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The Danville Advertiser.

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Poetry.

In the days of Grecian glory the poets sang their own verses. In latter times Border minstrels chanted their romances of chivalry, and English ball-singers were welcome to the boards of peer and peasant.

Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore! Gone like a bird in the autumn that singeth; Gone, like the flower by the wayside that springeth, Gone, like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth.

I built a Palace, white and high, With sweeping purple tapestried, No dusty highway ran thereby, But guarded alleys to it led.

And I, who had it stone by stone, Stone after stone do take it down. What if a king, whose state had flown, Should put apart his regal crown?

The Story Teller.

TWO SIDES OF LIFE'S PATHWAY. BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS. CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Four years ago, in the twilight memory recalled the past by the blinding glare of pride—now she travelled the same path that had known no foot-print since; but the soft gems of love shadowed the way, bringing to light many an forgotten deed that circled it radiantly.

The moon had well nigh reached its meridian, and its crescent beams crept hither and thither, sometimes interrupted by a darkling cloud, and then bursting forth in new effulgence from its transient prison.

Miscellaneous.

What I Begin to Believe. "Bubbles," of the California Golden Era furnishes that paper, under the head of "Notes and Cogitations," with the following:

I begin to believe that, now-a-days, money makes the man, and dress the gentleman. I begin to believe that the purse is more potent than the sword and the pun together.

The human heart has been likened to a book, so I will unseat this, and let you read from its pages; but ah! many of them bear the impress of deep, bitter grief—tears that have well nigh blotted words and deeds out.

There are blessed visitants alike to city and country—warm, vivifying sunlight, making the stones almost glitter, and gleaming among the trees, half trying to make amends for its burning rays at mid-day by softer beams morning and night.

It was summer time in the city. There was no merry cricket to enliven the evening—no sweet sound from forest depths—but the silver moon shed undimmed lustre on all around.

Where was Lucy Everard all this time? Not by the casement—not in the gay, pleasant gardens—not in the crowded streets—oh! where was she, then? No—not dead—not fallen—but a pure, strong-hearted woman, toiling for daily bread—a weak, suffering woman—a barque tossed on life's tempestuous ocean—no light, no guide.

No light! no guide! O, I was strangely wrong. There was a sweet, holy child—part of her life; and, morning and night, it lisped a prayer for the wanderer—her who first taught it to pray for all alike; and each one of those words was a link in a chain that kept the mother from sin.

There are myriads of unseen angels flying hither and thither, searching the heart's most secret places, and like them we will seek the wanderer. Apart from the busy world, in a lonely, silent street, there are high houses, that almost shut sunlight from the opposite window, and the wind can scarcely sweep through the narrow way.

The moonlight was creeping through the dormer window, and fell in rich folds on the carpetless floor, silvering each board with

Poetry.

Strangers came to shroud her, and fold the thin hands on the breast—no sigh, no tear, no kiss imprinted on her cold forehead; coldly they laid her in a stranger's grave, with no prayer, and unblest,—yet over the pale face came back, and the thin lips tried to murmur, "Father, forgive him."

Memory went back to the heart's first love, in its deep, ardent intensity—how she had watched for his coming, and lain on his bosom, whispering, in lute-like tones, the depths of her impassioned love—and how had it been repaid? When the tempter came, he had left her to struggle alone—withdrawn even the light of his smile—planted thorns in her pathway that might not be seen, but oh! how keenly felt.

I shall remember, alas! to regret thee; I shall regret when all others forget thee; Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore! Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow, O! to be happy with thee on the morrow, Who would not fly from this desolate sphere.

En Espagne. I built a Palace, white and high, With sweeping purple tapestried, No dusty highway ran thereby, But guarded alleys to it led.

That was in golden Summer-time—The Winter was in howling now, My Palace has passed out of time—The sword is only sheathed snow. Its hangings with the dead leaves blow; There comes an end to mortal prime.

And I, who had it stone by stone, Stone after stone do take it down. What if a king, whose state had flown, Should put apart his regal crown? For longly heirs his fate can frown, Thy rule forever o'er their own.

Stranger, stranger that she could thus have lost her way in a path of unwavering light—strange she should have sought strangers in preference to those who had loved long and sincerely—and yet, thank God, she had preserved her woman's estate amidst it all.

Home Department.

Oh, be not the First! A blot on the fame of a friend, A flaw in the faith of a lover, Whose heart may prove true to the end.

We none of us know one another, And oft into error we fall; Then let us speak well of our brother, Or speak not about him at all.

How often the light smile of gladness Is worn by the friends that we meet To cover a soul full of sadness, Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the sigh of dejection Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast, To parody truth and affection, Or lure a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we hold dearest Their noblest emotions conceal; And bosoms the purest, sincerest, Have secrets they cannot reveal.

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion, And small ones to trace our defects— Let ours be a noble ambition, For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another, And oft into error we fall; Then let us speak well of our brother, Or speak not about him at all.

Home Influence. Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say, "I thank you?" Why not practice it at home? to your husband, your children, your domestics?

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your very, very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never minds, don't think of it, I don't care at all!"

A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. "He don't see anything to apologize for—never thinks of such matters. Everything is all right—cold supper, cold room, crying children; perfectly comfortable. Goes home, where the wife has been taking care of the sick ones and working her life almost out.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy?—How sweet they sound, those little words—"I thank you," or "You are very kind!"—Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? to grow glad at your approach? to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple.

What we say, we say unto all; be polite. HEALTH AND DOMESTIC BLISS.—The morbid states of health, the irritability of disposition, arising from unstrung nerves, the impatience, the crossness, the fault-finding of men, who, full of morbid influences are unhappy themselves, and throw the cloud of their troubles like a dark shadow upon others, teach us what eminent duty there is in health. It is not of itself alone, domestic happiness, for that depends upon more positive causes; but it certainly is true that in the present ill estate of human life, the want of a good stomach, of firm nerve, of patience and endurance, which belong to health, all thousands of households with quarrels, and moroseness, and complaints, and unhappiness; and when the family is sour, human life itself cannot be sweet.

Miscellaneous.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—Bulwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It can't be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness!

MEXICO RIGHT TO BE SICK.—No man has a right to withdraw so much capital from human society, nor add so much tax or burden to it, as every sick man must. Where sickness is inevitable, and without the fault of its victim, he is a subject of pity.

AN ANECDOTE IS RELATED OF THE REV. DR. KIRK, of Boston. Early in life, a lady of fortune, whose attention was awakened toward him by his conspicuous talents, wrote him a note offering him her heart, fortune, and hand.

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A MERCHANT IN N. Y., who was on the verge of bankruptcy, took a walk one day with his cashier, who had grown rich and built several fine houses in a fashionable avenue. In his pride of heart, he showed his employer his palatial dwellings, and asked triumphantly, "What do you think of that?"

EDUCATE the whole man—the head, the heart, the body; the head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act.