

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1851.

NUMBER 5.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.
TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, . . . \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, . . . 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00. | square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00. | column 1 " 30.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00. | " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until
ordered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept
constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

C. DAVIS & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Michi-
gan.

GILBERT & CO. Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Medi-
cines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

J. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON, Wholesale and Retail
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—
First door above H. Pennoyer's. Washington
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, BY HENRY PENNOYER.
The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL, HOTEL, BY HARRY EA-
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL, Boot and Shoemaker.—
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Griffin's
Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney for
Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

W. M. Rowland's seven foot mill saws, with teeth
filed for use, of "Ferry's Pattern" for sale by
W. M. FERRY.

FOR SALE.—A good second hand Engine of
25 Horse Power, with Cross Head, Slides &c.,
suitable for running two saws. One yoke of good
working oxen, also, one double wagon.

GILBERT & Co.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have had the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours—
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requires none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain—
The mighty dew might fall—
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow-light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man—
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whose careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him.

THE GIRDLE OF FIRE.

The lower counties of New Jersey are pro-
verbially barren, being covered with immense
forests of pine, interspersed with cedar swamps.
During the dry summer months, these latter be-
come parched to an extent that is incredible, and
the accidental contagion of a fire-brand often
wraps immense tracks of country in flames.
The rapidity with which the conflagration, when
once kindled, spreads through these swamps,
can scarcely be credited except by those who
know how thoroughly the moss and twigs are
dried up by the heat of an August sun. In-
deed, scarcely a spot can be pointed out in West
Jersey, which has not, at one time or another,
been ravaged by conflagration. It was but a
few years since that an immense tract of these
pine barrens was on fire, and the citizens of Phil-
adelphia can recollect the lurid appearance of
the sky at night, seen at the distance of thirty
or forty miles from the scene of the conflagra-
tion. The legendary history of these wild coun-
ties is full of daring deeds and hair-breadth
escapes which have been witnessed during such
times of peril. One of these traditionary sto-
ries it is our purpose to relate. The period of
our tale dates far back into the early history of
the sister state, when the country was even
more thinly settled than at present.

It was a sunny morning in midsummer, when
a gay party was assembled at the door of a
neat house in one of the lower counties of New
Jersey. Foremost in the group stood a tall
manly youth, whose frank countenance at once
attracted the eye. By his side was a bright
young creature, apparently about eighteen years
of age, whose golden tresses were a fit type of
the sunny beauty of her countenance: but now
her soft blue eyes were dim with tears, and she
leaned on the shoulder of her mother, who was
apparently equally affected. The dress of the
daughter, and her attitude of leave-taking, told
that she was a bride, going forth from the home
of her childhood, to enter a new and untried
sphere of life. The other members of the group
were composed of her father, her brothers and
sisters, and the bridesmen and the bridesmaids.
"God bless you, my daughter, and have you
in his holy keeping," said the father, as he gave
her his last embrace—"and now farewell!"
The last kiss was given, the last parting word
was said, the last long look had been taken, and
now the bridal party was being whirled through
the forest on one of the sweetest mornings of
the month of July.

It was indeed a lovely day. Their way lay
through an old road which was so rarely travel-
led that it had become overgrown with grass;
among which the thick dew-drops, glittering in
the morning sun, were scattered like jewels on
a monarch's mantle. The birds sang merrily
in the trees, or skipped gaily from branch to
branch, while the gentle sighing of the wind,
and the occasional murmur of a brook crossing
the road, added to the exhilarating influences of
the hour. The travelers were all young and
happy, and so they gradually forgot the sadness
of the parting hour, and ere they had traversed
many miles, the green arcades of that lovely
old forest were ringing with merry laughter.
Suddenly, however, the bride paused in her in-
nocent mirth, and while a shade of paleness
overspread her cheek, called the attention of
her husband to a dark black cloud, far off on the
horizon, and yet gloomier and denser than the
darkest thunder-cloud.

"The forest is on fire!" was his instant eja-
culation; "think you not so, Charnley?" and
he turned to his groomsmen.
"Yes—but the wind is not towards us, and
the fire must be miles from our course. There
is no need for alarm, Ellen," said he, turning to
the bride, his sister.

"But our road lies altogether through the
forest," she timidly rejoined, "and you know
there isn't a house or cleared space for miles."
"Yes—but my dear sis, so long as the fire
keeps its distance, it matters not whether our
road is through the forests or fields. We will
drive on briskly, and before noon, you will
laugh at your fears. Your parting from home
has weakened your nerves."

No more was said, and for some time the car-
riage proceeded in silence. Meantime the con-
flagration was evidently spreading with great
rapidity. The dark, dense clouds of smoke,
which had at first been seen hanging only in
one spot, had now extended in a line along the
horizon, gradually edging around so as to head
off the travelers. But this was done so imper-
ceptibly, that, for a long time, they were not
aware of it, and they had journeyed at least half
an hour before they saw their danger. At
length the bride spoke again:

"Surely, dear Edward," she said, addressing
her husband, "the fire is sweeping around a-

head of us: I have been watching it by yon-
der blasted pine, and can see it slowly creeping
across the trunk."

Every eye was instantly turned in the direc-
tion in which she pointed—and her brother, who
was driving, involuntarily checked the horses.
A look of dismay was on each countenance as
they saw the words of the bride verified. There
could be no doubt that the fire had materially
changed its bearing since they last spoke, and
now threatened to cut off their escape alto-
gether.

"I wish, Ellen, we had listened to your fears,
and turned back half an hour ago," said the
brother, "we had better do it at once."
"God help us—that is impossible!" said the
husband, looking backwards; "the fire has cut
off our retreat!"

It was as he said. The flames, which at first
had started at a point several miles distant and
at right angles to the road the party was travel-
ing, had spread out in every direction, and
finding the swamp in the rear of the travelers
parched almost to tinder by the drought, had
extended with inconceivable velocity in that
quarter, so that a dense cloud of smoke, beneath
which a dark lurid veil of fire surged and rolled,
completely cut off any retrograde move-
ment on the part of the travelers. This vol-
ume of flame, moreover, was evidently moving
rapidly in pursuit. The cheeks, even of the male
members of the bridal party, turned ashy pale
at the sight.

"There is nothing to do but to push on,"
said the brother; "we will yet clear the road
before the fire reaches it."

"And if I remember," said the husband, there
is a road branching off to the right, scarce half
a mile ahead: we can gain that easily, when we
shall be safe. Cheer up, Ellen—there is no dan-
ger. This is our wedding morn—let me not
see you sad."

The horses were now urged forward at a
brisk pace, and in a few minutes the bridal party
reached the cross-road. Their progress was
now directly from the fire; all peril seemed at
an end; and the spirits of the group rose in
proportion to their late depression. Once more
the merry laugh was heard, and the song rose
up gaily on the morning air. The conflagra-
tion still raged behind; but at a distance that
placed all fear at defiance; while in front, the
fire, although edging down towards them, ap-
proached at a pace so slow that they knew it
would not reach the road until perhaps hours
after they had attained their journey's end. At
length the party subsided again into silence, oc-
cupying themselves in gazing on the magnificent
spectacle presented by the lurid flames, as, roll-
ing their huge volumes of smoke above them,
they roared down towards the travelers.

"The forest is as dry as powder," said the
husband; "I never saw a conflagration travel
so rapidly. The fire cannot have been kindled
for many hours, and it has already spread
for miles. Little did you think, Ellen," he said,
turning fondly to his bride, "when we started
this morning, that you should so narrowly es-
cape such a peril!"

"And as I live the peril is not yet over!"
suddenly exclaimed the brother. "See—see—
a fire has broken out on our right, and is coming
down on us like a whirlwind! God have
mercy on us!"

He spoke with an energy that would have
startled his hearers without the fearful words
he uttered. But when they followed the direc-
tion of his quivering finger, a shriek burst from
the two females, while the usually collected
husband turned ashy pale, not for himself, but
for her who was dearer to him than his own life.—
A fire, during the last few minutes, had started
in life in the forest to their right, and, as the
wind was from that quarter, the flames were
seen ahead shooting down towards the road
which the bridal party was traversing, roaring,
hissing, and thundering as they drew near.

"Drive faster, for heaven's sake!"—on the
gallop!" exclaimed the husband, as he compre-
hended the imminence of their danger.

The brother made no answer, for he well knew
their fearful situation, but whipped the horses
into a run. The chaise flew along the narrow
forest-road with a rapidity that neither of the
party had ever before witnessed; for even the
animals themselves seemed aware of their peril,
and strained every sinew to escape from the
fiery death which threatened them.

Their situation was indeed terrible, and mo-
mentarily becoming more precarious. The fire
when first seen, was, at least, a mile off, but
nearly equi-distant from a point in the road the
bridal party was traversing; and, as the conflagra-
tion swept down towards the road with a
velocity equal to that of the travelers, it
soon became evident that they would have bare-
ly time to pass the fire ere it swept across the
road, thus cutting off all escape! Each saw
this; but the females were now paralyzed with
fear. Only the husband spoke.

"Faster! for God's sake, faster!" he hoarsely
cried: "see you not that the fire is making for
yonder tall pine? We shall not be able to reach
the tree first, unless we go faster."

"I will do my best," said the brother, lash-
ing still more furiously the foaming horses.—
"Oh, God! that I had turned back when Ellen
wished me!"

On came the roaring fire—on in one mass
of flame—on with a velocity that seemed only
equalled by that of the flying hurricane. Now
the flames caught the lower limbs of a tall tree,
and in an instant had hissed to its top—now they
shot out their forked tongues from one huge pine
to another far across the intermediate space—
and now the whirling fire whistled along the
dry grass and moss of the swamp with a rapidity
with which the eye could scarcely follow. Already
the fierce heat of the conflagration began
to be felt by the travelers, while the horses,
feeling the increase of warmth, grew restive
and terrified. The peril momentarily increased.
Hope grew fainter. Behind and on either side
the conflagration roared in the pursuit, while
the advancing flame in front was cutting off
their only avenue of escape. They were gird-
led by fire! Faster and quicker roared the
flames towards the devoted party, until at length
despair seized on the hearts of the travelers.

Pale, paralyzed, silent, inanimate as statues, sat
the females; while the husband and brother,
leaning forward in the carriage and urging the
horses to the utmost speed, gazed speechlessly
on the approaching flames. Already the fire
was within a hundred yards of the road ahead
and it seemed beyond human probability that
the travelers could pass it in time. The hus-
band gave one last agonizing glance at his in-
animate wife. When again he looked at the ap-
proaching flames, he saw that during that mo-
mentary glimpse they had lessened their dis-
tance one half. He could already feel the hot
breath of the fire on his cheek. The wind, too,
suddenly whirled down with fiercer fury, and
in an instant the forked tongues of the advancing
conflagration had shot across the road, and en-
veloped themselves around the tall pine which
had been the goal of the traveler's hopes. He
sank back with a groan; but the brother's eye
gleamed wildly at the sight, and, gathering the
reins tighter around his hand, he made one last
desperate effort to force the horses onward;
and with one mad leap, they lifted the carriage
from the ground as if it had been a plaything,
plunged into the fiery furnace, and the next
instant had shot through the pass.

Charnley gave one look backwards, as if to
assure himself that he had indeed escaped. He
saw the lurid mass of fire roaring and whirl-
ing across the spot through which they had dar-
ted but a moment before; and, overcome with
mingled gratitude and awe, he bowed his head
on his breast, and poured out an overflowing
soul in thanksgivings to the Power which had
saved them from the most dreadful of deaths.
And long afterwards, men who traveled through
that charred and blackened forest, pointed to
the memorable scene where these events occur-
ed, and rehearsed the thrilling feelings of those
who had been encompassed by the *Girdle of
Fire*.

THE ART OF FLYING.—A French journal has
a letter from Madrid giving an account of a suc-
cessful experiment with a new apparatus for fly-
ing. The flyer was a Miss Juanita Perex, who
though rather fat and corpulent, moved through
the air, by the help of wings, with great ease
and rapidity. She was advertised to fly a dis-
tance of above 1,200 feet, rising in the air above
600, but exceeded the programme both in height
and distance. No description of the structure
of the wings is given. They have a spread of
some fifteen feet, are fastened by ligaments of
great flexibility, and arranged so as to move
with great rapidity; they make a noise like a
wind mill. The astonishment of Madrid at so
novel a phenomenon is described as immense.

A Mr. Thomas Darville, at Paris, also announ-
ces that he has invented a complete apparatus
for flying, and that he proposes to exhibit it at
the Camp de Mars in the course of the present
month, when he will fly from the Military School,
to Chailiot. He will be accompanied by his two
sons, one of twenty-two and the other of seven
years. The preparation of three sets of wings
has delayed the exhibition until now. The in-
ventor has tried his apparatus privately, with
complete success, having flown across the Seine
with it at 1 o'clock in the morning. His wings
have a spread of 15 feet, and by their help the
flyer can move up and down in the air with all
the facility of a swallow, skimming along near
the ground or mounting upright to the sky at
his pleasure. [N. Y. Tribune.]

Humphrey has a happy singularity in the
presentation of moral lessons, and one which
often produces a more permanent effect by its
quaintness than a long lecture. Here is some-
thing from him too good to be lost.

Though no doctor, I have by me some excel-
lent prescriptions; and as I shall charge you
nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the
price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am
visited with them myself, and I dare say you
are also; and now then for my prescriptions.
For a fit of envy—go to a watering place, and
see how many who keep their carriages are af-
flicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how
many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home
wrapped up in flannel; and how many are sub-
ject to epilepsy, and apoplexy.

For a fit of passion—walk out in the open
air; you may speak your mind to the winds
without hurting any one.

For a fit of idleness—count the tickings of a
clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be
glad to pull off your coat the next, and work
like a slave.

For a fit of ambition—go the church yard
and read the grave stones; they will tell you
the end of ambition. The grave will soon be
your bed chamber, and the earth your pillow.

For a fit of despondency—look on the good
things which God has given you in this world,
and at those which He has promised to his fol-
lowers in the next. He who goes into the gar-
den to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt
will find them, while he who looks for a flower
may return into his house with one blooming in
his bosom.

For a fit of repining—look about you for the
halt and blind; visit the afflicted and deranged,
and they will make you ashamed of complain-
ing of your lighter afflictions.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear—
whether they respect the body or the mind,
whether they are a load to the shoulders, the
head, or the heart, the following is a radical
cure, which may be relied on, for I had it from
the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the
Lord, He will sustain thee."

One of the editor in this city refuses to pay
his telegraph bill, because the Chicago Demo-
crat found out that he owed it! An honest
man's excuse, is that? People will get their fill
of crediting us publishers soon! [Democrat.]

"People have got their fill of crediting" any-
thing they may see in the Chicago Democrat,
long time ago.

Reason—"general character for truth and ve-
racity—bad." [Journal.]

Resentment is the very bane of society, smit-
ting not only its object, but he who resents,
whilst forgiveness is its inspiring cordial, the
elixir of happiness to both alike.

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New-Year's night. An aged man was
standing at a window. He raised his mournful
eyes toward the deep-blue sky, where the stars
were floating, like white lilies, on the surface
of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the
earth, where few more hopeless beings than him-
self now moved toward their certain goal—the
tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the sta-
ges which lead to it, and he had brought from
his journey nothing but errors and remorse.—
His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his
heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of com-
fort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision
before him, and he recalled the solemn moment,
when his father had placed him at the entrance
of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sun-
ny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and re-
sounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other
conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark
cave, whence there was no issue, where poison
flowed instead of water, and where serpents his-
sed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in
his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place
me once more at the entrance to life, that I may
choose the better way!"

But the days of his youth and his father had
both passed away. He saw wandering lights
floating far away over dark marshes, and then
disappear—these were the days of his wasted
life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and van-
ish in darkness. This was an emblem of him-
self; and the sharp arrows of unavailing re-
morse struck home to his heart. Then he re-
membered his early companions, who entered
on life with him, but who, having trod the path
of virtue and of labor, were now happy and hon-
ored on this New-Year's night. The clock in
the high church tower struck, and the sound, fall-
ing on his ear, recalled his parents' early love
for him, their erring son; the lessons they had
taught him; the prayers they had offered up on
his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief,
he dared no longer look toward that heaven
where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes drop-
ped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he
cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come
back!"

And his youth did return; for all this was but
a dream which visited his slumbers on a New
Year's night. He was still young; his faults
alone were real. He thanked God, fervently,
that time was still his own, that he had not yet
entered the deep dark cavern, but that he was
free to tread the road leading to the peaceful
land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life,
doubting which path to choose, remember, that
when years are passed, and your feet stumble
on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but
cry in vain; "O youth, return! O give me back
my early days!" [Harper's Magazine.]

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacred-
ness in tears. They are not the indication of
weakness, but of power. They speak more elo-
quently than ten thousand tongues. They are
the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep
contrition, and of unspoken love.

Oh! speak not harshly of the stricken one,
weeping in silence. Break not the dead solemn-
ity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps.—
Scarf not if the stern heart of manhood is some-
times melted to sympathy; they are what helps
to elevate him above the brute. I love to see
tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but
still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an
awful pleasure! If there were none on earth
to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live;
and if no one might weep over my grave, I
could never die in peace. [Dr. Johnson.]

THE POOR BOY.—Don't be ashamed, my boy,
if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no
mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your in-
dustrious mother. For our part, we would rat-
her see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear
one profane or vulgar word escape your lips.—
No good boy will shun you because you cannot
dress as well as your companion; and if a bad
boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say
nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know
many a rich and good man who was once as
poor as you. There is our next door neighbor
in particular—now one of our wealthiest men
—who told us a short time since that when a
child he was glad to receive the cold potatoes
from his neighbor's table. Be good, my boy,
and if you are poor you will be respected a great
deal more than if you were the son of a rich man,
and were addicted to bad habits. [Olive Branch.]

SUBLIME TRUTH.—Let a man have all the
world can give him, he is still miserable, if he
has a groveling unlettered mind. Let him have
his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for
grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification;
while at the same time God is not in all his
thoughts. And let another have neither field nor
garden; let him only look at nature with an en-
lightened mind; a mind which can see and adore
the Creator in his works, can consider them as
demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his
goodness and his truth—this man is greater as
well as happier in his poverty than the other in
his riches—the one is little higher than the
beast, the other but a little lower than an angel.
[Jones of Nayland.]

MARRIAGE.—I never knew a marriage ex-
pressly for money that did not prove unhappy.
Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters
are continually playing the same unlucky game.
I believe that men more frequently marry for
love than women, because women think they
will not have a better chance, and dread being
dependent. Such marriages no doubt, some-
times prove comfortable, but a greater number
would have been far happier single. If I may
judge by my observations of such matters, marry-
ing for home makes that home a very tire-
some one. [Mrs. Child.]

Cato said he had rather people should won-
der why he had no statue erected in his memory,
than that they should inquire why he had.

The only people who have a moment to spare
are those who are never idle.