

## Poetry.

## THE HEART'S FREEDOM.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Oh! the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,  
A wave of the ocean! a bird on the wing!  
A riderless steed o'er the desert plain bounding,  
A peal of the storm o'er the valley resounding:  
It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree  
Of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free.

Oh! the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone  
From the lip and the eye of a beautiful one;  
But the frown and the force with its impulse contending,  
Ever find it as adamant cold and unbending;  
It may break, it may burst, but its tyrant will see

That even in ruin it dares to be free!

## FLIGHT OF TIME.

Faintly flow, thou gentle river,  
Like a dream that dies away;  
Down the ocean gliding ever,  
Keep thy calm unruffled way;  
Time, with such a silent motion,  
Floats along on wings of air,  
To eternity's dark ocean,  
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;  
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;  
Shapes of light are wafted hither—  
Then, like visions, hurry by;  
Quick as clouds at evening driven,  
O'er the many-clouded West,  
Years are bearing us to heaven,  
Home of happiness and rest.

## The Family.

## RICHES FOR CHILDREN.

The Post Master General of the U. S. Mr. Collamer, was once a very poor boy, so poor that he could ill afford a pair of shoes, without which "the master would not allow him to come to school." Our boyhood was passed in the village in which were spent his earlier professional years. We remember—once being in his company after he had been elevated to the supreme bench in his native State, and hearing him make, in substance, the following statements:

I remember, said he, the first time I visited Burlington as Judge of the Supreme Court—I had left it many a years before a poor boy. At the time I left, there were two families of special note for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor, and these two boys were very rich. During the long years of hard toil which passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had long ago forgotten me.

Approaching the Court House for the first time, with several gentlemen of the Bench and the Bar, I noticed in the Court House yard, a large pile of furniture, about to be sold at vendue. The scenes of early boyhood, with which I was now surrounded, prompted me to ask whose it was. I was told it belonged to Mr. A. (we use fictitious initials.) "Mr. A.?" I remember a family of that name, very wealthy—there was a son too—can it be he? I was told it was even so. He was the son of one of the families already alluded to. He had inherited more than I ever earned, and spent it all, and now his own family was reduced to real want, and his very furniture was that day to be sold for debt. I went into the Court Room saddened, yet almost glad that I was born poor. I was soon absorbed in the business before me. One of the first cases called, was that of B. vs. C—a case that had come up on appeal, but which (if we remember rightly) originated in a low, drunken quarrel. Mr. B., thought I, that is a familiar name. Can it be? In short, I found that this was indeed the son in the other wealthy family referred to! I was overwhelmed alike with astonishment and thanksgiving—astonishment at the change in our relative standings, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil.

Indeed, all my experience has taught me that those fathers provide best for their children who leave them with the highest education, the purest morals, and the least money.—*Gambier Observer.*

## SOUTHEY IN SORROW FOR HIS SON.

Southey lost a noble boy, ten years old, his pupil and yet his teacher, and in the midst of his grief, he thus writes to Wilberforce:

"They only who know me in my daily habits can imagine or believe how great has been the extent of my loss, or how it is possible that a child of ten years should have been the companion as well as pupil of his father. I was recovering Greek in the process of teaching Herbert; we were learning German together, and were to have begun Saxon in the same manner. For his age there was no better Latin scholar: in Greek he was fit for the fifth form of Westminster; and he was acquiring with little expense of time, and no trouble the French and Spanish. With all these acquirements going on, his life was like a continual holiday, so much were his disposition and mine to mingle sport with study, and find recreation in all things. He was the constant companion of my walks, and felt as much interest in my pleasures as I did in his. His disposition was as beautiful as his intellect, and therefore I had ever an ominous apprehension that he was not destined to grow upon earth, where it was not possible that his nature could be improved, and but too certain that it must in some degree be sullied. The feeling which thus prepared me for this privation, has not been without its use in enabling me to submit to it with resignation. I hope and believe that I have borne this affliction as becomes a Christian. The stoicism which I endeavored to practice in youth, and not without signal benefit, might have supported, but could not have consoled me. My heart is weaned from the world, and the brightest spot in the prospect before me is, when the light from heaven shines upon the grave. Yet do not imagine that I give way to sorrow, or indulge in vain sorrow or guilty regret. 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' Never were these words pronounced with more heartfelt sincerity than when I repeated them in the most painful scene and moments of my life. I am thankful for the abundant blessings which I still possess; but of all things most thankful for having possessed a son whom I loved so entirely, who was so entirely worthy to be loved, and whom I shall one day rejoin."

## EXTERNALS VS. INTERNALS.

It is wrong to reprehend, as we often do, those men who are proud of their wealth, rank, or parentage. Standing at their point of view, their judgments are correct and sound. They compare wealth with wealth, and theirs is greater; rank with rank, and theirs is higher; parentage with parentage, and theirs is far more noble and illustrious. Their misfortune and error consists in having so mean a standard. If they were able to conceive that intelligence is better than money, they would be ashamed of a pride founded on money; if they were able to perceive how much nobler high character is than high rank, they would strive almost to conceal the latter, lest it should detract from their admiration of the former; if they only knew how infinitely superior good deeds are to what is called good parentage, they would wholly forget the latter in their reverence for the former. If they could look beyond accidents and circumstances—if they had souls, all their notions would be reversed. But from their point of view, their judgments are quite sound; and if they have not soul enough to elevate themselves above that point, we ought not to stifle one thrill of their pleasure; for if deprived of these sources, no enjoyments would be left to them. They are like the poor toad, who thinks that his wide mouth and yellow underdress are beautiful, because no ideality ever supplied him with the conception of any thing more splendid. When we see a young man, therefore, proud of what his barber, his tailor, his groom, have done for himself and horse, we would not disturb his self-complacency; for how miserable and empty must his life be, if he had no pleasure but those which come from knowledge, worth, energy, and talent! When we see a young lady in the streets, who sways, right and left, obedient to the waving plumes upon her bonnet, we are reminded that, by the law of gravitation, the higher substance should move in obedience to the weightier. It is instructive to see the contrast between the motions when the lady commands the dress, and when the dress commands the lady. A dignified matronly woman, always moves equally and unpretendingly, self-balanced by the specific gravity of worth and talent—as the deeply freighted ship sails steadily, while an empty one always bobs and waddles with every whiff and change of the wind.—*Anonymous.*

Family quarrels and religious disputes unfortunately know no restraint.

## Advice to Boys.

Be brisk, energetic, and prompt! The world is full of boys (and men too) who draw through life, and never decide on any thing for themselves, but just draggle one leg after the other, and let things take their own way. They hardly deserve as much credit as the wooden trees; for trees do all the good they can, in merely growing, and bearing leaves and seeds. But these boys do not turn their capacities to profit as well as they might be turned; they are unprofitable, like a rainy day in harvest time. Now, the brisk, energetic boy, is constantly active, not merely with his bodily eyes, but with his mind and attention, during the hours of business. After he learns what he has to do, he will take a pride in doing it punctually and well, and would be ashamed to be told what he ought to do without telling.

The drawing boy loses in five minutes the most valuable advice; the prompt, wide awake boy, never has to be taught twice—but strains hard to make himself up to the mark, as far as possible out of his own energies. Third-rate boys are always depending upon others; but first rate-boys always depend upon themselves, and after a little teaching, just enough to show what is to be done, they ask no farther favors of anybody. Beside it is a glorious way for a boy to get this noble way of self-reliance, activity, and energy. Such an one is worth an hundred of the poor dragging creatures, who can hardly wash their hands without being told each time how it is to be done.

## SHOULD PARENTS SCOLD?

It has neither reason, religion, common sense nor experience to recommend it. While there are reasons many and mighty, to justify its total abolition. It sours the temper of the children; so that one thorough scolding prepares the way for two or three more. It sours your temper, provided it is sweet, which is a question; if you are prone to scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become crosser, and your children likewise.

Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it, they cannot love you as well after you have berated them as they did before. You may reproach them with firmness and decision—you may punish with severity adequate to the nature of their offence, and they will feel the justice of your conduct and love you, notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up the bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their esteem. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their slumber with thoughts of love stealing around their souls, and whispering peace.

## WORK BEFORE PLAY.

A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it.—If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. And after this, I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit I owe my prosperity. Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise, and he will meet a similar reward.

By entertaining good thoughts you will keep out evil ones.

## READ'S HOTEL.

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