

It was the hour of twilight. The streets were getting still. All was hushed around the dwelling of —, where lay the wasted form of Ellen. She had been raised up in her bed, that she might see the sun go down in the west. She watched his rays as they lingered upon the distant hills, till she grew tired with looking. She had just been placed in a more reposeing posture, when the very room where she lay became the scene of strange confusion. From the hoarse throat of the drunkard were poured forth a volley of oaths and horrid imprecations. The room was filled with the stench of his sepulchral breath. The care-worn and heart-broken wife was rudely driven from the bedside of the dying Ellen. The younger children were driven together in one corner of the room, pale with fear and their eyes red with weeping. The senseless babbling and noisy violence of the drunkard still continued. The breath of Ellen grew fainter and shorter. She raised her little skeleton hand beckoned her mother, who stood weeping the other side of the room, to come to her. She came. The poor child had only strength to say, "Why wo'nt you ask p. to be still while I am dying?" These were the last words of Ellen; but they were in vain. With the last sigh of her gentle spirit, there went up to heaven also the inhuman ravings of the drunken father. This story is not a fiction; not a matter of imagining, but of real occurrence.

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#### TRUTH.

Truth is the unclothing of all disguises, unveiling all defects; it is a proper regard to virtue—a proper disregard to vice. Truth is the criterion that regulates society, assigning to its members their proper situation, and considers their importance under every circumstance. Truth is the only road to improvement, to happiness, and to perfection: It can perform no second part in the drama of life, for upon it the success of the representation depends; we must judge every thought, action, and event by truth alone. Aristides the Athenian, and Petrarch the Italian, knew its value, and guided their lives by it; for this

noble homage to the majesty of truth, their names have become immortal!

What is Truth? was the question of a Roman Governor; and who would not wait for an answer? Truth may be likened to a spring of water covered with snow, which, though deep and solid, gives way to its silent and almost imperceptible influence; again, truth may be considered as a planet careering through the illimitable expanse of space, and diffusing a resplendent lustre over its chaotic gloom.

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#### PREJUDICE.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them: Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices. But the misfortune is, that we carry these prejudices into things far more serious than our friendship: Thus there are truths which some men despise, because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise: There is one single instance on record, where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle;—but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains:

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#### GENIUS.

Genius is vastness of conception, originality of thought, brightness of ideas, and the application and concentration of these to useful purposes. Genius paints every thing it touches, elucidates every thing it examines, and in letters of gold, impresses its image upon its productions. Genius is of no country; the world is its native home, and the mind is the throne of its temple. Ignorance retreats, superstition vanishes, and misery in its thousand forms, is disarmed and vanquished, when genius is seconded by industry. Genius is as a river rushing over a precipice, bold, rapid, beautiful, and sublime in its descent, and, like its rolling stream, disseminates blessings in its course.