains with their costly fringes swept down which streams through our window. The paper on which the treaser was duly de- of this substance serve to supply medicated establishments were both set on foot under the superintendence of a forest inspector the reser will be an well-and meery in Mrs. reagament engerly, "the will do; no, M. de Pannewitz, the inventor of a chemithough it does not show oth the buds- cal process for extracting from long and turn it farther around+a little more—slender pine leaves a very fine fibrous subthere, it's right;" and Mary walked a- stance, which he calls "wood wool," on account of its possessing the same felting them something useful—a bushed of pota- round to view the Rossin various posi- and spinning properties as ordinary

The circular leaves of pines, firs, and must, be hed it having ministered to the outside to see how looked there.—
the first and most graving wants, why not "How kind it was in its Florence to fibres, surrounding and holding together a and any little pleasure, or gratifications think of giving this to s," said Mary; resinous substance. This resinous substance. This resinous substance is stance may be dissolved by boiling, and by given us so many thing; yet this present the employment of certain reagents; it then becomes easy to separate the fibres book; lay what seemed the living counter. the beautful, which rusts out and dies her if she thought of us, as knew just how move any extraneous matter. By this "Yes, indeed," said Irs. Stephens sigh- greater or less degree of fineness. The pine may even be stripped when quite What a bright afteroon that small gift the end of the branches are left, the tree do. I have seen lier eye kindle as the has made in that little room How much fast- will continue to grow. The stripping off

command. From acceptity, her room, ness of her child, almit forgot that she or woolen wadding in quilted blankets.—
her clothing, all that she has, must be had a headache, and, s she supped her in the year 1842, the hospital at Vienna passe, and plain. You should have seen evening out of ten, the she felt stronger purchased five hundred of these blankets, and after making a trial of them for several years, sent an order for a further supply. (Dear me I all this may be true, but I that first day. Throng all the long; cold tree wool is employed, the beds are quite free from any sort of parasitical insects, ea of testo [?"

a thousand pleasant true of thought that tary fragrance. Furniture in which this material is employed is free from moths.

Then why do you see so often the Geand the most skilful upholsterer could not distinguish an article stuffed with this subber how Mary our washerwoman set up a beauty, and then howproud and happy it may be employed for carpets, saddle whole night after, a hard day's work, that was Mary; nor did eve the serious and cloths, &c., and combined with a west of linen or calico, it may be made up into coveriets.

> A Chapter on House-Keeping. I could never see the reason why our smart house-keepers must, of necessity, be Xantippes. I once had the misfortune to he domesticated during the summer months

with one of this genus. I should like to have soen the advenhis comming trade in Mrs. Carrott's premises. Nobody allowed to sleep after daylight beneath her roof. Even her old rooster crowed an hour earlier than the rest of her neighbors'. "Go ahead" was

ward the store, in less than I have taken quickly, "by a young idy as sweet and to tell it. Then she snatches up the six eyry. His treasures are there. down, without regard to their feelings, "Ah !" said the streger, turning and till they shine like a row of milk pans. were turned bottom upwards again, and eye, and moisten the parched lips. every article of wearing apparel, sprinkled, sick, and we never on have any thing of their respective owners. It gave me a stitch in the side to look at her !

As to her "cleaning days," I never had the courage to witness one. I used to lie under an apple tree in the orchard, till stie was through. A whole platoon of soldiers would not frighten me so much as that virago and her mop. You should have seen her in her glory

on "baking days;" her sleeves rolled up foreign parts, though no apeaks English to her armpits, and a long check apron swathed around her bolster-like figure, the great oven glowing, blezing and sparkling. n a manner very suggestive to a lazy sin-The interminable row ner like myself. of greated pie plates, bread, and pots of pork and beans in an edifying state of procent inquiry whether she thought the latter would "rise," she set her shining arms akimbo, marched up within kissing distance of my face, cocked her head on one side and asked "If I thought she looked like a woman to be trifled with by a loaf of bread?" The way I settled down in my slippers without a reply, probably convinced her that I was no longer skeptical

Saturday evening was employed in winding up every thing that was unwound

FANNY FERN.

SUNDAY TIPPLING IN SCOTLAND .- O the 8th ult., nearly 200 gentlemen in Edinburgh agreed to ascertain the actual amount of Sunday traffic in the public honses of that city, and their report entering into the statistics of each house, the any help in finishing tis atory for them character of the visitors &c., has just been published. There are in all 464 licensed houses in Edinburgh, and 312 of these were open on the Sunday referred to .-The visitors were-22,202 men, 11,931 women, 4631 children under 14 years of age, and 3032 children under 8 years of age. Total amount during the day 41,796. The footprint of the savage traced in

he sand is sufficient to attest the presence of man to the atheist who will not recognize God, whose hand is impressed up the entire universe .- J. Petitt Som. When religion is made a science, there

is nothing more intricate; when made a duty, nothing is more easy.

AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

BY FANNY PALES.

They tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide:
Beside the stilly waters
Our erring tootsteps guide:
Tis plessant thus believing
Their ministry on earth;

I know an angel sitteth

This moment by my hearth. It false-lights on life's waters,

With finger upward po She turns me with a tear:
'Twere base to slight the warning, And count it little worth, Of her, the loving augel, That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with careases From passions' dark defiles : She guides me when I falter, And strongthens me with smiles;

It may be unseen angels Beside me journey forth,
I know that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth.

A loving wife! O brothers, An angel here below!

Alas! your eyes are holden
Too often 'till they go; Ye upward look while grieving.

When they have pass'd from earth ; O cherish well those sitting This moment by the hearth !

Coming Home

Glad word! The waters dash upon th prow of the gallant vessel. She stands n the deck and the winds woo her singlets as she looks anxiously for her head and in quick succession, the swindler, the lands of home. In thought there are assassin—the foe of innocence, the blight of beauty, the bane of genius; gold, has betternoles. Many arms near her to a throbtemples. Many arms press her to a throboing heart, and one voice sweeter than all

in hiesard tears.

Coming home! The best room is set and shook out the snowy drapery. The vases are filled every day with fresh flowers, and every evening tremulous, loving voices whisper, "He will be here to-mor-row, perhaps." At each meal the table is with scrupulous care. The newly embroidered slippers, the rich dressing gown, the study cap that he will like so well are all paraded to meet his eye. That student brother! He could leap

the waters, and fly like a bird home. Though he has seen all the splender of Though he has seen all the spience of that fills English banker, olden time, there is but one spot that fills English banker.

"Faith," said he one day to Baring. "Sweet home." Come home! What sees the sun-brown-

ed sailor in the darkling waters! He hand." smiles! There are pictures there of a blueeyed babe and its mother. He knows throus spider that would have dared to ply "For I know that the bright Angels will bring

> He sees her watching from her cottage door; he feele the heat of her heart in the

She gave her husband his breakfast, buttoned him up in his overcoat, and put him out of the front door with his face tothe air, loves

Coming home! Sadly the worn Calito fell it. I not see their faces up and fornian folds his arms and sinks back upon his fevered pillow. What to him is "Clear the track" was her motto on his yellow gold! On for one smile of kinds washing and ironing days. She never dred! But that may not be. Lightly drew a long breath till the wash tubs

A pleasant face bends over him, a rough folded, ironed, and replaced on the backs palm gently pushing back the moist hair, and a familiar voice whispers, "Cheer up. my friend, we are in port, you are going

The film falls from the sick man's eve Home, is it near? Can be be most there? A thrill sends the blood circulating through his limbs-what! Shall he see those clear eyes before the night of durkness settles down torever ! Will his babes fold their little arms about him and press their cherry lips to his? What wonder if new vigot gathers in that manly chest? He feels strength in every nerve, strength to reach nome-strength to hear the overwhelming joy of insetting those dear ones.

Coming home. The very words rapturous. They bear import of every thing sweet and holy in the domestic life -nay more, they are stamped with the seal of heaven, for the angels say of the dying saint, "He is coming home." Crystalography.

A new name this, a long name, a hard name. It is to describe a process discov. half." ered by John A. Whipple, of Boston, by which pictures are taken on paper through the agency of light with a facility and cheapuess not before obtained. The im- Times. pression may be taken either directly from the object, or from engravings, daguerreotypes, or oil paintings. We have seen crystalope copies of steel engravings and daseparated from the original Mormon Siciliguerrectypes, says the Tribune, which were ety. The "New Church" has appointed very beautiful, having the minute fidelity seven rulers, answering to the and sharp outlines of the one, and the Candlestick, and the authority descent other with the softness and delicacy of a from one to the other, so that it can never crayon drawing. In views of scenery ta- cease white one is left .- New York Cour. ken directly from nature the process seems ier. as yet to have the great defect of leaving out all indications of the sky and atmosphere from the picture.

The inventor states that after the first crystalope is made, copies may be provided indefinitely at a cheaper rate than by either lithography or wood engraving; he accordingly anticipates that for illustrated works crystalopes will supersede engravings. They can be colored as well as ordinary prints. Some years ago several young Scotch

bath, it was proposed to go out and see the have a supply at all seasons. city and its environs. All assented except one. He had been charged by his
the gold with which it was first estimed in Sabbath. He would not disobey him .- Guines. For this resembles, the guines In a few years he was possessor of a large originally bore the impression of en deestate, and his companions were in the phant. drunkards grave. He was visited by a Mr. C...., who seked him. "How did you so cumulate your wealth?" He answered. mountains of Uniformity experies in their "By strictly observing the Sabbath, sir." pungency to the minutes of house the second control of the sec

Mengher's Aperirophe to walk We are confident that our readers will

peruse with interest the following sketch of that portion of Mr. Meagher's elequent lecture in which he apostrophizes althy elucre." It is too noble to be lost, but it is not superior to the elevated and glowing tenor of his whole discourse : "Gold, which has caused many a bealt

to nehe, has blistered many a hand, benken many a noble heart, has wounded many a soaring soul, and clinging to is, his brought it to the dust; gold, which has bought the integrity of the statesman, sell led his wisdom captive : gold, which has silenced the tongue of the orator, and hought the flatteries of the past; gold for which, in the gay saloons of fashion, many z fair and noble girl has plighted the vew which has consigned her life to bitterness, and locked upon her radiant neck the snake that swells her veins with venom. gold, which has stolen into the councils of the struggling nations—has bred discussions among her chiefs—has broken the seal of her sacred secrets-has forced the gates of her strongest citadels-has bought the eridence which hurried her apostles to the scaffold—has bought the votes which made over her inhabitants to others, and her glory to a strange people; gold, which led the traitor to the garden, and with a kiss betrayed the Redeemer of the world; gold, which in so many shapes has stepped with a stealthy tread or rioted amongs men-which has been the fever, the madness, and the despair-has been in turns come a fountain of life and joy, and freedom-the serpent has been transformed inthe rest whispers, "my child!" Coming to a blossomed wand. Lucifer has become home! Full to bursting is her heart, and the morning star. To you, the citigens she seeks the cabin to give her joy vent of America, it must be pleasing, indeed, to behold a new republic rising up to share with you the labors and glories of a future, before which the conceit of the old world apart for his chamber. Again and again before which the conceit of the old world have loving hands folded away curtains, shall be humbled, and in the light of which humanity shall grow strong.

Successful Tact.

The elevation of Mr. Labouchere, now member of the British Cabines, in tather singular story. In 1822, Mr. La-Hope, of Amsterdam, was sent by his partons to Mr. Buring the celebrated Links banker, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in the affair so much shility as to entirely win the esteem and confidence of the

your daughter is a charming creames : I wish I could persuade you to give me ber

"Young man, you are joking; for seriously, you must allow that Muse Baring could never become the wife of a simple

"But," said Lahouchere "It I were in partnership with Mr., Rope ?" "Oh! that would be quite a different thing; that would entirely make up for all

deficiencies.'

Returned to Amsterdam, Labo said to his patron, "You must take me into "My young friend, how can you think of such a thing? It is impossible. You

are without a fortune. and "But if I become the son-in-law of Mr

Baring ?" "In that case the affair would be soon settled, and so you may have my would Fortified with these two promises, has bouchers returned to England, and in two nonths after married Miss Baring, because Mr. Hope had promised to take him into partnership ; and he became allied to the ouse of Hope on the strength of that promine of marriage.

A FAIR CALCULATION .- A shrewl friend of ours, who is accustomed to look at things in a business point of view. thinks that the out-cry so often made about expensive preaching is without foundation. He argues thus:

"I have," says he, "a family of six per-sons who attend church. I pay twenty. four dollars a year for pew rent. I hear two sermons on the sabbath, and one during the week-making one hundred and fifty lectures during the year. I obmin. therefore, for myself and family, nine hupdred lectures for twenty-lour dollars; or, in other words, I pay about two shd a half cents a lecture. People give trum twenty-five to fifty nents for a lecture on Astronomy, and almost every other subject you can name except the geapel ; urely, for a "gospel leuture" Lought to be willing to give at least two cents and a The thought thus expressed is cortainly

just, and might with great advantage, he carried out still further .-- Wheeling

Schlem has already began to work among the Mormons. A party calling it-

A man whom Dr. Johnson once rep ved for following a useless and demoralizing husiness, said in excuse: You know, doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of everything ween and hateful, coolly replied that "he did not

see the least necessity for that." To KEEP Horsenadisti.-If you want to keep horseradish, gratea quantity white the root is in perfection, put it is bottles men came in company to New York.—

On the following day, which was the Sab-

ather, on leaving home, not to break the the reign of Charles II. was brought from