

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. VIII, No. 22.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., JUNE 14, 1846.

Whole No. 386.

## DAY, GERRISH & CO. GENERAL PRODUCE, Commission and Forwarding Merchants.

Granite Stores, lower side of Race street, on the Delaware, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the merchants generally, that they have taken the large Wharf and Granite Front Stores, known as Ridgeway's Stores, immediately below Race street, in addition to their old wharf, where they will continue the produce commission business, as also to receive and forward goods to all points on the Juniata, and North and West branches of the Susquehanna Rivers, via the Tide Water, and Pennsylvania, and Schuylkill and Union canals.

This establishment has many advantages over any other in the city in point of room and convenience for the accommodation of boats and produce. Being one of the largest wharves on the Delaware, and the stores extending from Water street to Delaware Front. Five or six boats may at the same time be loading and discharging. The usual facilities will be given on all consignments entrusted to their charge, which will be thank fully received and meet with prompt attention. Salt, Fish and Plaster, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest market price.

References, Philadelphia.

J. Ridgway, Esq. J. Brock, son & Co  
Jacob Lex & Son Waterman & Osbourn  
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Patterson & Horner J McCoy, Esq.  
Waterstreet.  
Stewart & Horrell E W Wike, Esq.  
February 8, 1845.—6m.

## THE GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE ANNUITY AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office No. 159 Chesnut Street.

Make insurances of lives, grant annuities and Endowments, and receive and execute Trusts.

Rates for insuring \$100, on a single life.

Age.	For 1 year.	For 7 years.	For life.
20	\$0 91	\$0 95	\$1 77
30	1 31	1 36	2 56
40	1 69	1 83	3 20
50	2 46	2 97	4 60
60	4 35	4 91	7 00

EXAMPLE:—A person aged 30 years, by paying the company \$1 31 would secure to his family or heirs \$100, should he die in one year—or for \$1 36 he secures to them \$1000 or for \$1 83 annually for 7 years, he secures to them \$1000 should he die during the 7 years—or for \$2 60 paid annually during life he provides for them 1000 dollars whenever he dies—for \$65 50 they would receive 5000 dollars, should he die in one year. Further particulars respecting Life Insurance, Trusts, or management of Estates and property confided to them, may be had at the office.

B. W. RICHARDS, President.  
JNO. F. JAMES, Actuary.  
Phil'a. April 19, 1845.—6m.

## BOOTS AND SHOES, Leghorn and Straw Bonnets, PALM-LEAF AND LEGHORN HATS.

Merchants and others from Huntingdon and adjacent places, are respectfully requested to call and examine the stock of the above kinds of goods, which is full and extensive, and which will be sold at prices that will give satisfaction to purchasers. No. 168 Market street south-east corner of 5th street, Philadelphia.

Geo. W. & Lewis B. Taylor.  
pila. Feb. 6, 1845.—6mo.

W. H. MORRIS, R. M. KERKBRIDE  
WILLIAM H. MORRIS & CO.  
WHOLESALE GROCERS  
AND

## Commission Merchants.

HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND.

HAVING taken the large and commodious Wharf and Warehouse situated directly on the Canal Basin, are now prepared to receive consignments of goods for transhipment or sale.

A general assortment of Groceries, &c., consisting of Loaf and Brown Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Sperm Oil and Candles, White, Yellow and Brown Soaps, Fish, Salt, Plaster, &c., together with all kinds of Spices and Pastry—and also ready made Clothing will be kept constantly on hand and disposed of on city terms or exchanged for country produce, Coal, &c.

April 19, 1845.—3m.

## WASHINGTON HOTEL, MARKET SQUARE, HARRISBURG, Pa.

The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the above named well known Tavern Stand, (formerly kept by Wm. E. Camp,) where he will endeavor to serve those that may call upon him in the most satisfactory manner. The House is centrally and pleasantly located, and is furnished throughout with the best of bedding and other furniture, and his accommodations are such as to make it a convenient and desirable stopping place. No exertions will be spared to make it agreeable in all its departments to those who may favor him with a call.

FREDERICK J. FENN.  
December 21, 1842.

BLANK DEEDS, of an improved form, for sale at this office.  
Also BLANK PETITIONS FOR NATURALIZATION.

## PUBLISHED BY THEODORE H. CREMER.

### TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

### POETRY.

#### The Pilgrim's Address to the Deity.

From the variety of musical compositions presented to us by Mr. Henry Russell, each bearing the feature of his characteristic genius, we select one which appears to us the least familiar to our readers.

It is a sacred melody, termed "The Pilgrim's Address to the Deity," written by Henry John Sharpe, of this city, and first introduced by the gifted composer at the grand musical festival in Birmingham with great effect.

We consider it one of the happiest efforts both of the writer and the composer.

It is a beautiful theme for sacred minstrelsy.—Fraternal humanity, bending the knee of reverence in adoration at the footstool of his Creator's throne!

If there be one subject for the medium of song more elevated and exalted than every other, it is the spontaneous effusion which a grateful heart insensibly offers up to the great and glorious Author of the Universe.

Thou art, O God! the fount divine,  
From whence all earthly blessings flow;  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things praise thee here below.

The radiant sun which gilds the day,  
The countless stars that gem the night,  
Owe all their splendor to thy sway,  
Great source of all things fair and bright;

Thou reign'st, O God! in realms of light,  
Majestic, solemn and alone!  
In adoration to thy might,  
Creation bends beneath thy throne;

The thunder's roar, the lightning's glare,  
The murmuring of the boundless sea,  
Which nature offers up to thee!  
If pilgrim thoughts ascend on high,  
All things adore thee!—so do I.

We hail, O God! the vital ray  
With holy inspiration rife—  
Its bright reflection points the way  
Which leads to everlasting life;  
The changing seasons as they roll,  
Thy power and wisdom, Lord proclaim!  
All creatures join, from pole to pole,  
In loud hosannas to thy name;  
If pilgrim prayers be heard on high,  
All things adore thee!—so do I.

The following beautiful composition, full of sublimity and heart-stirring conceptions, was the production of Dr. JOSEPH ROEMER, the celebrated Seneca orator. There is nothing to compare with it so far as relates to the subject, in the English language. No American pen has ever rendered such a proud tribute to the symbol of our country. Drake died a premature death, in 1821, at the early age of 25, cut off by a constitutional pulmonary disease, in the very prime of life, and at the zenith of his reputation, beloved and regretted by all who knew him. He was remarkable for his personal elegance of form, the symmetry and beauty of his features, and the amiable and polished manners. Hellock, his associate in the Crokers, is the surviving depository of his deceased friend's fame and genius. Every body is acquainted with his charming compositions. He wrote the last verse only of the American Flag.

### The American Flag.

When Freedom from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there!

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white  
With streakings from the morning light!

Then from her mansion in the sun,  
She called her Eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
Who rears't aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest triumphing loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strides the warrior of the storm  
And rolls the thunder drum of Heaven!

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free—  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its bleedings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war!

The harbinger of victory!  
Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high!  
When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,  
And the line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet—  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn,  
To where thy meteor glories burn,  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance!  
And when the cannon's mouthings loud,  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight poll!

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine for June 1843.

### DAUGHTERS OF LA ROCHE.

#### A Story of the Affections.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

Author of "The Angel and the Demon," "The Hasty Marriage," &c.

"They grew in beauty side by side."

Who that has attended the death-bed of the loved and cherished, can ever forget its touching and painful scenes! The sands of life passing rapidly away—the pulse becoming feebler and fainter—the voice lower and weaker—the light fading from the glossy and spiritual eyes—the mingled expression of love, hope and agony resting upon the thin, pale features. And, when at last the lamp goes out—the hands fall cold upon the motionless bosom—the limbs become rigid, and the spirit wings its flight to another world, who can forget the heart-screams of the doating mourners—the grief long suppressed, but now bursting forth as a torrent—the tears, the cries, and the exclamations, half in love and half in madness!

I once was present at the death-bed of a mother—a true martyr-like woman—who had hurried herself to a premature grave, in an effort to provide for the comforts of two young and lovely daughters; and were I to live a thousand years, the memory of the hour will still linger vividly in my mind. She died, too, in the full faith of a blessed hereafter—conscious of the purity of her life, and cherishing, as the jewels of the soul, the sublime truths of the Christian religion. But her daughters—her young and unprotected daughters! She left them to the tender mercies of a hollow world, and thus with the undying fondness of a mother's heart, fixed her straining eyes upon their sad but beautiful features, even as the soul parted from the body, and the faith of a blessed religion brightened the pathway to a clime of bliss.

Sobs and tears and loud lamentations came from those lovely orphans. They were now indeed alone in the world; and though they had been taught in some measure to prepare themselves for so frightful a bereavement, they could not realize all its gloom and desolation. They had never known a father's care, for he had been taken from them in their early childhood, before they were capable of appreciating his value. Their mother had watched them in their hours of illness—had prayed for them, and with them—had pointed out the paths of danger in the ways of life—had indulged them beyond her means—had deprived herself of many a luxury, ay, many a necessity in order to administer to their comfort and improvement, and now, as they looked upon her cherished form, cold and still in the icy embrace of death, oh! God, how wretched and lonely seemed their condition. In vain their few friends endeavored to soothe their sorrow—to soften the anguish of their grief. Tears, and tears alone seemed to afford them relief; and they wept in very bitterness for hours!

Mrs. La Roche was a French lady by birth, and with her husband and her young daughters, came to this country during the troubles of the last French revolution.

Compelled to abandon his native land at but a few hours notice, the father was able to collect but a small sum of money to assist his family in the country of his exile. He survived his arrival in the United States only two years—merely long enough to acquire a knowledge of the English language, and, with his lady, to attempt the establishment of a school of instruction in the French. The daughters were, at this time, too young to assist, but the mother, though utterly unused to a life of toil, saw and appreciated her position, and roused all her energies to the undertaking. She continued the school, and with partial success, after the decease of her husband, she looked forward to the period when her children would be able to assist her, and thus her task would be greatly lightened. Increasing, as they hourly did, in beauty and intelligence, and manifesting, in every possible way, their appreciation of her love, and her untiring exertions spent in their behalf, her heart warmed toward them with every breath which they drew, and she would freely have laid down her life to ensure their welfare. But what will not a mother do for the beings of her affection! What will she not submit to! Well and touchingly was it remarked by a Venetian lady, with regard to Abraham and Isaac, that "God would never have commanded such a sacrifice of a mother."

Mrs. La Roche had thus with difficulty, but still in a spirit of great cheerfulness, conducted her little school for four years after the decease of her husband. But, her health now began to fail. She had overtasked her powers; her constitution, which was naturally feeble, gave way. Still, she struggled on in the most heroic manner. "A few years longer," she flattered herself, "and I may abate my labors.—Then my children will be able greatly to assist me, if not wholly to take my place." She saw them ripening in beauty—and the natural dream of a mother's heart raised up suitors in abundance. So lovely—so correct—so imbued with the pure principles of religion—so accomplished! The heart of the widow rejoiced in the anticipated triumph of her offspring. Alas! even then the seeds of death were at work, stealthily and in silence. A little longer and the body refused to administer to the wishes of the mind. Mrs. La Roche was prostrated on her death bed, and her children, as already described,

were orphans in the fullest and most painful sense of the term.

Amy La Roche, the younger sister, at the period of which we write, was thirteen; Clotilde, the elder, was sixteen years of age. A lovelier pair never mingled their tears together by the cold corpse of a parent. Taught to regard her as the soul and centre of their social world—as the being to whom they must look for counsel and advice next to the Almighty—they clung to each other in their desolation, each striving to soothe the other, and each unconsciously adding to the poignancy of the other's grief.

Clotilde wept wildly, but the sorrow of the younger seemed more heart-felt. The one was all feeling and impulse, and her agony of grief was relieved, in some measure, by the violence of the paroxysms—the fury of her despair. The younger was naturally of a thoughtful and melancholy nature, and her mild, blue eyes seemed to mirror, in their gentle lustre, the very depths of her soul. She was too young, moreover, to have a thought of fondness for another being on earth beyond her mother. No other passion of her nature had been called even into fancied existence, and thus the poor girl pined day by day until she became thin and pale, and the elder found it necessary to conceal her own sorrow, in order to bring back the spirit of girlhood and joy to the fair features of her dearest Amy.

Throughout the crisis of their bereavement they were visited assiduously and constantly by but one individual. Pierre Martin, or neighbor Pierre, as they called him, was intimate with their father in the more prosperous portion of his life, and had, like him sought this country as a place of refuge during the perils of the revolution—perils which destroyed his family and left him lone and wretched. He had, nevertheless, accumulated a considerable fortune in the United States, and, at the period of the widow's decease, was on the eve of returning to France. Touched, however, by the sad condition of the sisters, he delayed his departure, and called day after day in the noble duty of watching over two fair beings, so entirely helpless and unprotected, and of administering every comfort and assistance in his power. This faithful friend was now in his sixtieth year—still, manly and gentlemanly in his appearance, and exhibiting but little of the weakness or infirmity of age. Week after week he postponed the day of his leave-taking, and yet he steadily persisted in his determination to return, at the same time concurring with the orphans, assisting them as delicately as possible, and to the utmost of his means.

Clotilde saw and admitted all this, but what could she do? She still continued to keep up her little school, which her mother had bequeathed to her as an inheritance, but her experience and youth unfitted her, in a great measure, to exercise sufficient authority over the pupils, and thus, while she found them constantly diminishing in number, she discovered, with horror, that the health of her young sister was rapidly sinking. The color was fading from her cheeks—the bright light from her eyes.—Her existence to have lost its spring and fountain on the decease of Mrs. La Roche, and, although the sweet girl struggled earnestly to assume a degree of cheerfulness and an air of satisfaction, she could not conceal from the penetrating eyes of Clotilde that there was a canker within.

Neighbor Pierre, also, noticed the change, and his heart melted him at this new source of anxiety and distress. He sent for and consulted one of the ablest physicians of the city—for his nature warmed strangely and unconsciously toward the orphans, since he had visited them so frequently—and he was told that a change of air would alone save the life of the fading beauty. He pondered long upon this painful intelligence; at first unwilling to communicate it to the elder sister, for he knew that it would strike like an arrow through her soul. What could be done? what was his duty under the circumstances? He pressed his hand upon his forehead and mused painfully for hours. A thought darted to his brain. But no—he repelled it as unworthy—as unmanly—as treacherous to the friendship he had felt and professed for the dead father of the sisters. And yet it returned again, and grew stronger and stronger, until he had no power to resist its influence.

Accuse him not harshly, gentle reader—pronounce not against him harshly. He was alone in the world, and they were without friends and protectors. He was compelled by circumstances to re-visit France, and yet he felt a voice within him aser that he had a duty to perform to the children of his deceased countryman. How could he best perform that duty? To subject two young, inexperienced and beautiful girls to the snares of the vicious and the reckless—to desert them in the hour of the greatest need—to abandon them to the charities of a cold world—or worse, to the accursed arts of the profligate and libertine—the thought was full of anguish. Again he paused. He ascended to his chamber, and there, kneeling in prayer, he sought advice and counsel from the Searcher of all hearts.—He rose from his knees refreshed in spirit, and comparatively calm and resolved. The next hour found him at the dwelling of the sisters. The younger more evidently weaker than on the day before, while the countenance of Clotilde wore a still more melancholy aspect. He looked steadily upon the beautiful features of Clotilde, where all was yet life and hope and youthful splendor, only mellowed and spiritualized by the tender anxiety of a sacred love, and his heart again misgave him. But he rallied his courage and drew her aside. He announced to her, in as kindly terms as possible, the opinion of the physician, and, as he saw the big tear start to her eyes at the consciousness of her inability to ac-

company Amy to a milder climate—softer and sunnier skies—he took her hand, and offered to become her husband. "Thus," he added, "dear Clotilde, I will obtain a right to protect you. Thus may we immediately sail for France, and, with the blessing of Heaven, a hope may be indulged of the restoration of our lovely Amy." He alluded to his despatch of years, and his reluctance to venture such a proposition, but he implored her, no matter what her determination, to judge his motives generously. As he lived and had faith in the Divinity, he believed that he was influenced purely, justly, and virtuously.

Clotilde covered her face with her hands. She had unbounded confidence in the principles of her father's friend—for he had ever conducted himself with the most scrupulous delicacy. She saw, too, the position of her sister, and she felt that the life of that dear and affectionate girl was as dear to her as her own; and yet she knew not what to do or say. One only thought—one only dream interfered with the course which she believed to be dictated by duty. The path of her young life, chequered and darkened as it had been, had not been all shadow. A momentary rainbow had flashed its glories above. A youthful form sometimes mingled with her dreams. A voice deeper and sweeter than those of the everyday world sometimes rose to her memory, and whispered to the listening spirit of her soul. She was now nineteen years of age—a full and perfect woman—and how seldom is it in our land that the fair and the beautiful, the enthusiastic and the warm-hearted pass through so many summers without discovering some being in the crowd purer and holier than the rest—some kindred spirit—some sympathizing soul! A look—a word—a pressure of the hand will sometimes give tone to the story of life.

Clotilde La Roche and Arthur Morville had met when

"Life seemed bathed in Hope's romantic hues."

She was but seventeen, and he twenty-two. But a few months passed, and the ocean divided them. He was the son of a bankrupt merchant utterly penniless and prospectless, and thus when an opportunity presented of a voyage to China, as the agent of an extensive commercial house, he was compelled by the force of circumstances to embrace it, even at the risk of an absence of five years. Thus they parted. "He never told his love" in words, but the heart must be cold and insensible that requires such formal interpretation. The spirit of a noble mind was mingled with his prayers, and her image haunted his sleep—the brightest, sunniest angel of his dreams. And he was not forgotten. She did not strive to forget, and if the effort had been made it would have been a vain one.

Two years had now gone by, and Arthur was yet abroad. Foolish and timid as they were, no correspondence had been agreed upon, and he unconscious of the interest he had excited, was afraid to write. He was poor—little better than a beggar—when he left his kindred and his home. He had no claim upon one so beautiful and lovely, and the pen was dashed to the earth in despair whenever he ventured a letter.

But the offer of Pierre Martien! It revived the early dream "in the bosom of Clotilde fully and vividly. Yet her sister was dying! She saw her fading every hour. The delay of a single week might prove fatal. God of the orphan, advise and counsel her in this her hour of trial.

She sent for the friend of her father and told him all. If he would take her for his wife under these circumstances, she would freely accord his consent. Nay, she believed his motives to be generous and noble, and she honored him therefor.

More touched than ever—seeing the evident sacrifice she was about to make as a tribute of duty and her love for her sister—the old man hesitated. Again he meditated upon the subject, questioned his own heart closely, and endeavored to penetrate his motives.

It was finally agreed that they should immediately sail for France—that the engagement should be announced before their departure—and the marriage should take place immediately after their arrival.

But why prolong the story? The God of the orphan watched over and protected the sweet sisters. The voyage was pleasant beyond their most sanguine expectations. Amy gained health and strength with every favoring breeze, and when they landed at Havre her eyes again sparkled with the fire of youth and joy, and her cheeks glowed with hues of beauty. Clotilde, too, seemed more lovely than ever, the sea-air had greatly improved her. Her spirits mounted—her soul again rejoiced—and even the apprehension which occasionally crept into her breast, in connection with the coming marriage, gave less anxiety than she could have believed a few weeks before.

They landed on a bright summer morning. The arrival of a foreign ship had collected a group around the place of debarkation. Among them were several Americans—they could have been singled out in a world of foreigners. And see! whose form it is that pressing forward so eagerly! It is—it is—much changed—but not enough to escape the quick eyes of youth and the mind of love-fraught memory. Yes, Arthur Morville rushes forward—the wanderer from the far East! What a meeting! How joyous—how unexpected! Even the presence of strangers is forgotten. Eyes sparkle—cheeks glow—breasts heave—and hearts respond. The old man looks on, first in surprise, and then with a quiet benevolent smile mellowing his features, ad-

vancing to Clotilde he whispers, "Be not abashed—your joy is my joy—and all will yet be well."

A few weeks thereafter and Clotilde La Roche became the wife of Arthur Morville. Pierre Martien gave the bride away, at the same time publicly recognizing the young couple and the beautiful Amy as his adopted children!

Heaven, say we, soften the pillow and hallow the dreams of the friend of the fatherless!

### WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I have speculated a great deal upon Matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married—as the world says—well.—Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come, and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away, and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobscured into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now forbidden tenderness; and how thrillingly the allowed kiss, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joys, and how gladly will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, and with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom. I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form, as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowing beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly from her brow, and her girlish graces ripening into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and her first won her, and her fair children are growing about them, and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feeling touched by loveliness that fears nothing of itself, and if ever I yield to darker feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I will not minutely now. I allude to it only because I trust my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who daily move across my path; and I would whisper to them, as they glide by joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above, is not peculiar.—It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many, oh! many an hour will she sit with her rich jewelry loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them too, and goes on for a while unobserved. The evening is not too long while they talk of plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is a pleasant and delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence and detected symptoms of weariness: and the husband, first, in manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were wont to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There will come long hours of unhappy restlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affections, till, by and by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon the hollow world for the support which one who was their lover and friend could not give them!

Heed this, ye who are winning by your innocent beauty the affections of high-minded and thinking beings. Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart with whom he has had even a fellowship of mind, the society of his contemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship; and frequently, in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the "voice of the charmer." It will bewilder him at first; but it will not long. And then, think you that an idle, blandishment will chain the mind that has been used for years, to an equal communion? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the animating thoughts of men, and the search into the mysteries of knowledge? Oh, no, lady! believe me, no!—Trust not your influence to such light fetters. Credit not the old-fashioned absurdity, that woman's is a secondary lot, ministering to the necessities of her lord and master. It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours, I would not put wisdom of mind against God's allotment. I would charge you to water the dying bud, and give it a healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun; and then you may hope that, when your life is bound with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall prevail every earthly interest.