

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME I.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1851.

NUMBER 19.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
HARRIS & 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. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 column 1 " 30.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 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.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office on the
south side of Washington street, third door west
of the Washington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

H. MERILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders prompt-
ly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.
Wm. M. FERRY, JR. }
THOS. W. FERRY. } Wm. M. FERRY.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business entrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, 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, Forward-
ing 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, Mich.

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, Provisions
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.

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

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries 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. Washing-
ton 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 newly
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.

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. Grif-
fin's Store.

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

THE SAVIOR'S PRAYER.

BY THE LATE HENRIETTA J. MEERKS.
"He went up into a mountain apart to pray;
and when the evening was come, he was there
alone." MATT. XIV., 23.

Not in the cloister's dungeon walls,
Nor in the stately fane,
Where the tinged smile of sunset falls
In rainbows through the pane;
But where light streams and heaven's pure eyes
Met on the mountain gray,
Whose head was pillowed in the skies—
The Savior knelt to pray.

When morning flung the light of hope
Far o'er the hurrying throng,
The incense of his soul went up
With morning's smile and song;
But when pale evening round his heart,
Had drawn her dim array,
The Savior sought a place apart—
The Savior knelt to pray.

'Twas not for life or death—the ease
That life or death could bring;
For more of human happiness,
Or less of suffering;
But for unshrinking heart to bear
All that might crush the clay,
The long distress, the last despair—
The Savior knelt to pray.

The wings of angels gathered it
To waft the prayer to God;
And angel eyes to diamonds lit
The dew-drops on the sod;
And seraphs hushed their hymns to hear,
And silence wrapped the throne,
When angel-pinions shed that prayer—
"Father, thy will be done."

No wonder that the earth is bright,
And pure the sky above
Which opened on that brow of light,
Lived in that heart of love!
'Tis all an altar, every spot
Is hallowed to thy knee—
Whoe'er thou art, whatever thy lot,
The Savior prayed for thee!

GAMBLING AND GAMBLERS.

Gambling is the staking or winning of prop-
erty upon mere hazard. The husbandman ren-
ders produce for his gains; the mechanic ren-
ders the product of labor and skill for his gains;
the gambler renders for his gain the sleights of
useless skill, or more often, downright cheat-
ing. Betting is gambling; there is no honest
equivalent to its gains. Dealings in fancy stocks
are oftentimes sheer gambling, in all its worst
evils. Profits so earned are no better than the
profits of dice, cards or hazard. When skill
retains for its earnings a useful service, as
knowledge, beneficial amusements or profitable
labor, it is honest commerce. The skill of the
pilot in threading a narrow channel, the skill of
the lawyer in threading a still more intricate
one, are the substantial equivalents for a price
received as if they were merchant goods or ag-
ricultural products. But all gains of mere skill
which results in no real benefit, are gambling
gains.

Gaming, as it springs from a principle of our
nature, has, in some form probably existed in
every age. We trace it in remote periods, and
among the most barbarous people. It loses
none of its fascinations among a civilized peo-
ple. On the contrary, the habit of fierce stimu-
lants, the jaded appetite of luxury, and the sa-
tiety of wealth, seem to invite the master-exci-
tant. Our land, not apt to be behind in good
or evil, is full of gambling in all its forms—the
gambling of commerce, the gambling of bets
and wagers, and the gambling of games of haz-
ard. There is gambling in the most refined cir-
cles and in the most low—among the members
of our national government, and of our State
governments. Thief gambles with thief in
prison; the Judge who sent him there, the lawyer
who prosecuted, and the lawyer who defended
them, often gambled too. This vice once al-
most universally prevalent among the western
bar, and still too frequently disgracing its mem-
bers, is however, we believe, decreasing. In
many circuits, not long ago, and in some now,
the Judge, the Jury, and the bar, shuffled cards
by night, and law day—dealing out money
and justice alike. The clatter of dice and of
cards disturbs your slumber on the boat, and
rings drowsily from the upper rooms of the ho-
tel. The vice pervades the city, extends over
every mile of travel, and infests the most mor-
tal districts. The secreted lamp dimly lights
the apprentices to their game; with unsuspect-
ed disobedience boys creep out of their bed to
it; it goes on in the store, close by the till; it
haunts the shop. The scoundrel in his lair, the
scholar in his room; the pirate on his ship, gay
women at parties; loafers in the street corners,
public functionaries in their offices; the beggar
under the hedge, the rascal in prison, and some
professors of religion in the solemn hours of
the Sabbath—waste the energies by the ru-
inous excitement of the game. Besides these
players, there are troops of professional gam-
blers, troops of hangers-on, troops of youth to
be drawn in. An inexperienced eye would de-
tect in our peaceful towns no signs of this vil-
tute-flock; so in a sunny day, when all cheer-
ful birds are singing merrily, not a buzzard can
be seen; but let a carcass drop, and they will
push forth their gaunt heads from their gloomy
roosts, and come flapping from the dark woods
to speak the air, and dot the ground with their
numbers.

The universal prevalence of this vice is a rea-
son for parental vigilance; and reason of remon-
strance from the citizen, the parent, the minis-
ter of the gospel, the patriot and the press. I
propose to trace its opening, describe its sub-
jects, and detail its effects.
A young man, proud of his freedom, anxious
to exert his manhood, has tumbled his Bible and
sober books in a dark closet. He has learned
various accomplishments, to flirt, to boast, to
fight, to drink. He has let every one of these
chains be put around upon the solemn promise
of Satan that he would take them off whenever
he wished. Hearing of the artistic feats of emi-
nent gamblers, he emulates them. So he pon-
ders the game. He teaches what he has learnt
to his shop mates, and he feels himself their
master. As yet he has never played for stakes.
It begins thus—peeping into a bookstore, he
waits till the sober customers go out, then slips
in and with assumed boldness, not concealing
his shame, he asks for cards, buys them, and
hastens out. The first game is to pay for the

cards. After the relish of playing for a stake,
no game can satisfy them without a stake. A
few nuts are staked; then a bottle of wine; an
oyster supper. At last they can venture a six-
pence in actual money—just for the amusement
of it. I need go no further—whoever wishes
to do anything with the lad, can do it now. If
properly plied, and gradually led, he will go to
any length, and stop only on the gallows. Do
you doubt it? Let us trace him a year or two
further on.

With his father's blessing and mother's tears
the young man departs from home. He has re-
ceived his patrimony, and embarks for life and
independence. Upon his journey he rests at
the city; visits the "school of morals;" lingers
in more suspicious places; is seen by a
sharper and makes his acquaintance. The knave
sits by him at dinner; gives him the news of
the place and a word of advice; cautions him
against sharps, inquires if he has money, and
charges him to keep it secret; offers himself to
make with him the rounds of the town, and se-
cure him from imposition.

At length, that he may see all, he is taken to
a gaming house, but with apparent kindness,
warned not to play. He stands to see the va-
rious fortunes of the game; some forever los-
ing; some touch what number they will, gain-
ing piles of gold. Looking on is thirst where
wine is free. A glass is taken; another of a
better kind; next the best the laddler has, and
two glasses of that. A change comes over the
youth; his exhilaration raises his courage, and
lulls his caution. Just then his friend remarks
that one might easily double his money by a
few ventures, but that it was prudent not to
risk. Only this was needed to fire his mind.
What! only prudence between me and gain?
Then that shall not be long! He stakes; he
wins. Stakes again; wins again. Glorious!
I am the lucky man that is to break the bank!
He stakes and wins again. His pulse races;
his face burns; his blood is up, and fear gone.
He loses; loses again; loses all his winnings;
loses more. But fortune turns again—he wins
anew. Gains excite him, and losses excite him
more. He doubles his stakes, then trebles them
—and all is swept. He rushes on, puts up his
whole purse, and loses the whole. Then he
would borrow; no man will lend. He is des-
perate, he will fight at a word. He is led to
the street and thrust out. The cool breeze
which blows upon his fevered cheek, wafts the
slow and solemn stroke of the clock—one—
two—three—four; four in the morning! Quick
work of ruin! an innocent man destroyed in a
night. He staggers to his hotel, remembers as
he enters it that he has not even enough to pay
his bill. Subdued at length by agony, cowed
and weakened by distress, he is sought again
by those who plucked him. Cunning to sub-
vert inexperience, to raise the evil passions, and
to allay the good, they make him their pliant
tool.

Farewell, young man! I see thy steps turned
to that haunt again! I see hope lighting thy
face; but it is a lurid light, and never came
from heaven. Stop before that threshold! turn
and bid farewell to home! farewell to innoc-
ence! farewell to a venerable father and an
aged mother! the next step shall part thee from
them all forever. And now henceforth be a
mate to thieves, a brother to corruption. Thou
hast made a league with death, and unto death
thou shalt go.

Let us here pause to draw the likeness of a
few who stand conspicuous in that vulgar crowd
of gamblers, with which he will hereafter con-
sult. The first is a taciturn, quiet man. No
one knows when he comes into town, or when
he leaves. No man hears of his gaining, for he
never boasts or reports his luck. He reads
none, converses none, is neither a glutton nor
a hard drinker, he sports few ornaments, wears
plain clothing. Upon the whole he seems a
gentlemanly man, and sober citizens say "his
only fault is gambling."
Very different is the roistering gamester.
He bears a jolly face, a glistening eye, some-
thing watery through watching and drink. His
fingers are manacled with rings—his bosom
glows in pearls and diamonds, he learns the
time he wastes from a watch, most gorgeously
carved, and slung around his neck with a pon-
derous golden chain. There is not so splendid
a fellow to be seen walking through the streets.
The landlord makes him welcome—he will bear
a full bill; the tailor smiles like May, he will
buy half his shop. Other places bid him wel-
come—he will bear large stealings.

Like the Judge he makes his circuit, but not
for justice, like the preacher he has his appoint-
ments, but not for instruction. His circuits are
the race courses, the crowded capitol, days of
general convocations, conventions and mass
meetings. He will flame on the race track, beat
his thousands, and beat the ring at swearing,
oaths vernacular, imported, simple and com-
pound. Did you see him only by day, flaming
in apparel, jival and free hearted at the res-
taurant or hotel, you would think him a prince
let loose—a cross between Prince Hal and Fal-
staff.

But night is his day. These are mere exer-
cises, and brief prefaces to his real accomplish-
ments. He is a good fellow, who dares play
deeper; he is wild indeed, who seems wilder;
and he is keen indeed, who is sharper than he is
after all this show of frankness. No one is
quicker, slyer or more alert at the game. He
can shuffle the pack till an honest man would
soon think of looking for a particular drop of
water in the ocean as for a particular card in a
particular place. Perhaps he is ignorant which
is at the top, and which is at the bottom. At
any rate watch him closely, or you will get a
lean head and a fat one. A plain man would
think him a wizzard or the devil. When he
touches a pack they seem alive, and acting to
his will, rather than his touch. He deals them
like lightning, they rain like snow-flakes, some-
times one, sometimes two, if he need be four or
five together, and his hand hardly moved. If he
loses, very well, he laughs; if he gains he only
laughs a little more. Full of stories, full of
songs, full of wit, full of roistering spirit—yet
do not trespass too much upon his good na-
ture with insult. All this outside is only the

spotted hide which covers the tiger. He who
provokes this man, shall see what lightning can
break out of a summer-seeming cloud!

These do not fairly represent the race of
gamblers—conveying too favorable an impres-
sion. There is one often met at steamboats,
traveling solely to gamble. He has the servants,
the steward, or some partner in league with him
to fleece every unwary player whom he inveig-
les to a game. He deals falsely; heats his
dupe to madness by drink, his accomplice tele-
graphing his opponent's hand; at a stray look
he will slip your money off and steal it. To
cover false playing, or to get rid of paying loss-
es, he will lie fiercely, and swear uproariously,
and break up the play to fight with knife and
pistol—first scraping the table of every penny.
When the passengers are asleep he surveys
the luggage, to see what may be worth stealing;
he pulls a watch from under the pillow of one
sleeper; fumbles in the pocket of another; and
gathers booty throughout the cabin. Leaving
the boat before morning, he appears at some
village hotel, a magnificent gentleman, a pol-
ished traveler, or even a distinguished nobleman.

There is another gambler, cowardly, sleek,
stealthy, humble, mousing and mean—a simple
blood sucker. For money he will be a tool to
other gamblers; steal for them, and from them
—he plays the jackal, and searches victims for
them, humbly satisfied to pick the bones after-
ward. Thus (to employ his own language) he
ropes in the inexperienced youth, flatters them,
inflames their passions, purveys to their appet-
ites, cheats them, debauches them, draws them
down to his own level, and then lords it over
them in malignant meanness. Himself impure,
he plunges others into lasciviousness, and with
a train of reeking satellites, he revolves a few
years in the orbit of the game, the brothel, and
the barber shop; then sinks and dies—the world
purer, and good men thank God he is gone.

Besides these, time would fail me to describe
the ineffable dignity of a gambling judge, the
cautious, phlegmatic lawyer, gambling from
sheer avarice; the broken down and cast away
politician, seeking in the game the needed ex-
citement; the soaked obese, plethoric, whizzing,
baconal; and a crowd of ignoble worthies,
wearing all the badges and titles of vice, thro'-
out its base peerage. [Henry W. Beecher.]

WHAT A MOUTH OUGHT TO BE.—The mouth is
the frankest part of the face. It can the least
conceal the feelings. We can neither hide ill-
temper with it, nor good. We may affect what
we please, but affection will not help us. In
a wrong cause it will only make our observers
resent the endeavor to impose upon them. A
mouth should be of good natural dimensions,
as well as plump in the lips. When the an-
cients, among their beauties, made mention of
small mouths and lips, they meant small only as
opposed to an excess the other way; a fault very
common in the south. The sayings in favor of
small mouths, which have been the ruin of so
many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there
must be an excess either way, it had better be
the liberal one. A pretty pursed up mouth is
fit for nothing but to be left to complacency.—
Large mouths are oftener found in union with
generous dispositions than very small ones.—
Beauty should have neither, but a reasonable
look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance
in lips, when instead of making sharp angles at
the corners of the mouth, they retain a certain
breadth to the very verge, and show the red.—
The corner then looks pointed with a free and
liberal pencil. [Leigh Hunt.]

THE STRANGER'S FUNERAL.—While the click-
ing of type musically sounds around us, a hearse
clad in the mournful memory awakening trappings
of death, slowly traverses the street, fol-
lowed by a single carriage. The hurrying mul-
titude pause for a moment the mechanic sus-
pends his blow, and the inquiry is asked in whis-
pered accents, "Who is dead?"—and is hastily
answered, "A Stranger;"—the hearse turns the
corner of a street, and the multitude resumes
their walk at a quickened pace as if they regret-
ted the loss of that moment. Such is western
Life. Born in a hurry, we marry in a hurry,
live, die, and are buried in a hurry.

But who is the stranger? Perhaps far away
over the lakes, a grey-haired father and a dot-
ting mother will wait day after day, and week
after week for his return, till at last hope will fold its
wings and die, perhaps a loving, trusting wife
will watch for long, weary months to catch the
familiar sound of his returning footsteps, till,
like the crushed rose, she will fade away be-
neath the lurid glare of disappointment, and
gathering her little band of prattlers around her
lonely hearth, will seek to teach them that "Pa-
pa is gone," and to lip "Our Father who art in
Heaven."

KNOWLEDGE.—"One fountain there is," says
Miss Bremer, whose deep vein has only just
begun to throw up its silver drops among man-
kind—a fountain which quenches the thirst of
millions, and will give to those who drink from
it peace and joy. It is knowledge; the foun-
tain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health
to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy
to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny
a deep repose. Go, and drink there, thou whom
fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon feel
thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth in the
world and find thyself everywhere at home;
thou canst not cultivate thyself in thine own
little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee,
and carry on wise conversation with thee—na-
ture, antiquity, and heaven, are accessible to
thee.

At a banquet when solving enigmas was one
of the diversions, Alexander said to his courtiers
"What is that which did not come last year, and
will not come next year?" a distressed officer
starting up, said, "It certainly must be our ar-
rear of pay." The king was so diverted that
he commanded him to be paid up, and also in-
creased his salary.

Pardon is a glorious kind of revenge, I think
myself sufficiently revenged of my enemies if I
pardon him. Cicero did more commend Caesar
for pardoning Metellus, than for the great victo-
ry obtained over his enemies.

PROGRESS OF LUXURY.

No one who loves his country can remain in-
different to the progress of luxury, which cor-
rupts the morals and enervates the manhood of
a people, which engenders habits of idleness and
frivolity, and turns even industry into unprof-
itable channels. The progress of luxury has been
the cause of national decay, in more than one
proud empire, and it is not safe for any people
to think themselves beyond its influence. Its
entrance should be guarded against, with care,
and its progress should be watched with the
most anxious vigilance. Especially, should
those, whose fortunes place them above the ne-
cessity of close economy, set the example of
simplicity in their style of life and manifest their
profusion in benefactions to public objects.—
Not that we would have the rich deprive them-
selves of any of the rational enjoyments which
wealth can purchase; but we would have them
avoid that useless and hurtful ostentation in
dress, in equipage, in entertainments, which con-
fer no benefit on those who can afford it and
which finds so many imitators in those who can-
not.

The introduction of luxurious habits, by in-
creasing the expenses of house-keeping, discour-
ages marriage, and thus leads to a long train of
immoralities, of the most serious character. It
breeds envy and discontent, and destroys that
union of all classes, which is especially essential
to the support of republican institutions. It
makes wealth supercilious and poverty hostile
to the security of property. It is an unmixed
evil, and it is the duty of those who shape the
public policy, of those who direct the public
morals, and of those who influence public senti-
ment, to discourage every departure from the
simple manners of our fathers.

If any think that these remarks are inapplica-
ble to this latitude, we ask them to mark the
change which has taken place in our commu-
nity—not greater, perhaps, than in the commu-
nities around us—within a few years. All the in-
creased comfort, and especially all the diffusion
of comfort, may well be a matter of congratula-
tion; the countless inventions for the conveni-
ence of dwellings, for the more healthful use
of food, for the lessened abuse of medicine, all
those contrivances place within the reach of men
of moderate means, the enjoyments which were
formerly confined to the rich, are sources of just
congratulation; but all that is devoted to ostenta-
tion, to showy furniture and gaudy equipage,
to display of plate, and to splendor in entertain-
ments, is a matter of serious regret. It is a low
order of enjoyment. It perverts and exhausts
the taste which would otherwise expend them-
selves, in works of art, in books, in music, and
in things which have a humanizing influence.—
And after all, those who indulge in this ostenta-
tion on a comparatively moderate scale, on
which alone it is possible for most men, even
those who are esteemed rich, must remember
with constant mortification, that they cannot ap-
proach the few, who, in larger communities, and
with greater means of folly, lead the fashion in
matters of this kind.

That display which has nothing but its ex-
pense to recommend it, will be constantly over-
topped by new comers, bringing fresh accumu-
lations to waste upon the altars of fashion.—
The utmost limit of fashionable extravagance in
a provincial town, is not equal to the common
display of folly in New York, and does not ap-
proach, the dishabille of Goodwood, and Blen-
heim, and Chatsworth; and even these are put
to shame by the countless retinues, and lavish
display, and the barbaric magnificence of the east-
ern nobles.

How foolish, then, for the greatest fortunes
to attempt any such rivalry here. A republican
people should be distinguished by their elegant
simplicity, by their appreciation of the true value
of wealth, and by their knowledge of the true
mode of life. [Providence Journal.]

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.—Some
ingenious paragraphist has worked out an old
fable into this form:—A philosopher stepped
into a ferry boat to cross a stream. On the
passage; he inquired of the ferryman, if he un-
derstood arithmetic. The man looked astonish-
ed. "Arithmetic! no sir." I am very sorry, for
one quarter of your life is gone. A few min-
utes after he asked: Do you understand math-
ematics? The boatman smiled and replied—
"No." "Well then," said the philosopher, "an-
other quarter of your life is gone." Just
then the boat run on a snag, and was sinking,
when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his
coat, and asked the philosopher with earnest-
ness of manner, if he could swim? "No!"—
"Well, then," said the ferryman, "your whole
life is lost, for the boat is going to sink!"

An old lady walked into a lawyer's office, a
few days since, with her little son, and asked if
the lawyer would not take the boy and make him
a lawyer.

"He is altogether too young. Have you none
older?"
"Oh, yes, several, but we are going to make
farmers of them. I thought this little fellow
would make a first rate lawyer and so I called
to see if you would take him."
"Why do you think him better calculated for
a lawyer than your other sons?"
"Why, you see, he is just seven years old to-
day; when he was only five, he'd lie like all na-
ture; when he got to be six, he was sassy and
impudent as Satan; and now he'll steal every-
thing he can lay his hands on."

A ship from Glasgow was recently lying in
the harbor at New Orleans, when an Irish emi-
grant came on board, and thus addressed the
cook, who was also Irish:

"Are you the mate?"
"No," said he, "Out, I'm the man who boils
the mate!"

Mirabeau said of a man who was exceeding-
ly fat, that God had created him only to show
to what point the human skin could stretch with-
out breaking.

"Mrs. Dobson, how is your husband?"
"He's dying, marm, and I don't want anybody
to disturb him."