

TIME'S CHANGES.

There was a child, a helpless child,  
Full of vain fears and fancies wild,  
That often wept, and sometimes sni'd,  
Upon its mother's breast;  
Terribly its meanings stammered out,  
And tottered trembling about,  
And knew no wider world without  
Its little home of rest.

There was a boy, a light-heart boy,  
One whom no troubles could annoy,  
Save some lost sport, or shattered toy  
Forgotten in an hour;  
No dark remembrance troubled him,  
No future fear his path could dim,  
But joy before his eyes would swim,  
And hope rise like a tower.

There was a youth, an ardent youth,  
Full of high promises, courage, truth,  
He felt no scathe, he knew no ruth,  
Save love's sweet wounds alone;  
He thought but of two soft blue eyes,  
He sought no gain but beauty's prize,  
And sweeter held love's saddest sighs  
Than music's softest tone.

There was a man, a wary man,  
Whose bosom nurs'd full many a plan  
For making life's contracted span  
A path of gain and gold;  
And how to sow, and how to reap,  
And how to swell his shining heap,  
And how the wealth acquired to keep  
Secure within its fold.

There was an old, old, grey-haired one,  
On whom had fourscore winters done  
Their work appointed, and had spun  
His thread of life so fine,  
That scarce its thin line could be seen,  
And with the slightest touch, I ween,  
'T would be as it had never been,  
And leave behind no sign.

And who were they, those five, whom fate  
Seemed as strange contrasts to create,  
That each might in his different state  
The other's pathway shun?  
I tell thee that that infant vain,  
That boy, that youth, that man of gain,  
That grey-headed, who did roads attain  
So various—they were one. H. N.

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From the La Belle Assemblee.

WEDDINGS: BY A PARISH CLERK.

It is a fine thing to live in a literary age. I never thought of making pretensions to authorship, which would have been a very presumptuous idea in an obscure parish clerk like myself; and yet, because at the instigation of a friend in the book trade, I just penned a few particulars relating to the marriages which stand upon our register, behold I have had, I do not know how many applications, from gentlemen who tell me they belong to the leading periodicals of the day, editors of the most fashionable magazines, to continue my "remembrances," as they are pleased to call them. Notwithstanding this great encouragement, and the pleasure I experience in having unexpectedly obtained so large a share of public approbation, it was a long time before I could be prevailed upon to commit my poor notions of things to paper again; more especially as I feared that many persons who liked my former effusion would raise their expectations too high, and so turn away from the perusal of the second disappointed, as, of course, I picked out the most interesting narratives at my first selection, and have now only to choose from those which I formerly rejected as too dull to amuse, or too extravagant for belief. Nevertheless, I am very willing to distrust the judgment which induced me to pass over incidents that now, for the first time, see the light in a literary shape; and I beg to say, that I will vouch for the truth of every circumstance which shall appear under my hand. The facts, indeed, have been already partly known to the public, as all my neighbours can testify; and should any doubt arise, I am very certain that the rector and the officiating clergyman will corroborate my evidence if called upon. Indeed, I believe from the little I have seen of the world—and I have seldom stepped out of the limits of my own parish—that the imagination of an author cannot outstrip the extraordinary events which occur in common life; and that a book might be written, of which every syllable should be strictly true, which the critics would condemn as absolutely incredible.

I make these remarks because, as my veracity has never yet been called in question, I should be sorry at my time of life to incur the imputation of distorting facts; and, on the other hand, my stories should be condemned as too common-

lition which the applause of so many places, I can only plead the strong temp- tation gentlefolks offered to an humble scribe.

It would not perhaps be unamusing to describe the vast changes in fashion which have taken place during the forty years that I have officiated as parish clerk; but though I am not an inattentive observer of dress, I have looked beyond the bridal robes, and my chief delight has been to scrutinize, I hope not impertinently, the conduct of the parties. I was much interested by the appearance of a lady who came in a splendid carriage, and attended by her friends, to our church. She was richly and elegantly attired, in white lace and in white satin; but no one looked upon her countenance would ever cast a thought upon her dress again: her form was so thin and fragile, it seemed a mere shadow; her face was of lily paleness, and she wore a look of deep and touching melancholy, that the heart melted at the piteous sight. There was, however, no violence in her grief; her eyes were tearless, and her manner was calm. I understood that she was a great heiress, who had lately changed her name for a large fortune, and that she was of age, and her own mistress; therefore there could be no constraint employed in inducing her to approach the altar. My ears are rather quick, and I could not help overhearing a part of this lady's conversation with her bride's-maid, as they walked up and down the aisle together. "I was wrong to come here," she said, in a mournful tone, "wrong to allow any persuasion to tempt me to violate the faith I have plighted to the dead. Can an oath so sacred as that which I have sworn ever be cancelled? I scarcely dare glance my eyes towards those dark and distant corners, lest I should encounter his reproaching shade: it seems as though he *must* rise from the grave to upbraid me with my broken vow."

The friend endeavoured to combat these fantastical notions, urged the duty she owed to the living, and the various excellencies of the man who now claimed her hand. "I know it all," returned the fair mourner, "but still I cannot be persuaded that I have not acted lightly in accepting the address of another. My faith should be buried in the tomb with my heart and my affections. I fear me that he who now receives my vows will repent those solicitations which have induced me to break my steadfast resolution to keep that solemn promise which made me the bride of the dead." Pulling down her veil, she passed her hand across her eyes and sighed heavily. Not wishing to appear intrusive, I withdrew to the vestry-room; and shortly afterwards the bride-groom entered, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as a stranger, saying that the relative who was to have attended him as the groom's man had been suddenly taken ill, and his place unexpectedly supplied by a friend newly arrived from the Continent. He then inquired for the bride, entered the church, and led her to the altar. The ceremony commenced—and the lady, raising her drooping downcast head, fixed her eyes upon the stranger who stood by her intended husband's side, and, uttering a wild scream, fell lifeless on the ground! We carried her immediately into the vestry, and, after many applications of hartshorn-and-water, she at length revived. In the interim an explanation had taken place; and I learned that in early life the bride had been engaged to the gentleman whose appearance had caused so much agitation, and whom she had long mourned as one numbered with the dead. The bride-groom did not urge the conclusion of the ceremony, and indeed the spirits of the lady had sustained too severe a shock for the possibility of going through it. Her tremor was so great that there was some difficulty in conveying her to the carriage, and the whole party retired looking very blank and dejected.

About three months afterwards, the same lady came to church again to be married, and never in my life did I see so astonishing a change as that which had taken place in her person and demeanour. She had grown quite plump; a sweet flush suffused her face, and her eyes, instead of being sunk and hollow, were now radiantly brilliant. She stepped forward with a cheerful air, and her voice sounded joyously. If my surprise were great at this alteration, it was still greater when I looked at the bride-groom, and saw that he was the very same gentleman who had come before. I thought, to be sure, that the lady who had grieved so deeply was now going to be united to her first love—but, no such thing; and I was told afterwards, that the young heiress was so shocked by the inconstancy of the

faithless friend—for it seems that he was not aware of the report of his death, and had long ceased to trouble himself about her—that her attachment was quite cured, and she had determined to bestow her hand and fortune upon the man who best deserved them.

There was something very remarkable about the next couple who came to be married. The lady was old, and the gentleman young—a mere boy of one-and-twenty, going to link himself with sixty-five. And such a vinegar crabbed aspect as the bride possessed was surely never exhibited at a wedding before. She seemed conscious that she was about to do a foolish thing, and was angry that the world thought so too: the bridegroom looked sheepish, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground, while he rapped his shoe with his cane, much to the discomfort of the lady, who was compelled to put herself forward as he hung back, and to take his arm instead of waiting to be led to the altar. She could not conceal her mortification at the neglect she experienced, but she bridled, and cast such bitter glances upon those who seemed disposed to smile, that all the party stood awe-struck; and when the ceremony commenced, it was rather curious to hear the bridegroom whispering his part of the service, while the sharp shrill voice of the bride was actually starting in the solemn silence of a large and nearly empty church. The contrast between this antiquated belle's yellow parchment visage and her snowy drapery was so striking that it increased her ugliness. I could think of nothing but an Egyptian mummy tripped out in white satin; and there were some sly looks passed amid the company when her restless fiery eyes were for a moment withdrawn, which seemed to say that some such idea was gliding through their heads. I suppose that she had a good deal of money, for by the poor lad's manner I should think that nothing else would have induced so young a man to link himself with such a withered, and I may say pestilent hag.

I have seen, to be sure, many unwilling bridegrooms in my time. One I remember, was evidently brought to the church through fear of the brothers of his bride; they came, three of them, to escort the lady, as fierce as dragon officers; and I believe one of them was in the army, for he clattered in with long spurs, and wore a brave pair of mustachios on his upper lip. The other two were stout athletic men, with an air of great resolution; while the bridegroom, who was strong enough to have coped with any one of them, but who in all probability disliked the chances of a bullet, looked dogged and sullen, taking special care to show that the slight civility that he displayed was extorted from him by compulsion. I felt for the poor girl, for she met nothing but stern glances. The rising tears were checked by a frown from some one of her three brothers, who watched her narrowly; and there was little consolation to be drawn from the countenance of her intended husband; if ever he looked up there was a scowl upon his brow. She could only hope to exchange three tyrants for one, and there seemed too great a probability that the last would revenge upon her the treatment which he had received from her kinsmen. The ladies of the party shook their heads and were silent; and altogether I never saw more evil augury, although the termination was not so disastrous as that which I once witnessed upon a nearly similar occasion.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Intemperance.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT OBSERVER.

INFALLIBLE ANTIDOTE.

Entire abstinence from ardent spirits is the only certain preventive of Intemperance.

Liver complaints; dyspepsy; complaints of the stomach; and prostrating fevers thence derived, seem to form a reign of terror in the 19th century. It is remarkable, too, that they maintain and extend their sway, with more than regal or imperial power.

There is, beyond reasonable question, a specific cause. I do not pretend, however, to philosophise here upon the subject. The investigation is better submitted to learned men, whose professional duties make them acquainted with the variations of disease. To search out causes of frailty, as far as human eye can penetrate, is not less appropriate to their range of studies, than to discover and apply remedies.

But I must be permitted very strongly to suspect, that ardent spirits are to be accounted the most powerful agents in producing the above mentioned maladies, so universally denominated distressing.

Other predisposing causes there indeed may be, which in some instances, are efficient in rendering morbid the internal organization of the bodily system. But, of the foes that are now waging a

terrible warfare against the corporeal constitution and health and life of man, I cannot doubt, that ardent spirits occupy the front rank. Complaints of the stomach and liver are troops which these spirits have raised—troops which are fighting under the dark banners of rum and brandy, whiskey and gin—troops already so far in advance of other enemies, as not to admit of comparison either in rapidity or conquest, or in length and breadth of territory acquired.

Do you hesitate to admit the correctness of this conclusion? Tell me, then, why is it that so few in proportion, if any of those who have abstained entirely from ardent spirits, are ever tormented by these complaints. Tell me why it is, that dyspeptics so generally recover a healthful tone of the stomach, and a vigorous elasticity of muscle, in consequence of resolutely refusing to resort longer, for relief, to those cauterizing stimulants.

Fevers, moreover, are supposed, if I rightly understand reports, to originate in a bad state of the Stomach. Again, therefore, I would gladly be informed, why is it that fever, when epidemic, whether by Typhus, or some other name designated, proves generally, so much more deadly to habitual drinkers of distilled liquors, than to the abstinent.

I know that this is not perfectly unexceptionable. Victims are sometimes, though rarely, found among the most rigidly abstemious. But it is so nearly without exception, as to have become proverbial. An epidemic fever selects the intemperate for the infliction of its mortal strokes. It sweeps into the grave, a large proportion of those who have been in the very frequent, perhaps daily, practice of swallowing the burning dose.

Sound philosophy teaches, that this result is natural. To the considerate, therefore, it cannot be surprising. To every witness, however, it should administer salutary warning. The effect is not without an adequate cause.

Ardent spirits, taken into the stomach, are said to sear the digestive organs; to indurate the liver; to impede the vital and visceral functions, and thus to lay a sure foundation for the calamities of dyspepsy, and for the mortal attacks of fever.

Diluting these fiery liquids with water cannot change their nature. It cannot greatly, if at all, diminish their power of doing mischief to the health, and of undermining the constitution.—Every day offers testimony in proof, that ardent spirits, whether taken mixed or clear, produce drunkenness and disease. View the argument, consequently, in its bearing upon bodily health and personal enjoyment, and you will find it invincible in favour of entire abstinence. T. I. A.

From the Brief Remarker.

ON IDLERS.

There are multitudes, who pass along the stream of life, without labouring at the oar, or paying any thing for their passage; so that the charge of their fare falls most unreasonably, upon their fellow passengers. This is an evil of a serious and dangerous nature; for such idlers not only burden community, but corrupt it. To say it were as well for their country that they had never been born, and they are unworthy to be numbered in the census of its population; to say this, is saying too little.—They not only do no good, but much harm: they do not only prey upon the fruits of other men's industry, but deprave public morals. It is in the nature of this kind of gentry to multiply very fast, if they are not checked; for besides that they commonly bring up their children, if they have any, in their own way of living, they are perpetually making proselytes, by their examples and enticements, of a great many youths, who but for them, might have been industrious, and useful to society.

In some countries, the wisdom of legislators has been much employed on this subject, and the arm of executive power has enforced industry as a political duty which every person owed to the state. The Hollanders in particular, in the early age of their republic, considered idle persons as politically criminal, and punished idleness as a crime against the commonwealth.—Those who had no visible means of an honest livelihood, were called before the magistracy to give an account how they got their living; and if they were unable to render a satisfactory explanation on this point, they were put to labour. Those thrifty Hollanders are said to have employed, also, the following singular expedient. They constructed a kind of box sufficiently large for a man to stand therein upright, and exercise his bodily faculties. In the interior of it was a pump. The vagrant

or idler was put into this box, which was so placed, in the liquid element, that the water gushed into it constantly, through apertures in its bottom and sides; so that the lazy culprit had to work at the pump, with all his might, and for several hours together, to keep himself from drowning. The medicine, it is said, was found to be an infallible cure for the disease; inasmuch that no person was ever known to work at the pump the second time.

I do by no means recommend those old Dutch Laws and customs for domestic use here. Sacred Liberty! I would not hurt the hair of thy head.—Yet, every thing ought to be done in this case which can be done consistently with that personal liberty which our constitutions of government guarantee to every citizen of the States. How far our laws, in consistency with the rights of citizens, might go towards restraining notorious idleness and dissipation with respect to adults, it is not for me to say. I leave it to men in upper life, and gifted with superior wisdom. Thus far, however, I will venture to affirm; that, as children in some sense or other, do actually belong to the community, so it ought to be in the power, and be made the duty, of the political guardians of the public welfare, to see that they be brought up in such a manner that they may be likely to strengthen and adorn, rather than weaken and deprave society. For which reason, when idle and profligate parents are manifestly leading their children in their own footsteps, they ought to be taken from the dominion of such unworthy parents, and be placed under the care of those who would accustom them to habits of virtuous industry. It would be an act of charity to the children themselves; and would give to the general community a vast number of sound and useful members, who else, would grow up to prey upon its earnings and poison its morals. If all suitable pains were taken with the rising generation, to induce them to sober and industrious habits, by example, by the incitements of persuasion, and even by reasonable force, whenever force is necessary, the effects would be happy beyond measure. An infinite mass of mischief and crime would be prevented; the officers of justice would have little to do; our jails would, comparatively, be empty.

I will only add, Public Sentiment, as it now stands, in some, if not most parts of our country, must needs be rectified; else idleness and dissipation will continue to gather numbers and strength. So long as an idle, worthless fellow—perchance a gambler and sharper; by means of a fine coat, a lily hand, and graceful bows, is able to take rank of an industrious worthy young farmer, or mechanic, who gets an honest living by the sweat of his face—it will be vain to denounce idleness, or to recommend industry. Under such circumstances, young men whose ambition is more than a match for their moral principle, very naturally turn idlers or set out to live by their wits; well knowing that if they can only keep up a gentlemanly appearance, by any means, they will be much better received, and rank much higher, than if they were plain, industrious, labouring men.

Lo a ball! a splendid ball. And who enters now? Who is he, that all the gentlemen greet so heartily? It is Mr. Flash, an itinerant, who, without funds, without industry, without any visible means, always dresses in high taste, and has, at his fingers' end, every punctilio of fashionable manners—he is quite the gentleman!

From the New England Galaxy.

WAYWARD CRITICISMS—By H. C. Knight.

Sterne's idea of the "recording angel," and the "blotting tear," is thought to be one of the finest in the language; as containing a sublime sentiment beautifully expressed; and I know not whether the thought of the "star" dimly gleaming through the unsubstantial form of one of Ossian's "ghosts," as it glided along the mist, be not the next in imagery, though thin of sentiment.

The property of intellect is not always hereditary; as witness two modern instances: Sir Isaac Newton had a weak-headed father, and Lord Chesterfield a weak-headed son. Persons of small intellect should never shine in conversation, but rather, not say any thing very exceptional. Boats that have not such bottom had best to carry but little sail, and had better be becalmed than over-set.

Is it not very stupid to continue the mongrel French *Oyez* at the opening of a court? And the antiquated "Know all men by these Presents," at the opening of an instrument?

It is well for a stranger, who would please the mother, to take notice of her babes. I should like to know what infant smiles at when asleep; into what world, and among what tiny scenes, its dreams have their range?