

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME IX.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, October 23, 1848.

### WHEN FORTUNE BEAMS.

When Fortune beams around you,  
When hearts with pleasure leap;  
And hopes and joys surround you—  
Forget not those who weep!  
When friendship's smile invites you  
To bless and to be blest;  
And every charm delights you—  
Oh, think of the distress!  
When golden gates beside you  
As if by Heaven decreed;  
And plenty stands beside you—  
Forget not those who need!  
When pleasures, cup seems endless,  
Oh, prove it without end;  
By being to the friendless  
In every hour a friend!

(From the Richmond Republican)

### The Dead Sea Expedition.

The September number of the Southern Literary Messenger contains an article of profound interest on the subject from the pen of Lieut. M. F. Maury. Lieut. Maury gives a history of this expedition, brief but lucid, and which increases the public mind to see the report of Lieut. Maury, who has made a successful survey, and who, we are glad to learn, is expected to return soon to this country. We learn from Lieut. Maury's article that this expedition was planned by Lieut. Lynch, and authorized by Secretary Mason. In the spring of 1847, Lieut. Lynch first addressed the Secretary on the subject, recommending a circumnavigation and exploration of the Dead Sea and its entire coast; stating that the expense would be trifling, as our ships frequently touched at Acre, in Syria, forty miles from Lake Tiberius or Sea of Galilee, from which the river Jordan runs and debouches into the first named sea; that the frame of a boat, with crew and provisions, could be transported on camels from Acre to Tiberias, and there put together again. Only one traveller, Mr. Corigan, had ever circumnavigated the Dead Sea, and he had died at the termination of his voyage, without leaving any journal or notes behind. It was contended also, that independent of eager curiosity of all Christians in regard to this mysterious lake this expedition is of value to the interests of navigation.

The Secretary of the Navy received favorably the proposition of Lieut. Lynch, and an opportunity soon occurred by which it could be conveniently carried into effect. It was necessary to send a store ship to the Mediterranean squadron, and as, after her arrival, she would have no employment for months the Secretary determined to send Lieut. Lynch and his party in her; so that, after meeting the wants of squadron, she could proceed up the Levant, and land Lieut. Lynch and his companions. This was done. The store ship "Supply" was provided with two metallic boats, one of copper, the other iron, the former named "Fanny Mason," and the latter "Fanny Skinner." On their arrival at their destination their troubles began, and in their march to Lake Tiberius, their boats had to be transported over the most formidable mountain gorges and heights, and to be lowered down precipices with ropes. But these difficulties were surmounted with true sailor skill and perseverance, and on the 8th of April the two Fannies, each with the American ensign flying, were aloft up on the beautiful blue waters of the sea of Galilee. "Emblematic of its Master, it alone of all things around them remained the same. Just as the Apostles saw it when our Saviour said to it, 'Peace be still,' this little band of rovers now beheld it!"

The navigation of the Jordan was found to be most difficult and dangerous, from its frequent and fearful rapids. Lieut. Lynch solves the secret of the depression between Lake Tiberius and the Dead Sea by the tortuous course of the Jordan, which, in a distance of sixty miles winds through a course of two hundred miles. Within this distance Lieut. Lynch and his party plunged down no less than twenty-seven threatening rapids, besides many others of less descent. The difference of level between the two seas is over a thousand feet.

The water of the Jordan was sweet to within a few hundred yards of its mouth. The waters of the sea were devoid of smell, but bitter, salt and nauseous. Upon entering it the boats were encountered by a gale, and it seemed as if the bows, as *dense* *no* *water*, were encountering the sledge hammers of the Titans, instead of the waves of the opposing waters of an angry sea. The party proceeded daily with their explorations, making topographical sketches as they went, until they reached the southern extremity of the sea, where the most wonderful sight they had yet seen awaited them.

In passing the mountain of Calom (Sodom) we unexpectedly, and much to our astonishment," says Lieut. Lynch, "saw a large, rounded, turret-shaped column; facing towards south-east, which proved to be of solid rock salt, capped with carbonate of lime, one mass of crystallization. Mr. Dale took a sketch of it, and Dr. Anderson and I handed with much difficulty and procured specimens from it." The party circumnavigated the lake, returned to the place of their departure, and brought back their boats in as complete order as they received them at New York. They were all in fine health. This is a specimen of the skill, system, and discipline of the American navy. No nation in the world has such a service. The time is coming when we will give proofs of that fact palpable to the most dull understanding. Thanks to the good management of Lieut. Lynch, the whole cost of this scientific expedition of the Dead Sea, (except, of course, the cost of the equipage and maintenance of the crew of the ship) was but seven hundred dollars.

From the letters of Lieut. Lynch, quoted by Lieut. Maury, we transcribe the following interesting facts elicited by the exploration:

almost an entire plain. Its meridional lines at a short distance from the shore scarce vary in depth. The deepest soundings thus far 188 fathoms, (1128 feet.) Near the shore the bottom is generally an incrustation of salt, but the intermediate one is soft mud with many rectangular crystals—mostly cubes—of pure salt. At one time Seelwager's boat brought up nothing but crystals. The southern half of the sea is as shallow as the northern one is deep, and for about one-fourth of its entire length the depth does not exceed three fathoms, (18 feet.) Its southern bed has presented no crystals, but the shores are lined with incrustations of salt, and when we landed at Uzdom, in the space of an hour, our foot prints were coated with crystallization. The opposite shores of the peninsula and the west coast presented evident marks of disruption. There are unquestionably birds and insects upon the shores, and ducks are sometimes upon the sea, for we have seen them—but cannot detect any living thing within it; although the salt streams flowing into it contain salt fish. I feel sure that the results of this survey will fully sustain the scriptural accounts of the cities of the plain."

He thus speaks of the Jordan:—The Jordan, although rapid and impetuous, is graceful in its windings and fringed with luxuriance, while its waters are sweet, clear, cool, and refreshing. After the survey of the sea, the party proceeded to determine the height of mountains on its shores, and to run a level thence via Jerusalem to the Mediterranean. They found the summit of the west bank of the Dead Sea more than 1000 feet above its surface, and very nearly on a level with the Mediterranean.

"It is a curious fact," says Lieut. Maury, "that the distance from the top to the bottom of the Dead Sea should measure the height of its banks, the elevation of the Mediterranean, and the difference of level between the bottom of the two seas, and that the depth of the Dead Sea should be also in exact multiple of the height of Jerusalem above it."

Another not less singular fact, in the opinion of Lieut. Lynch, "is that the bottom of the Dead Sea forms two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one. The first, its southern part, of slimy mud covered by a shallow bay; the last, its northern and largest portion, of mud and incrustations and rectangular crystals of salt—at a great depth with a narrow ravine running through it, corresponding with the bed of the river Jordan at one extremity, and the Wady 'el Jebel,' or wady within a wady at the other."

"The slimy ooze," says Lieut. Maury, "upon that plain at the bottom of the Dead Sea will not fail to remind the sacred historian of the 'slime pits' in the vale, where were joined in battle the four kings with five."

AN INCIDENT AT THE IRON MINES IN SWEDEN.—These mines are wholly subterranean, and have been worked for a period of four or five hundred years. Seven years ago, in working to establish a communication between two shafts of a mine, the body of a miner was discovered to be in a state of perfect preservation, and impregnated with the vitriolic water. The body was quite soft, but hardened on being exposed to the air. It was remembered by some of the aged people, that the accident by which this body had no doubt been buried in the bosom of the earth, had taken place about fifty years before. Among the crowd which was attracted by the discovery, was a decrepit old woman, supported on crutches, who, when she beheld the corpse, recognized it to be that of a young man to whom she had been promised in marriage more than half a century before. She threw herself on the lifeless and familiar form of the object of her early affections, which now had the appearance of a frozen statue, bathed it with tears, and fainted with joy. The spectators were deeply affected by that scene, and the singular contrast afforded by that couple may be more easily conceived than described—the one buried fifty years before, but still retaining the appearance of youth, while the other, weighed down by age, evinced all the ferocity of youthful love.

ANTE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.—At the late annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of science, Professor Eliot read a paper exhibiting evidence that America was known to Europeans as early as the tenth century. He revived the statements of the Copenhagen Antiquarian Society, making it out that the Scandinavian Northmen explored a great extent of the eastern coast of North America, repeatedly visited many places in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, fought and traded with the natives, and attempted to establish colonies. The most northern region they called Helleland, (i. e. state land; i. e. country further south they called Mackland, (woodland,) and the country most southern they called Vinland, (vinaland,) which is supposed to have extended so far south as Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The general features of the country accord with the description which they have given.

"The rock at Dighton, in this State, was described by Mr. Eliot, and an interpretation given of the famous inscription. This inscription was mentioned by Cotton Mather more than one hundred and fifty years ago. An accurate drawing of the inscription was made by the Rhode Island Historical Society, a few years ago, and a copy sent to the Copenhagen Society, who confidently interpret it. They say the word 'Thorinus,' and the number '132' is distinctly marked. The 'Th' in the Thorinus are in Icelandic characters, and 'orinus' in the ancient Roman. The 132 was engraved in the ancient Roman form of writing numerals. Mr. Eliot concluded his arguments in favor of the Antecolumbian discovery of this continent by alluding to the supposed discovery of America by Prince Madoc in the 12th century. Southern has found an epic on this supposition, and the late Mr. Baxton was on his way to New Mexico to substantiate the theory, when he was taken ill at St. Louis, a few weeks since, and died.—Boston Transcript.

## OUTLINES.

I am Autumn, and I come  
With a song of Harvest home;  
Rich and splendid is my state,  
Many pleasures on me wait;  
Come, my little child and see;  
What the Autumn brings to thee;  
What your daily bread to make,  
Indian corn for Johnny cake,  
Buckwheat for your nicest dish,  
Rice and barley when you wish;  
With every wholesome vegetable  
For your Fall and Winter table.

I am Autumn, and I bring  
Grateful breezes on my wing;  
I shake the brown nuts from the tree  
Which boys and squirrels love to see;  
The wood, the orchard, and the field,  
All to me their riches yield.

I send the ships to other climes,  
For lemons, oranges and limes;  
I bring the rich West Indian pine,  
The produce of the Spanish vine;  
Raisins, almonds, figs I bring—  
Dates, Pomegranates—every thing.

From far sematratra's fragrant shore,  
I waft delicious spices o'er—  
Nutmegs, cinnamon and mace,  
Cassia, cloves and ginger—race;  
Coffee I bring from Arabia,  
And, from the farther Indies, tea.

I am Autumn, and my bowers  
Are planned round with gorgeous flowers—  
Dahlias of the richest dye,  
Amaranth with its golden eye,  
Cockscomb with their crimson folds,  
Chrysanthemums and marigolds.

I am Autumn, and my crown  
Is made of leaves, red, yellow, brown,  
Purple, crimson, russet, green,  
And every varied hue between;  
Nought in splendor can compare  
With the garments that I wear.

I am Autumn, and I bring  
Pleasant days for visiting;  
Aunts and cousins come to see,  
Time flies on with mirth and glee.  
Every voice unites to praise  
Cheerful, bright October days.

## To the Clay Whigs of the City of New York.

The advice of friends and my own judgment have at length prevailed over my reluctance to intrude myself upon the public, and induced me to address a word of explanation to those with whom I have so long acted and with whom I so entirely sympathize.

In uniting with the recent movement to raise once more the name of our cherished leader, prohibited by no obligation, expressed or implied, I followed the dictates of my feeling and my judgment. I was convinced that it was the last and only means left to preserve the principles of that party endeared to me by all my political recollections. If the old standard, with its motto and emblazements, could be kept flying, there might be a rallying point for the party after this temporary madness is passed.

For this course I have been expostulated with by friends in the language of friendship, for which I return them many thanks. I have also been abused, my motives impugned, and my acts misrepresented by those who have hitherto been notorious for the absence of all principles, public or private; who have distinguished themselves by their noisy zeal for Mr. Clay, while their hearts were bursting with rancor against him and his adherents. Within the last year they revel in their freedom from restraint; and pour forth their pent-up venom with redoubled energy upon the man whom even his generous enemies behold with admiration and respect. To be embalmed in the abuse of those who have abused him is an honor to which I could not have aspired.

But neither the expostulations of misguided friends, nor the abuse of common libellers, had a particle of influence in driving me from the course which I had deliberately and conscientiously adopted. No one but Mr. Clay himself could have arrested the movement. It was supposed he would decline accepting the nomination—for that we were prepared and fully intended to proceed upon our own responsibility, but we were not prepared for an appeal to us as his personal friends, not to one his name. Venerating the man above all living men—accustomed to obey his slightest wishes—the appeal was unanswerable. However painfully mortifying, his friends, myself among the number, were constrained to abandon our purpose, and that noble old standard which had been thrown to the breeze, was furled for the last time.

From that moment the Whig party had ceased to exist. It came with me to be used for a short time to cajole those who are governed by sound without meaning; but its principles are abandoned; openly denounced as impracticable and obsolete by those who have been most noisy in their vindication.

It was a glorious party. With it commenced my political existence; with it it will end. To it I have given the best years of my life; to it I have sacrificed my health; my attachment to it was too instinctively strong to be deceived. The child might more easily be cheated into believing the thieving Gypsy to be its mother, than a true Whig from the start, be made to recognize his warm and living party into the lifeless, soulless substitute sought to be palmed upon him.

It was a glorious party! Its members were not collected like vultures by the carrion scent of prey—not bandits united by a partnership in plunder, but, interested and patriotic—it was a bright emanation from a free, intelligent and virtuous people. It had for its leader the Man of the Age. Born among the people, his sympathies were with them, a Democrat in his heart and soul. Rocked in the earliest storms of the Republic, he had become bold in her defenses and experienced in her tergiversation. Sincere in his faith, ardent in his attachment to pop-

ular government, inflexible in his honesty, unequalled in his far-reaching sagacity, in the rapidity and comprehensive wisdom of his conclusions, he stood forth as the Model of a Republican Statesman. No superior has gone before him, no equal will follow. This man was murdered in the house of his friends. His assassins are known, and his history is preparing to gibbet these Ravallines in the chains which they have forged for themselves.

But the Whig party is no more.

"The world is all before me, where to choose,  
And Providence my guide."

When the vessel in which I am embarked is driven upon the rocks by the winds of heaven, or by the baronous acts of the master, it is but the instinct of self-preservation to bind himself to the largest fragment of the wreck. That fragment is Free Soil. To that I will cling till death shall loosen my grasp.

The non-extension of Slavery has long been a favorite doctrine with the whigs of this State, and it so happens that it is the only one of their issues likely to be discussed, or of any particular importance during the next Presidential term.

It is said by the Cass and the Taylor men who pretend to be in favor of Free Soil, that no farther legislation on the subject is necessary—that slavery on being taken to Free Soil become free of course.

It is probably so; but it is enough for me, without entering into any discussion as to the truth of this proposition; that Mr. Calhoun and the ultra slaveholders of the South deny this doctrine. It is therefore proper, if for no other reason, to have a public expression of the Nation's will on this important point.

The most respectable authorities tell me, also, that "Free Soil" is all a humbug—that slaves would never be taken to California or New Mexico. I beg leave to differ with these gentlemen. Admitting for a moment the truth of the assertion, is the principle of the movement?

It was thought important to exclude Slavery from Oregon, although there was little or no danger of Slavery's being introduced there. The question is as to the adoption of a general rule. To-day its application may be very immaterial; to-morrow it may be vitally important. It has been adopted in the case of Oregon; shall we now abandon it? Annexation and Slavery go hand in hand. If we annex Slavery with territory, we shall absorb all South America. Refuse to extend Slavery, and the rage for Annexation ceases.

But the fact asserted is denied. Slavery will be introduced, if permitted, into various parts of California and New Mexico. Slaves were first employed on this Continent in the mines of South America. This species of labor, requiring strength without intellect, is one to which slaves are eminently adapted.

The extension of Slavery is not a humbug, but of great and immediate practical importance. It will be decided within the next four years; there is no time to sleep upon it. Unless the real friends of Free Soil exert themselves, it will be decided against them. This Free Soil doctrine is perfectly distinct from Abolition. That, as I understand it, seeks to coerce the abolition of Slavery in the States already formed. This is the manifest violation of the rights, and in contravention of the spirit of the agreement we have made with them. Abolition is also a moral question, like temperance; the observance of the Sabbath, and many similar questions; however much I may approve of them, I am utterly opposed to their being brought to the ballot-box.

The political questions which must be decided by the ballot are sufficiently complicated. If to these be added the moral and religious questions which will arise, it is evident that the ballot must be abandoned, and popular government become impossible.

But the extension of Slavery is eminently a political question, proper for political action and discussion. South Carolina and Vermont contain the same number of white inhabitants; but the first is represented by nine members of Congress, while Vermont, with even a greater number of actual voters, has but five. This extraordinary illustration of the Democratic equality which we boast is said to be the necessary consequence of the compromises of the Constitution. Shall the compromises which produce such monstrous results be extended beyond what was originally contemplated or intended? This is the substance of the question of the extension of Slavery, and has always been discussed as a political question since the foundation of the government.

But I am told that I can best prevent the extension of slavery by voting for Gen. Taylor. Why? Is he opposed to it? No; but he will not veto it. Perhaps so. But he distinctly refuses to say whether he will or not. Past all question, he is opposed to Free Soil, and will use his power and patronage, against it. His neighbors in the South, who see him in his undress, say that they know he is with them on this question. His friends at the North practically admit it by bounding their hopes by the empty fact that he will not veto it. He has recently invested \$100,000 in slaves; he has accepted the Charleston nomination, made for the avowed purpose of opposing it. The South made the Presidential nomination to turn upon this question, and he was selected. The great ratification meeting, held by his friends in Canal street, passed a resolution expressly repudiating this doctrine.

Mr. Webster says that if he thought Gen. Taylor opposed to Free Soil he would vote against him. On a candid examination of all the evidence, I am compelled to the belief that he is opposed to the doctrine of Free Soil, and will do all in his power to defeat it. On Mr. Webster's authority, those who come to the same conclusion must vote against Gen. Taylor.

On this point, the opinions of all the other candidates, Mr. Clay, Gen. Scott, Judge McLean, were frankly and explicitly avowed. Why was Gen. Taylor excepted? The North or the South is to be cheated. Which is most likely to be the victim?

Friends of Free Soil, pause! You are about to be betrayed. When it is too late you will find that you have elected the only man who could have defeated your favorite object. Hereafter you cannot justify yourselves to your consciences or your God, without requiring a more explicit declaration on this point from Gen. Taylor.

But, exclaims my friend, "You cannot vote for Mr. Van Buren." Why not, if he will best effect the object which I have most at heart. I am not a Brabantio, to "refuse to serve my God because the Devil bids me." Were my prejudices a hundred times stronger than they are against Mr. Van Buren, I should vote for him, if convinced he would truly carry out the principle he now professes. I have no reason to doubt it. His worst enemy cannot say he has not always been true to his pledges. I have been educated in the maxim, "Principles—not men."

For this reason I cannot vote for Gen. Taylor, for whom as a military man, in which capacity alone I have known him, I entertain high admiration—for this reason I can vote for Mr. Van Buren, whom I have always opposed and against whom I have many prejudices.

As the representative of Free Trade, a military organization, &c., I opposed him, and would do so again; as the representative of Free Soil I will sustain him. In our system the principle is everything, the man nothing. The friends of Free Soil have selected him in spite of himself as the best man, under the circumstances, to effect the great object. Shall I abandon the principle which I have long cherished because I might have preferred some other man to represent it? This would be indeed to prefer men to principles.

I am again told that it is useless—that Mr. Van Buren cannot be elected—perhaps so. If I had selected my candidate for Availability, I might have preferred some other. But voting for Mr. Van Buren is not therefore useless. It is material to the ultimate success of the principle of Free Soil, that its friends should make the strongest possible demonstration at this time. If it is feeble and limited, it will be despised by the South, and ridiculed alike by the friends of Cass and Taylor. If, on the other hand, it now shows an imposing front—its lion roar is heard through the forest, the South will not dare to demand that the new territories be admitted without restriction, and if it does, neither the Cass nor the Taylor party will dare to accede to their demand. Every vote strengthens the cause of Free Soil, whether Mr. Van Buren is elected or not. Nine-tenths of the voters of the North are opposed to the farther extension of Slavery, but half that number speak out like men and their voice will be as potent as the creative fiat; but if deterred by the capidity of partisans, the senseless love of success, a base hankering for spoils, or by any other motive, let them hereafter lie down under the gibes and domination of Slavery, not dare again to express a manly sentiment, which from fear or folly they are unable to carry into action.

WILLIS HALL.  
New York, Oct. 21, 1848.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in this world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty or encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

SPANISH BEGGARS.—The queerest object in nature is a Spanish beggar; for these beggars beg on horseback; and it is an odd thing to see a man riding up to some poor foot passenger and asking alms. There is an old proverb about sitting a beggar on horseback. A gentleman in Valparaiso being accused by one of those mounted beggars, replied, "Why, sir, you come to beg of me who have to go on foot, while you ride on horseback." "Very true, sir," said the beggar, "and I have the more reason to beg; as I have to support my horse as well as myself."

A CHARACTER.—A western man says he once saw in the South one of the queerest looking blackies imaginable. His face was so black he couldn't tell when it was morning—his wool curled so tight that it made him regard shouldered—his nose was so flat and grossy he had to put his fingers when he wanted to blow—his skin was so sharp, he couldn't go through a corn field without splitting the stalks; and his heels were so long it was impossible for him to go down hill without tying a couple of stones on them for ballast! He died young, of mortification, which commenced in his legs, in consequence of their being too crooked for the blood to find its way up and down!

A FACT.—The world is a stage—men are the performers—chance compose the pieces—fortune distributes the parts—fools exhibit the scenery—philosophers are the spectators—rich men occupy the boxes—poor men fill the pit—the fair present refreshments—folly makes the concert—time drops the curtain, and death closes the play.

INFIDELITY.—Infidelity may afford ease or gratification while a man is in the full enjoyment of health and strength, or even up to the hour of death; but when the Boat of Life, cast loose from the shores of time, float out upon the Solemn Waters, infidelity will leave it lamplless and pilotless amidst the Breakers!

LETZ.—Though we seemed grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor long to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at home; then to retire.

"None requires More."  
A VISIT.  
John Smith, a trader, sat at the door of his cottage; and an unusual weight of despondency pressed upon his mind. His circumstances, to be sure, were not so bad—he was about as prosperous as his neighbors; but then, he thought, could he escape the endless round of care and vexation, to which a life of business exposed him; could he have time for repose, reading and meditation—in short, could he be independent of a thankless and selfish world, how happy he would be! He raved upon this thought until the "mysterious agent" who is supposed to keep watch over the temporal affairs of men, stood by his side.

"I have seen," said the strange visitor, "the current of your thoughts, and that you long for wealth. Tell me by to-morrow what amount you desire, and it shall be yours!"

The speaker then vanished, and a thrill of light ran through the veins of John Smith. But he immediately bethought himself of the answer he should return his new acquaintance when he re-appeared. At first, no difficulty was apparent; but as soon as he had taken up his pen to make the necessary calculations, he found that the question was not to be answered so readily as he imagined. At first, he set down \$2000 as the sum of his wishes.

"It will buy," said he, "this little place enable me to stock my shop, repair my fences, and buy me a good yoke of oxen—I shall then be independent!"

He mused on this awhile.

"Still, on the other hand, (he continued,) I should have to labor—sickness might reduce my business to disorder, and bring poverty. I will have \$10,000 besides, that my interest money may be amply sufficient for my support."

This sum was hardly fixed on, however, ere he tomorrow that it would be wholly insufficient.

"It will purchase me on all sides still, (said he,) I could not keep a carriage—nor travel into foreign countries, as I have often thought I should like to do. Besides, I should be obliged to live in a small way. It would allow me to be contented and lead an easy life, to be sure, if I was satisfied, like the brute, with mere ease and sufficient to eat. But I want something more than this. I want to enjoy life like a gentleman. I will add—let me see—yes, twice as much for a handsome country seat alone, and ten times the amount in bank stock. Say about \$250,000. This will be a capital fortune, and enable me to gratify all my desires."

Just then a new idea dropped into John's head.

"Then, even then, I should find many richer men in the country than myself!"

He pondered on this awhile. It roused up all the jealousy of his soul. He did not care about outshining them all in the splendor of his establishment and mode of living; but he felt that the ability to do so would be absolutely necessary to his happiness—and he was at once launched into a wide ocean of calculations which carried him finally to \$10,000,000. With this he was perfectly sure of being satisfied.

But he had no sooner come to the conclusion than a new idea struck him. He had thought of traveling abroad—he would meet men of mammoth fortunes in Europe. He considered a moment, and then added a cypher to the ten millions.

"This sum of \$100,000,000, would put me above the fear of meeting a rival in point of wealth. But he soon found he was no nearer being satisfied than he was with the first sum he named to himself. It appeared absolutely necessary that he should not only be richer than any other man in the world, but that he should be able to establish millions of schools, and churches, and pay the salaries of ministers and missionaries, and print bibles, &c., (for John Smith was a pious man,) besides laying by some ten, fifteen, or twenty millions per year.

In the midst of these profound meditations, however, on the subject of fixing the proper sum of wealth which he should desire of his supernatural visitor, the minister of fate suddenly re-appeared! John declared that he had not yet been able to fix the precise sum, and begged his kind visitor to give him one hour more.

"My errand is finished," was the reply. "I go to return no more. Look inward and answer thyself the question—Wouldst thou even be content with the wealth of India, the glory of Alexander, the homage of the world, and a title to Heaven?"

The messenger had just pronounced these words, and was in the act of vanishing, when John Smith awoke—for he had been dreaming.

A SATISFIED MAN.

If you are desirous to learn all, and more than all, the good qualities of a person, wait till he is dead. If you would hear all the evil that attaches to person's character, wait till he gets married.

THINKING.—Thinking leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; he will never know any thing of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. It is then saying too much, if I say that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away thought from man's life and what remains!

ANGER.—To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils. But to prevent or suppress rising resentments, is wise and glorious—is manly and divine.

RELIGION.—When temporal advantages are annexed to any religious profession, they will be sure to call in all those who have no religion at all; knaves will embrace it for the sake of interests, fools will follow them for the sake of fashion; and when once it is in such hands, omnipotence itself will be of no avail to its party.