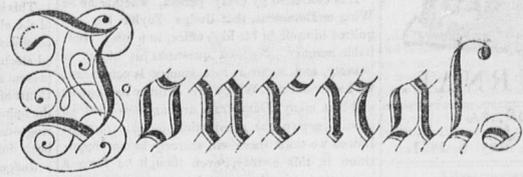




Huntingdon



VOLUME XVI.

HUNTINGDON, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1851.

NUMBER 18.

The Lonely Heart.

They tell me I am happy, and I try to think it true;
They say I have no cause to weep, my sorrows are so few;
That in the wilderness we tread, mine is a favored lot,
My petty griefs are phantasies, would I but heed them not.

It may be so; the cup of life has many a bitter draught,
And those who drink with silent lips, have smiled on while they quaffed;
It may be so; I cannot tell what others have to bear,
But sorry would I be to give another heart my share.

They bid me to a festive board, I go a smiling guest;
Their language and their revelry are torture to my breast;
They call for music, and their comes some old familiar strain;
I dash away the starting tear, and turn and smile again.

But oh! my heart is wandering back to my father's home—
Back to my sisters at their play, the meadows in their bloom,
The blackbird on the scented thorn, the murmuring of the stream—
The sounds upon the evening wind, like voices in a dream—

The watchful eyes that nevermore shall gaze upon my brow—
The smiles—Oh! cease that melody, I cannot bear it now!
And heed not when the stranger sighs, nor mark the tears that start,
There can be no companionship for loneliness of heart.

A Song of Life.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased at heat of noon
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way,
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought 't not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true,
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitor flame.
The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far and down,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death,
O gem! O fount! O work of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

The Poor Man to his Son.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid,
Look labor boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Tho' rough and swartly your hands may be;
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of the nation's tree.

There's honor in the toiling part,
That finds us in the furrowed fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart
Worth more than all your quartered shields.

Work, work, my boy, and murmur not,
The fustian garb betrays no shame;
The grim of fortune-soot leaves no shame,
And labor gilds the meanest name.

And man is never half so blest,
As when the busy day is spent,
So as to make his evening rest,
A holiday of glad content.

God grant thee but a due reward,
A garden portion fair and just,
And then ne'er think thy station hard,
But work, my boy, work, hope and trust!

Go it Boots!—A Mrs. Boots, of this State, has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume that a pair of boots are rights and lefts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots is right, but there is no mistake that Boots is left.

A HUMBLE HOME.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—Rev. James Hamilton.

AN ANTE-DILUVIAN ROMANCE.

Mortals saw without surprise,
In the mid air, angelic eyes.
LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

In those far-away times, when the Mammoth shook the ground with mighty tread, and ere the solitary dove fluttered over the waste of waters, vainly seeking rest, and finding none, there dwelt upon the earth, a fair woman, with two beautiful young daughters, whose names were Adah and Naamah. Their home nestled in the bosom of a fertile valley, where bright fountains leaped and sparkled in the undimmed sunshine—where floods of delicious roses wafted faint odors on the balmy air—where cedars frowned in towering grandeur, and the dark funeral cypress scarce revealed the azure skies between. White tents glanced on the distant plains; flocks and herds pastured there; and the moon arose in calm radiance from behind the green swelling hills—those hills from whence celestial melodies were softly heard to float—from whence favored mortals often heard strange wild echoes as of voices whispering to each other—beheld shining meteors dart—traced them dissolving away in the silvery light, bounding the clear horizon, or with mute awe, watched their downward shooting to the transparent lake, hidden amid mountain solitudes; deep, mysterious waters, on whose pure bosom reposed innumerable wan lotus-lilies, dim and dream-like flower over which angels loved to hover and disport in the holy moonlight. Gems of night; blessed and beautiful lotus lilies!

In those days, noble young damsels brought water from the pellucid fountains, and rested pleasantly in the refreshing shade beneath spreading boughs, and thither came Adah and Naamah to fill their vases. Wreaths of fresh green leaves encircled their brows; light snowy drapery, looped up, revealed the round alabaster limbs, and delicate feet, protected by richly embroidered sandals. They were twin sisters, alike, yet dissimilar. Adah, seen alone, would have been pronounced one of earth's loveliest daughters; but Naamah, a wandering angel, with paradise airs yet breathing round her the tender halo of a subdued melancholy, as if she lamented absence from her starry home.

"What meaneth that ancient woman?" whispered Adah to her sister, as they rested their water-vases on the emerald turf. "What meaneth she? I overheard her to-day in converse with our mother, beneath the cedar dome, bewailing the doomed one, and methought thy name, sweet Naamah, was murmured. Our mother smiled, and I hung myself in her dear arms, and asked the meaning of those words I had thus unwittingly given ear to. The woman of a hundred summers raised her hands as if in prayer; our mother knelt beside her, and I cared not to press my questioning."

"Would I were like thee my sister Adah!" responded Naamah with a sigh—"would I were like thee, with earthly affections garnered within my throbbing heart! Thou alone knowest—yet but in part—how I have ever felt estranged from worldly sympathies. Harken, Adah! and I will now confess that I divine the fate, and know the tale, that in thy innocent simplicity, dreamest not of. The woman of a hundred summers bewailed the doomed one, ye say? High and glorious doom!—oh! that it may be mine! Snatches of whispered communings, murmurs, wild melodies, and prophetic teachings, have revealed the mystery to me—wondrous and entralling! Thou seest our mother, how beautiful she is—how holy, pure, and noble; thou hast often marked the peculiar tenderness which floteeth as a transparent veil around her. Her mother was far more beautiful; and they say, Adah—(thou knowest I have not vanity)—that I bear perfect resemblance to our ancestress."

"Dearest Naamah!" exclaimed Adah, embracing her sister, "what human words may paint thy loveliness? Only let us cease not to remember those whose hand fashioneth the clay. But continue thy speech, for I am impatient to hear thy revelation."

Naamah sighed, as if overwhelmed with the immensity of the theme; and in a low voice obeyed her companion.

"A shining meteor—otherwise, a paradise angel—wandering over the silent earth, one starry night, folded his glittering wings, and rested beside our beloved waters, in the mountain solitudes. On the banks of the moonlit lake also roved our ancestress—pure and beautiful as the lotus-lilies. The angel encountered this fair daughter of men: loved, wooed, and would have won, but that she was previously betrothed. Her marriage was hastened by her terrified sire, to avert the curse, even said to rest on angel love for mortal woman! But, alas! Adah, an angel's kiss had been imprinted on that woman's lips—an angel's sparkling fires have flung around her, and within her soul, their unspoken, pervading essence—Invisibly, that disappointed, love-love celestial one loved about her path through life, received her parting spirit, and bore it to heaven's gate—hath ever watched our mother; and watches over us, Adah—our guardian spirit! Changeless are the sons of paradise—ever blooming, ever young: years with us, but days with them—may moments of eternity! On me, Adah—on me, this angel's regards will once again be fixed. I am doomed to be his bride! Night after night, when thou art sleeping, I wander away to the mountain solitudes, beside the lonely lake.

"I feel the fainting wings of invisible spirits—I hear their dulcet songs of bliss; and I know that angel eyes are gazing; and I weary—oh! I weary for my spirit-love to come and claim me as his own! For never, (mark me, Adah, my sister,) never shall mortal man call me bride!"

Time glided on. Adah was married to one of the young nobles of Lebanon; but in her distant, happy home, her affectionate heart yearned towards her twin-sister. Still Naamah wandered in search of her angel-lover; earthly suitors were dismissed; she turned coldly and disdainfully from them all.

It was on a night of singular beauty, even in that favored clime, that Naamah, pale and languid, rested on the banks of the haunted lake, like a slanting moonbeam, white and pure; her rich voice poured forth strains of melody, such as cannot be imagined now, on this changed earth.

Suddenly, there stood by her side a youth, apparently travel-worn, and fatigued with long journeying; his voice was deep and thrilling; his demeanor was high, courteous, and noble; while the halo of grand and pre-eminent intellectual beauty shone in his dark eyes, and illuminated his thoughtful countenance.

"Long-loved—long-sought-for—found at last!" he exclaimed, casting himself on his knees before the agitated Naamah, and pouring forth those ardent words she had so long pined to hear.

Could she doubt that her angel-lover had thus sought her side at length, not in brightness and glory, indeed, but in plain earthly guise—in pity to her weak mortal senses?

Could she not discover the ineffable perfections—the immortal essence? Could they be hidden from her? Ah! no; Naamah had not a doubt; and to her mother's dwelling she led the graceful youth, where the stranger and way-farer were sure to find a ready welcome.

The woman of a hundred summers exchanged mysterious glances with the tender mother, who silently watched the enamoured pair.

When on the same spot where he had first found her, at the same hour, the wanderer demanded of Naamah, in the trembling voice of true love, if she would leave her mother's side, and her own people, to follow him, what replied she?

"Long-loved—long-sought-for—found at last—I am thine."

To a distant, brilliant home, the beautiful Naamah was conducted by her husband. And where the precious gems of earth were sparkling—where all the unfold glories of the world shone around her, seated on a golden throne, costly incense burning, peerless flowers strewn beneath her feet, and paradise opening before her in the dark eyes whose light she lived in, Naamah learnt that to mortal love she had devoted her existence—plighted her faith. That the wandering spirit of the haunted lake, who had sought her by the lotus-lilies, was the brother of Adah's husband—Adah, who had dwelt on her sister's loveliness, until, as the youthful prince listened to her description, he yearned to behold it for himself, and set forth on his adventurous expedition, almost tempted to believe that he had discovered an angel beside the solitary mountain-lake, when personating one.

An earthly throne Naamah gained—a mortal heart's fond devotion; but there were whispers on the Lebanon to hint that she revered her earthly dreams, and cherished, with somewhat of saddened memory, the illusions of the past.

Law and Mechanics.

The Bar has long been crowded with aspirants, of every degree of calibre and qualifications. It is extremely pleasant to gaze on the hill of fame and to imagine one's self standing on its summit, admired and envied by the gazers below. How few, comparatively, realize their dreams. Years pass on without adding reputation or practice to one half of the Bar, who, in despite of manifest failure, from incompetency on their part, or from adverse causes, still persist in the vain contest—Happily, another and more judicious direction is about to be given to the public mind on this subject. The New York Mirror well remarks.

"The Bar is no longer the resort of the ambitious youth of our country. The mechanic departments are being preferred; there are now thirty young gentlemen in this city, that have received liberal educations, who are serving their 'times,' as shipwrights, architects, carpenters, &c. In a few years, the United States will have the most accomplished mechanics in the world. A new class is springing up, who will put the present race of mechanics in the shade. The union of a substantial education with mechanical skill, will effect this. Indeed, already we could name some mechanics, who are excellent mathematicians, acquainted with French and German, and able to study the Books in those languages connected with their vocations. Heretofore fond fathers were wont to educate their sons as doctors or lawyers, to insure their respectability and success.—That day is passed. Mechanics will now take the lead, and in a few years will supply the large portion of the State and Federal Government."

"I CAN."

Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, in your everything. *I can!* A brave, hearty, substantial, soulful, manly, cheering expression. There is character, force, vigor, determination, will, in it. We like it. The words have a spirit, sparkle, pungency, flavor, geniality, about them which takes one in the very right place.

I can! There is a world of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigrammatically, rammed into these few letters. Whole sermons of solid-grounded virtues. How we more than admire to hear the young man speak it out bravely, boldly, determinedly; as though it was an outreaching of his entire nature, a reflection of his inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious, of something that will battle the rice, and tumble with the world in a way that will open and brighten and mellow men's eyes.

I can! What spirit, purpose, intensity, reality,

power and praise. It is a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a firm port, an indomitable will. We never knew a man, possessed of its energy, vitality, fire, and light, that did not attain eminence of some sort. It could not be otherwise. It is in the nature, constitution, order, necessity, inevitable of events that it should be so. *I can!* rightly, truly said, and then clinched and riveted by the manly, heroic, determined deed, is the secret solution, philosophy of men's lives. They took *I can* for a motto, and went forth, and steadily made themselves and the world what they pleased.

Then young men, if you would be something besides common, dusty, prosy, wayfarer in life, just put these magic words upon your lips, and their musing, hopeful, expanding philosophy in your hearts and arms. Do it and you are made men.

The Book of Nature.

"Forth in the pleasing Spring, thy bounty walks Thy tenderness and love. Fragrant the meads, The softening air is balm, and every sense And every heart is joy."

Again we are greeted by the opening spring. The great book of Nature will soon present to our view, on landscape, hill and plain, renewed evidence of an ever present and wonder working God. At the voice of his word the fresh foliage hedges the dreary forest—the brown and frosted earth puts on her robe of green, the garden and the orchard display their varied hues, and *Life* revisits dying worms and spreads the joyful insects wing. Who can behold the beauties of Spring without emotions of delight and gratitude. Dwellers in the country, however humble may be your quiet homes, ye will not surely in the *spring* time sigh for city life. Though so often ye see the king of day descend 'neath the mountain range, ushering in the twilight, as his last faint rays faded from the hill tops, ye would not change the view for a city sun-set, where brick walls or towering masts hide all or half its beauties—ye would not change the stillness that at this hour so oft invites to thought, to prayer, to praise, for the bustle and din and ever restless rush of a crowded mart—ye would not withdraw from before your oft feasted eye, the thousand objects teeming with life, that point you ever from Nature up to Nature's God—and put in their place a mass of human forms, inanimate piles of brick and granite, shaped by man's device for human habitations. O, no—the city can give no equivalent for the beauties of the varied landscape,—the fresh mountain breeze, the rich hues and sweet odors of advancing spring.

Ye who are parents, blessed with a quiet home and daily competence, in the work of unfolding and training the infant's intellect, with how much ease can ye teach from Nature's open book when the Spring is revealing its treasures! What though your daily lot be one of toil, ever and anon there are moments of comparative leisure when the moral and mental wants of the prattlers at your side may be satisfied without the stimulus of unhealthful excitement—wish not for them the atmosphere of the city—be thankful that the lines have fallen to you and to them in pleasant places—for the restless desire to exchange country for city life has brought to many a bosom the writhing anguish of despair.

Christian parents and Christian children may seek the city to find *wide fields of usefulness*, if that be their highest motive—they may also seek it to learn the world, as they would journey well guarded, to learn by observation the geography of a strange country; but let them not seek it for increased personal enjoyment, for the hope of gain, or love of change—for they will find nothing in cities to compensate for the loss of rural scenes, and healthful pursuits; innocent pleasures and free access to the great book of Nature—to the melody of birds, and flowing streams, the silent beauty of the star-lit sky—or the sweets of undisturbed Sabbath meditation on the unseen realities of that country towards which we are ever hastening with the rapidity of Time.—N. Y. Advocate.

Wife—Mistress—Lady.

Who marries from love takes a wife; who marries for the sake of convenience takes a mistress; who marries from consideration takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and its friends, a lady for the world. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will accommodate you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, and your lady will enquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and join parties with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts. If you are dead your wife will shed tears, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning. A year after your death marries again your wife, in six months your mistress, and in six weeks, or sooner, when mourning is over, your lady.

If the Spring put forth no blossoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn no fruit—so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

It is said that Gov. Bell, of Texas, who recently quoted Shakespeare's "Winter of our discontent," is no relative of

"The church-going Bell," spoken of by Cowper in one of his poems.

Another Speech from Webster.

The following speech was delivered by the Hon. Daniel Webster, in front of the Revere House, in Boston, after the authorities of the city refused him Faneuil Hall.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF BOSTON:—You rather take me by surprise this morning—but it is a very agreeable surprise. I am as much pleased to see your cheerful and satisfied faces, as I am to see again the face of that luminary which shines out from the heavens above us; and if gentlemen, you are half as glad to see me as I am to meet you, there is at this moment a great quantity of happiness and good feeling in Bowdoin Square. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, a long and violent convulsion of the elements has passed away, and the heavens and the skies smile upon us. There is often an analogy between occurrences in the natural world, and some times political agitations pass away, bringing after them sunshine, joy and gladness. May it be so now. I greet you as citizens of Boston; I welcome you, I offer you my heart and hand with the deepest gratitude for what you and your fathers have done for me, from the days of my early manhood, when I came from the North to throw myself among you, to partake of your fortunes, for good or evil, to the end of my life. I am not vain enough to suppose, fellow-citizens that I have done any essential service to my country in my day and generation. If I have so done, however little, or however much it may be, I owe it mainly to the constant, the warm unwavering friendship and support of the people of Boston. I am bound the way of all the earth. I shall ere long follow your fathers to my last home. But while I live and breathe, while my heart beats or my tongue moves, I shall feel and I shall speak of Boston, as the cherished objects of my public, political, I may say, friendly regard.

Gentlemen, you do not expect to hear from me to-day any discourse. I come to see you, and you come to see me. It is not an occasion for the discussion of any political topics. You do not expect me to detain you from your affairs, while I rehearse any opinions of my own, or state the grounds of those opinions. But let me congratulate you, and let me ask you to congratulate me, that the events of the last year or two have placed us under better auspices. We see clearer, we breathe freer, we feel a new assurance that our political institutions, the rich blessings and inheritance which we derive from our fathers, will endure, perpetual, be immortal, if an institution of man on earth can be immortal.

Yes, fellow-citizens, the youngest of your children, the youngest of your grand children, will grow up to manhood, in the proud feeling that they are born to an inheritance of imperishable liberty in these United States of North America, and in this ancient and beloved—I say beloved, and to be always venerated, under all circumstances—beloved and venerated Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Why, fellow citizens, we need not be vain, we need not be too much self-satisfied, but after all who is there among you at this moment that would exchange his political and social condition for that which befalls the inhabitants or the resident of any other country under the wide scope of the canopy which is over us? Where would you go with satisfaction? You would stay under the institutions of your country with satisfaction; you would enjoy that political power which is so universally disseminated on popular principles, with satisfaction and gratification. For here every citizen feels he is a man. If he is one of the governed, he is also one of the governors, and he has a voice in every transaction of public policy and national concern. Let others say what they will; prefer a more royal a more despotic, or a more democratic form of government; for myself, and I believe I may speak for you, we are satisfied with our condition, as people of the United States and citizens of Massachusetts—living under a free, popular and glorious representative government, which makes us known favorably all over the world.

Gentlemen, let us despair of nothing in behalf of our country. We see it growing in prosperity. We shall see that the returning sense of the community, the great principle of love of liberty—and, we might add, and I would add with all the emphasis that I can pour out of my heart—the love of Union will keep us together. (Applause.) If I had ten thousand voices, if I could speak so as to be heard on the shores of the Pacific, if I could gather around me the whole of this vast nation, I would say fellow-citizens, UNION, UNION, UNION, now and forever! (Great cheering.)—What are all these petty distinctions, and sectional quarrels.—They are not the dust in the balance. They are not fit to inhabit the heart of a true American, for the heart of a true American embraces his whole country, and if it is not big enough for that he had better tear it out and throw it from his bosom. (Applause.) I have said gentlemen, that the little I have done, if I have done anything for good, is attributable to the support which you and your brothers and your fathers have given me here in the city of Boston, I am not ungrateful for it. As I have found you in times past I find you now, and I am sure I shall continue to find you; and let me say to you, let me entreat you this day to deliver to your children what I say—that as Boston found me thirty years ago she finds me to-day, without variation or the shadow of change—and I shall go to my grave full of gratitude which I cherish for her and her support of me in my political course thus far through life. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, I bid you an affectionate adieu.—By the blessing of God I shall see you again under circumstances, it may be, that will enable me to express somewhat at large my opinions upon the present state of things in this country.—(Cheers, and cries of 'good,' 'good.') All this, gentlemen, is in the hands of that Providence which is over us. To him I commend myself, I commend you, and I commend all the great interests of our own dearly beloved country. Gentlemen, farewell!

Loud cheers for Mr. Webster, the Constitution and the Union, followed the conclusion of Mr. Webster's remarks, while from the windows above and around him bouquets fell upon him from the hands of fair women, who occupied them. This mark of approval on the part of his fair hearers drew from Mr. Webster the remark, "The ladies, God bless them, they are all for the Union."—Mr. Webster then retired to his rooms accompanied by the Committee, and the gathering dispersed.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

A Dying Wife to her Husband.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, was found by him, some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter which was littered with tear marks, was written long before the husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eyes, dear G—, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has so often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it might now seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear G—, it is so! Many weary hours I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed, is it to struggle so silently and alone, with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever, and go down alone into the dark valley!—But I know in whom I have trusted, and leaning upon His arm, I fear no evil.—Don't blame me for keeping even a little from you. How could I subject you of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will so soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be so—and I submit.

Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirits final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom.—And you shall share my last thought; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest upon yours until glazed by death—and our spirits shall hold one last fond communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfolding glories of that better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, dear G—, where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of bright gold, each perhaps has thought that one of us would come alone; and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But you loved the spot; and I know you'll love me none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you'll go often alone there, when I am laid there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, "I am not lost but gone before!"

Soliloquy.

Can't get along so, and yet doing as much business as I did twenty years ago! Then I saved money—now I'm spending it; absolutely going behind-hand every season! What's the difficulty? Profits are reduced, whilst rents and taxes, and expenses are increased! What shall I do? It's plain! I must do more business—multiply my profits by increasing the number of my customers. How shall I get more customers? By giving information to a greater number of people, and inviting their custom. How? As other people do—through the newspapers, cards, handbills, &c. In short, I must advertise or quit business.—As there is no other remedy I will make a virtue of necessity. I'll advertise. I will!

FAMILY DEVOTION.—It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved by the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, as she looks to Heaven, and pours forth her fervent supplications for the welfare of her children? Who can look with indifference upon the venerable father, surrounded by his family, with his uncovered locks, kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and prosperity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feelings on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hands in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal Father, to bless its parents its brothers and sisters, and its playmates?