POETRY.

THE DECK OF THE 'OUTWARD BOUND."

How seldom we dream of the mariner's grave,
Far down by the coral strand;
How little we think of the wind and the wave,
When all we love are on land.
The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes,
And little heed do we take;
Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake,
But the northeast gale tells a different tale,
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close-reefed sail,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

How wistfully then we look on the night,
As the threatening clouds go by—
As the wind gets up and the last faint light
Is dying away in the sky.
How we listen and gaze with a silent lip,
And judge by the bending tree;
How the same wild gust must toss the ship,
And arouse the mighty sea!
Ah, sadly then do we meet the day,
When the signs of storm are found
And pray for the loved one far away,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

There is one that I cherished when hand in hand
We roved o'er the lowland lea,
And though my love for that one on the land
Was earnest as love could be.
But now that he hath gone out on the tide,
I find that I worship the more,
And I think of the waters deep and wide,
As I bask on the flowers on shore.
I have watched the wind, I have watched the stars,
And shrunk from the tempest sound;
For my heart-strings are wreath'd with the slender spars
That carry the "outward bound."

I have slept when the zephyrs forgot to creep
And the sky was without a frown,
But I started soon from that fretful sleep,
With the dream of a ship going down.
I have sat in the field when the corn was in shock,
And the reaper's hook was bright,
But my fancy conjured the breaker and rock,
In the dead of a moonless night.
Oh, I never will measure affection again,
While treading earth's flowery mound,
But wait till the loved one is from the main,
On the deck of an "outward bound."—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

INDOLENCE.

BY A. W. H.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent,
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet fragant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content;
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent! yes I am indolent
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm;
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! yes I am indolent.
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncovered treasure,
Midnight and morning; by forest and sea;
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation;
Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation;
Hopeful and happy with Spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth, and its usages weary;
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling and sinning, to heap up your gold.
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion;
Crushing the freshness of every emotion;
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold.

Indolent! indolent! art thou not indolent?
Thou who art living unlovely and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost?
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
Over thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent:—Art thou not lost?—*Christian Chronicle.*

KINDNESS THE BEST SAFEGUARD

The following interesting incident in the wanderings of Miss Dix the Philantropist, is related in a South Carolina paper:

"The other day, in conversation with Miss Dix, the Philanthopist, during her visit to Greenville, a lady said to her, 'Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone, and have you not encountered dangers, and been in perilous situations?' 'I am naturally timid,' said Miss Dix, 'and diffident like all my sex; but in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true, I have been in my travels through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was going to do with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on the road. I said to him, give me the pistols—I will take care of them. He did so reluctantly.

"In pursuing my journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horse by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor-houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some.' While thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changed, and he became deathly pale. 'My God!' he exclaimed, 'that voice!' and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary and had heard me lecturing some of the prisoners in adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, 'I will give you something to support you until you can get into honest employment.' He declined at first taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment.'

"Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols, in all probability they would have been used by her driver, and perhaps both of them murdered. 'That voice' was more powerful in subduing the heart of a robber than the sight of a brace of pistols."

POLITENESS.

There are few subjects upon which more erroneous notions prevail than upon that of *politeness.* Paradoxical as it may seem, the opinions of the thing thus styled are of the most vulgar sort. The mass of people seem to fancy it is altogether an outward thing—a matter of form and ceremony—and that its essence lies in a punctilious observance of etiquette—in the elegant bow, the five minutes' call, the courteous & polished speech, the graceful restoration of a fan, the quick presentation of a dropped handkerchief, & other forms of exterior behavior, which may indicate a knowledge of "fashionable life," yet spring from a heart full of the intensest selfishness. But true politeness is not a thing of formality and ceremony; it consists in no artificial smiles or precise carriage of the body, but in an earnest and sincere desire to promote the happiness of those with whom one comes in contact—in a willingness to sacrifice one's own ease and comfort to the enjoyment of others. The poor woman who found Mungo Park perishing under the palm trees of Africa, and who led him to her hut, and supplied him with food, and lulled him to sleep with her simple songs, it has been justly said, was truly polite. A story is told of a poor drover, who was driving his cattle to market one day, and met a lady whom the drove compelled to turn out from the path into the deep snow. "Madam," said he, "if the cattle knew as well as I, what they should do, you would not walk in the snow." Here was genuine politeness. Such a man, though rough and awkward in his manners, coarse in his speech, and clad in homespun, is, in the truest sense, a gentleman; while many a finical and smicking ape, who prides himself in the immaculate purity of his white kid gloves, and the graceful air with which he enters a drawing room, or lifts his hat as he meets an acquaintance, is an incarnation of rudeness and incivility.

The truth is, mere external politeness is only the husk or shell of true politeness: it is in fact, so far as essence of the thing is concerned, to politeness at all, though with many it is the hinge upon which all other social conduct turns, while in mingling others of different temperament, they freeze, as does the wintry air in nature, the kindlier feelings of the heart, and reduce everything to smooth surface, polished but cold, like a sheet of ice. Many a man who is rough and even boorish in manners, has a warm and generous heart; and many a one, who is reckless of the comfort of others, seeks by a scrupulous observance of etiquette and ceremony, to hide his real indifference to the happiness of his fellow men. When we see a person who evinces on all occasions a delicate regard for the rights and feelings of others, however inferior in wealth, dress, or station; who betrays no anxiety to engross the best seats at the public table, in the car, or in the concert room; who at his meals, prefers to carve for others the richest slices, rather than for himself; who speaks as respectfully to a peasant as he would to a king, and is as prompt to offer his umbrella in a rain-strom to an old lady as to young one; when, in short, we see a person acting always upon the golden rule of doing unto others "whatsoever he would that they should do unto him"—then we feel that we are looking upon a TRULY POLITE man. So says and thinks the Yankee Blade.—*Chr: Chornicle.*

MATTER-OF FACT AGE.

The matter of fact character of the age is thus hit off by Henry Ward Beecher in one of his Lectures, and it seems indeed a true picture. A foreign writer remarked of us that we were a nation of workers and on every house in the lane, there could be seen an inscription, "*No admittance except on business.*"

"This is an age of matter-of fact and money making. This fair earth, God's temple, has been converted into a counting-room. Glassy rivers are now only to all big ships on—green fields are only ploughing grounds, at so much an acre—huge mountains, so many cubic feet of copper or coal—God's lightning are hired out by the hour for the transmission of telegraphic despatches, and his birds and flowers caught and caged, and exposed for sale in the market place."

'Wade' Mr. Burchard was preaching one of his hottest sermons (at the old Chatham street chapel, New York) he raised his eyes towards the door just at the moment Col. Aaron Burr entered, and exclaimed, there is the gray headed sinner, I shall appear in judgment against him. Col. Burr walked down the aisle with that bold, firm military step, so peculiarly his own, until he had reached the centre—with a low bow he addressed the minister thus:

'Mr. Preacher, I have been a lawyer in this city for near half a century, and of all the rascals it has ever been my lot to deal with, none surpass that class of criminals who turn state's evidence.'

The above may be relied on as correct.

It is often said that the most serious dissensions between married people take their rise in the most trifling and inconsiderable circumstances. A philosopher has discovered that the more refined and the better bred and educated the parties are, the more extended will be the effect of their quarrels. The same impropriety that a pair of vulgar people would settle with two smoothing-irons and a broom stick, will so estrange a gentleman and lady of refinement that nothing but a divorce can reconcile them, either to themselves or to society. Mrs. Forrest lost her husband's affections by contradicting him, as she says—an offence to Mrs. Malony that her husband would have adjusted by throwing the table at her head.

In some hot countries, to which Yankee ice is sent, it is regarded as a great luxury. A foreign journal relates that a gentleman, who had purchased some lumps of it, sent it to his cook, with orders to have it served up for dinner. The cook was at a loss to know what to do with it. But, as he had a pot of boiling water over the fire, he dropped the ice into it. At the dinner table, the master said, when the desert was ready:

'Now fetch on the ice.'

'All gone, massa.'

'Gone! where's it gone to?'

'Why, massa, me put it into de pot to boil, and when me looked for it, it wasn't there.'

The poor fellow had a bottle thrown at his head for the blunder.

Sometimes medical blunders turn out well for both physician and patient, as in the case of our friend John Smith. After a convivial meeting Mr S. was sent for by a young lady who was fond of a sly glass. Upon being left alone with his fair patient, he felt her pulse, but owing to his potations, found himself quite incapable of counting it—unconsciously muttering to himself as he held her wrist: 'Drunk, very drunk.' It so alarmed the young lady, that she fell upon her knees and implored the doctor's secrecy as to her frailty.—*Figaro*

The following are fallible receips:

For Preserving the Complexion—Temperance
To prevent the Breath from smelling of Tobacco—Abstinence from the Weed.
For Whitening the Hands—Honesty.
For the Moustachios—The Razor.
To Remove Stains—Repentance.
For Improving the Sight—Observation.
A beautiful Ring—The family Circle.
For Improving the Voice—Civility.
The best Companion to the Toilet—A Wife.
To keep away Moths—Good Society.

Mr. Curran, being retainned against a young officer, who was indicted for a very gross assault, opened the cause in the following manner:

'My lord, I am council for the crown; and I am first to acquaint your lordship, that this soldier——'

'Nay, sir,' says the military hero, 'I would have you know, sir, I am an officer!'

'O, sir, I beg your pardon,' says the counsellor, very dryly; 'why, then, my lord, to speak more correctly, this officer, who is no soldier.'

A SISTERS VALUE.

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship, which renders a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence, as portrayed in the following words:

He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at, if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind.

"That man has grown up among affectionate sisters." I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's riper years; and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some accident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.—*Christian Chronicle.*

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other graves, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike distinguished. The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unnoticed, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea shall give up its dead.—*Christian Chronicle.*

An instance, showing the patient quietude of our model Dun, came to our knowledge recently. A merchant on ——— street had owed a bill for some time, and had promised even more than positively, to pay it on July 5th. At eleven o'clock we happened to be in the store, and who should make his appearance but our dunning friend. The following dialogue immediately ensued:—

Dun.—Good morning, Mr. Jones. (We'll call the merchant Jones, that name being as good as the original.)

Jones.—Good morning, sir.

Dun.—I just called in, presuming that you wished to see me, sir.

Jones,—I wish to see you? no indeed!

Dun.—I thought perhaps you wished to pay something on account, sir, (showing the bill.)

Jones.—No; I ha'nt got a cent. I hav'nt sold a thing to-day.

Dun.—Well, as I'm not by any means in a hurry this morning, and the weather's hot, I think I'll just take a seat, with your permission, and remain till you sell something.

The coolness with which the proposition was made, and the seat, suiting the action to the word, was taken, confirmed us in the opinion that the Dun was no ordinary individual; and being so confirmed, we left, determined that he should find a place among

"—— the few, th' immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Southern Baptist.

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