

VERMONT PHOENIX.

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WM. E. RYHER.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
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for each subsequent insertion. Less than a
square 75 cents for 3 insertions, and 12 1-2
cents for each subsequent insertion.

From the Knoxville Times.
LEAN NOT ON EARTH.

BY A LADY.

Lean not on Friends! they will not stand
The test of Time and change;
The smiling face—the opening hand
And heart half willing to expand
A trifle will estrange—
Lean not on Friends.

Lean not on Wealth! for quick, alas!
The winged meteor flies—
And all your golden dreams may pass
And wither like the summer grass
Which soon in autumn dies.
Lean not on Wealth.

Lean not on Fame! a hollow blast,
It sounds and dies away;
Glory's bright flash can never last—
And Honor's gleam is quickly pass'd—
A bright uncertain ray.
Lean not on Fame.

"Lean not on Earth! a broken reed
"Twill pierce thee to the heart;"
Joy after joy will quickly speed
And O! thy youthful heart will bleed
To see those joys depart.
Lean not on Earth.

But turn thy anxious gaze on Heaven,
And fix it firmly there—
And then if earthly hopes be riven—
If storms against thy breast be driven,
Religion's balm is there.
O! lean on Heaven!

Written for the Vermont Phoenix.

"Still shall I think on life's deceitful dream
The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream!"

In solitude I sat 'mid the works of Nature.
The murmuring brook with foaming waterfall,
Sparkled in the morning sun. The gentle
breezes, soft and balmy, bore along notes of
sweet music from the feathered tribe—even
such music as floated on the air of Paradise,
when man in his pristine purity looked con-
fident to God and called him Father. Just
springing forth from Winter's grasp—gentle
Spring in beauty drest with herbs, and plants,
and flowers, here nature's lap arrayed. There
the vegetative groves, with robes of various
hues which trembled in the breezes, cast a
cool shade, and all nature seemed to smile
with joy. * * * Months passed—I
looked again. The cold north wind had blast-
ed nature's fair beauties. No bird sang a me-
lancholy song, but the hooting owl gave its dis-
mal notes. The herbs, the plants and flowers,
all withered, strewed the ground. The cold
north blast now shook the leafless trees—the
waterfall was clad in frost, and all nature
seemed to mourn. 'Tis thus with life. The
child, filled with buoyant joy, treads the fields
with wreathed smiles; nor thinks that in after
life adversity may blast or keenest sorrow rend
the human heart—but soon life's winter comes
and strips the mortal of his bloom—seals his
eyes in death—he crumbles into dust; and to
the righteous, the Saviour says—his soul, his
everlasting spirit, blooms in heaven, never more
to fade, to wither, or to die. Then "deem not
substantial," fleeting earthly pleasures, but
seek in heaven a place of joyful rest—among
the sanctified of God—to sing his praise.
Sept. 20, 1839. L. W. H.

A Soldier's Claim.—Nehemiah Newsum
(alias Newman) will call or send to the
Editors of the Miltonian, Milton, Pa. he will
receive the original discharge he received
from the War department dated 20th Sep-
tember, 1783, for three years four months &
twenty days service in the 3d Pennsylvania
regiment. Also an order from Timothy
Pickering, Secretary of War, for the dona-
tion of 100 acres of land; this is dated 23
January, 1796.

Editors of Newspapers might do an act
of justice by copying the above—if the old sol-
dier is dead—the information may reach his
heirs.

Hidden Treasure.—It is said that a young
man in Northborough, about a fortnight
since, in digging for woodchucks, unearthed
a metal kettle, containing near three pecks
old coin, of various dimensions, about one
third of which was gold, and the remainder
silver. The vessel was so completely de-
composed as to be of no strength, and barely
to retain its form.—The exact amount of
the money has not been stated.

The new theatre to be built in New York,
for Mr. Wallace, will cost \$350,000—of
which about \$300,000 have been subscrib-
ed, and the balance will be obtained very
soon. Considering the hard times, this is
doing pretty well. Nothing has been done
towards rebuilding the three churches de-
stroyed by the same fire, which consumed
the National theatre.

"Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the chap-
lain said when a basin of water was thrown over
him by the lady he was serenading.

It is said a new work is about to be produced
by Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler. It has been
said it will be a romance; others say it will be
a play or a book of travels. The New-York
Herald says it will be a "fat boy."

From the Portland Transcript.
A BURIAL AT SEA.

It was on one of those beautiful morn-
ings so common to the Mediterranean sum-
mer—that the noble frigate U. S. S. might
have been seen, by any passing obser-
ver, becalmed off, one of those fertile little
paradises that so plentifully beget the Gre-
cian Archipelago—her dark shining sides
teathed with a heavy battery, and her light
tapering spars aspiring to the heavens—
rendering her certainly a beautiful object to
attract the attention of the wandering sea-
man. And right worthy was she to carry
the star spangled banner of the proud At-
lantic Republic, whose supremacy she had
once victoriously asserted. The passing ob-
server might have been attracted by her
symmetrical beauty, but his sym-
pathies could not have been enlisted in the
solemn scene that was then performing
within her dark habitation. There was an
unusual silence in every thing around and
on board, seemingly proclaiming the holi-
ness of the Sabbath. The sharp clink of the
armor's targe—the chirruping sound of the
carpenter's smoothing plane—the noisy
calls of the boatswain and his mates, were
all suspended. The injunction of our Lord,
"That on the seventh day thou shalt rest,"
was strictly enforced—and the crew, tired
with the duties of the past week, were re-
posing beneath the shade afforded by the
launch, or reclining listlessly between the
guns; even the elements seemed to partici-
pate in the rest; the winds and the waves
were hushed, and nature throughout all her
works seemed to be enjoying the calm of the
Holy Day. The water was scarcely dis-
turbed by a ripple. The air was undisturb-
ed by a breath. The pennon at the main
mast head lay in heavy festoons on the
lighter rigging—the sails hung drowsily
from the yards, only awakened by the slight
motion of the ship to fall back again heavily
against the spars and rigging. Nought in-
terrupted the general stillness—even the
conversation of the men was carried off in
subdued whisperings.

The ship's bell struck eight—then sud-
denly following its heavy tolling, accompa-
nied with the harsh voice and harsher pipes
of the boatswain, and his mates summoning,
"up all hands—bury the dead!" A short
pause ensued; followed by the heavy tramp-
ing of the ships company and officers as
they hurriedly obeyed the solemn summons.
All being assembled, attired in a neat suit
befitting the day and the occasion—the
corpse of the gallant youth was brought up
and placed on the grating prepared for it in
the gangway—shrouded in the same ham-
mock that had sweetened his midnight re-
pose after the duties of his watch were over.
A Union Jack was thrown over it.

As it reached the gangway there was a
simultaneous and involuntary uncovering of
heads, and a sympathetic murmur ran
through the crowd while all bent eagerly
forward to catch a last look at their departed
shipmate. Oh! he was a noble youth—the
pride and sole support of a widowed
mother, and orphan sister—born to move in
the highest circles of the wealthy, from
which untoward misfortunes had estranged
them—tenderly beloved, too, by the gentle
playmate of his childhood to whom he was
to have been united on his return. Al-
ways prompt and ready when duty called—
and carrying a light heart buoyant feel-
ings—"Happy Jack, for so he was styled
by his shipmates—not only because a gen-
eral favorite with them, his companions, but
also gained him the esteem of the officers,
who were wont to point out his ready and
cheerful obedience, respectful demeanor and
signal daring, as an example to the others.
On more than one occasion he had snatch-
ed a struggling shipmate from the terrors of
a watery grave heedless of his own risk.—
We had missed his ready hand and happy
countenance from the deck for some days,
and when we were told that a baneful dis-
ease was making frightful ravages upon his
once mainly form—that the firm and elastic
step of youth was exchanged for the tottering
one of age; that his eye, once so dim and
bright, had become glassy and piercing,
and that he was wasting, day by day—many
and anxious were the inquiries our sympathy
induced us to make. He was now no more.

All stood uncovered—and the prepara-
tions being completed—on motion from the
Captain, the Reverend Chaplain broke the
impressive and breathless silence—in a
clear, distinct voice repeating the true words
of our Saviour. "I am the resurrection and
the life—he that believeth in me though he
were dead yet shall he live." As he pro-
ceeded the smothered sympathy burst forth
in one deep groan of anguish, and many a
hardy tar was there—those who had braved
the battle, for and wreck; ashamed of the
noble weakness he could not hide, hastily
brushing away the big drops of feeling gush-
ing from eyes long strangers to such weak-
ness.

The services were quickly ended, and as
the chaplain repeated in impressive accents,
"To the deep we commit their body, &c." the
grating was raised, and a harsh sullen
plunge told us that the deep had received its
noble treasure. The band struck up the
beautiful hymn "I would not live always,"
and with it the services were concluded—the
sailors retiring in little knots to talk over the
virtues of their recent shipmate. As I was
turning to leave the spot full of solemn recol-
lections, I heard muttered near me, by one
of the young lad's messmates, "Poor—
what will his Susan say, when she hears of
this?" In that simple, untutored sentence,
what a volume of feeling and affection
shown.

The steamship British Queen took about
\$800,000 in specie.

THE GREY MARE IS THE BETTER
HORSE.

The origin of this "old saying," which
applied to the woman who governs her hus-
band, and is master, as well as mistress of
her family, is thus related in Addison's An-
ecdotes, published in 1794:

"A gentleman in a certain county in En-
gland having married a young lady of con-
siderable fortune, and with many other
charms, yet finding, in a very short time,
that she was of a high domineering spirit,
and always contending to be mistress of him
and his family, he was resolved to part with
her. Accordingly, he went to her father,
and told him he found his daughter of such a
temper and was so heartily tired of her,
that if he would take her home again, he
would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into
the cause of his complaint, asked him—
"Why he should be more disquieted at it
than any other married man, since it was
the common case with them all, and conse-
quently, no more than he ought to have ex-
pected when he entered into the married
state." The young gentleman desired to be
excused, "if he said he was so far from giv-
ing his assent to this assertion, that he
thought himself more unhappy than any
other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to
be quelled; and as most certainly no man,
who had a sense of right and wrong, could
ever submit to be governed by his wife."
"Son," said the old man, "you are but little
acquainted with the world, if you do not
know that all women govern their husbands,
though not all indeed, by the same method;
however, to end all disputes between us, I
am willing to try it. I have five horses in
my stable; you shall harness these to a cart,
in which I will put a basket containing one
hundred eggs; and if, in passing through
the county, and making strict enquiry into
the truth or falshood of my assertion, and
leaving a horse at the house of every man
who is master of his family himself, and an
egg only where the wife governs, you will
find your eggs gone before your horses; I
hope you will then think your case not un-
common, but will be contented to go home,
and look upon your own wife as no worse
than her neighbors. If, on the other hand,
your horses are gone first, I will take my
daughter home again, and you shall keep
her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be
rejected; our young married man set out,
therefore, with great eagerness, to get rid,
as he thought, of his horses and his wife.
At the first house he came to, he heard a
woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call
to her husband to go to the door. Here he
left an egg, you may be sure, without mak-
ing any further enquiry; at the next he
met with something of the same kind; at every
house, in short, until his eggs were nearly
gone, when he arrived at the seat of a
gentleman of family and figure in the coun-
ty: he knocked at the door, and, on in-
quiring for the master of the house, was not
vexed by the servant that his master was not
yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his
lady was in the parlour. The lady, with
great complaisance, desired him to seat
himself, and said, "if his business was very
urgent, she would awake her husband, and
let him know, but had much rather not
disturb him." "Why, really, madam," said
he, "my business is only to ask a question,
which you can resolve as well as your hus-
band, if you will be ingenious with me.
You will doubtless think it odd, and it may
be deemed impolite for any one, much more
a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a
very considerable wager depends upon it,
and it may be some advantage to yourself
to declare the truth to me, I hope these con-
siderations will plead my excuse. It is,
madam, to be informed whether you govern
your husband, or he rules you?" "Indeed,
sir," replied the lady, "this question is
somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought
to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall
make no scruple to say that I have always
been proud to obey husband in all things;
but if a woman's own word is to be sus-
pected in such a case, let him answer for me;
for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entered
the room, and, after some apologies, being
made acquainted with the business, confirm-
ed every word his obedient wife had report-
ed in her favor; upon which he was invited
to choose which horse in the team he liked
best, and accept of it as a present.
A black gelding struck the fancy of the
gentleman most; but the lady desired he
would choose the grey mare, which she
thought would be very fit for her side saddle;
her husband gave substantial reasons why
the black horse would be most useful to
them, but madam still persisted in her claim
to the grey mare. "What," said she, "and
will you take her, then? But I say you
shall, for I am sure the grey mare is much
the better horse." "Well, my dear," re-
plied the husband, "if it must be so."
"You must take an egg," interrupted the
gentleman again, "and I must take all my
horses back again, and endeavor to live hap-
pily with my wife."

Fire in Worcester.—We learn from the
National Aegis, that the Court Mills in
Worcester, owned by Stephen Salisbury,
were destroyed by fire on Sunday last. The
Buildings were occupied for making ploughs
and agricultural implements, for building
machinery, & for other mechanical employ-
ments, requiring the use of water power.—
The flames were discovered about three
o'clock in the morning, when they had
made such progress, as to preclude the hope
of saving the property. The whole loss ex-
ceeds the sum of \$20,000.

The following article taken from the New
Orleans Times contains food for contempla-
tion which may prove of value to all clas-
ses of readers but particularly the rash and
inconsiderate:

"LOOK WHERE YOU ARE GOING."

This is a remark we heard a day or
two since as we passed along one of our
streets, addressed by a mother to a beauti-
ful child about five years old. The little
fellow had his hands full of toys and his
head full of wonder. He was looking at all
the glittering and attractive articles in the
numerous shop windows, and with his eyes
devouring their beauties. He didn't see the
streets nor the persons passing—not he—
his soul was filled with something else be-
side the mere idea of how or where he was
walking. Without his mother, he would
certainly have been run over by the whirl-
ing drays or trodden down in the careless
crowd—as it was he ran some risk, as his
mother's "look where you are going," seem-
ed to indicate.

We were much interested not only in
the child but in the mother, who was a no-
ble looking woman, with large black eyes,
a high forehead, and a cheek quite roseate to
this climate, and most bewitching from
her carriage was graceful, and she stepped
as we imagined Hebe did when she served
the gods at their banquet. We lost sight of
her very soon however, but her remark,
"look where you are going," has been run-
ning in our ears ever since. Could it have
been on account of her voice? We were
charmed by its music but have listened to
tones far sweeter. We know not what was
about that single phrase to attract us, save
the deep philosophy which may be drawn
from it, and the practical morality that may
be adduced.

"Look where you are going!" An admoni-
tion how universal in application—how sim-
ple in practice—how important in result!
There is no station in life so low that it
cannot be improved by it nor none so high
that may scorn it with impunity. The child
needed it to keep him out of the street where
danger was rife—the monarch on the throne
requires it to preserve the integrity of his
councils when the popular will is threat-
ening.

Reader if you are a merchant, when
business is exciting—prices brisk and the
market active—when farmers are confident
and speculators ready—when rashness is
hidden by the cloak of morals, and insol-
vency lurks under silken robes; remember
and "look where you are going;" follow
not this man because he promises you a for-
tune; trust not that one because he wears a
saintly face: confide not in a third, because
he agrees with you in opinion; "Look
where you are going," and take care of the
main chance.

If a young man, and pleasure beckons
with her rosy hands inviting you to her lux-
uriant retreats, take no step towards those
enticing grooves ere you "look where you
are going." The faro table and dice box;
dishonesty to your employers; a ruined rep-
utation and perhaps an ignominious death,
may be consequence of a refusal to "look
where you are going." If the world follow-
ed this advice our jails would be tenanted,
and our gibbets of no use.

If you intend to marry; if you think your
happiness will be increased and your inter-
est advanced by matrimony, be sure and
look where you are going. Join yourself
in union with no woman who is selfish for
she will sacrifice you; wit gone that is fickle,
for she will become estranged; have naught
to do with a proud one, for she will dispise
you; nor with an extravagant one, for she
will ruin you. Leave a coquette to the fools
that flutter around her; let her own fireside
accommodate a scold, and flee from a woman
who loves scandal, as you would fly from
the evil one. "Look where you are going,"
will sum it all up.

Young ladies, when you are surrounded
by dashing men, when the tones of love and
the words of compliment float out together;
when you are excited by the movement of
whirling waltz, or melted by the tenderness
of mellow music, arrest yourself in the rosy
atmosphere of delight, and "look where
you are going." When a daring hand is
pressing yours, or your delicate tresses are
lifted by him you fancy loves you; when the
moonlight invites to trusting, and the stars
seem but to breathe out innocence, listen with
caution to the words you hear, gaze into
your heart unsparingly, and "look where
you are going."

No country in the world furnishes such
triumphant proof of the beneficial effects of
credit as our own. It was settled upon
credit; it fought the war of independence
upon credit; it has converted forests into
gardens on credit; its sails have whitened
every ocean on the globe on credit; it has
driven most of the manufactures of England
from our border by credit; by credit it lives
and moves, and without it there would be
neither national independence nor individ-
ual enterprise. We therefore utterly deny
the principle assumed by the advocates of
the sub-treasury in hostility to credits, and
maintain that it is as false in theory as it is
anti-republican and destructive in practice.
We maintain that every poor man who de-
sires an adequate reward for his labor is in-
terested in maintaining a credit system
which will furnish that reward, and in de-
nouncing any and every measure that is
calculated to enhance the value of coin, and
thus diminish the number of his employers;
that every young man whose fortune is yet
to be made by his industry can have no
hope of success through any other means
than the credit which his character may en-
able him to obtain, and that to close upon him
the avenues which have conducted so many
to prosperity would be unjust to the individ-
ual.—Salem Gaz.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

FALSE PRIDE.

It has always been matter of regret, to us,
that false pride could not be made like theft,
a criminal offence. It is the parent of about
as many crimes as any other vice—for such
we hold it to be—at least some descriptions
of it. Wherever it is, it generally leads to
impropriety. How many honest men have
been made squandrels by the false pride of a
foolish wife, and extravagant family? It is
a compound of ignorance, deception and en-
vy, and the world is full of it. So long as it
operates on individuals alone, it is a matter
of trifling consideration; but strange as it
may appear, its influence strikes at the very
root of a virtuous and flourishing commu-
nity. Like intemperance, it is assuming the
shape of national calamity, and merits the
serious reflection of every reformer.—Thous-
ands who have gone forth as armed knights
upon a crusade against manifest evils, have
themselves been slaves to this insidious en-
emy. Self love may prompt a man to do a
good action, but false pride has never—it is
incompatible with its nature. In our own
country its chief mischief consists in making
labor a degradation; thus striking at the very
foundation of our prosperous condition as a
people. There never was an age, perhaps,
where so much scheming was resorted to, to
avoid hard work—no period that could ex-
hibit so many Jeremy Diddlers, above stairs
and below, or manifest such a wild spirit of
speculation as the present.

The rich man of to-day is the Lazarus of
to-morrow! Fortunes are staked upon the
rise and fall of stocks, as upon the cast of a
die. Cities are created by fraudulence. In
the morning all eyes are cast upon the mas-
ter spirit of enterprise, and the evening finds
him a disgraced man, within the walls of a
prison. Ingenuity itself is thunderstruck
at the countless methods adopted to retain
soft hands. Why does this great disposition
so extensively prevail?

Sir Walter Scott, I think, says that no
man ought to want in this country, who can
buy a hatchet and fall a tree. False
pride whispers, "It is not genteel to work."
How beautifully is this illustrated.

Does the successful merchant make his
son a mechanic? Seldom. Does the pro-
fessional man make his son a mechanic?—
More seldom still. But does not the more
fortunate mechanic make his son the guard-
ian of cloths and calicoes? Is the yard stick
more honorable than the plane?—the goose
quill more honorable than the type? But
unfortunately the absurdity runs farther.—
Look back thirty or forty years, and behold
the barefooted adventurer, at the present time
rolling in wealth, or spending his annual in-
come of some three thousand dollars per an-
num in manufacturing ladies of his daugh-
ters? Does he teach them the usual rud-
iments of house wifery? Very rarely. Is it
because the healthful exercise of domestic du-
ties is disgraceful? Oh no, false pride
says, "it is ungentleel for ladies to work"—it
would tarnish their fair hands and fingers
that bring such sweet sounds upon the pi-
ano.

How extremely ridiculous is this illegiti-
mate pride. Thousands of daughters, whose
mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and
their fathers in a horse stable, would feel
insulted if asked if they ever made a loaf of
bread, or washed out a pocket handkerchief.
They would more likely prate about "good
society," "mixed company," and the dignity
of their ancestors.

A few years more roll round, and the
thrifty but imprudent parent dies; and then
comes the scramble of ten or twelve divi-
sons of his hard earned estate. How small
does a large fortune appear when apportion-
ed to numerous heirs. The daughters must
marry gentlemen, for pride dictates it—and
also gentlemen, must squander their patri-
mony. And what has the parent bequeathed
to society and his country? Children raised
in idleness, without the stimulant to add
one iota to the general substantial prosperity
of the community.

O'CONNELL'S WIFE.

"We have rarely seen any thing more
beautiful than the following reply made by
O'Connell, when, at a dinner given to him
at Newcastle, his wife was toasted.

"There are some topics of so sacred and
sweet a nature, that they may be compre-
hended by those who are happy, but they
cannot possibly be described by any human
being. All that I shall do is to thank you
in the name of her who was the disinter-
ested choice of my early youth; who was the
ever cheerful companion of my manly years;
and who is the sweetest solace of that 'sore
and yellow leaf' age, at which I have arrived.
In her name I thank you, and this you may
readily believe, for experience, I think, will
show to us all, that man cannot battle and
struggle with the malignant enemies of his
country, unless his nest at home is warm
and comfortable—unless the honey of hu-
man life is commended by a hand that he
loves."

The last case of absence of mind.

A gentleman of this city went into a bank yester-
day, with a bunch of chickens to draw some
money; he took his money but left his
chickens on the counter. He did not dis-
cover his mistake until he went home to din-
ner, and found the money in his pocket but
the table minus the chickens. He exclaim-
ed in the bitterness of his appetite, I have de-
posited my dinner in the bank.—Portland
Courier.

"I'm not fond of catnip," as the little girl
said when the pussy bit her nose.

A lady advertises for sale in a Southern
paper, one baboon, three tabby cats, and a
parrot. She states that, being married, she
has no further use for them.