Village Herald.

TRUTH WITHOUT RESERVE-JUSTICE WITHOUT PARTIALITY

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THE CORNUCOPIÆ.

" Planding the useful with the sweet"

Even the Philadelphia Album. THE MORNING OF LIFE.

Pa Willis Guylord Clark. Life's morning hours!—upon their wings What gold-n visions pessed along:— How many wild rememberings— How many wild rememberings— What seepes of blies and themes of sor The sky of home Evistence were A perchese and unchanded light; It was a sweet and flower shore Where earth was green & heaven was br

The burs of joy o'er all were spreadThe burs node music in the air—
Their randships above my fixed
Enated like airy breatings there;—
And radiany danes were fitting by
And glittered in the atmosphere.
No broading cloud of care show nigh,
No automn to that sensy year.

tife's marning hours! -a dream of love Life's mening hours!—a dram of lot Touched the gled moneton as they we My heart was pure as Hearen above And tonoyant as the immunent! And as the sun, whose radiant smile Can night, and cloud, and storm dispel, Thus did ny thoughts all care beguite And wrap me in a magic spell.

The promise of those building hours. Was like the freshning glow of spring, And on hope's half expanded flow'rs. There was no sign of withering;—Sun-light was sprinkled doer my way. Blossoms and back were scattered there Unfourhed by mildew and decay, Untouched by mildew and decay, Or the snow cloud of chill despair.

Life's morning hours! I wander buck, Life's mortning holins: I wanted excess
When their easy pinions swept along:
It is a dim and changeful track
Of light and shade—of refer and song,
And in its vista's over refer and song,
Host much one weary heart hath changed;
What clouds ho e gathered o'en my glee—
How far my wayward feet have ranged?

Let me not mound. I have a bliss. Which sorror's hour connever time—This woman's gentle loveliness. And Nature's pure elemniation—These six my soul in gratitude—They close the shadow of my lot; And with theirball-once imbard. Life's fadd dream are all forgot.

Lifer-Kaded dream a new all lorgot.

Philaddy kine, Juan, 1829.

The worst of the subjoined heautiful verses are from an one, written by Charles Cotton, author of Virgil Travestic, "and the "Complete Angler," selected from his "Pooren on several occasions." Gutton fided in

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seriors is suthing but bill, and the only thing the salty direct must to result, and dead and the salty direct must to result, and dead and the salty direct must to result, and subject to the salty direct must to result, and solve the salty must be salty direct must to result and solve the salty must be salty and sal