

that thinks no evil, while the falsely modest may be shamed out of some of their indecent pretensions. Dr. Johnson, who, while a great admirer of female purity, despised false modesty because he had sagacity enough to perceive that it was always prompted by a depraved imagination, never omitted an opportunity of lashing it with his caustic satire. We will relate an instance of this, which speaks a volume upon the subject. Being at the opera with a lady, who rose to depart when the dancers appeared, declaring that she could not endure such an exhibition, he exclaimed, "Madam, your modesty is very indecent." Carr, in his "Stranger in France," relates an anecdote of similar character. Being in the Louvre with two ladies, one of whom was a pattern of innocence, purity and dignity, and the other an over-modest prude, whose integrity had been doubted, they stopped to examine a picture of Apollo. The prude said, "There is a great deal of indecorum in that picture." The *really* modest, *really* well bred woman, the *real* lady, said to Carr in a low voice, "The indecorum was in the remark." And who, good reader, was Apollo? The Greek *abstraction* of the fine arts! This idea was the only thing visible to Carr and the *lady*, while the *prude* could see nothing but the *man without drapery*!—She was the very one to put petticoats on the legs of her tables! When Greenough's *Singing Cherubs* were exhibited in Boston, the conscript fathers of the city, the mayor and aldermen, ordered the exhibitor to put aprons upon their waists! Ha! Ha! Ha! 'The depravity, yes! *depravity*!—the depravity that could not look upon an *angel* without licentious thoughts, must have been nurtured in a house of ill fame. We have heard ladies express horror at waltzing, saying that they should almost faint at the thought of having a gentleman's arm upon their waists. We could have said that, to suggest such a thought, mere animal instincts must sadly predominate over intellectual and moral nature, and that a woman who could not thus trust herself, could not be safely trusted by others. We have seen ladies refuse to waltz with gentlemen, and at the same time, waltz with other ladies. Was this modesty? No! It was positive indecency. It was a proclamation to the company that their minds were familiar with *impurity*; that they could not waltz with gentlemen without indecent thoughts. Such things are as thoroughly revolting to real modesty, as an obscene anecdote in the mouth of a deacon.

Away with such prudish pretensions! They

are flimsy substitutes for real purity of mind, and those who exhibit them, if closely observed, can always be detected in some infraction of propriety, from which the really modest revolt. The high bred, pure hearted, lofty minded woman, who never harbors a base thought, will not be ashamed of waltzing, and will do it as she does every thing else, with the simple dignity of virtue. The low bred pretender to the virtue which is not in her heart, will continually commit some impropriety for the purpose of proclaiming her modesty, and thus continually inform beholders that her thoughts are impure.



"WE ARE PASSING AWAY."

Yes! we are passing away; the forms, the pleasures, the passions of this world, are passing away. The glories that now illumine our prospect, are fast fading, and to-morrow may be cut off. To-morrow! to-morrow! to whom will that day come. Ah! how many will never see *to-morrow*. The hand which now traces these lines, may to-morrow be grasped in the cold embrace of death. Yes, before to-morrow, thousands of this earth's inhabitants will have gone from us for ever. Oh! how awful the thought. Eternity how infinite!—kingdoms and crowns! how idle your worth. What are the distinctions of rank and birth? And what is the fruit of the world's fleeting pleasure?

Yes! we are all passing away! The nations—the cities and dwellings of man are passing away! Time will soon leave no trace of their power, magnificence or glory; like Babylon, no spot will indicate or point out their former grandeur. Dreams of the past, oh! how dim are ye now! Scenes of the present how faded ye will soon be! and the hopes which now glow on life's youthful brow may suddenly be shaded.

Friends of my early years and affections, ye are passing away! The hands that were once warm and the hearts that beat, have perished, and their narrow tombs point out the common receptacle of man.

Where now is the home of my childhood? Where the tones once so familiar to my ear? Where the tutor of my early years? where the kind mother? where are all that I do now see? Gone! they have passed away for ever! Even the fields where my delighted footsteps have ranged, and where I have chased the gaudy butter-fly, and where I have listened to the merry songster, now wear the aspect