

Cooper's Clarkburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 9.

TERMS.

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From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

PROVING THE OWNERSHIP OF A HOUND.

A hunting party in Mississippi, which had returned late one evening, after a successful deer hunt, to the hospitable mansion of Major K., of old Wilkinson, were enjoying their supper and a good bottle of old South side, when the conversation, which had been on the subject of thorough-bred dogs, for the moment had ceased.

"You never heard of the thorough-bred hound which our friend Coll, here, once owned, did you Major?" asked one of the party with a sly laughing, mischievous twinkle of his grey eye, as he tossed off a glass of Madeira.

"No," said the Major, looking at the speaker, and seeing that he had struck the trail for some fun, "what about Coll's dog?"

"None of your rigs, now, Harry," said Coll, who was a great hunter, and a celebrated rifle shot.

"Not at all," replied Harry, "I was just going to relate a little episode in one of your hunts, that's all, Coll."

"Let's have the episode," cried the party, while the decanter was passed around the board.

"Well," said Harry, as he re-filled his glass, "it was about two years ago that a squatter's family, emigrating from Alabama to Texas, arrived in the schooner at the new Basin in New Orleans. The wagon of the squatter, which was loaded with some rude furniture, and a number of boxes and trunks, was soon got on shore. Underneath the wagon were several pots and the feet of the tail board, some three or four hounds were tied by ropes.

On the top of the "plunder" were seated promiscuously half a dozen yellow haired children. The old man, the head of the family, had hitched up his mules, and mounted his seat, started to cross the city for the Mississippi river, while his wife, with an infant in her arms, and a buxom 'rosin heel' girl of about sixteen, followed beside the wagon in Indian file.

"One of the hounds not liking to be roped along in this way, slipped her head from the noose, and started off to look at the natives without having been observed by the emigrants. The next morning the dog found her way back to the Basin, and entered the store of Mr. N., who perceiving that she was lost, had her tied up in the back yard for the benefit of her owner. The hound, however, kept up such a howling and barking that N. was glad to get rid of her upon any terms, and as a captain of a schooner entered the store soon afterwards, N. offered the hound to him, provided he would take her away, telling him at the same time that the dog was astray. The captain accepted the offer, and took the hound to his vessel near by, for the purpose of carrying her to his house over the lake. He had not been gone but a short time, when in came Coll with his gun on his shoulder.

"Good morning, N.," said Coll, "what's the news?"

"Why, bad news for you," replied N., "for I have just given away one of the finest hounds you ever saw, and if you had been here a few moments sooner you might have had her."

"You don't tell me that," said Coll; "I have been wanting a fine dog for a long time, and you knew it. To whom did you give her? Is there no chance of getting her back?"

"Why, yes," said N., "I gave her to Capt. R., who has taken her on board his schooner, and you can run down and claim her as yours, for she was not mine when I gave her away."

"Off started Coll to the schooner and asked for the skipper.

"Have you got a stray hound on board here, sir?" said Coll.

"No," replied the skipper, who had just put the dog in the cabin.

"You have, though," said Coll, "for I hear her whine. Hoo pee!" yelled Coll, "here Bess!" and he gave a loud whistle. The hound being familiar with the call, let out her music, and bounding from the cabin, sprang on the deck.

"Told you so," said Coll; "knew if old Bess was about, she'd answer that," and here Coll stooped down and patted the hound, who evinced the recognition of an old friend by snuffing about, jumping up on her hind legs, and wagging her tail.

"Well," said the skipper, "that dog was given to me this morning, but if you say she's yours, why take her along—I don't want any trouble about it." So Coll gave another whoop, and with his gun in hand jumped ashore, the hound following with evident delight.

Coll joyfully pursued his way, highly delighted with the hound, for she was a beautiful marked animal, of evident blood, and well broken. Having determined to go over the river on a hunt, he continued his way to the ferry, and on arriving on the levee, he passed the old

squatter's family, who had encamped there with his wagon over night, without having the slightest idea that he had brought the dog back to its owner. Here the hound, unperceived, left Coll to join her associates, and the yellow haired children were joyfully caressing their lost companion, when Coll missing his dog, turned around suddenly to look after her. "Wheu-ut," whistled Coll. Here, Bess, here Bess, and discovered the hound, he approached the wagon of the squatter, patting his thigh, and whistling for Bess to come to him.

"That's dad's dog, Mister," said the 'rosin heel' girl to Coll, "and you had better let her alone."

"Not this time," said Coll, as he patted the dog on her head, and coaxed her to follow him.

"Look here, stranger, what are you doin' with that thar dog?" demanded the old squatter, as he came around from the other side of the wagon.

"Why, I'm going a hunting with her," said Coll, looking up in surprise.

"Not aadzeety," said the old man, "that's my dog."

"Your dog," replied Coll, "how so?"

"How so—why I raised her," said the old man frowning.

"Well, so did I."

"Yes, but I own its mother, and raised her too, and there are the balance of the pack under the wagon, (here the squatter pointed to the hounds,) and this dog got away from me yesterday."

"Can't help it," said Coll, "that dog was given me by the oldest friend I've got in the world, and I would not part with her upon any money."

"May be you mought not," said the old man, "but you mought not take her from here, and that's talk enough, for she is mine."

"But how can you prove it?" asked Coll despondingly, and clinging to the last hope of recovering his dog.

"Oh, easy enough," said the squatter, "if you want the proof of it, I can dern soon give it to ye."

"Well, prove it," said Coll.

"Here Sue," cried the squatter, and the hound ran up and cringed at his feet. "This is the greatest bar dog, stranger, that you ever seed; I can make her do just what I want to, and I'll bet you a round dollar that I'll make the hound prove by you that she belongs to me."

Coll began to think that the old man might be running a 'circular' on him, and so said he, "Done, old chap, I'll take you up; point your dollar."

"I'll hold the money, dad," said the 'rosin heel' gal, advancing and holding out her hand, in which the two dollars were forthwith deposited.

In the meanwhile, anxiously watching the proceedings, the yellow haired children had formed a group around the squatter's wife, who, with her baby in her arms, filled up the background of the picture. As soon as the stakes were deposited, the squatter gazed upon Coll, who stood, with his gun on his shoulder, about five paces off, and measuring him from head to foot with his little black, snarkish eye, as if calculating whether Coll might not shoot the hound, he turned to the dog and said, "Up, Sue! watch him, you!" The hound arose, bristled up, and with a ferocious look commenced growling at Coll, who fixed his eyes upon the dog, and stood his ground. "Drive him off," continued the old man, "speak to him, you!—bite him! bite him, Sue!" and the latter words were no sooner out of his mouth, when the hound sprang at Coll, and laid hold of him in good earnest, to the amusement of the yellow-haired children, and the crowd which had by this time gathered around.

In less than no time the dog had torn nearly all the clothes from off Coll, with the exception of his leather leggings, and as he retreated he tried to keep off the hound from him with his gun, while he cried to the squatter to call her off.

"The squatter's wife here interfered, and screamed out—

"You Jerry, call off the hound! Here, Sue, come here; come here you wretch!" while the baby frightened at the scene, set up a terrible squall, which added greatly to the confusion.

Parody on Ben Bolt.

Oh don't you remember the b'boys, Jim Holmes,
The b'boys with noses so red!
Who drank with delight wherever they met,
And always went drunk to bed;
In the old grave-yard, in the edge of the town,
In corners obscure and alone;
They have gone to rest, for the gay young sprigs,
Have dropped off one by one.

Oh, don't you remember the jug, Jim Holmes,
And the spring at the foot of the hill!
Where off we have lain through the hot sun's hour,
And drank to our utmost fill;
And drank to our utmost fill;
And the wild hogs root all around,
And the good old jug, with its whiskey so sweet,
Lies broken and spilled on the ground.

Oh, don't you remember the tavern, Jim Holmes,
And the bar keeper, kind and true,
And the little cock at the end of the bar,
Where we drank the wine that he drew;
The tavern is burned to the ground, Jim Holmes,
The bottles are cracked and dry,
And of all the b'boys who spread it then,
There remains Jim, but you and I.

There is change in the things I love, Jim Holmes,
Of which I'm right sorrowful to think,
For we feel that the wrongs are grievous to bear,
When they change to a levy a drink;
Many the months that have passed, Jim Holmes,
There is change from the old to the new,
But friends will be false and friendship will change,
Ere I refuse, Jim, to drink with you.

THE FATE OF THE WASP AND HER CREW: A Thrilling Narrative.

BY J. E. DOW, ESQ.

The wind that rings along the wave,
The clear unshaded sun,
Are torch and trumpet to the brave,
Whose last green wreath is won.

Wild shrieked the midnight gale,
Fur, far beneath the morning swell,
Sunk ponon, spar and all.

It was a lovely evening in midsummer in the year 1814, when a sloop of war appeared off the chops of the English channel, and stood in towards the silent shores of Cornwall. The gentle breeze from the ocean now sighed through the neatly fitted rigging of the beligerent stranger, and the faint ripple at the bows gave evidence that she was slowly gliding ahead. The waves seemed to creep in long unbroken swells before her, and the lingering glow of sunset as it glanced through the valleys of the deep, and systed on their dark green summits, seemed like the smile of dying day upon the rolling prairies of Illinois.

Her light sails, from sky to water sail, swelled beautifully to the rising shores of merry England; and the stary ensign of the free streamed gallantly over her quarter-deck; her ports were shut in; a silence equal to that of a forsaken bark, reigning through her halls of thunder, while a solitary lantern gleamed at the cabin door. The treat of the orderly on duty, alone gave evidence that the gallant vessel was not a spectre ship—some galleon freighted with the dead."

Hour after hour lazily colled away. The land now began to grow more distinct, while the haze of the morning settled still deeper upon the shadowed waters.

At four A.M. a bright flash appeared where the shade of the land and the moonlight billow mingled together, and then one after another the gleaming sails of a ship of war hove in sight.

"Beat to quarters!" thundered the commander of the American vessel, and then quick as thought the silence of the quiet vessel was broken by the shrill notes of the fife, the tapping of the drum, the tread of armed men; the tricing up of ports, the rattling of cannon shot in the racks, and the running out of heavy pieces of ordnance.

The chase now showed English colors, turned awfully upon her heel, and ran up the private signal of the channel fleet.

"Show them the stars," cried the immortal Blakely. "Forecastle, there."

"Aye, aye," replied the master's mate. "Are you all ready with the bow gun?"

"All ready, sir."

"Luff, quarter-master."

"Luff it is sir," said the old salt at the helm.

"Stand by forward—fire!"

The sloop yawned gracefully at the command of the trumpet, and displayed her ensign, which had been hidden by the mountain of canvas that towered above it. A heavy roar followed a volume of fire and woolly smoke from the American vessel's bows, and then a sharp and cracking sound from the chase, as though a heavy body had fallen from a great height upon a thin lattice of laths, and had passed through it accompanied by a cry of agony, that echoed fearfully over the still waters, told but too plainly that the bloody work of death had commenced.

"They have felt the sting of the Wasp," cried the American captain, as he scanned the chase through the night glass.—"Steady your helm, quarter-master, this is but the opening of the ball."

"Steady so," answered the attentive gunner at the wheel. And the gallant sloop was as silent as before.

In a moment the broadside of his vessel began to show its teeth upon the enemy, and soon the stranger received his former double shotted salute with interest.

"Haul up the mainsail," thundered the deck trumpet.

The order had scarcely died away, before the heavy sail hung in festoons upon the main yard. The fire of the Wasp now became dreadful—every shot told; and feeling that any risk was safer than the one he was then running, the captain of the British cruiser, at forty minutes past three, ran the Wasp aboard on the starboard quarter, his larboard coming in fowl. The English commander now uttered the magic command—"Boards away!" and placing himself at the head of his crew, endeavored to carry the deck of his antagonist. Three times in succession the attempt was made, and three times the Americans drove the assailants back with great slaughter. At the third rush, the gallant captain of the enemy fell in the act of flourishing his sword—two bullets had pierced his brain, and he was dead ere he touched the deck.

At forty-four minutes past three, Captain Blakely gave the order to board them in turn. The American seamen now started en masse, bounded over the hammock nettings of the enemy like a living torrent; and in one minute, amid the clashing of cutlasses, the sharp reports of boarding pistols, the groans of the dying and the yells of the wounded, were master of the foe. As the sword of the dying Manners was laid upon the Captain, the flag of Britain dropt suddenly upon the bloody deck of the Reindeer; and ere the banner of freedom floated triumphantly in its place.

The Reindeer was an eighteen gun sloop of war, and had a complement of 118 souls. She had 25 killed and 42 wounded; while the wasp had but five killed and twenty-two wounded.

After burning his shattered prize, the victorious Blakely shaped his course for L'Orient, where he arrived on the 8th of July, with his ensign waving above the tattered flag of England, and his vessel crowded with prisoners of war.

On the 27th of August, having undergone a thorough repair, the Wasp dropped down to the outer anchorage, and departed from the shores of France. Having made a few prizes, she stood farther out to sea, and on the morning of the first of September, held herself in the midst of a fleet of merchantmen, under convoy of the Armada seventy-four.

With his accustomed skill and gallantry, Captain Blakely now beat to quarters, and dashed in among the unsuspecting fleet. A vessel loaded with guns and military stores was soon captured, and while the boarding officers were busily engaged with another, the seventy-four came down upon the wind and stopped the havoc with her heavy thunder.

Evening now crept in long and dusky shadows along the silent waters, and the look-out man, from his airy height, watched with eager eyes the horizon around.

The cry of "Sail, O!" now roused the officers from their evening meal. Busy feet echoed along the cleared decks, and the shot rack received a further supply of the iron messengers of death, while the active powder boy stood with a spar cartridge in his leathern passing box beside his gun. Four sail now hove in sight, but the nearest one seeming most like a man of war, the Wasp ran down to speak to her.

At twenty minutes past nine, the chase was on her lee bow within hail. A heavy eighteen now hurled its death dealing shot in the enemy's brittle port, and swept his deck fore and aft. The shot was promptly returned by the chase; when Blakely passed under his lee, fearful lest he might escape, the wind blowing high and the Wasp going ten knots. Having reached the right position, the gallant little Wasp poured in a broadside which rattled the enemy's spars and rigging about his ears, and convinced him of the true character of the stranger. It was now nine o'clock at night. Darkness rested upon the ocean, save when illumined by the flash of musketry; and the heavy roar of cannon died away amid the din of the swelling waves.—Furious was the fire of the Wasp, and warm was the turn made by the enemy. It was almost impossible to tell the officers from the men, amid the smoke and darkness of the hour; and the seamen slipped upon the bloody decks as they ran out the long eighteen. The wind howled mournfully through the rigging—the vessels plunged heavily along the agitated deep. As they came upon the top of corresponding waves the practised gunners fired, and when they rose again discovered the damage they had done.

For one hour this terrible conflict was kept up with unmitigated fierceness. At ten the enemy's fire ceased, and Captain Blakely, leaning over the quarter, hailed them in a voice louder than the roaring ocean—

"Have you surrendered?"

No human voice replied—but a few long eighteen's thundered back the emphatic "No!"

A fresh broadside was now poured into the enemy, and as the fire was not returned, Blakely hailed a second time—

"Have you struck?"

A faint "Aye, aye," now came over the waters, and a boat was at once lowered to take possession of the prize. As the cutter touched the wave, the look-out man cried—

"Sail O! close aboard!"

The smoke hanging blown away, another vessel was seen nearing the Wasp.—The cutter was therefore run up to the davits, and the crew sent again to their guns.

The Wasp was soon in readiness to receive the second antagonist; but two more sails heaving in sight astern, the conqueror was forced to leave his prize.

The helm of the Wasp was therefore put up and the ship ran off free, in order to repair her rigging and to draw the nearest vessel of the enemy from its consorts.

The second stranger continued her chase of the Wasp until he got quite near, when he shot across her stern, gave her a parting broadside, and beat up towards his consort, whose signal guns of distress now echoed along the mighty deep.

The Wasp left her prize in such haste, as to be ignorant of her name and force. When the sea gives up its dead, and the crew of the Avon and the little band of Blakely, shall muster together at the final judgment, then, and then only, shall the conqueror know his vanquished foe.

The Wasp was soon lost amidst the darkness of the night, while the Castilian, the vessel that came to the assistance of the enemy, and his consorts, hovered around the wreck of the prize, and endeavored to save the crew.

As the morning watch was called, the Avon gave a sudden rattle to leeward, then setting swiftly by the stern, she sank with a gurgling sound, while her dead men floated in ghostly and bloody forms upon the summer sea. With heavy hearts the English cruisers lowered their ensigns at half-mast, and left the ocean tomb of their sister, firing minute guns in memory of their brave.

Having repaired her damages, which were principally in spars and rigging, the Wasp continued her cruise to the westward, and on the 12th of September, fell in with the brig Bacchus. This vessel she soon sent to a final resting-place in ocean's realms. As she neared the Western Islands an armed brig hove in sight. Crowding on all sail, the gallant Blakely fired a shot across her bows, and received her descending flag as a token of submission. The vessel proved to be the Atlanta, of eight guns and nineteen minute men.—Midshipman Daniel Geisinger, now post-captain in the service, was put on board of her as a prize master, and as the prize slowly parted from the conqueror at the dim hour of evening, the prize-master and his crew were the last Americans who beheld the Wasp and her gallant band, and lived to tell the tale.

On the 9th of October following, the Swedish brig Adonis, from Rio, bound to Falmouth, was boarded by the Wasp in latitude 17 deg. 35 min. North, longitude 30 deg. 10 min. West, and two passengers, Lieut. McKnight, and master's mate, Lyman, late of the gallant Essex, were taken from her. The Swede then pursued his course, while the American cruiser continued to the Southward under easy sail. At 4 P. M., her topsail dipped in the southern ocean; and when the sun set, she was seen no more.

On the final end of the Wasp, rumor has been busy with her thousand tongues. At one time she was said to have been lost upon the desolate coast of Africa, while her hardy seamen battled with the Arabs of the desert.

At another time, she was said to have been sunk in a gale off the Spanish shore, after an action with an English frigate. At one time she was supposed to have been lost in the wild ocean, alone. At another, blown up by the accidental ignition of her magazine. History being silent upon the subject, the pen of imagination must trace her jagged moments.

It was an awful night in South Atlantic—the waves leapt in mighty masses, like spectre knights in dusky armor, upon their fire-tipped crests, like the crimson plumes of hell's battalion, played with the clouds that fluttered in the breeze.— Loud rolled the thunder of heaven, and round the horizon the lightning-like tongues of a thousand adders forked in air, or wreathed around the magazines of hail, that reared their pale blue bodies upon the bosom of the storm. The wind swept in one unbroken howl, and the din of the dashing waters, completed the dreadful music of the elementary war.

The sails of the mariner's bark were no where to be seen. It seemed as though men had left the ocean in its majesty to his God, while the clouds and darkness, the whirlwind and water-spout, the lightning and the deepmouthed thunder, gave terrific evidence of the presence of the Creator. But hark! A cannon faintly echoes! A pale sepulchral light faintly glared upon the deep! And now, with the velocity of the wounded whale, a sloop of war, with her sails in strips, her spars twisted, splintered and broken, her bulwarks partly carried away, her rudder gone, comes down before the wind. She falls off her course—now she burns her head in foam, and now her stern seems fast disappearing in the awful hollow of the deep. Sea after sea rolls over her lumbered deck, and the seamen lashed by her sides, seemed waiting the hour of near destruction.

The commander at the wheel, with his brazen trumpet, is silent. His bright eye flashed like that of the chained eagle, as he scans the face of the deep. A few hours more and the vessel must founder at sea. Her banner still floats in ribbons at her peak; a faint light gleams from starboard binnacle, and the signal bell tolls sadly as the vessel is thrown from broadside to broadside upon the sideling waves.

The storm abates! The fierceness of the blast is gone! The sea rolls in gentle billows, and the heavens show darkness instead of fire. A temporary rudder is rigged—a storm stay-sail is set—the wreck of spars is cleared away, and the ribbons are cut adrift together. The rolling guns are choked with hammocks from the nettings, and the ports are closed.

"Ha! my brave fellows," thundered the

commander, "we are safe. Reilly, Tillingham and Barry, nobly have you stood the test of this war of nature. All hands save ship."

"All hands," shouted the first Lieutenant.

"Tumble up, tumble up," cried the boatswain's mate below.

And now the weary crew are upon deck. Those who are lashed cut their seizing as if by magic. Grasping axes, the officers spring to the tops and work with the undaunted men. The shattered topmasts are replaced, new sails are bent, and already the distressed bark begins to wear the appearance of a ship-of-war.— But hark! from the northwest a rushing sound is heard! A bright bow tears itself from the edge of the horizon; and from the centre of that arch of fire, a flash of lightning followed by an instantaneous crash, blinds the eye of the anxious leader and his busy crew.

In a moment more, the fierce norther strikes the ship aback—from the top a giant billow hurls her down. A huge abyss yawns to receive her—and with her mainmast blazing with the lightning's fire and her tattered stars gleaming amidst the lurid glare, down to the ocean sepulchre sinks the gallant Wasp, with her brave Blakely and his matchless crew.

One will wail now rings along the solitary sea! It dies for echoes far away.— The wind howls sadly in its fury—the thunder peal answers the roar of the billow, and the dead sleep in their coffin of glory in sweet forgetfulness.

THOUGHTS DURING A MOONLIGHT

BY A LADY.

It was a chilly evening in October, that I set out, accompanied by two friends, for a moonlight ramble. The chilly winds of autumn already forcibly reminded us that stern winter was approaching.

The frost had already stripped many of the trees of their foliage; others were oxidized, and changed from green to yellow or brown. No flowers decked our paths save a few wild Asters that had withstood the withering blasts. Every thing presented a scene of grandeur, yet decay. And how like man are the flowers of the field; to day they are in full bloom, and to-morrow they are withered and gone.— So man is a heap of decay, to-day he is in the prime of life, with bright hopes for the future; to-morrow he is cut down like the grass of the field. To-morrow (said a distinguished man) I shall make my fortune, and be above the cares and frowns of the world. The morrow came, and with it, the funeral knell of that man.— But though his body be dead, his immortal spirit still lives, and is receiving the just reward of his deeds. And as I wandered on, I viewed the moon and stars that have revolved in their orbits for ages past without any irregularity in their movements over the wide expanse of the heavens, the handy work of an all-wise Creator. And viewing these things, who can attempt to deny the existence of a God, when his works are so manifest in every thing around us. Yet man, created in his own image, with intellect, understanding, and an immortal soul, will attempt to prove the non-existence of a God—that all things came by chance—that the bible is a gross imposition—and death, an eternal sleep. A belief which the arch fiend himself would not embrace, could he leave his dark abode of misery and wo, for this sunny clime. But sin, from the unhappy moment it first entered the bosom of our first mother Eve, and blasted Eden, bringing death into the world, has been the ruling principle.— And how often is one wrong act the cause of the downfall of empires? So one wrong thought may be the means of destroying the human soul. The wretched inebriate, expiring in rags and wretchedness at the shrine of his adoration, will acknowledge that for the gratification of some friend at the social board, he first began to tread the road to certain destruction. The excommunicated apostate will tell you that his first ideas of skepticism were suggested by the perusal of some work without any intentions of being led astray. "Truly that man only is safe, who abstains from all appearance of evil."

WEALTH AND ITS TEMPTATIONS.—The temptations with which wealth strews the pathway of mankind are almost innumerable. God has created man for happiness, and placed objects within his reach from which he may derive it. He has also created him a free agent, has given him the power to make a proper or improper use of the things placed before him; he may use his time talent and opportunity in acquiring wealth or any other desired object, and thereby increase his happiness, provided he makes a proper use of them. But owing to the wickedness of the world, many of the sources of happiness have been perverted, and become sources of misery. Wealth, notwithstanding the many advantages which might be derived from it, is perhaps as great an evil as the world can furnish.— It has a tendency to lead men to gratify every selfish passion—fosters haughtiness

and pride in themselves, and indifference toward others—often leads to vice and intemperance, and probably destroys more talent than has ever been blighted by poverty or disease. We have had examples of the baneful influences of wealth from an early period of the world's history, to the present day. Solomon, notwithstanding the profundity of wisdom so freely lavished upon him by his Creator, when invested with the robes of royalty, holding the sceptre of government over a vast dominion, and having the assurance of divine favor if he would obey the commands of God, became an idolator, and thereby incurred the displeasure of God to such a degree, that after his death his kingdom was divided, and ten of the tribes of Israel passed into the hands of Jeroboam. Mark the feeble, unsteady steps of that old man, as he leans upon the staff of his declining years. Why does he appear so far advanced in years?—Go ask Time if he is the cause of this; and he will tell you that *wealth* was the foul instigator of it—that that man's youthful days were spent in luxury and idleness—disease was contracted, and his fortune has been wasted in vainly endeavoring to regain his lost health, and now he is left with a diseased constitution, and penury and want staring him full in the face.— But the temptations of wealth can produce still greater miseries than these: it

The first Commandment is—"Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."— And how many there are who make wealth their God, and before it, with heartfelt adoration, they bend the knee, and worship with as much sincerity as though the chief end of man was to hoard together a few dollars, and then die and be forgotten. But although wealth is one great source of evil, still it procures many advantages. Government is to be supported, Commerce carried on between foreign nations, towns and cities to be built up, and all internal improvements that are made, require, and must have wealth to accomplish them. Schools and Colleges are to be established and supported, Missionaries are to be educated and sent to the distant parts of the earth, and without the means the anticipated results cannot be consummated. A worthy Missionary from the Sandwich Islands, speaking of the gold of California, said:—"It is the Lord's, he placed it there for some wise purpose, let men seek it and God will accomplish his own design in the end."

FANNY.

ONLY A TRIFLE.—"That's right," said I to my friend Simpkins, the baker, as the sickly looking widow of Harry Watkins went out of his shop door, with a loaf of bread, which he had given her,— "that's right, Simpkins, I am glad you are helping the poor creature, for she has had a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her."

"Hard enough, sir, hard enough; and I am glad to help her, though what I give her don't cost much—only a trifle, sir."

"How often does she come?"

"Only three times a week. I told her to come oftener, if she needed to, but she says three loaves are plenty for her and her little ones, with what she gets by sewing."

"And have you any more such customers, Simpkins?"

"Only two or three, sir."

"Only two or three; why it must be quite a tax upon your profits."

"O, no, not so much as you suppose; altogether it amounts to only a trifle."

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words; but after I left him, I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with 'only a trifle.' He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day; and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence to a man who has plenty to eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed, is nothing, but it is something to one; on the verge of starvation. And we know not how much good we are doing when we give 'only a trifle' to a good object.

It is a true remark of an old writer, "that the thief gets something for his pains, the drunkard his fill, but the profane swearer gets nothing; his work is thankless and unprofitable; the other leave off their stealing and drinking, in the place of punishment, but he continues his, and will continue it throughout the unending ages of eternity." He was the Devil's apprentice on earth, but in hell he carries on for himself. "Their mouths are