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[From the Family Journal.]

## LOVE AND MEMORY.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

Alas! for the opaline glory
That has vanished before the night:
Alas! for the touch of thy golden rays,
Oh, conchant sun! and thy ruby blaze
That fringes the evening light!

My soul is a casket of crystal,
And the mellowed light streams through,
But the wine of love which once I sipt
Is dry within that precious crypt,
And my drink is bitter as rue!

In dreams that are born of yearning
The past is living again:
I drink my wine from that cup divine,
I clasp *thee* close, and call thee mine!
But I wake, love—ah, what pain!

Oh, why should I wake from loving,
Oh, why must I wake to tears?
I will *not* wake, but, dreaming ever,
I ne'er shall guess of chill endeavor,
Ne'er faint under haunting fears.

In my dream again I will wander
To the brink of our fair river;
Once more thy hand will steal to mine,
Once more that glorious opaline
Shall o'er the waters quiver:

"See, love, how its bosom is glowing
With the dolphin hues of eve;
See, love, how it sparkles in starry bliss,
As it warms beneath the sun's hot kiss,
And seemeth with sighing to heave.

"See, love, how the shadows are stealing
From the forests on to us here:
How the opal is changed to a purple hue,
And the crimson yields to the deep toned blue,
As the sun-rays disappear."

"Though light from the river be vanished,
Though, the mists of nightfall chill,
There is still a halo shed round my heart,
A gleam from the soul, that will never depart
For, love, thou'rt by me still.

"Thy hand within mine doth nestle,
And my cheek is wedded to thine—
So, the future, and the unblest past
Are vainest fancies;—now, at last,
Thou'rt *mine*, love, thou art MINE!"

"Ah!—now no longer there's sorrow,
But only thou and my bliss!
Darling, I drink of the light of thine eyes,
Sweet darling, I faint in the sob of thy sighs,
And I wed thy soul with this kiss!"

——Ah, the river is gone with the gladness,
And my kisses were vision and seeming,
The day is here, with its comfortless cheer,
And my love is dead this many a year—
But I am happy still—when dreaming!

## Eloquence and Patriotism.

The following is an extract taken from the speech of the Hon. Jno. C. Breckinridge, on the removal from the old to the new Senate chamber, January 4th, 1859. Mr. Breckinridge was chosen orator for the occasion by the Senate:

The Senate is assembled for the last time in this Chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses; yet it must remain forever connected with great events, and sacred to the memories of the departed orators and statesmen who here engaged in high debates, and shaped the policy of their country. Hereafter the American, and the stranger, as they wander through the Capitol, will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and good, whose renown is the common property of the Union; and chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three, whose names and fame, associated in life, death has not been able to sever; illustrious men, who in their generation sometimes divided, sometimes led, and sometimes resisted public opinion—for they were of that higher class of statesmen who seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat CALHOUN, *the* Senator, inflexible, austere, oppressed, but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public functions; seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it—a man whose unsparing intellect compelled all his emotions to harmonize with the deductions of his rigorous logic., and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties.

This was WEBSTER's seat. He too was every inch a Senator. Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed with confidence on himself; and scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple dignity of his senatorial demeanor. Type of his northern home, he rises before the imagination, in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England rock, repelling a New England wave. As a writer, his productions will be cherished by statesmen and scholars while the English tongue is spoken. As a senatorial orator, his great efforts are historically associated with this Chamber, whose very air seems to vibrate beneath the strokes of his deep tones and his weighty words.

On the outer circle sat HENRY CLAY, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age, and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that of yore electrified the House of Representatives and the country. His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage, all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which, in any age, would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly objects.—He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man!—orator, patriot, philanthropist—whose light, at its meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world; and whose declining sun, as it hastened down the west, threw back its level beams, in hues of mellowed splendor, to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well.

All the States may point, with gratified pride, to the services in the Senate of their patriotic sons. Crowding the memory, come the names of Adams, Hayne, Wright, Mason, Otis, Macon, Pinckney, and the rest—I cannot number them—who, in the record of their acts and utterances, appeal to their successors to give the Union a destiny not unworthy of the past. What models were these, to awaken emulation or to plunge in despair! Fortunate will be the American statesmen who, in this age, or in succeeding times, shall contribute to invest the new Hall to which we go, with historic memories like those which cluster here.

And now, Senators, we leave this memorable Chamber, bearing with us, unimpaired the Constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgments to the Divine Power who controls the destiny of empires and whose goodness we adore. The structures reared by men yield to the corroding tooth of time. These marble walls must molder into ruin; but the principles of constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger Chamber, this Constitution vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the Representatives of American States still united, prosperous and free.

## The Importance of Written Medical Prescriptions.

Some few weeks ago, a well-known botanical doctor was called in to prescribe for a man who kept for sale all kinds of dogs. The patient was a great believer in herbs and botanical productions, and was indeed very ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and as he was leaving the room, said:

"Oh, cheer up, Mr. Jones. I'll send you some herb medicine that will put you all right. I want to find your wife. To the latter, whom he met on the stairs, he said, "Mrs. Jones, I'll be back here again very shortly, and meanwhile make your husband a large bowl of poppy-head tea."

The wife of the sick man was a German woman, and did not exactly understand what was ordered. In the evening, when the doctor returned, he said:

"Well, Mrs. Jones, have you done as I ordered you to do?"

"To be sure I have, doctor."

"Well, and how does it operate?"

"Operate, sir? I can't tell; but I'm sure Sam will kill me when he gets well."

"How, kill you? What should he kill you for, good woman?"

"Because, doctor, he's been offered two guineas a-piece for them *puppies*, and I know he wants the money."

"Puppies, woman," replied the astonished doctor, "what have you been giving your husband?"

"*Puppy-head tea*," replied the woman.

"*Puppy-head tea!* I told you *poppy-head tea*," and the doctor rushed from his patient, who, by the way, got well, and after awhile forgave his wife, and never the doctor.

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his wife, "Many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

## Anecdote of the late Colonel Preston.

Many of our readers remember the stately presence, the dignified bearing and imposing manner of Colonel William C. Preston of South Carolina. It was when all these qualities were in their prime and Preston represented his State in the Senate of the United States, that business or pleasure called him to the West, and he took passage down the Mississippi river. In those "flush times" the steamers swarmed with hoosiers, greenhorns and gamblers, the latter politely designated "sporting gentlemen," the term "gambler" or "blackleg" entailing on the speaker a pistol shot or a wipe from a bowie-knife.

The boat was on the eve of departure, and our Senator, standing on deck and holding a small mahogany box, was observing with great interest and pleasure the busy scene on the wharf, when an individual, luxuriating in a rather ornate style of dress, approached him, and in subdued tones demanded:

"I say old feller, when are you going to commence?"

"Commence what, sir?" asked the astonished Senator.

"Pshaw, none of that gammon with me. The fact is, a few of us on board want a little fun, and we won't pile it on too strong for you; so come and open at once."

"Really, sir," replied Preston, "I am totally at a loss to guess your meaning; open what?

"Open what! Why the Bank, of course. Maybe, you think that our pile isn't large enough to make it an object. But we're not so poor as all that, any how."

The Senator meditated gloomily, but all was dark to him; he was plunged in a sea of doubt, and he had never met any problem, not even a political one, so hard to solve.

"Perhaps," broke in his pertinacious friend again, after a considerable pause, "perhaps you will say directly that you are not a sporting man.'

"I certainly am nothing of the kind, sir," rejoined Preston, rather angrily; "and I can't imagine what put the idea into your head."

"Not a sporting man. Whew-w! I never heard of such a piece of impudence. Well, if you're not a sporting man, will you please tell me why you carry the tools about with you?" and he pointed to the mahogony box which he still carried

A light broke on Preston's mind.

"The mahogony box!" he cried.—"Ah, yes! ha, ha! Very natural mistake, indeed, my good sir; very natural indeed. Well, I will show you the contents."

And laughing heartily, he opened the box in question, which was in fact his dressing case, and displayed the usual parade of brushes, combs, razors, soap, etc., which usually fill that article of traveling comfort.

Our friend looked at the case, then at Preston again. Then he heaved a long sigh, and then he pondered.

"Well," he broke out at length, "I did take you to be a sporting gentleman—I did; but now I see you are a barber; but if I known it, hang me if I'd had spoken to you."

And so saying he vamoosed.

Fancy the feelings of our honorable Senator, as he assumed these various characters in the eyes of an anxious stranger.

A WARNING TO FAT WOMEN.—A French paper relates the case of a young lady in Lyons, who was engaged to be married, and who was predisposed to corpulency. Some of her young friends ridiculed her stout figure, &c., which at the time only excited her laughter: Her health subsequently declined, and she finally died rather suddenly. As there was no apparent cause for such a quick death, the account states that "with grief the parents resigned themselves to having a post-mortem examination. They then found what they had never before suspected—her intestines were burned up by acids, which she had taken, unknown to them, to stop the growing fatness, which reduced her to despair. The young girl died the victim of ridiculous vanity."

A young lady lately asked a gentleman the meaning of the word surrogate, and the gentleman explained it to her as "a gate through which parties have to pass to get married." "Then, I imagine," said the lady, "that it is a corruption of sorrow gate." "You are right, miss," replied her informant, "as wo man is an abbreviation of woe to man."

In the "first circles" no one speaks of perspiring any more; what was once called "sweating," and recently "perspiring," is now the "suffering a diminution of the tissues by evaporation."

"Isn't it Worse for a Man, Father?"

It is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I only chewed a little, but I did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havanas, and might have been seen almost any morning with a cigar in my mouth, walking down Broadway in a most comfortable manner.

The way it happened that I left off is this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me as far as his school. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me, chatting, as such dear little fellows only can. The city has in it many dirty, uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes, and with their hands in their pockets, puff away in a very inelegant manner.—One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of these juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as awful warnings of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the city authorities ought to interfere and break it up.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, "Isn't it worse for a man, father?" came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted on his boyish cheek, as if he feared he had said something bold and unfitting. "Do you think it is worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, boys would not want to smoke and chew tobacco, if *men* didn't do it."

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since in any form.

And is it not worse for a man?—Are we not fearfully responsible?—Are not the daily examples of the rich, and the refined, and *the good*, telling all the time upon these vagabond children whom we blame and would turn over to city authorities? Am not I, for one, in a measure responsible for the example I have been daily setting to these wretched outcasts, these lonely and forlorn boys whom I daily meet? The customary use of tobacco as a stimulant is an evil, in whatever form the habit may be acquired It leads to drinking, and thus to other vices. Can I, as a Christian man, justify myself in the use of these, any more than in the use of ardent spirits? Is not my example of some moment?

Parents, your children see such things. They think about them, and remember them; and if a little one with an earnest tone asks, "Is it not worse for a man, father?" will you not heed his voice? Many things has God hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

## An Ex-Governer of Maryland in his Hermitage.

INTRUSION OF ARTISTS—THE OLD LION AROUSED, &C.

The Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer gives the following account of a recent visit of some Baltimore artists to the retreat of Ex-Governor Thomas, of Maryland, in his hermit retreat among the Alleganies:

Not far from Oakland, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, there lives an old gentleman by the name of Thomas, whom we learn, was at one time Governor of Maryland, and quite wealthy. For many years he has manifested symptoms of insanity; his wealth was wasted, and he was neglected and allowed to go down in the world. He now lives in a miserable log hut, with no companion but an aged negro. There is no habitation near, and he scarcely ever has a visitor or sees a white man's face. A couple of artists from Baltimore, who were sketching along the line of the road, concluded, the other day, to go down from Oakland and pay the old Hermit a visit and take a few sketches of his premises. They were kindly received at first, and their sketches seemed to please the old man, until he became aware that it was the intention of the artists to publish them, with accompanying descriptions, and thus drag him again before the public. Learning this, he immediately ordered the artists out of the house. They did not go upon the instant, and the Hermit got down his gun, swearing that if they did not leave he would shoot them. The artists, of course, left in a hurry, came up to Oakland and told the story.

The population of Baltimore city, by the recent census, is 218,512.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CENSUS.—One house in the Sixth Ward, of this city, contains 13 families, numbering 60 souls. In New York, 246 houses are populated by 856 families, which, at an average of five persons to each, would give a population of 4280—a sadly thronged district, especially as its drainage is said to be very bad. As an average, 20 houses in Philadelphia will not contain more than 30 families. In New York, one building, 25 feet by 100, is a residence of 1157 people. In a township in Chester county, Pa., one house is inhabited by three insane persons, living together, and no one else residing with them. The returns say, "insane from grief." In the Fourth Ward, Philadelphia, there is one woman aged 105 years. Many women object to giving their ages, but after a little persuasion they usually yield; though, in some cases, there is apparently a liberal margin between the judgment of the census officer and the facts alleged.—*New York Day-Book.*

A TIPLER'S STRATAGEM.—Sanerant relates the following anecdote of Schwartz, a famous German painter. Having been engaged to paint the ceiling of the Town Hall at Munich, by the day, his love of dissipation induced him to neglect his work, and the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out at a tavern. As he could no longer drink in quiet, he stuffed an image of himself, left the legs hanging down between the staging where he was accustomed to work, and sent one of his boon companions to move the image a little two or three times a day, and to take it away at noon and night. By means of this deception, he drank, without the least disturbance, a whole fortnight together, the innkeeper being aware of the plot. The officers came round twice a day to look after him, and seeing the well-known stockings which he was accustomed to wear, suspected nothing wrong, and went their way, greatly extolling their new convert as the most conscientious painter in the world.

FIGHTING PARSON.—One of the companies from Mississippi, at the battle of Buna Vista, was commanded by a Methodist minister. Just before the battle commenced, and whilst the troops were forming, he delivered the following prayer, at the head of his company:—

"Be with us this day in the conflict, oh Lord! We are few, and the enemy are many. Be with us as thou wast with Joshua, when he went down from Gilgal to Beth-horon and Ajalon, to smite the Amorites. We do not ask thee for the sun and moon to stand still, but grant us plenty of powder; plenty of daylight, and no cowards. Take old Rough and Ready under thy special charge. Amen! M-a-r-c-h."

IMPORTANT POLITICAL MOVE.—The New Orleans correspondent of the *Boston Courier* communicates the following political intelligence to that journal:

NEW ORLEANS, July 28, 1860.

Hon. Miles Taylor, Chairman of the Douglas National committee, has been here, and the Bell and Everett party have agreed with him to run but one ticket—half Douglas and half Bell electors. The same agreement has been made in Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi, and will no doubt extend to all the Southern States. Should New York go for the combination ticket, then Mr. Everett will be our next President.

Soon after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad in Martin county, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments the answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught in that way, and replied, "Oh, no, Mr. Telegrapher, you can't fool me that way. I'm not as green as you think I am. That darn tickin' thing of yourn ha'nt been out of this room—I watched it all the time."

A four hundred pound bear which has lately troubled the people of Readsboro', Vt., a few days since got his foot caught in a steel trap, set by Mr. Willard Sumner, of Searsburg, but wishing to escape, he gnawed his leg off and left the foot in the trap.

Pleuro-pneumonia has broken out among the horses in Massachusetts now. The Courier says several have died of that disease at Nantick.

LYE FOR TREES.—James Jenkins, Hancock county, Illinois, writes as follows: "Last spring, after making soap, I took the lye left in the kettle, after taking off the soap, and washed the body of three apple-trees, and liking the effect, this spring I washed fifteen more. It causes the old bark to scale off, and gives the trees a thrifty appearance. It kills all small sprouts that may be on the trunks of trees or about the roots, and kills all grass upon which it falls. It will not do to use on small trees, without first making it very weak."

A man was saying in company that he had seen a juggler place a ladder, in open ground, upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds, and stand upon the top erect. Another, who was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen a man who had done the same thing, but with this addition, that when he had arrived at the top, "he pulled it up after him!"

An elderly female, on being examined before the magistrates of Bungay as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reasons she had for supposing that her deceased husband's settlement was at St. Andrew's. The old lady, looking earnestly at the bench, said: "He was born and married there, and they burried him there, and if that isn't settling him there, I don't know what is."

THE POPULATION OF ILLINOIS.—The census returns from Illinois, already received at the Bureau in Washington, indicate the total population of that State to be 1,800,000 in 1860. On the basis of one Congressman to every 120,000 inhabitants, it will now be entitled to fifteen members instead of nine.

A loving couple during an evening walk last week discovered the "variegated prismatic hues" of the Aurora Borealis, by which name he called her attention to it, to which she in seraph tones replied, "Aureliu Bolis be darned; them's nothin' but northern lights."

A doctor and a military officer became enamored of the same lady.—A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to determine, as they were such killing creatures."

A young fellow having been charged with getting drunk the night before, and wishing to justify himself, declared that he never was drunk, nor never meant to be, for it always made him feel so bad the next morning.

Some years since a letter directed to Zrumfridavi was received at the London post-office. Unable to find such a person, it was referred to the savans, who found out at last that it was intended for Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist.

"The ugliest of trades," said Jerrold, "have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment."

Some old bachelor probably wrote the following:

"'Twixt women and wine
Man's lot is to smart;
'Tis wine makes his head ache,
And women his heart."

It is a very easy thing for lovers to interest each other; if they occasionally hesitate for sweet sayings, they can fill up the intervals with sweet kisses.

A gentleman coming into the room of the late Dr. Barton, told him that Mr. Vowel was dead. "What," said he, "Vowel dead? Let us be thankful it was neither *a* nor *i*."

When Sheridan was asked at an amateur play which performer he liked best, he replied, "The prompter, for I saw less and heard more of him than of any one else."

Why do printers not succeed as well as brewers? Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs but one has brains.

Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a *field* for the place of action? For the purpose of allowing the ball to *graze*.

A Frenchman wishing to compliment a girl as a "little lamb," called her a "small mutton."

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Treemend-us.

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