



THE LABORER.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast ere wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a Man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the Great Plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee!
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No,—uncurbed passions—low desires—
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked:

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou!
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God unequal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: 'tis but dust!
Nor place: uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy trust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up then—that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

From the Boston Herald.

Father Mathew's Blessing.

After having administered the pledge, Father Mathew is accustomed to bless those who receive it. This blessing seems to be prized by his countrymen as the main virtue which enables them to keep it—it is as follows:

"May God bless you, and grant you grace to keep the pledge. May God grant you peace and prosperity here, and eternal happiness hereafter."

"Come on, my friends! Come kneel down!"

This he is accustomed to say previous to giving the pledge. He says this in a bland, and almost irresistible tone, which few of his countrymen who hear it pretend to resist. It has a magic about it, which, when coupled with his name and the love borne him by the Irish people, accounts, in a great measure, for his wonderful success.

"There is no slavery," says the Rev. Father, to a squad upon their knees, "like that of strong drink, and you should do all you can to rescue your fellow-man, the drunkard, who is a curse to society, and a curse to himself."

"I have no object, my friends, but your happiness; happiness without alloy will be yours in becoming a total abstinence man."

"I entered the public schools of this city on examination day, and was proud when I recognized the name of an Irishman's son; there was the best blood of Ireland there. Oppressed by poverty and obscured by ignorance, all the blessings of this great and glorious country are within reach, and well may I say unto you who are oppressed by the yoke of intemperance, that the burden of temperance is light. Which of you can flee from the wrath to come? why will you die! Taste, handle not the cup. Now is the accepted time. I can't be long with you, I took a long voyage to see you, all for your own benefits; to enable you to prosper in the world; to enable you to become great men in the land. I despise the man who keeps his children from school. The world must be onward! onward! Don't expose yourself to temptation. I don't care anything about the rum sellers; 'tis you who keep them thriving; stop drinking and they will stop selling."

"The Irish people, during the famine, consumed more liquor than would pay to supply the whole people of Ireland with food. They were the murderers of those who fell by the famine, and the Almighty will demand the lives of the people at their hands."

"Come, my friends, take the pledge for the sake of your children; you will lay the foundation of your own prosperity, and I promise you, you will never regret it! The wheel of fortune is always going round, and the poorest may rise to the top if he is sober, but it leaves the drunkard in the rum-shop, and passes him by."

"Such were the remarks of Father Mathew, while administering the pledge."

Punch says there is no man, however high, but who is jealous of some one; and there is no man, however low, but who has some one who is jealous of him!

A CRUEL STRATAGEM.

Did you ever hear of "Old Smith," that used to live away down east, during the early settlement of the country now called Maine? Old Smith had lost several relations by the hands of the Indians, and had vowed eternal enmity to the whole race. He had been twice taken by the savage tribes, but contrived to escape from them, and had killed several of their number. He sought every opportunity to do them harm in any way. By this course he had become exceedingly obnoxious to the red men, that they would not even kill him if they could, but were almost constantly on the watch to take him alive, for the purpose of satisfying their revenge by the infliction of the utmost torture that barbarity could invent. Smith was aware of this disposition of the savages, and was less afraid of their bullets. It was reported that Smith was at one time engaged in splitting some pine logs for fence rails, and in the ardor of his employment he had neglected his 'look out' till six Indians came upon him with a yell of exultation. The chief of the party, whose name was Wahsoos, seized him by the arms, exclaiming—

"Now Smit! now Smit! me got you." Smith saw it would be vain to resist, and assuming an air of composure, thus addressed his captor—

"Now, Wahsoos, I will tell you what I will do; if you will now help me to split open this log, I will then go with you without any resistance; otherwise I will not walk a step, and you will have to carry or kill me."

The Indians, now having him safe in their possession, and willing to save themselves trouble, agreed to help split the log if he would show them how.—Smith had already opened one end of the log with a large wooden wedge, and renewing his blows on the wedge with a beetle, he directed them to take hold of the separated parts of the log, three on each side, and pull with all their might, while he should drive in the wedge. The red men were not without suspicions, but kept their eyes on Smith's motions, while they pulled at the sundered parts of the log. Every blow of Smith opened the crevice wider, which enabled the Indians to renew their holds by inserting their fingers deeper into the crevice, when Smith, slightly changing the direction of the beetle, struck on the side of the wedge, knocking it out of the log, which, closing with great force, caught every foe by the hands, save one, who seeing the predicament of his companions, took to his heels, but was quickly brought down by Smith's long barreled gun, which he had kept near him. The other five expected no mercy, and were not disappointed. Five blows from Mr. Smith's axe silenced their death song.

A year or more after this affair, Smith was returning one evening from an excursion, and, passing near a bend of the Androscoggin river, about a mile above the falls, on which the Lewistown Mills are now located; it was nearly dark, and he discovered an Indian, making a fire on a rock by the river bank. Smith saw through the business at once; the fire was for a beacon to guide the landing of a strong party. With unerring aim, he shot the lone savage, who pitched into the water, and Smith quietly threw the fire and brands after him, and then proceeded down to the falls, and there he soon kindled another fire on a projected rock; and then retiring up the river bank a small distance, awaited the result. He soon heard the songs of a company of warriors, who had then discovered the fire, and were steadily paddling towards it in high glee. Smith could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, as they neared the fatal beacon. The songs were suspended by surprise, at the rapid motion of their canoes, and the hoarse roar of the falls revealed too late, the dreadful truth. A brief death-song uttered in savage wails, and the cries of several squaws and papooses, were all that preceded their last and dreadful plunge over the perpendicular falls.

Thy brother is in the ditch. Pass him not by. Give him thy hand and raise him up. Temptation was too powerful for him; he yielded and has fallen. Pity him; say not a reproachful word; use kind words and thou wilt restore him to virtue again. Scores of the tempted and fallen have thus been saved. The path to heaven is thronged with holy spirits, who were once in the mire and dirt. Kindness saved them.

CHANGE FOR AN INFERENCE.—A little boy of four or five years, was much vexed with his grandmother for boxing his ears; but not daring to 'saucy' the old lady directly, he took up his favorite cat, and stroking her back thus addressed her:—"Well, pussy, I wish one of us three was dead—and it *aint* you, pussy, and it *aint* me, pussy."

The Marriage Altar.

Judge Charlton, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association, at Augusta, Georgia, thus sketches the marriage scene:

I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me now sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar; a lovely female clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him, to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if ye dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting, the heroic devotion, which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and a noble heart. Oh, woe to him that deceives her! Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her wing shall the eagle flap,
O'er the false hearted,
His life blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere his life be parted:

Shame and dishonor sit
On his grave ever;
Blessings shall hallow it,
Never! oh, never!

We have all read the story of the husband, who, in a moment of hasty wrath said to her who but a few months before had united her fate to his—"If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and your happiness."—"And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you—I covet it not." "Alas!" she answered, "I thought not of my wealth, I spoke of my maiden affections—of my buoyant hope—of my devoted love; can you give these back to me?" "No," said the man, throwing himself at her feet, "No, I cannot restore these,—but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and unstained. I will cherish them through my life, and in my death, and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cheer her who gave up to me all she held most dear." Did I not tell you that there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word?—See it here! the mild and gentle reproof of love winning from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fierce battles would be unfought—how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!

Elegant Extract.

There is an even-tide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays, when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being—and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring—or the warm temperament of your summer, there is a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you may soon undergo.

It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation—it summons you to these hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadow valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to those green pastures and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

How to Ruin a Son.

1. Let him have his own way.
2. Allow him the free use of money.
3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath.
4. Give him full access to wicked companions.
5. Call him to no account of his evenings.
6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pursue either of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined child! Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to the grave.

Loungers.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the first booksellers in Philadelphia; his store was in Market street, north side, nearly midway between Front and Second streets, and his printing office on the same lot, but fronting on Pewplatter alley.

One morning, while Franklin was busy in preparing his newspaper for the press, a loungee stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, &c., and finally taking one in hand, asked the shop-boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar!" said the loungee, "can't you take less than that?"

"No indeed—one dollar is the price."

Another hour had now nearly passed, when the loungee asked: "Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the loungee.

The shop-boy immediately informed Franklin that some one was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter? why your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than, than to have been called out of the office."

The loungee seemed surprised—and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said—"come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! why you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The loungee paid down the price, and went about his business, if he had any, and Franklin returned into the printing office.

If any storekeepers are the better for the custom of loungees, especially such of them as chew tobacco and smoke cigars in the store, they are respectfully requested to publish the secret for the benefit of country merchants generally.

The Rose.

I see all flowers round about me here fading and dying, and yet I alone am ever termed the fading away, the easily-perishing Rose. Ungrateful men! do I not make my short existence pleasant enough to you? Do I not in truth, after my death even, prepare for you a sepulchre of sweet odors, medicines and ointments full of refreshing and strengthening qualities! And notwithstanding this I hear you even singing and saying, "Ah! how fading; how easily perishing is the rose!"

Thus lamented the Queen of Flowers upon her throne, perchance already in the first perception of her declining beauty. A maiden, standing before, overheard her and said, "Be not angry with us, sweet pretty one! Call not ingratitude, that which is a higher love, the wish of a fond inclination—we see all flowers around us die, and we consider such the destiny of flowers, but these, thee alone, do we wish and hold worthy of immortality. If we find ourselves disappointed in our desires, yet leave to us the lamentation by which, in thee, we bewail our destiny—all the beauty, youth, and joy of our life we compare to thee, and as they, like thyself whither away, so do we sing and say, "Ah! how fading, how easy to fall to pieces is the Rose!"—*Paraphrasien of Herder.*

A Gentleman.

Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years have deprived of charms—show me the man who is as willing to help the deformed who stand in need of help as if the blush of Helen mantled on her cheek—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village than at the elegant and well dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gybe, who shuns as blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns as he would a coward the ridiculer of woman's foibles, or the exposor of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman in any condition or class—and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me a better, you show me a true Christian.

Dow Jr. on California.

We make the following extract from one of Dow Jr.'s Patent Sermons, recently published. It contains truths worthy of consideration at this time:

My Hearers—I know very well what you imagine will procure to you bliss by the highhead; it is that wretched, filthy stuff called money! This it is keeps your souls in a flutter, and sets you jumping like a lot of chained monkeys at the sight of a string of fresh fish.—You think if you only possessed a certain heap of the lucre, you would lie off in lavender—make mouths at care—say, How are you? to sorrow—laugh at time and feel as happy as an oyster in June. O, yes! if you only had enough of the trash, I admit you might feel satisfied and of course contented; but in such cases, more, (according to Daboll and the devil), the last more requires most; most wants more yet, and so on, to the end of everlasting; there is no such thing as enough in worldly riches. As well might the sow be supposed to get enough of wallowing in the mire, as for a mortal to be satisfied with rolling in the carrion of wealth. So false are your ideas on the means to obtain happiness; that you would, if you could, coax angels from the skies to rob them of the jewels in their diadems. I haven't the least doubt of it.

My dear friends—I will tell you how to enjoy as much bliss as heaven can afford to humans. Be contented with what you have no matter how poor it is, till you have an opportunity to get something better. Be thankful for every crumb that falls from the table of Providence, and live in the constant expectation of having the luck to pitch upon a whole loaf. Have patience to put up with present troubles, and console yourselves with the idea that your situations are paradises compared to others.—When you have enough to eat to satisfy hunger—enough to drink to quench thirst; enough to wear to keep you decent and comfortable, just enough of what is vulgarly called "tin" to procure you a few luxuries; when you owe no one, and no one owes you, not even a grudge—then if you are not happy, all the gold in the universe cannot make you so.

A man much wiser than I once said, give me neither poverty nor riches; and I look upon him as the greatest philosopher that the world ever produced. All he wanted was a contented mind, sufficient bread and cheese, and a clean shirt. Take the pattern after him, O ye discontented mortals who vainly imagine that bliss alone is to be found in the places of wealth and opulence.

My hearers—if you consider all creation too poor to afford a pennyworth of pure blessedness, you must pray to become reconciled by its poverty. Grease your prayers with faith, and send them up in earnestness; hot from the soul's oven. This manufacturing cold petitions with the lips, while the heart continually cries Gammon, is of no more use than talking Choctaw to a Chinese. Heaven understands no such gibberish, it knows only the pure simple language of the spirit—the soul's vernacular. So when you pray do it in as simple a manner as possible but with red hot earnestness, and your soul will find rest wherever you are—whether nibbling at a crust in poverty hollow, or half starving in California, while endeavoring to transmogrify a bag of gold into an Indian-pudding. So mote it be.

SOUTHERN CHOLERA ANECDOTE.—The Richmond Republican, in commenting upon the cholera, remarks that at least five blacks die to one white, on account of their having less control of their appetites, in addition to their belief that 'a man's time is fixed.' It relates the following anecdote:—

What is amusing even in so serious a matter as an attack of the cholera, is the uniform pertinacity with which its colored subjects will deny to their medical attendants that they have eaten any thing which could make them sick. An eminent physician of our city informed us that on being called to a negro suddenly attacked with cholera; he asked him whether he had been eating fruit or vegetables. "Oh, no, sir," was the reply, "nothing of the kind." "What, have you ate no apples or cherries?" "No, no," said the negro, "I never eats 'em any time of the year." "Well, I believe you have," said the Doctor, "and I'll prove it is a short time." The Physician administered a vomit, the result of which was the ejection of about a quart of apples, stems, seeds and all. "Well," said the doctor, "I thought you told me you had not been eating apples. Look at those. Are they not apples?" "They does look like 'em, sir," "Are they not apples?" "Yes, sir, they are, that's a fact." "Well, how did they get into you, if you did not eat them?" "Please God, massa, I don't know, but I never eat anything of the kind." The conclusion to which our medical friend came was that 'the only

way to get the truth out of a negro is to vomit it out of him,' and even then he won't own it."

A Georgia Wedding.

The preacher was prevented from taking his part in the ceremony, and a newly created Justice of the Peace, who chanced to be present, was called upon to officiate in his place. The good man's knees began to tremble, for he had never tied the knot, and did not know where to begin. He had no 'Georgia Justice,' or any other book from which to read the marriage service. The company was arranged in a semi-circle, each one bearing a tallow candle. He thought over everything he had ever learned, even to

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
but all in vain, he could recollect nothing that suited the occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation he began—

"Know all men by these presents, that I—here he paused, and looked up to the ceiling, while an audible voice in a corner of the room was heard to say:

"He is drawing a deed to a tract of land," and they all laughed.

"In the name of God, amen!" he began again, only to hear another voice in a loud whisper say:

"He's making his will; I thought he could not live long; he looks so powerful bad."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

"I pray," was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked:

"He is not dead but slepeath."

"Oh yes! Oh yes!" continued the Squire.

A voice replied: "Oh no! Oh no! don't let's."

Some persons out doors sung out: "Come into court!" and the laughter was general.

The bride was near fainting, and the Squire was not far from it; being an indefatigable man, however, he began again:

"To all and singular, the sherr—"

Lets run; he's going to level on us, said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of the Squire. He ordered the bride end groom to hold up their hands and in a solemn voice said:

"You, and each of you, do solemnly swear, in the presence of the present company that you will perform towards each other, all, and singular, the functions of husband and wife as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge, and ability, so help you God."

"Good as wheat," exclaimed the father of the bride.—*Stanford Advocate.*

WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR.—I can conceive of no reason why he should but of ten reasons why he should not:

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would as soon steal as swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether too much for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a gentle man—well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a clodhopper.

5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."—Pope.

7. It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at which it is aimed.

8. It is venomous, showing a man's heart to be a nest of viper's and every time he swears one of them sticks out of his head.

9. It is contemptible, forgetting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked, violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold them guiltless that take his name in vain.

TOO MUCH FOR THE GENERAL.—The Mobile Tribune tells the following story of Jimmy Mahar, who has been so long the gardener at the Presidential House, Washington.

Gen. Jackson had heard rumors that Jimmy was accustomed to get drunk and be unclean to the visitors of the White House; so one bright morning he summoned him into his presence to receive his dismissal.

"Jimmy," said the General, "I hear bad stories about you. It is said you are constantly drunk and unclean to the visitors."

Jimmy was puzzled for a reply, at last he said:

"General, bedad, I hear much worse stories about you, but do I believe them? No, by the powers; I know they are lies."