

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.]

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

[VOL. 8—NO. 14.]

THE GABARD.

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

WHY ARE ROSES RED.

In days of yore, ere vice began,
Or death became the lot of man,
The roses all were pure and white,
But changed to red in one sad night,
When outcast Eve, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
From Eden's blissful garden came.
No longer pure, from bluish free,
The spotted white we e'er shall see.
Eve's tears from some effaced the stain
Which still, though tinged, their white retain:
Soon thorns their tender stalks do vest,
No more with safety to be prest;
Sad emblem which conveys to man
That sorrow came when vice began.

THE NEEDLE.—BY WOODWORTH.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillon—at vaunt or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill—
But give me the fair one, in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart;
Who cheerfully warbles some rustic ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art,
The bright little needle—the swift little needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.

If Love have a potent, a magical token,
A talisman, ever restless and true—
A charm that is never evaded or broken,
A witchery certain the heart to subdue—
'Tis this—and his army never has furnished
So keen and direct, or polished a dart.
Let Beauty unerring, so pointed and burnish'd,
And oh! it is certain of touching the heart.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration
By dressing for conquest, flirting with all;
You never, what'er be your fortune or station,
Appear half so lovely at route or at ball,
As gaily concealing a work-covered table,
Each cheerfully active and playing her part,
Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,
And plying the needle with exquisite art.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE BALTIMORE MONUMENT.

Pride was not made for Man, A TALE OF THE WEST.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

In one of the infant settlements of the then "far west," in a fair valley between two lofty and forested hills, stood the elegant mansion of the wealthy and proud Mr. Ellsworth, who had migrated from Philadelphia on the death of an idolized wife—feeling as if the world had lost all its charms, and seeking in retirement solace for his grief. He had chosen a most beautiful situation beside the clear river, and projected and carried into effect improvements that rendered his part of the valley picturesque in the extreme. The attention he bestowed upon his lands diverted his attention; and as he had long since contracted a distaste for what is termed society, he was far happier among the sweet blossoms where the wild birds were singing, than he could have been amongst the pomp and empty complimentary chat of crowded rooms or gay assemblies.

He had an only daughter, whom he brought with him—a wild, beautiful child of seven years. She was his most constant companion within door and out, till he became so much accustomed to her bright face and lively chatter, that he felt but half himself without her. It seemed that his soul was so constructed that it must rest, with intense love, on some object, and since he had lost the idol of his youth, he enthroned her child in the void place she had left. Her education was his pastime when he was at home. She was a girl of quick and strong intellect, and he taught her with a pleasure that increased as she advanced in knowledge and understanding.

There were several families of poor adventurers settled in the valley who found employment on Mr. Ellsworth's farm; for every day they could spare from their own plantations, and the ready wages they received, enabled them to procure many little comforts. Amongst them was a Mr. Melvin, who had come to those parts after losing a comfortable property by an unlucky speculation. He was a man of good education, and Mrs. Melvin was a woman of no common character. But in a new country all who labor are upon a level, and Mr. Ellsworth was the only exception here.—Melvin had a son about the age of Clara Ellsworth, a smart, intelligent little fellow, to whom Mr. Ellsworth became so partial that he persuaded his parents to consign him to his care. Charles was Clara's companion in her studies, and his progress was almost wonderful. Clara was his instructor in those branches in which she was advanced, and Mr. Ellsworth paid equal attention to both. They hardly knew in which they found more pleasure, the study or the garden in which they planted and nursed the most beautiful shrubs & flowers. But the ramble by the stream, the excursion on the hill-side, and the gambol on the green grass of the valley, when Mr. Ellsworth, absorbed by meditation or some plan of improvement, suffered them to range at liberty, and amuse themselves as best suited their childish buoyancy of spirit—these were things of real happiness—seasons of delight unalloyed, such as memory paints on her holiest pages, and loves to review even when her magic eye is growing dark forever.

Although it is evident that Mr. Ellsworth was not fond of society, still he loved not the life of an anchorite, and to pass a few hours in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin was a pleasure in which he frequently indulged. They were both persons of great conversational powers, who had added to their book education much knowledge obtained by close observation, weighed in the balance of sound judgment. In fine they had "real manhood" and obtained a thorough knowledge of the world. Not a knowledge of the fashions, follies, affectations, and whole routine of complimentary labels of city life, but the deep workings of the heart—the overflowing of the spirit, as it appears amongst the children of agriculture and industry. The city proudly styles itself the World; so might a garden of tulips style itself a pine forest. Mr. Melvin often remarked that polished society is like a person in full dress; while in the wilds of a new settlement the labyrinth of the human soul are undisguised, and society, therefore, like Adam in Eden, naked and having no cause for concealment, unashamed. Yet they felt themselves flattered by the attention of Mr. Ellsworth, for the inhabitants

of Violet Vale were like the rest of us—bad republicans. The rich man loved to be honored as great, and the poor acknowledged their littleness by the evident pleasure with which they received his proud attentions.

But Charles and Clara understood not as yet the difference that gold or no gold makes between congenial and equally cultivated minds, and each saw in the other an equal in all respects. True, Charles was boldest; but Clara was most witty; Charles was strongest, but Clara was most nimble—Charles possessed most fortune, but Clara had most patience. The dark, quick eye of Charles scanned the spirit of a glance—Clara's blue eyes penetrated sweetly to its recesses as the bright heaven beams through the collected waters. They were a beautiful and joyous pair, and it was happiness to look upon them, so innocent, so glad-hearted, so affectionate they seemed. Had life, amongst all her enchantments, ought to overcast their brightness?

Mr. Ellsworth regarded Charles almost as a dear child, and looked forward to the time when he should take charge of the farm; thus relieving him of a care which grew more burdensome as his years increased. But, although he had adopted him as a son, he did not intend that he should become really so by an union with his daughter.—No; no; he was too proud for that—too much of an aristocrat. The boy might do well enough; but the connections! His parents were respectable; but he had several brothers and sisters who would intermarry with the poor and illiterate families around them, and this would never do. But this matter gave him no great uneasiness. He had laid his plans. He sedulously instilled his own principles into the mind of his daughter, and rejoiced to see them take root, and to find that the little recluse looked forward to days of gaiety with a rich and fashionable husband who would make her the envied centre of high life. Ah! poor girl, little did she think that from the gilded pinnacle to which her ambition aspired it was possible to look with keen and bitter regret on the blissful days of unencumbered delight, when she was mistress alike of her own time, inclinations and actions, and there lay no lead on the quick, bounding heart.

Meantime her whole delight was the society of her father and Charles; but the lively chat of the latter was more congenial to her young heart, and she relied upon him as upon an only and affectionate brother. His heart knew no idol but Clara. To serve her, to please her, to meet her smile and hear her glad laugh, his dearest pleasures. And when Mr. Ellsworth smiled with approbation on their mental attainments, their mutual labors in the garden, or their joyous pastimes, he felt a happiness at once pure and extatic.

Mr. Ellsworth was careful to fill his mind with high notions of honor. He taught him to despise dissimulation, double dealing, or any thing that could tarnish his name amongst his fellow—frequently repeating to him, Do nothing which you feel you could not hear published without a blush. But, alas! he was not a Christian. He knew nothing of the power of religion upon the soul.—He could not, therefore, teach it to his children. Of course they knew nothing of that deep, sweet humility, that universal love, that steadfast confidence in Jehovah, that blessed resignation to the will of God that proves at once the crown of all earthly felicity, the solace of all worldly woe.

There was one truly religious family in the valley, and they were almost wholly strangers to their neighbors. It was said they were Methodists, and that name, at that time, in that place, was an effectual barrier to familiar intercourse. A Methodist was shunned at once from a fear of reproof and a belief that he had a distrelsh for society, an aversion to all common topics of conversation and concerns of social life. This family, of the name of Manfred, possessed a little farm at the lower extremity of the valley, where the hills, nearing each other, almost walled in the beautiful stream. The flat was narrow, but the hills swelling gently to the west, were for some distance, susceptible of cultivation, and Mr. Manfred had, by quiet industry, subdued a considerable tract.—Charles and Clara one fine day wandered down to the river angling, gathering flowers and berries, and amusing themselves in various ways, until at length they found themselves at Mr. Manfred's door. There was an air of neatness and quiet about the house at once attractive and pleasing.—They entered, complaining of fatigue and requested a little water. Mrs. Manfred received them courteously, and her daughter, Anna, apparently about Clara's age, brought them water and a plate of delicate cakes, of which she insisted upon their partaking. While doing so they spoke in terms of admiration of the beauty of the prospect and neatness of the farm. Anna proposed to show them the garden and fields. All were truly in the highest state of cultivation and beauty, at the end of the walk that traversed the garden was an arbor built of lattice work, and closely covered with beautiful blossoming vines. Within it was furnished with benches, and at the fair side was a small table on which lay some books.

"Is this your study, Miss Anna?" asked Clara.
"Oh, no! it is our chapel," the sweet girl replied with a serious smile.
"Your chapel! what do you do there?"
"We meet here in the pleasant evenings and on the Sabbath to read the holy book, to sing praises, to pray, and offer our humble thanksgivings to our heavenly Father."
"Thanksgiving!" cried Charles; "for what are you so very thankful?"
"Oh! we are not thankful as we ought to be," said Anna. "Surely our lives, our health, food and raiment, and the continuance of each to the others are matters for which we should continually thank God. But were we bereft of all earthly blessings, still the hope of heaven through our blessed Jesus would be matter of ardent praise and gratitude. 'Tis but of little moment how we fare here, to the truly humble Christian who feels his own unworthiness and praiseth implicit trust in a righteous Dispenser of events. Yet we have all things plenty. Oh! we are very ungrateful!" and she raised her dark, beautiful eyes with an expression at once so sweet, so meek, so happy that her auditors looked on her with admiration and wonder.

"Charles," said Clara, as they walked homeward, "I always thought that religion made people sad and unsocial; yet this Anna Manfred is as cheerful and agreeable a girl as one need converse with."
"She is so," said Charles thoughtfully; "and now that I reflect on it, who have as just reason to be cheerful as those who believe the great and good God their friend? Who have as little reason to be displeased with their fellow creatures as those who feel that a Deity who loves them controls all events! or who have so little cause for anxiety as those who count this world as nothing, and expect a blessed home in heaven? Clara, I wish I was Christian!" She made no reply, and almost for the first time in their glad lives they walked thoughtfully together.

Time passed on. Mr. Ellsworth was getting white-headed, Charles had become a fine youth, and managed business with judgment and ability. Clara was a beautiful lively being, and but for the wrong bias of her mind might have been contented and happy, loved and worshipped; but she thought of fashion and fashionable life; and being a subscriber to several frothy, fashionable periodicals, she adopted the styles of dress delineated on their pages, and longed to mingle in the society of high life when in the society of the simple, artless girls of the valley. Oh! had she been blessed with the guardian care of a mother or any experienced female friend, to have shown her how preposterous such things were in that quiet, humble life, and how little reality there is in all the show of happiness, exhibited by the votaries of fashion, she might have been the gay recluse, acknowledged queen of the sylvan region; but the young girls, though humble and uninformed, saw the unfitness of her carriage, and although they spoke not lightly of her, they felt in their natures to despise affectation in dress and manner.

Charles saw these things with real pain, but he considered them as the ebullitions of girlish vanity, which would subside in the reason of womanhood. All the incidents of their early days were graven on his heart. He had loved her from infancy, and foibles which, in another, he would have condemned looked even graceful in her.—The intensity of his love for her seemed the very fire of his spirit's existence. He entertained no doubt of her love for him; for on whom else had she ever smiled! To whom had she ever turned in confidence but him? Who else had shared her joys and transitory sorrows, or who else had so striven to gratify, serve and soothe her? He saw love in her bright smile and beaming eye; but he could not speak to her of love. He felt as if such an éclaircissement would destroy the fraternal confidence now existing between them, and create a diffidence that would interrupt the sweet freedom of their present communings. Clara felt nothing of all this; she never dreamed of loving Charles other than as a brother, and she regarded no one else.

Mr. Ellsworth was no stranger to either heart. He had watched them narrowly. He saw the deep, deep love of Charles in every glance, in every action. He saw, also, that Clara only needed to hear the breathing of his affection to find and acknowledge her heart his own. He, therefore, thought it time to separate them. He had always intended, at such a crisis, to send his daughter to his brother in Philadelphia under the pretext of giving her the opportunity of finishing her education at a female seminary; but, in reality, in the hope of her forming a splendid alliance.—Strange it is, that having experienced the emptiness of fashionable life himself, he should wish to push his child into its airy circles—that, loving seclusion, he should not rather have instilled the same love into her bosom, and been contented to see her the happy wife of a generous, respectable and amiable man. But alas! the passions of pride and avarice always strengthen with years; and he who can have but little time to live, and whose capacities for enjoyment are worn out, is most anxious for the accumulation of wealth and the acquirement of worldly honor. Clara heard of her father's intention to send her to the city with unmingled delight. To Charles the announcement seemed the bolt of death. For the first time he suspected Mr. Ellsworth's motive, and felt degraded by it. He was then too low for an husband to Clara! But did she love him? He determined to find out immediately; but Mr. Ellsworth contrived to keep them separately employed when out of his presence; for he feared that the thought of separation might tell Clara that Charles was dear to her, and embolden Charles to tell his love to Clara.

The few days passed hurriedly away, for he did not declare his design long before the time appointed for its execution; and Charles did not obtain an opportunity of speaking freely to Clara until the evening previous to the appointed morning. That day he had been absent on important business, and returned across the field to look at some cattle, and then approached the house through the garden. Clara sat amidst the blossoms of her favorite honeysuckle bower, her posture was pensive, and a tear lay trembling in her eyelid.

"Clara!" he said, and she started and smiled, "why are you sad! Do you feel regret at leaving these humble scenes for the pleasures of the city?"
"I do, indeed, anticipate much enjoyment in the polished circles of fashionable life," she returned, "yet it seems sad to think of bidding adieu to my only parent and you, Charles!"
"Mo, Clara! do you, then, regret leaving me?"
"Indeed I do, Charles. Have you not always been a good brother to me! I shall feel but half myself away from you."
"Oh! Clara, why need you go! I do not think your visit will make you happier, and your absence will render me wholly miserable. Clara, you are dearer to me than forty sisters. Could you return my affections, we could be so wholly blessed in this dear valley!"
"Charles!" said Clara, "what do you mean, to speak thus to me! I have staid you brother, need you presume further? Say no more on such a subject. It is well I am going away;" and with these words she left him amazed, wounded, bereft at once of happiness and hope.

O, how bitter was that moment! The man who has deposited his wealth—all his life's earnings in a bank, and on some fatal day receives intelligence that it has utterly failed, knows nothing of its bitterness. All his affections were here, all his happiness rested on her returning those affections, all his hopes centered in the prospect of an union with her. His heart was affectionate, his temperance ardent, his hopes high, and now to see all crushed to the earth together, his disappointment came like a tornado—it left only ruins.

Clara, in her chamber, repented that she had spoken so harshly to her ever tender and respectful friend; and on the morrow, as she passed to the carriage, observing him stand abstractedly leaning against a pillar of the portico, she said, gently, "Good bye, Charles—take care of my flowers till I return."
"O, Clara! you will find them and me all withered," and turned away.

She burst into a fit of passionate weeping. Gladly would she have relinquished her journey and have remained at home—that blessed home of which she never knew the blessedness till now that she was leaving it. But the novel incidents of the journey dispelled her regrets, and, arrived at the city, she soon became the admired of all fashion's votaries. Here let us leave her and return to her father's house.

The morning after her departure Charles was severely ill, and Mr. Ellsworth began to fear that he had wrecked the happiness of the whole family. He wondered that he had not considered before that this visit was more likely to injure than to benefit his daughter, and might be her utter ruin—that he could be happier in his age with the domestic, unsophisticated Clara than with a fashionable city belle; and that Charles would be a son-in-law more to his mind than a heartless stranger. These thoughts lay heavily upon his brain all the long night; and when Charles appeared in the morning, with feverish cheek and heavy eye, and declined breakfast, his heart smote him sore. He sat down to his coffee sad and alone, and Charles went into the garden. Here every object reminded him of blighted joys, of the lost one who had been his heart's treasure. His sickness increased. He felt heedless of all around him. His fever was violent, and so affected his head that, at every paroxysm, his mind wandered. But he spoke not of Clara. Her name was not upon his lips from the day of her departure.

The young people of the valley came in by rotation to watch with him; for they loved him; but none suspected the cause of his illness, and they frequently, in his presence, lamented that Miss Clara was not there to nurse and soothe him. One night, after a long season of insensibility, he awoke to consciousness, and heard some one speaking in a low, sweet voice beside him. The tones arrested his attention. He thought they were familiar, and listened silently. Never arose to the throne of God a more sweetly fervent prayer. O, how did the speaker plead, through Christ our righteousness, for mercy and continuance of life to the diseased; but above all, that he might be made a subject of that grace which could render him happy living or dying! The petitioner wept with deep sobs as she poured out her supplications. He was deeply affected. Who was it that loved him better than he ever loved himself? She ended her prayer, and he turned upon his pillow to look upon her. It was Anna Manfred. The sweet girl had come to watch and pray by his sick bed. She was on a loose white gown, contrasted by a black ribbon to a waist of fine proportion. Her dark, glittering hair, parted on her forehead, hung in natural curls about her white neck, and her mild, dark eyes beamed modestly, and a faint blush was on her cheek as she met his opening eyes. He looked on her as on one whose love gazed on an angel.

"Anna," he said, "was the Lord you love sent you here as his messenger to me, to save me from perdition?"
"Oh, may he save you for his own glory!" said she fervently.

"Well, Anna, come sit by me and talk to me of this Jesus and his religion."
She complied; and while she wondered at his ignorance she rejoiced at his docility and anxiety to become a Christian. She staid at Mr. Ellsworth some days. Charles began to mend, and became deeply convinced of his great sinfulness and need of a Redeemer, and learned to cry fervently to Him who is able to save to the uttermost. Anna interceded for him, and mingled her prayers with his. Mr. Ellsworth regarded Anna as an angel visitor. He loved her, and listened profoundly whenever he found an opportunity (for she was diffident before him,) to the words of instruction and devotion that fell from her smiling lips. As he became convinced of the truth of Christianity he felt more bitterly the folly of his dealings with Clara, and that pride was not made for man.

As soon as Charles was able to leave his chamber Anna returned home to the assistance of her mother. Charles, as his proud spirit submitted to God, felt his anguish, on Clara's account, softening. He felt that she had been his idol, and that God had, in mercy, destroyed her shrine that he might find the true Fountain of consolation, and worship Him whose favor is everlasting life. He bowed in meek submission to the will of Heaven, and felt the holy balm of consolation diffusing itself sweetly through all the wounds of his spirit, and he became calm, serene, almost happy. Mr. Ellsworth saw the power of Christianity exemplified in his carriage, and read it on his clear, placid brow, and in the sweet humility of his demeanor, and felt assured that this change was radical, and produced by a blessed Spirit. And he felt that this change was the one thing he had needed all his lifetime, and he determined yet to experience it if it were to be found by him.

A letter came from Clara which proved that her gay anticipations were wholly realized, and mentioning, with marked particularity, a gentleman whom she extolled as the most accomplished and agreeable of men. Charles felt a keen pang at his heart as he read this part of the letter. To him, however, she sent an affectionate message, recommending to his care her birds and her favorite flowers. Yes, he said mentally, I will nurse them for her sake, when she was the sweet little girl, before pride came to congeal her heart, which is now dead to every generous impulse. Yes, pride has strangled all the fine feelings of her otherwise amiable nature.

Time passed. At length Clara's fine gentleman waited on Mr. Ellsworth with proposals for her.—He was all that she had described him, and more—handsome, genteel, accomplished, agreeable, proud, and an infidel. Mr. Ellsworth felt his soul shudder at the thought of consigning Clara to such a lord. But he brought a letter from her, sanctioning his suit, and declaring her determination to be his wife at all events. Mr. Ellsworth, therefore, accompanied the gentleman to the city, was present at the wedding, paid his daughter's portion from a deposit he had left there in bank, and saw her settled in all the heartless pomp of fashion. Charles in the meantime wrestled with his feelings, and experienced the blessed consolings of religion. Clara was now lost to him past recovery, and he was enabled to bear it calmly.

Mr. Ellsworth brought home with him many useful and interesting books, mathematical instruments, and numerous curiosities, which he presented to Charles, rejoicing truly to see him so composed. He recounted Clara's prospects and present situation; "but, said he, 'fashion is her God, dress her treasure, seeing company her business, and her husband is valued by her only as the object through which the others are attained.'"
Charles sighed, "Poor, heartless Clara!"
"May God convince her of her folly, and counteract, by his grace, the impulse of the early impressions she received from me," said Mr. Ellsworth. "I strive to convince her of her fallacy, and with her portion, presented a Bible. May God bless it to her!"

Two years passed away, and Charles Melvin and Anna Manfred stood at the hymenal altar, a beautiful and truly happy pair. Earth never saw a brighter heaven above it, or wore a garb of richer, verdant beauty than on that blessed day, and never did a couple look more fondly on each other, or more gratefully and confidently to heaven than they. Mr. Ellsworth was truly joyful. With Charles and Anna how calmly would the evening of his days pass!

Years fled away, leaving no trace of bitterness to enrage the future. Anna presented her happy husband with several fine children, and the blessing of Jehovah rested on all their ways. A faded beauty, of sad, calm countenance, and subdued and quiet spirit, was under their roof, acting as instructress to their children. And she was well qualified for the task. She could warn them, from her own experience, of the deleterious nature of pride—the falsity of earth's splendors—the insignificance of dress and parade—the insincerity of fashionable friendship—the greediness of avariciousness—the wickedness of flatterers—and how like a broken reed to rest upon an infidel friend. How one such whom she had loved and trusted had proved infidel to her as well as to his Maker—squandered her fortune with his own, and deserted her to bear her load of mortification and misery alone. And often did she entreat them with tears to beware of the vortex that wrecked the happiness of the now departed CLARA; and as they contemplated the happiness of their benevolent and universally beloved parents, wrote deep in their hearts' memories that PRIDE WAS NOT MADE FOR MAN.

LIBERTY, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. 1837.

Duties of Females.

So much has been written and said on the duties of wives, that it were a sad pity indeed, if the matrons of the present day had not reaped profit from the schoolings of the censorious or the admonitions of the experienced. Women are domestic creatures naturally—and there are but few, comparatively speaking, who feel pleasure abroad when there is the least attraction at home. A fondness for visiting appears to belong almost exclusively to spinsters who have passed the meridian of life, or young misses who think that the world will not go right when they are not lending a hand to keep it in motion. But the female on whom has devolved all the sacred duties of a wife and a mother, holds a reverse opinion; she thinks that nothing will go right at home unless she is there. To her there is music in the clang of the kitchen furniture, and what is erroneously, (in the opinion of editors and poets) called "setting to rights" becomes a duty from the force of habit and a desire to be considered nice. We think this same "setting to rights" an unlicensed privilege which house-keepers have taken upon themselves; neatness and cleanliness are always admired, but we do protest against the unceremonious amalgamation of our loose papers, the misplacing of our books, and the scattering of our ideas to the four winds of heaven, by the unpoetical clutter of the dusting brush! Married ladies are generally tenacious of their rights at home; and so they should be—within doors is their empire, and a good wife, while she gratifies a laudable pride in showing off her household stock to her advantage, will always be worthy of the comfort of a lordly partner. At home a wife should always strive by kindness and good humor to keep the affections of her husband as warm as they were in the young days of their union, for experience tells that it is easier to win a man's affections than to keep them. Abroad she should assiduously study to retain the esteem and good will of others, and avoid letting the world know how much she loves her husband, for it is generally believed that those who coo abroad are cats and dogs at home. The duties of a mother call forth her utmost energies, her patience and forbearance.—On her devolves the high task of rearing her offspring in the truest sense of the word—to nurture it to watch it with unceasing care—to cultivate its infant mind and train it in the way it should go.—Many mothers we are sorry to say, trust this natural duty to nurses who cannot feel their spirit lean towards the innocent heir to a life of care and toil. We have even known the children of rich and influential parents nursed and even nurtured by negro nurses—and what was the consequence. As they grew up and began to speak, their words partook largely of the negro slang, their habits closely assimilated themselves to those of their nurses, and for the want of a mother's tenderness, they were always attached to the nurse who in their infancy was the first to satisfy their wants and perform treat them with kindness. Away with this unnatural custom—all mothers should exclaim with the Roman matron when she pointed to her children, "these are my jewels"—two precious to be trusted to other hands. Fashion may make imperious demands upon the time and inclination of mothers who have been accustomed to follow in her wake—but what are the calls of Fashion to those of Nature?—which is the brightest ornament to domestic society, the glittering married belle or the tender mother whose entire heart and soul rest on the little cherub that lies smiling in her arms!

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LIBERTY, TIOGA COUNTY, PA. 1837.

Duties of Females.

So much has been written and said on the duties of wives, that it were a sad pity indeed, if the matrons of the present day had not reaped profit from the schoolings of the censorious or the admonitions of the experienced. Women are domestic creatures naturally—and there are but few, comparatively speaking, who feel pleasure abroad when there is the least attraction at home. A fondness for visiting appears to belong almost exclusively to spinsters who have passed the meridian of life, or young misses who think that the world will not go right when they are not lending a hand to keep it in motion. But the female on whom has devolved all the sacred duties of a wife and a mother, holds a reverse opinion; she thinks that nothing will go right at home unless she is there. To her there is music in the clang of the kitchen furniture, and what is erroneously, (in the opinion of editors and poets) called "setting to rights" becomes a duty from the force of habit and a desire to be considered nice. We think this same "setting to rights" an unlicensed privilege which house-keepers have taken upon themselves; neatness and cleanliness are always admired, but we do protest against the unceremonious amalgamation of our loose papers, the misplacing of our books, and the scattering of our ideas to the four winds of heaven, by the unpoetical clutter of the dusting brush! Married ladies are generally tenacious of their rights at home; and so they should be—within doors is their empire, and a good wife, while she gratifies a laudable pride in showing off her household stock to her advantage, will always be worthy of the comfort of a lordly partner. At home a wife should always strive by kindness and good humor to keep the affections of her husband as warm as they were in the young days of their union, for experience tells that it is easier to win a man's affections than to keep them. Abroad she should assiduously study to retain the esteem and good will of others, and avoid letting the world know how much she loves her husband, for it is generally believed that those who coo abroad are cats and dogs at home. The duties of a mother call forth her utmost energies, her patience and forbearance.—On her devolves the high task of rearing her offspring in the truest sense of the word—to nurture it to watch it with unceasing care—to cultivate its infant mind and train it in the way it should go.—Many mothers we are sorry to say, trust this natural duty to nurses who cannot feel their spirit lean towards the innocent heir to a life of care and toil. We have even known the children of rich and influential parents nursed and even nurtured by negro nurses—and what was the consequence. As they grew up and began to speak, their words partook largely of the negro slang, their habits closely assimilated themselves to those of their nurses, and for the want of a mother's tenderness, they were always attached to the nurse who in their infancy was the first to satisfy their wants and perform treat them with kindness. Away with this unnatural custom—all mothers should exclaim with the Roman matron when she pointed to her children, "these are my jewels"—two precious to be trusted to other hands. Fashion may make imperious demands upon the time and inclination of mothers who have been accustomed to follow in her wake—but what are the calls of Fashion to those of Nature?—which is the brightest ornament to domestic society, the glittering married belle or the tender mother whose entire heart and soul rest on the little cherub that lies smiling in her arms!

BEAUTY.—The following is an extract from Dr. Howe's address before the Boston Phrenological Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed:
"Most heartily do I agree with the sage who said, with a sigh—'Well, philosophers may argue and plain men may fret, but beauty will find its way to the human heart.' And it should be so, for so both the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the sea, and the skies, with bright and beautiful ob-

jects, which he may contemplate and admire.—Else, why is the earth, and every thing upon it, so varied of form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river canal-like to the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament of a leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendor of noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an ever-turning kaleidoscope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture in the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight and sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us, as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them; and, by so doing, he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a course."

The Little Girl's Reply.

A celebrated tutor in Paris was in the habit of relating to his pupils, as they stood in a half circle before him, anecdotes of illustrious men, and obtaining their opinions respecting them, rewarding those who answered well with tickets of merit.—On one of these occasions he mentioned to them an anecdote of Marshal Turenne. "On a fine summer's day," said he, "while the Marshal was leaning out of his window, the skirts of his coat hanging off from the lower part of his body, his valet entered the room, approaching his master with a soft step, gave him a violent blow with his hand. The pain occasioned by it, brought the Marshal instantly round, when he beheld his valet on his knees imploring forgiveness, saying that he thought it had been George, his fellow servant." The question was then put to each of the scholars, "What would you have done to the servant had you been in the Marshal's situation?" A haughty French boy, who stood first, said—"Done! I would have run him through with my sword." This reply filled the whole school with surprise, and the master sentenced the boy to the forfeit of his tickets. After putting the question to the other children, and receiving different answers, he came at length to a little English girl, about eight years of age. Well, my dear, and what would you have done on this occasion, supposing you had been Marshal Turenne? She replied with all the sedateness of her nation, "I should have said, suppose it had been George, why strike so hard?" "The simplicity and sweetness of this reply drew smiles of approbation from the whole school, and the master awarded the prize to her.

That truth outlives falsehood, was a saying of the great Napoleon. We add, and many a bleeding heart has been healed by the survivor.

INTERESTING LETTER.

OPINIONS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.—A committee consisting of Messrs. Minott Thayer, Samuel A. Turner, Ebenezer J. Fogg, Solomon Richmond, and Henry Field, recently waited on the Hon. J. Q. ADAMS, and presented him with an elegant gold-headed cane, made from the wood of the old frigate Constitution, as a memento of gratitude for his services as a Representative of their Congressional district. The chairman of the committee addressed Mr. ADAMS, to whom Mr. A. replied as follows.

GENTLEMEN: Next to the satisfaction which a Representative of the People may derive, on a calm review of his conduct upon trying occasions in the course of his public services, there can be no object of more fervid desire to him than the sincere and general approbation of his constituents. In saying this I am warranted in appealing to your own convictions, who, as yourselves Representatives of the People, will, with your hearts I am sure, respond to the sentiment from your own experience.

As the Representative in the Congress of the United States of the same constituents as those of the members of the Legislature who have done me the honor, through you as their committee, to express their approbation of my conduct, I have endeavored faithfully to discharge my duty to them and to our common country. Some parts of that duty have been arduous, and have given rise to much unpleasant excitement and controversy. Avoiding, so far as was possible, consistent with the discharge of my duty, all action or language irritating or offensive to our countrymen of other portions of the Union, and carefully shunning all unnecessary encounter of conflicting interests and opinions, when I have believed the just rights of my own and your constituents to be disregarded or in peril, I have felt myself called to defend and vindicate them, without regard to possible consequences to myself. In this I have barely and rigorously discharged my duty, for which and for any accidental inconvenience that may have fallen to me in the progress of public measures, the approbation of yourselves and of our constituents is ample reward. I accept also the token of your regard which you have the goodness now to present to me, its value in all other respects than a friendly token being within the bounds which I have, throughout my whole public life, prescribed to myself in the acceptance of presents.

With regard to the present situation of our country, my sentiments correspond entirely with yours. In the midst of the bounties of Providence, showered upon us with a profusion, scarcely every lavished upon any other nation, we are suffering severely from causes which I fear we must attribute entirely to ourselves. In our relations at this time with foreign nations, and most especially with the Indian tribes, we have more to answer for than to complain of. Our recent Indian war was of our own provoking, and has been waged in no creditable manner. And, while we have wrung our hands at the South, by utterly unjust and unauthorized exactions of her territory, unauthorized even in Congress, we are permitting another war