

Star & Republican Banner.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1836.

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THE GARDEN.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

SLEEP on, poor little careless thing!
Enjoy thy sweet unconscious rest;
'Tis the last night thou e'er may'st lie
Upon thy mother's breast!
Thou'rt sold away—and we must part—
To-morrow I must see thee go!
Alas! this struggling, frantic heart—
Mad with the sternest woe!
I lov'd thy father fervently,
He was my friend, tried, true, and kind;
His was a tender, generous heart,
A high and noble mind.
The bloodiest priest of Moloch came,
The noble, generous man was sold!
Hearts broken! spirits agonized!
Immortal clung for gold!
Oh, what an hour of agony!
Of fire, and horror, dread and wild;
And yet for thee I calm'd my soul,
Thou wert his much lov'd child.
Fondly I hop'd to guide thy youth,
To aid thy little awkward hands;
And screen thee from the cruel task
That gods our wretched bands.
I hop'd to teach thee to revere
The Lord, that came from Heaven to save—
Who labor'd, wander'd, bled, and died,
To ransom e'en the slave!
And I had hop'd to see thee free!
Ah, phantom hopes! so sweet, so wild,
Which, springing from a mother's heart,
Cling round her infant child.
'Tis past—and I must hear thee cry
As struggling thou art borne away;
Must see thy little arms stretch'd out
Importunately to me!
O, God! forgive a frantic slave!
My heart is mad! my brain is wild!
I feel a purpose stern, and dire,
To kill this sleeping child—
'Twill be but one short pang, my boy!
One moment's pain—and thou art free!
Where neither task, or lash, or scorn,
Can e'er be felt by thee.
He wakes! he smiles! Oh, Jesus! God!
Forgive, support, and soothe, and save—
Oh, be a parent to my boy!
The little ORPHAN SLAVE—
Oh, aid the best and glorious band
That nobly dare to plead our cause;
I know thy words are sweet to Thee
As the best turtle's voice!
Help them to raise their Banner high
With Abolition in the field—
A glorious day Star in the sky,
Pure freedom's sword and shield;
'Till Slavery's lords and advocates
Shall hide from Freedom's scornful eyes
Their spirits, darker than the skins
Of their bound merchandise.
Their god is gold! they sacrifice
Thy conscious image at its shrine;
And with the trembling mould of clay
They crush the Breath divine!
Yes! for they lack the immortal mind
In ignorance's Cimmerian night;
Knowledge and Virtue, with Thy Word,
Are hidden from our sight!
Our blood, and tears, cry from the ground;
Our ruin'd souls require their doom!
Thine ears have heard! We must be free!
Or vengeance's hour must come.
To Thee, Oh God, I yield my child!
And day and night I'll cry to Thee—
'Till Abolition's cause prevail,
And every slave be free!
This blessed hope is in my heart,
My stay in this extreme distress;
Thou wilt avenge the Widow's tears,
And save the Fatherless!

LYDIA JANE.

LIBERTY, Pa., October 15, 1836.

THE REPOSITORY.

For the Gettysburgh Star & Republican Banner.

Henry Stanley.

It was on one of those warm and sultry days in the month of August, in the year 1815, when the pernicious influence of the Dog-star is exerted to the great detriment of the weak, that I was traveling leisurely and carelessly along through one of those fertile and beautiful valleys so peculiarly characteristic of the interior of the Key-Stone State. Inattentive, almost, to the direction my horse was pursuing, he at length, unheeded by myself, turned instinctively to the right, when, upon awaking from the profound reverie into which I had insensibly fallen, I discovered that he had forsaken the main road, and wandered along a winding path which led to a beautifully meandering stream, whose gentle current glided softly through the valley. Its banks were covered with towering and majestic trees, whose lofty and spreading branches afforded a salutary and delightful shelter from the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun. After my horse had allayed his thirst by drinking copiously from the pure stream, I permitted him to graze among the fine pasture which grew so luxuriously around, whilst I seated myself upon the fragment of a rock in the cool shade.

The delicious odour of the wild flowers which grew in such rich profusion around me, could justly compare with the delightful gales wafted over the spicy fields of Arabia. The corolling of the feathered songsters, perched upon the widespread boughs of the elm and beech, afforded a melody more grateful to my enraptured ear than the enchanting strain of the light guitar. These, with the glassy stream which rolled its pure current heedlessly along, furnished a banquet to my senses that rarely falls to the lot of man to enjoy. Surely, thought I, wrapt up as I was in the most delightful cogitations, surely such a scene as this is sufficient to dispel every gloom and sorrow from the mind, and to direct it to that Baneful Source which is the pure unalloyed fountain from which alone real and unalloyed happiness can flow.—There was something so ethereal, and so divine, in

the sentiments inspired by the lovely scene, that I could not but despise the grovelling propensity of those whose only earthly solicitude appears to be the accumulation of perishable treasures. I envied not the miser his corruptible gold, for which he spent so many hours of bitter toil, and for which he sacrificed all the little pleasure that poor mortals are destined to enjoy on this sublunary sphere; but I rather thanked Heaven for having, in the plenitude of its goodness, blessed me with that treasure above all price, a quiet and contented mind. To a contented mind, this romantic and peaceful grove afforded more real bliss than all the gold of Ophir, or the treasures of both the Indies. The farm-famed fields of Arcadia came fully upon my imagination; I fancied that I tasted the delights, and enjoyed the pleasures of that delightful region, whilst I was basking at my ease in the full enjoyment of this enchanting spot.

Whilst thus wrapt up in my own reflections, I was suddenly aroused by a slight rustling noise resembling the sound of approaching footsteps.—Who, I eagerly enquired, would presume to approach this hallowed place? Upon reflection, however, I seriously demanded of myself, by what authority I had entered the sacred precincts of this Elysian grove? Unobserved, I soon perceived the object which had given rise to the foregoing train of reflections. I espied at some distance to my right, rambling amongst the shrubs and flowers a youth, apparently about eighteen years of age, clad in a loose habit, adapted to the season and to his pursuit. Upon his approaching toward the spot to which I had been unconsciously riveted, my sight afforded me convincing evidence that he was none of those ordinary beings which we are daily accustomed to behold. He was the most angelic being I had ever beheld. Every endowment that could render the human form attractive and captivating, was to be met with in this fine form. He was a temple that the Graces delighted to dwell in. His elevated and expanded forehead was a certain indication of the greatness of his intellectual inhabitant. His beautiful hair, which vied in color with the raven, hung in careless disorder over his fine shoulders. In his hand he held a bunch of flowers he had gathered in the grove. At length, raising his eyes for the first time from the ground, he perceived me sitting on the rock, and attentively gazing at him. With a kind of instinctive feeling, he endeavored to retrace his step, unconscious of the fact that he had been seen by mortal eye. When I perceived the agitation of his mind, which he was unable to conceal from my view, in consequence of the sudden change in his features from the most calm serenity to the most violent confusion, I beckoned him to come and seat himself by my side, which he accordingly did, having at the same time the happy tendency to compose the perturbed state of his feelings.

After he had seated himself, and made a few desultory observations on our unexpected meeting, I could not avoid admiring the striking similarity existing between the graceful exterior and the highly developed condition of his intellectual faculties. He related to me the cause of his rambles to this secluded spot, but with a diffidence almost culpable. It appeared, that he came here to gather flowers, that he might indulge in a pursuit of which he was immoderately fond—indeed which he could not fail to interest every one who feels desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the real beauties of Nature. He dwelt on the characters and properties of the various flowers he held in his hand with so much ability, that I greatly doubted whether the celebrated Philosopher of Upsal entertained more correct opinions on this interesting subject.

Time sped on so swiftly, that before I could reconcile my feelings to take leave of a companion so instructive and agreeable, the sun had already been merged from our view beyond the western mountains, and nothing but the glittering of the golden rays of that refulgent orb upon the tops of the tall trees gave indication of his not having yet entirely sunk beneath the horizon. I arose from my rocky seat for the purpose of taking my leave of the youthful and interesting stranger, and proceeded on my journey to some place where I might remain for the approaching night; but no sooner did I acquaint him with my intention, than he entreated me with the most urgent and frequent solicitations to accompany him to his paternal home, which was not far distant. He assured me in the most undissembled terms of friendship, that I should receive a hearty welcome from his father, and share all the hospitality their humble habitation could afford. No apology was required, for with him for a companion the meanest hovel afforded me more happiness than is to be met with in the most splendid mansions of the most wealthy. After some hesitation whether I should proceed on my journey, I resolved to accompany him home. After having partaken of a frugal, yet withal a delicious supper, our conversation turned on various interesting and important subjects, until the time had arrived for repose.

HENRY STANLEY, for by this name I shall beg leave to introduce to my readers this paragon of excellence, was the son of a pious Clergyman, whose condition in life was far from what might be styled affluent. The scanty living of his father, was insufficient for the maintenance of his family and to defray the expenses necessarily incurred upon a constant attendance at college.—The iron hand of penury denied Henry the privileges which the children of those in more opulent circumstances enjoy. He was unable from the surplus of his father's income to remain more than a few months in each year at college. This short period had, however, the happy effect of giving a new impetus to his efforts, and to arouse with redoubled energy the mighty faculties of his mind. The assistance thus afforded him, with the guardian protection of his pious parent, whose fervent supplications were daily offered up to the Throne of Grace, implored the Divine benediction for the welfare and prosperity of his fond and affectionate son, were of more real benefit to him than whole years spent at seminaries of learning is to others. No obstacle could deter the rapid progress of improvement; the child hand of poverty had no terrors to intimidate him; but with an ardor and enthusiasm rarely to be met with among mortals, he braved the difficulties that he had to encounter on the way to fame with giant strength, and trod the thorny path with the most daring intrepidity and heroic fortitude. He knew full well that diligence and perseverance were mighty in surmounting difficulties; every effort he made was crowned with a correspondent degree of success—when why should he despair? He was well aware that the

God of Nature had stamped upon his soul the same faculties and attributes that had in others, when properly cultivated, led them to eminence and usefulness—for which they were honored and revered whilst alive, and to whose names a grateful posterity had erected monuments and museums, in commemoration of their worthy deeds, after death. He knew full that in this land of Liberty, every man must be the architect of his own fame, and that honor and preferment were solely dependent upon intrinsic merit. His indomitable resolution was ever the same—what would have chilled the ardor of every other, only the more aroused the faculties of his mind.

"Chill penury could not repress the noble rage,
Or freeze the genial current of the soul."
After having spent an hour or so in agreeable conversation, he conducted me into an adjoining apartment which he occupied as a study. Here lay a large collection of flowers; to which were added those he had gathered during the day. A fine collection of choice minerals adorned his shelves, and insects of almost every description were to be found in his cabinet. He discoursed on those subjects with a fluency and familiarity that at once afforded convincing evidence of his extended knowledge of things. His library was well stored with books, the selection of which manifested great powers of discrimination and a judgment that would have done honor to one of our ripest years. He conversed with great ease on the most abstruse metaphysical subtleties, as well as on moral and natural philosophy; he displayed such an astonishing diversity of genius and talent, that I was sometimes almost inclined, contrary to my own conviction of the truth, to believe that his knowledge was, to a great degree at least, intuitive and not acquired. The sublime ideas and conceptions of Socrates and Plato had made a permanent impression on his mind; the refined philosophy of Locke and Bacon had so deeply impressed his youthful intellect, that the charms and fascinations of the gay world were unable to allure him from the path of rectitude which he had prescribed for himself, with the most rigid discipline, after his favorite authors. The mathematical problems of Euclid were to him like to his illustrious predecessor, the immortal Newton, self evident; they did not require the labored and tedious process of demonstration, but as it were by intuition his powerful and capacious intellect was able at a single glance to comprehend what to others required immense toil and study. Neither was he a stranger to the sublime truths and precepts of the Gospel. He lived a perfect example of christian piety. To do the will of his Heavenly Father, was his chief delight. Before he closed his eyes in sleep, he knelt down to offer up his most fervent and heart-felt prayer to God, and supplicate Him for a continuance of His blessings. The Divine Benediction was implored in such a holy and zealous manner, that surely, thought I, a God of Justice and Mercy, in the infinity of His goodness, would not turn a deaf ear to his petition. In the morning, ere the golden rays of the majestic sun streaked the eastern horizon, with the catolling of the feathered songsters of the grove did he offer up his orisons, invoking the blessing of his Heavenly Father. There was something in all his words and actions so truly noble and sublime, so peculiarly characteristic of the greatness and magnanimity of his soul, that it was utterly impossible to contemplate his character without a feeling of admiration. Envy was struck dumb and transformed into love, in contemplating the goodness of his heart; he was so amiable in his demeanour, and bore his faculties with so much modesty and meekness, that no one ever dared to condemn.

Breakfast being over, I expressed my earnest intention of setting out on my journey. To part with so excellent a family, was a matter of pain to me. The sensations I experienced at the thought of leaving this interesting family circle, and above all, the agreeable and instructive young philosopher, may be more readily imagined than described. Before I was permitted to take my final leave, he made me give him the most solemn and frequently repeated assurances of writing to him as soon as I should reach home, with a faithful narration of every circumstance that transpired worthy of recital. Whilst pursuing my journey alone, my thoughts would oft recur with fond delight to the numerous and various pleasing incidents that occurred during the brief period I passed with Henry Stanley.

As soon as I had reached home, and had looked after my domestic affairs that required my attention, agreeably to the pledge I had given my friend upon my departure, I accordingly redeemed it. I sat down and indited a long epistle, in which I recounted every incident in compliance with his request, that I thought might prove interesting to him. Amongst other occurrences, I gave him the very flattering account I obtained from one of the Professors, with whom I had unexpectedly met, of the institution at which he spent the few months (as I have already intimated) that his limited pecuniary means would admit of. He assured me, in the most unequivocal terms, that, combined with the most gentlemanly and affable disposition, he possessed talents of the rarest and most brilliant order, and that it was his firm conviction that he was destined at some future day, to become an ornament to the human family, and one of the brightest pillars in the temple of fame. Every sentiment I had formed relative to the character of the young student, met with a ready response from his preceptor, who had watched with so much pleasure the assiduity with which he applied himself to study and the noble ambition that fired his soul. Often had he watched the rapid progress of improvement and the mighty efforts of his towering genius. It was with the most enraptured emotions of delight that his preceptor dwelt upon the greatness and magnanimity of the young man.

Soon after I had written I received a reply; it breathed such amiable and affectionate, and withal such noble sentiments, that the scenes I had left with so much regret came fresh upon my recollection, and I almost again fancied myself with him to whom I had become so ardently attached. From this time forward, we maintained a regular correspondence—every letter I received gave indication of the increasing vigor of his mind, the assiduity with which he labored, and the success which crowned his efforts. The time no sooner had arrived when his talents became known and appreciated, than they were called into exercise by the unanimous desire of the community; he discharged the duties that were required of him with so much ability and fidelity, that he increased daily in the affections of the people, who valued him for his amiable and estimable qualities as a man, by which he had

endeared himself to all who knew him, and by his invaluable services as a public servant. Every anticipation that had been formed of his future greatness was fully realized: and had he been permitted yet a little longer to remain upon the field of action, they would have been more than realized. But death ever loves a shining mark!—then why should he escape! By his premature decease, the literary, scientific and political world was deprived of one of its most valued members. 'It appeared,' (to borrow the phrase of a certain French writer,) 'that Nature is, as it were, alarmed at the keen scrutiny of those who make the most rapid progress in her secret stores of knowledge, and therefore exacts of them a premature death.' In his early death, we are forcibly struck with the allusion above quoted.

In the above portrait, which I have thus hastily and rudely sketched, I have endeavored to illustrate the extent of the UNDERSTANDING—the labors it may achieve, the difficulties and obstacles it may surmount, with the means necessary to be employed. The most untiring assiduity and application will oftentimes be able to accomplish what makes the vulgar stare with wonder and amazement, regarding the individual who has been so fortunate as to excite in their minds those feelings of veneration and respect, as something more than mortal—as endowed with supernatural abilities.—Whereas, if they were to examine the subject in its true aspect, they would immediately perceive that every thing was effected by purely natural means; means which they possessed as amply as those they have admired so much. Every one should set out with alacrity, enlist themselves with a zeal commensurate to the work they are anxious to perform, and success would invariably crown their efforts.

THE LADIES' CABINET.

The Young Wife.

A woman runs a great risk of being spoiled by the flattering period that precedes marriage. She is, of necessity, then, a first object; and custom has added to the homage which love would willingly render. An individual of a family, who may before have been but little considered, rises at once into importance; and the person she most values is ready to execute the slightest expression of her will.

The sooner that a woman can divest herself of any unreasonable expectations which the devotion of the lover may have excited, the greater the probability of her securing permanent attachment. Courtship is a dream, from which it is better to awake, voluntarily, than to be reluctantly roused. It is better to return to ordinary habits—to the sober and calm fulfillment of daily business, in the place assigned by duty—than to cherish an artificial excitement, and cling to a false position.

It is a proof of judgment in a woman, when she bestows attention on her husband's character; when she acts herself to study his peculiarities, and to consult them to the utmost of her power. This is the management which is not only allowable, but praiseworthy; for its object is, not the obtaining of sway, but the promotion of mutual felicity.

It is certainly much to be lamented when a young wife yields to a timidity, of littleness, which prevents her from making independent efforts, when she nurses the nervousness which unfits her for all useful services; when, whatever be the call upon her she is herself in need of aid; and from never having thought of exerting herself, is incapable of doing so when the emergency arrives. Incidents daily occur which mark either the helplessness or capability of every woman. Sudden alarms, trifling incidents, throw one into uncontrollable agitation, whilst another calmly avoids or relieves the mischief. One is unable to put forth a hand to help herself, the other, without appearance of effort, is ready to help all besides. One cannot stir without support; the other is continually employed in some useful or benevolent purpose. One reclines upon a sofa, establishing no other claim on others but her own incapacity; the other by her perpetual good offices, pays up a debt which is willingly paid on demand, and thus provides in the best way for her future exigence. It not unfrequently happens that a young married woman is often alone than she has been previously accustomed to be; and that she misses the family circle with which she has hitherto been surrounded. Let not this, however, depress her spirits or render her too dependent on her husband for entertainment. Let it least of all, lead her to seek too frequent relief in company. One of the first things she should learn is to be happy in solitude, to find there occupation for herself; and to prove to her husband that, however she may enjoy social intercourse, and especially desire his presence, she needs not either a sister or a friend to entertain her when he is away.

Behavior of Females in Company.

One of the chief beauties in a female character is modest reserve; that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is even disconcerted at the gaze of admiration. When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. This extreme sensibility which it indicates may be considered as a weakness and incumbrance to the other sex, but in females is peculiarly engaging. A blushing is so far from being necessarily attendant on guilt, that it is the usual company of innocence. That modesty which is so essential to the sex, will naturally dispose them to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one; people of sense and discernment will never take such silence for dullness. A person may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable—the expression of the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye. Converses with men with that dignified modesty which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them feeling themselves your superiors.

It is the most dangerous talent which a female can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy, yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated and lose all self command. Humor is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited—but be cautious how you indulge it;—it is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but it will never procure you respect. Beware of detraction, especially where your

own sex are concerned. You are generally charged of being particularly addicted to this vice, perhaps unjustly; men are fully as guilty of it when their interest interferes. But as your interests frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason be particularly careful of the reputation of your own sex.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and highly disgusting to modest men, as well as to you. The dissoluteness of some men's education may allow them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at when it comes from the mouth of a female. Christian purity is of that delicate nature that it cannot even hear certain things without contamination. It is always in the power of woman to avoid these; no man but a brute or a fool will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it if she resent the injury with becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men. You will be reproached, perhaps, with an affectation of delicacy; but, at any rate it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting. The men will complain of your reserve; they will assure you that a frank behaviour would make you more amiable; but they are not sincere when they tell you so. It might, on some occasions, render you more agreeable as companions; but it would make you less amiable as women, an important distinction, of which many of the sex are not aware.

Have a sacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. Some who possessed excellent parts have been so much addicted to this, that they could not be trusted in the relation of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners extremely engaging in young women; not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. This arises from an affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

Your young female friends may perhaps think that by persuading them to attend to the preceding rules, we wish to throw every spark of nature out of their composition, and to make them entirely artificial. Far from it; we wish them to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. They may possess dignity without pride; affability without meanness; and simple elegance without affectation. Milton had the same idea when he said of Eve—

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture dignity and love."

TO THE LADIES.—John Neal, in one of his rhapsodies, says—

There is no misfortune so great for a family of girls, as to be all beautiful and all unmarried, about the same time. They are sure to wane, perish, die, of loneliness and ill humor. If one half of them were as ugly as the devil, another quarter just passable, and the remainder all unlike each other with only one beauty, the whole might get married at last. So, ladies, depend upon it, if there are many of you marriageable, or not, my advice to you is plainly this, draw lots fairly and honorably; and blow up all your faces with powder, except one. But if that be too terrible, take the small pox. It is your only chance. In a few years too, you will be, assuredly the more agreeable of the two, you will have mind, in the wintry hour, when the personal beauty of women is like the shadow that hath gone—something that nobody will take the trouble to run after, even in thought.

VARIETY.

FROM THE BOSTON EVENING GAZETTE.

THE HONEST CORDWAINER.

By B. BROWN, ESQ.

In the days of my boyhood, (I recollect well, And others, no doubt, the same story can tell,) Our tradesmen were honest; no one tho't of cheating; And, what is still stranger, they all went to meeting;

There was Steamer Lot—
I remember the spot,
And the bench where he sat,
With his strap on his knee—
He was upright and fair,
Ay, exact to a hair,
And a faithful old Cordwainer he.

On a moon shiny night, (Thanksgiving was coming,) I mounted, in haste, Uncle Jeremy's mare;
'Off, Dobbin,' said I, 'let your trotters be drumming
Toward Uncle Lot!' and soon had me there.

O, good Uncle Lot,
I remember the spot,
And the bench, where he sat,
With his strap on his knee!
Our shoes were all ready,
For me, and for Neddy,
And Sally and Hetty,
And Dolly and Betty—
What a faithful old Cordwainer he!

Then, there was the stitching, so strong and so nice;
And you said the leather as firm as a vice!
There was none of your pegging, and none of your nailing;
And there was no fretting, no scolding, no railing,
When I came to the Lot,
He worked on the spot,
With the strap on his knee,
How strong he would sew them!
You could see the new shoes there,
What a faithful old Cordwainer he.

And alas, now-a-days, lo, how changed is the matter!
Old honesty seems to go begging about!
For one scarce has a coat, or a shoe, or a garter,
That lasts more than three weeks, before it's worn out!
O, the same Uncle Lot
Would again take the spot,
And the bench where he sat,
With the strap o'er his knee;
Who would work at the trade,
And have shoes duly made;
No cheat, and no cozen,
Nor ripe by the dozen—
How useful a Cordwainer he!

Our good Uncle Lot lately took his departure,
And went to inhabit the land of the Leech!
No doubt but his soul there will find better quarters;
But, then, he has left us all 'down at the heels!'

O, blest Uncle Lot,
I do verily weep,
You will ne'er be forgot,
Nor the strap on your knee,
Your making, your mending,
Nor all your neat-making—
Adieu, Uncle Lot, now, to thee!

FROM THE BALTIMORE VISITOR.

The Poor Man and the Rich Man.

There is too great a disposition among the poor to envy the rich, instead of endeavoring to rival them. That is a mean spirit that looks with longing eyes upon other men's goods. He is only the upright and independent man who wants nothing but what his own honest industry will gain him. Let parents instill this kind of reasoning into their children, and they give them wealth. Every man who has health, can, if he will, be rich. He may not be able to accumulate a fortune

of half a million—nor does he want it. If he have enough to supply all his reasonable demands, and a few thousands, nay, a few hundred to lay by, he is a rich man.

Our young mechanics are not saving enough of their earnings. Those who are unmarried, might if they would, lay by from one to three hundred dollars every year. With this they would soon begin business, and in a few years be comparatively rich. Instead of this, by far too many think it manly to spend their earnings in the 'good company' that is found at taverns and other places of public resort. They must attend the theatre once or twice in the week. Enjoy their Sunday excursion, at the expense of one or two dollars. Dress in the very height of the fashion, and sell their half worn out clothing to the Jew!

It is worse than foolishness for our young men who can earn only from eight to ten dollars in the week, and that by hard labor, to ape the fashionable dissipation of those sprigs of gentility whose extravagance is annually met by heavy drafts upon the pockets of their wealthy parents. If they desire to possess the ample means which others desire to enjoy, let them 'spare to spend.' In a few years they will enjoy a competency; and in the end be able to number their thousands, when those they at one time foolishly envied, may be reduced to poverty.

We have always noted those who were ready on every occasion to cry against the rich.—They were *invariably* those who lived up to or beyond their income. Generally such could lounge independently in a billiard room, and toss off their glass with the best. These are ever raising the cry of the oppressions of the rich; and they are such as are first to throw ungenerous imputations upon every young man who is rising by industry and frugality above them.

Young man! if you desire to be rich, save your earnings. Do not visit taverns and theatres. Lay by your first dollar, and others will gather around it as if by magic. Spend only what is necessary, and you will be surprised to find how fast your little hoard will grow. If you are ashamed of being poor, do not foolishly remain so all your life by striving to seem independent. Rather seem poor for a while that you may be rich. Never envy the rich, nor waste your time in idle abuse of their oppressions of the poor. Be above them. Take care of your own, and they will never rob you of it. Again we say, be honest, be industrious, be frugal and temperate, and you will be rich.

EXPERIENCE.—I despise expedients: they are the gutter-hole of politics, and the sinks where reputation dies.

Intemperance drives wit out of the head, money out of the pocket, blows out of the coat, health out of the body, and moderate drinkers to the almshouse.

The Arabs of the desert are the most hardy of the human race, enduring the greatest fatigue and exposure under a burning sun, and their habitual drink is water.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—There was much sound truth in the speech of a country lad to an idler who boasted his descent from an ancient family. "So much the worse for you," said the peasant, as we ploughmen say, "the older the seed the worse the crop."

CUSTOM.—A long habit of not thinking a thing wrong, gives it a superficial appearance of being right and raises at first a formidable outcry in defence of custom. But the tumult soon subsides.—Time makes more converts than reason.

A toper in the last stages of dropsy, was told by his physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His son protested against the operation, saying, "Father, do not submit to it, for there was never anything tapped in our house which ever lasted a week."

EXPERIENCE PERTURBS THE HEART.—The drops that trickle within the cavern, harden, yet brighten into spars as they indurate. Nothing is more polished, nothing is more cold, than that wisdom which is the work of former years, of former passions, and is formed within a musing and solitary mind!

ANECDOTE.—"Whatever is just is honorable."—Manual labor is esteemed at the South disgraceful. A circumstance showing to what an extent this sentiment prevails among slave holders, recently occurred. A student from one of the Southern States, in the Theological Seminary at Andover, had purchased some wood, and was exceedingly embarrassed at being unable readily to obtain some one to saw it for him. He went to Professor Stuart to inquire what he should do in so unfortunate a predicament. The learned Professor replied that he was in want of a job himself, and he would saw it for him.

In your intercourse with the world, you must take persons as they are, and society as you find it. You must never oppose the one, nor attempt the other. Society is a harlequin stage, upon which you never appear in your own dress nor without a mask. Keep your real dispositions by your fire-side and your real character for your private friend. In public never differ from anybody, nor from anything. The agreeable man is one who agrees.

"What always struck me," says Mac Farlane, "as something extremely romantic and mysterious, was the noiseless step of the camel, from the spongy nature of its foot. Whatever be the substance of the ground—sand, or rock, or turf, or paved stones, you hear no foot fall; you see an immense animal approaching you, still as a cloud floating on the air; and unless he wear a bell, you sense of hearing, acute as it may be, will give you no intimation of his presence."

GOOD SENTIMENT.—The Boston Pearl says that profane language is to conversation what ten inches spikes would be to teneering—splitting, shivering, and defacing it. It is in bad taste, offensive to a majority, and gratifying to none.

ODD TITLE.—A temperance pamphlet in Boston is entitled "THE HOR, designed to uproot the Bramble of John Gregory, of Woburn. By an Abstinence Man." This is as quaint as the name of one of Cromwell's books, which was, "Hooked Eyes for Believer's Breeches!"