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EFFECTIVE AND DIVERTING COMPOSITIONS,

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The matter in this volume is chiefly new to the world of books. Those pieces marked with a star (*) have been prepared expressly for this issue—some being entirely original, and others partially so. The design has been to render each piece not only acceptable to young speakers, but equally so to their audiences, both in spirit and sense. The humorous element predominates because it is found that it is eagerly sought for by students and scholars, and is popular with the public. The publishers offer the work, with confidence, to those seeking for a pleasing and available "Speaker."
BEADLE'S DIME

STUMP SPEAKER.

HON. J. MOSES STUBBS' VIEWS "ON THE SITUATION."—Stickey Stubbs, Esq.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, MALE AND OTHERWISE: By the spontaneous acclamation of seven disinterested and enthusiastic admirers of the seven cardinal virtues—including one married man and a widow that is about to drop her weeds—I have been allured, from my hitherto modest obscurity, to fling myself as a sacrifice upon the altar of my country—that altar upon which so many have fought and bled and been elected to office. My loftiest ambition, hitherto heretofore, has been to develop the extraordinary virtues of my paring-machine—which I am now selling at the low price of one dollar each, warranted to peel down to the eye; but, the exceedingly combustible condition of public affairs makes it imperative that every man of "remarkable parts"—as that sublime poet, Mister Tupper, so beautifully phrases it—should assume his proper position and run for office—which I certainly shall do, pro-viding I can find some one to sell my machine in my absence, and pay me fifty cents for each machine sold.

Fellow-citizens: The state of the country in general—I don't mean Major-General, nor Brigadier-General, for neither of such amount to a nubbin' of corn—the state of the Constitutional, Congressional, Supreme-Court and Starry-Banner country, which

You nor I nor nobody knows
Whither it comes or whether it goes,
as Mister Dan Bryant, the great poet, elegantly expresses it—the state of the country, I say, is, laying aside all private prejudices, alarming, sir; yes, sir, is undoubtedly impeccunious, portentous! Look at the dry-goods market and see how much it costs for a pair of suspenders! Look at the meat-market,
and see how much it costs for a soup-bone! Alas, what evil times have we fallen upon, when every door-knocker is changed into a bell, and every kitchen has to have hot and cold water! And this brings me to the consideration of another question:

What business had Columbus to discover America, any how? Why couldn't he have run his old tub in another direction, and have discovered somebody else's farm besides Uncle Sam's? What Pacific Oceans of trouble would we have been spared—what Rocky Mountains of Dred Scott, George Francis Train and suffering female sufferages would we have escaped! Talk about impeachment! Why, Christopher Columbus is a saint compared to Andy Johnson—no: I mean Andy is a saint compared to Christopher; and the foreigner, for sticking his nose into American affairs, as he did, deserved to be arraigned, tried, impeached, and made to pay a fine heavy enough to liquidate our public and private debts and to buy one hundred of my machines, at one dollar each, which is very cheap.

And that reminds me of another matter. If you'll send me to Congress, fellow-citizens, I'll expunge this public debt by a very simple process. As everybody owes everybody, and the Government owes the balance, what's to prevent everybody from paying everybody and the Government, and starting even again? It's as simple as turning my paring-machine. Then, the debt will be extinguished, sir, utterly extinguished, and everybody will be as rich, or a little richer, than ever, for, in all swaps, you know, each one gets the best of the bargain, as certain as he would to buy one of my machines for a dollar.

Seems to me I heard some one laugh! Was it a sign of cold in the head or of incredulity? It's all right, but I'll say that I can lick any man, woman, or boy in this township, light-weight; so now don't let me hear any thing but a-plause.

Again, fellow-citizens, and those on the back-seats: We have all got constitutional rights, among which is to wear a ruffle shirt, and to go bare-footed. Now, what more beautiful sight in nature or a provision store than a beautiful foot? Nothing, except it be a string of sausages, six links to the foot; and that, I hold, when a man is hungry, is overpowering.
But, what's sausages got to do with a ruffled shirt, do you exclaim? That's what I'd like to know when my machines are selling for one dollar each.

And this brings me to the consideration of another important public question. It's a small thing for a man to know all about his own business, but a big thing to know all about everybody else's business. Some folks are silly enough to attend only to their own concerns, but they don't amount to much in the long run. It is people who spend six hours of each day in trying to find out what you eat for breakfast, and what you said to Smith's wife, that keep things lively, and give the patriotic lawyers something to do. When I go to Congress I shall propose a scheme—perfectly feasible, I assure you—by which the man or woman who finds out the greatest number of faults and sins in the neighbors' characters shall secure the honorary distinction of P. B. That used to mean Perfect Brick, but in this case it wouldn't be mean at all; it would be Public Benefactor. I feel sure, therefore, that I can count upon a good, strong vote in this community, for yesterday I heard of one woman who had spoiled six characters in one week. I want such women to vote, and I'm for free suffrage except for the Democrats, but if I've got to go to Congress by their votes, I'm blest if I hadn't rather stay at home and sell my machines for fifty cents apiece; because, to tell the truth, I had an uncle who went to Congress by Democratic votes, and he was drunk all the time he was in Washington, as that was the way, he said, to represent his constituents.

And now, fellow-citizens, and those on the front benches: What if you have holes in the heels of your stockings, or haven't got any stockings at all—which is more than likely—don't hesitate to do your duty in this crisis. The first duty is, when I am up for Congress vote for me; the next is, don't vote for anybody else; the next in order is, stand around the polls and punch every man's head who don't vote as you do, and lastly, hereafter please address me, in all communications, as the Honorable J. Moses Stubbs. Any man who calls me Mose Stubbs must provide himself with a half-dozen bottles of Radway's Ready Relief; and any woman who won't be proud to have her seventh child named Moses is no friend of her country.
in this crisis, and can not consistently expect me to bleed and die in her defense and sell her a machine for less than a dollar.

I believe now, I have canvassed the whole subject; but, if I've omitted any thing, you can imagine what I'd say, and so put it in the report of this speech. I'll station myself at the door, where, as the audience passes out, I'll afford an opportunity to all the pretty girls in the assembly to kiss me. The married women, with husbands along with them, will please not stop—it might create some confusion, and the price of my machines hereafter, until further notice, will be one dollar.

*HANS SCHWACKHEIMER versus WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—Same.

FELLOW BEERLES: Shust fourteen years once in a while ago I vos marriet py a womans, und vos axed py te briest vot for I goin' to do mit myself, petter or vorser? und I axed him: "Dooner und blitzen, if I pe marriet I ish vorser to pe sure." Und so, das mooch.

Anudder ting: I gets, vonce in a while, ven I vos done mit te schurch, sometings in my hett vot te Yankees calls tangle-legs; und den te goonstal he grosses te sthreet over, und says he, "Schwackheimer, you pees trunk?" und den he axes me vill I keeps trunk, or vill I goes to pet in te shail? So I tinks I'se got as goat rights to te pet in te shail as nopolies vat pays te taxes; und so I goes to shail. Dat's cause I'se peen marriet py a briest mit a womans.

Vell, den, Mr. Beebles, vat you tink? Mine frau she coomes mit te briest shust as it pe night, und says: "Schwackheimer, you's a peast," und te briest he says: "Schwackheimer, you's a pig sinner." Dooner! Den I gits mat as ter pull, for, hat I not gif te briest one tollar und fattle mit a schoppen of lager? Yaw, one tollar und fattle schoost pecause he makes Katrine pe my vife. So I pe as mat as a pull, und I hit te briest on te coph, und he falls town like a gabbage, und Katrine she falls town too. Blitzen! Den I feels pat—mooch pat, for Katrine she cries, und te briest he cries; und I cries
like as noddiiks. Den Katrine she kisses te briest, und te briest he kisses Katrine; und so I strops crying, quick; und feels patter all te time; und poopy soon, by'mby, I shoost slips out te toor und locks it hart, und puts te key in mine pocket, und walks away like a shentleman vat has shust peen sick mit te measles, und ish a preachin' out, you see.

Vell den: te goonstable he cooms along, und says he: "Schwackheimer, ish you soper?" "Very goat," says I. "Now go home, Schwackheimer," says he, "und pe a goat hoospant, und make your new fife, what is waiting for you, mooch happy." So I says, "Yoo!" und feels so queer in te stomach ash mate me go right offer to Yost Schimmelphennig's inn, und eats two points sauer kraut und scheese.

Vell den: in Yost Schimmelphennig's inn I sees a pill hangin' oop, vat says te ships Rotterdam he sails for America in two tays, soon Hamburg; und so I shoost takes te key to te shail in my pocket und gits on te caars und goes to Ham-
burg und feels petter all te vay; und dat is te vay I see an American citizens!

Now, den, I'se not got marriet again pecease I ish an Amer-
ican citizens; und ven it ish times to vote, I gits on te stoomp
to speak sometings against te vimmens as asks to wear te preeches. Schoost look at me! I weighs only one hoondred und dirty points. As I drinks six quarts lager every day, I ought to weigh two hoondred and dirty points. I ish tin schoost pecease I has peen marriet; und I goes town on fe-
male suffrage, as you calls it, to a man—dat I does.

Fellow beeclles, female suffrage is nix goat; vimmens is nix goat. Mitout vimmens ter would pe no childrens, und den schoost tink how mooch would pe saved dat te childrens cost. Den every man could have a parrel of lager in hees house, und te world ish petter right off. So everypody vote against te vimmens. Dat's all!
ALL FOR A NOMINATION.—Geo. F. Meece.

Six months ago, with little cash,
In politics I made a dash,
Resolving, though I went to smash,
I'd have the nomination.

I went to work with all my might,
I called on friends both day and night,
And oft I thought, "Oh, I'm all right,"
I'll get the nomination.

The friends that brought me in the field,
Said, "now, my boy, you must not yield,
For boldness is your strongest shield,
To win the nomination."

They also urged another course—
Insisted on't with all their force—
That I should get a coach and horse
And hunt the nomination.

I yielded to their argument;
For coach and horse my money spent,
And every day a-driving went,
To seek the nomination.

I drove through north, and east, and west,
Through all the precincts ('twas thought best),
And gave myself and horse no rest,
To get the nomination.

My cards I hung on tavern walls,
And ticket bought for all the balls,
Fed Pat and Mike at oyster stalls,
To get the nomination.

And often, too, the "hounds" I'd meet,
In dozens walking down the street;
Of course the party I must treat,
To get the nomination.

My family was neglected too,
I saw them not for whole weeks through,
And all these things I had to do,
To get the nomination.
My business, too, sunk very low,
For cash I knew not where to go,
I thought it would not long be so—
I'd get the nomination.

Thus time rolled on, and so did I!
Six months elapsed, my hopes ran high,
At last the day and hour drew nigh,
To make the nomination.

My friends were promptly on the ground,
And when my hopes seemed almost crowned,
Alas! I to my sorrow found
I'd lost the nomination.

With health impaired and pocket dry,
I'll rest till three long years roll by,
And then again, perhaps I'll try
To get the nomination.

OLD OCEAN.—Rev. A. A. Willetts.

MY LISTENERS: I speak to-night [or to-day] of Old Ocean. I pay my devoirs to him as to a majesty to whom we owe many blessings—much of our pleasure, and not a few of the noblest impressions which the human mind has received from outward forms and language.

The ocean has not only the charms of sublimity and beauty, but it is filled with the riches of beneficence to man. That man is indebted for all the beauties and necessaries of life, I hold to be a truth. Of course, those who are lovers of oysters, fish, shell-fish, and lobster-salad, with all the other etecstates, are deeply indebted to this part of nature. Some call the ocean a "waste of waters," which is as gross a slander as calling the earth a "howling wilderness." I know of nothing to give the latter its name, except it be those who howl in it. Look over the map of the world, and you will find three-quarters covered with water. This is not, perhaps, unnatural, when we view this vast disproportion to dry land, and imagine that it would have been better had this vast
expanse been filled with dry land, and its inmeasurable deep filled up and covered with fields and forests, and valleys and hills—covered with cities—instead of this vast desert of water.

Instead of being an incumbrance, the sea is essential to life and happiness to the world, as the circulation of the blood is to the health and happiness of man. Instead of its being a waste and desert, it is the very thing that keeps the earth from becoming a waste and a desert. It is, then, the fountain to the earth of life and beauty. And if this great reservoir should be taken away, and its depths filled up with dry land, the forests and the hill-tops would wither away. All material objects would crumble away, and all the children of the earth would grow emaciated, deformed, and die off. All beauty would be extinguished. Every thing would become dry, silent, and dead.

Water is indispensable to all life, both vegetable and animal. But water has not only done great things for navigation, but as a steady drink for nourishment to all living things it is indispensable. It is as necessary to the cedar upon the mountain-top as to the ivy that clings to the wall; as necessary to the mastodon that pastures upon the forests as to the animaleula that floats in the ocean's deep. All things are by it made to grow, to have life, and be crowned with beauty. This water, to give all these things life, is supplied by the sea. All the waters in the rivers and fountains, and springs and lakes, all come out of the sea.

An impression has prevailed that the rivers filled the sea; but it is just the reverse. It is the flow of the sea that fills the rivers. You hear or have read of orators exclaiming, "Britannia rules the waves," or of the quaint saying of the Yankee, that "we have but to turn the Mississippi river into the Mammoth Cave, and the British navy would be floundering in the mud." The rivers made the sea, but it is the sea which makes the rivers. All of the waters of the river have once been in the clouds, and clouds are but the condensation of the invisible vapor which floats in the air; and when all this vapor has been lifted into the air by the sunbeams, it forms into clouds, and the winds waft them over the land to refill the rivers and refresh the earth. This is the reason why
the ocean never overflows the earth, because its superfluity goes floating off into the air to the same amount which the ocean receives from the rivers. For every Mississippi and Amazon which flows into the sea, so to speak, another Mississippi and Amazon run out of it. The "old ocean" is the nursing mother to all living things on the globe. All the cities, nations and continents—all living things—the trees and beauteous flowers which brighten this world, the trees on the hill-tops and the delicate and many-tinted flowers by the wayside, all wait upon the sea for their nurture and life. Thus it is made a generous giver to the nourishment of the whole world. Without it, all nature would return to dust. Bountiful and beautiful mother ocean! let man never forget what he owes to thee!

---


What would become of us if it were not for the beneficence of the sea? The proportion of decay would soon make this earth's surface one vast receptacle of corruption, whose stagnant air would soon and swiftly breed pestilence. But for the beneficial drainage office of the sea, such would be the result. The sea is as essential to us for carrying away the decayed matter as for bringing in materials of life. Nothing could save us if the great deep did not act as a purifier of the corrupt earth. And if it is asked if the winds are not a means of purification, I answer, "No," for there is no place to deposit their burden, which will accumulate in their hands, and fill all their breath with poisonous effluvia, and carry destruction into every part of the world at once. But the rains have come from the sea for the purpose of purifying the winds and emptying their hands of their burdens. The rain is ever ready for this grand purifying office.

The sea becomes the grand scavenger of the world. It is not one of the Street Commissioners, who go on the general principle as laid down in Dickens' "Blak House," where is portrayed the "Circumlocution Office," in which the great
study was, "how not to do it." If we were left to the tender mercies of the sanitary officers, we should not, and could not, live in our cities. The sea is the great purifier of nature, which never betrays its trust. Where no sanitary company could go, no Street Commissioner would go, its million eyes are watchful, its million hands are ready, in exploring the lurking-places of decay, and to bear swiftly away the dangerous sediment, and hide it in the slimy bottom of the great deep.

One hundred billions of tons of the sediment of the earth are borne by the rivers into the ocean in a single summer. Let your little ready reckoner think and meditate on that with our national debt. Fill all the ships and use all the railroads in the world, and let all the men and all the women work together in this great sanitary toil, and they could not accomplish what is thus done by the beneficent agent, the sea; and all is done so silently, so easily, and all working at once, as well as speedily and effectually; no caucuses, no decrees of legislature, stump speeches or electioneering; no excitement, rum-drinking, newspaper-lying, bribing, lobbying or fighting; no Tammany or Mozart Hall meetings. Thank God that the sea is not under contribution to man or politicians.

The winds whose wings are weary, and their breath sickening with the malaria of the land, always go to the "off-soundings" to recover their health. They evidently believe in water-cure. They are hydropathists. Here they rest when worn out and weary—rest in the vast swinging-bath of the ocean. And when they have been filled with health, and purity, and sweetness, they lift their wild pinions to the air, and move across the waters to the panting, dry, and sultry land. They strike pinions from the ocean, the sweet voices singing:

"We come, we come: for the boundless flight,
With hearts full of love and wings full of might;
Over mountains high and valleys deep,
Our broad, invisible wings shall sweep."
THE STAR BANGED SPANNER. — Adapted from the
"Comic Monthly."

FELLOW-CITIZENS: Called upon by an overpowering force of friends, who have elevated me upon the platform, altogether against my own personal wishes, as you must know, I am yet happy to present myself before this august assembly in December [substitute any other month proper]. The occasion is one to inspire even a manikin—or, for that matter, a woman-kin. We celebrate the glories of the flag of freedom, and he whose bosom don’t swell at the thought, hasn’t got any more bosom than a shovel.

When the Star Banged Spanner floats proudly to the four winds of heaven, at the midnight hour, and the soarin’ eagle above it, with golden, flapped-out wings, watchen our Old Hen, America, while her chickens slumber, and that immense emblem waven as never a flag like unto it a-wove before, so proudly in sight of the silvery moon that shines forth in all its emulgency, surrounded by twinkling stars in the azure expanse of the blue creolcan armory above—who, where, can be found the miscreant within American boundaries so soon “to be enlarged,” who dare yell out unheroically, “Cut it down!”

"Cut it down!" Tell me, fellow-creatures, tell me, in the presence of that great Master Architect of the universe, who wheels his thrones upon the rolling spheres, as he passes over the nations of the earth to call his rulers to judgment—tell me, in His name, who makes no time in rolling a borealis through the unfathomable regions of fiery hemispheres—that such a being “still lives,” existing in troosaloons or in petticoats, Norf, or Souf, who is in a hurry, to whistle at a rope’s end;—then, fellow-citizens, will he be as inglorious as the American Flag is gel-le-rious—for he’ll have no equal!

"Cut it down!" Everlasting stars! Have you a child, even a chicken of this country’s brood, mean enough to do it? Then “shoot him on the spot,” as General Dix said; and let him remember, by way of retaliation, that the Law of our land defines conspiracy like unto a walking-chicken—

"Cut it down!" Prodigious times are these! The
National *Horse* has passed by, we hope for the last time! The big circus cavalry have dismounted, and the grand caravan of *Peace* is marching on, and marching on—a multitude in itself—while the American Rooster so blithely flaps and flaps his wings, "co-joy-ously," and marshals his feathery dames around him, "co-joy-ously," again and again!

"*Cut it down!*" Fellow-citizens! hearken, hearken, from the Atlantic to the Specific Oceans! Providence sifft, 'tis said, three mighty kingdoms to find seed to plant the United States of America, and I believe it; for Plato reasoned so, and a Galen sung! And hearken again, ye bloody big fighters again all Europe! I say, there's distant thunder!!

For four so-veral years there's been a roarin', and roarin'; and over the "big pond" there's been a growl, too, like unto a caged hyena, over forty pounds of bloody bull-beef! The time is coming when chalk accounts must be rubbed out, and the day of reckoning be made holy!! It's going to take some stamps, too, out of John Bull's wallet; and when he draws his leather in behalf of Brother Jonathan, it won't be hundreds, nor thousands, but millions; peradventure it might loom up toward the billions; peradventure, up "one more round of Jacob's Ladder"—and I guess that would be up pretty near heaven—and away to the top!! And when them "leettle items" are poked into old Neuter Allity's face—that old cuss, known to be "first in crackers, first in cheese, and first in the pockets of his countrymen"—he mustn't squint over the "bill of expenses," throw it back, and yell out, gruffingly, "*cut it down!*"

Long ago, didn't us fellers make John Bull draw in his *horns*, when he saw our American *Steers*? And didn't we play *Hobbs* with him, and *Cup* him, too? And ain't we flung from his ow- mast-head the Goddess of Liberty's Starry shawl, proclaiming to him, "or any other man," to the majes-
tic air of the Star Bangled Spangler, that "Britannia does *not* rule the waves?" And he dassen't "*cut it down!*"

"*Cut it down!*" That "illustrious individual," too, who makes Liberty in France, like a pig swimming down a river with the tide and current in its favor, to *cut its own throat*, how has he stood? Has he been one of us? I mean, fellow-citi-
zens, the sardine, who, like the ancient Egyptians, (a
propensity for gambling, after death, and who, today, smells like a bad sandwich, because he's from a strong Ham! He, the sweet-scented geranium, who is like the legs of a pawnbroker's counter—the counterfeiter's (it) of his Uncle—say, how does he stand? I mean, fellow-citizens, he who, today, is like an old almanac-maker, for the prophecies of his future reign (rain) can not be relied upon; who will, ere long, find his precious self in a bad box, like a through passenger in a rickety omnibus; he, the scion of a great man, who seems to love to catch pennies, like a half-starved organ-grinder, with an eye on the throne, and his organ hard on Rome; who is Hungary as a Bear; he who would like to devour Bull-beef, and even Eagle-flesh, if it were not too tough!! How does he stand? Does he love us? Isn't he a double-distilled anti-febrile aperient—anti-scourbutic-spasmatic thief—a French-Mexico-Maximilian robber of the first dip? who hates America, and calls us "Yankee sacrilegious rowdies"? Who, some morning, will wake up from a Nap, any thing but a sovereign! England and France, co-jointly, would to-morrow, if they dared to do it—"cut it down!!"

But, fellow-citizens, the great Russian Bear keeps aloof—goes on his own hook, as the butcher said when he hung himself! although he don't seem to like home-bred Turkey, or to be a favorite of English boys' Tarts, or to stomach American Intervention Sauce!! But, fellow-citizens, the time is coming, when the American Flag will wave upon the walls of Jerusalem! Just as sure a thing to bet on, as you can scare up—as sure to come as rain in Quaker-meeting time!

Hearken! Yes, my fellow-citizens, to this my farewell appeal to you, ere I retire to my private flat-boat off the balmy shores of Cat Island! We are about to part; but, remember that Flag—for the time is near at hand, when the only Key extant will be forthcoming, that will eventually lock up all tyrants—and unlock the fetters that bind freedom—and that Key, fellow-citizens, will be—the Yan-Kee!!
STAY WHERE YOU BELONG.—T. Dewitt Talmage.

The fact can but be admitted that there are thousands of persons in places where they do not belong. The bird’s wing means air, the fish’s fin means water, the horse’s hoof means ground, and just what would happen if the bird tried the water and the fish tried the air, happens when men get out of their natural element. In my watch the springs can not exchange places with the wheels, nor the cogs with the pivots; “Stay where I put you,” cries the watchmaker, “if you want to keep good time;” and, my friends, the world is only a big watch, that God wound up, and the seasons are the hands, which tell how fast the time is going. “Stay where I put you,” says our great Creator. Human society is like a ship. Some are to go ahead—they are the prow; some are to stay behind and guide those who lead—they are the helm; some are to be enthusiastic, and carry the flag—they are the masts; some are to do nothing but act as a dead-weight—they are shoveled in as ballast; some are to fume and fret and blow—they are the valves. We are willing, Mother Nature, to take any of them except two. Please excuse us from being either the ballast or the valves.

Our happiness and success depend on being where we belong. A scow may be admirable, and a fifty-four-pounder steamship may be admirable; but do not put the scow on the ocean, or the fifty-four-pounder in a mill-pond.

Fortune is not so unreasonable as sometimes represented to be. She is spoken of as an old shrew, with hot-water-spout and tongs pursuing the innocent; sometimes losing her temper. But she mostly approves of those who are in their spheres, and condemns those who are where they do not belong.

How then, say some, do you account for the success of such persons as Elihu Burritt and Hugh Miller?—the former a blacksmith, yet showing that he had unbounded capacity for the acquisition of language; and the latter a stone-mason, and yet, as though he were one of the old buried Titans come to life, pressing up through rocks and mountains, until, shaking from his coat a world of red-sandstone, and washing from his hands the dust of millions of years, he takes the professor's
chair in a college. You say, I suppose, these men started in the wrong business. No, they did not. Different men want different kinds of colleges. The anvil was the best school-desk for Elihu Burritt, and the quarry-stone for Hugh Miller. Oxford and Cambridge and Yale are not what such men want to develop them.

Elihu Burritt, among the candles and horse-shoes, learned that patient toil which was the secret of his acquisitons in the languages. Hugh Miller, from observations made while toiling with chisel and crowbar, laid the foundation of his wonderful attainments, one shelf of rock being worth to him more than the hundred shelves of a college library. Not to say a tithe against colleges, some men find a way up to their mission without passing under academic shades. It is strange to notice in what different ways different men are prepared for their occupations and professions.

Some men get into an occupation below that for which they were intended. Excessive modesty keeps them from the position for which they are fitted. They have, then, a fifty-four-pounder in the mill-pond of which I have been speaking. They do not get along half as well as somebody with less brains and less capacity. An elephant would make wretched work if you set it to hatch out goose-eggs, but no more than a man of great attainments appointing himself to some insignificant office. Ever and anon a great revolution throws some such man out of his hiding-place. His moral strength would never have been known had not necessity made him come up out of his insignificant position.

But the opposite is generally the case. Men are often in the position a little above that for which they were intended. Now the old scow is out on the ocean. The weights of the clock said, "Come, come, this is dull work down here; I want to be the pendulum." But the pendulum shouted upward, "I am tired of this work; it does not seem that I make any progress going backward and forward. Oh! that I were the hands!" Under this excitement the old clock, which had been going ever since the Revolutionary war, stopped stock still. "What is the matter, now, my old friend?" says the gray-haired patriarch. For very shame, not a word was said until the old man set it going. Then the striking-bell spoke
up, and said, "Nothing; only the weights wanted to be the pendulum, and the pendulum wanted to be the hands!" "Well, well," said grandfather, "this is great work;" and the old man, losing his patience a little, gave the clock a gentle slap on the face, and told the pendulum hereafter to hold its tongue, and said to the weights, "You be hanged!"

LIFE IS JUST WHAT YOU MAKE IT.—Same.

Like most garments, like most carpets, every thing in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth, in its revolutions, manages about the night; it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has light in America and sometimes in China; but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. My friends, do as the earth does. When you have got trouble, keep turning round, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will in almost every instance come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister.

Fretfulness will kill any thing that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters," and the suspicious lungs resign their office, saying, "Hereafter blow your own bellows." He shoots so vigorously at his liver with blue pills, that the contest has got to be as fierce as Lecompton and anti-Lecompton. For the last twenty years he has been expecting every moment to
faint. His nerves make insurrection and rise up against his head, saying, "Come, let us seize upon this armory." His face is perpetually drawn as though he either had a pain or expected one.

You fear to accost him with "How are you?" for that would be the signal for a shower of complaints. He is always getting a lump on his side, an enlargement of the heart, or a curve in his spine. If some of these disorders did not actually come, he would be sick of disappointment. He challenges every apple that passes through his mouth as though it were a Syracuse Abolitionist going down to Harper's Ferry. If you should find his memorandum-book you would discover in it receipts in elderly female handwriting for the cure of all styles of diseases, from softening the brains in a man down to the botts in a horse. His bedroom shelf is an apothecary's infandum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of headwash for diseased craniums down to the smallest vial full of the best preparation for the removing of corns from the feet. Thousands of men are being destroyed by this constant suspicion as to their health. No physical constitution that was ever created could endure such an exhaustive process.

Others settle down into a gloomy state from forebodings of trouble to come. They do not know why it is, but they are always expecting that something will happen. They imagine about one presentiment a week. A bird flies into the window, or a salt-cellar upsets on the table, or a cricket chirps on the hearth, and they shiver all over, and expect a messenger speedily to come in hot haste at the front of the door, and rush in with evil tidings. They build a pigeon-coop and hang it up, for troubles to enter and make their nests, if they come anywhere near that region.

Away! away! with all forebodings as to the future. Cheer up, disconsolate ones. Go forth among nature. Look up toward the heavens, insufﬁciently bright by day, or at night, when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring going round and round, with gleam and dance and song, making old night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's ax rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the wood.
sparrow, and the chewink starting up from under the huckleberry bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white pebbles. Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain brook, and, scattered on grass, look as if all the oracles had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hark to the fluting of the winds, and the long-meter psalms of the thunder! Look at the morning coming down the mountains, and evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper and amethyst, sardonix and chalcedony! Look at all this, and then be happy.

WHERE'S MY MONEY?

Ay, where's my money? That's a puzzling query.
It vanishes. Yet neither in my purse
Nor pockets are there any holes. 'Tis very
Incomprehensible. I don't disburse
For superfluities. I wear plain clothes.
I seldom buy jam-tarts, preserves or honey;
And no one overlooks what debts he owes
More steadily than I. Where is my money?

I never tipple. Folks don't see me staggering,
Sans cane and castor, in the public street.
I sport no ornaments—not even a bague (ring).
I have a notion that my own two feet
Are much superior to a horse's four,
So never call a jarvey. It is funny,
The longer I investigate, the more
Astoundedly I ask, Where is my money?

My money, mind you. Other people's dollars
Cohere together nobly. Only mine
Cut one another. There's that pink of scholars
Von Doppledronk, he spends as much on wine
As I on every thing. Yet he seems rich,
He laughs, and waxes plumper than a tunny,
While I grow slim as a divining-switch,
And search for gold as vainly. Where's my money?
I can't complain that editors don't pay me;
I get for every sheet one pound sixteen;
And well I may! My articles are flamey
Enough to blow up any magazine.
What's queerest in the affair, though, is, that at
The same time I miss nothing but the one. He
That watches me will find I don't lose hat,
Gloves, fogle-stick, or cloak. 'Tis always money.

Were I a rake, I'd say so. Where one roysters
Beyond the rules, of course his cash must go.
'Tis true I regularly sup on oysters,
Cheese, brandy and all that. But even so!
What signifies a ducat of a night!
"The barmaids," you may fancy. No, the sunny
Loadstar that draws my tin is not the light
From their eyes, anyhow. Where then's my money?

However, apropos of eyes and maidens,
I own I do make presents to the sex—
Books, watches, trinkets, music too (not Haydn's),
Combs, shawls, vails, bonnets—things that might perplex
A man to count. But still I gain by what
I lose in this way. 'Tis experience won—eh?
I think so. My acquaintances think not.
No matter. I grow tedious. Where's my money?

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A STUMP SPEECH FROM THE CONSTABLE.—Original.

FELLER—CITIZENS: I am a candidate for popular sufferinks,
I am—that is, I am runnin' for the responsible office of Con-
stable. It ain't every man that's fitted for that office—not
by a jug-full!

In the first place, I've got courage. I kin say there ain't
a man this side of Hackensack that is afraid of me. So that's
established.

In the other place, I've got no responsibilities. When a
man's got snugly to bed, and some one comes along for him
to serve a process or to arrest a male-farctor, why, if there is
responsibilities in the case—a wife, do ye see—and she says to the party of the first part thumping at the door, "Just go 'long 'bout yer business," why, ye see, it's sure to interfere with the due progress of justice; and it thereupon follows that a man with a responsibility isn't fit to be run for Constable. So, that's so!

In the next place, I'm good on my legs, and that's very important in runnin for office. A Constable, sir, may be called upon to do some tall pegging. If it's a fugitive from the Justice of the Peace's custody, who is making tracks for the township line, it's all-important that the Constable should be fast, sir, fast. I kin make a mile in eight minutes. So that settles that question!

And then, I'm very tender on the feelins. I kin levy an execution so slick-like, that the poor devil as is executed will actually enjoy it. If the wimmen-folks blubbers, I kin make 'em feel at home at once jest by my overpowerin manners and address, and that is all-important. Alas, alas, how many hearts has been broke by rough executions! So, now, that's conclusive.

I kin read, write, and cipher like a summer school-marm, and kin figger up costs like a miller takin toll. All office-holders kin do that, I know, but I kin do it by simple addition, which isn't half so bad as to do it by multiplication. Every office-holder understands the multiplication-table to perfection—as you all very well know.

And again, I ain't afraid of impeachment—the rock on which Andy split—because, first, I know how to keep my temper, and, second, because I don't care a tinker's cup for the Presidency, and that's what was the matter. No, feller-citizens, I'm not going to run my head into a honey-hive, for there might be some bees there which would sting awful, and I would resign before anybody should charge eleven high crimes and misdemeanors against me.

Now, I've made a clean breast of it, and I ask for your sufferages as the hen would gather her chickens under her wing. I kin promise peace and prosperity, and a relief from the terrible burden of national taxation, to all who will vote for me, providing I'm elected, and my constituents subscribe liberally to the electioneering-fund. If I have to pay the
whole shot assessed on the constabulary, I don't see as I've got much of a fortune in being the nominee of the Great Reform Party; and yet, I'm willing to serve my country; and so, again offer myself, without reserve, for your suffer-
ages.

A MAN'S TRUE RELATION TO SOCIETY. — Henry Ward Beecher.

Man is a creature of society. What he contributes to so-
ciety will determine what influence will come back to him from society. Lay this down as a rule almost universal, what you carry to men you will receive back from men. He who carries temper will find anger. He who carries pride finds pride. He who carries selfishness finds selfishness. He who carries benevolence finds good-nature. He that carries good-
ness reaps goodness in return. He who keeps saying that this is a wicked, wicked world, I think a very wicked, wicked man. He who judges every thing hypocritical may be judged as a hypocrite himself. Good men, we generally find, carry their goodness with them. The community receive and pay back just what you give them; what you blazon, that they repeat. One of the main springs of happiness grows out of the soil which men enrich or impoverish by their own hands.

A man, if he shapes true manhood and royalty of charac-
ter, has contributed to the good of society. Even if he should do nothing more, he has already so far contributed much to the community with which he is identified. He who raises children well receives the thanks of those about him; and he who raises well a virtuous family, brings around about him the sympathy, kindly regards, and best feeling of the community wherein he dwells. Do not be ashamed of home, and if you have to go out of it, go cheerfully, go boldly; and if you are driven out, calling it paradise even then. The rearing of a virtuous homestead has elements for the production of happi-
ness to the community in which you live. He who makes the community happy with the light of kindliness, is always borne in heart and mind. His smiles are ever sources of en-
joyment, and his hearty laughter makes all things bright. He that plants trees, plants a home for the birds that fill its
boughs, and affords a shelter for the poor man that comes by the way. He who spreads beds of flowers, spreads them for every one, who thus receives the refreshing odor which arises from them. Was it selfishness that prompted Michael Angelo to build the church of St. Peter? Did he not build it for all ages, and for the race? and when he painted his masterpiece of the Transfiguration, did he paint it for his own self or for the joy and glory of his race? He who builds a homestead, and replenishes it with love and virtue, surrounds it necessarily with happiness and prosperity. He does not rear this social monument for selfishness' sake! He that owns a large estate, and so administers it that the whole community are blest in its use, is a public benefactor. And when men so live and so rear their households, they are beautifying and decorating the communities in which they dwell, and they can not fail in meeting with a rich reward of happiness.

THE LIMITS TO TRUE HAPPINESS.—Same.

It is important that we should know within what limits and bounds we are to seek for happiness, lest we shall miss by not knowing what to aim at. Even with the wisest rules, and with perfect self-restraint, men can not be perfectly and entirely happy. There is a work of pain and suffering in human life, since pain and suffering are the very factors of happiness. An artist can not make his picture stand out in its lights, except by introducing shadows. It is just as plain that in this perfect development pain is an element so important that for the most part to withdraw it would be equivalent to giving up the education of men.

No man learns any thing except by a long series of experiments, each involving patience, disappointment, suffering, chagrin, to say nothing of anger and fear, which are eminent factors of human conduct. No man inherits knowledge. No man starts in life with the sins of his father on his head. One man is born sinful-minded. Another one blind, or deaf, or speechless. Some are born with a taint of insanity, others with an appetite for strong drink (this is hereditary). Some
men are born with fiery nerves, that sparkle and burn with the slightest excitement; others are born lethargic, cold, almost concealed. Some overrun, some lag behind. Some are surrounded with society that depraves and hinders every thing. Some are met on the threshold by love, and virtue, and piety.

Few things are given to all in the universal disparities of organization and condition. In one theory all are alike—the best and the worst, the highest and the lowest—they enter upon a life of unfolding, of training, and training in this world is by conflict. Men are started into life not perfectly symmetric, but every man comes into life with a bundle of raw elements, which he is to learn how to organize into character. How truly, no man finds himself at birth. On the road men find themselves, if at all. And out of the very night it is mysteriously inspired to the best, “It doth not yet appear what you shall be.”

Now it is this universal necessity of growth, construction, and reconstruction which makes happiness equal, uniform, and continuous. To search for it is vain. As there can not be any temper given to metal without beating, so God tempers men by pain. Suffering is the mother of fortitude, of patience, of faith and of hope. Suffering deepens every affection, converts materials into principles. Let men look back and recount the things that have most favored them in life. All the things that were sweetest in the fruition are forgotten, and men that are men will remember that they were made by their rugged experiences. It was the discipline that enabled them to bear as a good soldier. It was worth setting themselves against nature, and apparently against Providence, to win the battle. Every man who is a man, and has battled his way up, can say to men, if you were to take out of the experiences of my life, all the pains and suffering, I should be left pulpy. A man without pain is a man without a bone in his body. The very first step toward happiness, then, consists in the right conception of its limits.
GOOD-NATURE, WHAT A BLESSING! — Same.

Good-nature—what a blessing! Without it a man is like a wagon without springs, it has the full benefit of every stone and way-rut. Good-nature is the prime minister of a good conscience. It tells of the genial spirit within, and good-nature never fails of a wholesome effect without.

Good-nature is not only the government of one's own spirit, but it goes far in its effects upon those of others. It manifests itself on every street; it humanizes man; it softens the friction of a business world. Good-nature is the harmonious act of conscience. Good-nature in practical affairs is better than any other; better than what men call justice; better than dignity; better than standing on one's rights, which is so often the narrowest and worst place to stand on one can find.

A man who lacks good-nature is like a long, lean, bony man, sitting on an oak bench, without any thing under him—while a good-natured man is like a fleshy man who always has a cushion under him. He can sit down anywhere and be comfortable. A man who lacks good-nature is always quarreling with somebody. It is impossible for him to agree with any one, and he is always losing his temper. This want of good-nature made a certain President's road a hard one to travel. He might have seen better days had he known how to regulate his temper.

A man who knows how to hold on to his temper, is the man who is respected by the community. And one who has a good nature, successfully travels about as does he who goes upon the principle—little of baggage, but plenty of money! A man who is armed with hopefulness, cheerfulness, and a genial spirit, is one who is going to be of practical and beneficent usefulness to his fellow-man. There are no things by which the troubles and difficulties of this life can be resisted better than with wit and humor. And let the happy person who possesses these—if he be brought into the folds of the church—not allow conversion to deprive him of them. God has constituted these in man, and especially when they are so salient in meeting good-naturedly the trials of this world, they should be used. Happiness, at last, is dependent upon a soul that has holy communion with its Creator—"for in Him we
have life eternal." Men also fail in happiness because they refuse to read the great lessons found in the great book of nature. Happiness is to be sought in the possession of true manhood rather than in its internal conditions.

A SHORT SERMON FROM THE HARD-SHELL BAPTIST.

"There's nine men a-standin' at the door, and they all said they'd take sugar in them."

Sich, friends and brethren, was the talk, in a worldly cents, wuns common in this our ainshunt land; but the dais is gone by, and the sun runs dry, and no man can say to his nabor, hoo art thou, man, and will you take eny more shoogar in your kaughphiy?

But the words of our text has a diffrient and a more per-
tickler meanin than this. Thar tha stood at the door on a cold winter's mornin, two Baptists, two Methodists, two Pres-
byterians, and three Lutherans, and the tother one was a publican. And tha all with one vois said they'd not dirty ther feet in a dram shop, but if the publican wood go and get the drinks they'd pay for 'em. An' tha all cride out an' evry man sed, "I'll take mine with shugar, for it won't feel good to drink the stuff without sweetnin." So the publikin he marched in, and the barkeeper sed: "What want ye?" And he ancercd and sed, "A drink!" "How will ye have it?" "Plance and strate," sez he, "for it's no use wastin shugar to circumsalivate aksfortis. But there's nine more a-standin at the door, and tha all sed they'd take shugar in thenm."

Friends and brethren, it ain't only likker and sperrits that is drunk in this runderbout and underhand way, but it is the likker of all sorts of human wickenis, in like manur. Thar's the likker of malis, that many of you drink to the dregs, but yure shure to sweeten it with the shugar of self-justification. Thar's the likker of averis, that some of you keeps behind the curtin for constant use, but you always has it well mixt with the sweetnin of prudens and econimy. Thar's the likker of self-luv that sum men drinks by the gallon, but tha all
puts into it lots of the shugar of take keer of No. 1. And
that's the likker of extorshun, which the man sweetens ac-
cordin to circumstances. If he's in the flour line, he'll say
the poor'll be better off eatin korn bred; if he's in the clothes
line, he'll say it's a good thing to make 'em larn to make
clothes to home; if he's in the leather line, it'll larn 'em the
needessity of takin better keer of ther shoes. "And that's
nine more a-standin at the dore, and tha all sed they'd take
shugar in thern."

But, friends and brethren, thar's a time cummin, and a place
fixin, whar thar'll be no "standin at the dore," to call for
"shugar in thern," but thay'll have to go rite in and take the
drink squar up to the front; and the barkeeper'll be old Sa-
tan, and nobody else; and he'll give 'em "shugar in thern,"
you better believe it, and it'll be shugar of led, and red hot
led at that, as shure as your name's Conshuns Dodger. And
you'll be entitled to your rashuns three times a day, if not
more frequentlier, and if you don't like it you'll have to
lump it, and so may the Old Nick close down on all your
silk perlaverin around all the plane old pools of brutherly
luv and ginirosity and feeler-feelin and fair play.

*TAIL-ENDERS.—O. J. W.

I talk of Tail-enders. Don't be alarmed, for it is not a
disquisition on crawfish, nor yet a treatise on the refuse of a
ship's cargo. Nor do I refer to the peculiarly exquisite or-
ganism of the polecat, by which the tail-end is made to dif-
fuse odors that would have conquered even the Augean sta-
bles. Tail-end, in fact, is neither an anomaly nor a lusus
natura, for it implies what lives, moves, and has a being in
our social, political and religious world, evermore—what is
in every community, and is to the civilization of to-day what
a float is to a fish's tail—something to keep the fish from div-
ing too deep or swimming too fast.

In the more common parlance, tail-end is a conservative.
He is as far behind as he can be, and claim relation to the
body. A tail-end is generally known by his switch. When
the head resolves to go through a musketo swamp, the tail-ender strikes violently toward the head, and cries, \textit{fanatic! hot-headed! blind! zealot!} Tail-ender is furious, for, in spite of himself, he is made active; so he whips both the insects and the body with the same blow. Tail-ender is full of abusive words against the heart, forgetting he is a less "comely part."

The tail-ender, calling himself by a name as definite as a piece of chalk, to cover up his real character, is not an original thinker; is not a reformer of systems and men; is not the man who will get the curses of the wicked, nor will he die a martyr.

He looks on while the battle rages hotly, and curses and abuses the reformer until he sees the victor perching high and gloriously, when he all of a sudden finds himself, as he supposes, a great champion. He tells us he was always of this opinion. This last may be true, but he has not the courage to say it or act it. His conservativeness was such that he was as dark as night on the subject to others, excepting as he joined in the shout of ridicule, while the conflict was terrific and undecided. Now that all is clear before him, he comes along because he sees that his popularity is in danger, if he stays any further behind!

We have these tail-enders in some of our churches—tail-enders on Sunday-schools, missions, Bible-cause, education, and on many other subjects. They got their religious and intellectual growth when they were about thirty years old, and about twenty to forty years ago. They see no sense in the new-fangled notions of the present day. They, however, find that they must move a little or part with society, so they drag on after the body, declaring they will never go any further. They think just so, but will go after the body. They are not going to unjoint the posterior region. As long as the vitality of the body is sufficient to keep the appendage a little warm, and the fanatical head take the idea of having a fight with old-fogyism, these conservative tail-enders will move too, and come in at last.
THE VALUE OF MONEY.

Obscurely I had passed my life—
A wretched ignoramus—
Till I, like Byron, woke and found
"Myself, one morning, famous."
All darkly had life's weather been,
Though now so bright and sunny;
But then, the change is not so strange—
I've lately had some money!

Where'er I went, folks ran away,
As if from burning lava!
I seemed a living emblem of
The "Poison Tree of Java!"
'Tis not so now—for all, I vow,
Flock near, like flies round honey;
Oh, magic change of Fortune's wand!
I've lately had some money!

I used to say some funny things,
At least, I dared to think so,
But dead upon the ear they fell,
And all away would shrink so.
My mouth I never open now,
But all I say is funny;
They'll even bring hysterics on;
I've lately had some money!

Though young and handsome, once I thought
That I should ne'er be wedded;
Mammas their daughters kept from me
As from a scarecrow dreaded!
The ugliest girl I could not move;
Nor her with hump and one eye;
But "angels" now run after me:
I've lately had some money!

On any subject in debate,
If I an idea started,
I le’er was listened to, and none
Cared how in scorn I smarted.
My slightest whisper now is heard—
No more their ears are dummy;
They can not act without my views:
I’ve lately had some money!

*A METEORIC DISQUISITION.—*Highly Original.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:** The wonderful progress of science, by concatenation of propitious instrumentalities, renders it among the intellectual impossibilities for one understanding to comprehend and assimilate the universal whole. But we students, by devoting our energies to specific studies, make gratifying advances into the mysterious regions of the arcana of knowledge; and that you may realize how admirable is that advance, under the benign sway of our teacher’s eye, I will demonstrate to you the present status of meteoric phenomena and meteorological science:

When the melofygistic temperature of the horizon is such as to calorocise the impurient indentation of the hemispheric analogy, the cohesion of the borax curvis tus becomes surcharged with infinitesimals, which are thereby virtually deprived of their fissural disquisitions. This effected, a rapid depolarization is produced in the thoramoumpter of the gymnaticustus palerium, which causes a convacular in the hexagonal antipathies of the terestrium aqua verush. The clouds then become a mass of depilebotomized specula of ceremocular light, which can only be seen when it is visible. Corruscant atomic entities have been centralized by the concurrent afflux of the gravitable and etherealized qualities of combustive genera; but, it is not yet demonstrable that circumambient processes involving the refractibility of the tangential forces can precipitate or decrystallize the peripatetizonomena of the infinitesimal cosmic capuscule around us. Hence, as a corollary, and deductively demonstrable certainty, shooting stars are combustive corks blown out of Æolic beer-bottles, and meteoric stars are fragments of said beer-bottles which couldn’t stand the pressure.
BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT, THEN GO AHEAD.—T

De Witt Talmage.

We must stay exactly in our place—not an inch above, not an inch below. But how shall I tell if I stand in my exact appointment, not a particle above, not a particle beneath? This is the test:—If you can perform your duty easily, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious efforts to do a little more than he can do. It is just as easy for a star to swing in its orbit as for a mote to float in the sunbeam. Nature never sweats. The great law of gravitation holds the universe on its back as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never ran themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course. The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired than the meadow brook. Himalaya is not dizzy.

Poets talk about the waters of our great cataract being in agony, but I think they like it. How they frolic and clap their hands miles above, as they come skipping on toward the great summersault, singing, "Over we go, over we go!" When the universe goes at such tremendous speed, and the least impediment might break one of the great wheels, is it not a wonder that we do not sometimes hear a prodigious crash, or thunders bang loud enough to make the world's knees knock together? Yet a million worlds in their flight do not make as much noise as a honey-bee coquetting among the clover-tops. Every thing in nature is just as easy. Now, if the position you occupy requires unnatural exertion, your only way out is either to take a step higher up, or take a step further down. Providence does not demand that you should break your back, or put your arm out of joint, or sprain your ankle. If you can only find out just what you are to do, you can do it perfectly easy.

Young man, be sure you begin right. It is dangerous work, this changing occupation or profession. Not once in a thousand times is it done successfully. The sea of life is so rough that you can not cross over from one vessel to another, except at great peril of falling between. Thousands of men have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the
carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's briefs and the author's pen; between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express train of life. It takes about ten years to get fairly started in any business or profession, and I tell you we have not got many decades to waste in experiment.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—Same.

Things will never go right unless we try to maintain a cheerful disposition. This would not be mentioned except in the belief that our disposition is much of our own making. We admit there is great difference in natural constitutions. Some persons are born cross. See that man with a long face, that never shortens into a laugh. Tell me, did not his mother have trouble with him when he was small? Why, he never was pleased. Did he not make riots in the nursery among looking-glasses and glass pitchers? Was his nurse ever able on her knee to jolt down his petulance or shake up his good-humor? Did he not often hold an indignation meeting flat on the floor, his hands, his head, his feet all participating in the exercise? Could not his father tell you a story of twelve o'clock at night, with hasty toilet, walking the floor with the dear little blessing in his arms? A story that would be a caution to old bachelors?

Then there are others who, from childhood, while they are not at all petulant, yet show a sad and melancholy turn of mind which seems ineradicable. Although their lot may be comfortable, they have, all their life long, the appearance of having met with afflictions. Others are from infancy light and happy. They romp, they fly. You can hear their swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning they wake you with their singing. Alas! if then they leave you, and you no more hear their swift feet in the hall, and their loud laughter ringing through the house, or in the woods bursting into a score of echoes; if they wake you
no more in the morning with their sweet song; if the color
go out of the rose and its leaves fall; if angels for once grow
jealous, and want what you can not spare; if, packed away
in the trunk or drawer, there be silent garments that once
fluttered with youthful life, and by mistake you call some
other child by the name of the one departed! Ah me! Ah
me!

But while we may all, from our childhood, have a certain
bent given to our disposition, much depends upon ourselves
whether we will be happy or miserable.

You will see in the world chiefly what you look for. A
farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms,
an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the
markets, a minister the churches; and so a man going through
the world will see the most of that for which he especially
looks. He who is constantly watching for troubles will find
them stretching off into the gloomy wilderness, while he who
is watching for blessings will find them, hither and thither,
extending out in harvests of luxuriance.

CRABBED FOLKS.—Extract from a popular Lecture.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-con-
tented man is the most unendurable because the most inexcus-
able. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to
pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His
good and patient wife never yet prepared a dinner that he
liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will par-
ticularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says
"Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my
dear, you know that I never did like codfish." Some evening,
resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to
a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He
can not afford the time or the money, and he does not believe
the entertainment will be much, after all. The music begins.
The audience are thrilled. The orchestra, with polished in-
struments, warble and weep, and thunder and pray, and all
the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of
the bass viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing from
the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower-bells upon the
tinkling tambourine.

He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home, saying,
"Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that
French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever
hear such a voice as that lady has? Why! it was a perfect
squawk! The evening was wasted." And his companion says,
"Why, my dear!" "There, you needn't tell me—you are
pleased with every thing. But never ask me to go again!"
He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his
pew, and pretends he is asleep, and says, "I could not keep
awake. Did you ever hear any thing so dead? Can these
dry bones live?" Next Sabbath he enters a church where
the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more
displeased. He says, "How dare that man bring such every-
day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his
illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, in-
stead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken
of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec
and Schuykill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim
instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined.
Why, it is ridiculous." Perhaps afterward he joins the church.
Then the church will have its hands full. He growls and
groans and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven.
He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the min-
ister would preach differently, that the elders would pray dif-
ferrently. In the morning, he said "the church was as cold
as Greenland;" in the evening, "it was hot as blazes." They
dunted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted
the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new fur-
nace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and
frets and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse that,
bracing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of
foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight
ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like
a hedge-hog, he is all quills. Like a crab, that, you know, al-
ways goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go
forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first
you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know any thing—and while you expected to catch the crab the crab catches you.

So some men are crabbed—all hard-shell and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than for discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coloquintida, cultivating thyme and anemones rather than nightshade. And in a world where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the grumbler to find fault.

TAMING A MASCULINE SHREW.—From the Michigan State Republican.

John was sitting, sad and weary, in his parlor, dark and dreary,
Sary Ann was in the kitchen, making fritters by the score;
When he called her from her labors, in a tone that roused the neighbors,
Telling her to bring his Bitters, as she'd often done before;
When to his astonished vision she appeared within the door,
Echoing, "Bitters?" Nevermore.

"Ah, you little angel beauty, 'tis your sworn, your bounden duty
To obey your thirsty husband, as you've always done before;"
So, by Heavens! get the bitters! leave those everlasting fritters, Leave them there to fry and crackle, though the lard is boiling o'er—"

When she gasped to him in whisper, "Cease your orders ever-more,

I'll obey them—nevermore."

"Won't you? then, by zounds, I'll take you, to the prison, where they'll make you, Where your friends will all forsake you till my pardon you implore."

"Ah! indeed," she said, replying, and she seized the fritters frying, And was fiercely at him flying as he rushed without the door; And as fiercely him commanding, "there to enter nevermore"— Most emphatic, "Nevermore!"

Soon he saw how much mistaken, and how wrong the course he'd taken, So he begged like one forsaken, "Sary, please unbolt the door; Sary ne'er should go to prison, all was hers and naught was his'n,"— Some new light had in him risen, never shining there before; Sary's rights, the Light of Reason dawns when thus without the door,

Light to guide him evermore.

Now most cosily together, they can pass this wintry weather, Not a breeze to move a feather, in discourse as heretofore; When he wants his hat, 'tis "Sary, please to bring our hat, my dearie,"— And of this he ne'er grows weary, swears he will not ever-more; Sary makes his Law and Gospel, and shall make it evermore; 'Gainst it he'll rebel no more.
FARMERS.—Wm. H. Seward.

Farmers planted these colonies—all of them—and organized their governments. They were farmers who defied the British soldiery at Bunker Hill, and drove them back from Lexington. They were farmers—ay, Vermont farmers, who captured the fortress at Ticonderoga, and accepted its capitulation in the name of the "Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and thus gave over the first fortified post to the cause of the Revolution. They were farmers who checked British power at Saratoga, and broke it in pieces like a potter's vessel at Yorktown.

They were farmers who reorganized the several States and the Federal Government, and established them all on the principles of equality and affiliation. In every State, and in the whole Union, they constitute the broad electoral faculty, and by their preponderating suffrages the vast and complex machine is perpetually sustained and kept in regular motion and operation. That it is in the main well administered, we all know by experienced security and happiness; that it might be better administered, our perpetual and intense passion for change fully proves; that it is administered no better, results from what? From the fact that the electoral body, the farmers, intelligent and patriotic as they are, may nevertheless become more intelligent and more patriotic than they now are. The more intelligent and patriotic they become, the more effective will be their control, and the wiser their direction of the government. Is there not room? Nay, is there not need for more activity, energy, and efficiency, on their part, for their own security and welfare?

In the Federal Government commerce has its minister and its department, the law its organ and representative, and the arts their commissioner and bureau. But the vast interest of agriculture has only a single desk and a subordinate clerk in the basement of the patent-office. It is scarcely better in the States. An empty charter of incorporation, with a scanty endowment, constitutes substantially all that has been any where done for agriculture. Gentlemen, I like not that it should be so.

Our nation is rolling forward in a high career, exposed to
shocks and dangers. It needs the utmost wisdom and virtue to guide it safely; it needs the steady and enlightened direction which, of all others, the farmers of the United States can best exercise, because, being freeholders invested with equal powers of suffrage, they are at once the most liberal and the most conservative element in the country.

THE TRUE GREATNESS OF OUR COUNTRY.—Same.

Behold here, then, the philosophy of all our studies on this grateful theme. We see only the rising of the sun of empire—only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian hight, or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere—whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumnal ripeness, or shall perish yielding no harvest—depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty or caprice, but by fixed and revealed laws.

If we would secure the greatness set before us, we must find the way which those laws indicate, and keep within it. That way is new and all untried. We departed early—we departed at the beginning—from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution—a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government—from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion—from under subjection to matter to dominion over nature. It was ours to lead the way, to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest battles, to enjoy its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire.

A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal. We are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces, and our villages are transformed, as if
by magic, into great cities. Fugitives from famine and oppression and the sword crowd our shores, and proclaim to us that we alone are free, and great, and happy. Ambition for martial fame and the lust of conquest have entered the warm, living, youthful heart of the Republic. Our empire enlarges. The castles of enemies fall before our advancing armies; the gates of cities open to receive them. The continent and its islands seem ready to fall within our grasp, and more than fabulous wealth opens under our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered, such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified under circumstances so new and peculiar.

Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the desk? They only reflect the actual condition of the public morals, and can not change them. Shall we resort to the executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the Senate? Conspiracies, seditions and corruptions, in all free countries, have begun there. Where, then, shall we go to find the agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go but there, where all republican virtue begins and must end—where the Promethean fire is ever to be rekindled, until it shall finally expire—where motives are found and passions disciplined? To the domestic fireside and humble school, where the American citizen is trained.


Glorious New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and far away in the horizon of thy past, gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our Pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands
the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every State of the broad Republic! In the east, the south, and the unbounded west, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We can not do with less than the whole Union! to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows northern and southern blood; how shall it be separated? who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the Republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

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**THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.**

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
And where they seldom rest.

That field is hid from mortal sight,
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce—
Their chief of demon form;
THE DIME STUMP SPEAKER.

His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
His voice the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unquailing front,
Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is of Godlike form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his naked breast
A single cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign;
And gazing on it all receive,
Strength from a source Divine.

They feel it speak a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
The plain where carnage once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot.

The spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise,
On every breeze, to God.
A PLEA FOR THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—Hon. Edward Everett.

War may stride over the land with the crushing step of a giant. Pestilence may steal over it like an invisible curse, reaching its victims silently and unseen, unpeopling here a village and there a city, until every dwelling is a sepulcher. Famine may brood over it with a long and weary visitation, until the sky itself is brazen, and the beautiful greenness gives place to a parched desert—a wide waste of unproductive desolation. But these are only physical evils. The wild-flower will bloom in peace on the field of battle and above the crushed skeleton. The destroying angel of the pestilence will retire when his errand is done, and the nation will again breathe freely. And the barrenness of famine will cease at last—the cloud will be prodigal of its hoarded rain, and the wilderness will blossom.

But for moral desolation there is no reviving spring. Let the moral and republican principles of our country be abandoned—let impudence, and corruption, and intrigue triumph over honesty and intellect, and our liberties and strength will depart forever. Of these there can be no resuscitation. The "abomination of desolation" will be fixed and perpetual; and as the mighty fabric of our glory totters into ruins, the nations of the earth will mock us in our overthrow, like the powers of darkness, when the throned one of Babylon became even as themselves—and the "glory of the Chaldees' excellency had gone down."

AMERICA.—Charles Phillips.

I appeal to history! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas! Troy thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and
the Spartan; yet Lacedaemon is trampled by the slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman. In his hurried march, time has but looked at their imagined immortality; and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not, one day, be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say that, when the European column shall have moldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!


The men who had conducted the American people through a long and fearful revolution, were the founders of the new commonwealth which permanently superseded the subverted authority of the crown. They placed the foundations on the unbiased, untrammeled consent of the people. They were sick of leagues, of petty sovereignties, of governments which could not govern a single individual. The framers of the constitution, which has now endured three-quarters of a century, and under which the nation has made a material and intellectual progress never surpassed in history, were not such traitors as to be ignorant of the consequences of their own acts. The constitution which they offered, and which the people adopted as its own, talked not of sovereign States—spoke not the word confederacy. In the very preamble to the instrument are inserted the vital words which show its character: "We, the people of the United States, to insure a more perfect union, and to secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our
posteriority, do ordain and establish this constitution." Sic volo, sic jubeo. It is the language of a sovereign solemnly speaking to the world. It is the promulgation of a great law, the norma agendi of a new commonwealth. It is no compact. "A compact," says Blackstone, "is a promise proceeding from us. Law is a command directed to us. The language of a compact is, We will or will not do this; that of a law is, Thou shalt or shalt not do it."

And this is, throughout, the language of the constitution. Congress shall do this; the President shall do that; the States shall not exercise this or that power. Witness, for example, the important clauses by which the "sovereign" States are shielded from all the great attributes of sovereignty—no State shall coin money, or emit bills of credit, nor pass ex post facto laws, nor laws impairing the obligations of contracts, nor maintain armies and navies, nor grant letters of marque, nor make compacts with other States, nor hold intercourse with foreign powers, nor grant titles of nobility; and that most significant phrase: "This constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land."

Could language be more imperial? Could the claim to State "sovereignty" be more completely disposed of at a word? How can that be sovereign, acknowledging no superior, supreme, which has voluntarily accepted a supreme law from something which it acknowledges as superior?

The constitution is perpetual, not provisional or temporary. It is made for all time—"for ourselves and our posterity." It is absolute within its sphere. "This constitution shall be the supreme law of the land, any thing in the constitution or laws of a State to the contrary notwithstanding." Of what value, then, is a law of a State declaring its connection with the Union dissolved? The constitution remains supreme, and is bound to assert its supremacy till overpowered by force. The use of force—of armies and navies of whatever strength—in order to compel obedience to the civil and constitutional authority, is not "wicked war," is not civil war, is not war at all. So long as it exists the government is obliged to put forth its strength when assailed. The President, who has taken an oath before God and man to maintain the constitution and laws, is perjured if he yields the constitution and laws to
armed rebellion without a struggle. He knows nothing of States. Within the sphere of the United States government he deals with individuals only, citizens of the great republic, in whatever portion of it they may happen to live. He has no choice but to enforce the laws of the republic wherever they may be resisted. When he is overpowered, the government ceases to exist. The Union is gone, and Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Ohio are as much separated from each other as they are from Georgia or Louisiana. Anarchy has returned upon us. The dismemberment of the commonwealth is complete. We are again in the chaos of 1785.

But it is sometimes asked why the constitution did not make a special provision against the right of secession. How could it do so? The people created a constitution over the whole land, with certain defined, accurately enumerated powers, and among these were all the chief attributes of sovereignty. It was forbidden to a State to coin money, to keep armies and navies, to make compacts with other States, to hold intercourse with foreign nations, to oppose the authority of the government. To do any one of these things is to secede; for it would be physically impossible to do any one of them without secession. It would have been puerile for the constitution to say formally to each State: "Thou shalt not secede." The constitution, being the supreme law, being perpetual, and having expressly forbidden to the States those acts without which secession is an impossibility, would have been wanting in dignity had it used such superfluous phraseology. This constitution is supreme, whatever laws a State may enact, says the organic law. Was it necessary to add, "and no State shall enact a law of secession?" To add to a great statute, in which the sovereign authority of the land declares its will, a phrase such as, "and be it further enacted that the said law shall not be violated," would scarcely seem to strengthen the statute.

It was accordingly enacted that new States might be admitted; but no permission was given for a State to secede.
LIFE'S SUNSET.

Where are you going so fast, old man,
Where are you going so fast?
There's a valley to cross and a river to ford,
There's a clasp of the hand and a parting word,
And a tremulous sigh for the past, old man,
The beautiful, vanished past.

The road has been rugged and rough, old man,
To your feet it is rugged and rough;
But you see a dear being with gentle eyes,
Has shared in your labor and sacrifice;
Ah! that has been sunshine enough, old man,
For you and me, sunshine enough.

How long since you've passed o'er the hill, old man,
Of life o'er the top of the hill?
Were there beautiful valleys on t'other side?
Were there flowers and trees with their branches wide,
To shut out the heat of the sun, old man,
The heat of the fervid sun?

And how do you cross the waves, old man,
Of sorrow the fearful waves?
Did you lay your dear treasures by, one by one,
With an aching heart and "God's will be done,"
Under the wayside dust, old man,
In the graves 'neath the wayside dust?

There is labor and sorrow for all, old man,
Alas! there is sorrow for all;
And you, peradventure, have had your share,
For eighty long winters have whitened your hair,
And they've whitened your heart as well, old man,
Thank God, your heart as well.

You're now at the foot of the hill, old man,
At last at the foot of the hill;
The sun has gone down in a golden glow,
And the heavenly city lies just below;
Go in through the pearly gate, old man,
The beautiful, pearly gate.
*HUMAN NATURE.—*Original.

This is a queer world, and we are a queer people. Wisely hath the great poet said that "life is a drama and men and women players"—(to say nothing of babies and children, who were probably too few in his day to assume special notoriety.) To us comedy appears to have usurped the boards, and not often are we called upon to shed tears when blood and broken hearts close up the scene. Not that tragedy is a distinct passion and action from comedy—far from it. If men and women will violate right, and shed blood, to be sure we do not call it funny, and laugh, but rather shudder and weep; yet, after all, aside from the mere commitment of the action, it is queer that man, puny as he is, should arrogate to himself so much of power, when the Evil One sits ever ready to cut off his short-lived glory. Nay, it is laughable, even through tears, to behold his assumption of superiority and consequence, when his own feet are sinking in a quicksand that shall bury him so deep that the very sands shall forget the pressure of his hands.

Then our thesis is good: life is but a comedy, and men and women but the actors. Children are the spectators, filling the pit, and boxes, and galleries, according to the clothes upon their backs; and remain spectators until their little souls swell into sufficient consequence and wisdom; then they are placed upon the background of the stage, and taught the "philosophy of life" by aping and imitating their elders in all things, even to smoking cigars and chewing tobacco. And then, when their little hearts have grown into embryo heroes, the law sets them loose, to carve out their own destiny; precocious in all things, amid the "noise and confusion" they succeed in carving out—precocious graves! Oh, most potent social usages!—most reverend lawgivers! How must the self-complacent Lucifer chuckle over your handiwork, when, in your vain strength, you assume a sphere of action as destiny that drives you far away from heaven and the simplicity of nature!

Another step and we are upon general principles, too broad and grand for our little heads and hearts to grasp in their resolution; and we, who have tamed the elements and
coquetted with matter, must content ourselves with imitating
the humanity of the past, nor dare to assert the nobleness of
the son, as God's property, over the grossness of action which
this life seems to demand so sternly as a prerequisite to " suc-
cess."

Imitators, then, as we are, a commendable pride keeps us
from recrimination and abasement. We pattern after the
most perfect of what has been given us in the past for imita-
tion, and in the present we ape only the veriest apes! Would
you have the particulars? Human nature should blush at
reading its own epitaph, but human nature does not crimson
its cheek at its weaknesses. Look down into your hearts—
read every impulse and emotion either of ambition or affec-
tion, and see if you are not, to a surprising degree, the crea-
tures of custom. If you love, etiquette has prescribed the
degree of its strength and the form of its manifestation. If
you hope, it is according to rule. If you eat, it is the same.
If you drink, it is exactly as others drink. If you sleep, it
is at times and on beds that others prescribe. If you laugh,
you squeeze your lips into the a-la-mode contortion, and make
just such a sound as is becoming such a mouth. If you sigh,
or weep, or faint, you have precedents to do it genteelly.
Now, dare to rebel against the omnipotence of public opinion,
how easily are you whipped into obedience by the scorn of
the public eye!

Americans! you are fond of political dogmas, and stick to
them with a faith worthy of martyrs in a good cause: why
not create an American etiquette, at once so simple and dem-
ocratic as to permit every person to be their own guide in
taste and habit? Confess that you have among you persons
whose heads are as full of the pride and pomp of aristocracy
as riches can make the ignorant and the weak. Confess that
you have those in your midst who despise equality and fra-
ternity, though they have sprang from the loins of cobblers
and hog-drovers. Confess that many of your own daughters
and wives scorn the poor creatures whose weary fingers
wrought the things of their pride; you dare not talk of de-
mocracy in etiquette—you repudiate the lowly condition of
your fathers, and accumulate money—all for the power it
gives you to gird yourselves around with magnificence, and
of keeping you above and aloof from the society of those from whom you spring. Well are you deserving of shame who preach democracy and practice the rigid and ungrateful reserve of the aristocrat! Well are you deserving of contempt who forget the peasant blood that flows in your veins, and the duty you owe to the men who have filled your coffers by their daily contributions. Well are you deserving of scorn who make brotherhood with the mustached foreigner, yet turn away from any companionship with suffering and want at home! Oh! all have sins—fearful sins to mourn for, but you, men and women of the world, who can mold public opinion to tolerance or intolerance, must answer every protest that goes up to heaven for your unchristian pride and uncharitable hand.

*LAWYERS.—One who knows.

My Hearers: Did you ever go to law? Have you never enjoyed the felicity of being sued or brought into court—of appearing as plaintiff or defendant on a term list?

If not, you are a novelty—an oddity. You can't be anybody. You must be classed with women and idiots, who, irresponsibles, are not supposed to have sense enough to vote. If you do maintain the right to vote, and yet never have footed a lawyer's and sheriff's bill of costs, your claims to the franchise are questionable.

He must, indeed, be an obscure individual, who has escaped the hawk-eyes and eagle talons of that specially created class, called Lawyers; and not to have been made to contribute to their substance, is a taint on the social and commercial escutcheon which they sec. You can't hide it from them. Their lynx-like instincts will scent you out; sooner or later their grapple will be on you, and then—woe to you!

As well might the sheep, run down by dogs, expect mercy—as well might the coon on the gum-tree have resisted Crockett's call to come down and surrender its hide, as for one amenable to "the law," hope to escape its "practitioners."

If error, mistake, peccadillo, or wrong committed, however unintentional, can be made into a "case," the cormorants of the
court—the "legal profession!"—will so quickly transform your character and blast your peace of mind that you will fully believe yourself a villain, and wonder that so long you have gone unwhipped of justice. And when the end finally comes in the shape of a bill of costs, you pay the conscientious man of law as cheerfully as if he were a dentist who had extracted all of your teeth.

A conscientious lawyer! Ha-ha! And you, too, laugh at the paradox. A man, ever so conscientious, when he enters upon "practice" ties up his conscience with red tape, labels it FORECLOSED MORTGAGE, and files it away to be used only upon rare occasions when, perhaps, there is a pretty woman in the case, or a confiding client has made his attorney the trustee of a large estate—in which cases the conscience is given an airing, just enough to keep it from moths and must.

In ordinary practice, a tender heart and impressionable conscience would be highly unprofessional—as much to be avoided as fixed principles of conduct and action. To espouse the cause of the weak from chivalrous motives is as rare in legal experience as first-class pearls in Jersey clams, and he who hopes to see the day when a lawyer will espouse only the just cause, can have no excuse for making his will—he must live for many a generation.

It may be that, like the public debt, or war, or pestilence, a lawyer is a necessary evil, but we are inclined to think he is one of those dispensations of Providence which can be dispensed with to Providence's great satisfaction. Show me the good that springs out of this infliction, and we will waive a point in favor of the argument of a public necessity for the lawyer, as a class. Physicians heal the sick and soothe suffering; ministers of the gospel, in a self-sacrificing spirit, conserve the good and true; the artisan, by his handicraft, is useful above all others; but the lawyer—he is a begetter of strife, the instigator of law-suits and differences; he is the malcontent in politics, and the office-seeker by instinct; he plays no part that were not better unperformed, and in the long category of human joys and sorrows he, of all men, is credited with the fewest marks of good import.

Is this severe? Alas, it is! Is it true? Alas, who can prove it otherwise?
THE SAME.

Why is it that our courts of law have become a source of terror to all—to innocent and guilty alike? Why does the word "court" no longer imply a tribunal of justice, and the word "judge" no longer excite the sense of reverence?

It is because the mockery of mendacity is there in the guise of practitioners at the bar; and ignorance and political partisanship are on the bench in the guise of the judge.

Where once Livingston and Jay, Hamilton and Henry, plead, now swarms a crowd with whom legal lore is regarded as supererogatory, and the pert talent of the tongue is considered the sole requisite for the arena.

Where once sat the fathers of our jurisprudence—learned, sedate, conscientious men, now sits—who? Why, one who represents the faction by whom he was elected—a man, popular with his party, not because he is good, and able, and wise—far from it! but because he is a "good feller," a "hunkey chap," a "brick," a friend of his constituents, a strong partisan!

That is why the court of law is no longer the intellectual arena that it used to be; that is why the bench is no longer the dispenser of justice.

The moral atmosphere which should prevail in the court-room, has in it the taint of vice; the men who assemble there have a certain impress of viciousness in their men and language; the vicinity of the court-house is redolent of caths, tobacco and obscene stories. Go into the room to watch the progress of a trial, and the fact most painfully present to the observer is the evident intent of certain men to consummate a wrong. Witnesses are most shamefully insulted and brow-beaten; every conceivable subterfuge is called into requisition; jurors are smuggled into the panel for a purpose: to all of which the court is simply indifferent because it is the usual mode of procedure. As a consequence, law is now understood not to mean the enforcement of justice, but the enforcement of sharp practice; and his case is most successful who employs the shrewdest or most unprincipled (in court practice) lawyers. This, litigants of experience well understand; and he who goes to law because he knows his cause to be
just, is, like poor old Pickwick, in the hands of Dodson and Fogg, sure to go to the wall. The case of old Pickwick, indeed, though a seeming fiction, every experienced observer of public matters and morals knows to be a representative one, having its counterpart in every court in the land.

It may be that lawyers are a public blessing; but, let us question this as we would question all disagreeable things, or all warped ideas of right. Who believes that even good law is conserved by lawyers and the modes of practice now prevalent? or that justice is promoted by the deliberate unconscientiousness of practitioners? An edict which should abolish the profession as a profession, and give to wise and discreet judges, judges not chosen by popular election—the determination of cases upon hearing of evidence educeb by the parties litigant, would be, indeed, a great blessing, saving immensely in costs and time, and insuring the greatest possible approach to justice.

If this is infeasible, by reason of the very number and power of law practitioners, then let us look for relief from the impositions which the latter-day codes of courts and modes of practice inflict, by revision of these codes and modification of these modes, to the end that a court-room may not be the terror of witnesses, nor the arena where lawyers shall convince the spectators that, in becoming lawyers they ceased to be gentlemen and Christians.

WRONGS OF THE INDIANS.—Judge Story.

If the Indians had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, nor famine
nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey across the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, “few and faint, yet fearless still.” The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not.

They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between them and us an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is the general burial-ground of their race.

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APPEAL IN BEHALF OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.—

Same.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be; resist every object of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in
woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are; whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defense of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No, I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theater of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he, who at the distance of another century shall stand here to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth as well as of poetry, exclaim, that here is still his country.

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THE MISERIES OF WAR.—Dr. Chalmers.

Oh, tell me, if there be any relentings of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it, to behold the agonies of the dying man, as goaded by pain, he grasps the cold ground in convulsive energy; or, faint with the loss of blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance; or, wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark, by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body; or, lifting up a faded eye, he casts on you a look of imploring helplessness for that succor which no sympathy can yield him?

It may be painful to dwell thus, in imagination, on the
distressing picture of one individual; but, multiply it ten thousand times; say how much of all this distress has been heaped together on a single field; give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us with all the accuracy of an official computation, and, strange to tel', not one sigh is lifted up among the crowd of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read to them out of the registers of death.

Oh, say what mystic spell is that which so blinds us to the suffering of our brethren! which deafens our ears to the voice of bleeding humanity, when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands; which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter throw a softening disguise over its cruelties and its horrors; which causes us to eye, with indifference, the field that is crowded with the most revolting abominations, and arrests that sigh which each individual would, singly, have drawn from us, by the report of the many that have fallen and breathed their last in agony along with him.

A LAY SERMON.—J. R. M.

We know very little of ourselves in any phase of our being. Science gathers its little shells upon the shore, and strings its pretty pearls from the great deep, while the vast ocean of truth stretches away into limitless eternity under the sunlight of divine glory, and we hear but now and then the faint echoes of the sounding surge, and feel the fresh air of the far-away sea. In mind and matter we are the merest tyros of knowledge, clinging with uncertain clasp to the apparent realities of life, and learning by constant experience how precarious are the developments of what we deem truth. We do not know our frame of mind or body. We trace by laborious investigation the lesser mysteries of our being, and grow superficially wise in the developments of human character; but the subtle and recondite realities of life are in the far ocean of futurity, and the wondrous possibilities of our existence are slumbering down in the depths, where no keen scrutiny can detect them, and where no prophetic foresight can
antedate their coming. We study out the minor developments of this physical frame, and weave our experience into a code of laws, and predicate upon them the prophecies of life and death; yet we know nothing, after all, of the mysterious coalition of the heavenly and the earthly, the angelic and the brutal, the nicely-adjusted harmonies of mind and matter, the delicate chords of the thousand-stringed harp, the wondrous powers of assimilation and transmutation, the myriad of things that make the sum of a being so "fearfully and wonderfully made." We do not know our frame, the heights to which we may rise, nor the depths to which we may descend. Yet God knows it all, and scans with an unerring gaze the many intricacies of our being and the possible developments of human destiny through all the ages of eternity. Infinite wisdom alone can bring out the hidden harmonies of the human soul and make our being glorious. He alone "who knoweth our frame," can bring it to its destiny, and develop from the darkness and decay of matter the beauty and the bloom of immortal youth. "He knoweth our frame," and in him we have our being. A breath from his power dissolves our proud robe of flesh, and lays us in the forgetfulness of the tomb, to be the helpless prey of disintegration and the worm. Oh, that men would think of this wondrous power, this infinite wisdom, this divine excellence; that they would seek to know Him who "knoweth our frame," and love him who first loved us and gave himself for us.

A DREAM.—G. E. Davenport.

I had a dream, and such a dream, 'twould pass.
The bounds of mortal power to tell, so strange,
So passing strange, so wonderful it was.
My soul is filled with awe, and on my mind
An impress made which time, nor death itself
Can e'er efface.
'Twas night; and o'er the earth
Impenetrable darkness brooding hung
In awful stillness. Black as blackest night,
Or as that awful blackness by the Word
Foreshadowed, black it was and dense. Within
Its gloomy folds it shrinded all the world
That slumbering lay in silence still as death.
Amidst the dismal horror of the scene
I seemed alone—the only living thing—
And a chill terror through my shivering frame
Crept over me. A suffocating sense
Of some impending ill, some strange, unknown
And dreadful thing oppressed my struggling soul,
Which sought, but vainly, to cast off the pall,
And rise above the fearful gloom profound.
I gasped for breath and seemed about to die,
When suddenly a blaze of light on my
Astonished vision burst, and the whole scene
Became one vast, insufferable sea
Of flame, whose fierce, intolerable glare
Blinded and scorched mine eyeballs till they seemed
To burst. My sight became confused, and then
Was taken from me, and I felt myself,
By some mysterious power, borne quickly up
To a high eminence that overtopped
The clouds and penetrated heaven. There I
Received once more my sight, with power to gaze
Unharmed on all around; and looking up,
Beheld a sight of such surpassing glory
That still I stood, transfixed with wonder, while
A glowing rapture stole through all my frame.
For never mortal eye such glories saw!
All heaven itself seemed open to my view,
And high upon a throne of living flame
Sat the Almighty, whose resplendence shone
With dazzling splendor through the boundless space
Of his illimitable kingdom. From
His beamy countenance shot glances fraught
With life and death. A flaming sword within
His hand he held. On either side there sat
The Son, and Holy Ghost, in equal glory,
While from the Three combined there issued one
Transcendent ray of brightness, so intense
That, had not some miraculous, divine
And holy attribute unto my sight
Imparted been, mine eyes had never borne
The awful splendor of that glorious sight.
Around them I beheld a glittering throng
Of angels clothed in radiant garbs of bright,
Transparent texture, pendent in the air,
With golden harps on which, at times, they played
Entrancing strains most ravishingly sweet,
That trembled on the heavenly strings, and through
The pure ethereal atmosphere of heaven
Floated vibrations till the whole vast space
Was filled with the celestial harmony.
Anon they burst into some lofty song,
Or choral anthem, symphony sublime,
Or grand triumphal hymn of praise, that rung
Through the bright halls of heaven, reëchoing loud.
Oh, had I but the inspiration which
I felt that moment as I gazed
Upon that glorious sight, or could I now
Give life to my remembrance of the scene,
And sing of it in a befitting strain,
Then might I sing in strains that would outvie
The loftiest strains of that celestial choir.

But suddenly a dreadful trumpet-blast
Through all the spacious heavens reëchoing rung,
And instantly all sounds in heaven ceased;
And gathering around the august Throne
The irradiant hosts awaited there in silence
What that dread summons should impart. Then spake
The Almighty Father, through the Son, in tones
That reached the uttermost extremities of heaven,
And hushed to silence all the listening throng:
The hour hath come! Go, summon to my presence
All nations of the earth, that I may judge them,
And to them give rewards or punishments
As they deserve! and thus my Word may be
Fulfilled!" Then rising from his throne, he shone
With such surpassing glory that mine eyes,
Though strengthened with divine assistance, scarce
Could bear the sight. All heaven seemed ablaze
With indescribable splendor; and down
Through yielding skies in all directions flew
The obedient legions of bright angels, who,
Upon their golden trumpets, blew a blast
That to the startled world announced its doom.
Then I beheld the gathering of all
The mighty nations of the earth, in one
Dense crowd close huddled, and I saw
Upon their mingled faces all their thoughts
Expressed in various characters. Some were
With doubts and fears oppressed, and some with hope,
But all alike awaited anxiously
Impending fate, till by some mighty power
They were drawn upward through the opening skies
Into the presence of Almighty God.
And there, with tremblings and suspense, they stood
Before the Judgment Seat awaiting judgment;
Whilst I, myself, with anxious fears disturbed,
Gazed on the scene and waited the result.
I heard an awful, a terrible crash
That shook the whole vast firmament of heaven
From center to circumference, and through
The trembling skies reverberated long;
And, looking downward, saw a sight at which
I stood aghast with horror and amaze;
Earth in one dire explosion now had burst
Into innumerable fragments, and
Seemed all aflame, while crash succeeded crash
With inconceivable rapidity;
And hurled with forceful fury through the skies
The hissing fragments rushed, each part again
Exploding into lesser parts that still
Again exploded, till the whole became
One indistinguishable mass of fire.
An inexpressible terror seized my soul
As I beheld the boiling flood beneath,
Me roaring, bellowing, seething furiously!
I felt the eminence on which I stood
Begin to shake and tremble, swaying to
And fro with fearful motions, as if it
Would topple over in that burning lake.
My hair stood straight. Cold chills crept over me,
And on my clammy brow huge drops of sweat
Stood out, whilst I, o'ercome with terror, sought
To cry aloud, and then awoke to find
It all the frenzy of a midnight dream.

*ASTRONOMICAL.*—*Adopted from the Cincinnati Times.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The progress of astronomical science is so rapid that only the newspaper reporter, riding by express trains, or using the telegraph offices, can keep up with it. Hence, the newspapers are the best sources of information, if lightning can be depended upon, and I think it can—as the miller said, when a thunderbolt ground him to powder. As I am a reporter by the fast line, and have lately been around some, among the telescopes and bakeries, I consider myself well qualified to treat—not to "stand treat," mind—upon the sun, moon and milky whey, which last is good for the measles, and the first is good for a shine.

We shall make our observations from the earth, partly because it is the best point yet known from which to observe things, but mainly because of the imperfect facilities at present afforded for getting upon any other planet to observe. This will be observable to the most obtuse intellect.

The sun is the largest planet that we have any knowledge of. He is a particularly crafty planet, hard to get around. It takes the earth, veteran though she is in craftiness, three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours (working nights and Sundays), to get around the sun.

The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is ninety-six millions of miles, and the least distance something over ninety-four millions of miles. It would be well to bear this fact in mind, whenever a railroad is built between these two planets, as a saving of two millions of miles would very materially shorten the time consumed in running, besides reducing the expense. Any railroad man will tell you that.

It wouldn't surprise us much to see the Atlantic and Great
Western Railway Company, who seem determined to monopolize the railroad business, applying for the right of way it the sun. What bills they would get out! "Great Broad Gauge route to the sun! No change of cars! No dust Through by daylight," etc.

The sun gives light to millions of worlds besides the earth. He is very prodigal of his light; a sort of a prodigal sun, in fact.

The sun is the only one of the heavenly bodies that main tains a private conveyance. It is called the Chariot of the Sun. The other planets, we suppose, patronize a livery. The moon must have been in the livery business at one time, ac cording to Shakspere. The gentle Juliet says of the moon's liver that it is "sick and green," a brief and comprehensive statement of the condition of the horses and the color of the equipage.

One day a fast young man, named Phaëton, took it into his foolish head that he could drive the chariot of the sun. He had been to the Hippodrome and observed the chariot-races there, and, besides, had achieved some success and notoriety in managing a two-in-hand on the trotting park. Scorning to cramp his genius within earthly bounds, he was ambitious to extend his track,

"Far as the solar walk or milky way."

He was warned of the danger attending the attempt to manage the fiery and untamed steeds of Phœbus in their diurnal flight around the celestial race-course, but he continued his importunities until the mad request was granted.

The horses were trotted out, gorgeous in silver-plated harness, each one bearing a red ribbon, which indicated that they had taken the first premium at the State fair. Scarce heeding the warning voice of Phœbus, who was an old whip, the rash youth jumped into the chariot, seized the ribbons, and yelled "git."

The first part of the way was very steep, but he put them through on the gallop, and soon reached the zenith, making noon come about nine o'clock in the morning, to the intense consternation of the inhabitants of the earth—who in that manner were cheated out of their eleven o'clock lunch.

Phaëton found driving down-hill a different matter.
horses became unmanageable and, leaving the accustomed course, they dashed off into unknown regions of the sky, now up in the high heaven, now down almost to the earth, and at such a pace that Phaëton, who was crazed with fear, couldn’t read the names on the signs of the zodiac, or tell the tropic of cancer from the tropic of capricorn, without consulting a cancer doctor. The speed increased until the north pole and the south pole didn’t seem to be any further apart than a couple of telegraph-poles.

He dashed in pell-mell among the “Stars,” causing many of them to break engagements made with managers for the ensuing season, greatly to the relief of the public. He overtook comets, and fairly “distanced” them on their own race-track. The fiery breath of the horses caused the sea, with its thousand sounds, to “dry up,” and the earth to crack; mountains were melted down like sugar-loaves, and great cities perished with their walls and towers; Jupiter was obliged to administer a thunderbolt to the frantic young man, which he did in his usual efficient manner; and Phaëton, “with his hair on fire,” as the ancient chroniclers say—though it is probable that he was only red-headed—fell headlong to the earth like a shooting star. Nobody but old “Phæb” has attempted to handle those horses since.

**Hace fabula docet:** don’t drive fast horses nor know more than your daddy.

This will conclude my lecture on the sun.

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**THE MOON.—Same.**

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:** Luna is my theme to-night; I am not in that line; I leave that to those who advocate woman’s suffrage and a dog-law. But the moon—“dear Luna,” as I heard a very beautiful maiden sigh, one night, as she stood leaning over the balusters and I stood down against the lamp-post. Ah, perhaps that’s why I have chosen the moon for my theme. (Sighs and pauses.)

Well, then: This planet borrows its light from the sun, but is never known to pay it back. Like all people who live
on borrowed means, the moon is reduced to its "last quarter" rather frequently—once a month, at least. It is a dissipated old planet, up a good deal at nights, "filling its horn," and running it "high." When the moon is observed to diminish in size, it is said to be "on the wane." It would be natural to infer, when it was "full," that it was "on the drink." We often hear the weather-wise (and pound-foolish) speak of a "dry moon," and it is a noticeable fact that drinking-people get dry oftener than anybody else.

It has long been a subject of speculation among men whether or not the moon is inhabited. The only evidence we have that anybody ever did live there, is the nursery rhyme about the "man in the moon," who "came down too soon," making inquiries concerning the best route to Norwich. But there is nothing to show that he ever went back again. He might have been the only man there, and "come down too soon" to have any progeny through whom to perpetuate the race.

He probably wasn't greatly struck with the moon, or "moon-struck," as the books have it, and hurried away. But how did he get there in the first place? There must have been a time when the moon was much nearer the earth than it is now. So near, in fact, that a cow of tolerable agility could jump over it. The nursery rhyme makes mention of one who accomplished that feat, to the inspiring music of

"High-diddle-diddle,
The cat and the fiddle."

If a new milk cow could jump over it, how easy it would have been for a man to have jumped upon it.

Some crusty old bachelor has said that the reason why sentimental misses are so languishing in regard to the moon, so fond of looking at it and quoting poetry about it, is because there is a man in it. If it wouldn't be unfair to make an investigation, you would find that the man wasn't in the moon, nor near so far away. More likely he is close by her side, with an arm around her waist, gazing at the moon's reflection in her love-lit orbs, or walking arm-in-arm with her beneath the whispering leaves, through which the moonlight steals. Catch a young woman sighing for the man in the moon, while there are so many that are "on earth."
It isn't necessary to visit that distant planet, either, to be forgotten by the fickle fair. A mile or two, or even a few squares, will answer the purpose. Lovers must not be away too long. The Philip Rays, who are at hand, always win, in the long run, over absent Enoch Ardens. This is "under the palm," mind.

The moon has been the especial delight of lovers from time immemorial, and moonlight nights and leafy bowers are inseparably associated with Love's whisperings. We don't know why this is so, unless it is because love is a sort of lunacy, and inasmuch as people who enjoy their senses shun moonlight, lovers and other lunatics court it.

The moon is supposed to influence the tides, causing them to ebb and flow. The ocean tide is affected by the moon, and there is also a dog tied in a yard adjoining where we are, who is also affected by it, for he is alternately howling plaintively and barking viciously at the moon. It is an illustration of the "moanings of the tied" that we don't altogether relish.

The volcanic craters supposed to exist in the bosom of the moon doubtless are old cancers not quite healed; or it may be some fellow has been boring for oil and struck lava instead.

But, the theme is too suggestive for further consideration. (Pulls out his watch.) I have another gas-post appointment, and have to say, Good-night!

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DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.—P. W. Chandler.

The motives to moral action press upon the American citizen with unusual force at the present time. Upon us the hopes of man are resting in every part of the world. Wherever humanity toils for a scanty subsistence; wherever the iron hand of oppression falls upon the people; wherever liberty is dead—

"From the burning plains
Where Lybian monsters yell,
From the most gloomy glens
Of Greenland's soulless climes,
To where the golden fields
Of fertile England spread
Their harvest to the sky."

"the voices of the past and the future seem to blend in one
sound of warning and entreaty, addressing itself not only to
the general but to the individual ear, calling upon us, each and
all, to be faithful to the trust which God has committed to our
hands."

Let the American citizen feel the responsibilities of his po-
sition, with a determination that the hopes of the world shall
not be disappointed. Nor let him mistake the nature of his
duties. Many men acknowledge our evils and our dangers,
but seek in vain for the remedy. They are ready for any
sacrifice, but earnestly inquire when and where it is to be
made. We eagerly seize upon any excuse for the non-per-
formance of duty. "Give me where to stand," cried the an-
cient philosopher, "and I will move the world." "Find where
to stand!" shouts the modern reformer. "Stand where you
are," is the voice of reason and religion. It is not upon some
great and distant enterprise that our duty will call us. It is
not in the tented field that our services will be needed. The
battle-ground is in our own hearts; the enemy is in our own
bosoms. And when the passions of men are subdued; when
selfishness is purged from humanity; when anger is entirely
restrained; when jealousy, hatred and revenge are unknown
—then, and then only is the victory won.

Let no man merge his identity in the masses, nor forget
his individual responsibility to his country and his God. Is his
position lowly and obscure? Let him remember that every
one exerts an influence for good or for evil, and no one is so
humble as not to need the protection of a good government.
Is he called to places of responsibility and trust? Let him
bear his honors meekly but firmly, yielding nothing to the
blandishments of power, or the acclamations of the multitude.
He may be hurled from his station by those who placed him
in it, and the voices of praise, which were once sweet music
to his ears, may be changed into execrations. Let him lay
down his power in dignity and silence; as he has filled a
high place without pride, he may fill a low without humili-
tion. And if, in the performance of duty, sterner trials await
him; if misrule and lawless faction should select him as a
t victim; let him calmly die, remembering that the best and the
bravest, earth's noblest children, have drunk the cup of degra-
dation to the dregs, and better men than he have been sacri-
ficed to popular violence. In whatever position he may be
placed, wherever his lot may be cast, let him maintain the in-
tegrity of his soul.

This above all: to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

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THE MAN.

Is there a man a whit the better
For his riches and his gains?
For his acres and his palace—
If his inmost heart is callous,
Is a man a whit the better?

And if a man's no whit the better
For his coffers and his mines,
For his purple and fine linen,
For his vineyards and his vines,
Why do thousands bend the knee,
And cringe to mean servility,
If a man's no whit the better.

Is a man a whit the worse
For a lowly dress of rags?
Though he owns no lordly rental,
If his heart is kind and gentle,
Is a man a bit the worse?

And if a man's no bit the worse
For a poor and lowly stand,
For an empty, even pocket,
And a brawny, working hand,
Why do thousands pass him by
With a cold and scornful eye,
If a man's no whit the worse?

How many are there, alas!—and must we say of both sexes?—who came from their native hills, pure as the streams that rush forth at their side, and have found in our city, allurement, enticement, pollution, poverty, disease, and premature death. Look at that young man, if, indeed, vice and misery have left him yet young; look at him as he stands in the early morning, perhaps, at the entrance of some porter-house or grog-shop, pale, irresolute, destitute, friendless, not knowing where to go or what to do; fix your eye, ay, and a compassionate eye, upon him for a moment, and I will tell you his history.

A few years only have passed over him, since he was the cherished member of a happy country-home. It was at that period that his own inclination, or family straits, led him to seek his fortune abroad in the world. What a moment is that, when the first great tie of nature is broken—the tie of home. The long pent-up and quiet tenderness of family affection swells in the eye of the mother, and trembles at her heart, as she busies herself with the little preparations necessary for the departure of her son: her charge till now, from infancy.

At length the day comes for him to bid adieu to the scenes of his early life. Amidst the blessings and prayers of kindred, with many precious words spoken to him, he turns away, himself moved to tears, perhaps, as he catches the last glance of the holy roof of his childhood. He comes to the great city, and for a time, probably, all is well with him. Home is dear to his heart, and the words of parental caution and of sisterly love are still in his ears; and the new scenes seem strange and almost sad to him. But, left alone in the city throng, he must seek companions.

And here, alas! is his first great peril. Could he have been acquainted with but two or three virtuous and agreeable families with whom to pass his leisure hours, all might still have been well. But left to chance for his associates, chance is but too likely to provide him with associates that will tempt him to go astray. Their apparent honest wonder at his country simplicity, their ridicule of his fears, their jeers at his
doubts and scruples, ere long wear off the first freshness of virtue.

He consents, for experiment's sake, it may be, to take one step with his evil advisers. That step sets the seal of doom upon his whole after career. Now, and from henceforth every step is downward—downward—downward—till, on earth, there is no lower point to reach. And what though for a while he maintain some outward decency! What though he dress well and live luxuriously, and amass wealth to pamper his vices! It is but a cloth of gold spread over the fatal gangrene, that is eating into his vitals, and his very heart!

But, often, instead of that cloth of gold, are the rags of beggary, or the garb of the convict. Vice is expensive and wasteful. It wants means at the same time that it is losing credit. It must, without a rare fortune, descend to beggary and crime. How often does it find both mingled in its bitter cup! How many are there in this city who have descended from the high places of honor and hope, to a degradation which once they never dreamed as possible!

Alas! how sad is the contrast between what that man is, and what he once was! But a little time ago, and he knew gentle nurture, and the music of kind words, and the holy serenity of nature, and quiet rural labor; the peace and plenty of a country home were around him; and a mother's gentle tone, and a sister's kind voice, were in his ears; and words of sweet and solemn prayer rose each morning and evening, perhaps, beneath the venerable roof where he dwelt; and now—in the prison or the poor-house, or in some dwelling more desolate, pent up with stifling filth and squalid wretchedness, amidst oaths, and blows, and blasphemies, he is pursuing his dark and desperate way to a grave that already yawns to receive him!

And when he is buried—"his pale form shall not be laid with many tears" beneath the green fresh sod of his native fields; but he hurried and huddled into some charnel-house, unwept, unhonored, unblessed, even there, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."
BROKEN RESOLUTIONS.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Resolutions should not, either, be hastily cast aside because they have been broken. If a man should start to carry water to wounded soldiers from a spring afar off, and if, owing to the inequalities of the road, he should spill the water on one side and on the other till one-half of it was gone, what would you think of him if he should say, "I have spilt, and spilt, till it is half gone, and I won't have any of it," and throw it down in a moment of vexation? It would be very natural in a passionate man; but how foolish and how inhuman it would be! When he was just within hearing of the feeble voices of men who cried for water, would it be any reason why he should throw away what he had, because it was less than he meant to bring? If he had not enough to give them each a swallow, he should have saved what he had, that he might have at least put one drop on the fevered lip of each. There are many persons who form resolutions and break them; and renew them and break them again, and again renew them and break them; and at last say, in vexation, "I will have no more of them; it is of no use for me to resolve." But a resolution that is comprehensive will be broken. No man ever made a comprehensive resolution and carried it straight through life without nick, or flaw, or crack.

A resolution does not imply perfection. No man can be perfect in a moment. If a man has been addicted to lying, and he resolves that he will lie no more, the resolution should stand; but it is sure that in thought or word he will break it, for a man accustomed to lying can not in a moment rid himself of the habit.

A man resolves that he will refrain from the use of intoxicating drink, and holds out for a month, and then fails, and says, "I have broken my pledge, and it is all over with me." It is not all over with you. You have stumbled, but you are not destroyed. When a man, on a journey, falls by the way, he gets up, and resting a little, starts again; and if he falls again, he is sorry that he has fallen, but that is not a reason why he should give up.

Many persons carry themselves far across the stream of
difficulty, and then, on meeting some impediment and check, swim back again; whereas, the same effort, the same thought and feeling, would carry them to the other side. What if a man, having proposed to lead a higher life, finds that he has come far below it? Certainly he has done more than if he had formed no purpose at all. What if a man says, “I am determined to avoid bad associates,” and does for a time, and then consorts with them again?—it is reason for sorrow, but it should be no reason why he should throw away his resolution. Having tried once, we need to try again. Resolutions are much like leaky boats, that, when they have been bailed out, leak again. Resolutions are much like imperfect arms in the hands of a hunter. If, when he fires at the game before him, he miss it, he keeps firing till he has hit. Resolutions are much like adulterated medicines, which, when taken once or twice, seem not to produce the results of healing, but the use of which is to be followed up until a cure is effected.

Make resolutions, if you break them. Make them, only make them wisely, with a strong will, and with practical wisdom. Try them on every day. Do not forget them; if you do, renew them. And even if, when renewed and tried, they are much abused and much neglected, cling to them. It is better to have an imperfectly-kept resolution than to drift toward damnation without hindrance or let. Hold fast to ideals of good and to purposes of amendment. It is better to have a good purpose, even though you may not fulfill it to your satisfaction. Do not be discouraged because the way seems long, and perfection seems to delay in coming.

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THERE IS NO DEATH.—Anon.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven’s jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden rain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest-leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may pale and fade away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice whose joyous tone
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now, in everlasting song,
Amid the trees of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no death!
RACES.—Adapted from the "Fat Contributor's" Essay.

My Hearers: Having exhausted all the other sources of knowledge, we can turn with never-failing pleasure and profit to the contemplation of the complex yet simple problem of races. (Ahem.) My hearers, the science of ethnology is but in its infancy. We are children, you know, of circumstances—that is to say, we don't know our progenitors; hence it may be said we are mere babies in the lore of ages—which the philosophers tell us means, knowing what others didn't know several geological strata ago. But, if we are infants in this respect, we are full-grown on the races, simple and composite, as I will proceed to demonstrate:

The two leading races are the race of man called the human race, and the horse-race, which some consider inhuman. The Indian race is very nearly run. A mill-race or a race to a "mill" occurs when a prize-fight is announced. Of all the races that have been upon the tapis recently, the black race attracts the most of public attention. Congressmen make speeches upon it, clergymen preach upon it, and Wendell Phillips is ready to bet his money on it.

I flatter myself that I know something of the horse-race. I had a passion for horse-racing when a lad, and used to run horses with a neighbor's boy in Tompkins' lane. How vividly do I recall my last race. I rode the governor's grass-fed mare, a sorrel roan, if I remember correctly, with two white feet and a star in the forehead. She was a little foanded in one eye, but, with the exception of something like a water-melon on each knee, her intellect was unimpaired. Neighbor's boy rode a cream-colored chestnut, with a spring-halt to harness. On the home-stretch, I was a neck and half a shoulder-blade behind, gently encouraging the old mare to do her level best by the application of a corn-cutter to her aged ribs. The limp which she had in her eye prevented her taking a clear view of a heap of cobble-stones in the lane, and when she struck them there was a tumble, clatter of stones, and old bones, and the old mare was wrecked, and no insurance. I was picked up bleeding and insensible, and I made the home-stretch on a stretcher, coming in under one blanket. The race was decided in my favor. The judges allowed, although I was a neck
behind when the old mare tumbled, yet, as I escaped without my neck being broken, I came out "a neck ahead."

The scientific features of this agreeable subject, I see, must be postponed. You are inclined to levity, and I should do injustice to my own feelings to arrest the smiles which I behold racing around the room like champagne corks at a charity ball collation. At a more propitious season we will resume, as the wild-cat bank-director said to a polite and happy throng soliciting entrance at the front door.

A FRUITFUL DISCOURSE.—Silas S. Steele.

"A little more Cider, do."

BREDDERN AN' SISTERN: I'se gwine to gib you what I hope will prove to you a fruitful discourse.—de subject am dat ob apples. Dem ob my hearers dat only look upon de apple wid an eye to apple-sass, apple-flickers, apple-pies, apple-dumplings, an' apple-toddlies, will hardly be able to comprehend ob my lector—to dem I leab de peelings, an' direct de seeds ob my discourse to such as hab souls above apple-dumplings an' taste above apple-tarts.

Now de apple, accordin' to Linnaeus, de Phlea-botanist, am a Fruit originally exported from Adams' apple-orchard in de Garden ob Eden, an' made indegenous in ebry climate 'cept de north pole an' its neighboren territory de Rolly bolly allis.

De apple, accordin' to those renowned Lexumcographers, Samuel Johnson, Daniel Webster, Jimuel Walker, an' Docter Skeleton McKenzie, am de py-rus molus, which means "To be molded into pies."

Well, you all know dat de apple-tree was de sacred vegetable ob de Garden ob Eden till de sly an insinuatin' sea-serpent crawled out ob de river on Friday mornen, bit off an apple, made "apple-jack," handed de jug to Eve, she took a sip, den handed it to Adam—Adam took anoder, by which bofe got topseycated an' fell down de hill ob Paradise, an' in consequence darof, de whole woman race an' human race fell down casmash, like speckled apples from a tree in a stormado. Oh! what a fall was dar, my hearers, when you an' me, an' I,
an' all drapt down togedder, an' de serpent flapped his forked
tongue in fatissaction.

But arter all, my hearers, dat terrible fall was not de fault
ob de fruit ob de apple, but de abuse ob it; for de apple am
a very great wegetable, corden as we use it or abuse it. De
apple has been de fruit ob great tings, an great tings hab been
de fruit ob de apple. It was an apple dat fast suggested to
Sir Humphrey Gravy Newtown de seeds ob de law ob grabi-
tation, dat wonderful, invisbile, an' unfrizable patent leber
principle by which all dem luminous an' voluminous planets
turn round togedder, all-apart in one E pluribus unum ob grabi-
ity; hence de great poet Longfeller, in de fifty-leventh canto
ob Lord Byron observs—

"Man fell by apples, an' by apples rose."

Sir Humphrey Gravy Newtown was one day snoozzen fast
asleep under an apple-tree, when a large-sized Kentucky Pipp-
en grabilitated from de limb, struck him in de eye, an' all at
once his eye was suddenly opened to de universal law of grab-
itation.

He saw the apple downwards fell,
He thought, "Why not fall up as well,"
It proved some telegraphic spell,
Pulled it arthwise,
I wish he'd now come back an' tell
Why apples RISE,

so high to a half-peck in de bushel.

But, my hearers, to come to de grand point ob my lamned
disquisition on apples. Reasoning ap-priori, I proceed to dis-
grand fromologico-physiological phreeneomennon, dat eber
since our great-grand-mudder Eve an' our great-great-grand-
fader Adam fast tasted apple-jack in de orchard ob Eden, de
entire human race an' woman race in particular, has been im-
pregnated wid de spirit ob de apple, an' dat all men an' wo-
men, an' de rest ob mankind, may be compared to some Genius
ob de Apple. Dar's de Philanthropist, he's a good meller
pippin—always ripe an' full ob de seeds ob human kindness.
Dar's de Miser, he's de "grindstone" apple—rock to de very
core. Dar's de Bachelor, he am a rusty-coat, an' like a beef-
steak widout gravy—dry to de very heart. Dar's de Dandy,
he's a long stim, all peelen. Dar's de Farmer, he's de cart-
horse apple—a leetle rough on de peelen, but juicy wid peelen. De Fashionable gent am a French pippen, an' de fashionable young lady am de Bell-flower—an' when two sich apples am joined togedder, dey become a pear, (pair.) De Pollytician am a Speckled apple—little foul sometimes at de core. De young Misses am de "Maiden's Blushes." De Widder she am a Pine-apple—pine-en an' sprouten in de dark leaves to blosssom once more. De good Wife she am de Balsam apple ob human life; an'—an' in finis, de—de old Maid she am (bitterly.) a Crab apple—a fruit never known in de apple-orchard ob Paradise, an' only fit for Sourland—put her in de cider-press ob human affection, an' she'll come out forty-leventh proof Vinegar, enough to sour all human creation—even as de loud thunder ob de heabens sours de cow-juice in de milk-house.

Lastly, and to conclude, Brederen and Sisteren, let it be our great aim, howsoever we may differ in our various apple species, to strive to go in to de great cider-press ob human trial widout a speck in de core or de peelen, so dat when de juice of our mortal virtues am squeezed out, de Angels when dey fust put dar lips to de cider-trough, may exclain wid de poet,

"A leetle more Cider, do."

A FRENCHMAN'S DINNER.—Anon.

A Monsieur from the Gallic shore,
Who, though not over rich, wished to appear so;
Came over in a ship with friends a score—
Poor emigrants, whose wealth, good lack!
Dwelt only on their ragged backs,
Who thought him rich, they'd heard him oft declare so,
For he was proud as Satan's self,
And often bragged about his pelf,
And as a proof—the least
That he could give—he promised when on land,
At the first inn, in style so grand,
To give a feast!

The Frenchmen jumped at such an offer,
Monsieur did not forget his proffer;
But at the first hotel on shore,
They stopped to lodge and board,
The Frenchman ordered in his way,
A dinner to be done that day,
But here occurred a grievous bore;
Monsieur of English knew but little,
Of French, the host knew not a tittle;
In ordering dinner, therefore, ’tis no wonder,
That they both should make a blunder.
For all that from the order he could trace,
Was—"Monsieur Bull, you lette me have, I say,
Vich for vid money, I sall you pay:
*Fifteen of those vid vich de sheep do run!*
From which old Tapps could only understand,
What Monsieur desired with air so grand,
Was, *fifteen legs of mutton!*

They seemed a set of hungry curs,
And so without more bother or demurs,
Tapps to his cook his orders soon expressed,
And fifteen legs of mutton soon were dressed;
And now around the table all elate,
The Frenchman’s friends the dinner doth await:
Joy sparkled in each hungry urchin’s eyes,
When they beheld, with glad surprise,
Tapps quick appear with leg of mutton hot,
Smoking and just ejected from the pot!
Laughed, stared, and chuckled more and more,
When two they saw, then three, then four!
And then a fifth! their eager glances blessed,
And then a sixth! larger than all the rest!

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur, vy for you make
Dis vera great blundare and mistake?
Vy for you bring to me so several mouton legs?"
Tapps, with a bow, his pardon begs—
"I’ve done as you have ordered, sir," said he,
"Did you not order *fifteen legs of me?*
Six of which before your eyes appears,
And nine besides are nearly done *down-stairs!*
Here, John!"
"Sacré! You Jean! you fool! you ass!
You one great clown to bring me to dis pass;
Take vay dis meat for vich I shall no pay,
I did no order dat!"
"What's that you say?"
Tapps answered with a frown and with a stare,
"You ordered fifteen legs of me, I'll swear,
Or fifteen things with which the sheep do run,
Which means the same; I'm not so easy done!"
"Par bleu! Monsieur! vy you no comprehend?
You may take back de legs unto de pot;
I tell you, saxe, 'tis not de legs I vant—
But dese here littel tings od which de sheep do trot!"
"Why hang it!" cried the landlord in a rage,
Which Monsieur vainly tried to assagae,
"Hang it!" said he, as to the door he totters:
"Now after all the trouble that I took,
These legs of mutton, both to buy and cook,
It seems, instead of fifteen legs,
You merely wanted fifteen poor sheep's trotters!"
"Oui, Monsieur!" the Frenchman quickly said.
At which John seemed very much dismayed,
And to the kitchen, he with horror totters,
To blow up cook about the fifteen trotters.

UNJUST NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS.—Thomas Corwin.

The uneasy desire to augment our territory has depraved
the moral sense and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of
our people. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which Time has
written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but
the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains, as eterno-
nal, the cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's
goods, nor any thing which is his." Since I have lately heard
so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked
back to see how, in the course of events, which some call
"Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in
this work of dismemberment.
I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations, Russia, Austria and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz.

Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no—far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfill its destiny, too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of Democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Caesar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death.

But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Docs his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood slaughter, desolation, spread over the land; and, finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution: she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her impotent neighbor.

SAME.

A mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine, can not fail, in all unjust acquisitions of territory, to see the providence of God. When
Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that
the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of
fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher,
till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens,
it did seem as though the God of nations was writing, in
characters of flame, on the front of his throne, that doom
that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn
upon the weak.

And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of
this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the
notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion.
France was too small—Europe, he thought, should bow down
before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his
soul, he too becomes powerless. His Terminus must recede
too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and,
doubtless, meditated the subjugation, of Russia, He who holds
the winds in his fist, gathered the snows of the North, and
blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They fled—
they froze—they perished.

And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on uni-
versal dominion, he, too, is summoned to answer for the vi-
olation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet any thing
which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He,
beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now
an exile at Elba, and now, finally, a prisoner on the rock of
St. Helena—and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented
sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, there is the
death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his annexations have
come to that! His last hour is now at hand; and he, the
man of destiny, he who had rocked the world as with the
throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still—even as the
beggar, so he died.

On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury
up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while
he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, an-
other witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they
who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth
He has found "room," at last. And France, she, too, has
found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along
the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They
have returned home, to their old aerie, between the Alps, the
Rhine, and the Pyrenees.

So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the
loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave, with inno-
cent triumph, in the halls of the Montezumas; the armed
men of Mexico may quail before them; but the weakest hand
in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call
down against you a Power in the presence of which the iron
hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes!

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PHAETHON, OR THE AMATEUR COACHMAN. —John
G. Saxc.

Dan Phaëthon—so the histories run—
Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun
Or rather of Phœbus—but as to his mother,
Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,
Some going for one and some for another!
For myself, I must say as a careful explorer,
This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora.
Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun
To elevate funds and depreciate fun,
Drove a very fast coach by the name of "The Sun,"
Running, they say,
Trips every day,
(On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way.)
All lighted up with a famous array
Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,
And dashing along like a gentleman's "shay,"
With never a fare, and nothing to pay!
Now Phaëthon begged of his doting old father,
To grant him a favor, and this the rather,
Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,
That he wasn't by any means Phœbus's boy!
Intending, the rascally son of a gun,
To darken the brow of the son of the Sun!
"By the terrible Styx!" said the angry sire,
While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,
"To prove your reviler an infamous liar,
I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire!"

"Then, by my head,"
The youngster said,
"I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed!—
For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,
Like a seat on the box, and a dashing drive!"

"Nay, Phaëthon, don't—
I beg you won't—
Just stop a moment and think upon't!
You're quite too young," continued the sage,
"To 'tend a coach at your early age!
Besides, you see,
'Twill really be
Your first appearance on any stage!
Desist, my child,
The cattle are wild,
And when their mettle is thoroughly "riled,"
Depend upon't, the coach will be "spilled"—
They're not the fellows to draw it mild!
Desist, I say,
You'll rue the day—
So mind and don't be foolish, Pha!"

But the youth was proud,
And swore aloud,
'Twas just the thing to astonish the crowd—
He'd have the horses and wouldn't be cowed!
In vain the boy was cautioned at large,
He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,
And vowed that any young fellow of force
Could manage a dozen courser, of course!
Now Phœbus felt exceedingly sorry
He had given his word in such a hurry,
But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt
He was in for it now, and couldn't back out.
So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,
He gave the youth a bit of advice:—

"Parce stimulis, utere loris!"

(A "stage direction," of which the core is,
Don't use the whip—they're ticklish things—}
But, whatever you do, hold on to the strings!
Remember the rule of the Jchu tribe is,

"Medio tutissimus ibis."

As the judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman,
(Who was going to quod between two watchmen!)
So mind your eye and spare your goad,
Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road!
Now Phaethon, perched in the coachman's place,
Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,
Fast as coursers running a race,
Or bounding along in a steeple-chase!
Of whip and shout there was no lack,

"Crack—whack—
Whack—crack,"

Resounding along the horses' back!
Frightened beneath the stinging lash
Cutting their flanks in many a gash,
On—on they sped as swift as a flash,
Through thick and thin away they dash,
(Such rapid driving is always rash!)
When all at once, with a dreadful crash,
The whole establishment went to smash!
And Phaethon, he,

As all agree,

Off the coach was suddenly hurled,
Into a puddle and out of the world!

**MORAL.**

Don't rashly take to dangerous courses—
Nor set it down in your table of forces,
That any one man equals any four horses!
Don't swear by the Styx!—
It's one of Old Nick's diabolical tricks
To get people into a regular "fix,"
And hold 'em there as fast as bricks!
THE COLD-WATER MAN.—Same.

There lived an honest fisherman,
   I knew him passing well—
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
   Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
   Who loved his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life,
   His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said,
   He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig,
   Except a "school" of fish.

This single-minded fisherman
   A double calling had—
To tend his flocks, in winter-time,
   In summer fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman
   All other toils forsook;
And though no vagrant man was he,
   He lived by "hook and crook."

All day that fisherman would sit
   Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water like
   Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he;
   His angles all were right;
And when he scratched his aged poll
   You'd know he'd got a bite.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
   Although his voice was fine;
He found the most convenient way
   Was just to "drop a line."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
   If made to speak to-day,
Would own with grief, this angler had
   A mighty "taking way."
One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck—
When, suddenly, he caught a bite,
And jerking—caught a duck!
Alas! that day, the fisherman
Had taken too much grog;
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn’t “keep the log.”

In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore;
Down, down he went, to feed the fish
He’d baited oft before!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear:
A single “drop too much” of rum
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not “sign the pledge,”
And keep his promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stark
Cold-water man, at last!

PERMANENCY OF STATES.—Webster.

Mr. President: It has always seemed to me to be a grateful reflection, that, however short and transient may be the lives of individuals, States may be permanent. The great corporations that embrace the governments of mankind, protect their liberties and secure their happiness, may have something of perpetuity, and, as I may say, of immortality. For my part, sir, I gratify myself by contemplating what in the future will be the condition of that generous State which has done me the honor to keep me in the counsels of the country for so many years. I see nothing about her in prospect less than that which encircles her now. I feel that when I and all those that now hear me shall have gone to our last home, and afterward, when mold may have gathered upon our memories, as it will have done upon our tombs, that State, so early
to take her part in the great contest of the Revolution, will
stand, as she has stood and now stands, like that column which,
near her capital, perpetuates the memory of the first great
battle of the Revolution, firm, erect, and immovable.

I believe, sir, that if commotion shall shake the country,
there will be one rock forever, as solid as the granite of her
nails, for the Union to repose upon. I believe that, if disasters
arise, bringing clouds which shall obscure the chasm now over
her and over us, there will be one star that will but burn the
brighter amid the darkness of that night; and I believe that,
if in the remotest ages (I trust they will be infinitely remote !)
an occasion shall occur when the sternest duties of patriotism
are demanded and to be performed, Massachusetts will imitate
her own example; and that, as at the breaking out of the
Revolution she was the first to offer the outpouring of her
blood and her treasure in the struggle for liberty, so she will
be hereafter ready, when the emergency arises, to repeat and
renew that offer, with a thousand times as many warm hearts,
and a thousand times as many strong hands!

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—*Same.*

Important, sir, as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occa-
sions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still
more important to maintain the right of such discussion in
its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now
growing fashionable, make it necessary to beexplicit on this
point. The more I perceive a disposition to check the free-
dom of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretenses,
the firmer shall be the tone in which I shall assert, and the
freer the manner in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people
to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It
is a "home-bred right," a fireside privilege. It hath ever been
enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It
is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as
the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Bel-
onging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as
a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representa-
tive I am shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to
be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right
itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent.
I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right,
and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my
ground.

This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exer-
cise within this house, and without this house, and in all
places; in time of peace, and in all times. Living, I shall
assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my
children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inher-
itance of free principles, and the example of a manly, inde-
pendent, and constitutional defense of them.

JOHN THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER.—Anonymous.

A fellow near Kentucky's clime,
Cries "boatman do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver dime,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who would cross the Ohio,
This dark and stormy water?"

"Oh, I am this young lady's beau,
And she's John Thompson's daughter.

"We've fled before her father's spite,
With great precipitation,
And should he find us here to-night,
I'd lose my reputation.

"They've missed the girl and purse besides
His horsemen hard have pressed me,
And who will cheer my bonny bride,
If yet they will arrest me?"

Out spoke the boatman then, in time,
"You shall not fail, don't fear it;
I'll go; not for your silver dime,
But for your manly spirit."
'And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
For though a storm is coming on,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the wind more fiercely rose
The boat was at the landing,
And with the drenching rain their clothes
Grew wet where they were standing.

But still, as wilder rose the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Just back a piece came the police,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"If's any thing but funny,
I'll leave the light of loving eyes,
But not my father's money."

And still they hurried in the face
Of wind and rain unsparing;
John Thompson reached the landing-place,
His wrath had turned to swearing.

For, by the lightning's angry flash,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand held all his cash,
And one was round her lover!

"Come back, come back!" he cried in woe,
Across the stormy water;
"But leave the purse and you may go,
My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain—they reached the other shore,
(Such dooms the fates assign us),
The gold he'd piled went with his child,
And he was left there, minus.
HOUSE-CLEANING.—"Gus."

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near.
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
And spiders wove their web secure from fear and din and riot;
But now the carpets are all up, and from the staircase top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cozy and contented?
Alas! they're turned all upside-down, that quiet suite of rooms,
With slops and suds, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands, are standing 'round at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and maid fly about like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shook and the windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks—
Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,
And then they vanished all away—books, papers, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must at nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights!"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still,
And the carpet women are on the stairs, that harbinger of ill,
He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.
And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat;
He meets her at the parlor door, with her hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS WHY.

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, and how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert or the play?
If you wish it I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying
Into other men's affairs,
If you do your own but justice,
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone;
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be your own.
One word by way of finis—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
You must cease to be a pry.

THE END.
DIME HUMOROUS SPEAKER, No. 6.

A sad story, How the money goes, Poetry run mad, The mysterious guesses, The imagination's flight,
A string of onions, Hunsdon Fort's Fourth of July oration, The hasty puffs, The showers.
A tragic story, July 4th, The flag, The solemn raptures,
Dow, Jr.'s lectures, The old seaman, The secret drawer.
Ego and echo, The old seaman, The secret drawer.
Fashionable women, The old seaman, The secret drawer.
Fart, The old seaman, The secret drawer.
Good nature, The old seaman, The secret drawer.
Guillochou, The old seaman, The secret drawer.
Hans Wagner's musical daughter, The old seaman, The secret drawer.
Hanse Bighow's opinion, The old seaman, The secret drawer.

DIME STANDARD SPEAKER, No. 7.

The world we live in, The power of an idea, The two lives, The Bible, The purse and the sword
Woman's claims, The benefits of the Suffrage, [see] The purse and the sword
The author of our liberty, The Dream of the revelers, True moral courage
The real conqueror, How Cyrus laid the cable What is war?
The citizen's heritage, The physical hand, Advocacy of peace
Italy, The political hand, The two lives
The mechanic, Paradoxical, The two lives
Nature & Nature's God, Theological, The three lives
The modern god, [see] Theological, The three lives
Oman's address to the people, The power of an idea, The three lives
Independence bell - 1777 The purse and the sword
John Burns, Gettysburg, The purse and the sword
No act in Heaven, The purse and the sword
Mise Prode's tea party, The purse and the sword

DIME STUMP SPEAKER, No. 8.

Hon. J. Moses Stubbs, view on the situation, Good nature a blessing, America, [a salutary
Hans Schwartz boisterous on woman's suffrage, A sermon from the hard [salutary
all for a nomination, The value of money, The right of secession, [salutary
Old ocean, [sea], A meteoro-disquisition, Lives of the noble, [salutary
The sea, the sea, the sea, be sure you are right, A lay sermon, [salutary
Theater bungled spanner, Be of good cheer, [salutary
Stay where you belong, Crabb'd folks, [shrew, The manuscript, [salutary
Life is what you make it, Taming a masculine The writer's, [salutary
Where's my money! Farmers, [country, The true greatness of our nation, [salutary
A speech from the cone's N. England & the Union, The moon, [tura
A man's relation to society, Th. unseen battle-field, [zona, John Thompson's don't
The limits to happiness, The unseen battle-field, [zona, John Thompson's don't
A boy's philosophy, A plea for the Republic, [zona, John Thompson's don't
Bad, [sea] A boy's philosophy, Nothing to do,
How's your row, The same, Nothing to do,
Six-year-old's protest, The same, Nothing to do,
The suicidal cat, The same, Nothing to do,
A vaudeville, The same, Nothing to do,
A male choral society, Any request whatever, Nothing to do,
Popping corn, A plea for the Republic, Nothing to do,
The editor, How the raven became black, Nothing to do,
The same, in rhyme, A poet's work, Nothing to do,
The fairy shoemaker, The same, Nothing to do,
What was learned, The same, Nothing to do,
Freemasonry, A poem for the Republic, Nothing to do,
The horse, Playing ball, Nothing to do,
The snake in the grass, Ah why!, Nothing to do,
A tale of the tropics, Live for something, Nothing to do,
Bromley's speech, Lay of the homeless, Nothing to do,
The outside dog, The outside dog, Nothing to do,
Wolf and lamb, [ see me, The outside dog, Nothing to do,
Lion in love, [ see me, The outside dog, Nothing to do,
[ see me, A little correspondent, Nothing to do,
Frogs asking for a king, The good turn deserves a reward, Nothing to do,
Sick lion, My dream, [another, The good turn deserves a reward, Nothing to do,
Country and town mice, Rain, The good turn deserves a reward, Nothing to do,
Man and woman, The raven, The good turn deserves a reward, Nothing to do,
Honor, Will I ever use tobacco, The raven, The good turn deserves a reward, Nothing to do,
Hunsdon Fort's Fourth of July oration, The raven, The good turn deserves a reward, Nothing to do,
The quiver, The raven, The good turn deserves a reward, Nothing to do,
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