

ST VALENTINE'S DAY.

Now listen, Oh do!  
Just a minute or two  
While I my sad story relate  
I'm dying in love  
I'm just like a dove  
Sitting cooing all day for its mate.

For two months and more  
I've been watching the door  
And longing to see you come in.  
To make me thus wait  
Lamenting my fate,  
I'm sure is a terrible sin.

Then hurry and come  
Try to make your feet hum,  
As you fly o'er the gravel to me,  
And if you but bring  
A lump of maple sugar neatly tied up with a string  
How sweet our fond meeting will be.

GETTING MARRIED.

During the last summer a little incident transpired in one of the Eastern towns, which afforded some amusement to the spectators at the time, and furnished food for considerable gossip thereafter. It occurred in church, on one of those quiet Sunday afternoons when all the world seems ready to drop asleep, when the flies buzz lazily on the window panes, and the dog lies quietly on the door stone.

The afternoon service had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when, to the great astonishment and manifest interest of the worshippers, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said, in a calm, clear voice, "those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please to come forward." A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk, as some pretty little girl or excited matron changed her position, to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose or seemed in the least inclined to rise. Whereupon, the worthy clergyman, deeming his first notice unheard or misunderstood, repeated the invitation,

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of the awkwardness of the position was gradually spreading among those present, when a young gentleman who had occupied a vacant slip in the broad aisle during the service slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the front of the altar. He was good looking and well dressed, but no one present knew him, and no female accompanied his travels. When arrived within a respectable distance of the clergyman, he paused, and with a reverent bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything or seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone. The clergyman looking around for the bride—who he supposed was yet to arrive—at length remarked to the young gentleman, in an under tone, "The lady, sir, is dilatory." "Very, sir." "Had we not better defer the ceremony?" "I think not." "Do you suppose she will be here soon?" "Me sir," said the astonished shepherd, "how should I know of your lady's movements? That is a matter belonging to yourself."

A very few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?" "What lady?" "Why the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for." "I did not hear her say anything about it," was the satisfactory response. "Then, sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged cleric. "I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish! I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered with a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves; and when after the church was closed, the story got wind among the congregation, more than one little girl regretted that her wishes had not been as boldly expressed as the young gentleman's who had really wished to be "united in the holy bonds of matrimony." —N. O. Picayune.

**THE CONFESSORIAL.**—The clergy in Chili exert, through the confessional, an influence which reaches the most private transactions of life.—Every communicant is required to confess at least once a year. A refusal to do it is followed by the severest pains and penalties which the church can inflict. Some two years since, a daughter of one of the most prominent members of the Legislature of Chili was grossly insulted at the confessional. She told her mother, who in grief and consternation, related the circumstances to her father. He excused her from going again to the confessional. The year rolled round, and she was summoned to compliance: the father peremptorily refused his assent. Three of the inferior officers of the Church were despatched to bring her by force. Her father planted himself armed on the door sill of his house, and told them if they entered, it would be at their peril. They returned and reported their ill success to their superior. The next Sabbath she was publicly excommunicated, and her candle at the altar blown out, to signify that her hope of heaven was extinguished. The father indignant at the attempt to undermine the virtue of his daughter, and the cruel injustice done her in the act of excommunication, introduced a bill into the National Legislature for entirely abolishing the confessional. It produced the most intense excitement; the pulpits of Chili rang with denunciations; the archbishop despatched a messenger to Rome for the Pope's anathema. Many husbands and fathers, whose wives and daughters had been insulted at the confessional, and who, from motives of prudence, had been silent, now began to speak out. But a repugnance to innovation in ecclesiastical affairs, and the combined influence of the clergy, prevailed, and the contemplated law was defeated. But it still survives in the breast of its projector, and will speak out.—*Colton's Deck and Port.*



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, i. 6

[ORIGINAL.]  
CHILDHOOD.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

There is an hour in childhood's spring,  
When life unfolds its fragile wing,  
When infant hearts, like flowrets new  
Look up to catch instruction's dew,  
Then, like new wax, the plastic mind  
Bends to each impress we lay on it,  
Which we in after years shall find.

Like some fair plant if duly trained,  
Its grace will be thro' life retained;  
But wrong inclined we'll find we feed  
A noxious vile injurious weed;  
A single stroke the wax may mould;  
The budding passions may be sold,  
Which shall thro' life's long page unfold  
At vice's lane or virtues side.

Then chase the die from virtue's stand,  
And press it with religion's hand;  
Imprint it deep, imprint it plain,  
Impress it that it may remain;  
Oh, grave upon the infant soul  
Ere virtue's stamp with mud controul,  
Incute in youth's embryo span,  
That structure time shall clothe the man.

Lop off each wanton branch that shoots,  
Each noxious tendril round the roots,  
Oh prune them all, nor let them twine  
A curse round youth's too tender shrine;  
Thou guard them from the upas breath,  
Of vice, of folly, and in death  
We'll find we've reaped, when life is o'er  
An emerald for Heaven's store.

COLOGNE, 7th Feb. 1853.

EDUCATION OF THE APPETITE.

ANECDOTES AND REFLECTIONS—ADULTERATIONS OF WINES, &c.

It must begin from the earliest infancy long before the beam of reason, and even anterior to the evolution of the moral sentiment. The rule on which it is conducted is a very simple one, applicable to all classes. It is to allow no child the indulgence of an appetite or propensity, other than what is required by its intuitive wants for its bodily support and health. Nothing is to be conceded by the whim or caprice of a parent to the imaginary wants of a child, for it must be constantly borne in mind that every gratification of every sense, whether of taste, sight, sound, or touch, is the beginning of a desire for its renewal, and that every renewal gives the probability of the indulgence becoming a habit, and that habit once formed, even in children, will often remain during the whole of after life, acquiring strength every year until it sets all laws both human and divine at defiance. Let parents who allow their children to sip a little of their wine, or just taste that cordial, or who yield to the cries of their little ones for promiscuous food, or for liberty to sit up a little later, or to torment a domestic animal, or to strike their nurse, or to raise the hand against mamma, ponder well on the consequences. If they do not often, vain are the efforts of instructors, vain the admonitions from the pulpit; their child is in danger of growing up a drunkard, or a glutton, a self-willed sensualist, or passionate and revengeful, prompt to take the life of a fellow being, and to sacrifice his own, and all this because the fond parents were faultless in their hearts; they had not the firmness to do their duty; they feared to mortify their child, and in so doing they expose him in after life to be mortified by the world's scorn, to wander an untrodden unpaired thing.

Philip, King of Macedon, having drunk too much wine happened to determine a cause unjust, to the prejudice of a poor widow, who, when she heard his decree, loudly cried out "I appeal to Philip's water." The king struck with the peculiarity of the event recovered his senses, heard the cause afresh, and issuing his misdeed corrected her to be paid out of his own purse double the sum she was to have lost.

Attention has been made at various times to certain notices issued by the Minister of Commerce at Paris of fraud in the importation of various commodities into the ports of France, with the object of putting the traders of that country on their guard; it would appear however that the science of *Contrefaçon*, if so it may be called, is quite as largely practiced in France, if not more so than elsewhere. One or two instances may be mentioned as deserving attention; it is not perhaps generally known that very large establishments exist at Cote and Marseilles, in the south of France, for the manufacture of every description of wines, the natural products not only of France but of all other wine growing and wine exporting countries. Some of these establishments are on so large a scale as to give employment to an equal if not a greater number of persons than our largest breweries. It is no uncommon occurrence with speculators engaged in this sort of illicit traffic to purchase and ship imitation wines fabricated in the places named to Madeira, where by collusion with persons in the

custom house department of the island, the wines are landed in the entrepot, and thence, after being marked with the usual marks of the genuine Madeira vintage, are shipped principally to be believed for the United States, the scale of gratuity for this sort of work to the officials interested may be estimated by the fact, that upon one occasion seventy pipes were thus surreptitiously passed at a charge of a thousand dollars. It is a circumstance no less singular that the same manœuvre is carried on with counterfeit port wine made up in Cote and Marseilles, and thence despatched to Oporto, where the same process of landing brandy and re-shipment as genuine port is gone through, the destination of this spurious article being most generally the United States. Such is the extent of this nefarious commerce that one individual alone has been pointed out in the French ports who was in the habit of despatching four times in the year 25,000 bottles of champagne, each shipment of wines not the produce of the Champagne districts but fabricated in these wine factories. It is known that the imposition of these counterfeit wines has arrived at such a pitch as to have become quite notorious. Such a scandalous system must tend to destroy all confidence in trade, and the damage it must inflict, if it have not already, upon the reputation of the genuine wine products of Portugal and Madeira, and upon the prosperity of the agricultural interest, ought to awaken the attention of the authorities there. We recollect sometime since that while the Minister of Commerce at Paris was calling to notice lately the large quantity of champagne wines exported from Switzerland through France to the United States, where it was intended to pass them as of French growth, no allusion was made to the manufacture and export of those and other spurious wines, and from the port of France herself. The authorities for these statements we have taken from the circulars of wine houses announcing, without reserve, their dealings in such wines; also references at various times made by American papers to the system. We have been led principally to draw attention to these facts, from meeting several new comers to this side of the Atlantic speaking of the cheapness of wines here compared with the old country; it has also been remarked by some medical men, if not all, that the amount of delirium tremens in this country is very great. May not the very great amount of adulterated liquors tend very much to produce that, what the materials used may be we need not stop to analyze. One of the many adulterations adopted in the old country, and to which reference has been made in many publications—"Red Pepper," out of twenty-four samples bought at different establishments but four were pure, the rest were mixed with red lead"—will enable us to come to the conclusion that we may adopt the "ex uno disce omnes."

Some time ago we were told of a man in Maryland addicted to drunkenness, hearing an uproar in his kitchen one evening had the curiosity to step without noise to the door to know what was the matter, when he beheld his servants indulging in roars of laughter at a couple of his negro boys who were mimicking himself in his drunken fits, showing how he reeled and staggered, how he looked and nodded, hiccupped and tumbled; the picture which these children of nature drew of him, and which filled the lookers on with so much merriment, struck him so forcibly that he became a perfectly sober man, to the inexpressible joy of his wife and children. We should here observe the great force of example, and how anxious every one should be to set a good example. Written for the *Son of Temperance* by "F.," Woodstock.

ONE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

We were in company the other day, says the *Youth's Penny Gazette*, with a gentleman apparently fifty or sixty years of age who used in substance the following language:

"Were I to live my life over again, I should make it a point to do kindness to a fellow being whenever I had the opportunity. I regret very much that my habits have been so different, that I have induced feelings so unlike those which would lead to such a course of life."

It has been too much my way to let others take care of themselves, while I took care of myself. If some little trespass was committed on my rights, or if I suffered some slight inconvenience from the thoughtlessness or selfishness of others, I was greatly annoyed, and sometimes used harsh and reproachful language towards the offender.

I am now satisfied that my own happiness was greatly impaired by this course, and my conduct and example contributed to the irritation and unhappiness of others.

It was but the other day, continued the gentleman, that I was passing along the street, and a coachman was attempting to draw a light carriage into a coach house. He tried once or twice without success, and just as I came up, the carriage occupied the whole of the sidewalk, and prevented my passing. The fellow looked as if it ought not to be exactly so, and there was something like a faint apology in his smile. It was on my tongue to say "In with your carriage, man! and not let it stand here blocking up the passage?" But a better influence prevailed. I went to the rear of the carriage and said—

"Now try again, my good fellow!" while with the end of my umbrella I gave a little push, and in the carriage went, and out came the pleasant "Thank ye, sir—much obliged." I would not have taken a twenty dollar bank note for the streak of sunshine that this one little act of kindness threw over the rest of my walk, to say nothing of the lighting up of the coachman's face.

And when I look back on my intercourse with my fellow men all the way along, I can confidently say that I never yet did a kindness to a human being without being happier for it. So that if I was governed by mere selfish motives, and wanted to live the happiest life I could, I would just simply obey the Bible precept, to do good unto all men, as I had an opportunity.

All this was said with an air of sincerity and deep conviction which we cannot give to our report of it. And does the experience of the youngest of our readers confirm or contradict this statement? Is there a boy or a girl among all of them who can say, "I did a kind act once to my brother or sister, or playmate, and was afterwards sorry for it. I should have been happier if I had been an unkind one." It is very likely that a kind act has been ill required or misconstrued; but if it was performed with proper feelings, it is as certain to produce happiness as sunshine is to produce warmth.

We counsel our young friends, then, to seize every opportunity of contributing to the good of others. Sometimes a smile will do it. Oftener, a kind word—a look of sympathy, or an acknowledgment of obligation. Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoulder, or a heavy wheel, will be in place. Sometimes a