

VINCENNES SATURDAY GAZETTE.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."

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From the New York State Journal.

Flowers.

"The flowers of the field might not be contemplated as distinct and separate from spiritual things. The glory in which they are arrayed, and the perfume which they breathe, are but the effect of the internal life which they receive by links from the spiritual world." — *N. Jerusalem Mag.*

Is there a child whose gentle heart,
Loves not fair Flora's fragrant race?
That bloom, and then so soon depart,
Emblems of childhood's transient grace.

Who can behold the damask rose,
Blushing upon its bending stem,
While opening buds their tints disclose,
Nor feel it joy to gaze on them?

Who can with cold indifference view
The lily's spangled purity,
Sparkling through drops of silver dew,
And breathing forth its fragrance!

How splendid are the colors bright
That deck the iris' regal head!
How soft the tints of modest light,
That o'er the hyacinth are spread.

The morning glory opens its bloom,
In midnight's silent dewy hour,
The rising sun dispels the gloom,
But strikes with death the tender flower.

The crimson dalila's towering pride
Strives with the gentlest flowers to vie,
While the meek violet seeks to hide
Her beauties from the passing eye.

Did Nature's hand produce these flowers,
And paint their beauties hues so bright?
Child! it was the Almighty power,
Who dwells in uncreated light.

That God, who from the dust of earth,
The first of human beings made,
Spoke also these fair things to birth,
And all their various forms array'd.

Their sweet perfume, their tints so fair,
Were both by spiritual bibles given,
Their grace and loveliness declare,
The pure and holy truths of heaven.

— *From the Louisiana Advertiser.*

The Pretty by Night.

Why fly the day, sweet bloom of grief,
When spirits reprobates
To kiss thy woes to sweet relief,
And give thee warmer dew!

Why not salute with open breast
The god of ruddy day?
The rose by him is still crest,
The violet drinks his ray.

Why still court night's cold chilly eye,
And feast upon thy care?
When ev'ry bloom salutes the sky,
Ah! why art thou not there!

Sure nothing lingers on thy breast,
Which guilty hates the light;
Then bloom sweet flor'r and bearest
By day as well as night.

— *MARYLAND BARD.*

— *From the N. Y. Ladies Companion.*

THE CONFLAGRATION.

A TALE.

"Ah, Granger, my good fellow, how are you?" exclaimed George Ruisen, to his friend as they met one December day, in Wall street. "Every thing is settled, have spoken to the Clergyman, and this evening you will call the lovely Caroline yours. What a lucky fellow you are; every thing prospers with you."

"Why yes," replied his friend complacently, "have nothing to complain of—my affairs are every thing I could wish."

"Your store is filled with hundreds of thousands worth of goods—your new house is completely furnished in the most costly manner, and to night you will take the chosen one of your heart."

"Yes, it is true, and I wish all my friends were as well off as myself."

George sighed—"Oh that I were as lucky as you. But I am one of the most unfortunate fellows alive. Every thing goes against me—I have been unlucky in business and in love." The sorrid mother of my Julia not only refuses her sanction to my marriage to her daughter, but is using every endeavor to force her into marriage with that old Selford, because he is rich."

"Well, well, keep up your spirits my poor George. They say fortune's wheel is always turning, and if you are at the bottom, you are sure when it moves to go to the top, while at every change I must be plunged the deeper."

"Perhaps so; but good morning. The church will be lighted at seven—after the ceremony we shall repair to your house, where the supper I have ordered I hope will suit you."

"Thank you—you are a very efficient grooseman. Good morning—we meet at seven."

At the hour appointed, the bridal party entered the church, and as Augustus Granger led his lovely bride up the aisle, the friends assembled around the altar thought they had seldom looked on a finer couple. Young Ruisen came next, but he had not the felicity of walking with his Julia, as she was forced to enter by the side of her rich, but disagreeable lover.

The ceremony over, the whole party drove to the elegant mansion of the bride-

room. As he led his young wife into the brilliantly lighted rooms, and placed her on a sofa, he gazed anxiously into her face to make the best impressions of her new house. With a smile of pleasure, Caroline glanced around her—

"Augustus you have displayed much taste in your furniture."

"Do you like it?"

"Indeed I do. Had I selected it myself, I could not have been better satisfied, and see, Julia, there is a daring French work-table in the next room on purpose for me, the perfume which they breathe, are but the effect of the internal life which they receive by links from the spiritual world." — *N. Jerusalem Mag.*

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