

Monongalia Mirror



A Family Newspaper—Independent of Party or Sect.

News, Literature, Agriculture, and Morality.

SIEGFRIED, Editor and Proprietor;
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ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

COMMUNICATED.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

ST. PAULS, MINNESOTA.
October 23, 1852.

Dear Sir:—As your valuable paper is read by many in various regions, and by some who were my pupils when I taught in Rector College, and in the Seminary at Botetourt Springs, Va. I have thought it probable that a few remarks upon *Female Education* might be interesting to some of your readers.

The importance and utility of educating females arise from the capability and aptitude to teach given them from heaven. When Adam was created and placed in the garden of Eden there was not a being with whom he could associate.

"The earth was sad, the garden was a wild, And man a hermit sighed 'till woman smiled."

The Lord looked down from Heaven, and said, "It is not good that man should live alone, I will make a helpmeet for him." Man reclined his head amid the perfuming odors of that garden, and a deep sleep fell upon him. When he awoke he saw a beautiful young lady standing beside him. O! who can describe his ecstasy when he took her hand and said, "this is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." This was the most perfect, beautiful and youngest couple that has ever entered the matrimonial union.

The formation of this agreeable companion for man was reserved until the last exhibition of the Deity's omnipotent energies in creating the Universe, to teach all the necessity of her existence for the peopling of the globe, and the happiness of every man who should obtain a lady well qualified to participate with him in all the agreeabilities of this union, and console him amid the trials and difficulties to which human nature is subject.

For females to be eminently useful in society and government they must be educated. From such have originated men who have been distinguished for literary attainments; famous in halls of legislation; renowned in victorious warfares; and gloriously instrumental in spreading the glad tidings of salvation among tribes and nations, and turning many from darkness and night, and from the power of sin an Satan unto God. All these were men of women, fostered in their bosom, instructed by them, and have grown under their smiling countenance and have arrived to greatness, honor and happiness. "Thus on her improvement particularly depends human improvement generally. To neglect the education of children is ungrateful to God, whose wonderful power has been exhibited in their formation at the adjustment of all the different parts of their bodies.—Who can shut eyes against all these wonders who are sinking into the deepest stupidity and exposing himself to the greatest misery."

It is impossible to estimate the value of a sound education. The voice of inspiration declares its importance and utility. Get wisdom, get understanding, make her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her and she shall keep thee; exalt her and she shall promote thee, and shall bring thee to honor; men of glory shall she deliver thee. Learned and pious females very early in the day of their education, have been esteemed and honored by men and angels. Pharaoh, king of Egypt,

ed the existence of any infant son, born of a Hebrew female, therefore he decreed their destruction. While this decree was in existence, Moses was born, and his pious mother hid him three months, and then made an ark of rushes, and put him within it, and laid it among the flags by the river's brink, where the ladies of Egypt were accustomed to bathe. The king's daughter and her maidens soon were seen approaching the river, and saw the ark. She sent down one of them to bring it to her. She opened it and the babe wept, and moved her amiable disposition to find a nurse.—Another exhibition of female wisdom was manifested in having his sister secreted in a place where she might hear what was said about her infant brother. She sprang from ambush and said to the king's daughter, "shall I go and call a nurse to thee of the Hebrew women? She said "go." She went and called its mother. Pharaoh's daughter said, "take this child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee." O! what a wonderful event of providence. The joyful mother took him, and when he was of a suitable age, presented him to that compassionate and benevolent lady, who educated him, and he became mighty in words and in deeds.

From that exhibition of female generosity to educate a poor boy, to our day of astonishing enterprise in favor of literature, ladies have been instrumental in educating many of both sexes, by their united energies, persuasive eloquence and liberal contributions. Tyrants have been prostrated in their immoral and destructive schemes—armies put to flight—and multitudes of men, women and children saved, by their prayers, wise arrangements and exertions. When Sisera came against Israel with nine hundred chariots of iron, two ladies defeated all his warlike arrangements and saved the Israelites from destruction in that region. When Abimelech raised an army and destroyed about seventy sons of Gideon, and one thousand men and women, and came against the city of Heber, the people fled to a strong tower, and as he came to the gate, a lady ascended the tower, seized a piece of a millstone and cast it down upon his head, and he was soon in the regions of death. The acts of this lady are recorded in the volume of inspiration to teach all who read the Scriptures the usefulness of females in society and government.

Who can read the book of Esther and feel no anxiety about the education of females? Her parents were dead, and the pious and benevolent Mordecai educated her and she was chosen to be the wife of the King of Babylon, in preference to all the young ladies of that extensive kingdom. Haman, a powerful courtier obtained a decree to have every Jew in the kingdom destroyed on a certain day. She besought her benevolent friend Mordecai to request all the Jews in the city to fast three days and nights, and I and my maidens will fast likewise, and I will go in unto the king which is not according to the law, and if I perish I perish. She ventured to enter the inner court, and the king said unto her, "Queen Esther, what is thy request, and it shall be granted thee to the half of the kingdom." Her wisdom was displayed in asking at that time his attendance, with Haman, at a banquet that she had prepared. She was instrumental in saving all the Jews from being destroyed.

When God was about to manifest his infinite benevolence to mankind, he sent an angel to inform a pious virgin that she should have a son, and he should be the Saviour of the world. When this glorious Saviour was crucified, his disciples left him hanging upon the cross; but the pious females tarried till he was taken down and laid in Joseph's new sepulchre.—Then they retired and obtained spices and ointments, and rose early in the morning of the first day of the week, and went to the sepulchre to anoint his body. Angels were there to inform them of his resurrection. Jesus soon honored them with His presence and sent them to announce it to his disciples.

I might present the names of many young ladies who have become very useful in giving instruction to thousands in our nation, and among the heathen, but I must close my present communication by a brief quotation from Gov. Everett: "I had rather have it said to me that by choice I was the humblest citizen of the State, making provisions for the education of its children, than to sit on the throne of ivory and gold, the monarch of an empire."

JOSHUA BRADLEY.

COMMUNICATED.

PATIENCE.

Patience is a calm endurance of suffering or pain; it is perseverance. Patience is not acquired at once; it is only by long and studious application that we acquire patience: hence we learn that it is a difficult thing to be patient. That we all know by experience, but I shall endeavor to prove it.

See that Student poring over his book, vainly endeavoring to solve a difficult problem in Geometry, he has tried over and over again to work it, but his brain throws no light upon the subject. The verse, "If at first you don't succeed, Try, try again," is a mockery to him. I ask you is it not difficult to maintain patience under such circumstances? Again, the sick man who has tossed restlessly for weeks on his bed, unable to go out, he sees his acquaintances enjoying themselves, while he is wasting away. Does not this require patience, but is it easily maintained?

One of the abbreviations given by Worcester for patience is perseverance. What would society do were it not for perseverance? It would be a waste and barren wilderness. Look at those inventions which make work comparatively easy. Science, Architecture, Agriculture, are no longer irksome tasks, but pleasant recreations.

The steam engine, the telegraph, and printing press are all the fruits of hard labor, of perseverance. Thus we see, if we persevere under difficulties we shall eventually succeed.

A great king had been for some time vainly attempting to subdue another king. He had been repulsed several times; he had despaired of the undertaking. One day, while resting, he saw an insect trying to climb up a wall to the ceiling. One, two, three times he fell back; the fourth time he made a desperate effort and succeeded. The king was impressed with the scene—he determined to try once more, and with redoubled energy he did so and succeeded. That was the reward of patience.

We often hear the expression, "he is as patient as Job." Job was a good man, who feared God and did his commandments. God wished to try his faith. He sent upon him diseases, took away his property and relations. Many persons thought that this was a punishment for some wickedness committed by Job, and reviled and taunted him, but he bore all this with patience, trusting in God, believing it was for his good.

We may learn *firstly*, that something *hard* requires the exercise of patience. Secondly, that it is a hard thing to exercise patience. Thirdly, that if we persevere we shall succeed. T. B. T., Jr.

INDIAN COLLEGE.—The Presbyterian, published in Texas, near Red River, says:

We are happy to learn that Rev. Israel Fulson, a Choctaw Indian, and an ordained minister in the C. P. Church, will visit Tennessee and Kentucky to solicit donations for the purpose of endowing a professorship in Chapel Hill College, Dangerfield Texas, for the benefit of the Choctaw Nation. Success to Chapel Hill College.

Recently a Choctaw was licensed in the Red River Presbytery. A Choctaw and Chickasaw were received as candidates for the ministry, and will soon enter Chapel Hill College.

We should take care we do not make our profession of religion a substitute for religion.

POETRY.

From the Manchester Examiner.

THE SONG OF THE BOWL.

BY R. S. A.

With features wan and worn,
With nose of the grossest red,
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,
Who lifted his maudlin head;
He sang the song of the bowl,
'Mid a ragged and wretched band,
And he drove a nail in his coffin lid
Each time he raised his hand.

Drink, drink, drink,
In the morning's rosy prime,
And drink, drink, drink,
In the murky midnight time;
It's O to be a dog,
Along with a tinker swart,
Than senseless log, or a human hog,
With never a human heart.

Drink, drink, drink,
The wine-cup never flags;
And what are its wages? An aching heart,
And equal, and monkly rage,
Drink deep of the liquid fires,
In hollow and mindless mirth,
With rogue and knave, and the taproom slave,
And the vilest scum of earth.

O men with children pale—
O men, with weeping wives—
O why, for a can of unholy ale,
Will you sacrifice their lives?
They play but a dastard's part,
Who swear each truth a lie,
Who crush with crime a trusting heart,
And leave'tt alone to die.

Drink, drink, drink,
Oh how escape its thrall;
It runs amain thro' each burning vein,
And turns my blood to gall,
My eyes are dim with tears,
A furnace heats my breath;
And conscience whispers in my ears,
Thou'rt hastening, fool, to death.

But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of fleshless bone?
I might see a thousand shapes
More dreadful than his own.
The cells of my arid brain
Are parched in my burning head;
And countless sprites, thro' the livelong nights,
Are dancing round my bed.

'Mid darkling clouds I tread,
To my last accursed retreat;
There's a heaven above my head,
And a hell beneath my feet.
O ponder, pause, and pray,
Reflect, and pray and think,
Ere your souls be snatched from the light of day
By the ruthless demon—Drink.

It's O but to breathe the breath
Of a purer atmosphere,
To escape from this moral death,
This prospect dark and drear.
It's O for the pleasant hours,
When I felt as a man should feel,
Ere alcohol had enslaved my soul,
And made my senses reel.

With features wan and worn,
With nose of the grossest red
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,
Who lifted his maudlin head—
'Mid a ragged and wretched band,
In a vile degraded sink,
He sang this song with a dismal wail;
Would that its tones could on all prevail
To banish the demon—Drink!

From the New York Recorder.

CLARA BELL.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

'Mid her spring's first roses lying,
Lovely Clara Bell was dying;
Golden ripples from her head
Mantling half the snow-white bed,
And the violet of her eyes
Lit with rapture from the skies.

All unfeeling death's dark river,
Turned her spirit to its Giver,
As the infant to its breast,
Or the dovelet to its nest;
With a saint's calm, meek behaviour,
Leaned she on her trusted Saviour.

Treading thus the dim-lit valley,
Where death's sluggish waters dally,
'Mid pale, drooping lilly-bells,
Or the moaning asphodels,
Smiles went flitting o'er her face,
Smiles of more than human grace.

To the loved ones round her sighing,
'Sing,' she said, 'while I am dying.'
And as faltering voices chanted
Of the shore for which she panted,
Her clay fetters downward flung,
Clara stood with angel's singing.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.
Angry looks can do no good,
And blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
If spoken but in kindness.

From the Salt River Region.

NEWS FROM SALT RIVER.

The Cleveland Herald says:—The Connecticut Whigs have sent back a good report through the Hartford Courant of their late trip up Salt River. It agrees very well with the log kept on the big steamer Ohio during the same trip. Our steamer was not over crowded, as a considerable portion of the "Scott Column" had become so attached to their quarters occupied since 1848 far up in that salubrious region, that they did not get started down to vote on the 2d.

VOYAGE UP SALT RIVER.

As we have voyaged the whole length of Salt River, up to the "head of sloop navigation," we are quite desirous that our readers should know what a time we have had, and how we are satisfied with our new location.

We started in the grand old steam-boat *CONNECTOR*, Capt. Steady-Habits commander, with the rest of the large Whig fleet, on the evening of the 2d of Nov., on our cruise up stream.—As we entered the bay into which that famous river discharges its waters, there was an universal expression of grief throughout the whole fleet.—The first ebullition being over, we had then an opportunity, "quiet though sad," to mark the rapid progress of our voyage, and the interesting objects before us. As we passed up the bay, there loomed up before us, the low, sandy point of *Cape Harbor Improvement*; we gave its obstructions a wide berth, and sighed as we silently bade it adieu for years. The wrecks of steamers were strewn all along its yellow sands. *Cape Protection* then showed its headland. The long break water, erected in 1842 against the dashing waves of the broad ocean, which rolled its billows from far England upon it, had been taken down and washed away; and foolishly, on the landward side of the point, another barrier had been built in '46, which only checked the current of the inland river. As we passed it, it was enveloped in fog, which had settled in gloomy wreaths on the sides of *Mount American-System*, that rose behind it.

"Farewell," we said, "old landmark! Thou wilt guide our fleet to victory no more! Thy whole stupendous mass is to be carted off and deposited in the deep ocean of Free Trade!—He, who once stood proudly on thy top to cheer us on to the contest, sleeps the last, long sleep of death, and his system has perished with him. It is marked on his tombstone, as the fruitless labors of one who would have established his country's prosperity, had faction permitted."

Soon after we approached the hidden rock of *Slavery Extension*. Here, a great debate sprung up in the different vessels of the fleet as to which side of the rocks we should pass.—The contest grew exciting, when old *Capt. Consideration* settled the difficulty by remarking that it made no difference when we were going up the river.

The old rocky shore of *Point National Bank* next presented itself.—But the regular action of the current and tide had so fretted off the projecting rocks, that it was no longer dangerous. Here we passed the large Democratic fleet, coming down the bay with streamers, pennons and flags flying; with bands of music playing, and the passengers shouting in the highest key. What was rather strange, in all cases the *British flag* was flying above the *American*, and the shouts of "hurrah for English interests!" rent the air, while the bands played "God save the King." The *New Hampshire*, an old fashioned, slow sailing craft, led the van, looking as if her model was a century old.—She was the flag ship, and bore aloft on her mizzen a flag with the inscription, "Virginia Resolutions of '98." FRANKLIN PIERCE stood at her prow, smiling as the morning sun, his eye fixed steadily on the distant view of the White House. The rest of the fleet seemed vexed at the little progress which was made under the '97 flag. The squadron of the West, under the command of Rear *Admiral Douglas* were evidently determined to sail faster, as soon as the bay widened. *Douglas* had showed his cunning by so constructing his ensign, that the side which turned towards the flag ship presented the motto of "The Virginia Resolutions," while on the other was faintly written—"River and Harbor Improvements." He declared to his men that as soon as there was room enough to pass the Commodore, he should lead off himself, haul down the Virginia flag and up with the black flag of piracy, with its skull and cross bones.

We passed very rapidly up the river, for the tide was setting strong in that direction. GEN. SCOTT examined with much curiosity both banks of the

river as we sailed on. It was the very first time that he had been on the stream and every thing was new to him. "I am not disheartened," said the old veteran, "I have troops of friends around me, who have fallen with me. My life has been devoted to the Republic, and I bow to its decision now. This vote cannot strike out the record of my services from my country's history. Posterity will do me justice."

As we neared the extremity of the stream we passed many beautiful country residences. At one of the finest, in his large cabbage garden, stood MARTIN VAN BUREN. He had not yet recovered from his grief at seeing the Democratic fleet sail by without taking him on board.

"The buckwheat cake was in his mouth; The tear was in his eye."

We enquired for the *Princer*, and we found that he had followed the fleet in a small skiff, and there were many fears entertained for his safety.

A little farther up was BUCHANAN. Poor man! he looked haggard. The Democratic garment with which he had covered up his principles so long, was growing thin, and the old Federal lining showed through in many places.

On the next turn of the river, we found CASE, wringing his hands in agony at the desertion of his friends.—With his coat and hat off, he was exclaiming amid "the noise and confusion" of the surf around him, in the words of the Captive Knight:

"They are gone! they have all passed by! They in whose wars I had borne a part, They that I lov'd with a brother's heart, They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! Clarion pour thy blast!
Sound, for the presidential dream of hope is past!

Soon after, we came to the place where the whole *Free Soil* party were disembarking. JOHN P. HALE, in a very good natured frame of mind, was making preparations for a permanent residence, as he had no idea that four years would carry him down stream again. Many of them were seated on the rocks, with long black poles, stirring up the mud of the stream, while certain *icky looking fellows* were calling upon them "to agitate, agitate!" Most of the Massachusetts members were sitting in their boats, expecting that the Democrats would charter the old steamboat *Coalition* and come up after them next week.

We found our new residence a convenient one, and we are, upon the whole, "as well as could be expected." The air is salubrious and invigorating, if we may judge by the hungry looks of the Democrats, as they passed us. The soil is fruitful, and produces a fine crop of regrets and unavailing resolutions, but we are determined not to cultivate despair.

Soon after our arrival a large public meeting was called, which assembled near *Cape Tern-again*. Hon. Stay-at-home Grumbler was appointed Chairman, and Job Doo-little, Esq., Secretary. Hon. Mr. Fa-cing-both Ways made some lachrymose remarks which were promptly hissed down; when Mr. Stick-to-the-right Greatheart offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously passed:

Resolved (1) That, after mature deliberation, we come to the conclusion that we are rowed up Salt River.

Resolved, (2) That we are not alarmed.

Resolved, (3) That every roster of the settlement that crowds once shall be immediately decapitated.

Resolved, (4) That, in the investigation of the causes of our defeat, we do not think it is owing to Winfield Scott's splendid services, or to Franklin Pierce's littleness, but to the fact that he had not votes enough.

Resolved, (5) That we stay here until we go down stream again.

Resolved, (6) That in the words of the poet, we say "it will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown!"

Irish Wit.

Not long ago, a destitute daughter of Erin walked into an office in Wall Street, New York, and in a very insinuating tone begged for a little aid to support her starving family.

"Why, my good woman," said the comfortable looking gentleman to whom she had addressed her petition, "you ought to take your family and go to the poor house, instead of begging about the streets in this way."
"Sure, yer honor," she replied, "it wouldn't be easy to go to a poorer house nor my own."
The rich man could not answer this clincher with anything else than two shillings, and Norah went out with a smiling face.

Those who give to God only the shadow of duty, can never expect from him a real reward.
If you would be rich, think of saving as well as getting.

ONE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

We were in company the other day, says the Youth's Penny Gazette, with a gentleman apparently fifty or sixty years of age, who used in substance the following language:

Were I to live my life over again, I should make it a point to do a kindness to a fellow-being whenever I had the opportunity. I regret very much that my habit has been so different, and that I have induced feelings as unlike those which would lead to such a course of life.

It has been too much my way to let others take care of themselves while I took care of myself. If some little trespass was committed on my rights, or if I suffered some slight inconvenience from the thoughtlessness or selfishness of others, I was greatly annoyed, and sometimes used harsh and reproachful language towards the offender.

I am now satisfied that my own happiness was greatly impaired by this course, and that my conduct and example contributed to the irritation and unhappiness of others.

It was but the other day, continued the gentleman, that I was passing along the street, and a coachman was attempting to draw a light carriage into the coach-house. He tried once or twice without success, and just as I came up the carriage occupied the whole of the side-walk, and prevented my passing. The fellow looked as if it ought not to be exactly so, and there was something like a faint apology in his smile. It was on my tongue to say, "In with your carriage, man! and not let it stand here blocking up the passage." But a better influence prevailed. I went to the rear of the carriage and said—

"Now, try again, my good fellow!" while with the end of my umbrella I gave a little push, and in the carriage went, and out came the pleasant "Thank ye, sir—much obliged." I would not have taken a twenty-dollar bank note for the streak of sunshine that this one little act of kindness threw over the rest of my walk, to say nothing of the lighting up of the coachman's face.

And when I look back upon my intercourse with my fellow men all the way along, I can confidently say that I never did a kindness to any human being without being happier for it.—So that if I were governed by mere selfish motives, and wanted to live the happiest life I could, I would just simply obey the Bible precept to do good unto all men as I had opportunity.

All this was said with an air of sincerity and deep conviction which we cannot give to our report of it. And does the experience of the youngest of our readers confirm or contradict the statement? Is there a boy or a girl among them who can say, "I did a kind act once to my brother, or sister, or playmate, and I was afterwards sorry for it. I should have been happier if it had been an unkind one."—It is very likely that a kind act has been ill-required or misconstrued; but if it was performed with proper feelings, it is as certain to produce happiness as sunshine is to produce warmth.

We counsel our young friends, then, to seize every opportunity of contributing to the good of others. Sometimes a smile will do it. Oftener, a kind word—a look of sympathy or an acknowledgement of obligation.—Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoulder or a heavy wheel, will be in place. Sometimes a word or two of good counsel, a reasonable and gentle admonition, and at others a suggestion of advantage to be gained, and a little interest to secure it, will be received with lasting gratitude. And thus every instance of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, opens up a little well-spring of happiness in the doer's own breast, the flow of which may be made permanent by habit.

Wisdom of City Ladies.—"Papa, why don't you buy a hen, so we could have all the eggs we want?"

"My daughter, one hen would not lay all the eggs we want."

"Why yes it would, Pa, we only use a dozen eggs a day, and a good hen would certainly lay that many."

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. It is enough for me to know that there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end.

The best method of defeating heresy is by establishing the truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.

In the human body there are 240 bones.