

# THE GUARDIAN.

## MY WIFE AND CHILD.

BY STONEWALL JACKSON.

[Written while an artillery officer in the Mexican war.]

The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,  
The camp around in slumber lies;  
The night with solemn peace moves on,  
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;  
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,  
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, O darling one,  
Whose love my early life hath blest,  
Of thee and him—our baby son—  
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast,  
God of the tender, frail and lone,  
O guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hither gently, hither near,  
To her whose watchful eye is wet—  
To mother, wife—the doubly dear—  
In whose young heart has freshly met  
Two streams of love, so deep and clear  
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now while she kneels before Thy throne,  
Of teach her, Ruler of the skies,  
That, while by Thy behest alone,  
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,  
No tear is wiped to Thee unknown,  
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies.

That Thou must stay the ruthless hands  
Of death disease, and soothe its pain;  
That only by Thy stern commands  
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;  
That from the distant sea or land  
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone  
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,  
May happy visions beam upon  
The brightening current of her breast—  
No frowning look, or angry tone,  
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,  
Loved with a passion almost wild,  
By day, by night, in joy or woe,  
By fears expressed, or hopes beguiled,  
From every danger, every loss,  
O God, protect my wife and child!

## Night Life of Young Men.

One night often destroys a whole life. The leakage of the night keeps the day forever empty. Night is sin harvesting time. More sin and crime are committed in one night than in all the days of the week. This is more emphatically true of the city than of the country. The street lamps, like a file of soldiers, with torch in hand, stretch away in long lines on either sidewalk, the gay colored transparencies are ablaze with attraction; the saloons and billiard halls are brilliantly illuminated; music sends forth its enchantment; the gay company begin to gather to the haunts and houses of pleasure; the gambling dens are aflame with palatial splendor; the theatres are wide open; the mills of destruction are grinding health, honor, happiness, hope, out of thousands of lives. The city under the gaslights is not the same as under God's sunlight. The allurements and pitfalls of night are a hundred-fold deeper and darker and more destructive. Night life in our cities is a dark problem, whose dark depths and abysses and whirlpools make us start back with horror. All night tears are falling, blood is streaming.

Young men, tell me how and where do you spend your evenings and I will write out the character and lives destiny, with blank to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, Watchman, what of the night? Police man, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? Where do they go in? What time do you see them come out? Policemen, would the night life of young men commend them to their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the name of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the streets for sinful pleasure. Would there be shame and confusion. Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember young men, that in the retina of the all seeing Eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed.—Baptist Weekly.

## Mature Reflection.

"My darling, have you thought of the happy summer that our lives will be when we are joined for better or worse?"

"Oh yes, John, I've thought of it."

"And have you thought of the bright home that we will build on the foundation of our affection, and which will be painted with the dying flashes of the sun, and furnished with the silver and gold that makes the night of the heavens beautiful?"

"Oh yes, John, I've thought of it."

"Have you thought of the years that will come to us across the sea of time, white capped but blue with promises of years to come?"

"Sure's your'n born, John, I've thought of it."

"And you have thought—? have you thought—? have you—?"

"Oh yes, John, more than all the rest, and John, let us name it after you."—Brooklyn Eagle.

It is no vanity for a man to pride himself on what he has honestly got and prudently uses.

## Jay Gould's Power.

[New York Letter.]

Jay Gould's movements are watched more intensely than those of Vanderbilt, because he is considered the man of destiny. Coming down the Hudson river road lately I noticed in one corner of the car a countenance on which many a glance was concentrated. There was a massive black beard, a parrot like beak, and a pair of jet black eyes piercing and intense in expression. A red handkerchief encircled the neck, and the diminutive body was encased in a plain overcoat. Such was the last appearance of Jay Gould before he went South, and since his return he is more eagerly watched than ever by the speculating crowd. He now controls a half dozen railroads, and will probably add a few more to the list before the close of the year. Gould has a peculiar faculty of concealing his purposes until the time of development. No one has ever been in his confidence. He uses his associates to serve his purposes, and they, as a matter of course, share handsomely in profits, but as a business man he "dwells apart," and may therefore be termed the hermit king of Wall street. He is now building the conservatory recently destroyed by fire, and is determined that it shall excel anything of the kind in America.

## A Kansas Mazeppa.

In Lamar, Kansas, one day last week, a party of lads who had been reading Byron's "Mazeppa" concluded to have some fun with a cow—the only wild steed available at that time. They coaxed the cow into the barn, barred the doors and drew lots for the Mazeppa. The boy who drew the short straw, a wiry little fellow of thirteen years, was tied securely upon the cow's back. The noble animal seemed to take in the situation and to realize that her reputation as an actress was at stake. Her acting was magnificent, indeed, for she brought down the house—by sections. Although the audience all had parquette and dress circle tickets, they thought they could look at the play better from the gallery, and so they slid up into the hay mow and tried to crawl out through the roof, while the old cow was churning about fourteen years growth out of Mazeppa, while Mazeppa passed most of the time yelling like a pig fast in a fence. The show probably would be going on now, had not the owner of the barn concluded that a cyclone was wrestling with it and dashed out to prevent its demolition.

## Old Abe's Decision.

During Lincoln's time there was a great row over the Post office in Major Bickham's town of Dayton, Ohio. Two Hotspurs were in the field. Petition after petition in favor of one or the other poured in upon the President, and delegation after delegation hastened to Washington to argue the case. Mr. Lincoln was a long suffering man, but his patience gave out at last. He could not determine that one applicant was in the slightest degree more competent or more patriotic or better supported than the other. Finally, after being bored by a fresh delegation, he said to his Secretary: "This matter has got to end somehow. Bring a pair of scales." The scales were brought. "Now put in all the petitions and letters in favor of one man and see how much they weigh, and then weigh the other fellow's pile." It was found that one bundle was three quarters of a pound heavier than the other. "Make out an appointment at once for the man who has the heaviest papers," said Mr. Lincoln, and it was done.—E. V. Smalley, in the N. Y. Tribune.

During the past week the committee on internal harmony has been busy with pen and ink, and as a result Brother Gardner was asked to submit the following maxims to the club for adoption:

"Adversity makes heroes, but we don't want any adversity."

"Misery lubs company, but de company hain't wort 'soshatin' wid."

"De man obliedged to borry an ax am nebbber situated to lend a spade."

"It's none o'yer bizness who lubs next deah if he doan' steal your wood."

"Bread east upon the waters may return, but eight per cent interest, wid a good indorser, am 'most like bizness."

The latest craze which has seized the king of Bavaria is a dislike to seeing anybody. A great many persons in this country are seized with the same craze about this time of year. First of May is fast approaching when notes, interest, etc., become due, and bill collectors become as numerous as leaves in the vales of what you call it. There is method in the king's madness.—Norristown Herald.

"He a doctor?" said old Chawbones, speaking of a young practitioner. "Why, he could not cure a ham."

The Princess Louise was thirty-three years old last week. This is one of penalties of being a royal personage and having your pedigree recorded. Other English women born within three months of Louise are now only twenty-six.

If a girl has pretty teeth she laughs often, if she's got a pretty foot she'll wear a short dress, and if she's got a neat hand she's fond of a game of whist; and if the reverse, she dislikes all these small affairs.

Accounts from Foochow, China, speak of two natives who had been steeped up to their necks in quicklime, for counterfeiting "cash," the smallest of Chinese coins. Both speedily died.

"Better be alone than in bad company." True; but, unfortunately, many persons are never in such bad company as when they are alone.

A poor excuse is better than none, and the same may be said of a poor dinner.

Never put off till to-morrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day.

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Low prices are inducements to try some of the many cheap, but made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment, and it is dangerous to experiment with unknown and cheap medicines from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

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Twenty-first Annual Session begins Sept. 1, 1880.

Board and tuition per month, \$15. Music included with the above, \$20, payable monthly in advance.

Tuition, 3, 4 and 5 dollars per month. Incidental fee per term, \$1.

For further particulars, address  
T. S. SLIGH, A. M., Pres.,  
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July 14, 1880. 52y

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THE TWENTY-FIRST SESSION will begin the first of September.

The Fall Term ends the 22d of December. The Spring Term will begin the 3d of January, and end the 22d of June, 1881.

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Contingent fee \$1 per term paid on the pupil's entrance.

Board, including lights and fuel, \$13 per month in private families.

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II. Much of that sort of news which depends less upon its recognized importance than upon its interest to mankind. From morning to morning THE SUN prints a continued story of the lives of real men and women, and of their deeds, plans, loves, hates, and troubles. This story is more varied and more interesting than any romance that was ever devised.

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V. Equal candor in dealing with every political party, and equal readiness to commend what is praiseworthy or to rebuke what is blamable in Democrat or Republican.

VI. Absolute independence of partisan organizations, but unwavering loyalty to true Democratic principles. The Sun believes that the Government which the Constitution gives us is a good one to keep. Its notion of duty is to resist to its utmost power the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. The year 1881 and the years immediately following will probably decide this supremely important contest. The Sun believes that the victory will be with the people as against the Rings for monopoly, the Rings for plunder, and the Rings for imperial power.

Our terms are as follows:

For the Daily Sun, a four-page sheet of 25 columns, the price by mail, post paid, is 55 cents a month, or \$6.60 a year; including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of 56 columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.80 a year, postage paid.

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Homer to Minden, ..... \$2.00  
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Freight or extra baggage:

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