



WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet again; how sweet the word—
How soothing is its sound!
Like strains of far-off music heard
On some enchanted ground.

We'll meet again; thus friendship speaks,
When those most dear depart,
And in the pleasing prospect seeks
A balm for the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again, the lover cries;
And oh, what thought but this,
Can e'er assuage the agonies
Of the last parting kiss?

We'll meet again, accents heard
Beside the dying bed,
When all the soul by grief is stirred,
And bitter tears are shed.

We'll meet again, are words that cheer
While bending o'er the tomb,
For oh! that hope, so bright and dear,
Can pierce its deepest gloom.

We'll meet again; then cease to weep,
Whatever may divide;
Not time nor death can always keep
The loved ones from our side.

For in the mansion of the blest,
Secure from care and pain,
In Heaven's serene and peaceful rest
We'll surely meet again.

Short Patent Sermon—Take Warning.

BY DOW, JR.
TEXT.—The summer flowers that fade and fall,
Send forth a warning voice to all,
"Prepare, prepare to die!"

My Hearers: Are you prepared to die? I don't intend to kill you, but I merely ask the question—'are you prepared to die?' Are your baggages ready?—have you packed up such necessary articles as faith, hope and heavenly love, in case you are called to depart to-day? No—when you see Death's black wagon standing at the door of your neighbor, you don't feel as if you would like to take a gratuitous ride to the charnal-yard, notwithstanding many a loved one and intimate friend may have been borne thither. As we stand upon the high promontory of Time and take a glance at the unbounded, dark and mysterious ocean of eternity, the soul shrieks with fear, and seems to secrete itself somewhere between the heart and the liver, like a timid child endeavoring to hide in the folds of its mother's frock. We see no vessel, not even a clam smack, upon this un navigated ocean. Not a living object is to be seen, save a few sea-birds that scream as they flap lazily along the coast where are strewn the bones of millions of the human race. Our ancestors are buried in the bosom of this mighty and most mysterious of seas—the waves of ages roll over them as seconds dribble by us miserable mortals of earth; but whether they rove supremely blest amid coral bowers, or are stuck fast in the mud and tormented by sea-devils, is more than I am able to tell. As I have said, we stand upon an elevated bluff of this eternal aqueous expanse, and find it so bedimmed with dread mystery, that we involuntarily scratch our heads, turn our backs, and with a kind of I-don't-care-about-venturing-look hasten to get away as far as possible.

My friends: you can't bear the thought of dying when you are young, and so you make no preparations for the awful event. Your buds of joy, so daily expanded beneath the warm sun of hope, you long to see blooming in full brightness and bliss, at some future day. When arrived at the age of maturity, your affections are too strongly rooted in this terrestrial soil to be easily transplanted to a foreign sphere; and your souls are so firmly fastened to earth with silver solder, that it is difficult to detach them as it is to loosen the love of a young or old bachelor for a beautiful heiress possessed of fifty thousand dollar charms. When you are old, and have laid up a superfluity of filthy and yet lovely lucre, you don't feel as if you were prepared to die, any more than a lousy calf by the hand of the butcher. Although you have little or nothing to live or hope for in the world, still you don't like the idea of leaving that which you cannot longer use and enjoy yourselves, to be scattered among a ravenous multitude.

This shows the natural weakness of age and the foolishness of man. When I come to die, I am perfectly well satisfied that I shan't care a counterfeit copper whether what I leave behind is left undisturbed by posterity, or whether nations go to battle for my boots and breeches.

My dear hearers: it is hard for you to think of bidding farewell to the world at any season of the year. In spring you want to live to enjoy its soul awakening sensations and pleasing associations—for there is a newness and a fragrance in the atmosphere that smells precisely as though the Omnipotent were just gathering fresh materials with which to manufacture another creation. You desire to live, then, for the sake of new laid eggs, early radishes, and the first dish of green peas.—It is very unpleasant and inconvenient to die in the bloom of summer, surrounded by

new potatoes, cucumbers, melons, peaches and green corn. You don't want to be cut down with the harvest, nor drop with the fruit that falls in autumn; and you don't care about leaving in winter, so long as you have a comfortable home, a warm fire, and enough to eat. The truth is, let death come when it may, you will all wish to put it off till a more convenient season, 'as you do paying your printers' and tailors' bills.

Now, my friends, as you behold how the summer flowers are beginning to fade, and how their cradles are being converted into sepulchres, you cannot but be reminded that you too will soon wilt and wither, and be trodden under foot by posterity with the same unconcern as you now tread upon the dust of decayed vegetables. You, young ladies, who are now blooming like roses in midsummer! bear in mind that your superficial charms must soon be blighted, your sparkling eyes lose their lustre, your alabaster brows be tinged with an autumnal yellowness. Then you may paint and patch as much as you please, but you will find it impossible to conceal the sad changes that time has wrought upon your features; and you may scent your persons with the sweetest perfume, but they will no more compare with the rich fragrance that youth and beauty emit, than the atmosphere which surrounds a wounded skunk can equal the odor of an orange-grove. Young men! you have emblematized evidences that your autumn is near. 'Go it while you're young,' but don't neglect to prepare in time for that season of life when the fountains of pleasure which now squirt with a looseness, are become dried for ever—when you can no longer 'go it' as you were wont in your youthful days—and when your only hope of a renovation of decayed joys is placed beyond the tomb. Get married, by all means, if you wish, at least, to be comfortable when those dull, autumnal days shall come upon you. I love to see two hearts approximate and adhere—two souls meet and mingle into one. It is an interesting sight to me, and whispers of purity, love, harmony, happiness and perpetual peace.

My worthy friends: I know that many of you are not fit to die, from the fact that you are not fit to live; but, if you will purge your hearts of even one tittle of their accumulated abominations and show by your conduct that you are worthy of a being, and are partially prepared for death. I will gladly go to the expense of letting off a hundred loud hallelujahs, and a half dozen heavy hosannahs, for sake of variety. So mote it be.

PEACE CONGRESS.

Victor Hugo's address to the Peace Congress which assembled not long since in Paris, and of which he was President, has been commended very generally as a master-piece of eloquence.—The commendation seems to be deserved. It is a grand and beautiful picture which he draws of the expected result of civilization in its harmonizing and assimilating influences upon nations.—Looking back over the history of Christendom for the last eighteen hundred years, one might conclude that the progress of peaceful tendencies had not been very encouraging, and that the efforts of those and such as those who assembled in Congress in Paris, were directed in pursuit of an illusive vision. Nevertheless the views and conclusions presented in the following extract from Victor Hugo's address are not without an impressive interest:

Gentlemen, if four centuries ago, at the period when war was made by one district against the other, between cities, and between provinces—if I say, some one had dared to predict to Lorraine, to Provence, to Dauphiny, "a day shall come when you will no longer arm men, one against the other—a day shall come when it shall not be said that the Normans are attacking the Picardians, or the people of Lorraine are repulsing the Burgundians; you will still have many disputes to settle, interests to contend for, difficulties to resolve; but do you know whom you will select instead of armed men, instead of cavalry and infantry, of canon, falnets, lances, pikes, swords? You will select instead of this destructive array, a small box of wood, which you will term a ballot-box, and from which shall issue—what? An Assembly—an assembly in which you shall all live—an assembly which shall be, as it were, the soul of all—a supreme and popular Council, which shall decide, judge, resolve everything—which shall make the sword fall from every hand, and excite the love of justice in every heart—which shall say to each, "Here terminates your right, there commences your duty. Lay down your arms!" (Great applause.) And in that day you will all have one common thought, common interests, a common

destiny; you will embrace each other, and recognize each other as children of the same blood, and of the same race; that day you shall no longer be hostile tribes—you will be a people; you will no longer be merely Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, Provence—you will be France.—(Bravo.) You will no longer make appeals to war—you will do so to civilization"—(Great applause.)—if, at the period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men of a serious and positive character, all prudent and cautious men, all the great politicians of the period, would have cried out, "What a dreamer! what a fantastic dream! How little this pretended prophet is acquainted with the human heart! What ridiculous folly! what absurdity!" Yet, gentlemen, time has gone on, and we find that this dream, this folly, this absurdity, has been realized! (Bravo!) And I insist upon this, that the man who would have dared to utter so sublime a prophecy would have been pronounced a madman for having dared to pry into the designs of the Deity. (Bravo!) Well then, you at this moment say—and I say it with you—we who are assembled here say to France, to England, to Prussia, to Austria, to Spain, to Italy, to Russia—we say to them "a day will come when from your hands also the arms they have grasped shall fall. A day will come when war shall appear as impossible, and will be impossible, between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, between Vienna and Turin, as it is now between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia. (Applause.) A day will come when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you, nations of the continent, shall, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and shall constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battlefield shall be the market open to commerce, and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and shells shall be replaced by votes—as the universal suffrage of nations—by the venerable arbitration of a great sovereign senate, which shall be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. (Applause.) A day will come when cannon shall be exhibited in the public museums just as an instrument of torture is now, (laughter and applause,) and people shall be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when those two immense groups—the United States of America and the United States of Europe—shall be placed in presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the Ocean, exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, meliorating creation under the eyes of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible powers—the fraternity of men, and the power of God. (Applause.)

VIRTUE.—We copy the following brief but beautiful passage from the Albany Citizen:

"The creations of the sculptor may mould into dust; the wealth of the bard may wither—thrones of conquerors may be shivered by an opposition power into atoms; the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope may be disappointed, but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace—virtue—shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of heaven, and reflected down to earth."

FAT FELLOWS.—We like fat people—good, jolly, laughing, broad-visaged, honest, fat people. We love fat women—fat boys—fat babies—fat purposes—a fat list of subscribers—a fat job, and fat advertisers—fat everything. Fatness is a big sign of big health. Fat men are never treacherous—fat women are not sharp tongued—fat boys are not mischievous—fat babies are always good—in fine fat people are the kindest, and therefore, the most popular. Commend us to fat people.

LOGICAL ILLUSTRATION.—A layman in Providence who occasionally exerted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in the existence of Deity:

"Brethren, I am just as certain that there is a Supreme Being, as I am certain that there is flour in Alexandria; and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of 300 barrels fresh superfine, which I sell as low as any other person in town.

Punch's Charge to the Jury.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:—You are sworn, in all cases, to decide according to the evidence; at the same time, if you have any doubt, you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it. Suppose you have to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of a gentleman accused of felony; you will naturally doubt whether any gentleman would commit such offences; accordingly, however strong may be the testimony against him, you will, perhaps, acquit him. The evidence of your own senses is, at least, as creditable as that of the witnesses; if, therefore, your eyesight convinces you that the prisoner is a well dressed person, you have a right to presume his respectability; and it is for you to say whether a respectable person would be likely to be guilty of the crime imputed to him. In like manner, when you see a shabby looking fellow in the dock charged, for example, with sheep stealing, the decision rests with you, first, whether or not that individual is a ragamuffin, and, secondly, how far is it to be supposed that a man of that description would steal a sheep.—Of course, as has been before said, you will always be guided by the evidence; but then, whether the matter is trustworthy or not, is a matter for your private consideration. You may believe it if you choose, or you may disbelieve it; and whether, gentlemen of the jury, you believe or disbelieve, will depend on the constitution of your minds. If your minds are so constituted that you wish to find the prisoner guilty, why then, very likely, you will disbelieve it. You are to free your minds from all passion and prejudice, if you can, and in that case, your judgment will be unbiassed; but if you cannot, you will return a verdict accordingly. It is not, strictly speaking, for you to consider what will be the effect of your verdict; but if such a consideration should occur to you, and you cannot help attending to it, that verdict will be influenced by it to a certain extent. You are probably aware that when you retire, you will be locked up until you contrive to agree. You may arrive at unanimity by fair discussion, or by some of you starving out the others, or by tossing up; and your conclusion, by whichever of these processes arrived at, with more or less in accordance with your oaths. Your verdict may be right; it is to be hoped it will; it may be wrong; it is to be hoped it will not. At all events, gentlemen of the jury, you will come to some conclusion or other, unless it should happen that you separate without coming to any.

The Turn in Life.

From forty to sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in the prime of life. His mature strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given him judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are of the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence, the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout, Apoplexy, and other bad characters also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant—a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night has entirely set.—*Science of Life.*

SMELLING IT.—Some poetical genius, after being on a tight, penned the following verse:

Men brandy drink, and never think
That girls at all can tell it;
They don't suppose a woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.

An Awkward Mistake.

A farmer who had bought a calf from a butcher desired him to drive it to his farm, and place it in his stable which he accordingly did. Now, it happened that very day, that a man with a grinding organ and dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer for some time, the organ-man entered the farm house, and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging.—The farmer replied, he could give the man lodging, but he was at a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and place the bear in the stable which was done.—Now, the butcher expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night resolved to steal it ere morning; and the farmer and his guest were, in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the out-building. Both got up, and taking a lantern, entered the stable, when the farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher of whom he had bought the calf, in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him tremendously, for he could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer immediately understood the state of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstance to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft called out to the bear, "Hug him, Tommy," which the bear did in real earnest; the butcher roaring most hideously the whole time. After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off, glad to escape with his life; while the farmer and his guests returned to their beds.—*English paper.*

BAD TEMPER.—The greatest plague in life is a bad temper. It is a great waste of time to complain of other people's; and the best thing is to amend our own; and the next best quality is to learn to bear with what we meet in others. A bad temper will always tire itself out, if it find no one to resent it; and this very knowledge is worth a trifle. Irascibility is very injurious to health, and so, in fact, is every morbid indulgence of our inferior nature. Low spirits, melancholy, diffidence, disinclination for ordinary duties, discontent, fretfulness, even down to mental lassitude, indolence or despair—are very inimical to enjoyment in life, and every possible effort should be made to cast them all to the winds and look unblushingly into the truth of the fact. It is astonishing what a little reflection will do. The fears are mostly imaginary, and with one dash of resolution may all be overcome.

So We Go!—The American Mechanic [Poughkeepsie,] justly remarks: A man grows at paying a shilling for a loaf of bread, thinking he ought to get it for eleven pence, and the same evening takes his family to witness the feats of a magician, for the purpose of being humbugged, knowing they will be humbugged, and willingly pay a dollar for the privilege! Another is too poor to pay a dollar for a newspaper, but can spend two shillings every night at the tavern, and not miss it. Another is too poor to pay a few dollars but can attend all the concerts and negro performances that come along. Another wants a mechanic to work for nine and sixpence a day, when he demands ten shillings, and watches him to see that he labors faithfully, and the next day hires a horse and wagon, at the expense of two dollars, to travel ten miles to see a horse race. Another "beats down" an old woman a penny on a bunch of radishes, and before getting home spends two shillings in treating his friends.

Mr. W. Buchanan, a minister of the Scotch kirk, having had a difference with the editor of a Kilmarnock journal, who stated that the Reverend gentleman had threatened, *only for his coat*, to horsewhip him (the editor), his reverence has written in reference to that statement—"My friends know tolerably well that my coat never gives me the least concern when I have anything which I think my duty on hand. What I consider proper or likely to be useful I should do in my coat, out of my coat, and in spite of my coat; and if the supposition had ever crossed my mind that a horsewhip would have mended the morals of this incorrigible fellow, he should have had it until every bone in his body roared for mercy."

TO SAVE TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants and administer to them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

Improving Church Music.

A correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, writing from Bramfield, Ct., tells the following 'good one'—By the way, a good story may be told of our chorister's attempt at improving the psalmody as well as the music of our church. He set some music of his own to one of the Psalms of Watts, a very familiar Psalm, in which occur these lines:

"Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."
Calling on his pastor, who has more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He suggested to read them as follows:

"Oh, may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."
The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face, but maintaining his gravity as well as he could, he said that he thought that he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so, and the pastor taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of the innocent parishioner, these lines:

"O, may my heart go diddle, diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."
The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired, and I guess he will sing the psalm as it stands.

CONJUGATION AND AGREEMENT.—In a lesson in parsing the sentence, "Man courting in capacity of bliss," &c., the word "courting," comes to a pert young miss of fourteen to parse. She commences hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But the teacher said,—"Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed and held down her head.

"Ellen, don't you know what that agrees with?"
"Ye—ye—yes, sir!"
"Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?" Blushing still more and stammering, Ellen says—
"It—a—agrees with all the girls, sir!"

DIGNITY.—Some men are dignified—very. But what is dignity? It is not to feel yourself superior to your neighbor and seldom condescend to speak to him. It is not to wear a sober face and think it betrays a weak mind to laugh. True dignity consists in treating all men with respect; in receiving and returning favors—no matter from whom received or to whom returned—the rich and accomplished, the poor and illiterate—we love real dignity, wherever we find it. Generally it is often banished from those whose actions it ought to govern.

GREAT YIELD OF CORN.—The Marion Messenger of a late date says:—"Our readers will remember that we noticed a few weeks since, a remarkably promising crop of corn grown by Col. John Smith, of Cedar Creek, Wilkinson county. Mr. S. writes us over date of the 7th inst. that he had just finished gathering his corn, and that from one acre and a quarter he had measured one hundred and fifty-eight bushels one peck and a half! The corn was measured in sealed measures, and weighed fiftysix-pounds to the bushel."

INFLUENCE OF A PRAYING YOUTH.—The Rev. John Angell James, of Manchester, England, has publicly stated, that all his usefulness in the ministry and in the church of God may be traced to "the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with him, bending his knees in prayer, on retiring to rest. Nearly fifty years have since rolled away," he says; "but that little chamber, that humble couch, that praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amid the splendors of heaven."

To the Moon.

Chaste goddess! goddess so pure that not even the blush of innocence has ever mingled with thy soft brightness, I dare invoke thee to become the confidant of my most secret sentiments. Like thee, I have no cause to blush for any feeling of my heart. But often the remembrance of the blind and unjust judgment of mankind clouds my brow, like thine too often veiled. Like unto thee, the errors and miseries of this world inspires my reveries. But happier than I, oh, citizen of the skies! thou always preservest thy serenity; the tempest and the storms which rise from this our globe, glide over thy ever peaceful disc. Oh, goddess! thou who smilest on my melancholly, pour into my soul thy cold tranquility.—*Chateaubriand.*