

exalted the station of any individual may be, or however extensive and conspicuous his sphere of action, the duration of that sphere is extremely short; the revolution of a few years will put an end to all artificial distinctions, and place the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the victor and the vanquished, on the same level. It is obvious, therefore, that, as in a dramatic representation, it is of little consequence to the actors which of them appears in the character of the prince, or which in that of the peasant, since all will be equal as soon as the play is ended; so it is of little importance what part we are destined to perform in the drama of human life, provided that the part be necessary, and that it be acted well.

**THE HAPPY MAN.**—The happiest man I have ever known, is one far enough from being rich in money, and who will never be much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it; rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise every morning, then does his ten hours' work—whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smile, he catches the earliest smile of the morning; plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to work with the little flower in his hand, and a great one blooming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, and as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as it is with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadow, is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love,—connubial, parental, filial, friendly too, and philanthropic besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam'—and it always 'springs' to take it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men, and learned men; men of great social position, and if there is genius in America, I know that,—but a happier man I have never known.—Parker.

Instruction and information are inexhaustible sources of happiness, and of the sweetest pleasures; and were it even true, which is far from being the case, that the world offered real enjoyments, the nature of those enjoyments is only adapted to youth; what then must become of us in the decline of life, when we become weary of the world, and disgusted with its pleasure? It is then too late to acquire a taste for rational employments. Habituated to a long course of trifling, the mind becomes absolutely incapable of rational application. To render study the delight of every future period, we should be devoted to it in youth. The earlier application is attempted the more strong will the habit become in riper years.

Dissipation of mind, and a length of time, are the remedies to which the greatest part of mankind trust in their afflictions; but the first of these works a temporary, the second a slow effect, and both are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves that we may fly from our misfortunes, and fondly imagine the disease is cured because we find means to get some few minutes from pain? Or shall we expect from Time, the physician of brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy, or can we forget we are miserable? and owe to the weakest of

our faculties a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of our strength? Far otherwise; let us set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes; let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by a long and ignominious patience; instead of palliating remedies, let us see the incision knife and the caustic; search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.

### The True Warrior.

BY HARRIC YRLAD.

He came not in vile war's array,  
With sword and flaming brand,  
Nor with a lawless, reckless throng,  
To devastate our land.  
He came not in war's glittering pomp,  
With its blood-stained, guilty train,  
Fresh reeking from the field of fight,  
'Mid martial music's strain.

No stain of blood was on the flag  
That waved above his head;  
No mourning mother's shriek went up,  
In wailing for her dead;  
No sister's tear bedewed the cheek  
For a lov'd, lost brother's doom;  
No aged sire turn'd pale with fear,  
At musket's ring, or canon's boom.

No mourning widow pressed her babe  
Still closer to her heart,  
In a agony of wild despair,—  
Nor grasped, with nervous start,  
The boy, her first-born, by her side,  
Who watched her voiceless woe,  
And child-like ask'd with quivering lip,  
"Where did my father go?"

No burning homestead sent up its glare,  
To reddon on the midnight sky;  
No startled maiden hid in fear,  
From arm'd men passing by.  
No dying groan, nor tender shriek,  
Nor stifled word, or half-breath'd pray'r,  
Escaped from mangled victim's tongues,  
To thrill with horror on the ear.

His was a bloodless victory,—  
The victory of Right—  
The victory of the tried and true,  
O'er the countless hosts of Might.  
He came 'mid stalwart forms and hearts,  
That made the walking ring  
With loud hurraes, and joyous words,  
"God save the Temperance King!"

No sculptured marble speaks his praise.  
No statue to his honor's given,  
But a nation's voice in praise goes up,  
Re-echo'd by the choirs of heaven.  
A million hearts his image wear,  
A million voices breathe his name,—  
From East to West, from North to South,  
Has spread his never dying fame.

On England's shores, o'er Ireland's soil,  
On Scotia's hills his name is heard;  
While in our own blest, happy land,  
It has become a household word—  
The young, the old, the grave, the gay,  
Before his name in reverence bow,  
And million voices blend at once,  
To speak thy lasting praise, NEAL DOW.

Portland, August 21, 1854.