Spirit of the Age.

A Weekly Family Journal; Devoted to Temperance, Literature, Education and News of the Day.

VOLUME XI. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY 25, 1860. NO. 48

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
ALEXANDER M. GORMAN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
Single Subscribers, $1 50 per annum.
To clubs of 5 and upwards, $1 00 each;
☞ INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. ☜
No paper will be sent longer than the time for which it has been paid; and no paper sent unless the cash accompanies the order.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates of advertising.

Original Papers.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE FOURTH.

BY D. W.

In the month of June 18——, a young man endowed with talents, well educated and an heir of wealth, sat on the portico of one of the handsomest buildings of the little village of ——, in moody silence. His mind, much like the whiff of curling smoke from his Havana, was wandering. That face is expressive. The large forehead, with the locks carelessly thrown back, the languid eye and lounging position, tell of a talent buried beneath the strong desire for fashion and pleasure. Not the beauties of a Milton nor the fire of a Homer can arouse that spirit from its lethargy. He comprehends not the beauties of Art or the grandeur of Nature's works. But a smile now suddenly plays around that finely chiseled mouth, as with an involuntary start he vacates his chair, throws the half consumed cigar away and mutters 'A Celebration? yes, we will have a Celebration!"

Reader, that determination was the precursor of enmity and hate; of quarrels and strife. On the following day we find posted up in every public place, notices calling the citizens together for the purpose of taking measures to celebrate the birth day of our national independence; that day on which our forefathers cut the last tie that bound them to the mother country, and declared themselves 'free and independent.'

Citizens met at the call of this pleasure-loving youth; arrangements were made for the coming Fourth. The Readers of the Declarations and the Orators of the day were chosen: every thing prepared for the entertainment of visitors and the military, and the meeting adjourned in harmony. But alas! good will and harmony did not long prevail. That demon, 'that vicegerent of satan'—Rum—destroyed all the enjoyment. That class of the reckless and unconcerned, of which every town and neighborhood may boast a part, not content with quaffling the poisonous dregs themselves, must introduce it there to the soldiery and the youth. Citizens of temporate habits, and who had in view the welfare of the institutions in their midst, and the good of the whole community, remonstrated, but all in vain. The fiery monster must be had—though the aged sire whose whitened locks should command esteem feel the strength of the angry advocate of the hellish beverage. Though every thing else be changed, the liquor must be had. Though Chaplain and Orator, laboring under a high sense of right, decline to attend, whiskey must be brought.

At last the long to be remembered day dawned upon us, and with it came the visitors from all the surrounding country. Crowds of the fair and beautiful, the rank and file of military men, and vast numbers of the sturdy yeomanry collected together. The stars and stripes under which our forefathers marched 'to victory or the grave,' to 'liberty or death,' was proudly over us. With what cheers was it greeted, as the throng below increased. But alas! what do those cheers call to mind? Days of yore, when a persecuted people hailed it as the beginning of freedom? as the commencement of a new era in the history of the glorious west? No, 'tis not the cheers of a proud and independent people. 'Tis the boisterous cheers and loud huzzas of those bound down by chains stronger than those of foreign despots. King Alcohol sways the multitude with an iron sceptre. The Marshal of the day acknowledges his supremacy and yields to him the command. The sons of those veterans, who with pride and a sense of injury fought for freedom under that flag, now disgrace those colors and that military dress, by a shameful surrender to an army of poisonous drugs.—With dishevelled locks and horrid oaths, man engages his fellow citizen and friend with angry blows. The procession was one to be looked upon with sorrow and regret—sorrow that we are acknowledged subjects of a heartless tyrant,—regret that the military pride of our country yields to an enemy more tyrannical than those from foreign climes.

Having arrived at the appointed spot and the crowd having become somewhat stilled, the Declaration of Independence was read, and an address was delivered to the multitude by an Orator hastily obtained from a neighboring town: after which all returned hungry and fatigued. Dinner was served and the glass of 'ruby wine' freely passed around and freely drank. What true love of country and patriotism linger in that boisterous crowd? No worthy remembrance of that glorious day, the Fourth of July 1776, rests in the minds of any one of that noisy assembly.

The scene became more and more disgusting, till at last, night, as if wishing to hide the gloomy picture, cast her dark mantle over the earth. All became still. The man of temperate life retired to his home, thinking over the evils of which the bottle is the precursor. The inebriate slept off the effects of his Fourth of July carousal.

How sad is the thought to every true American, that times have not changed for the better. The habits have been changed, but for the worse. Aye, for the worse. We battle not now the proud and pampered subjects of a haughty king, but against the wily enemy of civil and social happiness—Intemperance. May the time be not far distant when we shall meet to rejoice as a nation, freed from the yoke of that fiery monster.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Celebration at Green Lake Division.

In accordance to previous appointment, the Sons and Lady Visitors of Green Lake Division assembled on the 4th of July in their Hall, for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of our national independence and disseminating the all important principles of Temperance.

At an early hour, after having made all necessary arrangements, conducted by John D. Shortridge, the appointed Marshal of the day, the Division formed in procession and marched to the church, where they found a large and respectful audience in waiting.—The exercises were commenced by singing an appropriate Ode, and prayer by the Rev. J. W. O'Brien, Chaplain. Hugh M'Lane, W. P., then introduced to the audience John Shortridge, D. G. W. P. for the county of Richmond, who arose and after briefly but most eloquently alluding to the scenes of the day as connected with our national independance, proceeded to set forth in an able, lucid and convincing manner the principles of our organization; and which must have convinced every unbiased mind of the necessity of sustaining the institution and the co-operation of all true and patriotic philanthropists in eradicating from our once free and yet happy land that noxious drug and potent poison, which chills the warmest affections of the human heart and dries up the purest fountains of love that ripple through the green vales of home.

At the close of the address, the long, loud and continued applause which followed gave the most flattering evidence of the success of his effort.

The congregation was now dismissed for the purpose of taking refreshments, which were spread before the public, exhibiting all that refinement of taste which is so strikingly characteristic of the fair sex of this vicinity, by whose directions the banquet was prepared, and who charmed us by their presence and smiles.

After the repast had been served, the people re-assembled in the church, when and where they were edified by an address from the Rev. S. D. Adams, who did much honor to himself and the cause he advocated. He at once entered the territory of the enemy (intemperance) and fearlessly planted the standard and hoisted the tri-colored banner of "Love, Purity and Fidelity," and from his elaborate and ingenious arguments, his irresistible and logical conclusions, we are constrained to believe that indelible impressions were made on all, which time with its defacing hand, and wine with its dementing fumes will fail to obliterate. Thus ended the superb celebration, all feeling that it was good for them to have been there. S. E. W.

Correspondence of the Spirit of the Age.

LAFAYETTE, GA., July 8, 1860.

DEAR EDITOR:—It is the love that I bear society that causes me to write. I am well satisfied that no scourge ever visited the homes of men with the same desolating and ruinous effects, as intemperance. How very few persons fully appreciate the pangs of suffering humanity inflicted by the fiery-headed dragon, alcohol. I need not describe the bloated face, the inflamed eyes, the diseased and trembling frame, the ruined character and blighted fortune of the drunkard himself; nor the withered plant of conjugal love in the bosom of a wife, nor the wretchedness of her infant group, as evincing the worst evils of Intemperance. They are heart-rending enough, God knows. But it is after this group have grown up to take their place in society as young ladies and gentlemen that the climax of the damning process is reached. Then that wife feels over again all her pangs, with augmented strength, the disgrace of her children, while they, fluttering for a time with vain endeavor to rise above the domestic infamy, alas! too often settle back into the habits of the father, and drown their sorrows in the maddening cup which had produced it.

It is in the social relation of a dunkard's child that the injury fully appears. The depressing feelings of disgrace and infamy, acting upon the aspirations of the drunkard's son, no language can describe. He is miserable. Earth has no place for him. Society casts him out as a polluted thing; there remains no solace for him, but the dismal silence of the tomb.

Alas! how many, who might have shown as stars of the first magnitude, have been doomed to sustain this unfortunate situation. But words fall short of the reality. The record of aspiring minds blighted and crushed by brutalized and degraded paternity, is known only to the Searcher of all hearts.—The pangs and tears thus extorted are too deep, too intense for pen or pencil. The Poet can sing of rum and ruin, but his song is not inspired with the inebriate's feelings.—The Artist can spread the canvas and depict the familiar scene of the temperate drinker, with his social glass, and the wife making her first gentle plea for him to desist; but no mortal genius can portray upon that canvas the agony, the woe, the misery, that fills that wife's pathway as she follows her husband in his downward career to the closing scene of a drunkard's grave.

The spirit of alcohol, though invisible, is nevertheless, the incarnation of all evil.—Its march through the world is clotted with human blood and strewed with human bones. There are but few wrongs it does not instigate—no lust it does not inflame—no law it does not violate—no virtue it does not despoil! Yet man will put this curse to his brother's lips for money. For mere filthy lucre, men will make merchandise of woman's tears and orphan's griefs.

But I will desist. 'Tis vain further to portray scenes and facts upon this gloomy subject. It is through the request of M. R. Cole, a worthy young friend of mine, that I take the liberty of writing to the surrounding friends of Temperance. I earnestly solicit them to take hold and help in exterminating the 'Poisonous venom' from our country.—Fathers, if you yet have one son that has not reformed, solicit him to join. Mothers, if you have a husband who is yet subject to King alcohol, beg him to reform. Young ladies, if you have a brother, a lover, a relation, a friend that has yet not joined, solicit him to reform. Point him to our banner of Love, Purity and Fidelity. * M. L. WHITE.

FOR GIRLS TO THINK OF.—It would be well for the girls to think of the future, and not confine their reflections to the present. Girls are apt to fancy outward show and transitory charms. There are but few who think of the intrinsic worth of a young man; his temperate, industrious and moral habits do not recommend him. He is pointed at for his economy in dress. He is derided and held in contempt, if he is not a foppish dandy. What a pity it is people have no better sense! It is a fact, and we challenge successful contradiction, that a laboring man is not generally respected by young ladies. "It is a hard saying, who can bear it?" We are glad to know that all are not such as we have alluded to—no, thank an ever merciful Providence, there are some pure, and gentle ones, that yet move among us, some who possess generous hearts, too true to do anything but love all with whom they meet. They admire the moral and religious, and pity the degraded and reckless. Would to God that they would instill into the hearts and lives of all others, their sweet spirited disposition.

SELLING LIQUOR TO DRUNKEN MEN A CRIME IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Supreme Court of Mississippi has affirmed the validity of the law making it penal for retailers to sell liquor to a drunken man, and declaring that the owner of the establishment is responsible for the act of the barkeeper on this behalf.

SELECTED FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Genius and Talent—The Difference Between.

Genius is originality. Talent is the fruit of industry; genius of birth. The one judges, combines, arranges, compares; the other produces, invents. A man of talents may be a good historian, a commentator, a grammarian; only a man of genius can be a poet, a painter, or statuary.

Genius is greater than talent. What do we count most worthy of admiration, the Jenisca which receives seventy tributary rivers to make up its current, or the mightier Nile, flowing from an unknown source, receiving to its waters but eleven nameless streams, and at length pouring itself out through seven awful mouths into the astonished ocean? Not unlike this is genius; a strange, wild current, bursting up from invisible fountains in the man, rushing on swift, unresisting, copious, a broad, right royal river, running into the "sea of life and love unknown, without a bottom and without a shore." All other men's hopes and fears, tears and smiles, float away like bubbles on that tide. After all, the history of the world is but a record of the few great men that have been here. In one view, at least, I see it thus. In history the mass are nothing, whatever great sacred thing they may be on the ever fact of existence. They have no name on earth beyond their breathing hour. The poetry, chivalry, scenery of the world, what have we to do with these, except to sing the songs, fight the battles, and read the discoveries of the great masters?

And then, in this our time, we hear enough of pity, sighs, and very pious condolence for the fate of genius. We are told there is so much of it that could never make itself known, pent up in some cobbler's brain, or cordweaver's shop, held down by poverty, circumstances, and its great enough hushed in its [illegible] coming up to immortality [illegible] without a teacher. But will he submit to circumstances, to die and be forgotten in that sandy solitude? Never; there is genius in him, and that can as well be heard from the rocks of Mount Hora as from the vales of Piedmont. They tell me this man is an imposter. Be it so: but then his imposture (for he was an honest fanatic) has done more for a greater number of the human race than the truth of any other man born within these twelve centuries. His awful "No by Alla!" has shook a thousand idols into dust. His holy "Alla Acbar! Alla Acbar!" has built in the wild waste of Arab hearts, a shrine where God is worshipped.

This world has not yet forgotten Robert Burns; nor will it while the stars shine—that noble peasant who came out from behind his plough, on the mountain's side, and stood with brow unabashed in the presence of royal splendor, for he felt that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp:
The man's the man for a' that."

And defying the circumstances of writing in the provincial dialect of a rude northern land, still made himself the immortal representative of a nation's intellect. It will be a long time before circumstances will make a Robert Burns.

Circumstances have made small men enough: but great men make circumstances. What circumstances called out "Rare old Ben Johnson"—rough, hardy, terrible old Ben Johnson, from whose wild, elegant muse even Milton caught inspiration? Why the circumstances that were polite enough to call this man out, were those of a regularly bred bricklayer, with poverty enough to make life a desperate tug withal for him. Make what you will of the circumstances; enough for me, that he came out, and wrote "Alchemist," "Volpone," and others by which the world will never forget the rugged old bard and wit of Shakspeare's time.

Who called out Franklin, that son of the soap boiler? Doubtless those envious friends who ridiculed the first efforts of his genius. Peradventure those rolls of baker's bread he eat in the streets of Philadelphia to save himself from starvation. No, there is genius in that harmless, staggering boy; and when that is spoken we have said that he will go out himself. When thrt is told it revealed that philosophy is to appear in the sky of Columbia. Soap-boiling, starvation, or what you please, that boy will some day come out and snatch the lightnings from the heaven, to weave himself a fame less perishable than the ancient thunders of Olympus.

How came John Keats out, that melancholy youth of whom Shelly was proud to sing

"Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fame and fate shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity."

Whose name is embalmed by his own "Endymeon," where he sings in tones of matchless rapture:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The circumstance attending him was a birth at a livery stable in Moorefield. No matter: There was genius in this poor child of the livery-stable too, and he has written "Hyperion," and the "Eve of St. Agnes." The soul that has Hyperion and the Eve of St. Agnes in its care is as well born in a stable as a palace.

That soul, once born, defies all circumstances; will work its way through all poverty and scorn, unto immortality. There is a kind of men in this world that occasions make: these are plenty enough, too, such as they are. We call them talented—men of capacity; because they can judge accurately, combine and compare with facility, write good histories, good dictionaries—be learned compilers of other men's thoughts. Altogether unlike this is genius. That will seldom stop to write histories. Its task, rather, is to create the events out of which all histories are written.

Its thoughts spring out of itself, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter: thoughts, still and vast, and solemn, like the midnight of the stars—thoughts that rise and set like suns—that blaze and burn, and avalanche along the world, until their mighty roar blends with the music of eternity. Go back, if you will, after these and other men of genius, and find also the cirrumstances that made them. As well may you attempt to dig the soul out of a person with spades and pick-axes, or measure the heavens with yard-sticks, as to seek after those souls among the things called circumstances.

Genius, by intuition, falls into truth sooner than the greatest elaboration of mere talent can reason its way into it. It catches truth by inspiration: the one great fact of nature and providence flashes in on it perpetually, like a sunrise of the soul.

"Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grave may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

C. C. BURR.

PULASKI.

It was the at the battle of Brandy wine that Count Pulaski appeared in all his glory.

As he rode, charging there, into the thickest of the battle, he was a warrior to look upon but once, and never forget.

Mounted on a large black horse, whose strength and beauty of shape made you forget the plainness of his caparison, Pulaski himself, with a form six feet in height, massive chest and limbs of iron, was attired in a white uniform, that was seen from afar, relieved by the black clouds of battle. His face, grim with the scars of Poland, was the face of of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy.—Bronzed in hue, lighted by large dark eyes, with the lip darkened by a thick moustache, his throat and chin were covered with a heavy beard, while his hair fell in raven masses, from beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with a ridge of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue.

The sword that hung by his side, fashioned of tempored steel with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could lift.

It was in this array he rode to battle, followed by a band of three hundred men, whose faces, burnt with the scorching of a tropical sun, or hardened by northern snows, bore the scars of many battles. They were mostly Europeans, some Polanders, some deserters from the British army. These were the men to fight. To be taken by the British would be death on the gibbet; therefore, they fought their best and fought to the last gasp, rather than mutter a word about "quarter."

When they charged it was as one man, their three hundred swords flashing over their heads, against the clouds of battle.—They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence, without a word spoken, not even a whisper. You could hear the tramp of their steeds, you could hear the rattling of their scabbards, but that was all.

Yet when they closed with the British, you could hear a noise like the echo of a hundred hammers, beating the hot iron on the anvil. You could see Pulaski himself, riding yonder in his white uniform, his black steed rearing aloft, as turning his head over his shoulder he spoke to his men:

"Forwarts, Brudern, forwarts!"

It was but broken German, yet they understood it, those three hundred men of sunburnt face, wounds and gashes. With one burst they crashed upon the enemy. For a few moments they used their swords, and then the ground was covered with the dead, while the living enemy scattered in panic before their path.

It was on this battle-day of Brandywine that the Count was in his glory. He understood but little English, so he spake what he had to say with the edge of his sword. It was a severe Lexicon, but the British soon learned to read it, and to know it, and fear it. All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting-house, away to the top of Osborne's Hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw Pulaski come, and learned to know his name by heart.

That white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse with burning eye and quivering nostrils, they knew the warrior well; they trembled when they heard him say:

"Forwarts, Brudern, forwarts!"

It was in the Retreat of Brandywine, that the Polander was most terrible. It was when the men of Sullivan—badly armed, poorly fed, shabbily clad—gave way, step by step, before the overwhelming discipline of the British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle-fiend, mounted on his demon steed.

His cap had fallen from his brow. His bared head shone in an occasional sunbeam, [illegible] grew crimson with a flash from the cannon or rifle. His white uniform was rent [illegible] from head to foot, he was covered with dust and blood.

Still his white arm was free—still it rose there, executing a British hireling when it fell—still his voice was heard, hoarse and husky, but strong in its every tone—"Forwarts, Brudern!"

He beheld the division of Sullivan retreating from the field; he saw the British yonder, stripping their coats from their backs in the madness of pursuit. He looked to the South, for Washington, who, with the reserve, under Greene, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American Chief was not in view.

Then Pulaski was convulsed with rage.

He rode madly upon the bayonets of the pursuing British, his sword gathering victim after victim, even there, in front of their whole army, he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans, he besought them, in broken English, to turn, to make one more effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!

They did not understand his words, but the tones in which he spoke thrilled their blood.

That picture, too, standing out from the clouds of battle—a warrior, convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed, while his eyes seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face writhed like serpents—that picture, I say, filled many a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm for the fight again.

Those retreating men turned, they faced the enemy again—like grey hounds at bay before the wolf—they sprang upon the necks of the foe, and bore them down by one desperate charge.

It was at this moment that Washington came rushing on once more to the battle.

Those people know but little of the American General who call him the American Fabius, that is, a general compounded of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprise. American Fabius? When you will show me that the Roman Fabius had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, an enterprise that rushed from the wilds like the Skippack, upon an army like the British at Germantown, or started from ice and snow, like that which lay across the Delaware, upon hordes like those of the Hessians, at Trenton—then I will lower Washington down into Fabius.—This comparison of our heroes, with the barbarian demi-gods of Rome, only illustrates the poverty of the mind that makes it.

Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the Saviour of the people! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry, the Champion of a Continent! What beggary of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men, as they were, not by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.

Let us learn that Washington was no negative thing, but all chivalry and genius.

It was at the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He came rushing on to battle. He beheld his men hewn down by the British; he heard them shriek his name, and, regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them.

Yes, it was the dread havoc of that retreat that Washington, rushing forward into the very centre of the melee, was entangled in the enemy's troops, on the top of a high hill, south-west of the Meeting House, while Pulaski was sweeping on with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the eager red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger—his troops were rushing to the south—the British troopers came sweeping up the hill and around him—while Pulaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hordes of Hanover.

It was a glorious prize, this Mister Washington, in the heart of the British army.

Suddenly the Polander turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron grey and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whiskered lip wreathed with a grim smile—he pointed to the iron grey and its rider.

There was but one moment.

With one impulse that iron band wheeled their war horses and then a dark body, solid and compact was speeding over the valley like a thunderbolt torn from the earth—three hundred swords rose glittering in a faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to its full height, a dark frown on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Pulaski. Like a spirit roused into life by the thunderbolt, he rode—his eyes were fixed upon the iron grey and its rider—his band had but one look, one will, one shout for—Washington!

The British troops had encircled the American leader—already they felt secure of their prey—already the head of that traitor, Washington, seemed to yawn above the gates of London.

But that trembling of the earth in the valley, yonder. What means it?

That terrible beating of hoofs, what does it portend?

That ominous silence—and now that shout—not of words nor of names, but that half yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the Iron Men, as they scent their prey? What means it all.

Pulaski is on our track! The terror of the British army is in our wake!

And on he came—he and his gallant band.

A moment and he had swept over the Britishers—crushed—mangled, dead and dying they strewed the green sod, he had passed over the hill, he had passed the form of Washington.

Another moment! And the iron band had wheeled—back in the same career of death they came! Routed, defeated, crushed, the red coats flee from the hill, while the iron band sweep round the form of George Washington—they encircle him with their forms of oak, their swords of steel—the shout of his name shrieks through the air, and away to the American host they bear him in all a soldier's battle joy.

It was at Savannah, that night came down upon Pulaski.

Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night, riding forward towards yonder ramparts, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his iron men follow at his back.

Right on, neither looking to right or left, he rides, his eye fixed upon the cannon of the British, his sword gleaming over his head.

For the last time, they heard that cry "Forwarts, Brudern, forwarts!"

Then they saw that black horse, plunging forward, his fore feet resting on the cannon of the enemy, while his warrior-rider arose in all the pride of his form, his face bathed in a flush of red light.

That flash once gone, they saw Pulaski no [illegible] him, yes, beneath the enemy's cannon, crushed by the same gun that killed his steed—yes, they found them, the horse and rider, resting together in death, that noble face glaring in the midnight sky with glassy eyes.

So in his glory he died. He died while America and Poland were yet in chains.—He died, in the stout hope, that both would one day, be free. With regard to America, his hope has been fulfilled, but Poland——

Tell me, shall not the day come, when yonder monument—erected by those warm Southern hearts near Savannah—will yield up its dead?

For Poland will be free at last, as sure as God is just, as sure as he governs the Universe. Then, when re-crested Poland wears her Eagle aloft again, among the banners of nations, will her children come to Savannah, to gather up the ashes of their sire, and bear him home with the chaunt of priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions, even as repentant France bore her own Napoleon.

Yes, the day is coming, when Kosciusko and Pulaski will sleep side by side, beneath the soil of RE-CREATED POLAND.

LIFFARD.

LADIES AND TEMPERANCE REFORM.—It surprises us, when we think of it, that any organization for the promotion of temperance should ever have thought of excluding the Ladies.

When woman is left out of any moral reform movement, success is almost impossible, for she is the life and soul of every charitable undertaking.

Do we want hearts in the work, ready to sympathize with the depraved and fallen drunkard, and to labor for his salvation and elevation—hearts that can go out in sorrowing pity towards the most degraded—where shall we find them so surely as among the weaker, but purer and more heavenly half of humanity?

Do we want those who will persevere, amid difficulties, who will labor unceasingly, for the right, and for the right's sake; all experience proves that we should find gentle women, most persevering and most unselfish? Do we want those to join us, whose influence will be potent for good and be felt in the community—and whose example will be followed by many others—who shall we find with more moral influence than a true woman, devoting herself to the accomplishment of a good work? Do we want moral courage in our ranks? In these days when men so often bow at the shrine of bacchus, and court the favor of the liquor power, to elevate them to office, be assured we shall most surely find the highest types of moral courage among the ladies.

It is not strange then, that every temperance organization in the land has in some way of late managed to open their doors for the admission of females. We rejoice to see it. It is an indication, that the truth that we must have women's help in every moral organization, is to be at last fully realized.

Indeed, it seems to us, that we might almost as well put our mothers, wives and sisters, out of the Church, as out of our temperance organizations. *The Sentinel.*

THE GOOD OLD TUNES.—There is, to us, more touching pathos, heart thrilling expression, more feeling displayed, in some of the old psalm tunes than in a whole batch of modernisms. The strains go home, and the "fountain of the great deep is broken up"—the great deep of unfathomed feeling that lies far, far below the surface of the world hardened heart: and as the untoward yet unbidden tear starts in the eye, the softened spirit yields to their influence and shakes off the load of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized, into a pure atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable associations breed over the mind, mingling their chaste melody of the musings of a still subdued, more cheerful character. How many glad hearts in the olden time have rejoiced in these songs of praise—how many sighed out their complaints in the plaintive notes that steal sadly, yet sweetly on the ear—hearts, that now cold in death, are laid to rest, around that sacred tune within whose walls they had so often swelled with emotion.—*Blackwood.*

A graduate of a certain college gave another the lie, and a challenge followed. The mathematical tutor of the college heard the dispute and sent for the youth, who told him he must fight. "Why?" inquired the mathematician. "He gave me the lie." "Very well; let him prove it. If he proves it, you did lie; and if he does not prove it, he lies. Why should you shoot one another? Let him prove it."

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenious, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies, and everything. They are sweet little human flowers, diamond dew drops in the breath of morn. What a pity they should ever become women, flirts and coquettes.

ANN BOLEYN.—When Ann Boleyn was in prison, awaiting her sentence of death, she wrote to her husband and executioner:

"Your highness hath pleased to raise me first from the condition of a gentle woman, to that of a maid of honor, from that, to be a marchioness, from a marchioness to a queen: and as your power could no farther go, to elevate me on earth, you now desire to raise me to be a saint in heaven."

A printer, meddling with the verdict of a coroner's jury, struck out a comma after the word 'apoplexy,' making it read thus: 'Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury.'

"Bill, I am fascinated with Miss Milliner." "With her personal charms?" "Yes, purse and all charms."

The shape of a kiss is said to be elliptical. This must be derived from the sensation one experiences when one is enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly a lip tickle.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said a person to Hook.

"No," replied Hook; "but if you go over you'll be *tolled*."

☞ Whiskey Drinking never conducted wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character—therefore whiskey is a non-conductor, and it is the best to let it alone.