

Human Love.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest... Written in Wisdom—there is a word...

Sit Down, Sad Soul.

Sit down, sad soul! and count... The moment's flying...

Lie down, sad soul! and sleep... And so more measure...

We dream: do thou the same... We love—for ever...

ORIGINAL SKETCH.

A NIGHT OF BLOOD.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

BY THE SACRED

CHAPTER VI.

How many Edens there are yet upon earth! How many loved spots in a world of griefs...

MOON—HORN. Would that every weary wanderer over the world's waste could find such a resting place...

The home upon the lake-shore was one of the brightest. It was away from the noise and bustle of life...

We promised to look in upon such a home. We shrank from a fulfilment of our promise...

Reader, do you believe in presentiments? We do. We wonder not that

some of the strongest minds of which we have record, have been shaken by some mysterious presence which revealed the approach of evil...

The farmer was not a superstitious man. His good sense and intelligent mind would have furnished no foothold for things bordering on the marvelous.

As he turned the corner at the foot of the lake and passed into the shadows of the oaks standing below the church, his horse, giving a sudden snort, jumped sideways out of the path and wheeled to run.

It was a mystery to the farmer. The moon was hidden behind a cloud, yet objects could be seen in the darkness.

Riding the horse up to a sapling in the corner of the fence, he cut and trimmed a heavy whip and reined him once more into the road.

Whether it was the fall, we cannot devise, but a rushing sound filled the air, a cold, freezing sensation seemed to creep over the farmer, an icy hand rested upon him and bore him down...

She moved carefully its bright-locks from its bloodless brow, and stooping, lingered long and tenderly with her lips upon its tinted cheek.

Linger there, mother—'tis thy last.—The unseen messenger speeds for thee and thine; and the guardian angels of thy innocent babe are weeping for the woe to come.

Habits, when once formed, become a sort of second nature, a part of ourselves, as it were, and are not easily broken or avoided, especially if they be bad ones—formed for the gratification of the appetites or passions.

freezing, piteous wail rung in his ears until, in spite of himself, a sickening and heavy feeling crept into his heart.

The moon shone brightly down, the smoke curled up from his own chimney, and he heard plainly the mirth of his children, yet a weight was upon him...

At the time we last saw the Negro, he was in the rear of the kitchen, and he promised to look in upon the scene which we spoke of at the commencement of this chapter.

It was nine o'clock by the old family time-piece. A venerable Bible lay upon the stand where a candle was dimly burning in its socket.

The mother took the child and commenced undressing it. The waters of life were already welling freshly up in its heart, and infancy was budding into glad and joyous youth.

'Twas a lovely child! Its eye and cheek were as bright and clear as a sunbeam, its little brow like the driven snow, its locks as rich and luxuriant as ever wreathed the bud of opening youth.

After a while, the other arm was unloosened, the night-clothes put on, and the little one, whose life was but just gushing over with the sparkling mirth of innocence, was hushed and its heart beating silently in its miniature temple of purity and truth.

Tenderly it was laid in its bed, and long did the mother gaze upon its untroubled slumbers: Was she at prayer? It needs them not.

Slowly she turned away, but again returned and leaned over the sleeping babe. One might have thought a sleeping angel was hidden beneath the snowy bedding, so calm and pure and beautiful was it in its dreamless slumber.

Do NOT FEAR to undertake to form any habit that is desirable. It can be formed, and that too with more ease than you may at first suppose.

Habits, when once formed, become a sort of second nature, a part of ourselves, as it were, and are not easily broken or avoided, especially if they be bad ones—formed for the gratification of the appetites or passions.

Do NOT FEAR to undertake to form any habit that is desirable. It can be formed, and that too with more ease than you may at first suppose.

Habits, when once formed, become a sort of second nature, a part of ourselves, as it were, and are not easily broken or avoided, especially if they be bad ones—formed for the gratification of the appetites or passions.

THE CAYUGA CHIEF.

SPEAK THE TRUTH—GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT. AUBURN, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1849.

FRIEND CHIPMAN, of the Star, in speaking of the mortality among Temperance papers in consequence of being starved to death by temperance people, very justly and pointedly calls upon those who have the interests of the great Reform at heart...

We are not a going to scold nor fret—not a going to detail things that have given us many a heavy heart and gloomy hour. We are not a going to whine.—We scorn to do it.

How different in politics! Aye, how different! Temperance papers are starved to death, and temperance laborers driven guant and penniless from the field.

But we will not dwell. Of the rum interests we ask no favors and expect none. Ditto of the temperance men only so far as we earn and deserve it.

Keep good cheer, friend Chipman. We wish your paper had ten thousand paying subscribers, and The Chief as many.

THOSE SIX MONTHS HAVE FORGOTTEN US, we are sorry to believe. They sit down and read The Chief without a thought that our paper costs money...

Keep good cheer, friend Chipman. We wish your paper had ten thousand paying subscribers, and The Chief as many.

THOSE SIX MONTHS HAVE FORGOTTEN US, we are sorry to believe. They sit down and read The Chief without a thought that our paper costs money...

CAN'T WE BEAR from our correspondent at Fulton? Montezuma? Port Byron? and—and—and all around the sap-bush? Who will write us from Sterling, Texas or California?

IT IS STATED that the Wisconsin law, in relation to making rum-sellers responsible for the effects of their traffic before a legal tribunal, is likely to prove a complete failure, no one taking notice of it.

THE RUMSELLERS are certainly the most heartless and pitiless class of beings alive. Not satisfied with robbing and killing men, they have the boldness to take the unthinking youth by the hand and start him on the same road which has led so many into misery and destruction.

Unless parents are very guardful of their sons, they will become victims to rum, and the rum-seller will prey upon their substance, and darken their every prospect, crush their brightest hopes.

What are the feelings of that father when his eyes rest upon a drunken son? Will not his heart swell with indignation towards the inhuman wretch who gave him the cursed drink?

View the rum-seller in any light you please, you cannot help but find him a villain. His deeds are dark and criminal—his heart cold and unfeeling.

KOSMER E. JARVIS, Esq., of Rochester, will address the citizens of Auburn on the subject of Temperance, this evening at the City Hall.

THE HUNGARIANS are struggling manfully for freedom against the borders that are sweeping down upon them.

STAND FIRM in the cause of justice.

CHOLERA! Cholera! Cholera! Death. Pestilence and the Grave! A plague abroad at noonday! Age, manhood, youth, innocence and beauty cut down at a blow!

SPEAKING OF LOVE, reminds us that there are a thousand things in this world to love. We love the world in a lump. With all its dark shadows are mingled so many bright gleams of sunshine.

We love—alas! we must cease our fight. The city bells [wonder if they are ever hungry?] ring out 12 o'clock noon.

WHAT! advertise in a Temperance paper? No, of course not. What folly! Who reads Temperance papers? To be sure, they circulate and visit thousands of families.

DEAD, laid out and buried! Such is the announcement which often meets the eye in relation to the decease of temperance journals.

STAND FIRM in the cause of justice.