

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

**TERMS.**  
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### Miscellaneous.

From the New York Tribune.  
**LIFE AT THE FIVE POINTS.**  
**THE TWO-PENNY MARRIAGE.**

"Mr. Pease, we want to be married."  
"Want to be married—what for?"  
"Why you see, we don't think it is right for us to be living together this way any longer, and we have been talking over the matter to day, and you see—"

"Yes, I see you have been talking over the matter over the bottle and have come to a sort of drunken conclusion to get married.—When you get sober you will both repent of it, probably."

"No, sir, we are not very drunk now, not so drunk but what we can think, and we don't think we are doing right—we are not doing as we were brought up to do by pious parents.—We have been reading the good things you have done for just such poor outcasts as we are and we want you to try and do something for us."

"Read! Can you read? Do you read the Bible?"

"Well not much lately, but we read the newspapers and sometimes we read something good in them. How can we read the Bible when we are drunk!"

"Do you think getting married will keep you from getting drunk?"

"Yes, for we are going to sign the pledge too, and we shall keep it, depend upon that."

"Suppose you take the pledge and try that first, and if you can keep it till you can wash some of the dirt away, and get some clothes on, then I will marry you."

"No, that would do. I shall get to thinking what a poor dirty, miserable wretch I am, and how I am living with this woman, who is not a bad woman by nature, and then I will drink—oh, cursed!—and what is to prevent us? But if we were married, my wife, yes, Mr. Pease, my wife would say, 'Thomas—she would say 'Tom—you dirty brute, don't be tempted,' and who knows but we might be somebody yet that our own mother would be ashamed of."

Here the woman, who had been silent and rather moody, but into a violent fit of tears, crying—'Mother, mother, I know not whether she is alive or not, and dare not inquire; but if we were married and reformed, I would make her happy once more.'

"I could no longer stand the appeal," said Mr. P., "and determined to give them a trial. I have married a good many poor, wretched looking couples, but none that looked quite so much so as this. The man was hatless and shoeless, without coat or vest, with long hair and beard grimed with dirt. He was by trade a bricklayer, one of the best in the city. She wore the last remains of a silk bonnet, and something that might pass for shoes, and an old, very old dress, once a rich merino, apparently without any under garments."

"And your name is Thomas—Thomas what?"

"Elting, sir. Thomas Elting, a good true name and true man, that is, shall be if you marry us."

"Well, well. I am going to marry you."

"Are you? Then, Mag, I told you so."

"Don't call me Mag. If I am going to be married, I will be my right name, the one my mother gave me."

"Not Mag? Well, I never knew that."

"Now, Thomas, hold your tongue, you talk too much."

"What is your name?"

"Matilda. Must I tell the other? Yes, I will, and I never will disagree it. I don't think I should ever be so bad if I had kept it. That bad woman who first tempted me to ruin, made me take a false name. It is a bad thing for a girl to give up her name, unless for that of a good husband. Matilda Frayley. Nobody knows me by that name in this bad city."

"Very well, Matilda and Thomas, take each by the right hand, and look at me, for I am now going to unite you in the holy bonds of marriage by God's ordinance. Do you think you are sufficiently sober to comprehend its solemnity?"

"Yes, sir."

"Marriage being one of God's holy ordinances, cannot be kept in sin, misery, filth and drunkenness. Thomas, will you take Matilda to be your lawful true, only wedded wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"You promise that you will live with her, in sickness as well as health, and nourish, protect and comfort her as your true and faithful wife; that you will be to her a true and faithful husband; that you will not get drunk, and will clothe yourself and keep clean?"

"So I will."

"Never mind answering until I get through. You promise to abstain totally from every kind of drink that intoxicates, and treat this woman kindly, affectionately, and love her as a husband should love his wedded wife. Now all of this, will you, here before me as the servant of the Most High—here in the sight of God in Heaven, most faithfully promise, if I give you this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes, I will."

"And you, Matilda, on your part, will you promise the same, and be a true wife to this man?"

"I will try, sir."

"But do you promise all this faithfully?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife."

"Now, Thomas," says the new wife, after I had made out the certificate and given it to her, with an injunction to keep it safely—"now pay Mr. Pease, and let us go home and break the bottle." Thomas felt first in the right hand

pocket, then the left, then back to the right, then he examined the watch fob.

"Why, where is it?" says she, "you had two dollars this morning!"

"Yes, I know it, but I have only got two cents this evening. There, Mr. Pease, take them, it is all I have got in the world: what more can I give!"

"Sure enough, what could he do more? I took them and prayed over them, that in parting with the last penny, this couple might have parted with a wicked, foolish practice which might have reduced them to such a degree of poverty and wretchedness, that the monster power of sin could hardly send its victims lower."

So Tom and Mag were transferred into Mr. and Mrs. Elting, and having grown somewhat more sober while in the house, seemed to fully understand their new position, and all the obligations they had taken upon themselves.

For a few days I thought occasionally of this two-penny marriage, and then it became absorbed with a thousand other scenes of wretchedness which I have witnessed since I have lived in this center of city misery. Time wore on and I married many other couples—often those who came in their carriages and left a golden marriage fee—a delicate way of giving to the needy—but among all I had never performed the rite for a couple quite so low as that of this two-penny fee, and I resolved I never would again. At length, however, I had a call for a full match to them, which I refused.

"Why do you come to me to be married, my friend?" said I to the man. "You are both too poor to live separate, and besides you are both horrible drunkards, I know you are."

"That is just what we want to get married for, and take the pledge."

"Take that first."

"No, we must take all together, nothing else will save us."

"Will that?"

"It did one of my friends."

"Well, then go and bring that friend here: let me hear and see how much it saved him, and then I will make up my mind to what to do; if I can do you any good I want to do it."

"My friend is at work—he has got a good job and several hands working for him at d is making money, and won't quit till night. Shall I come this evening?"

"Yes, I will stay at home and wait for you."

I little expected to see him again, but about 8 o'clock the servant said that a man and his girl, with a gentleman and lady were waiting in the reception room. I told him to ask the lady and gentleman up to the parlor and sit a moment while I sent the candidates for marriage away, being determined never to unite another drunken couple; not dreaming that there was any sympathy between the parties. But they would not come up; they wanted to see that couple married. So I went down and found the quidly wretched pair in company with a well dressed laboring man, for he wore a fine black coat, silk vest, gold watch and chain, clean white shirt and cravat, polished calf skin boots; and his wife was just as tidily dressed as anybody's wife, and her face beamed with intelligence, and the way in which she clung to the arm of her husband, as she seemed to shrink from my sight, told that she was a loving as well as a pretty wife.

"This couple," says the gentleman, "have come to be married."

"Yes, I know it, but I have refused. Look at them; do they look like it subjects for such a holy ordinance? God never intended those whom he created in his own image should live in matrimony like this man and woman. I cannot marry them."

"Cannot! Why not? You married us when we were worse-off—more dirty—worse clothed and more intoxicated."

The woman shrunk back a little more out of sight. I saw she trembled violently, and put a clean cambric handkerchief up to her eyes.

What could it mean? Married when they were worse-off! Who were they?"

"Have you forgotten us?" said the woman, taking my hands in hers, and dropping on her knees, "have you forgotten drunken Tom and Mag? We have not forgotten you, but pray for you every day."

"If you have forgotten them, you have not forgotten the two penny marriage. No wonder you did not know us. I told Matilda she need not be afraid or ashamed if you did know her. But know you could not. How could you!"

We were in rags and dirt then. Look at us now. All your work, Sir. All the blessing of that pledge and that marriage, and that good advice you gave us. Look at this suit of clothes, and her dress—all Matilda's work, every stitch of it. Come and look at our houses, as neat as she is. Everything in it to make a home comfortable; and oh, Sir, there is a cradle in our bedroom. Five hundred dollars already in hand, and I shall add as much more next week when I finish my job. So much for one year of a sober life, and a faithful, honest good wife. Now this man is as good a workman as I am, only he is bound down with the galling fetters of drunkenness, and living with this woman just as I did. Now, he thinks that he can reform just as well as me; but he thinks he must have taken the pledge of the same man, and his first effort sanctified with the same blessing, and then with a good resolution, and Matilda and me to watch over them, I do believe they will succeed."

So they did. So may others by the same means. I married them, and as I shook hands with Mr. Elting, at parting, he left two coins in my hand, with the simple remark that there was another two-penny marriage fee. I was in hopes that it might have been a couple of dollars this time but I said nothing, and we parted with a mutual God bless you. When I went up stairs I tossed the coins into my wife's lap, with the remark, "two pennies again, my dear."

"Two pennies! Why husband, they are eagles—real golden eagles. What a deal of good they will do. What blessings have followed that act."

"And will follow the present, if the pledge is faithfully kept. Truly, this is a good result of a Two-penny Marriage."

A man says that the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony, was the neat and skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when the manner in which the broom is handled will not afford him so much satisfaction.

### The Chinese Empire.

The importance of the movement which from such a small beginning seems destined ere it ends to totally subvert the government of the Chinese empire, can hardly be exaggerated. The fact that the rebels are not only striving to overthrow the present dynasty, to place their leader upon the throne, but are also waging a war of extermination against idolatry, and all the paraphernalia of its worship, to replace it with a system of religion, that, so far as can be ascertained, is Christianity adapted to Chinese comprehension, gives to this revolution a significance and importance that cannot be mistaken.

The history and social condition of this great people are but little understood by the civilized world, and it is time for those who have derived their ideas from the stereotyped cut in the geographies, in which an oblique eyed, mild looking individual, with shaven poll, lengthy queue, and voluminous breeches, is represented hawking about "rats and puppy pie" to turn to more reliable sources for information, particularly since the time seems to be rapidly approaching when we must study them as neighbors, and as adopted citizens even of our own country.

In the days of William de Rubruquis and Marco Polo the man who told a plain, unvarnished tale about China and the Chinese, was set down in the estimation of his fellows as an outrageous liar. Indeed, till within comparatively a short period, the whole vast area of the empire has been, with the exception of a narrow strip here and there, on the borders and by the sea-coast, as such a terra incognita as is the interior of Africa at the present time. And yet it is a great empire, viewed from whatever point; great in its extent, great in its natural resources, and great as the home of a peculiar people who have preserved their individuality and most minute traits of character, and remained at rest, during the centuries, while the rest of the world has been rocking with the struggles of expiring dynasties, and the throes of nations starting into existence.

In the area of the Chinese Empire is three times larger than the United States, east of the prairies, and like it, it enjoys a variety of climate, ranging from the heat of the tropics to the cold of the northern temperate zone. Its surface is diversified by mountain ridges, vast plains, and deep valleys, while in the number and magnitude of its rivers it is surpassed by no country on the globe. Within its territory are also found vast lakes both of fresh and salt water, which give subsistence to a large population, and upon whose surface a great internal commerce is carried on.

Its vegetable productions are numerous and abundant, and the necessity of providing a means of support, chiefly derived from the cultivation of the soil, for a population estimated by careful observers at 360,000,000, has brought every portion of this vast territory capable of tillage under the highest degree of agricultural improvement. The main article of food is rice, the cultivation of which is universal, and conducted in the most economical manner, so as to insure the greatest yield from the reed; while the universal beverage of all classes, rank and age, is an infusion of the leaves of the tea plant, whose pleasantly stimulating effects have brought the whole world into tribute to this people for its supply.

The government of China is an absolute monarchy, and filial obedience is the law of the land. The emperor being viewed in the light of the father of his people, every command emanating from him is to be implicitly obeyed. The whole machinery of government is under his control, and with him rests the appointment of his successor, even to the exclusion of his own sons. The right of primogeniture, which formerly existed, was many years ago abolished, so that at the death of a parent his property is divided amongst his male children, the eldest son receiving two portions. Girls inherit nothing, neither do they receive any marriage portion from their parents.

The whole community, with the exception of menials, comedians, and the lowest police agents, who are reckoned outcasts, is divided into four ranks or classes. Of the 1st includes the learned; 2d, the husbandman; 3d, the manufacturer, and 4th the merchants. This may seem a strange classification, but as the husbandman provides food to keep the nation alive, he is honored and placed accordingly. Indeed, so strong is this feeling, that annually, at a great festival, it is the custom of the Emperor to enter the field set apart for the occasion, and with his own hand plough a plot of ground.—Boston Transcript.

The temperance men in England are about to petition their parliament for a prohibitory liquor law. There are 2527 licensed brewers in the British Islands, of 88,400 persons licensed to sell spirits and wine, and 38,658 licensed to sell beer. In 1851 there were 31,000,000 gallons of spirits consumed in Great Britain in one year, with nearly 6,500,000 gallons of foreign wine. The whole amount thence accruing to the public revenue is over fifteen millions sterling. It will be seen, from this statement, that the temperance men have a formidable opposition to encounter.

**BEAUTIFUL SMILE.**—The following is from one of the discourses of Donne:

"The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high, or how large that was. It tells me not what blocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great person's graves is speechless too.—it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon, would trouble thine eyes if the wind blew it thither; and when the whirlwind had blown the dust of a churchyard into the church and the man sweeps it out the church into the churchyard, and to pronounce this is the patrician, this is the noble flour; and this the yeomanry—this is the plebeian bran?"

It is but a short step from modesty to humility; but a shorter one from vanity to folly, and from weakness to falsehood.—Inventer.

From Bell's Weekly Messenger.  
**INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT JERUSALEM.**—The following extract of a letter, dated at Jerusalem, May 16, 1853, has been sent to us by a friend for publication:

"I was spending a couple of days at Artas, the hortus conclusus of the monks, and probably the 'garden enclosed' of the Canticles, when I was told there was a kind of tunnel under the pool of Solomon. I went and found one of the most interesting things that I have seen in my travels, and of which no one in Jerusalem appears to have heard. I mentioned it to the British Consul, who takes great interest in these matters, and to the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, who has been here more than twenty years, and they had never heard of it. At the center of the eastern side of the lowest of the three pools, there is an entrance nearly closed up, then follows a vaulted passage some 50 feet long, leading to a chamber about 15 feet square and eight feet high, also vaulted, and from this there is a passage, also arched, under the pool, and intended to convey the water of a spring, or of the pool itself, into the aqueduct which leads to Jerusalem, and is now commonly attributed to Pontius Pilate. This arched passage is six feet high and three or four feet wide. Each of the other two pools has a similar arched way, which has not been blocked up, and one of which I saw by descending first into the rectangular well.

"The great point of interest in this discovery is this. It has now been thought for some years that the opinion of the invention of the arch by the Romans has been too hastily adopted. The usual period assigned to the arch is about B. C. 600. We thought we discovered a contradiction of this idea in Egypt, but the present case is far more satisfactory. The whole of the long passage of fifty feet, the chamber fifteen feet square and the two doors, and the passage under the pools in each case are true Roman arches with a perfect key-stone. Now, as it never has been seriously doubted that Solomon built the pools assigned to him, and to which he probably refers in Ecclesiastes ii, 6, the arch must of course have been well known, about, or before, the time of the building of the first temple, B. C. 1012. The 'sealed fountain' which is near, has the same in several places; but this might have been Roman. But here the arches ways pass probably the whole distance under the pools, and are, therefore, coeval with them, or were rather built before them, in order to convey the water down the valley, 'to water therewith the wood that brought forth trees.' What I saw convinced me, at least, that the perfect key stone Roman arch was in familiar use in the time of Solomon, or 1000 years before the Christian era." JAS. COOK RICHMOND.

**IMPORTANT TO THOSE OWNING SLAVES.**—The Supreme Court of Alabama recently rendered the following decision in reference to the hiring of slaves, which is alike interesting and important. The decision is a wise one:

1. When the contract of hiring, as reduced to writing, is general in its terms, not restricting the employment of the slave to any particular business, the bailee is authorized to employ him in any business to which slaves are ordinarily put, and which is not attended with extraordinary risk, or peril to life or health, and parole proof is not admissible to show that the slave was only to be employed in a particular business.

2. The hirer of a slave may re-hire him to another being responsible to the owner for his proper treatment, and for his not being employed otherwise than is authorized by the scope of his original contract of hiring.

3. If the hirer employs the slave in a hazardous business, not warranted by his contract, or re-hires him to another, to be employed in such hazardous business, and the slave, while thus employed, is killed, even by inevitable accident the owner may regard such misuse of the slave as a conversion, and recover the value from the hirer.

**CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.**—During the trouble in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer observing a good looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing dropped, and Mr. Hide was recommended to the young woman as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hide, who was Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage, there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

**A NEW ENTERPRISE.**—We see it stated that they are making houses of papier mache in England, for exportation to Australia and India. These houses, (says an English paper,) which contain from four to ten rooms each, can be readily taken down and re-erected within a period of from four to six hours, so that, immediately on landing in his new home, the emigrant may find himself in a comfortable residence. These houses will be less than one-third the cost of ordinary brick houses, and it is probable that they will, ere long, be extensively adopted for summer houses, park lodges, railway stations, and moveable barracks, to all of which purposes they are admirably adapted. They are made with hollow walls, thereby excluding damp; and in the East Indies and other places where the white ant does so much mischief, timber can be altogether dispensed with, and the houses entirely composed of papier mache, which they will not touch in consequence of its poisonous nature.

The North-Carolina papers are discussing means to draw foreign emigration to that State. It seems that of the twenty-one millions of acres of land in that State, less than six millions are improved; and for these six millions, there is not one laborer for every twenty-five acres, whereas, a high state of cultivation would require five times as many. There is also a great demand for common laborers, for public works, railways, plank-roads, &c.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred upon his consul at Smyrna the cross of St. Leopold, for his conduct in the Kosta affair. The Paris Presse observes that "the extreme parsimony with which Austrian decorations are given, adds to the scandalous eulogium of this recompense"—and infers from this fact that the quarrel between Austria and the United States will soon assume the proportions of a serious conflict. The two subordinate functionaries of the Smyrna consulate have been promoted, by being sent to Constantinople.

**DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.**—Young man, that was your father. How could you make use of language so disrespectful? You don't care? You will talk as much as you please, no matter who hears you? If we were in want of a clerk, and there was not a young man in ten hundred miles that we would engage, we would not consent to take you. We should be afraid to trust a boy who is so disobedient to his parent—who shows so little respect for his father. A youth who was saucy to his parents we never knew to turn out well. He respects nobody. If your father is in the wrong and you are certain of it, there is no excuse for such language. No one will respect you for it. Every one will condemn you. A parent should be treated with the utmost respect by his children, no matter how poor he may be, or how large his children may have grown.

There is too little respect shown to parental authority at the present day. It is grievous to go into many families and hear the language daily used by the children. "I will"—"I won't"—"I don't care"—"It's none of your business, I am old enough to know what is right"—are expressions painfully common.—Large boys and grown up girls even, do not hesitate to give their mothers the lie, and break away from their express commands. They will do as they please, and go where they have a mind. We wish such children could only see how they appear in the eyes of their acquaintance, and if they have any shame it might fling their checks. There is truth as well as rhyme in the couplet by Randolph:

"Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,  
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed."

Of one thing we are certain: an undutiful son or a disobedient daughter, cannot long prosper. For a season they may appear well to the eye of a stranger, but their self-will and stubbornness are soon discovered, and they are despised. A child who disobeys his parents, will not hesitate to abuse any body. Neither age nor talents receive respect from him.

Portland Bulletin.

**PRETTY THOUGHTS.**—What is crime? A wretched vagabond, travelling from place to place in fruitless endeavor to escape from justice, who is constantly engaged in hot pursuit: a foe to virtue and happiness, though at times the companion of poor innocence, which is too often made to suffer for the guilty.

What is thought? A fountain from which flow all good and evil intentions—a mental fluid, electrical in the force and rapidity of movements, silently flowing unseen within its own secret avenue; yet it is the controlling power of all animated matter, and the chief main spring of all our actions.

What is happiness? A butterfly that roves from flower to flower in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the multitude in vain hope of obtaining the prize yet it continually eludes their grasp.

What is fashion? A beautiful envelop for mortality presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

What is wit? A sparkling beverage that is highly exhilarating and agreeable, when partaken at the expense of others; but when used at our own cost, it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

What is knowledge? A key that unravels all mysteries, which unlocks the entrance, and discovers new, unseen, and untrodden paths in the hitherto unexplored field of science and literature.

What is fear? A frightful substance to the really guilty, but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientious, honest, and upright.

What is joy? The honey of existence, really beneficial and agreeable when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.

**ANECDOTE OF GEN. JACKSON.**—The Hon. and Rev. \_\_\_\_\_, who, as a Baptist preacher and Lieutenant Governor, had at one and the same time been in the service of the Lord and the State of Illinois, becoming dissatisfied with the honors or profits, or both, of the posts he held, determined to resign them, and devote his time and talents to the assistance of the administration in carrying on the general government of the country. According to the account of the country, he came to Washington, and laid his case before the President. He stated his pretensions and his wishes, narrated at some length all the events of his political life, dwelling especially upon his untiring devotion to the Democratic party, the sacrifices he had submitted to, the exertions he had made in its behalf, and its consequent indebtedness to him, but not a word for what he had done for the cause of religion. Gen. Jackson heard the clerical aspirant in silence, and after musing a moment, put the following questions to him: "Mr. K., are you not a minister of the gospel?" "I am, sir," was the reply. "Then sir," said the General, with his usual quiet dignity, "you hold already a much higher office than any in my gift—an office whose sacred duties, properly performed, require your whole attention; and really I think the best I can do for you will be to leave you at liberty to devote your whole time to them; for, from what you tell me, I fear that hitherto they have been somewhat neglected."

**HOGS ON THE WABASH.**—We learn from a gentleman from the Wabash Valley, and particularly in the neighborhood of Terre Haute, Ia., that hogs are more abundant than ever known in that region before, and the farmers are offering to contract for packing at 2 1/2 to 3 cents net. The corn crops are also reported as in a flourishing condition, and large crops anticipated.—Louisville Courier.

**THE NEWSPAPER.**—How lonesome the fire-side where there is no newspaper? Ask the man who has had a family paper to read, with the latest news, the good stories, the useful lessons, and the witty sayings of the newspaper—ask him its value. Let him be deprived of it for a few weeks, and then ask him to put an estimate upon it. Will he say that two or three dollars are too much? No; no; he will esteem it one of his greatest treasures, and will value it accordingly.

We were led to these reflections the other day, by an industrious worthy man, who called at our office to subscribe for a paper. Said he, "I was taking it but times were so hard, I paid up and quit; and I find I can't get along without it. I have no money to pay now, and I have called to see if I could get it on a credit till fall; for I must have it on some terms—I would not be without it for ten dollars."

Of course we placed his name on our list with great cheerfulness. Such men are the best subscribers in the world, except those who pay down. They will always pay at the time it falls due.

Every family ought to have a paper; it is a duty they owe to their children, if nothing else. Who wishes their children to grow in perfect ignorance, in order to save the price of a newspaper?

**OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.**—There is no greater fallacy than that which leads us to rely for aid on the sympathy of what are by courtesy called old friends—that is to say, near relatives, close neighbors, our father's associates, our own companions. There is no comparison between the cold callousness of such and the vigorous warmth of new formed and chosen connections. Old friends have been made for us—new ones are our own making. Our measure, so to express it, has never been taken for the first. No wonder they fit so ill, and hang so loosely. Yet, when a man starts in life, he is so proud of his "old friends," and what is worse, so sure of them! He reckoned his importance in proportion to the number of those roads, which are not yet broken only because he does not happen to have leaned on them—and the hypocrite world to whom he boasts of his imagined jewels, never has the candor to tell him they are paste. But he finds out the truth!

**GOOD BYE.**—The Editor of the Albany Register comments thus upon this simple word, so common and yet so full of solemn and tender meaning.

"How many emotions cluster around that word. How full of sadness, and to us how full of sorrow it sounds. It is within us a consecrated word. We heard it once within the year, as we hope never to hear it again. It was in the chamber of death at the still hour of night's noon. The curtains of the windows were all closed; the lights were shaded, and we stood in the dim and solemn twilight with others around the bed of the dying. The damps of death were on her pale young brow, and coldness wore on her lips, as we kissed her for the last time while living.—'Good-bye my daughter,' we whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faintly from her lips. We know not if she ever spoke more, but 'Good-bye' was the last we ever heard of her sweet voice. We hear that last sorrowful word often and often as we sit alone, busy with memories of the past. We hear it in the silence of the night, in the hours of nervous wakefulness, as we lay upon the bed thinking of the loved and lost to us. We hear it in our dreams, when her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in its loveliness and beauty.—We hear it when we sit beside her grave in the cemetery where she sleeps alone, with no kindred as yet by her side. She was the hope of our life, the prop upon which to lean when age should come upon us, and life should be running to its dregs.—The hope and the prop is gone, and we are not how soon we go down to sleep beside our darling, beneath the shadow of the trees in the city of the dead."

**ALWAYS HAPPY—ALWAYS CHEERFUL.**—"Why this constant, happy flow of spirit? 'No secret, doctor," replied the mechanic. I have one of the best of wives; and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile, and a kiss, and is sure to be ready; and she has many things during the day to please me, and I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkind to anybody." What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greetings, after toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful.

**A GOOD MAN'S WISH.**—I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid in my grave, some one in his manhood should stand over me and say—There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; so one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him. Or I would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, 'There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you my son, an employer, and you my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family.' I say, I would rather such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parisian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—Dr. Sharp.

**ADVERSITY.**—A late writer says, "Nobody hears adversity like a woman. Remove her from the parlor to the garret, and instead of taking arsenic, as a man would, she actually becomes more cheerful. Like a lark the merrier she approaches heaven the more she seems to sing."

**THE FROST IN ILLINOIS.**—The Aurora Guardian states that the frost in that vicinity last week did great damage, cutting off large crops of Buckwheat, potatoes, corn, &c.