AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"--A. LINCOLN.

VOLUME 4. BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PENN'A, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1867. NUMBER 28.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE WIDOW'S SOLILOQUY.

Whilst I gaze upon his picture,
Oh! what memories throng my brain
Of pleasant hours I spent beside him,
Which can no'er return again.
How it pains my heart to linger
(Tongue of mine can never tell.)
On the thought, that my dear husband,
Pierced with rebel bullets fell.

With the gory sward beneath him,
With no covering for his head
But the canopy of heaven,
There his lingering spirit fled.
Hard methinks was his dying,
Hard to yield his latest breath,
Far away from wife and loved ones—
None to close his eyes in death.

God heard, I know, his supplication,
While his freed soul took its flight away;
And on angel wings his spirit
Soared to realms of endless day:
And I know he smiles upon me,
With a tender husband's care,
While his children kneel around me,
When we breathe our evening prayer.

May the God of heaven protect me,
Guide and guard our children dear;
May he give me strength to lead them
Through the paths which we revere:
So that when this life is ended,
And the last farewell is given,
We may meet, to dwell forever,
Round the throne of God in heaven.

How we miss our husband—father—
How we fear the great denial
Of his presence; none may know it,
Save those who have had the trial
Oft I see him in my slumber,
While reclining on my bed,
And I grieve, to fondion waking,
That my loved ideal's fled.

On the field the stranger found him,
And prepared for him a grave;
There he died a Union soldier—
There he sleeps, a Union brave.
O'er his grave in southern woodland,
From the spring till coming spring,
Twittering birds and gentle zephyrs,
Shall for him a requiem sing. S. J. D.

DRIFTING.

It is one of the evils of strife, that antagonism, of itself, warps the judgment. In the heat of contest even a candid man is tempted to hurl whatever missile may be handiest, though in so doing he only occupies his adversary for the moment, and cuts his own hand in the act. The slaveholders' rebellion has not alone divided the nation, in its two phases of eruption and subsidence, into two exhaustive parties which, firmly in each stage contended, or are now contending for the mastery; but first as well as last it led good men astray, inducing them to follow at first the faint vestiges of sympathy or hasty and crude opinion, and leading them at length into firmly settled, even acrimonious opposition to the natural dictates of their honest judgments. Thus, at the outset patriotic men at the South, as ardent lovers of their land in the abstract as lived under the flag, were won away through a systematic regard for State and neighbor, and till considered assent to glittering abstractions, to the enthusiastic upholding of treason and murder. Democrats, pure and true men in the North, by force of party drill and enticed by hopes of party advantage, were restrained from stepping forth from the ranks from the host which so long boasted itself, and in truth was, the governing class of the land, even though they may have felt intuitively that their allies were in the wrong and their local leaders were actuated by cupidity. Perversion followed stifling, and vacillating voters soon became apologizers of the vilest apologists of treason.

The saddest exhibition which the war afforded was, undoubtedly, the growth of treason in the North and the transformation of good citizens to rebels. Lee's surrender did not come a moment too early. Another year of blood and strife, and the "Copperheads" would have made the "neutral district" more dangerous than the Platte Valley or the Smokey Hill route; and forces would have multiplied in Pennsylvania until human life would have become the drug it was in the mountains of the Carolinas and in Tennessee. Victory — overwhelming, crushing, subjugation—silenced clamor, and drove the traitor upon human weakness to seek the cover of quietude for a season; but as the reciprocal thrills of joy and fear have been calmed in men's breasts, and revolving years have put the triumph and the defeat in the distance, a new crop of fallacies has arisen implanted by emerging demagogues and fostered in their growth, oftentimes, by well meaning but disputatious and impulsive patriots.

The problems of "reconstruction" are indeed many, and their fit solution vital; but they are not new, as many urge; nor their results, if rightly investigated, doubtful.

Rebellion against constituted authority is not without precedent—pacification, after repression, is illustrated in every conceivable mode in history. Rebels have been tremblingly dealt with by those who had the power, who wished to wound and were yet afraid to strike, and treason survived only to break forth in better times and with more horrid front. Traitors have often been pursued with unrelenting severity until the peace of desolation gave security to the avenger. —A daring clemency, unhesitatingly, promptly given, has disarmed every foe, purged every distempered soul and converted hostile subjects to zealous friends. Whether to vacillate from extremest rigor to fitful gentleness, to crush with mailed hand every muttering of discontent or regret, or by prompt, great souled, fearless forgiveness to convert, has been our study for two years. In despair at the hardship of choice between the last two we have fallen on the first. We have hung Wirz and deposed Mayers, but bailed him who assumed the honors and the guilt of the war. While no one pities the miserable Swiss who deserved the rack and impalement as well as the cord, few loyalists can be found who think that his execution should stand simply as a precedent. Hemp, certainly, has grown for others. But if it must be that no more lives shall expiate the sin of treason, let us not afresh be led into error by seeking to defend our policy upon untenable grounds. Wide reaching, all embracing, clemency must be given as a boon—as an act of simple grace—to the conquered. God forgives man for his sins out of his love. Where he might destroy, he simply pardons. If Christianity is to be carried into our policy, let the Divine dealings be imitated. On this high, clear ground of gratuity times's revenges are certain, and a decade of years will convert our Philistia into a land of promise. But we deceive ourselves if we base the act on any other grounds. The Editor of the *Tribune*, whose impulses led him beyond the gate of propriety in shaking hands with a blood-stained, unrepentant traitor, has been driven to his defence by the judgment of the nation. Having erred in usurping the privilege of a traitor fellow to Jeff. Davis, in soliciting to become his bondsman, and transgressed in clasping, in the eye of the nation, a hand which consigned thousands coolly to death, he is stung by reproaches to justification. His ill temper poured out on the New York League indicates a mind capable of vindicating itself by rudeness and to take shelter in sophistry. In the *Tribune* of Monday, June 3d, the warping, of which we complained in the beginning of this article, is sadly shown. Mr. Greeley is led to multiply the points of resemblance between the points of the American Revolution and the Rebellion. They were alike he says, first, in that both were formidable insurrections against local paramount national authority; secondly, both speedily obtained such magnitude that, quoting from Mr. Webster, "there could now no longer be a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason and rebellion." And in advocating universal amnesty in 1867, towards the rebels, he impliedly relies on our supposed belief that George IIId should not have hung Washington had he crushed the rebellion, and upon the authority of Mr. Webster's assumed declaration that he, also, thought so. But, as it is ninety years since the revolt of our fathers, and we have fought other wars and seen another great man appear and disappear from our sight, we are emancipated as well from the leading strings of tradition as from solitary hero worship. Our Revolution appears as it was—a revolt against authority and law justified indeed by grievances to be redressed only by force and warranted by the event with most, but yet a revolt punishable by law, and so understood by those who began it. In Lincoln we have equaled Washington; but while Heaven spared our Founder to his people, it was the hand of a rebel who bereft us. We do not believe, at bottom, that George IIId would have violated law or right in punishing our ancestors for their treason, as law and right were understood by him. And who else shall interpret them? Shall the culprit? Nor does Mr. Webster impliedly say so in his Bunker Hill speech. He says it could now no longer be a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason or rebellion. When? Now, during the strife, while battles were lost and won on either side, and prisoners in either's hands. Why? Because of retaliation. For no other reason. Had Howe hung a Continental, a red coat would have swung for him. Expediency took the axe and the cord from King George's hand. The rebellion used the musket and the cannon. Regiments and batteries alone could overcome the men who used them. But is a deferring equivalent to a renouncing? Do we ever execute a criminal before we catch him? Even Mrs. Glass prefered her rabbit in hand before making her soup.

In prosecuting a war made necessary by the number of opponents, it does speedily become a question, not of individuals, but of mechanics—given so much resistance to be overcome—by what means shall it be surmounted? But the disposition of the disjecta membra, the treatment of the inert fragments, the problem of fraction once solved, is another question. It is the same as if, in anticipation of injury contemplated by an outbreak, the Supreme power were seeking to prevent its arising; save that the two questions of vengeance for wrong and reparation of hurt incurred are added. Security for the future is the chief consideration—indemnity for the past accedes.

In dealing with these two questions, no miserable allegation, that in the struggle to get the mastery we dared not punish, need tie our hands. Law justifies it, guilt deserves it. It is a fallacy to extend the potency of reasons which the chances of war alone create to a period when they have ceased. Mr. Greeley is not alone in this, however. He borrowed it from the rebels who proclaimed it as State followed State in secession. Yet even Toombs said numbers only "made treason respectable." We must not admit that the magnitude of a rebellion changes its character. We agree with Mr. Greeley that the Revolution and the rebellion differed in their hoped for effects upon mankind; that the former was intended to and has emancipated many men from misrule and oppression, and that the latter was intended and doubtless would, for twenty five years, have tightened the chains of four millions. But they differed not only in their intended results, but in their causes. They did not much differ in their ostensible causes. Both bodies of insurgents clamored of injured liberties—liberty was the watchword in both camps. The one was right, however, and the other wrong. Our ancesters had griefs—our rebels had none. Taxation without representation and spoliation were grievances—to be enamored of a leprosy and to be restrained from contaminating the race is not a grievance. Nor is this dogmatism—the writing of Panic history by a Roman. And if it be, are we not the judges—the nation,—at this crisis, and who shall complain? Puritan, Covenanter, dogmatism, is the life of the nation—it has made us and will sustain us. When we weakly yield to latter-day indifference in all things—the days of the Consuls will be over and the Emperors, with their luxury of life and effeminacy of thought will come in.

The rebels were wrong then in warring without cause—they would have been wrong in warring for any cause. A steam boiler need not insist on exploding if there be an ample safety valve in good order. Should any one introduce a keg of gunpowder and a match he should suffer for the consequences.

But Mr. Greeley flounders still worse in a succeeding paragraph, where he attempts to construe the constitution.—Italicising "only" in the definition of treason, he, rightly excluding all constructive treason as having no foot-hold in this land, successively enumerates foreigners, Indians, and some owing allegiance (naturalized citizens) as not guilty of treason by levying war against the government.

That British and Mexican soldiers, who wage war against us, are not traitors is self-evident, nor are Indians for they are not citizens, if not taxed—yet they owe a qualified allegiance in return for our protection, and when they wage war in Colorado, Hancock and Augur will seek to kill them, and in peace we direct their movements. That in 1813, England, under her denial of the right of expatriation, threatened to hang Irishmen who fought in our ranks and that we resisted her claim, establishes only the existence and the nature of the different opinions held by the two nations on the question of man's right to shift his allegiance by changing his sky. In maintaining the Irishman's right to throw off English ties, we asserted the strength of those which bound him to us and constrained ourselves to the doctrine that to wage war against us, being a citizen, would be treason. And, if we stretched the point and kept unnaturalized Irishmen inviolable, we did it on the ground that an ocean intervened and they were denizens at least of our land. In Wicklow or in Derry we would not, and could, not protect them, nor even in the Dominion of Canada.

Yet, with the entering wedge of this Irish precedent, it is insinuated that *some* who owe allegiance, may make war against us. A more destructive heresy never was enunciated. Allegiance and loyalty are inseparable. But who are they who may war against us? Our own citizens? Then they must quit the land and enlist under a foreign banner. It too must protect them if we threaten punishment—that is all the case cited suggests. Why was it cited? Plainly, that as *some*, owing allegiance to a foreign power, who had quitted their land and renounced its protection as well as its allegiance, were one time protected by us when they fought for us, that under cover of the ambiguity of the term "some," and the slighting allusion to the circumstances, it might be inferred that other circumstances could arise, when "some" of our *citizens* might war against us, on our own soil, seeking redress for fancied griefs by force when they had redress at law. Such, unfolded, is the inference—its result the justifying of all who chose to urge it for themselves in the South. Under the shiftings shield of the word "some," all traitors find a surer defence than behind the interposed State sovereignty so loudly invoked in 1861. Finally, as an evidence that Mr. Greeley is in the toils of a sophistry hateful to himself, and employed only that in his excuse his judgment has bent to his necessities, he admits that "in the infancy of the rebellion, the government might have seized and tried the leading secessionists as traitors." What is this but an admission that we may hang when we can hang? Wherein does the Davis of '67 differ from the Davis of '61, or the Lee defeated at Five Forks, from the Lee in a Colonel's coat, fresh from capturing John Brown at Harper's Ferry, offering his services to the rebel chief? In nothing save that they are five years older—and burdened with the crimes of a four years' merciless war! In '61 we could have hung them because they were in our power at one time. So can we in '67, with better reason, if we please. The popular judgment is, undoubtedly, still expressed in refrain which those of us who have served, have so often heard, when our blue coated defenders were on the march, ringing on the morning air, across the fields and through the woods of the Old Dominion:

"We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on."

And so let it be.—*Franklin Repository*

TO THE GIRLS.—Girls, beware of transient young men; never suffer the addresses of a stranger; recollect that a steady farmer boy or a mechanic is worth all the floating trash in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, some honest tailor's coat on his back, and a brainless skull, can never make up for the loss of a father's house and a good mother's counsel, and the society of brothers and sisters; their affections last, while those of a rich young man are lost in the wane of the honeymoon. Tis true.

—I know no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise, and closing it with an exception.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

The cares of the week are all ended,
Its toils and its labors are o'er.
Its joys that with sorrows are blended,
Shall bless or oppress us no more.
With hands idly folded we're sitting
Within the red fire light's glow,
While slowly the daylight is flitting,
And deeper the world shadows grow.

Oh, well if our loads have been lightened,
By words of affection and love,
And well if the ways have been brightened
By light from the rapid moneb ve.
There's many an eye that is weeping
O'er the treasures ungathered and fled;
And many a heart that is keeping
Its trust with a love that is dead.

We think of them now, in our gladness,
And pray the good Father to bless
The hearts that are heavy with sadness,
With trouble or sorrow oppressed.
How dark seems the way and how dreary
When fond wishes and fortune are fled,
Oh life must be lonely and weary,
When hope and ambition are dead.

The busiest hands may well rest them
In peace through those twilight shades,
The duties and cares that oppressed them
Falls off as the days brightness fades.
The fire-light flickers and dances,
The shadows grow ruddy and bright,
And we, o'er the oldest of fancies,
Sit dreaming this Saturday night.

Idle Sons of Wealthy Parents.

We cut from an exchange a short paragraph stating that the wealthy parents of two young men of New York who were tired out by seeing their boys do nothing, started them in business with a capital of $20,000; and this paragraph further states that in two weeks they had squandered all their capital and a few hundreds over. There is a good deal in this story so briefly and jauntily told, that is worthy of earnest reflection on the part of the aforesaid parents of the New York boys, and of wealthy parents generally, there and everywhere else. It is, unfortunately, getting to be too much of a custom among men in this country, who have made or inherited fortunes, to cherish and encourage the natural desire on the part of their sons to spend in a sort of luxurious idleness the days that should be devoted to learn some useful business, trade or profession, not only for the purpose of earning means to defray the expenses of life, but through which they could be enabled to contribute their share to the production, work and wealth of the country. Such occurrences as that noted above are to some extent public as well as private matters, because whenever young men are brought to lives of idleness, there is so much abstracted from the common stock of wealth by the loss of that which they would otherwise have created, and because such idle lives are nearly always sure to lead to vice and demoralization of various kinds. Even overlooking the evil influences of such matters upon society at large, and regarding them solely in a money point of view, how much cheaper it would have been to the fathers of these young men to have spent a few thousand dollars of the twenty thousand squandered in two weeks at having them so taught and trained that money would have been safe in their hands; so as to make both it and themselves useful to their fellow men! In these days, when so many men are becoming suddenly rich, and when there are counter indications that so many of their posterity may become suddenly poor, there is greater cause than ever for impressing upon the minds of parents the dangers of allowing their sons to grow up with habits of idleness, and without knowledge of any useful callings by which they may be able to earn livings for themselves.—*Phila. Ledger*

GROW IN GRACE.

"You must hold intercourse with God or your soul will die; you must grow in grace or you will lose it."

This inculcates the necessity of the Christian having free intercourse with God, by a closeness in him, through the ministry of suffering, bereavement or the daily refinement of our nature; through trials, care, buffetings, casting all behind him, and looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, trusting in him entirely; and taking his Bible he sits down to examine some passage in the light of the Holy Spirit, and to hold communion with God, examine his present condition, talks with him about his wants, his troubles, his hopes and fears, and he replies by sending the comforting portion of the Holy Spirit to fill his heart and be his guide and monitor. The evidence of this communion is seen in the life of the believer, by his attention to minor and great duties, his care in the use of language in converse with sinners or saints, reading the Bible carefully, ever seeking to learn its truths, with much prayer; seeking to win souls to Jesus not from the furtherance of any sect, but to help on the glorious unity of all in Christ Jesus, who believe in him, and his honest-dealing that his actions proceed from the depths of a heart full of the love of God. The last clause of this sentence is one worthy the attention of all those who have made a profession of religion once but who are now living in the world, one of his boldest advocates of all kinds of pleasure, but who know nothing of the calm quiet growth of spirituality, on the soul of the *live* believer; nor will they ever know it unless they abandon the world, deny themselves, take up their crosses and follow Jesus. It is the recorded testimony of all spiritual persons, that all who live for pleasure neither grow in grace nor win souls to Jesus.

"Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness!
They shall be well supplied and fed.—
With living streams and living bread."

SOLITARY AND ALONE.—Governor Orr, of South Carolina, advises the acceptance of the present plan of reconstruction as the best thing for the State. Coupled with this sensible conclusion he ventures an Utopian recommendation on his immense State to form alliances with neither of the great political parties of the country, but to stand magnificently by themselves—advice which is harmless, however impracticable.

The Democratic State Platform.

If a new theory of the remarkable coolness of the season were needed, we respectfully suggest that a plausible one might be constructed on the ground of the approach of the Democratic Convention and its comically cool platform. That a party which has been traditionally opposed to a Protective Tariff law, a party that has had the varied experience of both standing and falling, of success and defeat, for its support of free trade, should denounce the Republican party for the failure of the Tariff law in the last Congress, certainly proves, if it proves nothing else, that whatever of sterling material the Democracy has lost of late years, it keeps its stock of uncertain baser metal undiminished. The Tariff, often a test question on which the two parties have divided, has been invariably supported by the Republican party and opposed by the Democratic, the few exceptions being easily accounted for by the predominance of local considerations. And the specific matter of a proposition in the Senate of Pennsylvania, no longer ago than last winter, to instruct our representatives in Congress to favor the passage of the Tariff law, the action and vote of the Democratic members were opposed to the proposition. Once, we are aware, as an election trick—admitted to be such after election—a banner was paraded in *some counties* of this State, purporting that the Democratic party was in favor of the tariff of 1842. But the convention's denunciation of the Republican party on Tuesday last, is a trick of brass that quite outshines the former one.

Again, the Democratic convention assumes a martial tone and says, it "will resist to the last resort the threatened measures of the Republican party in the elective franchise in Pennsylvania." This fierce attitude is taken against a man of straw set up by the Convention itself. No threat has been made and no measure proposed by the Republicans, touching the elective franchise in Pennsylvania. If the bugbear of negro suffrage is referred to, as we presume it is, every person of average sense and information knows that this is not, has not been, and during the coming canvass, can not be made a subject at issue between the parties. It can only be approached under a proposition to amend the Constitution of the State on the suffrage question, and any amendment is precluded for a definite time, far enough in the future to carry it beyond the next election. The negro suffrage question is used therefore by this grave State Convention merely for the usual purposes answered by bugbears and scare-crows.

As to another point in this extraordinary platform of the Democracy—the feature of the reconstruction plan that admits the freed people of color to the right of suffrage—it is sufficient to say, as it is gratifying to know that the wiser men of the South, who are certainly as good judges as the mass of the Northern Democrats, are approving the manner of reconstruction that embraces negro suffrage, while at the same time they are declining the counsels, the sympathies and, most mortifying of all, even the party alliance of the Northern Democrats. General Longstreet says, in express and highly significant words, that, "the South has no interest with the Democratic party, because of its opposition to negro suffrage." Similar sentiments have been expressed by others.

Nor is it surprising that such a sentiment should gain ground among the Southern people, as they perceive the true bearing of the Republican policy on their restoration to their normal condition in the Union, and on the recuperation and prosperity of their physical affairs. And that feeling will, of course, become more extended and influential in the same quarters when it is seen that the policy of the Democratic party simply regards the Southern people as make-weights and auxiliaries to it. This idea cropped out distinctly in the speech of Hon. W. A. Wallace in opening the Convention, describing the enterprise and purpose of the party as doing battle for the sceptre of dominion.

It is a strange position for a party to take. If anything could demonstrate the forlorn condition of the party as to all live questions of public policy, its own platform does it most forcibly. It proposes issues that are not born, as well as those that are dead. It courts the South by denouncing what the South has decided to accept, and seeks a fellowship of partisanship with the Southern people, while they are wisely and honestly refusing it. It courts the American workingman by a pretence that he knows to be untrue, and endeavors to throw the deserved odium of the Democratic hostility to a protective tariff on the Republican party which is and has been its only true friend.—*Pitt. Commercial.*

NEVER KISSED A WHITE GIRL.—Some time ago a planter a short distance from Memphis gave a party to the young folks in the neighborhood. It was a gay one and in the course of the evening the boys and girls paid forfeits. While this was going on, it chanced that the son of the planter, a nice, modest fellow had to claim a forfeit of some of the girls, but he was overcome with diffidence. "Go ahead, John,' said the planter, 'and kiss some of the girls.' John hitched from one foot to the other blushed, and finally blurted out: 'I—I never kissed a white girl, father.' The laughter that ensued may be imagined.

—Gen. Longstreet publishes a letter in a New Orleans paper recomending compliance with the military reconstruction bill which he says "is a peace offering."

THE PRINTER'S ESTATE.—The printer's dollars—where are they? A dollar here, and a dollar there scattered over numerous small towns, all over the country, miles and miles apart—how shall they be gathered together? The paper maker, the building owner, the journeyman compositor, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistants to him in carrying on his business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the large liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to these widely scattered dollars something like the following:

"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which ye are divided, collect yourselves, and come home! Ye are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men that help the printer to become a proprietor, gather such force and demand with such good reasons, your appearance at this counter, that nothing short of a sight of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are in the aggregate, single, you will never pay the first cost of gathering. Come in here, in single file, that the printer may form you into batallion, and send you forth again, to battle for him, and vindicate his credit."

Reader, are you sure you hav'nt a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your "old clothes?"

POPPING THE QUESTION.—The Chimney Corner has the following on "characteristic popping:"

Yankee: Jonathan—"Sal, der yer love doughnuts?"

Sal—"Yes, Johnathan, why?"

Jonathan—"Oh, nothin'; only jus consider me one o' them doughnuts."

Western: Lugacious individual.—"Hollo, old gal—see here! I've scatter-lofisticated all over the equinimity of this 'ere country, looking for just such a critter as you. What say, will yer hitch?"

Western gal—"Oh, shucks, I calkerlate; so let's git up and git."

Dutch: Hans—"Ich will haben you, Johannas. I loves you more better than I does mein lager beer."

Johannas—"Oh ya, Hans, dat is goot."

French: French Gallant—"Oh, Mademoiselle, you will do me ze very much honor to accept ze hand?"

Mademoiselle—"Oh, Monsieur, you make my face very much rouge. Ask madam. Voulzevous?"

Jew: Hamman—"Matilda, I have five gold watches, almost as good as new, von good lot of second hand clothing, and von good camel hair shawl, which I will give to you if you will be mine bride?"

Matilda—"Dear Hamman, I can't resist; but let me see the camel hair shawl first."

Irish: Patrick—"Biddy, darling, would yeez like a new house, a cow, a pig, and meself in the bargain?"

Bridget—"Och, Paddy, don't be tazing me! 'Tis the praste we're after wanting."

THE BEST INHERITANCE.—The following paragraph we clip from one of Henry Ward Beecher's recently published sermons:

"Not money, not honor, not even a good name is the best inheritance of a child. Far above all secular gifts is a parent's good name; but there are some good things that are better than that, namely, those transmissable moral qualities which put the sole, from the first, under the dominion of the higher instinct.—From my mother I had a legacy which I would not be able to thank God enough for in this world, if I was to live for long ages. Have you not reason to thank God that you sprang from such parents as yours were? And do you not know that the nature which they handed down to you was one that represented, as it were, in our journal, the point at which they left the conflict having gained victory upon victory that your warfare might be less and your victories easier? And that which you have inherited of tendencies towards things noble and true and away from things selfish and false you may transmit with augmenting power. Here is a great lesson of life.

BOYS USING TOBACCO.—A strong and sensible writer says a good sharp thing, and a true one, too, for boys who use tobacco: 'It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys. It tends to the softening and weakening of the bones and it greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid.—A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally lacks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys, who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison.

The laws of health are infallible; the relation between transgression and the penalty is invariable, and the infliction of the latter is certain to follow upon the former. There is nothing about which young persons are more beguiled and deluded, than the belief that they can transgress natural laws and jump the penalty. Punishment for a violation fo natural laws is just as certain as that the sun itself shines, and none can violate a law of his body, or any part of it, that there is not registered in him a penalty.

Why is a bullock a very obedient animal? Because he will lie down if you axe him.

—Our boasting of privileges without duly improving them, is like pleading for our own condemnation.

The remains of the bachelor who "burst into tears," on reading the description of married life, have been found.

—It is remarkable that the words in all European languages which express forgiveness, or pardon, all imply free gift.

—We see, in a recent statement, that the Census *embraces* seven million of women. Who wouldn't be Census!

—Gen. Fremont has purchased the late residence on the Hudson of Gen. Watson Webb, our Brazilian minister.

—Beauty is a great gift of Heaven; not for the purpose of female vanity, but a great gift for one who loves, and wishes to be beloved.

—There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

—Wonderful! that the Christian religion, which seems to have no other object than the felicity of another life, should also constitute the happiness of this.

—Attach not thy heart to those treasures with which this fleeting life is adorned. If thou enjoyest, learn to lose, and, if happiness is with thee, remember grief.

A WAGGISH editor says that the streets of one of the Western cities are to be lighted with red-headed girls. We'd like to hug the lamp-posts.

A contemporary suggests that a lady on putting on her corset, is like a man who drinks to drown his grief, because in so lacing herself she is getting tight.

Young ladies, now-a-days, when they are preparing for a walk, ought not to keep their lovers waiting as long as they used to do, for now they have only to put their bonnets half on.

A lady took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instanter. 'Sit down,' said the mother. 'I wont,' he shouted, 'I want to see the monkey.'

A wag seeing a lady at a party, with a low necked dress and bare arms expressed his admiration by saying she outstripped the whole party.

—Hon. Ben Wade is the favorite Presidential candidate of many Ohio politicians, and Senator Chandler is said to have promised to exert his influence to secure him the delegation from his State.

"* of my existence, will you give me an ~," asked a young printer of his sweetheart. With an | at such an? she made a — at him, and planted her ** between his II's. "Such an outrage," said Faust, looking †† at her, "is without a ||."

—Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing in which you might not pray for the blessing of God. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed.

—A text of scripture, verse of a hymn, or a sweet song of Zion, often proves to the weary and timid Cristian like the sprig of moss in the desert which animated and inspired Mungo Park. Let Christians often speak in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, on the pilgrimage of life.

HEART RELIGION.—Religion is in an eminent degree, the science of the heart, and he who does not receive it into his heart studies it to very little purpose. Every Christain ought, therefore, to study with the heart as well as with the head; letting light and heat increase with an equal progression, and mutually assist each other.

NEVER make use of a woman's name in an improper place, or at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them, for they are lost to every sense of honor.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a State, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embrace the whole of life. A wife, a mother, two magical words comprising the sweetest scource of man's felicity. Theirs' is the reign of love, of reason. A man takes counsel with his wife, he obeys his mother, even long after she ceased to live, and the idea which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passion.

HE is the most thoroughly educated man who derives his knowledge not from books alone, nor from men alone, but from the careful and discriminating study of both. A truly learned man is liberal towards opponents, tolerant of error, charitable toward frailty and compassionate towards failure. Only the ignorant and half educated are dogmatical, illiberal and intolerant.