

We write from conscientious conviction of duty, and not to unnecessarily alarm.

Anthony Comstock is doing a grand work, and we give him great praise; but he can't do all that needs to be done. He ought to have the co-operation of every father and mother and guardian in the land. The watchful care of faithful parents, as to what their children read, and liberality in providing for their mental wants, will be the best co-operation they can give.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—A few days since, we noticed a man, among the wood piles at the railroad depot, waltzing round in a very eccentric manner, hugging a big log of maple, cutting it and kicking it, and occasionally rolling on the ground with it. Our curiosity being excited by these proceedings, we approached to investigate matters. The man's eccentric evolutions had brought him close to one of the wood piles, against which, after several failures, he succeeded in propping the log, at the same time roaring out:

"Shuten up er fit fair, yerd runken—hic—! Yer oughtn be sh-shamed yerself! I-I'm bounggofryer. I-I'm goinsell oleshores. I-I'm gompunchyer—hic—head. So shtun upn'—hic—fihkeman."

With that he took off his coat and began to square up to the log, when I addressed him:

"What's the matter, my friend?"

"Wh-whas that er you? Dinnoyer. Mi-mind your—hic—business! I-I'm prtikly gaged."

"But why are you going to fight that stick of wood?"

"W-wood! D'yr know Sam Wood? He's drunk—drunk'sh—hic—fun. Shay! you shee fair play while I pishint'n."

"Nonsense, man, put on your coat and go home. It's nothing but a log of maple."

"M-mable! D'yr know Mable? Sh-shbakans (beginning to cry). Sh-she's googirl, Mable. Sam Wood wants marreyer. I w-wan marreyer. Sh-she's googirl, Mable. Toogofr—hic—Sam. Sam's aller drunk. Shant maryar. I-I'm goin pitchin-ter Sam."

During the delivery of the foregoing we managed to throw the log on the top of the pile without his perceiving it.

"C-come on yer drunken—hic—hullo! where's he gone? Ha! ha! ha! Sam's 'raid, Sam's coward. Mable won't marry c-coward—drunkencow—hic. Sh-shakans. Your gooffo, you arc. Come-anavdrink."

We excused ourselves, and persuaded him to resume his coat and start for home, by suggesting that perhaps Sam had gone to see Mable.

"Right y'arc. Your gooffo, you arc. Sh-shakans. Gooby."

And off he went in a very zig-zag course for town, pulling up after accomplishing a short distance, to shout back:

"Sam's coward. Sam's drunken cow-coward. Ha! ha! ha! Mable won't marry drunken cow—hic. Gooby."

SILENT MEN.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up, confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in Committee of the Whole, of which George Washington was the chairman. He spoke twice during the Convention; but his words were so few that they

could not fitly be termed speeches. The Convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity and the sincerity with which he spoke, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people.

Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability was almost without a parallel, said that his greatest trouble was in finding men of deeds rather than of words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience, when commander-in-chief of the army in Italy, he said, "By reserve." The greatness of man is not to be measured by the length of his speeches, or their number.

TREATMENT OF GIRLS.—How many unhappy girls have paid dearly for the early upbringing of their young husbands, who, the first glamour of love passed, treat their wives as they were allowed to treat their sisters, and they saw their fathers treat their mothers—carelessly, disrespectfully, with a total want of considerate tenderness, which is worth all the passionate love in the world. This, though they may muster outside as excellent husbands, never doing anything really bad, and possessing many good and attractive qualities, yet contriving somehow to break the poor womanly heart, or harden it into that acceptance of pain which is more fatal to married happiness than even temporary estrangement. Anger itself is a safer thing than stolid, hopeless indifference.

The best husbands I ever met came out of a family where the mother, a most heroic and self-denying woman, laid down the absolute law, "Girls first;" not in any authority, but first to be thought of as to protection and tenderness. Consequently, the chivalrous care which these lads were taught to show to their own sisters naturally extended itself to all women. They grew up true gentlemen—gentlemen, generous, exacting, courteous of speech, and kind of heart. In them was the protecting strength of manhood, which scorned to use its strength except for protection; the proud honesty of manhood, which infinitely prefers being lovingly and openly resisted to being "twisted round one's finger," as mean men are twisted, and mean women will always be found ready to do it; but which, I think, all honest men and brave women would not merely dislike, but utterly despise.

WELL DONE.—A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present, to assist her in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would soon have been drunk, but the young lady asked:—"Did you call upon me or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, "We called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added, "Remember, if you call upon me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case, I have nothing to say."