

rate drinking, have, by the neglect of the culture of their minds, been rendered unable to enjoy any other than sensual pleasures. Does not every observing person know that those who frequent the grog-shop are not generally the intelligent.

A couple, married here five years since, under the most flattering circumstances, and with a prospect of unnumbered blessings before them, have now fallen to the lowest state of degradation. The husband is a frequenter of the lowest rum-shops, ragged, bloated and desperate beyond the indulgence of any hope for his reclamation. The wife, who once was as fair in person as pure in mind, is the inmate of a hothel, selling herself and soul daily to lasting perdition. They were wealthy, and had friends in abundance. The man grew infatuated with the wine cup, and hence the source of all their woes.—*Cin. Com.*

John Bunyan, while in Bedford jail, was called upon by a Quaker desirous of making a convert of him.

'Friend John,' said he, 'I come to thee with a message from the Lord; and after having searched for thee in all the prisons of England, I am glad I have found thee at last.'

'If the Lord has sent you,' returned Bunyan, 'you need not have taken so much pains to find me out, for the Lord knows I have been here twelve years.'

'In whose principles,' said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen to her sceptical father, 'in whose principles shall I die—yours, or those of my Christian mother?' The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed a tear from his eye as he turned away, and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said:—

"IN YOUR MOTHER'S, CHILD—IN YOUR MOTHER'S!"

The Virginia papers announce that a shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt at Richmond, Petersburg, and Scottsville in that state. At the latter place, which is in Albemarle county, it is stated that every house in the village was shaken by the oscillation, the boats lying in the canal were tossed to and fro, and the waters gave evidence of being much troubled.

AFFECTION AND LOVE.—In marriage, they who have the most to bear, require the greatest amount of love. A woman with a jealous, suspicious, sullen and fretful husband, requires a heart full of love, otherwise she loses that love which she has; and a man with an imperious, contradictory, termagant of a wife, requires quite as much to keep up the romance of affection; but woman in general, as she has less power, requires more affection, and we believe this is the rule; the contrary is the exception.

SACRED TRUTHS.—The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrantcy; but scripture precepts, like unfading plants of Paradise, become as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odors to be emitted, and new sweets to be extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftener, will relish them best.

THE POWER OF ORGANIZATION.—Individual efforts, when brought to bear in an organization, produce wonderful effects, and is forcibly illustrated in the history of the Sons of Temperance. On the 29th September, 1842, our Order was commenced with sixteen members. At the end of the first year this number had swelled to 1,500; at the summing up of the second year to 4,000; third year to 17,000! fourth year to 40,000!! and fifth year 125,000!!! and now for the year 1852, we roll up as contributing members 230,000. This is

the result of association—of organized effort. Brother, what have you done to swell this vast ocean? Roll on—roll on the mighty ball.—*Southern Organ.*

DR. JEWETT AND MR. GOUGH IN THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.—In Millbury and in Boylston, there was no election of Representatives at the last two trials, and the prospect now is that all parties will, on Monday next unite and elect, in Millburn, our friend Dr. Charles Jewett, and in Boylston, our friend John B. Gough, and thus duly compliment them, and honor themselves. To have them do so would be highly gratifying to all friends of the Maine Law throughout the land. If elected, Dr. Jewett will accept, though Mr. Gough may not be able to do so. Neither of these towns could have a worthier Representative, nor the State two more practical and useful Legislators.—*Cataract.*

Poetry.

O HOPEFUL MEN!

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

Look forth anew, O Hopeful Men!
Not ever shall defeat be yours!
The Future shall give Might again,
And fling world-wide the massive doors;
Imprisoned by a gloomy Doubt,
Yet Hope illumines the walls within,
And not long hence the victor's shout
Shall well declare who nobly win.

Cheer up anew, O Hopeful Men!
Truth hath the stubborn lie to meet,
Which, though oft buried, springs again
In serpent forms around your feet;
Cheer up! cheer up! the strongest lie
Submissive to the Truth shall yield,
And to the nether depths shall go
To leave unstained the glorious field.

Strike on anew, O Hopeful Men!
Ye who in Earnest love the Right!
Ye have not lost your honor—then
Strike on in Faith's undoubting Might;
The victors riot in excess,
And riot shall give place to sleep,
Then strike, and Heaven shall surely bless
The valiant who their watch-vows keep.

Gird on anew, O Hopeful Men!
The armor is unsullied still!
The blade is trusty now, as when
We thought to work Progression's will;
Not to the Babel bow the knee!
Not for the Moloch curse the sod!
Souls that have passed the fire are free
To make their purer vows to God!

Rise up anew, O Hopeful Men!
Ye have not fallen, but they fled!
Push to the dark and guilty den
While strange Dishonor mark their tread;
The victors are not they whose cry
Peals through the vault with thunder-tone,
But 'tis the Truth that shall not die,
And they who love the Truth alone.

Take heart anew, O Hopeful Men!
We have now learned the battle-ground!
Our standard is our own again—
There to the last be ever found;
The Future in its glory beams
With the bright truth the Prophets saw,
When the New Earth shall bathe in streams
Of bliss, through Heaven's eternal law!

New York, Nov. 8, 1852.

—N. Y. Tribune.