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NOT THE GLORY OF CESAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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LUCY CARROLL.—A SKETCH.

Take back the boat—take back the boat—
Reverse it for polluted lips:
I would not bow a stainless soul
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse.

Lucy, my child, said Mrs. Carroll, do you know it is whispered that George Durwood is forming habits of dissipation! I would not grieve you Lucy—yet it is well to warn you of danger!—and when even Durwood's friends are forced to acknowledge that he is altered, we have reason to fear that our ingenious and high minded friend is indeed listening with a alarmed ear to the voice of that siren, the end of whose song is destruction. You have heard of those reports, my child?

A slight quiver came over the lip of the young girl, who stood silent before her mother, as pale and certainly as beautiful as the most exquisite statue. Lifting her moistened blue eye to her mother, while an unwonted energy kindled in her answer.

Yes, mother, Durwood's enemies have not been slow in casting such reports for my ear. I know—I have heard them all—but do not believe them.

Lucy—the innocent, the lovely, the confiding Lucy, spoke but as she thought. In her heart she could not believe that he whose nature was so noble, so generous—who evinced so many correct feelings and principles, and possessed in eminent degree all manly qualifications—she could not believe that he by any possible temptation, could yield to the baneful insinuations of the destroyer, degrade the dignity of manhood below the beasts that perish.

And why was it, that amid the censures and harsh judgements of the world, the secret regret of friends, and open attacks of foes, Lucy shined deeper in her heart the image of her lover? She loved him—and her heart enshrined in the mantle of devotion, clung with increased tenacity to its object; and the light of affection shone warmer and brighter as the shadows of evil closed darker around her beloved.

Constancy is a striking and peculiarly beautiful trait in the character of woman—and in love like Lucy's, there is surpassing strength. It has nothing gross nor earthly in its yearning, for its source is in the purest fountains of the heart. Alas for the soulless riches laid on the altar of love! It is still worth worthy of its offerings.

But—was present at that bridal: for Lucy did become the wife of George Durwood. I marked the smile of conscious triumph and exulting love, as before God's altar he pledged that deep vow to become her husband, comforter and protector forever. And she—the gentle being at his side—saw her look of trust and entire confidence when she had chosen to tread life's crowded path. I watched that widowed mother, too, when she gave up her only darling to an untired guardianship. There was sorrow in the tones of her fond and tearful blessing on that fair young bride, who was thus in her tenderest years leaving the shelter and guidance of a mother's love for ever. And I heard too, the solemn injunction she gave as she committed her precious charge into other hands—that he should deal truly and kindly with her, as he should deal with her. I heard all, and I turned aside to conceal the tears which were unobscuredly creeping into my eyes. An ill omened melancholy came over me, but I strove to banish it far, why should I dim that fairy picture with my tears.

I have said that Lucy Carroll became the wife of Durwood—and also she became his victim also. The slight fell early on the road, and the worm revealed a mid life's leaves. We need not trace George Durwood on his erring path of folly and dissipation; enough the he did bow down his high spirits, at the unholy shrine of intemperance.

But Lucy—she who in the trusting earnestness of her pure heart had thrown all to the venture of his vow—she was made to feel the punishing of all that was bright and noble and elevated—it was hers to feel in its most refined bitterness the keen and withering blight of disappointment when she looked on him she called her husband.

For a long time, Lucy's believing spirit sustained her under her heavy trial; for one hope clung even as an anchor to her soul—the hope that he would reform—for he loved her too well, she thought, to make her unhappy. Alas, deceived woman! Love may be strong, but the love of the wine cup hath a mightier power. But the truth came at last. That which Lucy had thought a sin to think on, now stood before her, a lamentable and sure reality—her husband was an irreclaimable drunkard!

Lucy died early—but not before the last ray of hope was quenched in that stricken bosom, and a deathlike withering had come over her heart—not until every beautiful flower of affection had dropped and withered away, and all her generous feelings had given way to loathing and indifference—Her last moments were unsoothed by the voice of a husband's affection—though at times, indeed, a blunted visage, with haggard expressionless eye, would bend over her couch and mutter words of ineffectual and disgusting fondness; but with a look of abhorrence she motioned him away who had once been her blessing and delight.

Let woman—lovely, devoted, confiding woman—avoid the appearance of evil!—Let her beware of the revel, the wine cup, the feast—for vice and intemperance are ever found in the train. Let her remember that in uniting her destiny with a drunkard she is drawing on herself a dreadful doom, and incurring the heaviest curse of Heaven. It is like linking truth with perdition, the dove with a vulture; it is the wedlock of purity and pollution—beauty and the pestilence. Let woman beware of the Intemperate!

LOSS OF THE STERLING CASTLE.

The arrival of the James, from Sydney, New South Wales, at Liverpool, on Saturday, brings the particulars of the ship-

wreck of this long missed vessel. She sailed from New South Wales, early in May, last year, and was wrecked on the 21st of that month, in lat. 34, long. 155 12 east, on Eliza Reef. The crew immediately took the boats, and put to sea, with the intention of making Repulse Bay. The two boats parted company on the third day. One portion of the crew, consisting of the captain, his wife, chief mate, and some of the sailors, were thrown on an unknown island, inhabited by savages, and the following interesting narrative from the mouth of Mrs. Fraser, the captain's wife, who escaped, is from the *Australian* of October 18:—

"Mrs. Fraser called at our office on Saturday, afternoon and gave us the following particulars:—The long boat's company consisted of Capt. Fraser, Mr. Brown, (the chief mate,) Mrs. Fraser, and Mr. Baxter, the 2d mate.] After they had been on shore some time, a great number of the natives were observed, and Mr. Fraser suggested giving themselves up quietly to the natives, as they were entirely defenceless, and, of course, already in their power.

They had scarcely time to make the suggestion when several tribes came down upon them, one of which immediately captured Captain Fraser; another tribe took Mr. Brown, and the third Mr. Baxter. The natives would not allow Mrs. Fraser to go with either of them, and left her alone upon a sandy beach, and the next morning a number of old women, with some children came down, and they gave Mrs. Fraser to understand that she must go with them and carry one of the children upon her shoulders, which Mrs. Fraser, of necessity, complied with. Mrs. Fraser states that she travelled many miles into the bush with these women and the child, and was frequently exhausted upon the road. She remained about three weeks in the bush with these people, when she fell in with her husband, Capt. Fraser, who was dragging a board for the natives, in which he had been principally engaged since the time he parted with his wife. Capt. Fraser who was so dreadfully fatigued with heavy labor that he could not move the load that had been consigned to him, and implored his wife to assist him.

Mrs. Fraser states that she had neither the strength nor liberty to do so, she herself being employed in the same manner at the time, and the natives keeping a sharp look out after her. She was under the necessity of leaving the captain. When she returned, shortly afterwards, she found he was speared in the back of the shoulder, which had been inflicted upon him for not making any progress with the wood. Mrs. Fraser remained with her husband until sunset, when he expired of his wound. The last words he uttered, were, "Eliza, I am gone." The savages immediately dragged Mrs. Fraser away from the body, dug a hole, and buried it. In eight days from this brutal affair the same cannibals also killed Mr. Brown, the chief mate, by holding firebrands to his legs, and so burning him upward. The cause of their destroying Mr. Brown was in consequence of his showing some signs of dissatisfaction at the death of his captain. The party now consisted of only Mrs. Fraser and Mr. Baxter, but they were parted from each other by many miles distance, a large river running between them.

These two unfortunate creatures remained with the natives about two months before they were rescued, enduring the greatest misery from hunger and fatigue. Mrs. Fraser was employed in cutting down and carrying wood, fetching water, and fishing for the natives; and Mr. Baxter was engaged in the same manner, on the other side of the river.

The steward of the vessel had waded overland to Moretown Bay, and the situation of Mr. Fraser and his unfortunate companions, when a man named Graham, who was well acquainted with the bush, volunteered to head a party to the shipwrecked people, and pledged himself to rescue them from the savages. Lieutenant Otter and a party were immediately despatched, and, with Graham, went in search of the unfortunate people. Mrs. Fraser states that he went into the midst of the natives, and, at the risk of his life, snatched her up and ran away to his party with her, and afterwards recovered the second officer in the same courageous manner.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

MUNGO PARK AND THE MOSS.—I have often been struck with a passage in the travels of the celebrated Mungo Park, describing his situation and feelings, when left alone by those who had plundered him in the very heart of Africa:—"Which ever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement.—All these circumstances crowded at once on my recollection, and I confess that my spirits began to fail me. I considered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and perish. The influence of religion, however, aided and supported me. I recollected that no human prudence or foresight could have arrested my present sufferings. Indeed was a stranger in a strange land; yet I was still under the protecting eye of that Providence who has condescended to call himself the stranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye.—I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes de-

rive consolation; for though the whole was no longer than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the roots, leaves, and capsule, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with apparent unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

THE LION AND THE LAMB.

From Mr. Preston's Dinner Speech.

Mr. Preston proceeded to comment in a strain of inimitable wit upon the change of the Administration—the old lion, he said, had gone off roaring, and his successor had come creeping into his place. Would that you had been there, fellow citizens, to have marked with what quaking awe the vermin of the palace peeped forth from their corners to watch the departure of this mighty beast, dreading each moment lest he should turn and scorch them with his hot breath, or sweep them off with a blast of his throat; and when the last footfall of the retiring monster faded in distance, now they drew a long breath, rose on their hind feet, and camped away in flocks to celebrate the anniversary of liberated slaves. You would have seen, continued he, that the reign of terror was at an end, and that the dynasty of another, and far different animal, was to succeed—under the new state of things, the South has far less to fear from the court quarter—the ex President was man of violent passion, of indomitable will, of hot resentments and animosities. When he took his stand he kept it, though the Constitution and the Union should crumble into wreck around him—he was ready for war to the knife to gratify every caprice—what he directed was done—the man whom he denounced was excommunicated from the congregation of the faithful—but the most striking characteristic of his successor was timidity—he must go—he must go—he could not make it—some indeed who had seen him come pulling on the breeches had mistaken him for the demon of the storm—he was only the chaff before it—he was not the man to make and unmake—to set up and pull down at pleasure, to issue proclamations, to brow beat Congress—to send insulting letters and another unsavory laws in his breeches pockets—it would indeed be the height of the ridiculous for Mr. Van Buren to thrust his lamb-like carcass into the skin of the dead lion, and attempt to look terrible.—Why he would roar like any "sucking dove!" He must be polite, cautious and conciliating—he must obtain as a servant what his political father commanded as a master—he knows full well that the union of the South would be fatal to him—hence his anxiety in his inaugural to set us at rest on the only question that was certain to unite us—but he had promised to follow the principles of his predecessor, and as the great principle of the late administration was an utter contempt of all the pledges given to the country, we had a right to expect that the copy would in this part bear the strongest resemblance to the original.

GENERAL ENOS, a native of Connecticut, was one of the earliest pioneers in the settlement of Vermont, and encountered the hardships and privations incident to the settlement of all new countries. At the first election of representatives to Congress from that State, Stephen R. Bradley and Gen. Enos were prominent and rival candidates—the general as well as many others, considered the services he had rendered the new State deserving of a full share of its honors. Mr. B. however, succeeded by a small majority over the general, and obtained his election. This disappointment occasioned some unpleasant feelings in the breast of the general. A question arose before the General Assembly of the State, in which both of these gentlemen were members, as to the form of the certificate of the choice to serve as credentials to enable the member elect to take his seat in Congress Mr. B. without request, drew a form which was handed to the speaker, and read as follows:—"The people of the State of Vermont, free and independent, have chosen Stephen R. Bradley, Esq. to represent this State in the Congress of the United States." The general whose ready wit was always at command, arose, addressed the speaker, and observed, that he was not stroller for form, but in a document of the kind under consideration, he thought it somewhat important, that the certificate should express the truth of the fact constituting its efficiency. He therefore moved to amend the form of the certificate, gratuitously presented by the member elect, so that it might read thus—"The people of the State of Vermont, not having the fear of God before their eyes, but moved and instigated by the devil, have chosen Stephen R. Bradley, Esq. to represent this State in the Congress of the United States." A roar of laughter burst from every member in the house, not excepting the speaker, and Mr. B. himself. The general felt revenged and satisfied—and the rival candidates, and their friends were immediately reconciled to the state of good feeling toward each other.—*Evening Post.*

REPORT ON SILK.

The Report of the Committee on Silk, in the House of Representatives, at Washington, through their Chairman, Mr. Adams, is before us. It embodies a vast deal of Statistical matter bearing upon the pro-

gress of the business in this country. The Committee, so far as their investigations have been prosecuted, express themselves highly gratified with the fitness of this country for the growth and manufacture of Silk, and the progress it has already made, in the establishment of incipient institutions. In Maine, the legislature offers a bounty of five cents on every pound of Cocoons, and fifty cents on every pound of reeled Silk. The subject is exciting some attention there. In New Hampshire one Company is established and many individuals are entering into the business, but no legislative aid has yet been granted. Vermont, the legislature gives a bounty of ten cents on every pound of Cocoons raised in the State, and the business of mulberry trees and Silk worms is exciting much attention in many towns. Massachusetts leads in the business and her legislature offers \$1.00 for every ten pounds of Cocoons, fifty cents for every pound of raw silk and \$1.00 per pound for every pound of reeled and twisted. There are various incorporated companies in Massachusetts, besides individuals in every section of the State directly engaged in the business. The Northampton Company has a capital of \$150,000, with about three hundred acres of land, various buildings, with machinery in operation and over 100,000 Chinese and White Mulberry trees. The New England Silk Company at Dedham has a capital of \$100,000 and twenty or thirty acres of Mulberry trees. The Massachusetts Silk Company at Framingham has a capital of \$150,000 and one hundred and sixty acres of land, with nearly one hundred thousand mulberry trees. There are also the Boston, Nantucket, Roxbury and Newburyport incorporated Silk Companies, all of which are preparing to grow and manufacture Silk, or are already in successful operation.—The business is also prosecuted with singular success by farmers, who make it a part of their household operations, in almost every section of the State. In Rhode Island, one incorporated Company exists with a capital of \$100,000 at Providence, and the business is existing the interest of people in other sections of the State.—Connecticut, where Silk has long been grown on a small scale, the legislative encouragement is ample, paying \$1.00 for every one hundred Italian or Chinese Mulberry trees five years old, and fifty cents for every pound of reeled Silk. There are two incorporated companies, one with a capital of \$20,000 at Mansfield and the other with a capital of \$30,000 at Hartford. The business is extending into different sections of the State and promises to be a source of future opulence to its citizens. These facts in relation to the business in New England we gather from the Report, and another week shall show its progress and extent through the middle and southern States. We are amazed at the interest the subject has already excited. Thus far, New England leads, and Massachusetts goes ahead of all her sister States in the Silk business.—*Northampton Courier.*

PINE LANDS—PINE LUMBER.

There is, perhaps, no subject in which the public are more deeply interested, or in proportion to that interest, on which it is less informed, than of the sources, quantity and probable duration of the supply of white pine Lumber. It is no uncommon occurrence to hear merchants and business men predict the rise or fall of the various articles of merchandise and produce in the range of their business, and we are aware that they predicate the opinions they advance upon the knowledge they have acquired as to the means and extent of the supply and the amount of the demand.—But who is there that troubles himself to inquire how much pine timber there is in the United States? how long the supply will last? what is the cause of its regular and rapid advance in price?—and will it continue to advance or will it diminish in value in years to come? We have been led to these remarks by some facts communicated to us by a friend who has investigated the subject, and on whose statements we can rely.

It is known, we presume, to most persons, that white or pumpkin pine cannot be reproduced or grown as the underbrush or second growth of pine forests, is always of a different species of wood. Thus we can see at a glance, that the country or state which is once stripped of this valuable timber, can never again see its soil clothed with the same. With this fact before us, together with a knowledge of the extent of the annual consumption of this article, it is a pretty accurate conclusion as to the time which the forests in the United States will supply the demands of the country. A few facts will show that we are not so well furnished as is generally supposed.

In all of the states and territories connected with the Union, there are, substantially, but three states which have a "surplus" of white pine to supply the enormous and increasing demand which is yearly made by the other states and territories.—These are New York, Pennsylvania and Maine. The latter (Maine) with her twenty-five hundred saw mills, can hardly supply the New England states, and it is left for New York and Pennsylvania to furnish the pine lumber for the great Valley of the Mississippi, after deducting what is needed for the consumption of four millions of enterprising inhabitants within their own borders. We speak of course in general terms and in round numbers, and do not mean to say that many of the states cannot supply their own wants to some extent, for several years.

Allowing these statements to be true, we are now prepared for the question—How long will the White Pine forests in these states supply the demand? It has been ascertained beyond a doubt, that there were floated on our canals, the Hudson, Mississippi, Susquehanna and Delaware rivers, during the last year, nearly six hundred and fifty millions of square feet of pine lumber! To supply this quantity, over sixty five thousand acres of good pine lands have been stripped of every tree! If there are seven hundred thousand acres, even at this rate, without any increase, it will only last some ten or eleven years, and from the facts that have been gathered on this subject, we venture to say that there is not White Pine enough in the United States, to supply the present consumption fifteen years! If any one can controvert this conclusion by facts, we shall be glad to hear them. Ten years since, the pine lumber on the Allegany and Susquehanna, was from four to eight dollars a thousand feet; it is now from ten to eighteen, and large contracts at the latter price were made last month for lumber, which is now on its way to Natchez and N. Orleans, the markets for which it was purchased. When pine lumber is transported five thousand miles on the Mississippi and its tributaries, and pays large profits, can there be a supply nearer! With these hints we leave the subject for the present.

The Albany Cultivator says—Prejudice and conceit are the offspring of ignorance and the great barrier to agricultural improvement. An African prince threatened to take the life of a traveller, because he dared to assure him, that water became solid by freezing, in his country.—Because he had not seen it, the prince deemed the traveller an impostor and a liar.

A few years ago, the growth of a hundred bushels of corn on an acre was considered a fabulous tale by the mass of our farmers. They had not seen such a product, and they therefore did not believe it. But such a product is now of common occurrence, that few doubt its reality.

Tell these men that they can double the products of their farms, by economizing and judiciously applying their manures,—that they can quadruple it, by tins, by underdraining, by alternating crops, and by root culture—and they are as incredulous as the African prince, because they are ignorant of those natural laws which ever have governed the material world, and which ever will govern it. The savage laughs at and rejects the arts of civilized life for the same reason that the ignorant or indolent farmer scorns the idea of improving the condition of society by agricultural societies, agricultural schools and legislative bounties for agricultural improvement.—They either do not know enough of natural science, to comprehend its utility in the ordinary business of life, or they are governed by a sordid, selfish, liberal policy, which, could it be carried out, would shut out every ray of light, and smother every sentiment of patriotism, which should either thwart their views, or which would tend to elevate their fellows above their own limited standard in society.

Some men seem to have an idea, that they are balanced in a scale; that as others can be made to sink, in the same proportion they shall rise, and vice versa. The first requisite to improvement, in any business, is the conviction that we can learn; the next, that we will learn.—And it perhaps is invariably true, that the more we do learn in useful knowledge, the more we become sensible of our comparative ignorance, and the more we are anxious to learn. This results not only from a wish to serve ourselves, and multiply our enjoyments, but from a sense of sacred duty to society.

Here comes Major Noah again, with his cheerful smile, rubicund face, and fatherly and friendly advice. Hear what he says, and tell us if it is not the best advice he ever gave:

THE REMEDY—A DOMESTIC SCENE.

After all said on the subject of the times, of reform, and the necessity of economy in all our outlays the true way is to set to work forthwith and carry reform into practical execution, and see how it works.—Example is a great guide, and what one will do, the other will imitate. Fashionable extravagance would be at once surrendered, when it is fashionable to be economical. A very large imposing house was prostrated by the pending storm, and first tried the experiment of extension, but finally gave up, and suspended payment. About a fortnight or three weeks after that event had taken place. I called at their magnificent mansion in — Place, and found the house closed, and a bill on it for sale or to let. I stood musing for a few minutes, calling to mind the splendor of the last party I had been at, in that very house, in January last: the parlors with their magnificent ottomans, damask chairs, rich Persia carpets, candelabras, and costly mirrors—the gay and flattering crowd of fashionables, the superb supper, and massive plate, and flashing lights, and jocular faces, and above all, the graceful and delighted mistress of the mansion. Now all was dreary and desolate; the dust had already collected on the Venetian blinds, and the plated bell handle looked dark and dingy. An air of desolation and decay lowered on the mansion, the airy dreams of the occupants had vanished. I determined, however, to see my friends, for he who forgets a friend in the hour of adversity is not fit to live in this world, and, on pursuing my enquiry, I traced them to a small street east of the Bowery, and living in a neat two story house. I rang the bell, and was ushered in to the parlor by a little girl with a clean check apron. I looked around the rooms; what a contrast! A plain but now elegant carpet, neat rush bottom chairs, a sofa, two small looking glasses in the pier, under which was a plain mahogany table, and plated candlesticks on the mantel piece. Every thing was neat, and directly in the opposite extreme of the splendor of their former habitation. The lady of the house met me with a cheerful smile and a cordial shake of the hand. The last time I had seen her she was alighting from her carriage splendidly dressed, at Stewart's in

Broadway; she now had on a neat calico dress, a silk apron and a plain cap, and she looked exceedingly interesting. "Why how you stare, and am I not an altered woman?" "Yes, but altered for the better. How well you do look!" "Do I? Why yes, I do. I take great exercise—bustle about the house—rub furniture as you once advised me to do—look after the kitchen—am constantly employed; indeed it must be so, for we cannot keep an army of servants as we formerly did." "It will all work well for you, at least with you, because you show yourself to be a skilful pilot; you take in sails in time, and will soon have your ship moored in smooth water." "Well, you do comfort me exceedingly, for I have seen but few of my gala friends of late. Here comes my husband—now you must sit down and take a cheerful family dinner with us."

A very white but not very fine table cloth was spread; uncut oysters were on plates—buck handle knives and forks—japanned bread baskets, &c. &c. and a little girl with a check apron waited on us.—A beef steak and a hot potatoe—a couple of slices of fried halibut—an apple dumpling—good white bread—and a tumbler of beer constituted our dinner. Don't look at me," said the hostess, "for really I eat like a ploughman—of late I have had a most unfastidious appetite; but then I rise with the sun, and the day passes so quickly that night sets in before I have done one half of my work—now don't smile when I say work, for although you know I have not been used to it, yet really I do work, and very hard." "Do you not miss your horses and carriage—your rides up and down Broadway—your visits to Stewart, Royle, and Venables?" "No, not in the least; I do miss my purse occasionally to be frank with you, but when I accommodate my means to my wants, all is smooth. We cannot eat gold, you know—it can only perform certain offices, which I do not want. I have enough of a rich wardrobe to last me for years—rather too many pocket handkerchiefs, that cost me \$30 a piece; and as to the carriage and horses, they are also a source of trouble, vexation, and expense, and I am better without them. It is thus I derive consolation from misfortunes and am content and most happy."

All this is the result of practical good sense—of a determined mind, which soars above misfortune—of a happy contented nature. What a treasure such a wife is to a man in these times and who, instead of increasing his gloom and despondency by frowns, upbraidings, and forgetfulness, meets him with the smile of hope and cheerfulness—points out the road to reform, and leads him towards it by her own good and successful example—keeps up his energy, and inspires him with new life—animates him to future exertions—in the plover of disappointments and cheers him with the assurance of better times.

EXTRACTS.

It is every man's duty to make himself profitable to mankind; if he can, to many; if not, to fewer; if not so neither, to his neighbor; but however to himself. There are two republics; a great one, which is human nature, and a less, which is the place where we were born: some serve both at a time, and only the greater, and some again only the less: the greater may be served in privacy, solitude, contemplation, and perchance that way better than any other; but it was the intent of nature, however, that we should serve both.—*Seneca.*

He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man; for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.—*Bid.*

There is no vice but something may be said for it: at first it is tractable and modest, but if we give it entrance we shall hardly get it out again. As it goes on it gathers strength, and quickly becomes ungovernable; we say commonly, that "every man has his weak side," but let me tell you, that he that masters once vice, may master all the rest; he that subdues avarice may conquer ambition. It is not for philosophy to excuse vices. He that grieves for the loss of casual comforts shall never want occasion of sorrow.—*Bid.*

One of the greatest kindnesses we can do our friends, and sometimes the only kindness that is in the power of our hands, is by prayer to recommend them to the loving kindness of God. We are likely to have the most comfort in those friends who we pray most for. Whichever comfort we desire to find in any creature, we must have recourse to God for it by prayer, for "our times are in his hand, and all our ways are at his disposal." Fruitful Christians are as much the joy, as barren professors are the grief of faithful ministers. It is refreshing to Christians to compare notes about their spiritual concerns: thus are they sharpened, as "iron sharpens iron."—*Henry.*

While we are in prosperity nothing can be more useful, nor ought to be more attended to, than the sincere and hearty advice of friends. But at the same time we must beware lest we permit ourselves to be flattered; into which error it is very easy, indeed, to fall. We think that we are such, as those around us say, and fancy that all this praise is but our proper due. Hence arise innumerable errors, for when men are puffed up in their own opinions, they are certain to become ridiculous, and to fall into the greatest faults.—*Cicero.*

A PLEASANT SALLY. A little girl observing a goose with a yoke on, exclaimed, "why, ma, there is a goose got corsets on. It walks like sister Sally!"