

The words of my text may be found in the writings of Thomas Moore, Esquire, as follows:

When I remember all  
The friends so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garland's dead,  
And all but me departed.

My hearers—when, with the telescope of Memory we take a survey of the scenes of our childhood, and endeavor to look after the companions of our youth, once so firmly knit together by the needles of friendship, and see how sadly Time has unravelled the whole beautiful fabric, we cannot but feel as wet and soggy about the heart as a water-soaked log. No matter how far away we may have been borne upon the railroad car of Time, or in whatever remote parts we may be, Memory will stick as close to the home of our childhood and the companions of our youth as a sheep-tick to the wool. It fills me with sour milk of melancholy to recall to mind the once bright chain of former friends, and to reflect that I must now be numbered among its broken links. I feel, in truth, like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted—whose lights are fled, whose garlands are dead, whose corners are filled with spider's webs—and where a few mown, half-starved Echoes alone remain. You may let the colt of fancy loose, and it will gallop, kick up its heels, and cut capers all over the green pastures of cuties; but memory trots as steadily home to earlier scenes as a stray sucking pig to the sow—returning soon, however, sick, pale, tired and spirit-worn.

My friends—call over the list of those

who joined you in the sports of childhood

and see how many respond to the summons.

Where are they? Echo answers

"Don't know." Aye, they are among

the missing. Some of them are sleeping

in their graves unmindful of the jar and

tumult of a noisy world, mingling mortality

with its native mould—some have wan-

dered like stray lambs away from the pa-

rental fold, and are scattered over the

broad face of the earth, never again to

meet in the warm glow of youth: some,

par chance, may cling around those neg-

lected bower which they once built to-

gether in friendship, love and harmony;

but the green wreaths of childhood no

longer are entwined upon their brows, the

fruits of age are settling on their heads;

and their fire of youthful enthusiasm has

long since become extinct. For the most

part, they are scattered hither and thither,

and you cannot call them together any

more than you can go into the woods in

November, and replace each fallen and

wind-driven leaf upon its parent tree.—

Separated as we all are, from our former

friends, our thoughts are often brought to

a focus at that "greenest spot on Memo-

ry's waste," where the happiest moments

of our lives were passed; and where with

the silken net that fancy knits, we drag

each other in to join us in a repetition of

those childish sports, which crowned our

earliest days with the diale of happiness.

My dear bears—there is a bewitching

an enchantment, connected with early as-

sociations, that is difficult to overcome.—

Images of the past dressed in lovely, yet

soul-saddening habiliments, will rise up

before us in almost every step we take on

our journey to the tomb. While we sigh

over the sepulchre of by-gone joys, and

mourn for the loss of absent friends, we

feel for the moment as though the surf

sorrow were about to sweep over the soul

and carry away our strongest bulwarks of

christian fortitude; and then we eat,

drink, frisk and frolic with our compa-

nions, *pro tem.*, as though we had none to

remember, or to be remembered by.—

This is a curious world in which we live,

and yet, if I had the power and the privi-

lege, I doubt whether I could make a bet-

ter one. It is a world full of vicissitudes,

villainy and variation. The scenes that

occurred yesterday do not happen to day;

and what happens to day can never take

place to-morrow. What is past is past;

what is present we realize—and, what is

to come, *must* come. Therefore, repine

ye not for former joys, now forever swal-

lowed in the vortex of time—lament ye

not that old associates have wandered

away from the fold of parental friendship;

because all these things must be. To think

otherwise, you might as well suppose that

you can go aboard of a steamboat here at

New York, and arrive at Boston without

leaving Hell Gate or Buttermilk Channel

behind you. Tame unsolders the firmest

fastenings of affection. When I consider

how many pretty girls I have loved with

a "perfect looseness," and reflect upon

what a splendid chance I had for either

one or the other of them, I feel as if I

hadn't done my duty to my God, to myself,

and to the female sex in general. But,

thank Heaven! there is time enough yet;

and although my fourth or fifth love may

not be equal in caloric to the first, still

there is just heat enough left in the oven

of my bosom to bake without burning,

consciously speaking. First love, former

friendship and future glory are all tem-

pered by time. The day will shortly come,

when most or all of you, my young friends,

will look back upon the original objects of

your affections, and the first friends that

you had on earth, with a wan and mel-

ancholy vision, and feel as if you "trod

alone some banquet hall deserted."

My friends—waste not your tears a-

round the monuments of the past, nor

gather fuel from the uncertain future to

build a brushwood fire of enthusiasm up-

on the altars of your hearts; but provide

for the present. Those companions of old

who have been compelled to forsake, or

be forsaken, can never again participate with you in the rich enjoyments of youth; and as for relying upon the future to bring you new and more beloved associates, you might as well depend on prayer for a pocket full of eagles. Be contented with your lots—lead moral and industrious lives—dwell neither upon the past nor the future, but push ahead for to-day, and you will soon find that you are not quite such miserable mortals as you might make yourselves. So mote it be! Dow, Jr.

Bedford W. Shelmine. John Robertson

**NOTICE.**  
THIS undersigned will be absent at New Orleans, until the first of February next.  
SAMUEL JUDAH.  
December 25th, 1843. 30-3t.

#### Flat Boat Cables.

JUST received 20 coils MANILLA CORDAGE for Flat-Boat Cables, Checklines and Sternfasts, and for sale low WILLIAM BURTCHE.  
Vincennes, Dec. 20th, 1843.—30-1f

WILLIAM BURTCHE.  
Vincennes, Dec. 20th, 1843.—30-1