



From the Sunday Mercury.
SHORT PATENT SERMON.
BY "DOW JR."

The following stanza, by H. T. Tuckerman, will compose my text for the present occasion:

Give me the boon of love!
Fame's trumpet strains depart;
But love's sweet lute breathes melody
That lingers in the heart;
And the scroll of fame will burn
When sea and earth consume,
But the rose of love in a happier sphere,
Will live in deathless bloom!

My hearers—pure love, love without licentiousness or sensuality, is manufactured by the angels in heaven expressly for this terrestrial market. It is a glorious thing for us that a friendly intercourse is still maintained in relation to this indispensable commodity; for, without love, we should be as morose and miserable as an old maid without tea. It keeps the heart moist with the genial dews of affection—renders soft and pliable the putty of pity—and calls up spirits of compassion from the vasty deep of human selfishness. I know there are some, who prefer fame to love—who had rather plunge headlong into perdition with the world's applause, than push for paradise alone and unnoticed. But my friends, why should they make a fever in the brain and set their blood boiling for the sake of gaining a wreath whose green leaves shall but decorate a withered brow, and wave above a bosom barren in peace and comfort? Give me the boon of love! I had much rather 'lay off' and bask in the sunshine of affection, than be led by crazy ambition to the top of the mountain, where cold winds rave and everlasting snows encompass. Oh, I had rather lean upon a breast that beats responsive to mine, and feast upon kisses, than sit pavilioned upon a kingly throne, and be pricked by the pins of care, an object of fear and favor, but not of love.

My friends—renown is but a hollow sound that echoes through the silent halls of death, where it dies away, and is heard no more.—The path of fame is a dreary one—now leading through a gloomy vale of disappointment, and now bordering upon precipices and dangerous chasms, down which one may tumble ere he is aware of it, and break himself into so many pieces, that while one eye was hunting after his nose the other could go to sleep for an hour and wake up in time to see it properly adjusted. One single wild flower plucked from the path of love—no matter how lowly or humble it may be—looks prettier and smells sweeter than the brightest blossom ambition ever culled from the hot house of fame. There is as much difference the two as there is between a toad stool and the handsomest hollyhocks that grow spontaneously on the outskirts of heaven. O, then give me the boon of love!—The will-o'-wisp of fame shines at a distance with a cold, phosphorescent glow, amid the fogs of doubt and uncertainty; but the light of love is near and cheering. It gradually warms a person all over, from one extremity to the other—thaws our feelings of tenderness that have lain concealed in a long winter of misanthropy—and, every now and then drops a new spark on the tinder of his affections. One tender glance from the bright eye of beauty, in a cold day, will throw caloric enough into the soul to keep the body warm a week: and our thermometers of joy and pleasure will stand upon an average at fever heat. But the flame of glory, my friends, burns fitfully and scorchingly for a few moments upon the funeral pyre of man's happiness, and then leaves him surrounded by the midnight darkness of the tomb.

My dear friends—give me but the boon of love, and I will ask no other. There is no more music in the wild, harsh trumpet strains of fame than there is in a woman's whistling. They resound for awhile over mountain and plain, rousing toads, lizzards and loafers to peep from their holes in wonder and astonishment—and then they depart forever: but the

soft, sweet lute of love breathes heaven-born melody, that lingers in the bosom when bereft of all other enjoyment, and causes the heart-strings to vibrate with joy even at the door of the tomb. When the snows of age shall settle upon us, and life's landscape looks sad and dreary—when the songs of mirth and jollity have ceased to please—the recollection of loves early music will awaken such pleasing echoes in our bosoms as shall oft cause us to forget that we are old and are not able to properly appreciate what we so lavishly admire. Though the winter of our existence shall have set in upon us, and the trees of our youth shall have been stripped of their verdure, the leaves of love will start forth anew in the warm sun of memory; and they will flourish for a short time as fresh and fair as though they were not soon to be destroyed by the frosts of forgetfulness.

My hearers—seek not fame. Its scroll will be burnt to ashes, when the dust of your bodies shall mingle with its original dust; but seek for love—for that abideth forever. When this world of ours shall be shipwrecked upon the unknown shore of eternity—when combustion shall take place, and all things perish amid the the sinful wreck of matter—Love, immortal Love, shall Phoenix-like rise from her own ashes, and wing her way to those realms of glory, where Honor has no seal—where Fame is stripped of her laurels—and where the steam of Ambition is blown off forever. Look for the rose of love, my friends, in the garden of virtue. Pluck it—place it in your bosoms—water it with the tears of affection, and it will never fade. Its perfume will never be exhausted—its leaves will never fall—and not a petal will wither. It will continue in deathless bloom through the countless ages of eternity, in a better sphere than this; that is to say, if it is never exposed to the storms of neglect, nor wilted before the burning blaze of dissipation. So mote it be!

WOMAN.

Amid the various scenes of this fitful existence, the most delightful one is that which wedded hearts and sympathizing minds create. In the morning of life man looks around for one being in whose faithful and unchanging bosom he may repose his future confidence, and glide onward with, supporting and supported, through all attacks of the world, disease and pain. Our nature is never seen to a more beautiful advantage than when enthralled by such a care; it shows man in his native and ordained dignity of character, and woman in all those blandishments of an ingenious and corrupted soil, accompanying and delighting her lord in his summer hours of joy and sunshine, nor shrinking from him in the 'elemental war' and earth's assaults; she then shows 'the tender fierceness of the dove,' and the placid, helpless being of peace' is neived beyond her nature, and inspired by circumstance, with the feeling of Apollo's priestess. In women, confessedly, nature asserts her greater nobility and power; the disposition of men may admit of greater constancy of decision, but it is to the female character alone to employ itself with a feeling almost supernatural—to spurn and rise above all circumstance in the decision—to attempt every thing, and evince, by the daring, the beauty, and the valuation of such effort.

Origin of the Honey Moon.—Though the words are in common use, their derivation is little known, as nothing respecting them is found in the dictionaries or encyclopedias.—The origin is from a custom of the Teutones, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead, or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

Rural life.—At four in the morning, a dozen cockrills in 'full cry' under your windows.—The house dog, making his morning adoration of the sun. Four cows (who have just left their calves) in 'full blast.' The spinning-wheel over head. The churn in the entry. Two cats, at psaltery on the house tops. And last, but not least, the master with his two sons beneath your windows ploughing an old rocky field! As an offset these miseries, you may dig your own dandelions, and pick columbines among the rocks, for nothing. But try it—there's nothing like trying! We say no more.

From the Picayune.

TEETHING.

The ancient saying is, that man Is but a larger baby!
And seldom out of leading strings,
Tho' he may getting grey be,
Admitted, and of all the ills,
Poor thing he whines beneath,
The longest, most vexatious, is
The cutting of his teeth!

Of course there is a difference—
Some cut 'em very early;
In boyhood, we have seen some mouths
With teeth as sharp as pearly!
And some precocious cases, more
Extraordinary yet,
Get thro' the world provided with,
'T would seem, a double set!

But these are the exceptions, each
Such case is a *phenomenon*,
A very learned word, and which
Signifies an uncommon un!
It's only now and then one meets
With such a gifted chap;
Most of us smell unto the last
Confoundedly of *pap*.

The larger baby shows his teeth
At first complacently,
In all the pride of a 'first set,'
Alas, for vanity!
But tougher dishes ev'ry day
Experience for him spreads,
And grosser grows his stomach, with
Each early tooth he sheds.

The "dog teeth," every jaw we know
Is furnish'd with a pair;
For human or canine, instinct
It is to "hold and tear;"
Tho' strong enough at first, they seem
To strenghten ev'ry day—
The *fangs*, in either species, still
The latest to decay.

The 'grinders' now, poor babes! at first
Our sentimental diet,
We swallow just like 'mother's milk,'
And thrive on it in quiet;
Too early do we chew the cud
Of bitter rumination—
Too early need we 'molar' aid
To help our mastication!

The 'wisdom teeth,' unhappy things!
How long do we complain;
What lancing, and what physicking,
Before the tooth we gain!
How few, after the cutting, we
Can *useful* sages call;
How many kick the bucket with-
Out cutting 'em at all.

Oh life!—but we wont moralize,
We're sick of it in sooth,
'T would prove, what we ourselves suspect,
That we still want a tooth—
The "eye tooth," an essential one,
If thro' the world you'd get—
We wont despair—a few more years
May add it to our set. STRAWS.

Droll, if true.—A man was found asleep in the channel of the Ohio, near Cincinnati.—When seen, he was lying on his back, and his nose had burnt away all the water within boiling distance.

A reason for going to Church.—Burger, the German poet, satirizes the sleepers at church in an epigram which we have not seen translated. Here is a version of it:

'All the night long I have not slept a wink,
On Sunday morning said a languid fair;
'Tis hard; but I will creep to church I think,
And possibly may doze a little there.'

Shocking punning.—The Buffalonian says: Our jail must be in a *sinking* condition. It is always more or less *full*, though people are constantly *bailing out*.

The bumps raised on a man's head by a cudgel, are now called *fray*-nological developments.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist, or a sun-burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of idleness and dishonesty.

SAM SLOPE.

A loafer of the old school, reclining on the Levee philosophising—not like *Diogenes* in a tub, but like *Sam* on a tobacco hogshead, and it was evident from the smile that lit up his features, that he was dwelling on the reminiscences of by-gone days, recalling from the store house of memory, the recollection of the many drinks he had imbibed without disbursering the needful, the untold success he had met in his nightly search for quarters, and after a careful survey *Sam* seemed to conclude that a bright particular star had thus far shone unclouded upon his path. A new era had dawned upon the world and its effects bothered *Sam's* calculations. With a peculiar toss of his head which practice had made him expert at, he threw his old silk hat from out his eyes, wiped his nose, and *bust out*: 'Well, I've seen all kinds of times, but of all the times these ere is wosser. Why, the people's all bustin' up, and comin' into our perfession till it's bilin' over. Times wost was before they got Temperance societies that a fellow could get along rite neat, cos the people sympathized with him, and if he looked bad giv'd him a drink; but they tells him now to jine a temperance society. I hate them societies, and I doesn't care who knows it. As long as them societies is goin', people must bust up, cos nobody will spend, nothing now as they used to, and in course it makes it bad for them wot sells. People doesn't fall down any more, and give a fellow a *bit* for picking them up; besides wots wosser again, the fellers on the steamboats doesn't git *teed* any more at night, and an enterprising individual can't git into a stateroom to nap. I'm a bust up concern if these ere times lasts, that's certain. I wish I was a steamboat, and there aint much difference between a steamboat and a man. They have to feed a steamboat to git it along, and so they must I—she paddles her way, and so do I—she wants steam, and so do I—she's got boarding and lodging on board—Ah! there's a wisible difference—I aint got neither on them, and 'their werry essential,' as the undertaker said about his coffins, to the man wot was dying. There comes watchy and it's *essential* I should move,'—accordingly *Sam* sloped.—*St. Louis Organ.*

GRAMMATICAL.—'What! at you-a studies so early, Miss Angelina!' said the foppish, frippery Damon Darlington, as he entered the boudoir of a lady acquaintance, living in St. — street, yesterday, and, crossing over the carpeted floor to the sofa on which she sat, he added—'Awh! what is it that attracts your attention?—Bulwer's last—Zanoni, I have no doubt.'

'No sir,' said Angelina, coolly; 'I am studying my grammar.'

'Awh! capital! glorious!' said Damon, rubbing his kid glove-cased hands in affected rapture. 'Now commence, my dear, and conjugate for me the verb, 'to love.'

'No, sir,' replied the spirited Angelina, 'but I will decline the pronoun *you*;' and walking into the next room, she rang the bell, and when the negro servant attended the summons, she ordered him to conduct Mr. Damon Darlington to the hall-door.'

The negro instantly obeyed the commands of his young mistress, and but a few minutes elapsed ere the accomplished Mr. Darlington was an illustration of the preter perfect tense of the verb 'to go'—he was *gone!*—*Pic.*

A Tall Petition.—The Chartist petition, lately presented to the British Parliament, is said to have been signed by three millions of persons. The whole number who enjoy the right of suffrage in Great Britain is probably considerably less than one million.

A Pair of Monsters.—A man and his wife living near Mount Holly, (N. J.) were lately detected of having thrown three of their children into the fire, and there let them remain till they were burnt to ashes. This was done directly after each child was born for the third successive year—and the third will 'pay for all,' according to the old proverb. They have since disappeared.

'I've thrown myself away without sufficient cause,' as the crow said, when he died in his youth.