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TOWANDA:

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[For the Bradford Reporter.]

Solitude.

BY MISS S. J. GAZLAR.

Sweet Solitude, thy influence is soothing, 'tis divine—
The soft as sunset on the sea or music's parting chime;
The calm as Cynthia's fair, pale face, when smiling sweetly
down,
And pure as childhood's lisp'ng prayer in life's bright
sunny morn.

It steals upon the youthful soul, as soft as summer's breeze,
When wantoning in wilful mirth among the flow'ring
trees,
As notes from some clear silver bell steals on the evening
air,
So moves thy power, oh! Solitude, and leaves its impress
there.

The influence is softening to minds oppressed with grief,
And oft as if with magic power, 'twill bring a quick relief
When Hope's expiring throbs o'er and wafted far away,
Nor e'er despair, with blackening gloom can throw one
fiffling ray.

Across life's dreary, mournful path—like desert sands
without
one fertile spot on which to breathe a ting'ring, dying
sigh
of agony, as Death's cold hand hath seized the cords of
life.

With ghastly and triumphant smile, to see the victim's
strife,
Thus when despair, with blackening touch, stalks o'er
the troubled mind,
And with the chains from sorrow's stroke, their care-
worn spirits bind—
When life looks gloomy, all its gifts, once prized, are
thrown away,
And some fell demon reigns where once fair happiness
held sway:

When Reason's torch is glimmering, dim, and scarce
emits a ray
Of light to lure the wanderer, to a bright, though distant
day,
And when we calmly break the cords that bind us to the
world,
To friends, to kindred, loved ones all, are from us rudely
banished.

How would I gladly woo some power to hold us free
from care,
To bid me insensibility, to sorrow and despair,
With wretchedness so overthrown, that we could hail
with joy,
A sinking grave in ocean's wave, or aught that can de-
stroy.

Oh! then, oh! solitude, thy power is known and felt
supreme:
The touch is pleasing on the heart, as some wild fairy
dream
Of laughter, and of beings fair, in regions far away;
And when 'tis past, the thoughts will cast, and long
ling'ring
—'tis—start.

The sweet, entrancing solitude, thou'rt ever free to bless
Earth's way, wandering child of earth, with thy own pure
caress,
As the wave, when leaping free into the evening air,
Caught up a star in its embrace, and held it trembling
there;

Like lingering rays from Phœbus's light on some fair
summer day,
In golden hues dissolve in night, its richness dies away,
But leaves a glory, all divine, impressed upon the sky,
As some pure spirit from the cloud, had looked on earth
to be.

Like some far harp at evening hour upon the laughing
wave,
And planets bending from the sky their treasures softly lave,
When the stream, then, fling them up in Cynthia's
beaming face,
As she returns them with a smile and newly added grace,
Like lovers' farewell, parting sigh, when breathed on
Beauty's lip.

And when the dawn's nectar bright, is softly, sweetly sipped,
When the last farewell notes are sung upon the wild guitar
And earth leaves a shadowy spell of sweet enchantment
there,
And thus it is, that Solitude will ease the weary heart
With witching influence all its own—'twill heal the
wounded part
Like sunlight streaming o'er the sea, in one unbroken ray;
This solitude will shed a gleam across the darkest way.

TOWANDA, PA.

DON'T GET ANGRY.—It may be difficult to
keep cool physically, at all times, in mid-summer,
but mentally we can always be cool and
collected, if we have a proper control over our
passions. To get angry, is one of the weakest
things a person can do. A mad man or woman
is ever wretched. Look at such an one, and be
warned! A kind of mental hydrophobia is rag-
ing within. Vengeance gleams from the eye;
lared sits upon the brow; malignity scowls
upon the countenance; and the hands are ready
to execute the will of the demon influence at
work.

A lovely woman in a passion, is converted
into a hideous object. A man becomes embued
with the spirit of a fiend. All know this. Yet
there are persons that make no attempt to con-
trol their anger, but actually let it increase upon
them. Such are to be pitied as well as censured;
pitied for their weakness, condemned for their
impulsiveness.

Of all habits that of flying into a passion at
every trivial matter, is one of the worst. Every
person should guard against the faint approach
of anger; should school into subjection the mon-
ster ready to work within him. If it is not done,
unhappiness must abide in the circle inhabited
by him, and never can remove until the habit is
overcome.

What a pity, that when the earth beneath and
the heaven above us are so beautiful, and gen-
tleness is so lovely, that any of God's creatures
will do utmost to mar this beauty and loveliness!
Yet so it is, and will be, as long as men or
women will allow passion to supplant the rule
of gentleness within them.

The Printer Boy and the Ambassador.

A Legend of the Revolution.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Genius in its glory—genius on its eagle-
wings—genius soaring away there in the skies!
This is a sight we often see! But genius in its
work-shop—genius in its cell—genius digging
away in the dark mines of poverty— toil in the
brain and toil in the heart—this is an every-day
fact—yet, a sight that we do not often see!

Let us for a moment look at the strange con-
trast between intellect, standing there, in the
sunlight of fame, with the shouts of millions,
rushing in its ears—and intellect, down there,
in cold and night-crouching, in the work-shop
or the garret; neglected—supplanted—and alone!

And shall we leave these two pictures, with-
out looking at the deep moral they inculcate?
Without the slightest disrespect to the profes-
sions called learned, I stand here to-night,
to confess that the great truth of Franklin's life
is the sanctity of toil.

Yes, that your true nobleman of God's crea-
tion, is not your lawyer, digging away among
musty parchments, not even your white cravat-
ed divine—but this man, who, clad in the
coarse garments of toil, comes out from the
work-shop, and stands with the noon-day sun
upon his brow, not ashamed to show himself a
MECHANIC!

Let us for a moment behold two pictures,
illustrating the great fact—intellect in its rage,
and intellect in its glory.

The first picture has not much in it to strike
your fancy—here are no dim Cathedral aisles,
grand with fretted arch and towering with pil-
lars—here are no scenes of nature, in her sub-
limity, when deep lakes, bosomed in colossal
cliffs, break on your eye—or yet, of nature's
repose, when quiet dells, musical with the lull
of waterfalls, breaking through the pable twi-
light, steal gently in dream-glances upon your
soul! No! here is but a picture of plain, rude
toil—yes, hot, tired, dusty toil!

The morning sunshine is stealing through
the dim panes of an old window—yes, stealing
and struggling through those dim panes, into
the dark recesses of yonder room. It is a
strange old room—the walls cracked in an hun-
dred places, are hung with cobwebs—the floor,
dark as ink, is stained with dismal black
blotches—and all around, are scattered the
evidences of some plain workman's craft—
heaps of paper, little pieces of anatomy were scat-
tered over the floor—and, there, right in the
light of the morning sun, beside that window, stands
a young man of some twenty years—quite a
young man—his coat thrown aside, his faded garments
covered with patches, while his right hand
grasps several of those small bits of anatomy.
Why this is but a dull picture—a plain, sober,
every-day fact. Yet look again upon that boy
standing there, in the full light of the morning
sun—there is meaning in that massive brow,
shaded by locks of dark brown hair—there is
meaning in that full grey-eye now digging and
burning as that young man stands there alone
—alone in that old room.

What is this grim monster on which the
young man leans? This thing of uncouth
shape, built of massy iron, full of springs and
screws, and bolts—tell us the name of this
strange, uncouth monster, on which that young
man leans? Ah! that grim old monster, is a
terrible thing—a horrid phantom for dishonest
priests or traitor kings! Yes, that uncouth
shape, every now and then, speaks out words
that shake the world—that is a Printing Press!

And the young man, standing there in a rude
garb, with the warm sunshine streaming over
his bold brow—that young man standing there
alone, neglected—unknown—is a printer boy;
yes, an earnest son of toil; thinking deep thought
there in that old room, with its dusty floor,
and its cobweb-hung walls? Those thoughts will
one day shake the world!

Now let us look upon the other picture:—
Ah! here is a scene full of night and music
and romance! We stand in a magnificent garden,
musical with waterfalls, and yonder, far
through the arcades of towering trees, a mas-
sive palace breaks up into the deep azure of
night! Let us approach that palace, with its
thousand windows flashing with lights—hark!
how the music of a full band comes stealing
along this garden—mingling with the hum of
fountains—gathering in one burst up into the
dark concave of heaven! Let us enter this pa-
lace! Up wide stairways where heavy car-
pets give no echo to the footfall—up wide stair-
ways—through long corridors, adorned with
statues—into this splendid saloon! Yes, a
splendid saloon—yon chandelier, flinging a
shower of light over this array of noble lords
and beautiful women—on every side the flash
of jewels—the glitter embroidery—the soft,
mid gleam of pearls, rising into light, with
the pulsation of fair bosoms—ah! this is in-
deed a splendid scene! And yonder—far
through the crowd of nobility and beauty—yon-
der, under folds of purple tapestry, dotted with
gold, stands the throne, and on that throne the
king! That king, these courtiers, noble lords
and proud dames, are all awaiting a strange
spectacle!—the appearance of an ambassador
from an unknown republic far over the waters.
They are all anxious to look upon this strange
man—whose fame goes before him! Hark!
to those whispers—it is even said this strange
ambassador of an unknown republic, has called
down the lightnings from God's eternal sky!
No doubt this ambassador will be something
very uncouth, yet it still must be plain that he
will try to veil his uncouthness in a splendid
court dress! The king, the courtiers, are all
on tip-toe of expectation!—Why does not this
magician from the New World—this chainer
of thunderbolts—appear?

Suddenly there is a murmur—the tinselled
crown part on either side—look! he comes:
the magician, the ambassador! He comes
walking through that lane, whose walls are
beautiful women; is he dejected out in a court
dress? Is he abashed by the presence of the
king? Ah, no! Look there—how the king
starts with surprise, as that plain man comes
forward! That plain man, with the bold brow,
the curling locks behind his ears, and such

odious home made blue stockings upon his

limbs.
Look there, and in that magician, that chain-
er of the lightning—behold the printer boy of
the dusty room; stout-hearted, true-souled,
common-sense BENJAMIN FRANKLIN!

Ah! my friends, there is a world of mean-
ing in these pictures! They speak to your
hearts now—they will speak to the heart of
universal man forever.

HERE, the unknown printer boy, standing
at his labor, neglected, unknown; clad in a
patched garb, with the laborer's sweat upon
his brow—There, the Man whom nations
are proud to claim as their own, standing as
the Ambassador of a free people—standing as
a PROPHET OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN—un-
washed, in the presence OF ROYALTY AND
GOLD!

Benjamin Franklin, in his brown coat and
blue stockings, mocking to shame the pomp of
these courtiers—the glittering robes of yonder
king!—Saturday Courier.

THE STRIPED PIG BEAT.—New York, at
a recent election, it is known has, in many of the
towns, decided against the sale of spirituous liq-
uor. But this does not stop the use of liquor
—it is still drunk, and the only effect of the
law and the vote of the towns thus far, has been
a tax on the ingenuity of the vendors how to
avoid the liability. A similar law in Massachu-
setts, some years ago, brought into existence
the celebrated "striped pig," a ring of whose tail
produced a ready response to the applicant's
thirst. The "critter," however, has been used
up, and though adapted to the leading trait of
the people with whom it had its origin, it is
found wholly unsuited to the phlegmatic Dutch
of New York, who are influenced less from curi-
osity than sympathy—hence the substitution of
the "charity box" for the striped pig. A
friend who has just returned from the interior of
the State, where no license prevails, relates
some amusing facts to gratify the thirsty souls,
whose supply of nectar the law has cut off. In
one tavern, the landlord has caused a box to be
put up in his bar room, on which are painted in
bold letters, "for the widow and orphan fund
of the village of ——" The thirsty travel-
ler who should be so foolish as to ask for a glass
of liquor is promptly refused, for the law
forbids the use of it—but pointing to the box,
the charitable landlord says, "if you contribute six-
pence I don't mind treating." Very few are so
dumb as not to understand this hint, and fewer
still are so uncharitable as to refuse their mite to
such an excellent fund. The sixpence is con-
tributed, and the landlord keeps his word and
treats.

In another place, a landlord refuses to sell any
liquor, but he demands of the traveler a six-
pence for backing his horse under a shed; the
liquor of course being gratuitous—others sell
nothing but the extracts of sarsaparilla, lemon,
or the lemon, or the like—at least the labels all
say so, and as the law does not allow one to go
behind the labels, they drive a thriving business.
The "striped pig" is quite a poor animal after
all, and no one would think of giving sixpence
for a sight of one, when, with the same sum, he
can contribute to an excellent charity fund, and
get a treat in the bargain.—Dollar Newspaper.

KEEP A SECRET.—Anything revealed in con-
fidence should be kept secret. There is no
greater breach of good manners and Christian
faith, than to reveal that which has been placed
in the secrecy of your own bosom. What if
the friend who once trusted in you, and told you
the secrets of his heart, has become your
enemy? You are still bound to keep your
word inviolate, and preserve locked in your
heart the secrets confidentially made known to
you. A man of principle will never betray
even an enemy. He holds it a Christian duty
never to reveal what in good faith was placed
in his keeping. While the Albanians were at
war with Philip, King of Macedonia, they in-
tercepted a letter that the King had written to
his wife, Olympias. It was returned unopen-
ed, that it might not be read in public—their
laws forbidding them to reveal a secret.

Among the Egyptians, it was a criminal of-
fense to divulge a secret. A priest, who had
been found guilty of this offence, was ordered
to leave the country.

Have you a secret reposed in your bosoms?
Reveal it not for the world. A confiding friend
may tell you a hundred things, which, if whis-
pered abroad, would bring him into contempt
and ridicule, and injure his character through-
out life. No one is so upright that he may not
have committed some ungentlemanly act, or
some impure offence, which may have been
secretly confided to another. The fault may
have been perpetrated years ago, before the
individual's character was formed, and before
he had a wife and children. Would it not be
a profanation of the most sacred duties, in a fit
of anger, or out of malice or revenge, to dis-
cover a secret like this? A man's enemies
would not care whether it was the fault of his
thoughtless youth or his maturer years, so long
as they could make a handle of it to his injury,
and thus effect their purpose. Be careful, then,
never under any consideration whatever, to re-
peat what has been whispered to you in the
confidence of friendship. A betrayer of secrets
is fit only for the society of the low and the vile.
—Sat Courier.

GRAMMAR IN THE BACK WOODS.—Class in
Grammar may come on the floor.—Now, John
commence, "All the world is in debt." Parse
world."
"World is a general noun, common metre,
objective case, and governed by Miller."
"Very well. Sam parse debt."
"Debt is a common noun, oppressive mood,
and dreadful case."
"Th'it'd do. Read the next sentence."
"Boys and girls must have their play."
"Phillips, parse boys."
"Boys and girls, particular noun, single number,
uncertain mood; laughable case, and agrees with
girls."
"The next."
"Boys is musical noun, inferior number, con-
junctive mood and belongs to the girls, with
which it agrees."
"School is dismissed."

Mount Hor—Aaron's Tomb.

The following "inkings of a traveller" are
from a correspondent of the Messenger and
Wreath:

Taking our interpreter and four other Arabs
with us we commenced our toilsome walk.—
Passing over rocky eminences, and through
several precipitous ravines, obstructed much
with mountain wreck, we at length descended
on an extended slope, which brought Mount
Hor directly to our view on the left. From
this slope we turned north, crossed a steep and
difficult ravine, and commenced our ascent of
Mount Hor on its south side. Our way led
over beds of sharp, cutting flint stones. When
about half way up, we struck a path which had
been constructed by the Arabs, for the benefit
of Mohammedan pilgrims, who visit Aaron's
tomb in great numbers, to offer sacrifices.—
This path at length brought us to a small space
of table rock, above which the remaining part
of Mount Hor presented an almost perpendicu-
lar front. From this point our guides con-
ducted us round to the north side of the moun-
tain. Here was an altar on which Mohammedan pil-
grims always sacrifice a sheep, before they
ascend to the tomb. A small hollow in a table
rock near by, is called Aaron's basin. Pass-
ing a little further east we came to an arch
covering a pool in which there was some clear
water. Here Mohammedans perform ablution
before ascending further. This stands at the
foot of a narrow steep defile. From this pool
we found the remaining ascent about five
hundred feet, steep and laborious; part of
which has rude steps, formed of stones placed
together.

On the top, which is an area of about sixty
feet square, is a low stone building of about
thirty feet on a side, and surmounted by a
dome. This is called Aaron's tomb. The
entrance is near the north-west corner; and
a few feet from the door, inside, is a tomb-stone,
in form similar to the oblong slabs seen in our
church yards, but larger and higher. The top
is larger than the bottom, and over it was placed
a pall of faded red cotton in shreds and
patches. The pall bore marks of blood, and
near it was a stone altar, on which sacrifices
were offered. The stone was blackened with
smoke, and stains of blood, with fragments of
fuel, were still around it. A few ostrich eggs
and sea-shells were suspended in different places,
and with this exception the room was perfectly
bare.

We found in the north-east corner of the
building a flight of stone stairs, descending to
a vault below. We requested our Arabs to
furnish some kind of light, to enable us to
explore this lower apartment, as all below was
dark. They seemed loth to do it, considering,
as I inferred, that the place was too holy for
us to enter. We were, however, not to be put
off, and finally succeeded in getting together a
few small dry twigs, which were set on fire by
means of powder and flint, to make a kind of
torch. With this we descended into a grove,
hewn into the rock, of about eight feet wide,
twenty long, and seven and a half high. At
the west end of this grove, as near as we could
judge, directly under the tomb with the pall
above, were two small iron gates, closing to-
gether in the centre. They shut directly
against a small niche, which is considered by
Mohammedans the real place of Aaron's grave.
Our light was now nearly burnt out, and was
thrown upon the ground. An Arab threw up-
on it a quantity of small brush, which imme-
diately kindled into a furious blaze, and very
soon the place became suffocating. We rushed
for the stairs, but the Arabs were all huddled
upon them, and seemed bound there as with
a strange spell; for it was not till we had
stormed and ascended some little time, that we
could get them started, so as to let us pass up-
ward, we came near suffocating. Here closed
our inspection of Aaron's tomb.

A particular account of Aaron's death may
be found in the 20th chapter of Numbers.—
That this is the true Mount Hor of the Scrip-
tures, I believe is not disputed by any traveler
who has visited it. Its peculiar adaptation to
the display of such an event, "in the sight of
all the congregation," is conspicuous to the
observer.

The top of Mount Hor overlooks everything
around it for many miles; and hence the view
from this eminence is spacious and grand. To
the south-west we could see part of the gulf of
Akabah; directly north lay the Dead Sea,
spread out to our view nearly its entire length;
and west of it rose the dark mountains of Ju-
dea. The valleys of Arabia and El Ghor lay
stretched out far below us, with bare moun-
tains towering beyond; while the east and
south presented but one sea of dark mountain
summits, rearing their massive peaks in battle
with the winds and clouds of heaven. All pre-
sented one uniform scene of wild and lonely
desolation.

KISSING.—Dow, jr., closed a sermon on
kissing with the following quaint advice:—
"I want you my young sinners to kiss and
get married; and then devote your time to mor-
tality and money making. Then let your homes
be well provided with such comforts and neces-
saries as piety, pickles, pots and kettles, brus-
ers, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese,
faith, flour, affections, cider, sincerity, vinegar,
virtue, wine and wisdom. Have these already
in hand, and happiness will be with you. Do
not drink anything intoxicating—eat moderately
—go about business after breakfast—loungue a
little after dinner, chat after tea, and kiss after
quarrelling; then all the joy, the peace and the
bless the earth can afford shall be yours, until
the grave close over you, and your spirits are
borne to a brighter and a happier world."

A NOVEL EXCUSE.—In the battle of the Resaca
de la Palma in a hand-to-hand skirmish, a soldier
in our army, a quaint Irishman, pierced a Mexi-
can with his bayonet and immediately after fired
the contents of his musket.
"What was that for?" said the officer in
command of the squad, in a tone signifying his
disapproval of the act.
"Oh! said the soldier, much puzzled for an
answer, 'what was it for?—why, to make a
hole to get my bayonet out of to be sure."

The Husband's Prayer.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER.

Oh, Father! Thou in whom I live,
And trust for life immortal,
When time my farewell shall receive,
At Death's dark portal;
Source of all blessing, unto Thee
I bring my fond petitions,
Yet to thy will my spirit be
In low submission.

Thou, in thy goodness, hast filled up
Life's chalice all with sweetness,
And one bright treasure to my cup
Imparts completeness;
That treasure is the peerless love
Of her who ever shares
Each pleasure that my heart may move,
Each pain it beareth.

For her, oh Father! I will pray,
Thy son's great merit pleading,
Who sitteth on thy Throne always,
There interceding;
Guard thou my darling by thy power,
Thine own strong arm surround her;
Bid thy kind Angels every hour
Keep watch around her.

Afar from her I sadly roam,
Among the stranger;
And sometimes with sweet thoughts of home
Come fears of danger!
Then, when my heart has sunk, and Fear
Laid her dark hand upon me,
From sorrow, and almost despair,
Thy love has won me.

I know I cannot shield her
From sickness or from sorrow;
I know that o'er her some dread storm
May break to-morrow;
And I may feel no pang the while,
May smile while she doth languish;
Some trials may my heart beguile,
Amid her anguish.

Oh, Father! let me ever feel
In thee a sweet reliance,
And to each boding thought of ill
'Till bid defiance;
Bless thou my treasure! with thy care
Vouchsafe her thy protection;
And I will never more despair,
O'er feel dejection.

Oh! bless her at the morning's dawn,
And at the day's declining;
And when the silent hours steal on,
Night's shadows twining;
Bless her, oh Father! when she kneels
Beside the dear home altar,
And bless her when her spirit feels
Its courage falter.

Bless her when on her youthful cheek
The red rose tints are blooming;
And bless her when her frame is weak,
Her bright eyes glooming,
In every duty of her life,
In every kindly mission,
Oh! make her lot with blessing rich—
A sweet fruition!

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.—Sit at the window
and look over the way to your neighbor's ex-
cellent mansion, which he has recently built
and paid for, and sigh out, "O, that I was a
rich man!"
Get angry with your neighbor, and think you
have not a friend, in the world. Shed a tear or
two and take a walk in the burial ground, con-
tinually saying to yourself, "when shall I be
buried here?"

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your
kindness; and every hour in the day, whisper
to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay that
note!"
Think every body means to cheat you.—
Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt
its being genuine, till you have put the owner
to a great deal of trouble. Believe every shilling
passed to you is but a sixpence crossed, and ex-
press your doubts about your getting rid of it if
you should take it.

Put confidence in nobody and believe every
man you trade with to be a rogue.
Never accommodate if you can possibly help it.
Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a
farthing to assist the poor.

Buy as cheap as you can and screw down to
the lowest mill. Grind the faces and the hearts
of the unfortunate.
Brood over your misfortunes; your lack of
talents, and believe at no distant day you will
come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in
your mind, with all the horrors of distress and
desolation.

Then you will be miserable to your heart's
content, (if we may so speak), sick at heart and
at variance with all the world. Nothing will
cheer or encourage you; nothing will throw a
gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your
heart. All will be as dark and cheerless as the
grave.

TOO TRUE.—A dark feature in the present
age, said the late Dr. Channing, is the spirit of
collision, contention and discord which breaks
forth in religion, politics, and private affairs—a
result and necessary issue of the selfishness
which prompts the endless activity of life. The
mighty forces which are at this moment acting
in society are not and cannot be governed by
love. They are discordant. Life has now little
music in it. It is not only on the field of
battle that men fight. They fight on the ex-
change. Business is war, is conflict of skill,
management too often of fraud. Christians for-
saking their one Lord, gathering under various
standards to gain victory for their sects. Pol-
itics is war, breaking people into fierce unscrup-
ulous parties, which forget their country in con-
flict for office and power. The age needs noth-
ing more than peace-makers: men of serene,
commanding virtue, to preach in life and word,
the gospel of humane brotherhood, to allay the
fires of jealousy.

The Marriage Engagement.

Perhaps nothing of a temporal character is
calculated to cause more happiness and at the
same time more anxiety, than a solemn pro-
mise to be the bosom companion of another.—
Alas! that so many engagements are made in
haste and repented at leisure—and it is as-
tonishing that, with many, it is an affair of
importance only as it respects a settlement in
life, and often proposals are made and accepted
merely for want of better offers.

But they who act thus deserve to be rever-
sely censured, for it is trifling with all that is
sacred and valuable in the feelings and affec-
tions!—it is reducing all that is high and noble
to mere show!—it is sacrificing love, the hol-
iest feelings of our nature to the base prompt-
ings of our vanity!
Next to the marriage ceremony, nothing
ought to compare with it in importance, or
cause more thought and reflection; for happi-
ness as often depends on this step as it does on
actual union; and if inquiry be made respect-
ing the cause of unhappiness in many families,
it will be found that confidence was lost previ-
ously to marriage, and once lost, years could not
replace it; yet a tender regard for the feelings
of the other, and a fear that separation might
cause years of sorrow and misery, the union
was consummated only because of the engage-
ment.

No engagement should be made from "love
at first sight"—nor should any promise be
given so long as there is one doubt respecting
the character or disposition; and it should ever
be remembered that riches cannot make home
happy, nor is beauty sufficient to preserve un-
diminished love and affection.

It is indispensable that there be the utmost
confidence in each other—that the attachment
be formed, not from mere self-interest, not from
the promptings of passion, or desire only; but
after intimate acquaintance, and much thought
and deliberation. If more care were exercised
in this matter, there would be less unhappi-
ness in married life—more cultivation of the affec-
tions and disposition, and a proper estimate
would always be placed on accidental or out-
ward circumstances.

The Spring time of life.

This importance of a right education of youth
has been often and strongly urged by both ethic
and political writers; but it appears to make too
little impression upon the generality of mankind.
No parent but wishes his children to be respect-
ed and worthy members of the community.—
When they cling around his knees and divert
him with their innocent prattle, he cannot be
indifferent to their future welfare and prosperity
but while he labors assiduously to save them
from want, and to provide for them the neces-
saries of life, he to often neglects the more im-
portant duty of training the mind to principles
of morality and religion, regulating the passions,
and forming habits of sobriety and moderation.
Youth is very properly called, the spring-time
of life and the morning of our days. The me-
taphor holds good in many respects. In the
spring, we plant that fruit which we hope to
reap in autumn, and unless we commence our
labors in the morning, we shall spend the day
without profit. And as the fairest morning may
soon be enveloped in clouds as the most flourish-
ing blossoms of spring may be nipt by the frosts,
so the most flattering prospect of youth are often
disappointed, and he who commenced his career
of life, with affluence and honor, is lost to his
friends and to society ere he has numbered half
his days. Can any amount of property so well
secure his respectability and happiness, as habits
early acquired, of industry, frugality, and temper-
ance? The paths of virtue and vice are
both before him, and will the entreaties of all
his friends and connexions influence his choice
so surely as a sacred sense of religious and moral
obligation? It is often said, that a parent knows
not whether he is bringing up children to be
comfort and stay of his declining years, or to
bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave;
but this observation has not a foundation in truth.
Nine tenths of the crimes and outrages which
are daily committed by wicked men, are the result
of a neglected education in their younger day.—
Let parents pay proper attention to this impor-
tant subject, and train up their children in the
way they should go, and they will have a fund
of happiness in themselves which is beyond the
reach of misfortune.

HOW TO "CLEAR" A CLIENT.—It is the
custom in criminal courts in New York City,
to assign counsel to such prisoners as have no
one to defend them. On one occasion, a man
accused of theft having no one to defend him,
the Judge said to a wag of a lawyer who was
present,
"Mr. —, please withdraw the prisoner,
confer with him, and give to him such counsel
as may be best for his interest."
The lawyer and his client withdrew, and
in half an hour the former returned into court
alone.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the Court.
"He is gone," replied the hopeful limb.
"You told me to give him the best advice I
could for his interest, and as he said he was
guilty, I thought the best advice I could give
him was to cut and run, which he took at once.
He is in Jersey, your honor, by this time."

THE HEALTH OF THE TROOPS.—A letter from
Barita, Mexico, dated 26th ult., says the officers
and men of the regular service are generally en-
joying tolerable health. The volunteers are suf-
fering to a great extent with the dysentery and
fever, brought on by their own carelessness; their
officers are not capable of taking care of them,
or even themselves. Gen. Taylor has ordered
to be erected at Point Isabel, a general
hospital, capable of accommodating 2000 men.
The water at that point and at the Brazos is bad,
but a sufficient quantity of rain water can be had
for the sick only. It is reported that the vol-
unteers between May's camp and Matamoras,
are dying off with the yellow fever. It has not
made its appearance at Barita yet, or on the Rio
Grande.

HOPE.—A sentiment expressed in the way
of a dog's tail, when he is waiting for a bone.