



BY JAS. CLARK.

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From Arthur's Home Gazette. SPRING CAROL.

BY "COUSIN EMMA."

Spring is coming—hear the tinkling
Of her footsteps on the plain;
Emerald treasures she is sprinkling,
O'er the grave-mounds of the slain.

Wearied, way-worn winter, dying
Where so long he's reigned a king,
Down his frosty sceptre, lying
In the lap of merry Spring.

Laughs she, at his mournful sighing,
She's no heart his woes to feel,
Sings she, at his tearful flying,
On his exit, sets her seal.

See it on the green grass, springing,
See it in the bursting leaves,
Hear it in the happy singing
Of the swallows 'neath the eaves.

Balmy-breathed, and blossom-laden,
Still she creeps adown the hills,
Merry-hearted, blithesome maiden,
Kissing open frozen rills.

In the brilliant sunlight gleaming,
Mid the song of bird and bee,
Nature wakes from her dreaming,
To a blessed jubilee!

THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I will love thee in the spring-time,
For 'twas spring when first we met,
All on earth seem'd bright around us,
And that brightness lingers yet;

It is true that we were younger,
But so joyous was the scene,
We have scarcely felt that winter
With his chilly breath has been.

O'er our day of spring-time weather,
Joy's sun has scarcely set,
Then I'll love thee in the spring-time,
For 'twas spring when first we met.

I will love thee in the summer,
For, when the spring was o'er,
In the summer of thy beauty
Thou wert fairer than before;

And now the fruits of autumn,
Are ripen'd on the bough,
And autumn days creep o'er us,
I will love thee dearly now.

Though our spring of life is over,
Riper fruits life's branches fill,
Then in summer and in autumn;
I will love thee dearly still.

And now winter is approaching,
And the sunshine must depart,
If we closer cling together,
He can never touch the heart.

For the days that are departed,
Oh! we never will repine,
While we live and love together,
And such joys are thine and mine.

All the seasons I will love thee,
All the days thou shalt be dear—
Spring—Summer—Autumn—Winter—
Yes—I'll love thee all the year.

IF I WERE A VOICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wild world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true;

I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air—
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.

I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight down,
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And wherever I saw the nations torn,
By war, jealousy and scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,

I'd fly, I'd fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash,
And all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

If I were a voice, a prevailing voice,
I'd seek the kings of earth,
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right,
Letters of priceless worth;

I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truth which for ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

An interrogatory of silver sweeties, and an
answer of diamond beauty, are continued in the
following method of "getting to go home with
her."

The moon shines bright,
Can I go home with you to night?
Answer—
"The stars do too—
I don't care if you do."

AN OLD CORPORAL'S STORY.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

We take the following extract from an article in
the March number of the Republic, a Monthly
Magazine of American Literature, Politics and
Arts, edited by Thomas R. Whitney, Esq., and
published at two dollars a year. The office of
publication is at 100 Nassau street. The Maga-
zine is thoroughly American, and deserves the
support of those who believe that there is such a
thing as American Literature. It is filled with
excellent matter, illustrated and printed in hand-
some style. The extract which we give below is
from the pen of the editor:

I shan't forget it, said the old man with a slow
shake of the head; I shan't forget that night the
longest day that I live. You have heard, my boy,
how General Washington—peace to his memory!
—was obliged to quit York by a council vote, and
go up to Harlem Heights, when the British General
Howe, who commanded the red coats, was
just about moving in: I only wish we'd stayed
there. But no matter. Washington, with the
main body of his army, went up to the Heights,
and General Putnam, with our brigade, was order-
ed to camp just outside the city—twant half as
big then as 'tis now, though—and we stopped at
Corlears Hook, and "camped. This was along
about the middle of September, in 1776, just after
the Declaration of Independence was signed.—
There we stayed about half a day and one night;
and that was long enough too. What could we do
there? a little han'ful against all Howe's army.—
Old Put was despr't proud at being left there.—
He was no coward, my boy, I tell you, and we
all used to think he'd a little rather fight than eat,
any day. But when the red coats came on us on
three sides, and two of them was betwixt us and
the Heights, I tell you it looked squally. There
was only one way left, however, and that was to
fight our way through. Our General wasn't afraid
of Satan himself; but he knew then that we were
in a bad condition, and that we looked to him to
get us out of it. First of all, there was a full bri-
gade of red coats, with cavalry coming towards us
from the city; and there was another coming down
from Kipp's Bay; and another from the North
River, where they'd landed, and our division was
frattered away to almost nothing. They numbered
three times as many as we did; but we must go
at some rate or 'nother: so the drums beat to mus-
ter, and in less than five minutes our tents were
struck and stowed in the wagons, our lines was
formed, and our General, Old Put, rode down be-
fore us as grand as a king!

"Now, my boys," says he, "there's no time for
talk; we must fight our way through these red
coats, and join General Washington. Forward!"
We gave the old fellow three cheers, my boys,
formed our columns, and started off with flags fly-
ing and drums beating! Well, it was not more
than five minutes before we met the rascals coming
from Kipp's Bay, and we'd a whipped their coats
off 'em in short metre, but the other brigades came
on to us, and we were obliged to look out for safe-
ty, instead of conquest; so we made a strong push
and fought our way through, but, after all, a good
many were left behind prisoners, and some poor
fellows that never lived to fight again for liberty.
And there was a good many wounded, too, that
escaped death and capture; some had to lose their
arms, and some their hands, or a leg; and their
sufferings were dreadful. But there was one mor-
tally wounded in that skirmish, that we all wept
over—one that the whole regiment loved, and not
a man of us that wouldn't a laid down his life for
her, any day—poor Annie. She was so sweet, and
so pretty, too, and obliging to everybody; and
never did she pass one without a kind word and a
gentle smile. You wonder who she was, my boy;
well, I'll tell you:

It was about two months before we left York,
and while we were at Brooklyn Heights, as I heard
our Captain tell, that one evening there came to
his quarters, hand in hand, a little boy and a girl
larger, but not much older than the boy. He was
about fourteen years old, and she was not yet six-
teen, and both looked sad, and almost heart-bro-
ken. It appears that they had known or heard of
the Captain before, and so, in their distress they
made bold to inquire for him. The brave little
fellow had come to get permission to 'leave in our
company, but that couldn't be, and so the Captain
told him. But he was curious to know the reason
of the application, and being a little kind-hearted,
too, and seeing they were in great distress, he
thought he might do something for their good.—
So he told them to sit down and tell why they
came to him for such a purpose. The little boy
began his story, and his sister began weeping;
but when the youngster mentioned his father's
name, the Captain remembered him, and interrupt-
ing the boy, inquired after him. "He is dead,
sir," answered the lad, dropping his head, as the
tears flowed from his eyes. "He was killed, sir,
at Sullivan's Island." Our Captain confessed
that he felt like crying, too, when he heard this;
for he knew that, except their mother, they knew
no other relative, and must be helpless. So he
inquired why they had left their mother. "At
this," said he, "they seemed to choke with emo-
tion—they could not answer." So he asked again
"is your mother dead too?" They bowed their
heads in reply, but neither could utter a word.—
"Poor orphans!" said the Captain, "I will see
what can be done for you."

"The little fellow told him that his father had
been persuaded to join the army, under a promise
that his family would be taken care of; but they
had received nothing but what came from his pay
and their own labor, with which they managed
to live pretty comfortably, till they heard of their
father's death. Then their mother grew sick, and
in a few days she died—broken hearted, I suppose.

To make my story short, our good hearted Cap-
tain spoke to the Colonel, and it was agreed be-
tween them that they would make a drummer of
the lad, for he was too small to carry a gun; and
then it puzzled them to know what to do with his
sister. But she soon settled that question, by tel-
ling them that she would go with him and never
part from him. She was not afraid, she said, and
she knew she would be useful in the camp, or any
where her brother went. So, at last, they quar-
tered her with the sutler's wife, and in less than
a week we all loved poor Annie, as though she
had been our own child; for, except a tear now
and then, that would steal from her eyes in mem-
ory of her father and mother, she seemed to be
the loveliest little angel alive. I know she put
on, sometimes, though, to please us, for she knew
we didn't like to see her look sad, and yet there
was a kind of sweet melancholy in her manner.
Besides, wasn't she a soldier's orphan? Wasn't
she the child of one who had laid down his life in
our cause? and wasn't it our duty to love her?

Her brother learned fast at his drum; in a month
he could handle the sticks with the best drummer
in the regiment, and by the time that "red coat"
Howe came with his Hessians to attack us, he was
ready and fit for duty, and as clever a lad as ever
beat a *revolle* or a *roll* in the armies of Washing-
ton. Before that battle, little Annie was sent
over to York with the women—for Old Put said
he wouldn't have any women around when there
was fighting to do; and when we went over after
the battle, she joined us again, and continued with
us till the night after we fought our way to the
Heights. At that time we were surprised so sud-
denly that we had no time for preparation. Annie
had been put in a sutler's wagon with some oth-
ers, and placed under an escort, close in the rear
of the column, and soon after the skirmish began,
they were thrown into the midst of it. The brave
girl, forgetting all fear in the excitement, rose
from her seat like a hero, to cheer her fighting
comrades, when a British bullet struck her in the
side, and she fell into the arms of a companion.
It may have been a chance shot—I hope it was.—
(continued the old man) For I know that the
wretch who could cruelly murder such an in-
nocent child as that, would not sleep easy in his
bed after it. The effect that her fall had on those
who saw it was more disastrous than would have
been the appearance of another brigade of red coats.—
We all thought her dead, and for an instant our
attention was more on her than on the enemy.—
Many a brave heart fell when she fell, and do be-
lieve that if the General himself had been shot
instead of her, it would not have caused, in our
regiment, a greater panic. Poor Henry, her broth-
er, being on the right of the column, knew noth-
ing of her injury till we reached the Heights, and
every tap of his drum, as we moved forward, went
to our hearts like a death shot.

We soon learned, however, that the sweet flower
was alive, and you may believe that if the
watering of tears, shed by brave men, could have
preserved her life, she would have lived long years
after. But, although yet alive, the surgeon told
us that her wound was dangerous, and, as he feared,
fatal. So indeed, it proved. Breath by breath
she lingered; suffering, hour after hour, till near
midnight, when her pure soul was lifted from earth,
and flew to mingle in a happy re-union with the
spirits of her loved and lost parents. Yes, on that
night she died, and there, on the Heights of
Harlem, we buried her. She was not entitled to
an escort by the rules of war, my boy, but we gave
her one—we did; and under a volley from a ser-
geant's guard, we placed in the earth the remains
of our little ANNIE.

Kept the Toddy Hot.
Old Parson B., who presided over a little flock
in one of the back towns in the State of M., was,
without any exception, the most eccentric divine
we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as
far in the pulpit as out of it. An instance we
will relate:—
Among his church members was on who inevi-
tably made a practice of leaving the church ere
the parson was two-thirds through his sermon.—
This was practiced so long, that after a while it
became a matter of course, and no one, save the
divine, seemed to take notice of it. He at length
notified Brother P., that such a thing must, he felt
assured, be needless; but P. said that at that hour
his family needed his services at home, and he
must do it; nevertheless, on leaving church, he
always took a roundabout course, which, by some
mysterious means, always brought him in close
proximity with the village tavern, which he would
enter, and "thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B. ascertained from some source that
P.'s object in leaving the church was to obtain a
"drum," and he determined, too, to stop his leav-
ing and disturbing the congregation in future, if
such a thing was possible.
The next Sabbath, P. was going out, as was his
custom, when the old Parson called out—"Broth-
er P.?"
P., on being thus addressed, stopped short and
gazed towards the pulpit.
"Brother P.," continued the parson, "there is
no need of your leaving church at this time, as I
passed the tavern this morning, I made arrange-
ments with the landlord to keep your todody hot
until church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother
can hardly be imagined. He shrunk back to his
seat, and for the rest of the day was "observ-
ed of all observers." He didn't visit the tavern
after church, neither did he again leave the church
ere services were concluded.

A lazy fellow once declared in public com-
pany, that he could not find bread for his family.
"Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am
obliged to work for it."

From the London Punch. Fallacies of the Gentlemen.

BY A LADY WHO UNFORTUNATELY KNOWS THEM
ONLY TOO WELL.

That women are only born to be their slaves.
That dinner is to be ready for them, the very
minute they come into the house.

That a lady's bonnet can be put on as quickly
as a gentleman's hat.
That we can dress in a minute; and that ring-
ing the bell violently has the effect of making us
dress one bit the quicker.

That they can do everything so much better
than we can, from nursing the baby down to pok-
ing the fire.

That they are "the Lords of Creation," (pre-
ty lords, indeed.)
That nothing can be too good for them; for I
am sure if you were to put a hot joint before them
every day that still they would be dissatisfied, and
would be grumbling that you never gave them
could meat.

That they know our age so much better than
we do ourselves. (It's so very likely.)
That they may invite whom and as many as
they please, but if we only invite our mamma to
come and stop with us, or just ask a dear unmar-
ried sister or two to stop with us for a month,
that there's to be no peace for us so long as they
remain in the house.

That music can be learnt without practising,
and that it is necessary for them to rush out and
to slam the door violently the very moment we
begin to open our voices, or to run over the last
new Polka.

That sleeping after dinner promotes conversa-
tion.
That they know what dress and bonnet becomes
us so much better than we do.

That it is necessary to make a poor woman cry,
because a stupid shirt-button happens to be off.—
I declare some men must believe that their wives
out of their shirt-buttons purposely, from the
savagery pleasure they take in abusing them for it.

That we are not allowed to faint, or to have
the smallest fit of hysterics, without being told "not
to make a fool of ourselves."

That housekeeping does not require any money;
and if we venture to ask for any, that it is pleas-
ant to be met with all sorts of black looks and in-
sults as to "what we can do with it all; or
very agreeably be told that we will be "the ruin
of him some day."—(I should like to see the day!)

That the house never requires cleaning, or the
tables rubbing, or the carpets beating, or the fur-
niture renewing, or the sofas fresh covers, or, in
fact, that anything has a right to wear out, or to
be spoilt, or broken; and, in short, that every
thing ought to last forever!

That a poor lone woman is never to have any
pleasure, but always, always, to stop at home, and
"mind her children." (I'm tired of such nonsense.)

That the wish to go to the opera is to be the
sure prelude to a quarrel.
That their daughters can learn music, painting,
playing, dancing, and all the accomplishments,
without the aid of a single master.

That the expenses of one's household do not
increase with one's family, but, rather, that ten
children can be supported for the same cost as
one.

That no husband is perfect, unless like Hercules
with his club, and that the less a wife sees of her
husband, the fonder she actually grows of him.

That it is a pleasure for us to sit up for them.
[The fair correspondent says, she thinks the
above fallacies are enough for the present, and we
certainly agree with her; but if the gentlemen
show any more of their airs, she declares that she
will give them a lot more.]

Pitcairn's Island.

Capt. Wm. B. Drew, of ship *Lebanon*, of New
York city, has communicated to the Boston, Jour-
nal, a very interesting account of a visit to Pitcairn's
Island, in the Pacific, made by Capt. Arthur, of
ship *Zenas Coffin*, of Nantucket. In an interview
with Capt. Drew, Capt. Arthur stated that the
Islanders were fine looking, well dressed, orderly
and virtuous, spoke good English, and were hospi-
table in the highest degree—furnishing him with
water, sweet potatoes, fruits, &c., in great abun-
dant. The number of inhabitants was one hun-
dred and sixty, of whom a large proportion were
children. In 1831, the number was but sixty-five.
The island is represented as "almost a Paradise." It
was stated by one of the principal men, that ver-
min, as well as weeds, were unknown for many
years, until introduced by ships calling at the is-
land. Captain Arthur states, further, that the is-
landers had agreed to furnish an American ship
which touched there, with 1000 bushels of sweet
potatoes for California, in the Spring, from which
it is judged that the cultivation of that root is car-
ried to a considerable extent. The island was ori-
ginally settled by a company of mutineers, from
the British ship *Bounty*.

There is but a breath of air and a beat of
heart betwixt this world and the next. And in
the brief interval of painful and awful suspense,
while we feel that death is present with us, that
we are powerless and the last faint pulsation here
is but the prelude of endless life hereafter; we
feel, in the midst of the stunning calamity about
to befall us, that earth has no compensating good
to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is
no grief without some beneficent provisions to soft-
en its intensity. When the good and lovely die,
the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams
on the stormy sky, lights up our dark-
ened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom a
beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if
we could, dispel the darkness that surrounds.—
Franklin

A Sentiment from Piedmont.

At the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies at
Turin, on Feb. 12th, the Marquis d'Azeglio, Min-
ister for Foreign Affairs, delivered the following
speech on presenting the budget of his depart-
ment:

"Gentlemen: A political conduct founded upon
justice and good faith has always been the best,
and will continue to be the most useful. Much
has been said of late on State expediency; for my
part I do not believe those two different standards
of morality, one for the men who govern, and one
for those who are governed, and I do not think
State expediency should deviate from common
morality. Absolutism and the policy of bad faith
have had their time. They were in vigor when
public affairs were managed by a king and a few
ministers, and often by a favorite or a mistress.—
But at that time the periodical press was weak,
the means of communication rare, and public opin-
ion without power. But now, if I but touch pub-
lic opinion, it vibrates instantly from Edinburgh to
Moscow, with the rapidity of lightning. I cannot
deny that there is a terrible and obscure problem
to be solved, the future destiny of society! I do
not pretend to solve it, but I affirm on my consci-
ence that society can only find repose under a Gov-
ernment of good faith.

Negroes in Iowa.

A GOOD JOKE.—An incorrigible wag has ad-
mirably succeeded in perpetrating a capital joke
upon the Iowa Legislature. In passing upon the
bill prohibiting negroes from entering that State,
and affixing heavy penalties upon them when they
do enter it, J. T. Morton, of Henry, who is
both a Whig and a wag, moved an additional sec-
tion, "that the bill should be in force from and
after its publication in the Iowa Free Democrat." The
abolition paper at Mount Pleasant. The bill
went back to the House so amended. The amend-
ment was accepted by the House, and the bill passed.
After awhile, the idea began to eke through the
hair of a member, that the abolition organ
might decline publishing the law, and thereby kill
it stone dead, and he moved a re-consideration,
but failed, the bill was left to be sent to the Gov-
ernor in that crazy shape.

Order and Cheerfulness.

It is not essential to the happy home that there
should be the luxury of the carpeted floor, the
cushioned sofa, the soft shade of the astral lamp.
These gild the apartments, but reach not the heart.
A neatness, order, and a cheerful heart make home
the sweet paradise it is often found to be. There
is joy, as real, by the cottage fireside, as in the
splendid saloons of wealth and refinement. The
elegancies of life are not to be despised. They
are to be received with gratitude. But their pos-
session does not insure happiness. The sources of
true joy are not so shallow. The cheerful heart,
like the kaleidoscope, causes most discordant
materials to arrange themselves in harmony and
beauty.

Woman's Influence.

Woman is ever moulding the future man.—
However undesignedly she may exert it, her in-
fluence is around him and upon him. He comes
in contact with it on all hands; nature renders its
withdrawal impossible. The expression of the
mother's countenance, the tones of her voice,
whether addressing her child or those around; her
feeling and ideas have given a stamp, before in-
fancy is passed, to his character which after years
may deepen, but seldom, if ever, obliterate. This
influence does not lose its power; the boy and the
youth are moulded by it. The mother, the sister,
and even the servant-maid will sympathize
with the sorrows of boyhood, and listen to the
day-dreams of youth, when man would disdain to
lend an ear. Nor is her influence less potent when
youth is passed. She is with man in the hour of
man's weakness; to her he flies for assistance and
sympathy in the season of suffering, and her sen-
timents become a part of his nature.

General Scott.

Gen. Winfield Scott, may now be looked upon
as the candidate for the Presidency, so far as Penn-
sylvania is concerned; and the late visit of the
members of the Legislature, and numerous citi-
zens, to Washington, will netset him back in popu-
lar favor. The opinion has prevailed to a great
extent that he is a proud and haughty man, and
not easily approachable by the masses of the peo-
ple. This is an entire mistake.
Gen. Scott, it is true, has a military bearing and
look, but he is as genial in his feelings and man-
ners as it is possible for any one to be. We called
upon him on the late visit to Washington in com-
pany with several members, and heard other
speakers of their interview, and all concur in saying
that it was one of the most pleasant visits made on
the trip. Gen. Scott is a great man—the man of
the age, and he has a great heart. He is admired
by the world, and loved by his countrymen. The
Whigs should rally for him at once, and in earnest
or machinations may defeat him. Though he is a
soldier, he is used only to the open field, and may
stand a poor chance with mousing politicians.—
Pennsylvania Telegraph.

Beautiful Extract.

There is an even-tide in human life, a season
when the eye becomes dim, and strength decays,
when the winter of age begins to shed upon the
human head its prophetic snows. It is the season
of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and
which it becomes; and much it would profit you,
my elder brethren, to mark the instruction which
the season brings. The spring and summer, of
your days are gone, and with them not only joys
they knew, but many of the friends who gave them.
You have entered upon the autumn of your being
and whatever may have been the profusion of your
spring, or the warm temperature of your summer,
there is a season of stillness, of solitude, which the
beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you
may meditate upon the past and future, and pre-
pare yourself for the mighty change which you
may soon undergo. It is now that you may un-
derstand the magnificent language of heaven—it
mingles its voice with that of revelation—it sum-
mons you to those hours when the leaves fall, and
the winter is gathering, to that evening study
which the mercy of heaven has provided in the
book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley
opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks
of that love that can comfort and save, and which
conducts to those green pastures, and those still
waters, where there is an eternal spring for the
children of God.

Thoughts and Sentiments.

O, the smile of childhood's slumbers, is there
ought on earth so lovely?
The want of leisure is often only the want of
inclination.
A child's heart responds to the tones of its moth-
er's voice like a harp to the wind.
Never affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound
the feelings of another.
Say as little as possible of yourself, and of those
who are near you.
Never be influenced by external appearances
in forming your judgement of a person's worth.—
This is an important rule; for many a noble spirit
is covered by the habiliments of poverty; while,
while, not unfrequently, a showy exterior con-
ceals a villain.
Every man who breathes, whether master or
servant, employer or employed, young and old,
rich and poor, each has in his power, as he
passes along his own life-path either to shed a ray
of sunshine on that of his fellow man, or to dark-
en it by his shade.
People, says Goethe, are always talking about
originality, but what do they mean? As soon as
we are born the world begins to work upon us,
and this goes on to the end. And, after all what
can we call our own, except energy, strength, and
will? If I could give an account of all that I owe
to great predecessors and contemporaries, there
would be but a small balance in my favor.

The Victim of Consumption.

If there be a disease in this world of ills, which
seems in a peculiar manner to fit its victim for the
fate which human skill cannot avert, that disease
is consumption. To one who is full of life, and
hope, and joy, the first conviction that it has fast-
ened its death grasp upon him, the fearful certainty
of its end will flash through him with a thrill of
terror—more, doubtless, than that of most other
diseases. Startling, it must be, indeed, to feel for
the first time, that there is a worm, gnawing at
one's vitals, whose greedy teeth no human skill can
stay—startling to feel the certainty of disease
within, whose end is surely death. But how soon
does the spirit grow callous; and as he feels the dis-
ease tugging at his heartstrings, and his strength
wasting away before it, how calmly then, does the
soul plume itself for its upward flight—how trust-
ingly then, does it lean upon the bosom of its God
—and when flesh and heart grow faint, and fail,
how sweetly sinks to its final rest, the victim of
consumption.

"So fades the summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

Golden Rules for Brides.

Resolve every morning to be cheerful that day;
and suffer any thing occur to break your resolu-
tion, and snuff it not to put you out of temper with
your husband. Dispute not with him, be the oc-
casion what it may; but much rather deny your-
self the satisfaction of having your own will or
gaining the better of an argument than risk a quar-
rel or create a heart burning, which it is impossi-
ble to see the end of. Implicit submission in a
man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but
implicit submission in a wife to the just will of her
husband is what she promised at the altar—what
the good will reverse her for; and what is, in fact,
the greatest honor she can receive.

Be assured, a woman's power, as well as her
happiness, has no other foundation than her hus-
band's esteem and love, which it is her interest, by
all possible means to preserve and increase—share
and smooth his cares, and, with the utmost assid-
uity, conceal his errors.

GENIUS.—They say of the poets, that they
must be born such if so must mathematicians, so
must great generals, and so must lawyers, and
they should excel; but with whatever facilities we
are born, and to whatever studies our genius may
direct us, studies they still must be. Nature gives
a bias to respective pursuits; and this strong propen-
sity is what we mean by genius. Milton did not
write his "Paradise Lost," nor Homer his
"Iliad," nor Newton his "Principia," without im-
mense labor.

Labor has its sages, though they dispense
with and Academy, and its kings, though they are
not invested with purple.