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R. S. TALL,
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POETRY.

MY MOTHER.

BY *. *. *.

There is a soft, a holy name
Round which the feelings close,
In globe-like forms, that mock to shame
The fire that passion knows
What'er my fate, where'er I rove,
That name is ever near;
O, 'tis the bliss of life to love
My angel mother dear!

The mind recalls the waning eve
When round her bed we hung,
And our fond hearts could not believe
The shadow death had flung;
Between eternity and time,
I see a last, lone ray,
Waiting to bear her, robed sublime,
Up to the realms of day.

Again 'tis fading on the eye,
And as it slow departs,
It bears the glow from off the sky,
The sunshine from our hearts;
Again the night comes sadly down,
Again this breast is riven;
I seem to hear around the throne
Another voice in heaven.

And now this heart, though hard and cold
Still speaks her as I dream,
As melting ice will ever hold
The murmur of the stream.
On prayers I learned beside her knee
Time can no shadow cast;
They live in light and memory
Oases in the past.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

[*From the Denton Journal.*

THE DREAM

BY WILLIAM H. MCMAHAN.

The sun had left his Meridian hight and was fast descending behind the western hills, throwing his last feeble rays on the countenance of James Morton, as he sat on the bank of a little stream, oftentimes a place of sport and amusement for him in his juvenile days. This stream or river, flowing leisurely along through cultivated fields and forests, with its banks clothed with wild flowers of every tint and hue, the smoothness of its surface being broken only by the canoe of the peasant in his occasional pursuit of the finny tribe that inhabited its waters, the pleasure boat of the more wealthy, and the winds and zephyrs dancing over over its bosom, was a boundary seperating the farms of Mr. Morton and Mr. Hanson.

Being too small for the large sized craft, the huge and pounderous steamboat, its quietude was disturbed only by the cheerful melody of the myriads of birds of golden plumage that flitted along its banks and over its surface, the wild and piercing cry of the fishing hawk, and the merry song and gay laugh of those who sought its solitude.

James had left his home, and taken up his old favorite place of pastime and recreation, dear to him from its many early associations.—He had seated himself on its margin, gazing intently upon its waters, his features bearing the impress of sober thought, and one would have supposed from the apparent intensity of his active and naturally sprightly mind, that something of more than usual importance, was then engaging it, portraying the smblance of trouble.

Thus, on the evening alluded to above, we have introduced our young friend to the reader,

Lifting his eyes from the water and glancing at the disappearing sun, he arose from his seat, and wending his way slowly down the river until he came to the outspreading branches of an old venerable beech-tree which had stood the storms of many winters, and screened the weary laborer and idle rambler from the burning rays of many a noon-days sun. As he stood reading —which he had done time and again—the autographs, of the old and young, for miles around, cut into the smooth bark of the old tree, displaying each one's art in lettering or engraving, from names, initials, and intelligible characters handsomely carved, to characters the solution of which would defy the most expert solver of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Drawing his knife from his pocket, he very indeterminately commenced to carve one's name just under his own, when a merry laugh saluted his ear, and recognizing in it a familiar voice, left an E half finished. Turning his face in the direction from whence proceeded the sound of the voice he so readily recognized, and not wishing to enter into their company improvidently, stepped beside a group of wild rose bushes to await their approach.

Just as a fair and delicate hand was raised to pluck several of the prettiest roses that grew in a cluster, James extending his, succeeded in breaking them from their stem, and proffered them to the hand of the disappointed and half frightened one.

'Oi James is it you? you frightened me!'

'Take these roses, Ellen, they are yours, and please excuse me; it was not my intention to scare you!'

'Certainly I will. Wild roses are my favorites, and I will keep these, remembering the donor.'

Calling Betty, a servant girl, who accompained her, to bring the basket which was filled with a variety of flowers:

'Here, Betty, bring the basket. I will arrange these myself. Now be sure you don't lose them.'

'You may fancy that I have got quite out of my latitude, finding me this side of the river,—The evening is so fine, I thought I would take a stroll near the river, to survey the beauties of expiring day, to cull some of the flowers and to see the sun set. O, it was a glorious sunset!—I brought Betty along with me, we got in that skiff you see lying there, and I paddled across. It seems to me that this side of the river is the prettiest, James.'

'Do you think so?' he only respouded.

'The evening is advancing, we must return home. I have rlready staid later than I expected.'

'What if you have? the moon is up and shines brightly. I shall have the unexpected pleasure of paddling you over the river and seeing you to your home. I did not expect to meet with you this evening but we short sighted mortals, sometimes have accidents to lead to our pleasure, and from our accidentally meeting on this occasion, I shall consider myself a lucky person.'

'If you think yourself lucky, because we have met by accident this evening, I hope you will continue to think so, when we meet, not by accident.'

'Most assuredly I will! I have for a long time thought myself the luckiest man living.'

'I presume your term *luckey*, is the child of circumstances and accident; but do you know, that they at times, seem to conspire against us, and then, I guess you transform it to unluckey.'

'At least, may I not consider circumstances conspiring in my favor this evening?'

'As you please.'

While crossing the river their conversation consisted of a few common place remarks:

Ellen, with the quick perception of woman, soon perceived that there was something disturbing the mind of James, that his efforts towards being cheerful were forced, and as they were ascending the bank directing their foot steps towards Ellen's home, she remarked:

'James, you seem to have lost your usual cheerful; from the sad expression you have worn upon your countenance all the evening, and your indisposition to converse as freely as heretofore, I should judge that something of no ordinary character is preying upon your mind. Tell me! tell me! all for I feel anxious that you should acquaint me, if anything has occurred to mar your happiness.'

'Nothing! nothing has happened, Ellen. Nothing more than a dream that I was visited with last night, and which I have not been able to dispel from my mind to-day.'

'Then tell me your dream. If that is all, cheer up! cheer up! there is nothing in dreams, you know.'

By this time the two lovers—for they were lovers—had reached the door-step where Ellen resided.

'I will tell you my dream when we meet again The river, you know lies in my path, and it must be crossed. By the time I reach home, it will be growing late.'

Taking Ellen by the hand, and imprinting a kiss on her lips—a luxury, if you will admit the term—that lovers indulge in and place a high estimate upon, at that detested hour, the hour of parting—he bade her "Good night'

'I wish you pleasant dreams to night, dreams that will disperse the gloom that I have seen overshadowing your brow this evening, and cause cheerfulness to resume its wonted smile so :Good night James.'

James Morton was the only son of a farmer, who had by dint of perseverance, industry and economy in the morning of his life, laid up a good store of this world's goods, and was now reaping a harvest of contentment and happiness as the result of prudence and care. Being a strict believer in the religion of the Bible, and for many years a practical believer, he, in connexion with Mrs. Morton, a pious woman, an affectionate wife, and a kind and tender mother, endeavored to inculcate in the mind of their son the blessed doctrines of 'Holy *Writ*,' and to bring him up to manhood outside of the sphere of the contaminating influence of the vile and vicious. He had received from the hands of his considerate parents a liberal education, and possessing a mind quick, active and penetrating he conversed entertainingly and instructively, revealing the treasures of a well stored mind.—It seemed as if nature had been extremely lavish in the construction of his mind and person, at once placing him in the position to be beloved and admired by all with whom he came in immediate contact.

With this brief reference to James, we will glance at Ellen Hanson, who was first introduced to the reader, when she raised her hand to break some roses from the bush that shielded James from her view.

It was Ellen's sad lot to be bereaved of her parents in early childhood, but she had found a father in the person of her uncle, and a mother in Mrs. Hanson, who having no children of their own, took Ellen at the death of her mother which took place about a year after the death of her father, thus leaving her parentless in her infancy. Those two good people loved and cared for her, with the same ardor and tenderness as if she had been their own loved offspring. Perhaps they would oftentimes think of the unhappy lot of the orphan, and their sympathy for their motherless and fatherless charge, stimulated them in part, to act the better part by her. Being left by her parents almost destitute of money and of property, her guardians expended theirs, and employed their time and attention to the cultivation of her mind and the refinement of her manners. In adopting her as their child, she would become the heir of her uncle's property, which was a competence, if managed with prudence, sufficient for the comfor's and conveniences of life.

Ellen ripened into womanhood, her many graces, the beauty of her person, her accomplishments, and her mind and gentle disposition led unnumbered suitors to offer their hands, their hearts, and their fortunes.

Among those was James, whom, I have no doubt, the reader has determined to be the favored one.

The accustomed hour found James seated by the side of Ellen in her uncle's parlor, and pouring into her attentive ear the oft repeated tale of love, which being pent up for the space of two days, the recital of which seemed to add lustre to his eye, animation to his voice, and to appear again as the mirthful James Morton.

'Now James, you must tell me that dream, which cast a shade over your thoughts and gave a melancholy expression to your countenance!' Touching him tenderly upon the cheek with the ends of her tapering fingers, she continued, 'You almost make me laugh, just to think, that *you* should let *a dream* make you gloomy.'

'I know not why such a thing should disturb the quietude of my mind, but for the life of me I could not be otherwise than moody, and I should not have seen you two days ago, had we not met by accident.

'Dear one! there is nothing connected with my history, I would desire to conceal from you, and as it is only a dream which we are all subject to, I will comply with your request'

Laying his hand upon her shoulder, and she looking him earnestly in the eye, betraying by that look a soul full of tenderness, mingled with sympathy, which he could not fail to perceive, he commenced relating his dream by saying:

"You know the old Beech tree, a few paces from the spot where we met day before yesterday? It seemed to me that the world with all its pleasures, its mirth, its joy, its happiness, all sank with horror upon my soul, and familiar objects around which, in my waking hours, linger many pleasing associations, were endowed with a power to annoy, and to draw the black curtain of despair across my mind and imagination. I thought I left my home, where all was in a state of turbulency and confusion, and straying to the river, had seated myself under the time beaten boughs of that old tree, enjoying to some extent the cool and refreshing breeze that swept under its branches; for, it seemed to cool my fevered brow It was night, but the moon shone almost equalling noon-day brightness. As I sat there, looking fixedly into the pellucid water, and on the calm smooth surface of the river—on a sudden without any apparent cause; the water became troubled, and wave after wave followed each other to the shore in rapid succession, reflecting in the bright rays of the moon as so many diamonds.—While these were engaging my attention, suddenly as if by magic, a form, that of a female, arose from the water where the waves had been formed. She stood erect gliding over the waves with all the grace imaginable, and be not surprised when I tell you she possessed, or bore the impress of your features. It seemed to be Ellen Hanson, in all her beauty and simplicity.

Rising involantarily from my seat, and with outstretched arms, I plunged into the water I seized the fair one by the hand the waves had sank down to a smooth surface, and we stood, as it were, upon a river of glass. We moved from bank to bank and up and down the stream with the greatest ease. I thought all trouble removed from my mind, and my happiness knew no bounds Pointing her finger to the western horizon, she bade me look at a small cloud just large enough to be visible by the moon's light. It came nearer and nearer, and became larger and larger. Red, forked lightning leaped forth in a thousand directions, and peel after peel of thunder succeeded each other in rapid succession, reverberating in deep and deafning tones. The moon was shut in, and darkness the most profound, apparently threw a gloom, beyond description, over all nature, The river became agitated and convulsed, and as a vivid glare of lightning diffused itself athwart the sky, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very foundation of earth, a huge and frightful monster issued out of the water, and advancing towards us accompanied with all the terror and fury of a fiend, or an inhabitant of the Infernal regions, presented to my companion a goblet of finest wrought material, containing a liquid beautiful to the eye, and assuring her that it was pleasant to the taste. She steadfastly looked the monster in the eye which caused him to shrink back. Drawing a scroll from the folds of her robe, and tessing it high above the head exhibiting a motto engraved in buoning letters '*Resist the Tempter.*' The fiend with all the agreeableness with which it was capable of mastering, turned to me and proffered me the goblet, asserting that its contents would make me happy. Taking it from his extended hand, I quaffed its contents, and, as if all nature had conspired to add horror to the scene, the thunder rolled with redoubled and prolonged peals, the lightning flashed more vividly than ever. The monster keeping time with the war of elements by uttering wild and fiendish laughs. The mid-night darkness was chased away by the incessant flashes of lightning. The fiend encircling me in its arms we sank beneath the water, and as I was disappearing, I beheld my companion for the last time, with her head turned towards heaven and waving her scrole which bore the inscription '*Resist the Tempter.*'

I then awoke, all sleep was driven from my eyelids for the remainder of the night, and I could not help feeling a depression of spirits all the next day."

Ellen had remained perfectly placid during the recital of the dream, and spoke not for some minutes after James had ceased speaking. At length when she had quelled the strange feelings that agitated her breast, she exclaimed,

'O! James it was a strange dream but let it not cloud your brow again. I cannot boar to see you troubled.'

We will now leave James and Ellen to their own thoughts, and take another look into Mr. Hanson's parlor, about four months from this time

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The bright luminary of day has again travelled its diurnal round, and reposes in the west. Twilight casts its mellow shade and lends a charm to the tranquility of the winter evening.

The dwelling of Mr. Hanson is brilliantly illuminated. The inmates are plainly or gayly attired according to each one's fancy and taste. The young and happy the old and thoughtful, the witty and gay, and the beauty and intelligence for miles around are there. We see pleasure and expectation depicted in every countenance. The minister—the holy man of God is there—ever anon responding to some sally of wit, and chaining the attention of the whole company with words of truth and eloquence

Instantly all eyes are turned towards the door, the company rises from their seats, and in their midst are ushered two fond ones, to be joined together 'for better or worse.' The minister proceeds to discharge the prerogative of his holy office, and in a clear, distinct, and solemn voice, he pronounces them man and wife. Congratulating those whom he has just bound with the matrimonial chain, leaves each one of the assemblage to enjoy themselves in their own way.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, go hand in hand, and congratulating the happy couple, Mr. Morton raises his hands above their heads, and offers a benediction to rest upon his son and daughter, causing a thrill of approbation to run through the whole company.

The hour when two are united, mutually agreeing to stand by each other through all the turmoil and vicissitudes of life, to love, cherish and administer unto each other's wants, to assume the weighty responsibilities of the marriage state, and to institute a relation between themselves, being approved of and honored by God and man. Let that hour be the twilight hour, the close of the day, when all the busy scenes of the day are over, when the bright stars peep forth as if looking down upon this planet of ours, with joy, to witness the transaction.

James took his bride to his father's home, where they could enjoy the society of James' parents, and they did everything that a father and mother could do, to contribute to the happiness of their son and daughter. They lived on in one continued round of bliss, each day adding some new source of pleasure, and almost forgetting that there is such a thing as sorrow in the world Thus speedily fled two fleeting years, During this time, the ties that bound them to earth and to each other, were increased and strengthened, and Jas. would pass his leisure hours playing with little Ellen.

The most to be desired in our passage from the cradle to the grave is happiness and contentment, and they welcome attendants, would have doubtless long hovered around their path, but for James conceiving and acting up to an idea of leaving his home, his parents; leave that home where he in his youthful days roamed its fields and meadows, and where he was first taught to lisp the endearing names of father and mother. This was bitterly opposed by his indulgent parents and contented wife. With all the eloquence of women actuated by love, did she plead long and loud with him to abandon his idea and remain in his country home. Setting aside all the solicitations and entreaties of his friends, he resolved to go to a neighboring city. Time, ever onward in its course, brought the day in which he bade farewell to his parents, and started for his new home according to previous engagements. On that morning the birds sang as sweetly as ever, as if inviting him by their notes to stay, but his ear was closed and he heeded them not. The morning was not the most fair; dark clouds were floating over head, and before they reached the city, black potentious clouds draped the sky, and they had just arrived at the house to be their abode when the rain came down in torrents.

After arranging his furniture and fixing things for the time being, he started to go to a grocery for the purpose of purchasing some necessary articles for his family, As he was walking hurriedly down the street, he met with an old school mate, one he had not seen for years, who had just returned home from a western tour, and with all one of those inconsiderate persons who had acquired the worst of habits, the soul and body destroying habit, or practice, of indulging in the frequent use of the intoxicating bowl.

Morton as I live! Do you live in P——? asked his acquaintance.

Well I suppose so. I arrived in P—— to-day, and am on my way to the grocer, to get some provisions. I have been married about two years, and have one of the nicest women for a wife that heaven ever granted probation below And I have one of the most interesting children, a girl, you can wish to see,' replied James.

'Well done Morton! but it is raining a deluge and we will wet through. Running his arm within James', and facing a door that was standing open, his companion continued: 'Come in and we will talk over our adventures since we parted.

They had reached the door and on entering one glance satisfied James of the character of the place, and he seated himself quietly for the purpose of conversing, but for a few moments.

Morton you must take something to drink with me. We will drink to the health of that wife of yours.

No Harvey you will please excuse me, I never drink anything

Never drink anything! Why that is the old hackneyed tune sung by those ultra Temperance men, only they say they 'Never drink anything stronger than cold water,' placing a mighty stress on WATER, I verily believe, some of them would as leave be seen with a sheep on their back, as to be seen drinking a social glass of liquor with a friend. I know no such word as excuse, nor will I excuse you. I had rather any one in the world would refuse to drink with me than you; it is raining and you want something to stimulate you this inclement day.

A burly red faced man who stood behind a counter, in the rear of which was a row of shelves filled with decanters, bottles and glasses, for the purpose of rending death and destruction to his fellow men, obeying the injunction of Harvey, soon served up two parcels of liquor, and James for the first time drank the contents of that cup which has ruined more men, and afflicted more of the inhabitants of earth, than war, famine, and pestilence combined.

Alas! alas for James! he yielded to the solicitations of one who came with a friendly greeting, but his worst enemy.

If there is an occupation that ought to meet the decided disapprobation, and be discountenanced by the good, moral, and well thinking, it is that of dealing out rum or spirituous liquors. While a man is living by it, (a miserable life) how many of his fellow creatures are kept in the lowest precincts of shame, disgrace, poverty, ignorance, and even crime.

Oh for the speedy coming of that glorious day, when the black curtain of intemperance shall be drawn aside forever, and the 'Solitary places of earth be made glad.'

The sober and industrious James Morton, on the first day of his introduction into the city, returned home to his confiding and unsuspecting wife under the influence of the damning bowl. Conscience-smitten, and the penetrating glance of his wife told him in language stronger than words, that he had acted *very wrong*, and that she observed, all was not right with him. Noticing a tear stealing down her cheek, he resolved never to touch the vile stuff again and he doubtless would have held to his determination, but for the many powerful temptations that were thrown in his way.

Being in the city, where the beverage of hell is sold at every turn of the corner, and where, in his business transactions, thrown in hourly contact with men who drink, and a refusal to drink with them is considered next thing to an insult:—a deplorable state of things that ought to cause the heart of every man to yearn, who makes any pretensions to the interest of his brethren, temporally or spiritually, and cause the heart of the philanthropist to bleed.

Lacking proper decision of character, he yielded to the importunities of those with whom he associated, and his good resolution was made to be broken. Acquiring a taste for spirituous liquors he soon became a tippler, or habitual drinker, and tearing down the barrier that shields every sober man, opened the way to utter ruin. Frequently would he return home late at night laboring under the pernicious influence of intoxication. His wife, who had consented to be his partner while sojourning through this world where necessary trials must be endured, would sit and keep her nightly vigils, awaiting the return of the husband of her bosom. Often-times in those hours of lonely solitude and watchings, would she shed tears of sorrow and kneeling beside the couch of her sleeping babe, pray long and ardently to her heavenly Father to give her strength to endure her heavy affliction, and to turn back the feet of her fallen husband to the path of rectitude and sobriety. Willingly would she have traveled the whole length of the road in poverty's vale without a murmur, and would have considered poverty no great misfortune; but to be sorely afflicted, with the affliction of her husband being a drunkard, and her child the offspring of a drunkard, would rush across her mind with all its withering and blighting influences.

Two short years. How many changes have taken place in that small compas of time!

Reader go with me to the residence of the unfortunate James Morton. Let us look in. Why is everything clad in mourning? why are his acquaintances, his friends and his relations there, with sorrow riveted in every lineament of their countenances? why is the minister standing and lifting his voice in terrible warning, and preaching words of comfort to those there congregated? It is because one has gone to that 'borne whence no taaveler has yet returned,' and that one is our friend James Morton.

The minister ceases speaking, and all depart midst sobs and groans to the grave and there, surrounding the grave—the receptacle of all the living—whether proud or humble, they pay the last tribute of respect to the departed one, and consign his remains to the dust from whence it came.

How many of earth's sons and daughters have commenced life in the most favorable circumstances. Not a cloud intervened to dim their sunshine. Their pathway was strown with flowers, and all passed on smoothly, cheerfully and happily, until one step out of the path of right was made, and from that step continued downwards towards ruin, until ruin came upon them almost imperceptably.

James Morton the subject of this narrative, was blessed with all the blessings that heart could wish, but, one wrong step taken in an evil hour and failing to retrace that, led him on through a short life down to a drunkard's grave.

Ellen recovering in some degree from the sorrow and distress occasioned by the death of James, at the kind entreaties of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, went with her child to share the comforts of their home, with them. Receiving all the attention and kindness that a father and mother can bestow on a child, and aided by their good and wise council, is rearing up little Ellen, influenced by the ennobling dectrines of christianity.

When the thick clouds are hid from view, when the cold north wind is at rest, when the red lightning sleeps and the muttering thunder is hushed, when the sky is clear, then, at evenings still and peaceful hour, and the day is softly dawning to a close, little Ellen and her mother may be seen bending their footsteps towards a group of trees neatly enclosed—the family burying ground. They stop beside a grave over which grow the running box, the blue violet and the wild rose, planted there by a widow's hand. Seating themselves by a white stone which bears the epitaph of the one whose grave it marks, the mother draws from her pocket and reads in a plaintive voice the word of God from which she finds a balm for her troubled heart. Ere darkness lets down its sable curtain, the mother and child kneel over the grave, and the feelings of that heart go up to him who hears the orphad's cry, and sees the widow's tears. Around the graves of the departed lingers the undying love of many a heart.

PRESTON, Md.

We ask, is it so?

At the risk of incurring the profound and everlasting displeasure of those wingless angels encircled in hoops, and who were given for our comforts as manna to the children of Israel, we shall venture to place the following before our fair readers and ask, is it so

Many ladies have two faces, one to sleep in and the other to show in company. The first is generally reserved for cold mutton and a husband, and the other for company and balls.—Did wives take half the trouble to please their husbands that they do strangers, the demand for cold mutton and a husband, and the other for company and balls. Did wives take half the trouble to please their husbands that they do strangers, the demand for divorce would "experience a change."

If the above is not true, we move that the scoundrel who penned it, be placed in a position so he cannot kick nor strike, and a committee of ladies tickle the bottom of his feet with thistle down, until he gives up the ghost. The villain!

Sensible Doctor.—A handsome young widow applied to a physician to relieve her of three discressing complaints, with which she was afflicted.

"In the first place," said she, "I have little or no appetite. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you should take air and exercise."

"And, Doctor, I am quite fidgety at night, and afraid to lie alone. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, I can only recommend that you take—a—husband!"

"Fie! Doctor. But I have the blues terribly. What shall I take for that?"

"For that, madam, you have, besides taking air, exercise, and a husband, to take a newspaper."

Sensible Doctor, that,

"Thanks!" muttered our bachelor friend' "no more women in Heaven—they will have to go the *broad road!* None of these fashionables can ever crowd through the narrow gate? Something in that.

QUITE LIKELY.—An editor out West has married a girl named Church. He says "he enjoyed more happiness since he *joined the Church* than he even knew in all his life before." We don't take this evidence until after seeing the fruits.