



### From Tuckerman's Poems, just Published, The Modern Hero.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

The lance is rusting on the wall,  
No laurel crowns are woven,  
And every night strain is hushed  
In castle, camp, and grove.

No manly breast now fronts the spear,  
No strong arm waves the brand,  
To vindicate the rightful cause,  
Or stay oppressions hand.

The minstrel's pilgrimage has ceased,  
Chivalric days are o'er,  
And fiery steeds bear noblemen  
To Palestine no more.

What battle field with courage now  
Shall ardent minds inspire?  
Upon what shrine can youth devote  
Its wild yet hallowed fire?

Must the bold heart ignobly pine  
Far from heroic strife,  
And win no trophies to adorn  
This cold and fleeting life?

Is there no guerion for the brave?  
No warfare for the free?  
No wrong for valor to redress?  
For men no victory?

Shall high and earnest purpose die,  
And souls of might grow tame?  
Glory no more be warmed to life  
By love's ennobling flame?

Forbid it every pulse that leaps  
At Beauty's kindling smile,  
Forbid it all the glowing dreams  
That youthful hearts beguile!

By the clear spell that morning weaves,  
By noontide's stirring glare,  
By the vast sea, the mighty woods,  
And midnight's solemn air;

By nature's deep and constant tones,  
Tears that are born of song,  
And thrills that eloquence awakes  
In every human throng;

By childhood's hopeful serenity,  
And woman's cherished name,  
Let not heroic spirits yield  
Their heritage of fame!

It may no more be won in arms,  
And knightlike the loyal toil,  
Nor flourish, like Marengo's grain,  
Upon a blood-stained soil.

It will not live in warrior's tales,  
Or lay of troubadour,  
Nor shall the scarf of lady-love  
Become its emblem more.

But in the quietude of thought—  
The soul's divine retreat,  
Does Valor now her garlands twine,  
And rear her proudest seat.

They who most bravely can endure  
Most earnestly pursue,  
And 'mid Oppression's tyrant bands  
Unto themselves be true!

Rejoice in Beauty more than gain  
Guard well the dreams of youth,  
And with devoted firmness live  
Crusaders for the Truth!

The freedom of the mind maintain,  
Its sacredness revere,  
And cling to Honor's open path,  
As planets to their sphere;

Who own no gaze but that of Faith,  
And with undaunted brow,  
Turn from the worshippers of gold—  
These are the heroes now!

In lonely watchfulness they stand  
Upon Time's hoary steep,  
And Glory's flickering beacon lights,  
For coming ages keep.

Thus bravely like heroic men,  
A consecrated band,  
Life is to them a battle field,  
Their hearts a Holy Land.

### Hon. Abbot Lawrence.

Horace Greeley thus speaks of the American Minister, in one of his letters from England: "I cannot close without a word of acknowledgement to our Ambassador, Hon. Abbot Lawrence, for the interest he has taken, and the labor he has cheerfully performed, in order that our country should be creditably represented in this exhibition. For many months the entire correspondence, &c., fell on his shoulders; and I doubt whether the Fair will have cost him less than five thousand dollars when it closed. That he has exerted himself in every way in behalf of his countrymen attending the Exhibition, is no more than all who knew him anticipated; and his convenient location, his wide acquaintance and marked popularity here, have enabled him to do a great deal. Every American voice is loud in his praise."

### Liberty of the Cudgel.

Bowman, of the Bedford Gazette, has blackened the character of a citizen of Bedford, Gen. Compher, and he, in return, has blackened Bowman's hide. On the 29th ult., he knocked Bowman down and caned him. The stick was a *hickory one*, the emblem of Locofocoism.

"If you doubt whether you should kiss a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and go in." That's Law.

### Only One, and He was a Pirate!

A writer in the April number of Blackwood's Magazine in speaking of maritime matters, says: "The Americans have only produced one naval hero, and he was a pirate—Paul Jones." The writer appears to be serious, and, we dare say, believes the nonsense which he utters; for if there is any thing that "the British public" are badly posted up in, it is the history of the battles which have been fought between the United States and Great Britain. Not one Englishman in a thousand has ever heard of the battle of New Orleans, although the victory obtained there by General Jackson, entailed upon British valor and British discipline one of the most disgraceful defeats known to civilized warfare. "Lundy's Lane," "Fort Erie," and "Plattsburg," are also places which the memory of John Bull will very seldom plead guilty to. Of our naval victories he is still more obtuse. The only commodore he seems to have any knowledge of is, as we said before, Paul Jones—while the only sea fight which figures conspicuously in his history of the war of 1812, is that which took place between the Chesapeake and the Shannon. To this battle British historians have devoted not only whole chapters, but whole books, while the victory of Perry, on Lake Erie, is boiled down to a paragraph. These facts prove two things. In the first place, the importance which they attach to the conquest of the Chesapeake, shows that the capture of an American frigate was a rarity; while the cowardly manner with which they refer to the victories of Perry and McDonough, shows that they were more afraid of truth than they were of an enemy, and that it is wiser for Great Britain to pocket a disgrace than to refer to it.

To teach a writer to *condense*, we know of no better study than John Bull's history of "American Naval Battles." The loss of a fleet is there summed up with fewer words than he once recorded the conquest of a French fishing boat; while the sinking of a frigate in twenty minutes is so much of a trifle that it is only referred to in a note.

The writer to which we have already referred, says that "the Americans have only produced one naval hero, and he was a pirate—Paul Jones."—Let us see how this statement tallies with the truth.

The war broke out in June, 1812. In July, the Essex, Capt. Porter, was attacked by the British ship Alert. The first broadside from the Essex frightened the British crew to the hold, and in eight minutes her flag was struck.

On the 19th of August, the frigate Constitution, Capt. Hull, in thirty eight minutes conquered the British frigate Guerriere, Capt. Daeres. The loss to the English in killed and wounded was 114. The Americans were only injured to the extent of 14.

On the 18th of October, Capt. Jones, in the sloop-of-war Wasp, captured the Frolic in forty-five minutes. In the action, the Americans had to contend against a much superior force. The result of the battle was 80 killed on the Frolic, and only 8 on the Wasp.

On the 25th of October, the frigate United States, Capt. Decatur, encountered and captured the finest frigate in the British navy, the Macedonian, in little over half an hour. English killed, 104. Americans 11.

On the 12th of December, the frigate Essex, Captain Porter, took the ship Nocton, of 10 guns, in about five minutes. With the Nocton he also took \$55,000 in specie. Capt. Porter afterwards cruised in the Pacific, where his prizes averaged about two a day. His last act was to fight two British frigates of equal size, for nearly half a day.

On the 29th of December, the Constitution, Captain Bainbridge, captured the British frigate Java. The combat continued more than three hours, at the expiration of which time she was so knocked to pieces that you could look through her like a piece of gauze. The English lost in this battle 161. The Americans 34. So much for the year 1812.

On the 23d of February, 1813, the United States ship Hornet, Capt. Lawrence, encountered the British ship Peacock. In less than fifteen minutes the Peacock struck her colors, displaying at the same time a signal of distress. The Hornet, in less than a quarter of an hour having not only conquered the Peacock, but nearly sunk her. In July, 1813, the American brig Argus captured the British brig Pelican. A day or two afterwards the American ship Enterprise, Lieut. Burrows, took the British brig Boxer, Captain Blythe.—These vessels were of the same class, and showed in a most conclusive manner, the superiority of American gunnery over that of any other power.

In August of this year, the American privateer Decatur, mounting seven guns, and manned with one hundred and three men, fell in with the British schooner Dominica, of sixteen guns and eighty-three men. For two hours the two ships continued manœuvring and firing, the Decatur seeking to board her antagonist, and she to escape. At length the former was placed in such a position that a part of her crew passed, upon the bowsprit, into the stern of the latter. The firing on both sides from cannon and musketry, was now terrible. In a short time the two ships came in contact, broadside to broadside, and then the remainder of the Decatur's crew rushed upon her enemy's deck. Fire arms were thrown aside, and the men fought hand to hand, using cutlasses and throwing shot. Nearly all the officers of the Dominica being killed, her flag was hauled down by the conquerors. Of her crew of eighty-three, 60 were killed or wounded; of that of the Decatur but nineteen. The next day, the latter captured a merchantman, laden with a valuable cargo,

### The Blood and Respiration.

BY A. C. CASTLE, M. D.

The process of digestion having been completed so far as regards the mastication of the food, its conversion into chyme, and then into the milky fluid chyle, which I have shown has been sucked up by the absorbents called the lacteals, and conveyed by their vessels through the thoracic duct into the left jugular vein, and thence into the heart.

The beautiful mechanism of the digestive organs, the apparent simplicity of their structure, and their animal-chemical laboratory for the assimilation of the food with the animal system, would naturally suggest to the mind and to our reason, the case attending the formation and completion of a healthy system. That every individual possesses the means and the power to partake of a proper food, may be laid down as an axiom; but that the digestive organs and their functions are at our commands, our wills or our pleasure, for preparing, forming, and converting this food into a well-constituted blood for perpetuating the animal system, practical experience has amply proved to be a fallacy, and the old axiom now, as it ever did, retains all its force—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Milton makes Michael say to Adam—

"The rule *Not too much*; by temperance taught,  
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not glutinous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return:  
So may'st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop'st  
Into thy mother's lap, or, better case  
Gathered, not harshly pluck'd for death mature.  
This is old age."

Temperance, as sung by the poet, may not immediately produce wholesome blood; but it has the recommendation that it certainly does not render it obnoxious to the animal system. Prudence, therefore, dictates "The rule *Not too much*," as being more likely than "glutinous delight" to enable the digestive functions to prepare the basis for a wholesome constituted blood. The importance of *purity* in the blood can in no way be over-estimated; the blood being the material from which the several tissues or structures, and multitudinous organs of the whole animal system, as it were, is created. From the germ of existence, through all the phases of animal life, the blood is the medium for removing all the softer structures of infancy and youth, and by the same blood purified, as we shall hereafter show, are they severally replaced with denser material for the more energetic faculties to act upon, in accordance with the peculiarities and the wants of the animal creation, each in their kind, whether it be in the delicate structure and beautiful outline of female beauty, in youth or at the maturity of womanhood, or in the well-knit frame and body of vigorous and dignified man, made after God's own image, as compared with the massiveness of the mastodon or the elephant; down to the gentle and timid limbs of the fawn or the gazelle.

By the vitality of the blood, animal heat is engendered, and the functions of organic life are maintained, and their healthful action preserved, and by any derangement of which the whole or part of the animal system is compromised, and may suffer disease and death.

A knowledge, therefore, of the nature of the blood, its design, and the laws which govern and regulate the circulation of this vital fluid throughout the system, cannot be otherwise than interesting to the philosopher, from that of the best-constructed Christian mind—we had almost said—the rudest barbarian.

The heart—the head of the apparatus by which the circulation of the blood is carried through millions of tubes to every nook and corner of the body—is a hollow muscular body, of a cone-like figure; its largest portion, or base, lies upwards, and obliquely from the left to the right, under the fifth and sixth ribs, on the left side of the breast; the apex of the heart, its inferior portion, rests upon the midriff, or diaphragm, the fill-like muscular floor of the cavity of the abdomen.—The heart is surrounded by the lobes of the lungs, all of which are protected by numerous enclosing but elastic ribs of bone. In order to render this interesting subject, concise and comprehensible to the general reader, the heart may be represented as containing four compartments—one upper and one lower compartment on its right side, and two corresponding ones on its left side. As we have already shown, the nutritious milky chyle is absorbed from the digestive canal, and conveyed into the thoracic duct, and thence into the left jugular vein.

The veins collect and convey to the heart the purple or carbonized blood, known as the venous blood. This blood is poisonous to the animal system, if admitted into the arterial circulation; the phenomena of which will be explained in their order. In addition to the office of returning the impure venous blood of the system to its great organ, the heart, the veins possess peculiar powers in common with the lymphatic system of absorbents, viz: the power of absorbing gases and fluids, when placed in contact with the various parts of the system. They will absorb every substance in the body that is useless to the animal economy, such as bone, as seen in the absorption of the roots of the milk teeth in children; superfluous fat, tumors, collections of matter (pus) in abscesses, the fluids collected in dropsical affections, which are all absorbed by their powers, and carried out of the system through the medium of the excretory powers of other organs. This is the venous blood vitiated and rendered useless, obnoxious and poisonous, and in this condition it is collected into two large veins, (the ascending and descending *cavae*), and emptied into the right auricle, or upper compartment of the heart.

An eminent chemist of Munich has recently discovered a method of obtaining gas from the fibers of plants, especially of wood, which may be made use of for practical purposes with great economy and advantage. The Railroad Depot at Munich has been for some time successfully lighted with this gas. So much confidence was felt by the discoverer in its practicability, that in connection with four other scientific men, he undertook to prepare the apparatus at the depot at his own expense. The first attempt met with many obstacles, but the final result confirmed the hopes of the projectors. It is stated by competent judges, who have inspected the operation, that no doubt remains in their minds of its speedy introduction to general use.

The apparatus at Munich provided with only a single retort, but of such dimensions as to adapt it to the largest gas establishment, and enable it to deliver a much larger quantity than is needed at the depot. It contains a hundred weight of split wood, and renders in an hour at least 350 cubic feet of gas in the gasometer. In an hour and a half, or two hours, one lot of wood is used up, producing from 650 to 700 cubic feet, according to the quality of the wood. The retort is heated with turf at the expense of about 10 kreutzers an hour, but if two or three retorts were used with the same furnace, the expense of fuel for each would be materially diminished. The charcoal made in the retort is about 20 per cent. of the weight of the wood; this is raked out while yet hot, and placed in close covered tin boxes to cool in the open air. The coal, which is at present from fir wood, is thoroughly burned, and being more compact than pit coal, is in demand among the dealers. The gas is conducted from the retort through the tar vessel, the condenser and the refiner into the gasometer. The establishment obtains from 5 to 7 per cent. of tar of the best quality. The amount of light rendered by this gas, according to an official measurement by the Directors of the Railroad, equals 15½ wax candles from one burned, consuming four and a half feet in an hour. This is greater than the power of the Augsburg coal gas, which equals from 11 to 13 wax candles, (five to the pound.) In Munich, those who have compared this gas with common coal gas, give it a decided preference for that vicinity. The most prominent advantage is the facility with which it is produced. While a retort gives at most 180 cubic feet of coal gas in an hour, it will give 360 feet of wood gas. Only half the number of retorts, accordingly, would be required for lighting a city. The quantity of gas, moreover, delivered by wood in comparison with the cost, is of importance. A hundred weight of coal, as it is prepared at Augsburg and Munich, gives only 500 feet of gas, in the most favorable cases, and costs 1 florin and 6 kreutzers, when wood is 6 florins a cord. The advantage is no less on the side of the wood-gas in respect to the secondary products, coke and tar. The wood gas is not so objectionable in a sanitary point of view as the coal gas, either in its preparation or its use. It has no unpleasant smell; even in its crude state it contains no ammonia nor sulphuretted hydrogen, nor carburetted sulphur nor in burning does it produce a trace of sulphuric acid. When the discoverer announced his project of obtaining gas from wood, every engineer and chemist declared it impossible, since all previous attempts had produced only gas of a very inferior quality. They accordingly came to the conclusion that the fibers of wood are incapable of generating gas. But this idea is effectually set aside by the Munich experiment. In an economical point of view, this discovery is considered of great importance in Germany. It has already attracted the attention of practical men, and the manner in which we find it spoken of by intelligent judges, shows that it may be welcomed as one of the beneficent contributions of science in the nineteenth century to the uses of life.

An old Edition of Morse's Geography says, "Albany has four hundred dwelling houses, with two thousand four hundred inhabitants all standing with their gable ends to the street."

### Hint to Young Men.

An old experienced man says if you expect to be a merchant, (being now only a clerk, with five hundred dollars a year,) get married. Choose a partner who is willing to live according to your income—one whose mother has taught her to work, wash, mend stockings, make pies and cakes, and knows how to put an apple in a darning. Aim not that she be handsome, but one whom you can love above all others in the world. You will then live happier and cheaper than you now do, paying board, washing and mending, besides every now and then having a piece lost. Your washerwoman is very poor, and can't make good the loss you sustain.

In choosing a wife, let her be of a family not vain of their name or connections, but remarkable for their simplicity of manners and integrity of life. Never fix your eyes on a celebrated beauty. She is apt to be too proud of her pretty face, and afraid of soiling her delicate hands. The woman who washes her own silver spoons, china cups and platters, and performs other light services in the family, is always the most healthy, the most happy and the most contented; for thus her mind is occupied, and she gains the approbation of her husband and of her own conscience. The woman who leaves her family four or five hours every day, running from shop to shop, and making calls, is always unhappy, for conscience says, "you have sown the wind, and shall reap the whirlwind."

Beauty is very desirable in the choice of a wife. You will be proud of your handsome wife when you introduce her to a friend, but by all means find out, if you can, whether she is vain of her beauty. If you find she is daily washing her already pretty face with milk of roses and patent cosmetics—that she is daily pouring Cologne water and Macassar oil on her already glossy hair—if this is the case, it is rather an alarming symptom. A handsome woman never looks so pretty as when she don't know it. I dare say some of the young ladies will laugh at a man near four-score, talking about pretty faces; but you may just tell them that I was once as young as any of them, and that in the pleasure of memory I live my life over again.

Good nature is another necessary virtue in a wife. This, though, is not so very essential, as a man must be a consummate blockhead, indeed, if he can't lead (not drive) a woman by fair words. A good manager is another indispensable qualification. After marriage, if a woman does not pride herself on her knowledge of family affairs and laying out money to the best advantage, let her be ever so sweet tempered, gracefully made or elegantly accomplished, she is no wife for a man of business. When people are harnessed in the yoke matrimonial, they must draw together. It is a man's duty to give to his wife; it is the wife's duty to use it with the most scrupulous economy.

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker, in his amusing and instructive publication, "The Original," as affording a fine instance of the value of good breeding, or politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:—

"An Englishman, making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin sauntered out to see the place.—He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from the parade, and, taking a position to see it pass, a young Captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water-courses, with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and, taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its owner.—The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of surprise, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity which never falleth."

On the regiment being dismissed, the Captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his Colonel. The Colonel immediately mentioned it to the General in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an Aid-de-Camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters. In the evening, he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited everywhere; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstance of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

"Mother don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garden?" "Why, Josh, you sarpent, what do you mean?"

"As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree, couldn't we get all the precious stuff?"

### An Interesting Incident.

The following exceedingly interesting incident we copy from the Greenville (S. C.) Patriot: The other day, in conversation with Miss Dix, the Philanthropist, during her visit to Greenville, a lady said to her, "Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone, and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situations?" "I am naturally timid," said Miss Dix, "and diffident, like all my sex; but in order to carry out my purposes, I know that it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true, I have been, in my travels through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robbers had been committed on our road. I said to him, give me the pistols—I will take care of them. He did so reluctantly. In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horse by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him, with as much self-possession as I could command, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some.' While thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale. 'My God,' he exclaimed, 'that voice!' and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on, he expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, 'I will give you something to support you until you can get into honest employment.' He declined at first taking any thing, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get an honest employment. Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols, in all probability they would have been used by her driver, and perhaps both of them murdered. 'That voice' was more powerful in subduing the heart of a robber than the sight of a brace of pistols."

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker, in his amusing and instructive publication, "The Original," as affording a fine instance of the value of good breeding, or politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:—

"An Englishman, making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin sauntered out to see the place.—He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from the parade, and, taking a position to see it pass, a young Captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water-courses, with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and, taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its owner.—The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company. There was a murmur of surprise, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity which never falleth."

On the regiment being dismissed, the Captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his Colonel. The Colonel immediately mentioned it to the General in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an Aid-de-Camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters. In the evening, he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited everywhere; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstance of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

"Mother don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garden?" "Why, Josh, you sarpent, what do you mean?"

"As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree, couldn't we get all the precious stuff?"

### The Lord's Prayer.

Blessed be Him, who gave it as a perpetual fountain of life to the world; and blessed be the mother who teaches her children to lip it with their first accents. How many millions have sat beside its "still waters" in their childhood, and from the inspiration of its pure waves, been enabled to overcome the temptations which have beset their path in after years. How much sin, how much crime, how much moral desolation has it saved to the world; and how much piety, how much purity, how much verdure has it begotten? As the kind mother gathered her little ones about her knees on that evening, to hear them say their prayers before retiring to rest, our eyes filled with tears from our childish recollections of one, who has been with the angels of God for twenty years, and whose holy precepts will be forever engraven upon the tablet of our heart.

We hope the reader will not think us egotistical, for we speak the experience of millions, as well as our own—the prayers which she taught us has beamed in our horizon, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and we should have been saved many a bitter sigh if we had followed it more faithfully. Blessed be the mother, we repeat, who teaches it to her child.—Chadbourne.

How to be Miserable.

Sit at the window and look over the way at your neighbor's excellent mansion, which he has recently bought and paid for, and sigh out: "Oh! that I were a rich man."

Get angry with your neighbor, and think you have not got a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two; take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, "when shall I be buried here?"

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

Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick and afflicted, and never give a farthing to the poor.

Grind the faces and hearts of the poor and unfortunate.

Men's Theories and Desires.

Pull to pieces a man's theory of things, and you will find it based upon facts collected at the suggestion of his desires. A fiery passion consumes all evidences opposed to its gratification, and, fusing together those that serve its purpose, cast them into weapons by which to achieve its end. There is no deed so vicious but what the actor makes for himself an excuse to justify; and, if the deed is often repeated, such excuse becomes a creed.—Spencer.

"The Georgia Union Convention, on the 3rd inst., unanimously nominated the Hon. Howell Cobb for Governor of Georgia. The Convention also re-affirmed the resolutions of the Convention of December last."