

of ferment and dissolution if domestic life with its calm activity, its permanent interests, and its fixed property did not oppose solid barriers throughout the country to the restless waves of this stormy sea. It is in the bosom of domestic life, and under its influences, that private, basis of public, morality is most securely maintained. There too, and in our days, there are almost exclusively, the affections of our nature—friendship, gratitude and self devotion—all the ties which unite hearts in the sense of a common destiny, grow and flourish. The time has been when, under other forms of society, these private affections found a place in public life; when devoted attachments strengthened political connection. These times are past, never to return. In the vast and complicated and ever-moving society of our days, general interests and principles, the sentiments of the masses, and the combinations of parties, have the entire possession and direction of public life.—The private affections are ties too delicate to exercise any powerful influence over the conflicts of that pitiless field. But it is never without serious injury that one of the vital elements of human nature is uprooted out of any of the fields of human action; and the complete absence of tender and faithful attachments in that almost exclusive domain of abstract ideas and general of selfish interests, has robbed political life of a noble ornament and a great source of strength. It is of incalculable importance to society that there should be some safe retreat in which the affectionate disposition—I would almost say passions—of the heart of man may ex-

pand in freedom; that, occasionally emerging from that retreat they may exhibit their presence and their power by some beautiful examples in that tumultuous region of politics in which they are so rarely found. But these social virtues must be nursed in the bosom of domestic life; these social affections must spring from family affections. Home, the abode of stability and morality, also contains the hearth at which all our affections and all our self-devotion are kindled; it is in the circle of the Family that the noblest parts of our nature find satisfactions they would seek for else in vain; it is from that circle that, when circumstances demand, they can go forth to adorn and bless society.

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#### THE CHARMS OF LIFE.

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**T**HERE are thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden, but oh! how many that are beautiful and good. The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would.—There are ills that we cannot escape, the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils which beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligiments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy.—There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of the human race. It should not exist—it