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AT THE OFFICE OF THE Jeffersonian Republican.

He's None the Worse for That.

What though the homespun suit he wears— Best suited to the sons of toil, What though on coarsest food he fares, And tends the loom or tills the soil; What though no gold leaf gilds the tongue, Devoted to congenial chat! If right prevails, and not the wrong, The man is none the worse for that. What though within the humble cot No costly ornament is seen: What though the wife possesses not Her satin gowns of black and green; What though the merry household band Half-naked fly to ball and bat! If conscience guides the heart and hand The man is none the worse for that. True worth is not a thing of dress— Of splendor, wealth, or classic lore! Would that these trappings we loved less, And clung to honest worth the more! Though pride may spur the toiling crowd, The tattered garb, the crownless hat, Yet God and nature cry aloud, The man is none the worse for that!

Reception Address.

We give below the address delivered by S. C. BURXETT, Esq., to the Monroe Artillery, in this borough, on the Fourth of July: SOLDIERS!—The duty devolves upon me of making a few remarks to you upon the occasion of this, your first visit to our borough. You come for the purpose of commingling in social intercourse with your fellow-citizens, and to participate in the exercises that may here transpire, commemorative of the nation's "great Sabbath." The day selected by you is truly opportune, as the one hallowed in the memory of us all,—as the one upon which a bold and decided attitude was taken by our ancestors against the unwise and impolitic measures concerted by the British Legislature,—a day upon which those high resolves were taken which were so nobly and triumphantly sustained by the prowess of American arms in the dark and forbidding hours of the Revolution, and which formed the glorious harbinger of the after splendor and renown of our common country. It is a source of just pride, and State pride is as well as love of country, that the declaration of Independence was first promulgated in the chief city of our State, that it was within the limits of our own good Commonwealth that those chivalric and generous spirits of '76, in view of their political degradation and the gross infringements of their most sacred rights, see their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, "upon a cast," and swore "to stand the hazard of the die."

It is foreign to my purpose to dilate upon the scenes of the Revolution. I leave them to another. Suffice it to say that the Spartan band brought their all, and freely offered it as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country,—that many battles were fought, many lives were lost, and much treasure expended before they attained their darling object, that "Liberty arose, not in the sunshine And smiles of Heaven—but wrapt In whirlwinds, and begirt with woes; Her birth-star was the light of burning plains."

Never perhaps since the organization of our government has this country enjoyed such a season of commercial and industrial prosperity. Our commercial marts are thronged with the richest contributions from all countries and climes, and exchanged for the no less rich productions of our own highly favored land, simultaneously enhancing the gains of the merchant and tradesman, and pouring a golden harvest into the coffers of the government, while every city and town, village and hamlet, throughout the broad extent of our country,—from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is vocal with the gladsome sounds of industry, whose splendid creations redound to the physical welfare and social refinement of our citizens, and contribute to develop the mighty resources, and add to the wealth, the power and grandeur of this magnificent Republic. The political and social condition of the masses are infinitely better than those of any other people upon the face of the globe. We have no feudal privileges, dating far back to the dark and barbarous days of the Celts. We have no established Church to curtail the

exercise of conscience, to force implicit obedience to every exaction suggested by religious fanaticism and bigotry, and eat out the substance of the people for the support of a proud and arrogant priesthood. We have no armed police quartered in our homes as spies and informers, who are ever ready to carry out, at the point of the bayonet, the behests of despots and tyrants. In a word I congratulate you, and I am proud in being able so to do, upon your full, free, and entire exemption from that long and fearful catalogue of the badges of oppression, which are concocted in the cabinets of Kings and Princes, in the cloisters of priests, and in all the dark dens of the devotees of legitimacy.

Our country presents the anomalous example of sustaining her authority at home without a standing army, and her authority abroad with a navy less than the smallest commercial European States. It is not the business of this government to build and fit out mighty Armadas to plunder defenceless nations and swell her treasury with surreptitious gains,—to follow in the path of conquest and adorn her capital and chief cities with the fruits of a system of legalized robbery,—to organize armies to stand between her and her citizens. Here's a far higher and a nobler destiny, in the cultivation of the arts of peace, and of elevating her citizens to that point of political, intellectual, and social well-being, designed by their Creator. One distinctive feature in the political condition of the people of the United States, is that their rights are secured within the limits of a written Constitution, clearly and accurately defined, the provisions of which are carried out by three legitimate co-ordinate branches, the Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary departments, a system somewhat abstruse in its design, but perfectly harmonious in all its operations. I believe this country has the honor of inventing and promulgating written constitutions, for every genuine constitution now existing in Europe or anywhere else, has been formed since the American Revolution and no doubt suggested by American example, which presents very clear proof of the infinite application of Yankee ingenuity, that it not only excels in the manufacture of wooden nutmegs, but in the framing and devising of one of the best and most stupendous systems of governmental polity that ever existed or ever will exist.

Soldiers, since the days of knight errantry and chivalry, the profession of arms has ever been esteemed a noble and honorable one, but like everything else, as I have before intimated, is susceptible of being prostituted to the basest purposes. The military organization of this country is different from that of most, if not all the European States. Their armies are composed of men early impressed into the service, with no love of country to stimulate them, with no definite rights to challenge their vigilance, with no high and ennobling impulses, to swell their souls and impel them forward to the performance of their duties, but they are emphatically a servile class, pledged at all hazards to do the bidding of those in power. In this country every man is a soldier, but just so far as the defence of his home and his country is concerned.—Many have been led to doubt the efficiency of citizen soldiers: Throwing aside the deeds of noble daring in the Revolution and the war of 1812, exhibited by those that were termed "raw militia," the lofty bearing and splendid achievements of our citizen soldiers on the plains and at the mountain passes of Mexico, must remove every aspersion, and challenge the admiration and respect of every man. It was there proven that our citizen soldiers, when led by skilful and accomplished officers, were invincible. Every strong hold melted like a snow wreath before their tremendous shocks. Nothing could withstand their sudden and overwhelming attacks from Matamoros to Buena Vista, and from Vera Cruz to the proud city of the Aztecs herself. Not a heart was unmanned, and not an arm underved, until the stars and stripes were planted on every battlement, and flaunted in triumph over every prostrate foe.

Gentlemen, from your soldier like bearing, the exactness of your evolutions, and your known patriotism, we have abundant evidence that if you should ever be called upon to face "grim visaged war," each of you would meet it with the fortitude that becomes the soldier, and though the contest might rage with fearful strife, and the "Seathing fires should leap from line to line, And the cannon's loud roar mock heaven's High rolling thunder," you would never strike to an insolent foe, nor suffer the beautiful banner that stands at the head of your corps, to trail in dishonor to the dust.

Soldiers, this is your first visit to our borough, and I trust that it, like similar exchanges of courtesies, may be productive of a spirit of friendship and good feeling between citizens of remote sections. In behalf of the members of the "Humane Fire Company," and the citizens of Stroudsburg in general, I bid you a warm and cordial welcome.

The rotation of the earth experiment has been successfully tried, both at the National Gallery and the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

Times Takings and Leavings.

Throughout all the phases which nature presents to us, we have evidence of changes. History and personal experience both teach us that there is one thing which produces all these effects; its name is time. Days, months, years and centuries are all embraced in our notion of time, and we attach to it the capability of being measured in contradistinction to eternity, which admits of no numerical calculation. Time is an object, and with most persons, one of great importance. They lay plans and toil for their completion, solely in reference to the consideration that there will be time sufficient to finish them.

An old man sits upon a lofty rock, the base of which is surrounded by the fragments of by-gone ages; in one hand he holds an hour glass, in the other a scythe. In his left is the emblem of limited duration—in his right the symbol of destruction, and arbiter of mortal existence. Time is limited, and the boundaries are not very extended. In our age, the period allotted to man seldom extends beyond three score and ten years, and of what consequence is it to us how long the earth shall endure; it is only important as it effects our mortal existence. The earth may be annihilated, the sun grow dim, and the stars fade away, yet man, immortal man, will continue to live, and think, and act, after the destruction of this habitable globe.

Sitting upon the top of a lofty eminence, your eye rests upon a smiling village; the houses, the habitations of civilized man, and the abodes of peace and comfort, present a beautiful contrast to the shady woods and green fields around; the church with its heaven pointing spire, though it be plain, is nevertheless a pleasant object, as it stands in the centre of the little collection of houses. Every thing is familiar, and to you there is no place like it, your native village and the home of your childhood.

Years roll on—you have grown up to man's estate, and perhaps descending to the shadows of old age; the pleasures of life have lost their attractiveness, and you take but a slight interest in worldly things, yet it will give you solid pleasure to revisit the brow of this hill, where many years before, you beheld the village at your feet. Standing in the same spot and looking in the same direction as you did then, with what astonishment will you contemplate the vast changes which have taken place since, when an idle boy were accustomed to sport in the neighboring meadows. The house in which you were born and spent your early days has gone, and in its place there stands a modern edifice, far surpassing your humble notions of the luxurious and refined. The church also, the prominent buildings of the village has not been able to brave the change, but on the sacred spot where it stood for many years, there rears its lofty head, a proud monument of the skill of the architect; the meadows are not now to be seen, and you could not ramble over them even if you were again restored to the innocent amusements of childhood.

The little sapling which you set out in your youthful days has become a great tree; the acorn buried in the ground has burst its clay tenement and grown to be a giant oak; your playmates have become women and men, and those who when children lived in the quiet village, now borne down by age, die in the crowded capital. A great and almost supernatural change has transpired since you were a boy. What has caused it? Ask the woods and lawns, the mountains rearing their heads towards heaven, and the sunny plains covered with verdure, and with united voice they will tell you it is time.

The hapless infant soon becomes a child—the child gradually, yet certainly progresses to the season of youth—manhood soon succeeds, and old age brings us speedily to the door of the tomb; the elastic tread, the rosy cheek, the bloom of youth, and the gay and untrodden spirits are given up; sobriety and thoughtfulness succeed. These are at last changed for the wrinkled face and whitened locks, the bened form and forgetful memory of second childhood. Not every one passes through these changes. Go into the grave yard and ask who are the sleepers there! The tomb-stones will not tell you of old age merely, ripened for the sepulchre. By far the greater portion are those from the ranks of youth and manhood. Aye, there, too, you will find the little mound as well as that of the adult; the new born babe, helpless infancy, laughing childhood, and joyous youth—all are there. Time for them was short; their earthly existence was not of long duration; the boundary was limited to a few short years, and then their life closed. They have gone on that journey whence there is no returning.

Spring emerges into summer, and autumn zephyrs, are exchanged for the biting frost and chilly winds of winter; the dirty frock by the continued action of water gradually wears away; what were once mere bushes become mighty forests, rivers change their courses, and form new channels, stars disappear and others fill their places, and even our whole solar system is moving forward to some far distant point, there perchance to be destroyed. Splendid temples with their gorgeous trappings become insecure and tottering; the velvet is moth eaten and moulded; the gilding tarnished by rust and damp; the gold becomes dim, and the most fine gold changed. The child of fortune, the daughter of wealth and luxury, who has all that this world can furnish to gratify the desire, or administer to the wants of man, whose cheek the summer zephyrs are scarce permitted to fan, her bosom free from care or anxiety for the future. Visit her when a few years shall have elapsed; see her poverty stricken, her pale, emaciated frame and care worn brow are but the remnant of that which once constituted an object of so much beauty. Home, friends, health—all are gone; hope, the last to forsake us, has taken his everlasting flight; the march of time has produced sad and bitter changes in the destiny of many. Those who set out with bright and flattering prospects, have lived and toiled only to see their hopes blasted, their future career clouded in gloom. The little stream dancing with merry music over its pebbly bed is a beautiful sight, as its flowery banks stoop to kiss the sparkling ripples; but follow it on—see new accessions made to it at every step, until it swells into a majestic river, bearing life and produce on its broad bosom; behold it wending its way to the ocean, and finally mingling its waters with those of the great sea, there to be lashed by the fury of the elements.

You splendid castle, frowning with batteries, and bristling with cannon, whose brazen mouths bid defiance to the enemy, the strength of whose foundations challenge the united exertions of man to undermine them, and which has been erected as a proud specimen of architectural skill, and a right legacy to coming generations, will need but a short lapse of time ere it will be covered with ivy, and its apartments become a home for moles and bats; the scream of the owl at night will be heard from its crumbling battlements; its war like weapons will be broken and useless, and the name of its possessors be obliterated from the memory of those to whom it was bequeathed to perpetuate it.

Man toils year after year for the trifling recompense which earth can afford; yet of what consequence is it whether he be rich or poor. Though well known in our own generation, yet to those who shall follow, our name will be unknown; the elevation marking the spot where we rest will soon be leveled, and the marble worn so that the letters thereon inscribed will be invisible to him who shall walk among the mouldering piles.—Though some old Mortality recite the inscription, marking the character of the sleeper beneath the sod; yet soon even his task will be ended, and the stone worn and crumbling fall to the ground; even before this shall have occurred, our mortal tenements will have mingled with the dust.

Youth, beauty and vigor soon depart. It is not always spring nor summer, but icy winter must come. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away; blessings and happiness leave us; cares, disappointments and anxiety press heavy upon us; the companions of our early days are cut down, and their grave-stones grow grey in our sight; we leave home for a short time, on our return new faces greet us, and of all our friends scarcely one is left to recount the happy days of sunny childhood or youth.

Time is ever marching onward; he abides longer with some than with others; he takes one thing and leaves a substitute. Soon alas, too soon his account with us will be settled, but whenever it shall be, may we go to our silent home.

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A Model of a Woman.

Some time since a man residing a short distance from the city, "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving a wife and three daughters apparently helpless and penniless upon the world. In this emergency the eldest daughter—about 16 years of age—what Burns calls a "bonnie, sweet, and sonsie lass"—a whole arm full of health, virtue and rural beauty—resolved to make an effort for the support of her mother and sisters. A warm-hearted neighbor offered her, at her own solicitation, 75 cents per cord for cutting wood, being an advance of 25 cents on the usual price for such employment—commonly considered the most laborious even for the sterner sex.—Nothing daunted, however, our heroine commenced operations, and by dint of application and economy, in a short time managed to save enough from her earnings to buy her a wagon and team. She is now daily seen selling wood in our streets, and unloading as actively as any wood-carrier who drives to our city—pitching out the logs with her own fair hands. We cordially recommend this lady—for such she is in reality—to such of our bachelor friends as are matrimonially inclined. We care not in what rank of life such a woman may be found, she is a treasure. In the midst of poverty, toil and want, her virtue is unimpeachable, and she has only sought by unwonted labor to support herself and relatives by the toil of her own hands. Had not our heart another shrine which claims its homage, we know not that this moral heroine—this Joan of Arc of the affections—might not tempt us to violate Mrs. Norton's oft-repeated injunction to "love not." As it is, we advise our bachelor friends to pay attention to our "wood," not the "flower girl."—Memphis Enquirer.

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Effects of War.

It is stated in the foreign papers, that the census of Croatia, Slavonica, Banet, and Transylvania, recently taken, shows that there are in those provinces, twenty-five thousand widows, the result of the Hungarian war. Such facts as these are eloquent; and should be known and circulated by every lover of peace. Millions of men have fallen since wars began—millions and tens of millions. Caesar sacrificed at least two millions, and Napoleon, directly or indirectly, as many.

The dead are not all. There are the disabled physically, who remain a tax upon their country or their friends. And there are the disabled morally, whose war-tuition unfits them for the arts and purposes of peace. And there are the destitute widows and orphan children, who, if not in all cases absolutely dependent upon society by the death of the heads of households, are less productive to the state and less useful to the race, than they would be under the culture and direction of their natural protectors. Confusion in commerce, hindrance to the progress of the arts, impeded education, or false education, indifference to suffering, national exclusiveness and hereditary enmity—such are a few only of the evils which follow war, righteous or unrighteous, successful or unsuccessful. In cases where war must be, it is only a choice between evils; and we rejoice in the belief that, under the direction of Providence, the purposes for which wars and fighting have been permitted, are so nearly accomplished that their occurrence will become more and more rare, until "wars cease in all the earth."

The expense of war appears a sordid part of the calculation of its evils; but even this should not be forgotten in the account. In our own case, for instance, what millions of money have been consumed in the late war with Mexico! And the account is not yet closed; for, by acts of Congress, so much of the public domain has been given to the soldiers' and soldiers' widows, that we do not undertake to compute the amount of acres, or the money value of them. Justice to claimants under the wars of preceding years, re-opens their account and increases the vast aggregate.—We do not object to these grants. Men who peril their lives should receive the semblance of payment—though no payment can be really adequate. And their representatives, when the soldiers have left the world, are entitled to compensation. That these appropriations—that pensions, gratuities and land grants are among the just and necessary consequences of war, does not weaken our argument, but rather enforces it.

Our policy as a nation is peace. In peace, education, industry, frugality, religion, the true elements of national glory and happiness are best cultivated. The notion that to preserve independence, our youth must be trained as bull-dogs, and be "sudden and quick in quarrel"—an old-time figment, preserved at second and third hand from the Spartans, Goths, Huns, the banditti founders of Rome, and other savages—is giving way before common sense. We are a new nation, living in a new world, and must teach our race better than this, by precept and example. The war spirit needs no culture, but is found sufficiently abundant whenever opportunity occurs for its development, as experience testifies. [Arthur's Home Gazette.]

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Preserving Milk.

As this is the season of the year when milk is with difficulty preserved sweet through the warm summer months, I will give you a remedy I have used with good results. It is simply saltpetre finely pulverized and stirred in the milk. This is a subject of much importance to those who keep small dairies, and have no cooling apparatus. It will often save them from having stringy curd, that is when the milk can hardly be said to taste sour, but to use a lighter term, "changed;" and besides preserving the original nature of the milk, the curd is more tender.—Dollar Newspaper.

MARRING SHEEP.—An agriculturist says:—I wish to impress it upon every one who keeps a flock, if not more than half a dozen, that Venetian red is the best thing that I ever saw used to paint-mark sheep. It is, as most all men know, a cheap red paint, only a few cents a pound, and one pound will mark a thousand.—Take a pinch of dry powder, and draw the thumb and finger thro' the wool upon the particular spot you would mark, loosing the powder at the same time, and it will combine with the oil of the wool, and make a bright red mark, that rains will never wash out, and will endure from one shearing to another, but does not injure the wool. It is readily cleaned out by the manufacturer.

"SUCH A GITTIN UP STAIRS."—Said an old preacher, once upon a time, as we heard from the Richmond Dispatch, "If you were told that by going to the top of those steps yonder (pointing to the ricketty pair at one end of the church) you could secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that there was five hundred dollars up there, and I'll be bound there would be such a gitting up the steps as you never did see."

Rewards of Drunkenness.

If you would be always thirsty, be a drunkard; for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be. If you seek to prevent your friends from raising you in the world, be a drunkard; for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a drunkard; and you will not be disappointed. If you wish to repel the endeavors of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit and prosperity, be a drunkard; and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you would starve your family, be a drunkard; for that will consume the means of their support. If you would be imposed on by knaves, be a drunkard; for that will make their task easy.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard; and you will soon be ragged and penniless. If you wish to be robbed, be a drunkard; which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you would wish to blurt your senses, be a drunkard; and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a drunkard; and you will soon lose your understandings. If you wish to unfit yourself for social intercourse, be a drunkard; for that will accomplish your purpose.

If you are resolved to kill yourself, be a drunkard; that being a sure mode of destruction. If you would expose both your folly and secrets, be a drunkard; and they will soon be made known.

If you think you are too strong, be a drunkard; and you will soon be subdued by so powerful an enemy. If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a drunkard; and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labor had a workhouse, be a drunkard; and you will be unable to provide any. If you are determined to expel all comfort from your house, be a drunkard; and you will soon do it effectually. If you would always be under suspicion, be a drunkard; for, little as you think of it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of slugging your creditors, be a drunkard; and you will soon have reason to prefer by-paths to the public streets. If you would be dead weight on the community, and "cumber the ground" be a drunkard; for that will render you useless, helpless, burdensome and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a drunkard; for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

"All the crimes on earth," says Lord Bacon "do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness."

Religious Maniac. The Chicago Tribune gives the subjoined account of a female impostor or maniac, who is figuring off in Illinois. There is a woman residing in Hancock county, Illinois, who claims to be inspired. She is a native of Vermont, and has lived thirty years near Cincinnati. It is said that she had no education whatever, but was taught to read and write by the spirit of God, and received at the same time a command to prophecy and write a book for the instruction of mankind.—Obedient to these heavenly teachings, she addressed herself to the task thus miraculously assigned her. For four weeks she wrote incessantly, day and night, without food or sleep, at the end of which time the holy influence was withdrawn, with the promise, however, that it would again be communicated to her at some future time. Three years afterwards the promise was fulfilled, and Mrs. Celia Spaulding, (such is her name) has recently gone to Cincinnati to superintend the publication of her work, written under such auspices. It is to be of quarto size, and will contain 500 pages. She styles it "A Memoir and Prophecy, written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God, under the character of Shiloh, or the weary sufferer who is to bring the true light of the hidden gospel to fallen man. She also 'comes under the light of the woman, clothed with the sun, and pointing out the Seven Churches of John, &c., Rev. 1st, 2d and 3d chapters."

Mrs. Spaulding, says the Chicago Tribune, is now 55 years of age, is well informed on general topics, converses fluently and connectedly upon every subject but that of prophecy. When that is mentioned she at once becomes wild and incoherent.

To DESTROY THE CATERPILLAR.—In answer to many inquiries for the best mode of destroying caterpillars on trees, which have caused such havoc of our hope, the present year. I would say that three drops of lamp oil poured into their nest will effectually destroy all that may be in the nest at the time when it is applied.—Albany Cultivator.