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OFFICE

Tallmadge Block--Third Story--to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

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DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year:
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust
And to the rabbit's tread
The robbin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay;
And from the wood top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers,
And lying in their lowly bed
With the fair and good of ours:
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold, November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet,
They perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod;
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As fall the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south'wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her;
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief,
Yet nuineet it was that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

THE FIRST KIND WORD.

"Was your lesson difficult?" kindly inquired a young teacher of a ragged, uncouth looking lad of about ten years, who was one of a class which had just finished a recitation—"was your lesson difficult, my boy?"

The boy thus addressed, raised his large gray eyes with inquiring look, as if to satisfy himself that words, breathed in so sweet a tone, were intended for him; but, as he met his teacher's gaze, they fell, and, dropping his head, he forbore to reply.—His teacher perceiving that he felt the rebuke, and deeming it sufficient, said no more, and dismissed the class. This lad, Johnny by name, was the son of poor parents, both of whom were habituated to the use of ardent spirits, and, of course, grossly neglected their children, beating and abusing them, and perhaps never let from their lips a word of kindly interest even, much less of love. Johnny being of a mischievous temperament, was the recipient of unbounded harshness; but to this disposition he owed the privilege of attendance at the village school, whither he was sent to "be out of the way." This was the first day he had been under the care of the present teacher, whom I will call Miss Almer. Johnny possessed a quick and retentive mind, and, when he chose to apply himself, could stand at the head of his class. But his half-learned lessons came oftener than his perfect ones, and always brought him a severe reprimand, and often a chastisement, which seemed to have no other effect than to harden and debase him. Growing up under such influences at home and at school, he became a morose and ill-tempered boy, disliked and shunned by his schoolmates, on whom he sought to avenge himself by all the petty annoyances his fertile brain could devise. Such was the lad when he became a pupil of Miss Almer. She had rebuked him for his first error gently, as was her wont, and, trusting to the potency of such reproof, had dismissed him from her mind; but not so easily were the kind words forgotten by the poor boy, to whom so gentle a tone was so rare as to awaken astonishment. It fell among the rude thoughts and feelings of his heart, as a flower among thorns. It was to his ear, that was wont to catch only the harsh tones of unkindness, as a strain of sweet melody after a jarring discord. Oh! why do we so often withhold that which costs so little to give, and yet may prove such a treasure to the receiver? But to the story. Miss Almer lingered at the school room till all the pupils had left, and was walking alone homeward, when this, to her, trifling event of the day, was brought to her mind, by observing Johnny sitting by the roadside, apparently waiting for her. When she came to him, he rose and offered her a nosegay of violets, saying, "Please ma'am will you take these?"

"Certainly Johnny, they are very sweet, and the finest I have seen this season; I love them dearly, and you, too, for bringing them to me."

She had taken the boy's hand in hers, despite its disgusting appearance, and, as she finished speaking, his eyes were lifted to hers with the same expression as in the morning, and a tear was making a furrow through the dirt that begrimmed his face.

"Johnny, what is the matter?" asked his teacher, in surprise.

"What you said," falteringly uttered the boy. "Do you love me?"

"Indeed I do," was Miss Almer's reply; "But something must trouble you. Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, you *have* done *more* for me than any one else, for nobody ever loved me before; but I thought you did when you didn't scold me for not getting my lesson. But I'm a dreadful boy; you don't know it all."

"Well, tell me all," answered his teacher, touched by the earnestness of his manner. So saying she led him to a large stone, and bade him sit by her there, and, as he unfolded his tale of wrongs done as well as received, she mingled her tears with his, which flowed freely. They sat long, and ere they parted, she had given rest to his eager heart by promising ever to be his friend.

The next morning, Johnny was missed from his place at school, and at the close of school Miss Almer called at the rude hut which had been his home, to learn the cause of his absence, and, to her surprise, found it vacated. Whither the people had gone no one knew.

Many years after this (fifteen I think,) Miss Almer was visiting far away from this scene of her early labors, and during her visit, attended a meeting for teachers. Remarks were offered and experiences related, by many laborers in the good work of instruction of youth, and, at length a gentlemen rose and expressed a wish to say a word to the band of teachers, on the power of kindness, and in the course of his remarks, related the story I have given above, closing with these, or nearly these words:—

"I am that lad; those were the first words of kindness I remember ever to have had addressed to me. They have been my talisman, my guiding star through life.—They have made me what I am and, God helping me, it shall be the aim of my life to reward the friend of my youth, in the only way in my power, namely, by living so as to spread by precept and example, the influence of the divine principle of love which actuated her."

Miss Almer listened to this recital with an agitated heart, for she recognized in the speaker the little Johnny whom she had never forgotten. She sought an interview, and learned his history. How after leaving his early home, the love of virtue, which she had roused in his bosom, was ever leading him away from his evil courses and urging him to a higher life.

Need we say to any teacher who may read this, "Go thou and do likewise?" All may not meet with so speedy a reward as did Miss Almer; but let us remember that the time is not yet; and if we labor faithfully, we may hope that the guerdon shall yet be ours to find that some poor soul has been rescued from degradation by our endeavors to shine forever, a star in the Saviour's Coronet!

A harsh word will kill where a gentle one will make alive.

☞ Here are beautiful sentences from the pen of Coleridge. Nothing can be more eloquent—nothing more true: "Call not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells, and his face may be unknown to his neighbors; even pain may rack his joints and drive sleep from his pillow—but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye."

A MOTHER, ONE'S BEST FRIEND.—Young man, thy mother is thy best friend. The world may forget you—thy mother never; the world may willfully do you many wrongs—thy mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead, plant the ivy and the night-shade of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy mother will love you and cherish you while living, and if she survives you, will weep for you when dead, such tears as not but a mother knows how to weep.—Love thy mother!

When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim he is bound.

THE BATTLE OF VOLTURNO.

The Bourbons' Last Stand---Terrible Fighting--No Quarter--The King of Naples Under Fire and Almost Victorious &c., &c.

A correspondence of the *Journal des Debats*, who was present at the battle, gives the following graphic description of the relative position of the two armies and of the battle:

During the last five or six days Garibaldi has shown immense activity. The royalists, on their part, have erected formidable works on the right banks of the Volturno, they hold most favorable positions without mentioning the fortress of Capua; they are masters of the course of the river, which they can cross by the bridges from Capua, where the river is little more than a ditch, for Capua is built on the right bank. From San Clemente to Cajazzo the right bank is bristling with guns, cleverly masked, strong redoubts, thrown up with barricades and drawbridges.

The whole country on the right bank is a trap. Add to this an intrenched camp of 20,000 picked troops, elated by promise of royal rewards.

Monte San Angelo, the key of the defence, commanding the course of the Volturno, has triple batteries entrusted to the Genoes artillerymen and to Col. Spangero's corps of General Eber's brigade, under the direction of Captain Ferrare. To this position Garibaldi has paid especial care. He has visited about fifty times the batteries, which consist of twenty-eight guns.

On Saturday I took the railway and visited Santa Maria. On the preceding day the fire of the outposts was incessant. The royalists seemed determined to strike a blow for Garibaldi's plan is to remain on the defensive. I met the Marquis Pallavicini returning from Caserta. At Santa Maria I found Garibaldi much agitated, thoughtful, his face blackened by exposure to the sun. The station was full of artillery carriages guns, &c., and aids-de-camps were giving orders for all to be pushed on towards the Volturno. During the night I heard the sound of cannon towards Santa Angelo. The night passed quietly.

On Sunday, the 36th of September, at day-break, Santa Maria was all astir. The soldiers were signed to the barracks: Garibaldi started for San Angelo, troops continued to arrive and artillery galloped through the town. The faces of the people are pale and agitated. The trioolor flag is partially taken down from some of the houses, and the gates of many of them.

I started for San Angelo when I heard the voice of cannon, and I arrived in time. Two battallions, commanded by Castelliani, were attempting to throw a bridge over the Voltureno. Protected by Monte's artillery they advanced by a covered road, and succeeded in launching two boats, but the enemy perceived the manoeuvre. Immediately the right bank as if by magic, was covered by royal troops, and a terrible fire was opened against the batteries of San Angelo, and against the Garibaldians, attempting to make the bridge. They were obliged to return. San Angelo opened its guns and replied with good effect. But this was simply an overture to the great event which was to come off on the 1st.

* * I hastened to the spot, and arrived just as the royalists were crossing over the fifteen arches of the railway, chasing the Garibaldians before them. At eight o'clock the former were already at Santa Maria, near the walls of the Campan Amphitheatre.

While General Rittucci was carrying out this movement, Garibaldi, who had arrived at the scene of battle, ordered an analagous one. He ordered Malenchini's regiment to leave San Tamaro on his left, to leave Santa Maria by the rear, and threw it into the fields which the royalists had to cross. The latter thus found themselves taken between two columns of Garibaldians, shut up between the railway and the road, and completely surrounded. The Seventh regiment of Chasseurs was annihilated, with the exception of thirty-five men, an adjutant, major, and Captain Perelli, who were made prisoners. It is quite impossible for me to describe the terrific obstinacy of the struggle, and the real and calm courage of the men engaged.

I went through the whole campaign in Lombardy, I was present at Magenta and Solferino, and yesterday I fancied I was there again. Three times were the positions of the Garibaldians taken and retaken at the point of the bayonet. The grape swept men down unmercifully. No quarter was asked or given. With mine own eyes I saw wounded men bayonetted, and the stiletto and pistol used in a fight which commenced with the rifle. Except the Sicilians and the Neapolitans of the city of Naples, every man did his duty with enthusiasm. A strange and atrocious circumstance, if we consider the character of the Italians, they fought without uttering a shout, almost in silence. It was a lovely day, the sun shining in all its glory, and the ground adorned with rich produce.

At noon the tide of battle turned in favor of the Garibaldians.

Fresh battalions and new guns came up from Caserta and Naples and joined in the battle. The Garibaldians, when the battle commenced, were not 10,000 strong; they had now 15,000 men in the battle. Garibaldi seemed ubiquitous. He watched every phase of the battle keeping 2,000 men in reserve on his left to throw himself into Capua if the vicissitudes of the struggle should offer him a propitious opportunity. He was much moved, red and wet from perspiration, and his voice altered by emotion.

At the bridges of La Valle, behind the hills of Maddeloni, Bixio had definitely driven back the royalists, who had taken and retaken that position. Near San Lucio Affanti's column had prevented the royalists crossing the river. With the Lucans and Calabrians, Col. Corte had bravely supported the combatants of Santa Maria and kept the enemy in check, who might have forced a passage by San Tamaro, left open by the movement of brave Gen. Malenchini on the right. Five guns were taken from the enemy, with their mules and accountrements. Prisoners and wounded in great numbers, began to arrive at Santa Maria, and were immediately sent on by railway to Caserta. A great number of officers were killed or wounded. The Sicilians made a great noise and did but little fighting. The National Guard of Santa Mara was on foot, but having prudently placed their flag in the guard house, closed the doors and windows.

At noon the roar of the cannon ceased. The fire of musketry at the Archi of Santa Maria continued unabated. A smile began to play upon the lips, and the color to reappear in the cheeks, of many patriots. At this moment I was told a train was leaving for Naples. I left the outposts to write you an account of a portion of the battle, the first act of the capture of Capua.

The King commanded in person, dressed in plain clothes. He was continually seen under fire. Garibaldi, as usual was everywhere, especially where the danger was greatest.

We have 1,200 men *hors de combat*. The loss of the royalists, is about 3,000.

The battle lasted from half past three in the morning till seven in the evening. It is evident that this formidale attack was the last effort of Francis, II, who, had he been victorious, would have marched on this capital. But about midday the patriots were driven back everywhere and considered the battle as lost. Garibaldi alone, who commanded in person, was of a contrary opinion, and under a terrible fire from the enemy, he wrote a despatch announcing full success. He then declared to his soldiers, who thought themselves vanquished, that they were victors, and they believing him, attacked the royalists with such impetuosity that at three o'clock in the afternoon the latter gave way, and we were pursued at the point of the bayonet right into Capua. Mere boys rushed on men and killed them. There was an appalling massacre—The patriots being exasperated—but the number of killed has not yet been ascertained. Garibaldi narrowly escaped being killed. He was returning in a carriage from San Angelo to Santa Maria when he was all at once fired on from an ambuscade; the vehicle was riddled with balls, and some of his escort were killed, but he was not touched, and he made the rest of his route on foot.

Among other incidents of battle, it is recorded that at one of the most critical moments of the day, Garibaldi asked for one hundred resolute men, and among those who responded and rode forward with the General was Count Arrivabene, heir to one of the first Milanese families, and acting as correspondent to the Daily News. The Count was not seen afterwards but it was hoped he was among the prisoners.

A great many of the wounded on the field of Volturno died for want of ambulances.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRISONERS IN NAPLES.

Yesterday (Oct. 3,) the 2,500 prisoners were taken by rail to Naples. At the station a few hundred national guard were waiting for them, who conducted them to the Fort of St. Elmo. When the prisoners saw the national guard they asked jeeringly, "Whether the Austrians had not yet skinned them?" The taunt was not understood until further explanation. The prisoners asked where the Austrians were, as they had been told they had occupied Naples, and defeated Garibaldi, who was now between two fires. When they saw the Piedmontese at St. Elmo, they asked, astonished, who they were and when told that they were Piedmontese, a new light seemed to dawn upon them. It is with such lies that the Neapolitans tried to raise the spirit of their soldiers and of their officers, for the ignorance of the latter cedes nothing to that of the soldiers. For instance, this morning a Neapolitan major of the Grenadier Guards came in with his carpet-bag, waving a white handkerchief, and when asked about his business he said he had given in his resignation on account of family affairs, and that it had been accepted. In talking with him about diverse things he inquired whether the Piedmontese and Lamoriciere had not already come to blows, and was quiet surprised to hear that the Roman army existed no more, that Ancona was ours, and Lamoriciere too.

IN THE FIELD WITH GARIBALDI.

[From the Scotsman.]

The following is a letter from a venerable but restless friend who, accompanied by Mr. Edwin James, and other Englishmen, went to "see the fighting" in Italy. Although, however he is so fond of that he has long had a knack of turning up in camps and in all quarters of the globe, to the dissatisfaction and embarrassment of the persons there in authority, the reader will recognize from what is written below that our friend is not at all a bloodthirsty person, but rather excites admiration by exhibiting, amid scenes of strife and slaughter, a most pacific and retiring disposition:—On the 9th it seemed generally understood that a battle would take place, almost immediately, close to Capua. We therefore started at 2 o'clock (roughly speaking, the same party,) arriving at Santa Maria about 6 A. M. and found all the troops moving towards Capua—rather sorry looking, I must say, half of them mere boys. But little fellows of ten eleven, twelve, years, fight like small demons, stride the guns, and fire them off with as much coolness as old artillery men. We got to the first picket, a large archway at the extremity of the town, barricaded by the trunks of trees and bushes; here was the commencement of the road leading directly to Capua, about three miles off. As the Neapolitans were occasionally firing down the road, it was for each gentleman, more especially for the amateur, to make his own estimate of the worthy-while and the value of military glory practically speaking in short, to consider what line he should take towards the besieged city, whether to go straight along the road under fire or to make a circumbendibus across the fields under the shelter of the trees. Sarsfield, Arshley and Davidson went fast to the front, and so did James and your humble correspondent, close in their wake. James and myself had not passed far on the road, when we were joined by one of the legation, a very good humored and humorous gentleman, much given to laughter. But his ardent mind when under pressure, being more bent on the honors of diplomacy than the glories of the war, its horrors had no charm for him. Bright would have defied him. A shot was fired from the fort—"There goes a smasher for three or four military heroes, at the smallest computation. Military glory is a fine thing, but does not belong to my department. May we not pay too high a price for it, Mr. Smith? Ha! ha! ha!" The diplomast in continuance—"They say none but the brave deserve the fair, and so soldiers who of course, are all brave, get an undue preference by the ladies over the civil portion of the community: but, barring libel, in my humble opinion, were a diplomatist allowed to carry handsome epaulettes on his shoulders, the fair would appreciate his merits more than those of the brave man, soldiers or not, without those ornaments." The shot and shell were firing about us in all directions. Her Majesty's counsel impatient of inaction and to be in the fray, proposed to leave for another station. To this the diplomatists strongly objected. I confess I agreed with the latter, my opinion that discretion is the better part of valor, strengthening with experience. However, James started, notwithstanding, and I placed myself by his side, the diplomatist a little behind. We soon separated however, the lawyers arriving at the road before the other and myself. The great guns were sweeping all before them at this time. James had, however, got into a small carriage, with another person trying to go forward—*I suppose, intending to take* the place himself. I attempted to join the party but the fit was too tight, and as I fell back, a grape shot went right through the foot-board between the two, and just in the place where I should have been seated had I been admitted—a nearer shave than that of Sir Roger de Coverley. The bureaucrat and myself now thought it high time to look out for ourselves, and to find shelter where we could. Though there was a haystack not a hundred yards off, under which we could have found almost immediate repose, never did diplomats make such a dangerous circuit to get out of danger proving beyond dispute how great a blunder is panic. Shot after shot came rolling along. "This won't do, at all,' said my companion. 'What won't do?" "Pressing busines demands my attention at the legation, and I'm off to Naples by the rail." All the party was now separated, and I returned by myself to the highway, the firing down the road from the fort continuing very sharp, and the wounded being carried into Santa Maria in great numbers. All at once there was a cry that the Neapolitan cavalry were coming and we all ran for it, some red-coasts included—a regular panic. I met an English officer coming up at the head of about fifty of the most ragged fellows, I ever beheld "Come along with me,' said my friend 'let us drive those panic mangers back.' 'What can I do?" I replied, 'I have left my revolver behind, and have only this big stick.' Never mind, take my revolver; I have a sword.' I accepted the revolver, but fortunately most probably for my life or limbs—whether for my glory or not I depone not—my friend started off at such a rattling pace at the head of his men that I was soon distanced. I shouted after him and he came back. I returned him the lethel instrument and thanked him for the loan, and his opinion of my zeal and courage. In about 20 minutes he came back, having lost ten of his men—so much for the discretion and short wind of your humble servant. Our hero returned with a whole skin, but I think he had made up his mind, if necessary, to die gloriously.' "Cheerfully,' I replied, 'and should I fall, don't you say that you saw me going backward; I am but an amateur."

The natural consequence was the loss of many officers, including one general, and 300 soldiers killed and wounded.—This mistake was made too late for Garibaldi to remedy whilst looking on during the latter part of the fight. Such was his mortification he hardly spoke a word except to say, 'It is almost time to fall back.' But to return to our personal narrative.—None of the party had set eyes on the Queen's counsel since the foot board affair, so Capt. Davidson, myself and Billing, his servant, set out in search of him. We looked over the ground where we had last seen him—nowhere to be found. We then went to the hospital, to which he might have been carried. Not there, either. At last, it being quite dark, we concluded that he might have left for Naples, and started for that place. We had not gone three miles before we were pulled up at an advance post of the Garibaldians, when we were informed that we had mistaken our way, and were on the high road to Capua. Had we arrived there with the aid of our red coats and other unmistakable Garibaldian insignia, we should most probably have been subjected to a summary and inglorious death, and all the pains I had taken to the contrary during the conflict would of course have been lost. We returned forthwith to Santa Maria and obtained a pass from Gen. Eber, for the Caserta road. On our arrival at Naples, we found her Majesty's counsel fast asleep in bed.

☞ What were the first words Adam spoke to Eve? Nobody knows.

☞ He that finds a thing steals it if he endeavors not to restore it.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

FARTHER POINT, November 1.—The steamer Bohemian from Liverpool at 1 P. M. on the 19th, via Londondery 19th ult., passed this point this morning at 9 o'clock. The steamer Edinburg arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 18th.

When the Bohemian left Liverpool, great rejoicings were going on in honor of the opening of the splendid free library presented to the town by William Brown.—Thousands of volunteers were out in possession, and business was generally suspendid.

Lord Brougham, and numerous other celebrities, were taking part in the proceedings.

A great meeting of the working men was held in the amphitheater the previous evening, and presented Mr. Brown with a handsome testimonial.

The Queen and Court had arrived at Windsor, from Germany. The Queen had recovered from her indisposition.

Punch has a leading picture, in which he is introducing the Prince of Wales to his pretty Miss Columbia, with the assurance that he don't get such a partner as her every day.

FRANCE.—The Times' Paris correspondent says that the departure of the Pope's Nuncio from Paris was considered the forerunner of the Pope's quitting Rome.

ROME.—Same authority says: "Seldom has the spirit of hostility been so general in the church of France, and never has it been more boldly displayed. Pastoral circulars, allocutions and sermons, denounce and all but implore Divine vengeance on the invaders of the Papal States, and by imprecation on the Emperor.

"The whole prelacy is roused from one end of the country to the other."

The French note to the Federal Council states that, independent of the insults offered to the French flag at Sionа, a French subject was maltreated on the occasion:

France therefore claims that a searching inquiry be instituted, and expresses a hope that the guilty parties may be punished, and satisfaction accorded.

The Federal Council has directed the government at Valais to make the necessary investigation.

The Paris Bourse was firm and steady, and closed on the 17th, at 69 10.

ITALY.—Affairs are wholly unchanged.

The Paris Patrie says: "As soon as the annexation of Naples and Sicily to Sardinia is proclaimed, Garibaldi will resign his political authority and assume the title and functions of commander-in-chief of the land and sea forces of Southen Italy. He will exclusively occupy himself in preparing for war next spring, and to make an appeal to all Europe to volunteer."

It is confirmed that a French merchantman laden with stores for Gaeta had been captured by Garibaldi's ships, but as the blockade was not recognized by France, she would probably be restored to avoid disagreeable consequences.

The Turan Gazette says: "Prusia has simply made some remarks against the entry of Sardinian troops into Naples, but Prussia has made no communication."

It is reported, however, via Berlin that the Russian Ambassador at Turin had been recalled, and that the Sardinian Ambassador at St. Petersburgh had received his passports.

It is stated that 14,000 Piedmontese troops had already reached Naples by sea, and after Victor Emanuel reviews them they will march to Caeserta to be joined by those entering by the Roman frontier.

Moderate Drinking.

Let no man say, when he thinks of the drunkard ruined in health and spoiled in intellect, "I can never fall so." He thought as little of falling in his earlier years. The promise of his youth was as bright as yours; and even after he began his downward course, he was as unsuspicious as the firmest around him, and would repel as indignantly the admonition beware of intemperance. The danger of this vice lies in its almost imperceptible approach. Few who perish by it have done so by its first excess. Youth does not suspect drunkenness in the sparkling beverage, which quickens all its susceptibilities of joy. The invalid does not see it in the cordial which gives new tone to his debilitated organs. The man of thought and genius detects no palsying poison in the draught which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination. The lover of social pleasure little dreams that the glass that animates conversation will sink him too low for intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with noiseless step and binds the first cords with a touch too light to be felt. This truth of mournful experience should be treasured by all, and influence the arguments and habits of social and domestic life in every class of the community.—*Dr. Channing.*

Death is a grand Secret.

1. We know not, beforehand, when and how, and by what means we or others shall be brought to death; by what road we must go the way whence we shall not return, what disease or what disaster will be the door to put us into the house of appointment for all living.

2. We cannot describe what death is: how the knot is untied between body and soul, nor now the spirit of man goes upward, to be we know not what, and live we know not how. With what a dreadful curiosity does the soul launch out into the vast ocean of eternity; and resign itself to an untried abyss! Let us make it sure that the gates of Heaven shall be open to us on the other side of death, though it is a way we are to go but once.

3. We have no correspondence at all with separate souls, nor any acquaintance with their state. It is an unknown, undiscovered region, to which they are removed; we can neither hear from them, nor send to them. While we were here in a world of sense, we speak of the world of spirits, as the blind do of colors, and as we move thither, we shall be amazed to find how much we have been mistaken.—

Wisdom of the Ancients.

A great talker is seldom a wise man.—*Thales.*

A wise man speaks but sparingly.—*Demosthenes.*

Above all things, reverence thyself.—*Pythagoras.*

It is better to be poor than ignorant.—*Aristippus.*

Quiet and leisure are above everything.—*Socrates.*

One should not undertake what he cannot perform.—*Chilo.*

A man ought either to be good, or to seem so.—*Democritus.*

Envy corrodes its possessors, as rust does iron.—*Antisthenes.*

Avarice and vanity are the principal elements of all evil.—*Timon.*

Praise not the unworthy on account of their wealth.—*S. Dunnock.*

A blush is the complexion of virtue.—*Theoprastus and Diogenes.*

In war, steel is better than gold; in life, wisdom exceeds wealth.—*Socrates.*

One ought to remember kindness received, and forget those done.—*Chilo.*

All things should be common between friends; our friend is another self.—*Pythagoras.*

Procure not friends in haste; nor, if once procured, in haste abandon them:—*Solon.*

Commit no secret to a friend, which, if reported, will bring you to infamy.—*Thales.*

Never praise a man, for being like a woman, nor a woman for resembling a man.—*Paedaretus.*

A stranger, if just, is not only to be preferred before a countryman, but a kinsman.—*Pythagoras.*

It is not only more honorable, but also more delightful, to give than to receive a benefit.—*Epicurus.*

Learning is an ornament to the rich, a refuge in adversity, and the best provision against old age.—*Aristotle.*

One part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.—*Crates.*

Learning teaches youth temperance, affords comfort to old age, gives riches to the poor, (?) and is an ornament to the rich.—*Diogenes.*

Poverty and riches are the names of want and sufficiency; he who wants anything ought not to be called rich, and he who wants nothing, poor.—*Democritus.*

Such as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the music.—*Diogenes.*

We should remain tranquil and easy on the death of our friends, both because we cannot tell whether it has happened for the better or the worse, and because sorrow will be of no avail.—*Plato.*

Men are more mindful of wrongs than of benefits, and it is but just that it should be so; as he who restores a deposit deserves no commendation, but he who detains it, blame and punishment.—*Democritus.*

Virtue Alone Beautiful.

"Handsome is that handsome does, hold up your heads, girls," is the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe's Eve, or that statue of Venus which enchants the world, could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good-looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle, generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of those around you, and, my word for it, you will not lack kind words or admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass gives you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is given you on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace "which passeth show" rests over it, softening it and mellowing its features; just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

"Hold up your heads, girls;" I repeat after Primrose. Why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in all atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kind and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick Park seemed the dark maids of Sligo, as they sung their low and simple songs of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger who had "no mother to bring him milk, and wife to grind his corn." Oh! talk as you may of beauty, as a thing to be chiselled upon marble or wrought on canvass; speculate as you may upon its colors and outline, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind—looking through outward environments, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts subdues the gazer is that of the soul and the affections, uniting the awe and the mystery of the mother's miraculous allotment with the inexpressible love, the unutterable tenderness, of young maternity. Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's sweetest and holiest instinct. And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness evermore hallows and sanctifies its dwelling places?—J. W. Whittier.

☞ Tall gentlemen are always successful, because the ladies are all in favor of hymen.