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FREE LIBRARY BALTO. ENOCH PRATT

Poetry.

TO FRIENDS AND FOES.

When 'neath the cold, secluded earth
They lay this weary, aching head,
Let no proud tombstone tell my birth,
Nor mock the memory of the dead;
But on the mound a rose-tree rear,
While it expands from day to day,
Or fades with each succeeding year,
And wastes its bloom and strength away;
'Twill truly speak of him who's gone,
And wrought for fame from early youth,
But cared not for a flattering stone
To blazon forth the humble truth.

When twilight gathers in the sky,
Let those who wronged me then draw near;
And as they pass the sleeper by,
Drop o'er him one atoning tear;
Let them forgive the follies there
Of him whose form lies cold and still,
And let his faults their pity share,
Who ne'er on purpose did them ill.
Why should they hate the form laid low?
They cannot hurt the lifeless clay;
And those who treat me coldly now,
Then may their coldness pass away.

Their faith and full belief to share
I'd sacrifice all wealth, all fame;
For all I ask of foes to spare
To me is but an upright name!
And may no fond one waste a tear
When passing by my wakeless bed,
If I was loved when dwelling here,
Ne'er then regret me when I'm dead;
'Tis heaven bids the spirit flee,
Then never mourn when I am gone;
But should there tears be shed for me,
May they be sincere tears—or none.

RATHBURN'S GOLD.

A TRUE STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN KENTUCKY.

The following story is a record of events which occurred in the most backwoods portion of Kentucky years since. With the exception of the names of the parties concerned, and, of course, the dialogues, the details are literally true.

The Mystery of Morse Farm.

It was a day in August. The weather, properly speaking, could not have been called warm—it was unmitigatingly *hot*. And so the loungers of the small village of Milton found it; for the sun had climbed into the middle of the sky, and hung like a great fiery, unwinking eye above a dozen or so whitewashed houses which, nestling at the base of tall, rugged hills, formed the picturesque little hamlet.

The very stepping stones, if not absolutely melting with fervent heat, would, at least, have scorched any unshod foot which chanced to press them. None seemed inclined, however, to test their temperature; for all the feet in the village, with the owners thereof, both man and beast, had sheltered themselves from the burning sun whereever they could find a spot of shade.

The village boasted but one tavern, on the porch of which a group of loungers had congregated; all divested of coats, and all sprawling listlessly upon chairs and benches.

At length one of the number, a thick-set elderly man, with grizzled hair and a very red face, whose broad cotton collar and soiled shirt front thrown back, revealed his neck and bosom beaded with perspiration, suddenly rose to a sitting posture, and shading his eyes with brown, seamed hand, looked away along the dirt road, winding its length around the hills.

"'Pears to me,' said, "there's some 'un a comin down the road; I see a mighty cloud o' dust yander by the mill. Can you make em' out, Coon?'

The individual addressed, a tall, slender, man, with a very round face and very round, blue eyes, stepped to the edge of the porch, and looked earnestly in the direction of the dust in question; towards which a dozen eyes were as earnestly gazing, grateful, perhaps, for any variation to the heat and monotony.

"Thar is somebody a comin shore, Tom. I can't make out who they are though.'

By this time the approaching objects were distinctly visible, riding at a brisk canter towards the village. In a few minutes more they haulted in front of the tavern, and before the group of loungers who had so earnestly watched their coming; and who now, with no trace remaining of their former listlessness and inertia, were drawn up in a line along the porch, gazing at the new comers. They were evidently strangers, for the group stared at them without that impudent pleasantry with which they would have welcomed any of their acquaintances.

The newly-arrived personages, dismounting from their rather jaded horses, quietly hitched them to the swinging branches of an elm tree near by, as if wholly unconscious of the interest they were exciting and advanced to the porch. The younger of the two men, and evidently the superior of the other in refinement, as he certainly was in dress, was of medium size, with a well-knit figure, a bright, healthy complexion, and deep blue eyes. He was clad in a suit of fine black cloth, and from his neck was suspended a richly chased gold watch chain—the only ornament he wore.

His companion was a large, muscular man, slightly stoop-shouldered, with a round, clearly shaven face and pale, restless eyes. He was clothed in what had once been white linen, but which dust and heat combined had rendered exceedingly dingy.

Advancing to the porch, they passed through the crowd of loungers, who stepped respectfully aside, and entered the barroom. There the proprietor of the Milton House, a handsome healthy looking young man, laying down a bunch of mint with which he was about to prepare a julep, advanced to meet them.

The younger of the two men, lifted his hat from his head, and thereby revealing a broad, white forehead, surmounted by dark brown hair, asked in a soft, pleasant voice, which was characterized by that peculiar intonation belonging exclusively to the New England States, for a glass of water.—While he was partaking of that innocent beverage, his companion, advancing to the counter, slaked his thirst in what the host rapturously recommended as "mellow apple brandy.' More than once while recounting the history and virtue of the brandy in question, the cherry-faced landlord had glanced from the elder and rougher to his younger and more refined guest, as if to call his attention to the merit of the article he was praising. If he had hoped, however, to induce the stranger to become a patron of the wonderful fluid, he was doomed to disappointment; for the young man, seated in a chair near the counter, waited patiently until the landlord had exhausted both his encomiums and his breath, and then quietly said: "I suppose it is past your hour for dining, but we would be very much obliged if you would let us have something to eat as soon as possible; a cold lunch would be perfectly satisfactory.'

"Yes,' added the other, "I ain't very particular about what you give us, so it comes pretty soon, for I'm powerful hungry.'

The polite host hurried out to execute orders in regard to dinner, leaving the stranger in company with the porch loiters who had by this time all entered the bar-room, and, perched upon the counter, others upon chairs, were staring curiously at the travellers. They manifested, however, no desire to begin a conversation until the police judge of the place, a tall, lantern-faced man, broke the silence by remarking:

"It's a powerful warm day! My son Millard said this morning that he thought it was too warm to do anything; yet I have a great deal of work to do—a great deaf, both on the bench and in the office.'

"Yes, judge, I wish you would try an mend them boots of mine as soon as you kin; I'm clean out o' shoe leather, and if I don't git them boots soon I'll have to go barefooted shore,' remarked the quick, keen voice of Coon.

"Well, I declare, Coon, I've done my best, but I have so much business in the office I have not had time to finish them. I've had a fuller docket for the last few months than both the magistrates put together,' was the reply.

The younger of the strangers here, directing his question to the judge, asked:

"Do you know a place about here called the Morse farm?'

"Yes, indeed; I know it very well.—I've been over every foot of it. When old man Morse died the heirs wanted to sell the place, and had it surveyed. I carried the chain for them. That was twenty years ago last June, but they haven't sold it yet.'

"No, and they never will,' put in Coon. "I would not live thar if they would give me the place.'

"Why?' inquired the young man a little curiously.

But before the man could reply the judge slapped him on the shoulder and remarked, laughingly:

"Ah, Coon, you're afraid of the ghost.' Then turning to the stranger he narrated the history of the old Morse farm.

"Years and years ago,' said the judge, in a very tragic voice, "when old Captain Morse lived there with his wife and son, a traveler came there about sundown and asked to stay all night. He was a sort of a peddler, and had his pack slung on a stick and carried it over his shoulder. The captain took him in, and that night about eleven o'clock, two men passing along the road heard loud, angry voices, and then the report of a pistol. They jumped off their horses and hitched them, and went to the house and tried to open the door, but it was locked, and they had to knock for a good bit before anybody came to them.—At last old captain Morse himself opened the door, and told them that 'a peddler had stopped there and he was crazy, and had tried to kill them all, and his son, John Morse, had shot him in selfdefense. At any rate the man was dead, shot dead.'

"Yes, that's true, shore,' put in Coon, "for I was a strip of a boy then, and went over thar with my father; and thar we seed him, a layin' dead on the floor, and a hole in his forehead whar the bullet went in at.'

"Did he have any money? asked the stranger.

"None that was ever found,' answered the judge, "except about a dollar or so.—There were no witnesses except the Morse family, and their words had to be taken in the matter; but people had their suspicion for all that. And one night, not long afterwards, somebody wrote on a big sycamore, just opposite the house—but across the road from it 'A Peddler was murdered here,' and it appeared to be burnt into the wood with a hot iron. I expect some boys were campering out there fishing as they were very often (the creek runs high along there, and the fishing about there is very good) and did it out of fun. But it wasn't much fun to old captain, I can tell you; he got powerful mad and cut the tree down; but in falling it lodged against another big tree; and there it is yet with them ugly black letters staring at everybody that passes. The Morse family moved away from the place in a little while, and tried to rent it; but nobody would live there; for people say there are awful sights seen there sometimes. John Morse didn't live any great while after that; he was always consumpted, and the old lady died a year or two afterwards; and when the old man died, which wasn't more'n six months after his wife, he left the place to his sister's children, and they've been trying to sell it ever since. Ellesly Bell, who was not more than five years old when the will was made, was here a month or so ago to see about it; he's twenty five now, or thereabout. He made lawyer Hardy his agent, and went back to Virginia, where he lives.'

"Where is Mr. Hardy to be found?' asked the stranger.

"About a mile from here, on the road,' replied the judge; "you ain't going to buy the place are you?'

"I don't know,' answered the young man, a little stiffly.

"Did you ever see the Morse farm?'—hazzarded the judge.

"Yes; I came by it this morning, and a little boy whom I met on the road told me the name of the place, which is all I know about it, except what you have told me.'

His tone would have silenced the loquacious judge, even if the landlord had not at that moment summoned the stranger to dinner.

"Them's quar kind o' chaps, shore,' remarked Coon, when the door had closed upon them.

"I'll bet fifty bar'ls of corn that them two men is some yankees that's here after no good,' observed Tom Crouch, vigorously wiping his neck and face with a bandanna cotton handkerchief. "The youngest fellow 'pears like a right stiff sort of a chap. Wonder if they want to buy the old Morse farm?'

"They'll have good company if the ghost comes to see them, shore,' and Coon laughed at his own attempt at wit very heartily.

"They are yankees, I know,' asserted the judge, "and I tell you, gentlemen, the country is getting too full of them. I'm in favor of keeping them all in their own country; they are nothing but swindlers.'

"I've got no use for them sort of people, put in Tom. "About five years ago one of 'em cheated me out of the golliest crop of tobacco that was ever raised in Kentucky.'

Tom's rueful countenance raised a general laugh at his expense, in the midst of which the stranger re-entered the room.—Their appearance caused an instant cessation of the merriment and a return of the curious inspection of their persons and deportment. Suspicion was now blended with curiosity, awakened by the remarks which had been elicited by their temporary sojourn in the dining room.

The young stranger, bidding his companion to look after their horses and see that they were fed and brought forward as soon as they had finished eating, picked up a newspaper of no very recent date and began running his eyes down the columns.—His companion piloted by a small urchin who seemed to be the general errand boy of the establishment, hastened out to the stables. The young man continued to read without paying any attention whatever to the idlers of the bar-room, who on their part seemed disinclined to renew their conversation with him, contenting themselves with nervous movings about the room, and occasionly disjointed remarks to each other and finally returned to their lounging on the porch, just as the horses were led forward by the elder stranger, followed by the small boy.

The latter went in the house to inform the young man that the horses were in readiness, and instantly laying aside the paper he stepped out on the porch, and courteously inquired the way to lawyer Hardy's. Having gained the desired information (which two or three insisted in giving,) the two men remounted their horses and briskly cantered away, and were soon beyond the range of the dozen eyes that followed them.

The distance was not great—scarcely a mile—and they exchanged but few remarks, until a sudden turn in the road brought them in sight of the picturesque and rather stately house of lawyer Hardy, which they instantly recognized from the description given of it at the tavern.

Passing through the unkept lawn they dismounted at the yard gate, and, walking up through a grove of lofty locusts, they suddenly came upon a pleasant looking young man laying in the shade of a tree and sleepily turning the leaves of a volume of the "Wandering Jew.' Instantly rising, he politely welcomed the visitors, and in answer to their inquiry for lawyer Hardy he announced himself as that personage and led them to seats in the cool porch.

The younger guest immediately declared his business, by announcing his design to purchase the Morse farm. The terms were soon agreed upon, as they were very easy, owing to the fact that the place had been such a drag in the market. In a few days the purchase was completed (the strangers, in the meantime, stopping at the Milton House,) and the right and title of the old Morse farm was conferred upon George Rathburn.

The next day George Rathburn and his companion, Rufus Grinder, left as silently as they had come—left without satisfying the curiosity of the villagers, who remained in a most distracting state of conjecture as to what their motive could possibly be in making such a bargain as that just concluded by them. Certainly they could not have been urged by agricultural purposes; for the land, always barren and broken, having been for many years untended and fenceless, was in a most uninviting condition, and it would require years—and years too, of toil—to restore that state of fertility which had forsaken it for so long a time.

The purchasers and purchase were the most popular topics with the frequenters of the village as well as the villagers themselves.

The subject from much turning was becoming a little threadbare, when in course of a fortnight the regular steamer landed at the Milton wharf Mr. George Rathburn and Rufus Grinder.

With them were put off some plain articles of furniture and two or three trunks. But the curiosity of the community was heightened to a pitch of frenzy almost, when a box, about two feet square and closely nailed, was conveyed to the shore by two men who fairly staggered under its weight.

Will. Kendrick, alias Coon, attempted to lift it slightly by way of testing its weight; and finding his utmost strength scarcely sufficient to elevate it six inches above the position in which he found it, felt convinced that the mysterious box was filled with metal—probably gold or silver; and whispering his suspicions among his companions, the rumor became current that the strangers had brought with them a box of coin.

This time they made no halt in the village, but passed on with their trunks and their box, over the rough road, and through the gloomy ravine leading to the dilapidated old house.

After that the Miltonites saw very little of them. Occasionally, Rufus Grinder would come into the village for some article of merchandise, which having obtained, he would quietly depart. With regard to his own or George Rathburn's affairs, he maintained a stubborn silence. Even the loquacious judge, let him bring about the topic ever so cunningly, utterly failed to draw him out on the subject.

So things lay in a most unsatisfactory state, when Coon, one morning, startled the village with a strange story:

"There's curious doings up at the old Morse farm, shore and certain. I were a comin' by thar last night—I had ben up to Tom Crouch's and took supper thar, and set a spell with Tom afterwards—I started home just about nine o'clock, and when I come around the little hill thar, nigh about whar the peddler was burried—though thar aint no sign of a grave; I know it was about thar—I seed a light. My har riz on end, shore; for I expected to see the peddler himself, with the hole in his forehead, a totin' the light.

I didn't know what to do; I was afeared to turn back, because ghosts allus follers when you turns your back on'em, so I thought I would jest go forrads; and I did, with the sweat a drippin' off my face, and me feelin' terrible weak in the knees.—And when I gets a leetle nearer what do you reckon I seed? Why them two men a diggin' in the side o' the hill. As soon as they seed me they put the light out and stopped diggin', and stood stock still tell I passed; and I tell you I done it in a hurry, too, shore.'

"Now Coon,' said the judge, putting on the appearance of an examiner, "hadn't you been drinking a little?'

"Not a drop,' replied Coon, "I was as sober as I am this minute; and I tell ye I saw it shore.'

This narration of Coon's revived the subject of the mystery of the Morse farm, which was beginning to become exhausted, and added impetus to the tongue of the gossips.

The excitement became fearful when a day or two afterwards Tom. Crouch gave in his testimony after this manner:

"'Pears to me thar's mighty quar things a goin' on up at the old Morse farm. I was passin' along by thar last night, me and my son Sam. (we was out possum huntin',) and as we came by the old house, the ell part looked like it was on fire almost. I thought it was at first, only it was such a quar kind of a light. It 'peared to me to be as red as blood, and Sam. says he heard a kind of a blowin' sound thar, but the wind come up so high it might o' been that he heerd. But the light was thar on the windows. I stopped and looked at it a little bit, but I couldn't make out anything about it at all.'

Whereupon Tom. went through a close cross examination, conducted by the judge and others, through which he told the same story, scarcely varying in the slightest particular.

The story was left to rest here, but from being repeated again and again had increased in marvelousness until the strangest rumors were afloat in regard to the old house and its singular occupants. So wild were the stories and so blended with the supernatural, that the simple mind of the neighborhood became so imbued with dread as to shun the vicinity of the place after nightfall, and nothing could have induced them to enter the old house, which they considered as given over to the evil one.

Thus matters continued until the year deepened into midwinter.

Early one morning two wood cutters, going to their labor in the woods, heard a loud explosion at or near the old place, and in a few minutes afterwards they were met by Rufus Grinder, who was running excitedly towards them.

"Go for a docter, quick, quick,' he exclaimed, "Mr. Rathburn was blown up while blasting out a rock. I am afraid he is already dead.'

One of the men made all dispatch to procure a physician, while the other taking an opposite direction, told every one he chanced to meet of the accident which had befallen George Rathburn; and by the time the physician had arrived he found a crowd of curious men standing around the bed, on which lay a something wan and blood-stained, with fragments of stone thickly sprinkled over the face. Over it leaned Rufus Grinder, bathing and caressing, oh! so tenderly, a face scarcely more white than his own.

Whatever the tie, either guilt or confidence, between those two men, certainly the living heart throbbed with tender love over the almost unstirring.

All efforts at resuscitation were unavailing. George Rathburn remained in a state unconciousness, gradually sinking for several hours, until death at last ended the struggle—so fearful—of life and death contending for victory.

Then, of course, ensued an inquest of the coroner, at which all that had before been hidden in the conduct of the occupants of the desolated and barren place was brought to light. The digging at night, the blasting, the strange light in the dilapidated ell, all were explained.

At the inquest Rufus Grinder (the only person present who was at all acquainted with the antecedents of the deceased) testified that George Rathburn had been a chemist and mineralogist. He had formed the idea that gold, in its original state, is contained in limestone in a chlorid form, and that if he could discover any method of separating the metal from the other substance, he could realize a fortune which would equal, possibly exceed, the millions of Rothschild.

Continually haunted by this thought, and impressed with the idea, somehow acquired, that he could succeed more fully by experimenting in Kentucky limestone, he left his native State (Massachusetts) for the purpose of prospecting.

In his wanderings through Kentucky, he had passed the Morse farm and discovering upon the poor and broken land what he deemed extraordinary indications of the presence of gold, he had purchased it for the purpose of carrying his theory into effect.

"He worked—me and him, I ought to say—always on the sly," continued the witness, "and if he could only 'av hit upon a plan of of gettin' the gold that would not 'av cost so much, he intended to buy up all the land in this part fur miles around. Ye see that was what we was workin' fur (me under his directions allus;) and I believe if he'd a lived he would 'av kep' at it till he found some cheap way of separatin' the gold from the limestone.'

Here the man, unlocking a small box, something like a jewelry case, took out of it a little piece of yellow metal—possibly gold.

"Do you see this ere button o' gold?' he asked, holding it up between his finger and thumb. "This lump is worth two dollars, and it cost ten to git it out o' the stone; but you see it proves thar *is* gold in limestone if only we could find some cheap way o' getting it out.'

Rufus Grinder remained until after the burial of his friend and master, and then returned to his home in Massachusetts. Soon after an attorney in Boston wrote, in behalf of George Rathburn's relatives and heirs, to lawyer Hardy, and that gentleman was for the second time appointed an agent to dispose of the old Morse farm, at whatever price it would bring.

The unfortunate purchaser was a needy farmer, who by dint of incessant toil, managed to force from it a yield sufficient to supply his family in a poor way.

They are not troubled by any restless ghost.

Forgotten.

Generation after generation have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty, as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same funeral winding on its way, and the attractions for offspring that she once had for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. A little while, and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be said, and the grave clods will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind in darkness and to the worms. And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotton. Days will continue to move on, and laughter will be heard in the very chamber which we died, and the eyes will glisten again with joy; and our children even will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

HE WAS THE ONE.—Seven or eight boys were rushing around the Post Office Saturday, headed by a yellow-haired youth who was saying:

"All I want in this world is to lay my hands on him!'

He presently came upon a boy weighing about ten pounds more than himself, and rushing at him, he exclaimed:

"Did you lick my brother Ben?'

"Yes I did,' replied the boy, dropping his bundle and spitting on his hands.

"Well,' continued the other lad, backing slowly away, "he needs a licking once a week to teach him to be civil.'

The Stranger Witness.

A gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the west of England, one evening, a little after dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to occupy the time, that he was not busy.—He was informed by the landlord that it was their race and assize week, and that he, therefore, would have plenty to occupy his leisure moments. On the gentleman's making answer that this was fortunate as he was fond of hearing trials, the host informed him that a very interesting robbery trial was to come off on the next day. That the evidence was very strong against the prisoner, and the people's opinion was greatly divided, as the man insisted that he was in another part of the kingdom when the robbery was committed.

The gentleman expressed considerable anxiety to witness the trial. Accordingly the next morning the host procured him a good location through his influence with the court officers.

While the evidence proceeded against him, the prisoner's eyes remained fixed on the ground; but on being called upon for his defense he looked up, and seeing the stranger fainted away. At first this was supposed to be a trick to gain time, but being questioned on his recovery, he asserted that that gentleman could save his life if he might put a few questions to him.

The eyes of the whole court were now turned upon the stranger, who seemed somewhat embarrassed, but stated that although he could not remember the prisoner, he was willing to answer any questions that might be proposed. The court granted the prisoner's request, and he asked the stranger if he remembered being at Dover on a certain date. To which the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover shortly before, but could not positively affirm that he was there the exact day.

"Don't you remember that a man in a blue jacket and trowsers, carried your trunk to the inn?' asked the prisoner.

"I remember that a man did carry my trunk, but I do not remember how he was dressed.'

"But,' asked the prisoner anxiously, "don't you remember that the man who carried your trunk, told you a story about his being in the service—that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead?'

During the last part of the speech the stranger's face changed, and he said he did remember the scar. The prisoner pushed aside his hair, displaying a scar on his forehead, and the witness affirmed positively, with great emotion, that he was the very man.

A buzz of satisfaction ran through the court, for the day on which the witness had met the prisoner at Dover, was the very day of the robbery.

The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but stated that he sometimes made memorandums of dates in his pocket-book, and turning to that found that the date of his landing corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove an alibi, the prisoner was immediately acquitted amid great applause and congratulations.

The above trial occurred in 1832, and within less than a month the gentlemanly witness who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery who followed him, and the prisoner, were all three brought back to the same jail for robbing the mail. It turned out that the clever defence at the last trial was a skillfully arranged plot of the confederates to release their accomplice.—*Ex.*

A Story of Ben Butler.

Mr. Charles Cowley is the author of a history of Lowell. He tells the following story about Ben. Butler as one of those which he heard in his search for material, but which he did not put in the book.—Dr. Ray, once a New York journalist but now dead, went to school with Butler when both were eight-year-old. They quarrelled and fought one day in the school room at recess, Ray, throwing Butler to the floor after a hard struggle, in which their faces were bruised and scratched. Ray was rather frightened than pleased by his victory, however, knowing his opponent's pertinacity and revengefulness. So he got up as quickly as he could and ran, Butler wildly chasing him through the streets as Ray flew towards home. Butler had very long hair then, and his eyes were as cocked as now. He drew his jack-knife and brandished it as he ran, and yelled at the top of his voice. Ray was dreadfully frightened; but as he seemed about to be overtaken, Butler was caught and held by some people who were attracted by his frenzied manner. This enabled his fugative to reach his home, fasten the door after him, and safely wait at the upper window for the pursuer. Butler came in a few minutes furious and breathless, and was uncontrollably enraged upon finding that he was baffled. Ray stood at the window with his fingers vibrating at his nose. Butler, hatless, barefooted, his long hair tumbled, his cross eyes bulging out, and his face red, brandished his knife and dared his enemy to come out and fight. He extended his challenge to the whole Ray family, viciously whittled the doorstep, and went away vowing terrible vengeance.

"How beautiful it worked!" exclaimed a Nevada widow who had just been to see her husband hanged.

The Young Mother's Influence.

There is an awakening appreciation of the importance of maternal influence in the family circle. It is the mother's influence which constitutes the main spring of action, that is felt alike in the smallest circle and the largest empire. Hence the appropriate adage, "they rock the cradle, rule the world." The solicitous mother, like the skilful culturist, who anxtiously watches the first mellowing rays of spring that open the soil of precious seed, eagerly seizes the first ten years of childhood, and improves them as the golden seed-time of life to her child. Let the art of the faithful mother leap for joy, when she considers, that the fruits of her anxiety shall not stand merely as a rich monument of administration, like the statuary of Phidias or Praxiteles, a form of beauty, without spirit; and be left to crumble amidst the waste of time, and one day be cast among the rubbish of the universe. No, the traces of her skill and labor *shall* last when admant shall cease to crumble, and the paltry glory of mortal greatness shall be shrouded in oblivion. The traces of her influence upon that young mind; the thoughts that she now causes to glow and beam in that young soul, shall one day light up a world of emotion and energy in the bosom of others; and these in their turn shall rouse and stimulate and strengthen others to acts of noble doing, until her single influence, like the power that moves the first, and this in its turn moves a second, and that a third and so on to the last, shall reach the utmost boundary of time.—There is no resisting the well directing influence of a good mother. Her sweetness of temper will soften the manners of her children; her courtesy will render them respectful and polite; and her enduring tenderness will make them mild and affectionate.

How often it has been observed, that the first and last ideas that recur to the sailor amidst the perils of the sea, to the soldier amidst the conflicts of the battle-field, to both in the agonics of approaching death, on the distant sea or land, are those of mother and of mother's love. Through all the reckless indifference and seeming hardness of heart, resulting from the buffetings of a roving life, her maternal teachings and affections, from time to time, shine forth anew, lighted as it were by a fire from heaven.

The mother, as she instills the lessons of purity and filial obedience into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. Though she may be silent in the grave, yet she has left her influence that will work for her. The seeds of her maternal sowing, though their tender shoots may be exposed to tempest and storm, and tares and noxious weeds may check and impede their growth, will eventually put forth their branches and blossoms and bring forth fruit a hundred fold.

Drunkenness.

The arguments against the drinking of ardent spirits, wine, beer or cider, which the drinking mind suggests are these:

The mean, low, contemptible figure man cuts when drunk. The hindrance of any confidence being placed in him by his father, mother, brother, sister, wife, children, friends and business men. The dangerous advantage it gives others over him while drunk. The bad effects to his health from drunkeness. The prejudice it gives against the man who uses it even in moderation, for all drunkards were once moderate drinkers to start with. It causes the drunkard to commit many small crimes in the eye of God and in the sight of man, and leads him to commit the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. The pranks of the drunkard, though he do not steal, lie, rape, murder, or do other shameful acts, is no small reason why he should quit the base habit of drinking. If man could see himself drunk, when in his sober moments before he becomes a "sot," it would of itself shame him to soberness. We read in the ancient history of the Spartans—that they taught their children sobriety by exposing to their view the behavior of slaves when in drunken sprees. It seems that they thought they were to appeal wholly to the reason of youths it might be to little purpose, as the force of demonstrations or arguments which they used might not be plainly understood, or the impression might not be well remembered; but when they made them personal witnesses of the follies of drunken slaves, the idea of the vile and sinful change would not be forgotton in the life time of the beholder, thereby making temperance men and women of them during life.

How to Break off Bad Habits.

Understand the reason, and all the reasons, the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice—a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolutions just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it is you failed, so that you may be on your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken.—It is folly to expect to break off a bad habit in a day which may have been gathering long years.