THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play,
And when they visit poor men's homes,
They bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart?
The two best friends I know,
Around the hearth come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! come dark—'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm ere long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first not second best;
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties poured,
When they sit down to dine;
The bread they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong;
So merrily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song.

Without these twain the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare!
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high;
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why,
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

BALLAD.

BY MEISTER KARL.

If flowers were good as kisses,
Oh then I will be bound,
That sprouts would soon be growing
On every inch of ground.

If wine were good as kisses,
How very soon we'd see
All people who could get it
As tipsy as could be.

If bread were good as kisses,
Full well, my friend, I know
That corn would rise in price,
And to baking we would go.

If cakes were good as kisses,
We'd soon see high and low,
The countess with her cook-maid,
All rolling up the dough.

If books were good as kisses,
And easy to be earned
How many an ignoramus
Would be full deeply learned.

Go over the world, good fellow,
Consider all things well,
Thou'lt see that of every pleasure
Sweet kissing doth bear the bell.

☞ Next to being upright and faithful in the performance of your duty, be decided, and then you will make either friends or foes worth having.

☞ In treating diseases of the mind, music is not sufficiently valued. In raising the heart above despair, an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary shops.

A certain cockney bluebeard overcome by sensibilities, fainted at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What can we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," said a waggish bystander; "he'll soon rewive.

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?" "Why, they feed him more and kick him less," said the urchin.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?" was the caustic reply.

☞ It is stated that the warehouses in Buffalo are cramed to their utmost capacity with grain, flour and general produce from the west. Fresh cargoes are continually arriving, but there is no one to recive them. The banks in many instances have advanced the freight, taking the whole cargo as security. One firm has now thirteen boats lying at West troy heavily laden with valuable produce, and they are unable to raise the money ($3000) to pay the tolls.

A GOOD COMPARISON.—"If you have ever seen," wrote Willis to his daughter, "a field of broom-corn—the most careless branching and free swaying of all the products of a summer—and can fancy the contrast, in its destiny, between sweeping the pure air with the wind's handling, and sweeping what it more usefully may, when tied up for handling as brooms, you can understand the difference I feel, between using my thoughts at my pleasure, as in country life, and using them for subsistence as in my present profession."

☞ THE SHIPBUILDER'S OPINION OF WHITFIELD.—A shipbuilder was once asked what he thought of Mr. Whitfield. "Think!" he replied; "I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but, were I to save my soul, under Mr. W. I could not lay a single plank."

MR. BUCHANAN'S SPEECH.

(EXTRACTS.)

IN SENATE, JANUARY 22, 1840.

What has been the financial history of the country for the last twenty-five years? I can speak with positive knowledge upon this subject during the period of eighteen years since I first came into public life.—It has been a history of constant vibration—of extravagant expansions in the business of the country, succeeded by ruinous contractions. At successive intervals many of the best and most enterprising men of the country have been crushed. They have fallen victims at the shrine of the insatiate and insatiable spirit of extravagant banking and speculation. Starting at the extreme point of depression of one of these periods, we find that the country has been glutted with foreign merchandize, and it requires all our efforts to pay the debt thus contracted to foreign nations. At this crisis the banks can do nothing to relieve the people. In order to preserve their own existence, they are compelled to contract their loans and their issues. In the hour of distress, when their assistance is most needed, they can do nothing for their votaries. Every article sinks in price, men are unable to pay their debts, and wide-spread ruin pervades the land. During this first year of the cycle, we are able to import but comparatively little foreign merchandize, and this affords the country an opportunity of recruiting its exhausted energies. The next year the patient begins to recover. Domestic manufactures flourish in proportion as foreign goods become scarce. The industry and enterprise of our citizens have been exerted with energy, and our productions have liquidated the foreign debt. The third year a fair business is done. The country presents a flourishing appearance. The banks, relieved from the drains of specie required for foreign export, begin once more to expand, and tempt the unwary to their ruin. Property of all descriptions commands a fair price. The fourth or fifth year the era of extravagant banking and speculation returns, again to be succeeded by another ruinous revulsion.

This was the history of the country up till 1837. Since then we have traveled the road to ruin much more rapidly than in former years. Before that period it had required from three to six years to get up an expansion and its corresponding explosion. We have now witnessed the astounding fact that we can press through all these changes, and even from one suspension of specie payments to another in little more than two years.

It is curious to observe with how much accuracy you can read the ever-changing condition of this country in the varied amount of our importations. The year 1836 was one of the vast expansion, and produced the explosion and suspension of specie payments in 1837. The imports were greatly diminished in 1837, being less than they had been in 1836 by nearly fifty millions of dollars. In 1838 they sunk down to twenty-seven millions less than they had been in 1837, and nearly twenty-seven millions less than they were in 1835. In 1839 we had another expansion, and our imports were forty-four millions of dollars greater than they had been in 1838. This expansion preceded the explosion and suspension payments in the month of October last. Thus we have become such skilful architects of ruin, that a single year was sufficient to prepare the late explosion.

There never has existed a nation on earth, except our own, that could endure such rapid and violent expansions and contractions. It is the buoyancy of youth—it is the energies of our population—it is the spirit which never quails before difficulties—which enables us to endure such shocks without utter ruin. Yes, sir, a difference in the amount of our imports, between the years 1836 and 1838, of twenty-seven millions of dollars, is sufficient to excite the astonishment of the world.

What causes chiefly operate to produce this speedy recurrence of the second explosion and the second suspension of specie payments? Three may be mentioned. In the first place, after the bank suspension 1837, every person who was friendly to well-regulated banks, if such a thing be possible under the present system, ardently desired that the different State Legislatures might impose upon them some wholesome restrictions. It was expected that they would be compelled to keep a certain amount of specie in their vaults in proportion to their circulation and deposits; that the foundation of a specie basis for our paper currency should be laid by prohibiting the circulation of bank notes at the first under the denomination of ten and afterwards under that of twenty dollars; that the amount of their dividends should be limited; and, above all, that upon the occurrence of another suspension their doors should be closed at once, and their affairs be placed in the hands of commissioners. The different Legislatures met. Much indignation was expressed at the conduct of the banks.—They were severely threatened; but at last they proved to powerful for the people. Indeed, it would almost seem as if most of the State Legislatures had met for no other purpose than to legalize the previous suspension of specie payment, No efficient restrictions were imposed; and the banks were thus taught that they might thereafter go unpunished—unwhipped of justice.—Past impunity prevented them from reducing their business and curtailing their profits in such a manner as to render them secure in the day of trial. They have fallen again; I fear again to enjoy the same impunity.

In the second place, the immense amount of money loaned to many of the States in England, a large portion of which was brought home in the form of foreign merchandise, afforded great facilities for over-trading, or rather overbuying.

And in the third place, the conduct of the bank of the United States greatly tended to produce these excessive importations.—That institution became the broker for the sale of all State bonds in Europe. It endeavored to monopolize the entire cotton trade of the country; and it drew bills of exchange on England, most freely, at moderate rates, against the proceeds of the bonds and of its cotton. Every temptation was thus presented to speculations in foreign merchandise.

These three causes combining, have occasioned a second suspension of specie payments within two years after the first, and produced this bloated credit system, from the wreck of which our country is now deeply suffering.

I most heartily concur with the Senator from Kentucky in one of his positions. We certainly produce too little and import too much. Our expanded credit system is the great cause of this calamity. Confine it within safe and reasonable bounds, and this disastrous effect will no longer be produced. It is not in the power of Congress to do much toward a consumation so desirable.—Still we shall do all we can; and the present bill will exercise some influence in restraining the banks from making extravagant loans and emitting extravagant issues.

What effect has this bloated system of credit produced upon the morals of the country? In the large commercial cities, it has converted almost all men of business into gamblers. Where is there now to be found the old-fashioned importing merchant, whose word was as good as his bond, and who was content to grow rich, as our fathers did, by the successive and regular profits of many years of patient industry? Such men were the glory and pride of commerce, and elevated the character of their country both at home and abroad. I ask, where are they? Is not the race almost extinct? All now desire to grow rich rapidly. Each takes his chance in the lottery of speculation. Although there may be a hundred chances to one against him, each, eagerly intent upon the golden prize, overlooks the intervening rocks and quicksands between him and it, and when he fondly thinks he is about to clutch it, he sinks into bankruptcy and ruin. Such has been the fate of thousands of our most enterprising citizens.

If the speculator should prove successful and win the golden prize, no matter by what means he may have acquired his wealth, this clothes him with honor and glory.—Money, money, money, confers the highest distinction in society. The republican simplicity and virtue of a Macon would be subjects of ridicule on Wall street or Chestnut street. The highest talent, directed by the purest patriotism, moral worth, literary and professional fame—in short, every quality that ought to confer distinction in society—sink into insignificance when compared with wealth. Money is equivalent to a title of nobility in our larger commercial cities. This is the effect of the credit system.

We have widely departed from the economical habits and simple virtues of our forefathers. These are the only sure foundations upon which our republican institutions can rest. The desire to make an ostentatious display of our rapidly acquired wealth has produced a splendor and boundless expense unknown in former times.—There is now more extravagance in our large commercial cities than exists in any portion of the world, which I have ever seen, except among the wealthy nobility of England. Thank Heaven this extravagance has but partially reached the mountains and valleys of the interior. The people there, so far as their potential voice can be heard, are determined to put an end to this bloated credit system, which threatens to involve not only their private fortunes, but their political liberties in ruin.

On Friday last, when I very unexpectedly addressed the Senate, I stated a principle of political economy which I shall now read from the book. It is this. "That if you double the amount of the necessary circulating medium in any country, you therefore double the nominal price of every article.—If, when the circulating medium is fifty millions, an article should cost one dollar, it would cost two if, without any increase of the use of a circulating medium, the quantity should be increased to one hundred millions." The same effect would be produced whether the circulating medium were specie or convertible bank paper mingled with specie. It is the increased quantity of the medium not its character, which produces this effect. Of course I leave out of view irredeemable bank paper.

Let me now recur to the proposition with which I commenced; and I repeat that I do not pretend to mathematical accuracy in the illustration which I shall present. The U. S. carry on a trade with Germany and France; the former a hard money country, and the latter approaching it so nearly as to have no bank notes in circulation under the denomination of five hundred francs, or nearly one hundred dollars. On the contrary, the U. S. is emphatically a paper-money country, having eight hundred banks of issue, all of them emitting notes of a denomination as low as five dollars, and most of them one, two and three dollar notes. For every dollar of gold and silver in the vaults of these banks, they issue three, four, five, and some of them as high as ten, and even fifteen dollars of paper. This produces a vast but ever-changing expansion of the currency, and a consequent increase of the prices of all articles, the value of which is not regulated by foreign demand, above the prices of similar articles in Germany and France. At particular stages of our expansions, we might with justice apply the principle which I have stated to our trade with these countries, and assert that, from the great redundancy of our currency, articles are manufactured in France and Germany for one half their actual cost in this country. Let me present an example. In Germany, where the currency is purely metallic, and the cost of every thing is reduced to a hard-money standard, a piece of broadcloth can be manufactured for fifty dollars, the manufacture of which in our country, from the expansion of our paper currency, would cost one hundred dollars? What is the consequence? The Foreign French or German manufacturer imports his cloth into our country, and sells it for a hundred dollars. Does not every person perceive that the redundancy of our currency is equal to a premium of one hundred per cent. in favor of the foreign manufacturer? No tariff of protection, unless it amounted to prohibition, could counteract this advantage in favor of foreign manufactures.—I would to heaven that I could arouse the attention of every manufacturer of the nation to this important subject.

The foreign manufacturer will not receive our bank notes in payment. He will take nothing home except gold and silver, or bills of exchange, which are equivalent. He does not expend this money here, where he would be compelled to support his family, and to purchase his labor and materials at the same rate of prices which he receives for his manufactures. On the contrary, he goes home, purchases his labor, his wool and all other articles which enter into his manufacture, at half their cost in this country, and again returns to inundate us with foreign woolens, and to ruin our domestic manufactures. I might cite many other examples, but this, I trust, will be sufficient to draw public attention to the subject. This depreciation of our currency is, therefore, equivalent to a direct protection granted to the foreign over the domestic manufacturer. It is impossible that our manufacturers should be able to sustain such an unequal competition.

Sir, I solemly believe that if we could but reduce this inflated paper bubble to anything like reasonable dimensions, New England would become the most prosperous manufacturing country that the sun ever shone upon. Why cannot we manufacture goods, and especially cotton goods, which will go into successful competition with the British manufactures in foreign markets? Have we not the necessary capital? Have we not the industry? Have we not the machinery?—And above all, are not our skill, energy and enterprise proverbial throughout the world? Land is also cheaper here than in any other country on the face of the earth. We possess every advantage which Providence can bestow upon us for the manufacture of cotton; but they are all counteracted by the folly of man. The raw material costs us less than it does the English, because this is an article the price of which depends upon foreign markets, and is not regulated by our own inflated currency. We, therefore, save the freight of the cotton across the Atlantic, and that of the manufactured article on its return here. What is the reason that, with all these advantages, and with the protective duties which our laws afford to the domestic manufacturer of cotton we cannot obtain exclusive possession of the home market, and successfully contend for the markets of the world? It is simply because we manufacture at the nominal prices of our own inflated currency, and are compelled to sell at the real prices of other nations. Reduce our nominal to the real standard of prices throughout the world, and you cover our country with blessings and benefits. I wish to Heaven I could speak in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout New England; because, if the attention of manufactures could once be directed to the subject, their own intelligence and native sagacity would teach them how injuriously they are affected by our bloated banking and credit system, and would enable them to apply the proper corrective.

Although this bill will not have as great an influence as I could desire, yet, as far as it goes, it will benefit the laboring man as much, and probably more, than any other class of society. What is it he ought most to desire? Constant employment, regular wages, and uniform reasonable prices for the necessaries and comforts of life which he requires. Now, sir, what has been his condition under our system of expansions and contractions? He has suffered more by them than any other class of society. The rate of his wages is fixed and known, and they are the last to raise with the increasing expansion, and the first to fall when the corresponding revulsion occurs. He still continues to receive his dollar per day, whilst the price of every article which he consumes is rapidly rising. He is at length made to feel that, although he nomically earns as much or even more than he did formerly, yet, from the increased price of all the necessaries of life, he cannot support his family. Hence he strikes for higher wages, and the uneasy and excited feelings which have at different periods existed among the laboring classes. But the expansion at length reaches the exploding point, and what does the laboring man now suffer? He is for a season thrown out of employment altogether. Our manufactures are suspended; our public works are stopped: our private enterprises of different kinds are abandoned; and, whilst others are able to weather the storm, he can scarcely procure the means of bare subsistence.

Again, sir; who do you suppose, held the greater part of the worthless paper of the one hundred and sixty-five broken banks to which I have referred? Certainly it was not the keen and wary speculator, who snuffs danger from afar. If you were to make the search, you would find more broken bank notes in the cottages of the laboring poor than any where else. And these miserable shinplasters what are they, what are they? After the revulsion of 1837, laborers were glad to obtain employment on any terms, and they often received it upon the express condition that they should accept this worthless trash in payment. Sir, an entire suppression of all bank notes of a lower denomination than the value of one week's wages of the laboring man is absolutely necessary for his protection. He ought always to receive his wages in gold and silver. Of all men on the earth, the laborer, is most interested in having a sound and stable currency.

Tobacco Smoking.

The Mahommedan legend on the subject is too long for repetition under its Eastern garb. Suffice it that a viper was restored to health by the warmth of the Prophet's body. Immediately on convalescene, the ungrateful reptile announced its intention of biting its preserver. The Prophet expostulated. An argument ensued, which ended in the viper's carrying out its original project. The Prophet sucked the venom from his wounded wrist and spit it forth. "From these drops sprung that wondrous weed, which has the bitterness of the serpent's tooth quelled by the sweet saliva of the Prophet." But whatever the origin of tobacco, no plant has exercised so much political influence. The Pope Urban VIII excommunicated all those who took snuff in church. The Empress Elizabeth was less severe. She declared the snuff boxes of those who made use of them in church should be confiscated to the use of the beadle. At Berne the use of tobacco was classified with adultery. In Pransylvania the penalty was far greater; in 1639 entire confiscation of property was the sentence of those who should plant tobacco, while consumers were condemned to fines varying from three to two hundred florins.—Amurath IV hung persons found guilty of smoking, with pipes through their noses and a tobacco pouch hanging from their necks. The Grand Duke of Muscovy forbade smoking and snuff-taking under the penalty of having the nose cut off; while Mohamed IV, son of the Sultan Ibrahim, 1665, punished the practice with decapitation. It is related of Amurath that a smoking saphi once struck the monarch himself for smoking with him incognito on board a caique. Amurath informed the saphi that the royal decree referred equally to himself. "No," replied the saphi, "I fight for and would die for him.—It does not apply to me." A few days subsequently Amurath sent for him, and, making himself known, gave his fellow-offender a good appointment. But such penal regulations appear always to have been evaded. Those modern Amuraths, railway directors, arrogate to themselves the right of inflicting a fine of 40s. and expulsion from their line on any one guilty of the sublime act. But it is sweet to smoke under difficulties. Were the prohibition removed, smoking on railway cars would probably cease. We know of one young man who feigned madness that he might secure a carriage to himself.—Another, on seeing a bishop alight at an intermediate station, immediately made for the compartment' and calling for a guard complained that the carriage was reeking of tobacco smoke. "To be sure, those clerical gentlemen do smoke terribly," answered the official. "Then don't accuse me of it hereafter," rejoined the youth with an arch smile. On one occasion a railway guard thrust his head into a carriage filled with devotees in the act of their devotions, and placing his hand on a cushion, observed, "There are two very good rules on this line, gentlemen. Smoking is strictly prohibited, and the company's servants are forbidden to accept gratuities."

A CELLAR "UP STAIRS."—H. A. Sheldon, of Middlebury, Vt., recommends those without the conveniences of an under ground cellar, the following substitute: "Take a box of any convenient size and set it within another of similar form, but enough larger to admit a layer of *dry* sawdust four or five inches thickness to be closely packed betwen the two, both at the bottom and sides. There may be a cover on both boxes, or only one on the outside box. In a room having a fire by day, such a box will keep vegetables enough for a small family during a month or so, which will be a great convenience to those living at a distanc from market. In very cold weather the box may be left open during the day." It will also do for a Summer ice-chest, by putting the ice in, in some water-tight vessel.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ PUNCTUATION—that is, putting the stops in the right places—cannot be to sedulously studied. We lately read, in a country paper, the following startling account of Lord Palmerston's appearance in the House of Common: "Lord Palmertson then entered on his head, a white hat on his feet, large but well polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a meaning glere saying nothing. He sat down."

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

The happiness of this world is not so unequally distributed as many imagine; the rich have not all the priviledges, nor the poor all the privations. Thank God, the purest pleasures of life are those which money cannot buy. The artisan going from his wearisome labor to his humble house, as he meets the love-lit smile of his wife, and takes his fair and healthy child upon his knee, knows a thrill of sweeter joy than the most lavish expenditure of gold upon costly stimulants can bring the jaded mind of the epicurean in pleasure. The wildwood flowers and the dew-drops are not bought; the glory of sunset and the magnificence of the full moon are free to all. The blushing cheek and beaming eyes of the effection cannot be purchased; virtue and beauty receive not their glorious riches from the hand of Mammon; the intellectually wealthy may well hold in contempt the baser coin of the world.

It is true that the bridegroom workingman, as he bears his bride to their lowly home, longs, with the impulse of affection, to attire her graceful form in the same adornments which her prouder sisters use to heighten their charms; but it is foolish, though generous impulse. If he loves his bride, and she him, they need not covet the situation of those whose love of rivalship, display, and "pride of place" have most likely driven out simple, heartfelt happiness. The radiant smile of affection, and the clear glance of unsullied virtue, are ornaments above price, and will make the face of a woman beautiful even in its old age.

So the working-man father, looking around upon his blooming children, is conscious that their intellect is as keen, their perceptions as ready, as those of the nabob's upon the next street; and he determines they shall have similar advantages. This is a noble ambition. But in these days, it is no reason why a man should spend his years in grumbling discontent because he is not rich. Our system of common schools places education within reach of the humblest. With mind and education, every son and daughter has a fair chance to achieve respectability in this country; and it is a false ambition which would seek the power and honor conferred only by money. Yet, that son or daughter may have yearnings after the developement of peculiar talents or genius; the son may thirst to drink deep of the Pierian spring of classical learning; may have a gift for a profession (without which especial calling he has no business to attempt competition in the overburdened ranks of the professions;) and the daughter may have visions of beauty, or have dreams of melody, which call for her fingers to accomplish themselves in painting or music.

With health a moderate industry will bring about all this, and still the soul not fall a victim to the prevailing fever—the terrible gold fever which scorches the sensibilties, and dries up the springs of humanity in so many hearts.

There is still another class who feel yet more keenly the want of wealth; not for the petty pleasures of sense, or the local influence it would give them, but because they worship the Beautiful, and money would give them the means of gratifying their exquisite tastes. With souls aspiring after grace, fitness, and beauty in all things, they have to struggle with the details of life and poverty. These are the people of genius—poets, artists—men of divine, unworldly gifts. They would convert the glorious Ideal into the Real, if they had the necessary means. They are treated by the coarseness and ugliness from which they cannot escape, yet they are self-deceived if they do not consider themselves among the most fortunate, as far even as happiness, commonly considered, goes. We doubt not that the painter in his unfurnished garret, with his coffee pot and loaf of bread, and his hard bed in the same room with him, is filled with a richer pleasure, as he sits, and dreams, and broods over the creation of his genius upon the convas before him, than it is possible for the wealthy egotist, who buys it of him, to conceive. We doubt not that his Act—his beloved, worshiped Art—is more to him than pyramids of diamonds. Ask him if he would exchange himself, his hopes, his dreams, his ideals, his fine perceptions of beauty, his deep emotions, for the withered soul of yonder Croesus, who has spent his life in accumulating bonds and mortgages, rents, and interest upon interest.

And the poet—will he say that he has ever entered the portals of any Fifth Avenue palace, that could begin to equal the splendor of the unearthly palaces through which his imagination daily walks? Will he give up the materials from which he constructs these—gold of the sunset, marble of the clouds, silver of the Star-light, gems of the dew and waterfall, draperies of intangible mists and inexpressibly lovely shadows, spray and foliage, with all the delight which they give and the beauty which they suggest—for the brown stone mansion of the millionare? Will he not say that his day and his night dreaming, his fancies, his earnest aspirations after the pure and true, his deep sympathy with the heart of humanity, his mighty store of lore, his keen delight in all that is fair, his broad and boundless realm of feeling and imagination—where angels walk, and visitants more beautiful than flowers, linger to smile upon him—will he not say that *these* are beyond price—a wealth which he has inherited from the Father in Heaven?

The scholar and the scientific man; will they measure their pleasures along with those of the sensualist and the epicure? Yet, for what nobler purpose are the most of these fortunes acquired, than for indulgence in good eating, good drinking, rich cloth, and showy house, and for the means of rivalry, arrogance, and ostentation?

A good fortune, well spent upon objects of real merit, upon works of art, and cultivation of the mind and soul; upon the poor, the sick, and upon the struggling men of talent; upon the advancement of science and general intelligence, is a desirable thing. But how few acquire money for such purposes!

Take heart, you who belong not to throng of the vulgar "great!" Reconsider your fortunes, and see if you have not cause for true thankfulness. Press not on so madly for the glittering payment. Do you not see how you trample on the flowers by the wayside? Why will you be so unmindful of their fragrance upon the air, and of the blue heaven over your heads?

From Forney's Press.

Pursuit of Gain.

The irresistible impulse that has been given, within the last few years, to every branch of industry, has been productive of great good. But every human benefit is apt to be closely attended by corresponding evil. The lightning and the tempest purify the elements, but, at the same time, are the agents of death and desolation. So, too, while the whole country bears evidence to the physical prosperity of our people, it is equally evident that there is a too intense and absorbing devotion to gain. This affects the whole body politic. It has changed, and will yet more radically change, the whole order of society. "The great principle of demand and supply," said Mr. Calhoun, in one of his speeches on the Sub-Treasury, "governs the moral and intellectual world no less than the business and commercial. If a community be so constituted as to cause a demand for high mental attainments, as if its honors and rewards are allotted to pursuits that require their development, by creating a demand for intelligence, knowledge, wisdom, justice, firmness, courage, patriotism, and the like, they are sure to be produced. But if, on the contrary, they be allotted to pursuits that require inferior qualities, the higher are sure to decay and perish."

Fortunes have been so rapidly accumulated in our country out of the regular and beaten paths of ordinary pursuits, that a rage for sudden acquisitions universally prevails. Wealth is fast becoming the citerion of merit, as well as of individual and social consideration. The influence of this upon the intellect and more manly qualities of a people is disastrous. All the higher and nobler faculties of the mind dwindle away when brought in contact with the schemes of speculation and the arts of the stock-board. In that presence they are as surely blasted as the green spot in the desert, when swept by the devouring sirocco. "Wisdom, justice, courage, patriotism, and the like," derive their inspiration from a very different source. It is true, to make money, in the sharp competitions of trade, may require and develop quickness of judgment and promptitude of action—qualities desirable in themselves, but by no means the highest and most desirable. That nation has arrived at a critical stage in its existence, when wealth, and the ease and luxury it secures, are become the chief objects of ambition.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The heroic virtues have then departed. Duty and honor no longer hold sway. In any great crisis affecting for weal or woe the good and glory of the country through all coming time, the decisive action will be determined, not by public and patriotic considerations, but by those which are personal and pecuniary. The professions, and especially the higher career of politics, will be adopted, not as the means to acquire honor and do the State service, but as the means of making money. Other considerations will be sacrificed to this. A generous ambition withers and dies whenever the passion of acquisition gets possession of the mind.

It is on this ground that wars have been vindicated. It has been said that they withdraw the attention of mankind from those objects that are dwarfing and benumbing them, and fix it upon things of a larger and more momentous character. Their bosoms are aroused and agitated by the march and encounter of armies, by gallant deeds, and heroic sacrifices. They become insensibly imbued with a higher and loftier spirit, and obey with alacrity the call of honor or duty. Such is the argument, and certainly it is not without seeming force. Let us hope, however, that a more effectual means to check the undue and unrighteous worship of Mammon may be found in the wider diffusion of a sound and ennobling literature and the re-awakening of a more healthful moral tone.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—"Mither! Mither! what have you done?" said a little newsboy to a green-horn who had just tied his horse to a spruce pole, as he thought. "Done!" said the fellow; "what do you mean? I hain't been doin', as I know on!" "Why, yeth you have thir you've hitched your hoth to the magnetic telegraph, and you'll be in New York in leth than two minutes, if you don't look out."—the man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, and jumping into his wagon drove hastily down the street.

☞ A gentleman having fallen into the river Exe, relating it to Sir T. A., said, "You will suppose I was pretty wet." "Yes," said the baronet, "wet, certainly, in the Exetreme.