

A PICTURE OF DRUNKENNESS.

We take the following touching extract from 'A Plea for Drunkards, and against Drunkenness,' by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie:

"Give that mother back her son as he was on the day when he returned from his father's grave, and in the affection of his uncorrupted boyhood, walked to the house of God with a weeping mother leaning on his arm. Give that grieved man back his brother, as innocent and happy as in that day when the boys, twined in each others arms, returned from school, bent over the same bible, slept in the same bed, and never thought that the day would come when brother would blush for brother. Give this weeping wife who sits before us wringing her hands in agony, the tears dripping through her jewelled fingers, and the lines of sorrow prematurely drawn on her brow—give her back the man she loved, such as he was when her young heart was won, when they stood side by side on the nuptial day, and receiving her from a fond father's hand, he promised his love to one whose heart he has broken, and whose once graceful form bends with sorrow to the ground. Give me back, as a man, the friends of my youthful days, whose wrecks now lie thick on the wreck-strewn shore. Give me back as a minister, the brethren I have seen dragged from the pulpits which 'ney adorned, and driven from the manses where we have closed in the happy evening with praise and prayer, to stand pale, haggard at a public bar. Give me back, as the pastor, the lambs which I have lost—give me her, who, in the days of her unsullied innocence, waited on our ministry to be told of the way to heaven, and was led from that to hell, and whose unblushing forehead we now shrink to see as she prowls through the streets for her prey. Give me back the life of this youth who died the drunkard's death—and dread his doom—and who now, while his mother by the body rocks on her chair in speechless agony, he is laid out in a chamber where we care not to speak of comfort, but are left to weep with those that weep, 'dumb opening not the mouth.' Relieve us of the fears that lie heavy on our hearts for the character and souls of some who hold party with the devil by his forbidden tree, and are floating on the edge of the great Gulf Stream which sweeps its victim onward to meet the most awful ruin."

FASHIONABLE DANCING.

Time was when the the dance was decent, if it was wildly and foolish. That time has passed away. The modern imported dances, such as the "Polka," "Redowa," "Scottish," and "German cotillon," are redolent with the lasciviousness of Paris and Vienna. And the drawing-rooms of Saratoga, Newport, and Cape-Mey, furnish exhibitions too shamefully indelicate for description. Perhaps a counterpart may be found in the splendid parlors of Fifth Avenue or Chestnut-street. Fashion has placed its *imprimatur* on this offence; and what has native modesty or purity, or the belle herself, to do with the diversions of the families of millionaires?

The gloomiest aspect of fashionable society is furnished in this readiness to sacrifice the proprieties and even deficiencies of life to the Moloch of the day. Bitter repentings are at hand. Parental indulgence and ambition thus directed cannot but result in disgrace and ruin. That beloved daughter whirling in the arms of that bewiskered villain, is on the brink of perdition. O, save her before virtue shrieks over the shrine she has left, and you curse the hour when you destroyed a soul to win a smile.—*Amer. Messenger.*

AFFECTION OF THE WHALE FOR ITS YOUNG.

I have heard of one of these whales with a cub, when driven into shoal water, being seen to swim around its young, and sometimes to embrace it with her arms, and roll over with it in the waves, evincing the tenderest maternal solicitude. The mother, as if aware of the impending peril of her inexperienced offspring, as the boat neared her, she would run round her calf in decreasing circles, and try to decoy it seaward, showing the utmost uneasiness and anxiety. Reckoning well that the calf once struck, the dam would never desert it, the only care of the harpooner was to get near enough to bury his tremendous weapon deep in its ribs, which was so soon done, that the poor animal darted

away with its anxious dam, taking out an hundred fathoms of line. It was but a little time, however, before being checked, and the barb lacerating its vitals, it turned on its back, and displaying its white belly on the surface of the water, it floated a motionless corpse. The huge dam, with an affecting maternal instinct more powerful than reason, never quitted the body, till a cruel harpoon entered her own sides, then, with a single tap of her tail, she cut in two one of the boats, and took to flight; but returned soon, exhausted with loss of blood, to die by her calf, evidently, in her last moments, more occupied with the preservation of her young than herself.—[The Whaleman's Adventures in the Southern Ocean.

PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school, which I hate. I like music, and wish to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has just torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt-like heel to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been roused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never kept a chamber-maid more than three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunder gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chamber-maid bounced out of the room yesterday, flirting her duster and muttering, "Real old maid, after all!" just because I showed her a table on which I could write "slut" with my fingers in the dust. I never see my plump, happy sisters, and their glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, dental visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life. Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love, but fear—for fear of dying old maids.—[Mrs. E. B. Hall.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.

The Rev. —, who is a Baptist preacher and Lieutenant governor had at one and the same time been in the service of the Lord, and of the State of Illinois, becoming dissatisfied with the honours or profits, or both, of the posts he held determined to resign them, and devote his time and talents to the assistance of the administration in carrying out the general government of the country. Accordingly, he came to Washington, and laid his case before the president. He stated his pretensions and his wishes, narrated at some length all the prominent events of his political life, dwelling especially upon his untiring devotion to the democratic party, the sacrifices he had submitted to, the exertion had made in its behalf, and its consequent indebtedness to him, but said not a word of what he had done for the cause of religion. Gen. Jackson heard the clerical aspirant through in silence, and after musing a moment, put the following question to him: "Mr. K., are you not a minister of the Gospel?" "I am sir," was the reply. "Then sir," said the General, with his usual quiet dignity, "you hold already a higher office than any in my gift, an office whose sacred duties, properly performed, require your whole attention; and really I think the best that I can do for you will be to leave you at liberty to devote your whole time to them; for, from what you tell me, I fear that hitherto they have been somewhat neglected."

The best hit ever made at an impropriety in a lady's dress, was by Talleyrand. When asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, he replied that "it began too late and ended too soon!"

LOVE—HUMAN AND DIVINE.

Love is one of the brightest, purest, and highest principles implanted in the heart of man. It teaches him to look forward to the "better land," where he may meet the departed, the loved and cherished ones of earth. It bids his spirit soar to those realms of bliss, and commune with "the spirits of the just made perfect." It joins man to his brother man, and causes him to sympathize in all his feelings; throughout the whole world its cheering and sanctifying influence is visible. It sheds its mild radiance over our pathway, and throws its resplendent light around the hour of deepest sadness and darkest disappointment. In vain does the world look coldly upon us, if we have one to whom we can turn in the day of sorrow; one whose love will never wax or wane, and one whose heart will never grow cold.

Deal gently with thy loved one, for she shall comfort thee in the hour of gloom; she shall cheer thee in the dark and stormy day of sorrow, console thee in the season of affliction, and when all around thy path is drear, her love shall shine like the beacon on the lone height, that sheds its calm and placid light over the trembling billows of the ocean, and guides the storm-tossed mariner to the port of peace and safety.

But there is a higher, nobler love than that of earth, there is a Being who bends over us from heaven, and whispers in sweeter accents than those of mortals. There is an eye that never sleeps; an ear that never tires; a hand that is never withdrawn. There is one who sees our sorrow, who hears our sighing, and is ever ready to help. The fire of His love burns the brightest beneath the tempest of affliction, the cords of His affection are drawn the most closely around the heart amid the dark and blighting storm of sorrow. Earthly friends may deceive; earthly hopes may vanish; earthly pleasures may depart, but this love shall ever stand. Let us then seek to secure this friendship, let us strive to obtain this love, and amid all the griefs and woes of this troubled world, the sunshine of joy and happiness shall ever rest upon us.

RATHER COMICAL, BUT TRUE.—The minister of a country parish in Old Bay State, had a favorite dog, the constant companion of his footsteps except on the Sabbath, when he was usually kept in close quarters. He also had a son who never suffered to pass a good opportunity to play off a joke upon any one; it mattered not if his father or some one else was the victim—such children are sometimes found even among ministers' sons and deacon's daughters.

One Sabbath, as the rest of the family had gone to church, this artful youth takes a suit of clothes from a younger brother's wardrobe, and dressing out the dog cap-a-pie, lets him loose. The dog's parson was in the midst of his discourse, pursuing his subject with much animation, when lo and behold, his canine favorite passes up the broad aisle, ascends the pulpit stairs, and facing the audience, takes his seat on the topmost step, apparently an attentive listener.

It need not be said this scene so excited the risibility of the audience, that before the parson could gain their attention, he was obliged to request the *Bloomer* visitant to be taken from the synagogue.—*Rock. Dem.*

A negro, in Boston, had a very severe attack of the rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, and rubbed it, and swathed it—but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and with a shake of his fist over it, exclaimed—"Ache away, ole feller—ache away. I shant do nuffin more for yer; dis chile ken stan' it as long as you ken—so ache away!"

A female writer says—"Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which need *darning* look much worse than darned ones—Darned if they don't.

SINGULAR GROUP.—We saw at the Daguerrean Rooms of E. W. Munson, a singular group, consisting of a great great grand-mother, great grand-mother, grand-mother, daughter and daughter's daughter—five generations upon the same plate. Such a picture must be a valuable keepsake to the friends, and it is but seldom that five generations are seen in a picture.—*Hanilton Rev. Actor.*