Western Reserve Chronicle

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Poetry.

Written for the Chronicle.

I WISH I WAS ASLEEP.

BY S. BOUTON.

"O Tim, I wish I was asleep."—Sterne.

I would not, if I could, foretell
The sad events of coming years;
I would not dare to lift the veil
That hides our future shame and tears:
But I can see, around us, now,
Enough to "make the angels weep:"
Crime stalks abroad with brazen brow:
I wish I was asleep.

What once was deem'd the baleful source
Whence all the Nation's miseries flow;
By *all* regarded as a curse,
Is deem'd a precious blessing now:
And, on his prostrate brother's neck
The tyrant's foot to keep,
I see the Nation's arm stretch'd out!
I wish I was asleep.

When patriots no longer dare
To meet a tyrant's frown;
When Liberty's last barrier
Is rudely broken down:
And when I see her hideous foe
Come, with exulting leap,
To curse her soil with crime and woe,
I wish I was asleep.

Embrac'd in Slavery's withering arms,
The fruitful soil, the genial clime
Of Kansas must lose all their charms;
Must be the home of Grief and Crime:
And, from Nebraska's far-off vale,
The Rocky Mountain's rugged steep,
I seem to hear the bond-man's wail!
I wish I was asleep.

But Southern insolence has rous'd
The spirit of the North:
To stay Oppression's rushing waves
The mandate has gone forth:
Those tyrants, who have "sown the wind,"
Must soon "the whirlwind reap:"
I tremble at the coming storm:
I wish I was asleep.

From the German of Julius Strum.

I HOLD STILL.

Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper—As God will!
And, in his hottest fire, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be:
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting—As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit, purely,
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all its heaviest blows are, surely,
Inflicted by a Master hand:
So I say, praying—As God will!
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

Choice Miscellany.

OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS.

Reverence for old age should be instilled very early into the minds of children; and, like all seed sown by a mother's hand, it will take deep root there.—Then will the virtues of the aged shine brightly before the mind, and their infirmities be looked on with great leniency and piety. Next to motherless children; do the "stricken in years," claim our sympathy.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips which they had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names they loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Not long since, a good looking man in the middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business he replied:

"I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have came to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

Well—yes, "replied the strong man with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general—but our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burthen to everybody. There were seven of us sons and daughters, and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us—a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out; and that was three months before her death. But then she was a good mother *in her day*, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed at the merry little faces there, which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to whose ears no word in our language is half so sweet as "Mother;" and we wondered if the day would ever come when they would say of us; "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!" And we hoped that before such a day day should dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, and that our graves may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went up to the sanctuary to pay our last token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up—but she had outlived her usefulness—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else." These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two—three—four—five;—how clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber on her mother's bosom, and of her seat at night-fall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward, in the meadow, and by the brook. Eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—spoke more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen;—sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. Nineteen, brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then stroke after stroke, told of her early womanhood—of the love and care, and hopes and fears and toils through which she passed during those long years, till Fifty! rang out, harsh and loud. From that to Sixty, each stroke told of the strong, warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark! the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two,—three—four! She begins to grow feeble: requires some care: is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another; so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be *sent* rather than *invited* from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four,—ah, she is now a second child—now "she has *outlived her usefulness*—she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody;—that is, she has ceased to be *profitable* to her earth-craving and money-grasping children!

Now sounds out, reverbreating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," *Eighty-nine!* There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now—demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patent endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, *"She was a good mother in her day,"*

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit: His form was erect and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture, expressive of God's compassion to feeble men, and especially of His tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Maker while in health, that they might claim his promises when heart and flesh should fail them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently, "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow-creatures. Now I *feel it*. "Our mother;" he added most tenderly, "who now lies before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to day—that she was brought up in this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers have strength to toil, untill she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here, clad in weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that till health and vigor left her, she lived for you, her descendants. You, who together have shared her love and her care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or mourning on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has entered the 'evening of life,' that you never say in the presence of your families nor heaven. "Our mother has outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us." Never, never; a *mother* cannot live so long as that: No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their faithful bosoms, and call forth, by her helplessness, all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.

"Adieu, then, poor toil worn mother; there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou will be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find thy longed for rest, and receive sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold."

WEDDING SCENE IN GRANADA.

A garrulous old senora, in weeds for the disastrous fortunes of the legitimists, has so constantly lectured us on the perilous position of the Americans in this State, that we have loaded up our musket and revolver, sharpened the bayonet and paper knife, and otherwise secured our domicile from an invasion by the ragged battalion so constantly impressed upon our mind as secreted in the bushes outside of town. She has no doubt on the subject, and in her solicitude for our welfare crossed herself most devoutly—the enemy was just there, ready for the fray; and when we insisted that they were unarmed, she unhesitatingly dissolved our dream of security by informing us that they were armed with a fearful weapon, the name of which she had forgotten, but that only required to be thrown up in the air, when, describing a parabola; it would descend upon the Americans and kill them wherever they were. And then, behind this cloud of aerial enemies, there would come a squadron of cavalry, valiant to desperation, mounted on high horses, careering onward with heads bent down and hearts indifferent to danger, shouting in fearful unity "Viva Chamoro!" and subjecting all his enemies to destruction.

In view of this dreadful event, we armed for the emergency. Every noise was attentively considered, and several times at the dead of night, when the native guard has exclaimed, "Queen vive?" with more than ordinary energy, we have jumped from the hammock and prepaired for a host of visible and invisible enemies. Thus nervously situated, about 4 o'clock last Sunday morning the roll of the drum on the plaza set the printing office in motion. Going out, the only thing to be seen was half a dozen women squatting around the door of the cathedral, and these being questioned said a marriage was about to be performed. The surprise was agreeable, and so we congratulate the public that we have to describe a matrimonial engagement where we expected a warlike conflict. If making two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before be greatness, what ought to be the esteem of him who makes a house full of taxpayers where but two previously paid revenue to the State.

The roll of a drum was a preliminary movement, after which flaming sky-rockets were sent up by the advance guard of solicitous friends. Soon a large attendance of curious men, women and children made their appearance on the ground, although it was still dark.—Soon a band of music made its appearance, at which the crowd was much regaled. The men and women joked and laughed, the boys skylarked, while the printing office put on its dignity, and kept a bright look out for items. All this while a brisk fusilade of sky rockets was kept up, strongly reminding us of the unknown weapon about which our ancient female friend remarked.

After a time, a bevy of gaily dressed people appeared, some holding lanterns, others supporting the bride, while the balance amused themselves sending up rockets, A rush was made to see the new comers, but for the life of us we could not detect the happy pair. They were all alike, in the night, and their advance was in no wise orderly; but as they came up, the musicians pealed a louder key, the rockets were sent up faster and higher, while the door of the cathedral slowly swung upon its hinges before the throng and then we stood within the sanctuary. It was a time and place to inspire reverence, and every voice was hushed.

The father soon came out in his robes of office, and advancing into the crowd, was confronted with the parties. The bride was there supported by her mother on the left, and the groom and his brother on the right. The mother of the bride and brother of the groom were there as witnesses. She was pretty, just turned eighteen, plump as a partridge, with large oriental eyes over which dropped a soft and dreamy expression. Her hair was dark and glossy as printer's ink, her mouth of just proportions, to all of which was added a form such as nature loves to model, Of the groom, we cannot say much, except that we should dislike to swop horses with, or bet against him in a jockey race or a cock fight.

After a short ceremony, the question was asked if any person objected to the marriage. No person seemed disposed to spoil the fun, and the proceedings went on. The mother of the bride manifested considerable emotion as she was asked to give her daughter away, and the groom wore an anxious look throughort the ceremony.

The young bride kept her eyes fixed on the ground, while her bosom heaved a response to every sentence that fell from the good man's lips. She gave her hand to her future lord, and the marriage rings were exchanged. Then came a salver filled with gold coin, which was the dowry, This was blessed and given to its proper owner. This portion of the ceremony was performed in the vestibule of the church, after which the party adjourned to the altar, where the lecture was to be given, and the concluding ceremony performed, and the benediction pronounced.

In front of the altar, the parties all knelt down and the padre repeated a passage from the Bible. He next lectured them on their duties as husband and wife, and instructed them in the charities that should adorn and make happy their future lives. Four wax candles were lighted, and one placed in the hands of each of the parties, and another passage in the ritual repeated.—A silk vestiment was next laid across the shoulders of the two, and then a chain knit together in the centre, was passed around their necks. Thus bound together, the father sprinkled them with holy water, and while solemn music filled the sacred edifice, he proceeded to place upon their tongues the consecrated wafer. They were again sprinkled with holy water, the chain and silken vestiment removed, and the concluding exercises finished. In the interval of these ceremonies, and while they were proceeding, parts of the ritual were read, and music filled the church.

As the grey dawn fell upon the city, the benediction was pronounced, and the party left the church. Men with rockets went first, next came the happy couple, followed by the musicians. Up street we marched to the hospital, and down to the Convent of San Francisco, passing on the right, we came to the house of the bride. There wine was passed, and all hands engaged in a jolly good time. It was Sunday, but the people went on rule "the better the day the better the deed" Company B, First Light Infantry, stationed in the convent, turned out spontaneously and gave the wedding party three cheers, and many of its members were afterwards invited to join in the festivities; which they did.

The announcement reads that on Sunday morning, February 17th, Senor Andres Mana was married to Senorita Morales, in the parochial church, by Padre Bernabe Montiel.

CURIOUS MOUNTAIN IN CALIFORNIA.

In Toulume county, California, there is a very peculiar mountain, from which great quantities of gold have recently been obtained. It is composed of old lava or basalt, resting on ancient gravel and other depositions from water. On its top it is as level almost as the waters of a lake, only decending very uniformly to the west. Its heighth above the surface of the surrounding country varies from one to five hundred feet. Its width is generally not far from a sixth of a mile, though differing in different places.—But its remarkable peculiarity is that, through its length, which is some fifteen or eighteen miles, it winds and curves, with other variations, in exact resemblance to a vast river, just exactly as it would had it once been disgorged, a moulten, fiery flood, from the old burning Sierra volcanoes, and poured down the deep channel of some vast river, bearing on with its mighty current, quantities of rocks and pebbles and sand, mingled in and formed into part of itself upon its edges, filling up the whole bed of the river, and then cooled down into a moveless solid mass. From its shape it has received the name of "Table Mountain." Various tunnels have been made by miners through the hard basalt, to reach the bed of the ancient river, and there is a wild excitement among California miners regarding the immence treasures supposed to be under the lava.

He who has outlived his friends, feels that his home is beyond the grave.

MEN AND WOMEN.

The secret of fascination in men, is beyond all computing or explaining.—We wise men are always indignant, when the Queens of Love and Beauty prefer the coxcomb and the fool. We try to persuade ourselves that they do not. We try to believe that the nimable and accomplished Clarissa, sees the odious Lovelace in his true light; and even while we talk with her, and expatiate with eloquence upon life and the landscape, Clarissa deems us dreadful bores, and longs for a look and a word from the odious Lovelace. I beg you to notice whether the youths who are tipsy, the youths who gamble, the youths who are dissipated in every way, find any difficulty in procuring partners for the dance. The most exemplary Belindas, have a hundred satisfactory reasons why they cannot refuse to dance with the whole Boosey family. They give their approbation to debauchery, and dissipation of various kinds, in the only way they can give it, by countenancing those who are guilty. They treat the dashing Cæsar Borgia, precisely as they treat the accomplished Chevalier Bayard.—Do you mean to tell me that, just in the degree they countenance the dashing Cæsar, they are not responsible for his conduct? Has the favor of woman come to be so cheap, that it is given to boots and dress-coats, without regard to the man who occupies those articles of apparel? A woman who isists that the courtesies of society compel her to treat a man, whose whole life is an insult to her sex precisely as she treats a man who respects and honors her, is an unfortunate of whom I wish to speak gently, as we do of the unfortunate Swiss of the Valais, who are afflicted with goitre. But they should also be tenderly removed from society, because they infect it with a fatal disease.—*Harpers Magazine.*

RATS.

We noticed the systematic attack made by rats in New Haven, on some children, each singling out his victim, and jumping with a simultaneous squeal upon the little girls playing in a yard.—A little boy of two or three years was caught by the knee, and held until the child's grandfather went to his assistance, and then, as the rat scorned to run, it had to be killed. Attempts had been made to poison these rats with partial success, and it may have been in retaliation for their poisonous attempts that this concerted charge was made.

The rat is one of the most interesting animals on the globe. In Europe he marks historical eras—different hordes of invaders brought their peculiar rats in their train. Europe has seen the rats of the Goths, Vandals and the Huns. Europe has now its Norman rat and its Tartar rat, and the great rat of the Parisian sewers is of recent date and Muscovite origin.

The brown rat, otherwise known as the Norman rat has established itself all over the world, by the commerce of civilized times—it had possession of France for the last six or seven centuries; but within the last it has found its master in the Muscovite and Tartar rat, called in Paris the rat of the Mountfaucon.—The new rats, previously unknown to Europe, descended from the heights of the great central plateau of Asia, from which the Hun and Mongul horseman descended, who spread right and left, and took possession of Rome on the one hand and Pekin on the other.

The establishment of the Muscovite rat in France commenced with the extirpation of the brown or Norman rat—that rat has almost disappeared, and is found only in the cabinets of the curious collectors—while the Muscovite rat is daily increasing in size, ferocity and courage.—The Russian rat devours the dog, the cat, and attacks the child asleep. The corpse of a man is a dainty for this beast, and it always commences by eating out the eyes. Its tooth is most venomous; and the author from which we derive most of this article, states that he has known of ten cases of amputation of the leg, necessitated by the bite of this rat.

The cat turns tail upon this rat, in its most ferocious state. A good rat terrier is the best destroyer, but fortunately rats are ratophagus, eat one another, fight duels, indulge in broils and intense feuds, and grand destructive battles.—Were it otherwise, they would make this world an unpleasant place for man to live in. We should have to fight our way, and not unfrequently, like the Aarchbishop of Mayence, should be dragged from our beds at midnight, by an army of rats, and devoured on the spot.

The rat is the emblem of misery, murder and rapine—a cannibal and a robber—devoted to principles of war and spoliation. Will it ever disappear?—*Hartford Courant.*

Written for the Chronicle.

REST—NO. IV.

A vague idea of a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, may exist in the minds of men who have no definite views of his character, and who do not wish to have, who are willingly ignorant of all that appertains to his Being and perfections: and as they do not "like to retain God in their knowlege," and are glad to forget Him, we may conblude that they have no fixed belief in the reality of his existence. Such an obscure apprehension of our Maker can never produce a proper sense of responsibility, or be a ground of consolation.

They only, who endure, as seeing Him who is invisible, who recognize his universal and perfect government, and who hope in his mercy, can repose under the shadow of his wings, and be at rest. They can look with composeure on the tumultuous scenes of earth; can contemplate surrounding dangers without dread: they look above, and see "the hand that moves the world:" and they know that the Judge of all the earth will certainly do right. The historical portions of the Bible furnish many instances of that "quietness and assurance"—that calm fortitude in perilous circumstances, which ever attends a firm reliance on the power and wisdom and goodness of God. When the three jewish Captives were required to fall down and worship the image Nebuchadnezzar had set up, they were not terrified; they camly resolved to obey God rather than man. After their first refusal, when they were arraigned and questioned as to their disregard of the king's mandate, they replied, "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not *careful* to answer thee in this matter." They felt no solicitude about it: they knew not how the affair would terminate: they only knew that they were safe in the hands of God: that was enough. The result proved that their confidence was well founded. They met a powerful friend in the fiery furnace. Nebuchadnezzar in astonishment exclaimed, "Lo, I see four men loose walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt: and *the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.*"

Can we suppose that, after this Divine interposition, these men could ever be restless and anxious and troubled in view of passing events? I think not.—They may have prayed and wept, as Daniel did, over the sins and consequent miseries of their nation: but for their own individual safety they could feel no anxiety. They knew Him in whom they trusted; and in Him they found rest.

S. B.

[Written for the Chronicle.]

FIANO FORTE PLAYING NO. 3.

The uses and abuses of Piano Forte playing, and the purposes it should subserve, directly and indirectly, form a subject much too comprehensive and important to admit of being properly treated upon in one column of a newspaper. A few suggestions thereon, however, it is hoped will at least repay a perusal. It is an admitted fact by all persons of any intelligence on the subject, that different styles of music effect the heart quite as differently as different kinds of literature do the mind. While the composition and execution of music require the best efforts of the mind, in effect, the appeal is directly to the heart and the affections. Our tastes and passions can become gross and sensual as to the style of music most acceptable to us, or elevated and refined, just according to the training they receive. What results should we have in view, in the cultivation of music? This is a question of much importance. We cannot perhaps give our answer in a few words, better than by saying, to make us happier, wiser and better. I am well aware that very many look upon this, and every other art, and science, as matters placed at their disposal, whence to derive a momentary gratification, a mere pass-time, utterly regardless of the attainments they might make, and which they may one day be held accountable for not making. To those persisting in so narrow and contracted a view of life and its pleasures, we have only to say that they are as much to be pitied as was the foolish king who could amuse himself all day playing with straws, and thought himself very happy. It is true music can, and may be used to a certain extent, as a promoter of mirth, and hilarity; but to use it exclusively for such purposes, would be to controvert the designs of our beneficient creator, in one of his best gifts to man. If young ladies who cultivate only a superficial, coquettish, beau-catching style of music, and spend the hours in this endeavor, that might and should be devoted to making something like creditable and valuable attainments in the art, if they could only be made to know how limited is the sphere in which they are contented to move, and how contemptible and really culpable they appear to the thousands, who, though possessed of no greater talent at the commencement than themselves, have risen to eminence by their indomitable energy and perseverance—it would certainly make them feel uncomfortable enough to consider their former ignorance, bliss indeed. But some may say, we never expect to play except for our own amusement, and that of our friends, who have no better taste than ourselves, and we are perfectly satisfied with our style of amateur playing. Let such be assured that the pleasure they now derive from such small attainments will be augmented an hundred fold if they will make a constant persevering effort to progress. Their daily achievments, though small, will afford true pleasure; and so will the conciousness that their talent in this respect is not lying buried. Much has been written of the influence of music in the home circle. We will only mention the fact, that in order to have it produce the effect of rendering a home infinitely more pleasant and attractive than it could otherwise possibly be, and binding the hearts of its inmates together with stronger ties, much, very much depends upon the character of the music used. There is a class of music which, if it appeals to the heart at all, causes only its coarsest and most sensual strings to beat. Parents, as well as teachers are in a great measure responsible in this matter. How often we hear parents say, they "don't like these scientific pieces," they are all a senseless jargon, and they "would much rather hear Bowery Galls," "I bought a Yaller Gall for a guinea," and the like. If they are really so unfortunate as to have a taste so crude, they should commence at once to improve it, and they will very soon begin to prefer that the silly, vulgar negro songs, and jigs, should be confined to the untutored African, whence the style originated.—In the cultivation of music, there can be no standard of attainments. It is the privilege and duty of every one possessing musical talent to cultivate it just so far as lies in their power. Nothing can be more foolish and absurd than for a person to cease putting forth efforts for advancement, because he cannot hope to equal or surpass the skill of some one else.

AMATEUR.

For the Chronicle.

Messrs. Editors:—I want to ask you and your readers a question or two, which should ere this have been asked by some one more able than myself to do justice to the subject; and perhaps a word from an humble source may awaken a thought in the bosoms of some whose influence may be felt, that will not sleep till some efforts are made to remove from our midst the *worse* than Moloch of our day—the demon god at whose shrine are offered up the minds, happiness and purity of those who *would* be noble, good and true.

Why is it that the zeal which so animated the good people of Warren a short time since on the subject of Temperance, has so nearly waned away? Why have the efforts then made to redeem our town from the effects of slavery to the rum interest, been so utterly abandoned? Do those true hearted men and women who first attempted to rid our village of this monster, whose slimy length is *now* coiled on so many of our hearths, and whose venomous sting has already entered so many a mother's, and so many a child-heart, give up at length, and acknowledge themselves *vanquished*?—After an absence of a few months, I return home, and before I have clasped one friendly hand, or met the smile of one familiar face, my heart is saddened by meeting an aged man on horseback, his head silvered with the frosts that mark the pilgrimage of three score years or more, reeling in his saddle and scarcely able to retain his seat. And *this* is the condition in which *Warren* sends the aged man to meet his wife and children! *Warren* for the paltry clink of *copper*, will coil the *condor* round the body, crushing out its very life corrupting, poisoning the soul! Warren! I *love* the name and the pleasing associations it ever brings with it of past friendships cherished still, and past scenes that will live in memory while life shall last, and this is why the tear unbidden comes to my eye as I approached, and I feel like one who mourns the corruption of a friend. To the young men and young ladies of Warren, those who were my school-mates and friends but a short time since, let me say a word. We were boys and girls together; and the merry laugh and shout and school boy jest of three years ago are singing in my ears to day; for memory is ever buisy and she often makes the past seem present. As I think of those bright days and of the time we have had for improvement since then, the thought comes, cannot *we* do something for the cause that so *demands* our aid? If we have a friend who has learned to love the sparkling drought, to linger long at the wine, let us remember that a kind word fitly spoken may redeem him, then the whisper of the "still small voice," the blessing of the Redeemer and the smiles of an approving Heaven will be our rich reward.

J.

WHY SATAN NEVER DISTURBS A WOMAN.

Mohammedans relate the following story as an authentic and veritable piece of "tradition," illustrative of the fact that the devil himself has *duties* to perform in the world, and that all things would go wrong if he were to be idle, and neglect them, viz:

"In the days of Mohammed, there was an Arab who had a very pretty wife.—The devil transformed himself into so exact and accurate a likeness of her husband, that she could not for the life of her tell which of the two was her husband. Both claimed her—i. e., the real husband and the devil in his likeness.

"The case excited much interest in the neighborhood, but no solution of the difficulty could be obtained. At length the case was brought before the Majesty, the Prophet, for a solution. Mohammed after a little reflection, held up a certain earthen pot in his hand, with a spout like a teapot, and said to them both—

"'Now, which ever is the *real* husband, will enter this vessel by the spout, and thus establish his claim to the woman?'

"The devil, as having more capacity in that way than the sturdy Arab, of real flesh and bones, entered at once into the pot, as suggested. The moment he entered, Mohammed closed the top of the spout, and kept him shut in.

"But by the time Mohammed had kept his excellency shut up for a few days in that earthen pot, it was ascertained that the world was getting wrong in all its machinery. Mohammed was therefore constrained to let the devil out from his confinement, to take his *necessary* place in the management of the affairs of the world. But before restoring him to his liberty again, Mohammed extorted a solemn promise from him that he would never trouble the 'fair sex' any more, but confine himself to what he could do amongst the male sex.'"

PERFUMERY.

The extensive flower farms in the neighborhood of Nice, Grasse, Montpelier and Cannes in France, at Andrinople, (Turkey in Europe,) at Broussa and Uslak (Turkey in Asia,) and at Mitcham, in England, in a measure, indicate the commercial importance of that branch of chemistry called perfumery.

British India and Europe consume annually, at the very lowest estimate 150,000 gallons of perfumed spirits, under various titles, such as eau de cologne, essence of lavender, esprit de rose, &c. The art of perfumery does not, however, confine itself to the production of scents for the handkerchief and bath, but extends to imparting oder to inodorous bodies, such as soap, oil, starch and grease, which are consumed at the toilette of fashion. Some idea of the importance of this art to commerce may be formed when we state that one of the large perfumeries of Grasse and Paris, employs annually 80,000 pounds of orange flowers, 60,000 pounds of cassia flowers, 54,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 32,000 pounds violets, 20,000 pounds tuberose, 16,000 pounds of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in like proportion. The quantity of odoriferous substances used in this way is far beyond the conception of those even used to abstract statistics, giving rise to an amount of industry truly gratifying.

USE MINUTES.

It is asked, says Channing, how can the laboring man find time for self-culture? I answer, that an earnest purpose finds time. Seizing on spare moments, it turns fragments into golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always find some portion of the day at his command. And it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes, when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed that those who have the most time at their disposal profit by it the least. A single hour in the day given to some interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge.

God's grace is proportioned to the man's effort.

Envy not the condition of others, and contentment will bless your pathway.

The world admires genius, but courage and fortitude more.