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THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

They say, that, far in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
A fair lake, untroubled and sparkling is spread;
Where, lost in Lis course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green isle of lovers.
There verdure fades never; in island in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves perfume;
And low bends the branch with fruitage depressed,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of nature in mild glances hovers,
'Tis the land of the sunbeam, the green isle of lovers.
Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss;
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, 'mid forests that cover,
On high, with their shade, the green isle of lovers.
But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;
From beauty, there, rapt and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the green isle of lovers.
And he who has sought to set foot on his shore,
Is amazed perplexed, has beheld it no more;
It dwells on the vision, detailing the view;
Its haunts still retire as the hunters pursue:
O, who, in this vain world of woe, shall discover
The home undisturbed, the green isle of the lover!

THE YELLOW BOUQUET.

FROM THE SPANISH.

It is now two years since I became acquainted with the old lady who lives near us. She is a amiable, intelligent, and passionately fond of flowers. You would hardly imagine how much pleasure it affords me to arrange handsome bouquets for her, and to witness her delight when I present her with any rare flowers.
The other day, I met at her house an old gentleman, who about a year ago, took possession of an estate in the neighborhood, which had been left him by a relative, on condition of his relinquishing his own name and assuming that of the property; he is called the Senor Descondraies. He has become very intimate with my old friend, and they generally spend every afternoon in playing at back-gammon together.
On entering, I saluted them silently, that I might not interrupt the game, and after it was finished, I offered the Senora de Lorgere a bouquet of yellow roses, which I had brought for her. My roses were beautiful, though generally the yellow roses have not flourished this season, on account of the too abundant rains; mine, sheltered by the roof, are almost the only ones that have opened.
The Senora praised my flowers very highly; the Senor Descondraies said nothing, but seemed lost in thought. I looked at him, without being able to comprehend the mysterious influence of my roses; but, as the Senora just then spoke of something else, my attention was withdrawn from him.
After a pause, the Senor suddenly exclaimed—
"Would you believe that this bouquet, has recalled, as in a magic glass, the events of my youth! Within the last five minutes I have again become desperately enamored of a lady, who, if yet alive, must now be nearly sixty. I will tell you the story; it is a circumstance which has had great influence over the whole of my life, and the bare recollection of it, even now, when my blood has hardly warmth enough to enable me to live, and support the exertions of playing at back-gammon, moves me in an extraordinary manner. It is more than forty years ago, and I was then twenty; I had just left college, when young men in those days stayed rather longer than they do at the present time. My father had been long-considering what would be the most eligible occupation for me; one morning he entered the room and announced that he had obtained for me a Lieutenantcy in the — Regiment, then stationed in the city of Auvergne. I was to start in three days. I remained almost stupefied; in the first place I did not like the profession, though this objection, had it been the only one, might doubtless have been easily overcome; the sight of a fine uniform, a few ambitious words, and a little martial music, would soon have converted me into an Achilles or a Cesar.
"But I was in love!
"Nothing in the world would have induced me to say a word on this subject to my father; I well knew his only reply would be an order to leave that very day. But I had an uncle, and such an uncle! He was then about as old as I now am, but he was, notwithstanding, very young; not as regarded himself, for never have I known any one who renounced, with a better grace, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; but he loved young people; he understood and sympathized with them. He lived in the felicity of others, he was a confidant in all love affairs and he was interested alike in the hopes and fears of the parties.
"I then went directly to his house, and said to him—
"Uncle, I am very unfortunate."
"I will bet twenty louis to the contrary."
"Ah, uncle! pray do not jest; besides you would lose."
"If I do, I will certainly pay; will that satisfy you?"

"No. Money has nothing to do with my difficulties."

"Tell me them."
"My father has just told me that I am appointed Lieutenant in the — Regiment!"

"A great misfortune, really! The officers are all noble, and are one of the most brilliant uniforms."

"Uncle I do not wish to be a soldier!"

"How!—not wish to be a soldier! You are not a coward surely?"

"I cannot say; I know that no one else should ask me such a question."

"Well, then, my friend, why do you not wish to be a soldier?"

"Because I would rather marry, uncle."

"Poh! Nonsense!"

"No nonsense, uncle—I am in love!"

"The devil! And you call this a misfortune, you ingrate? But who is the object of this violent passion?"

"An angel!"

"Of course; they are always angels at your age; rather later you will prefer a woman. But pray let me know to what human name this angel of yours answers?"

"Her name is Noemi, sir."

"That is not what I asked. Noemi she is to you, and the name is a pretty one; but as I really wish to know who this said angel is, you will have to tell me her family name."

"It is the Senora Amelot, uncle."

"The Senora Amelot! She is better than an angel! A brunette, hah! finely formed and eyes like black velvet!"

"Ah, uncle! if you but knew her soul!"

"I know—I know! but is the attachment reciprocated, as they used to say?"

"I don't know, sir."

"How!—don't know, unworthy nephew? Do you go every day to her house, and not know whether she loves you?"

"Not even whether she knows how passionately I love her."

"Don't deceive yourself, my handsome nephew; you don't understand these things. She knew it at least a quarter of an hour before you were aware of it yourself."

"I only know, uncle, that I cannot live without her."

"Oh! oh! Senor nephew; I very much fear that she will never be yours. Your father is much richer than her's and will not, I am afraid, consent."

"In that case my resolution is taken."

"Come—come! you shall commit no folly.—Listen to me."

"Well, sir."

"Then, in the first place, you cannot marry at twenty."

"And why not, uncle?"

"Because I don't approve it, and this marriage cannot take place without my approbation."

"My dear uncle—"

"If the lady loves you, and will promise to wait three years—"

"Three years!"

"Not a word, or I shall say four. If she will wait three years, you shall join your regiment; but not at Clermont. I will effect an exchange for you into our nearer wars, when you can come every three or four months."

"But how shall I know whether she loves me?"

"A fine question, truly! Ask her."

"Oh, uncle, I dare not!"

"In that case, you had better prepare to obey your father."

"But, uncle, you do not know what sort of a woman she is. A hundred times have I been on the point of declaring my love. I have reproached myself for my cowardice—have tried in a thousand different ways to encourage myself—I have written letters, and considered beforehand what to say. She is so gentle and yet so dignified, that it appears to me she can never love any man."

"But, my boy, you must decide for that reason: your father has not told you all; he sends you to Clermont because the Colonel of the regiment is his friend, and has a daughter who is destined for you. She is rich and beautiful—but I will say no more, for I know that all this will have no weight with you, now that your affections are bestowed elsewhere. It is, to be sure, a great folly; yet I know I should reproach myself if I did not assist you. Old people call these illusions, but who knows whether their own ideas rather are not illusions? The telescope which diminishes objects, is no more correct than that which magnifies them. You must first ascertain whether she loves you. Her parents wish to marry her to a man richer than yourself. Moreover he has a title. You turn pale; and wish that your rival were but within reach of your arm: is it not so? Well, then, try to retain a little of this courage when you present yourself before the handsome Noemi. Tell her you love her. She knows it already: but the declaration has to be made.—Ask if the attachment is reciprocated—and tell her (she ought to love you, you handsome fellow!)—tell her to wait three years for you. Then I will break off the other marriage—get you exchanged into another regiment, and at the end of three years, in spite of your father and her's, you shall be married."

"Uncle, an idea strikes me."

"Let us have it."

"I will write to her."

"As you please."

"I left my uncle, and went home to write my letter. I did not find this so difficult, as I had already written about a hundred and fifty—but what embarrassed me was the sending it to her.—However, as there was no time for hesitation, I quickly decided. I procured a bouquet of yellow roses, and concealed the letter among them.
"After having declared my love, I besought her to reciprocate it. I begged her if my petition were granted, to wear one of the roses in her belt that night. Then, said I, I may dare to speak to you, and tell you what course to pursue, in order to secure my felicity: I dare not add your own."
"Ah! you put the letter in the bouquet then?" interrupted the Senora de Lorgere.
"Yes, Senora."
"And afterwards?"
"That night, Noemi had no rose in her belt.—I could have killed myself. My uncle insisted on carrying me to Clermont. He stayed there two months—mingled with the young officers, and succeeded in diverting my mind and proving to me that Noemi had never cared for me."
"But, uncle," said I, "she was—she seemed always so glad when I came, and chid me so sweetly when I delayed."
"Women like admiration even from persons whom they do not love."
"At length I succeeded in forgetting her. I married the Colonel's daughter, who died eight years after our marriage. I am now quite alone, for I lost my good uncle a long time ago. But, would you believe it, I still think of Noemi, and, what is yet more singular, I see her always as she then was sixteen years old—with her raven hair, and eyes like black velvet, as my uncle used to say.—Though she must by this time be a very old lady."
"And you never heard what became of her?"
"Never!"
"Your name was not then the Senor Descondraies?"
"No, that is the name of my uncle's estate.—My own is Edmund de Altheim."
"Is it really possible?"
"Certainly."
"Then I will tell you what became of Noemi now! She loved you!"
"But the yellow roses?"
"She never discovered your letter. She regretted your sudden departure—but afterwards married the Senor de Lorgere."
"The Senor de Lorgere?"
"Yes, the Senor de Lorgere, whose widow I now am."
"What, you! you Noemi Amelot?"
"As truly as you are, or were, Edmund de Altheim!"
"Who would have believed that we should ever meet again!"
"And only to play at backgammon!"
"But the bouquet?"
"The bouquet you shall see! I have always preserved it."

And the Senora, rising, took from her cabinet an ebony box, whence with trembling hands she drew a faded bouquet.
"Untie it—untie it!" cried the Senor Descondraies.
She did so, and discovered the letter which had been placed there forty-two years before.—Both were silent.
I rose to take my leave—the Senor rose also. The Senora de Lorgere took his hand, saying:
"You are right, my old friend: we have both too many wrinkles to allow ourselves to be agitated by these youthful recollections. Let us change this feeling into a sentiment which may perhaps render happy the remnant of our lives. Do not return for two or three days."

From that time, my two old friends have hardly been separated a moment. There exists in their hearts a feeling to which I have seen nothing similar. They talk over all the little unexplained details of their love. They have a thousand things to relate. They loved respectively: they would marry, but they dare not.

SUMMER.

How fast the rapid hours retire!
How soon the spring was done!
And now no cloud keeps off the fire
Of the bright, burning sun.

The slender flower-bud dreads to swell
In that unclouded blue,
And treasures in its fading bell
The spark of morning dew.

The stream bounds lightly from the spring
To cool and shadowy caves;
And the bird dips his weary wing
Beneath its sparkling waves.

AN INVETERATE WHIG PARSON.—The worthy and eccentric parson B. lately attended a school examination in Maine, and after asking many questions, expressing his gratification at the proficiency of the scholars, and wishing to "encourage the rising generation," exhorted them to persevere:—"My young friends persevere, and you cannot fail of success, some of you may yet make Washingtons, Franklins or Websters,—all of you can make Polks!"

Ploughing by the horses' tails was abolished by Act of Parliament in Ireland; "11 and 12 Car. II. c. 15," the "Barbarous customs of ploughing by the tails of horses, whereby the breed of horses is much impaired," is declared illegal, and punishable by fine and penalty.

THE THUNDER STORM.

I NEVER was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, where swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have set on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky clefts and scattering them piecemeal to the clouds—I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not of danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness—I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart sinks, quivers, gasps, and dies within me.
My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that after a lapse of almost a score of years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her large eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's and when she bounded over the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things were beautiful like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the smoke of some burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and the dew, and the whole atmosphere were of such a soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hands of a Peri from the far off gardens of paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the notes of a favourite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we remained looking breathlessly upon the clouds, marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes so convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl raised her finger towards the precipice that towered above us. I looked up, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of an universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds dying in the tree-tops, and the deep tones of the storm coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills. I arose, and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love—stretched out upon the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom, told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast, with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow, the look of terror had fallen from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there; the red tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my head were water. I have but a slim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless all the coming on of twilight, and that I was then

taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenance of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by upon the wings of light and shadow, but the scene I have portrayed still comes over me at times, with a terrible distinctness. The old oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and its hollow trunk, looking upward to the sky, as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone days came mournfully back to me—thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of spring rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered—and oh! there was joy in the memory—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlit waters are never broken by the storm breath of Omnipotence.

My reader will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fear has assumed the nature of an instinct, and seems indeed a part of my existence.

LOVE.

We sat and sigh'd
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
Not what we said; yet something we did all;
And yet we were well; and yet we were not well;
And what was our disease we could not tell;
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: And thus
In that first garden of our simplicity
We spent our childhood: But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then
Would she with grave looks, with sweet stern brow,
Check my presumption and forwardness!
Yet still would give me flow'rs; still would she show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.
Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.

The Temper and the Tongue.

HARSHNESS OF SPEECH.

"Give me the heart that fair would hide;
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride,
To prove humanity but base?"
No! let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can."

We sometime since ventured to offer a word of reproof in relation to the habit of speaking harshly, hastily, or without due reflection. The evil is so common, and is often attended with such evil consequences, that we will be excused, for referring to it again. It may be said to form one of the most serious annoyances of social life. And, when a family or a circle is troubled with an individual who is afflicted with the infirmity alluded to, who is in the habit, either from rashness, thoughtlessness or bitterness of disposition, of making unkind, unfeeling or violent remarks, the vice at times becomes almost insufferable. Hearts are wounded, the sensitive are excited and stung, old griefs are revived, frailties are subjected to an improper scrutiny, and thus pain is caused in various ways. Individuals have no right, even under the plea of frankness and candour to make use of harsh and irritating language—to allude to subjects of a delicate or unpleasant nature,—to revive the recollection of errors repented, or even to reproach in a bitter and vindictive spirit, the exhibition of existing frailties. Some persons too are in the habit of getting into an undue excitement, on public and private questions, and while in this state, of denouncing the objects of their passion with a degree of malevolence and rancor so strong, as to be quite painful to the listeners. A friend informs us that a case of this kind occurred in an omnibus. The vehicle was well crowded with ladies and gentlemen, when a somewhat exciting subject became the theme of conversation between two of the latter. They talked coolly enough for a little while, but soon the temper of one of the parties, was roused, his language became stronger, his manner, voice, and the expression of his countenance, changed with his words, and he poured forth a torrent of invective so bitter and burning, that the other passengers were not only astonished but sadly annoyed—and all turned upon each other looks of congratulation, when the hot tempered individual pulled the string that checked the vehicle, and took his departure. His manner was most unpleasant.—The same sentiments might have been expressed with far more emphasis and effect, in a calmer, milder, and yet in a sufficient decided spirit.—But the impression made was, that the excitable one possessed a very unhappy and tyrannical temper, and that the less the lovers of peace, quiet and courtesy had to do with him the better.

But there is another description of rashness of speech that deserves to be noticed and rebuked. A gentleman informs us that a year or two ago he attended quite a brilliant party in a neighboring city. In the course of the evening he was conversing with a friend, when a somewhat flippant acquaintance came up, and pointing to a lady on the opposite side of the room exclaimed in a half whisper, but sufficiently loud to be heard by the three—"Who is that frightful ugly female talking to Mrs. —?"
"That," replied the interrogated, at once pained, mortified and confused, "is the wife of my friend Mr. B.—and he immediately bowed to the gentleman, with whom he had been conversing. Fortunately, Mr. B. was a man of good sense and manageable temper, and was thus able to appreciate insolence and puppyism at their true value. The imprudent and impertinent youth stammered

ed out an apology but he was evidently so embarrassed and overwhelmed by his blunder, that he scarcely knew what he was saying. The incident afforded him a lesson, however, and for a time at least, the effect was salutary. The true doctrine in all matters of conversation, is beautifully expressed by a clever poet of the present day:

"Nay, speak no ill—but kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is fit beneath a noble mind;
Full oft a better deed is woe
By choosing thus the kinder plan!
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can."

This rule is plain and simple. If we cannot speak well and favorably of an acquaintance or friend, let us remain silent! If we cannot say something calculated to cheer, gladden and delight, let us at least not pursue a contrary course. Our duty is to afford as much pleasure, and to produce as much good as we can, in the world, and if our means with reference to these subjects be limited, we should at least endeavor to restrain the evil propensities of our nature, to curb and control the demons of scandal, jealousy, ill-will and all uncharitableness. We all have infirmities and failings enough. We all require the exercise of generosity and forbearance. Our imperfections, although invisible to ourselves, may be quite glaring to others. When, therefore, we indulge a spirit of generous and charitable forbearance in relation to the errors of the rest of the world, we in some degree at least entitle ourselves to a similar judgment with reference to our own. Nothing is ever lost by kindness and charity. No heart is pained—no sensibility is wounded, by wounds of courtesy, benevolence and good breeding—while a rash word, a violent expression, a hasty or an unhappy remark, may inflict a keen pang—may cause a wound that will fester and rankle for years.

"Then speak no ill—but lenient be,
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first to fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can."
Philadelphia Enquirer.

Old Bachelors.

We have often thought of writing a chapter upon old bachelors, setting forth their inhumanity, their uncharitableness, the countless miseries they bring upon themselves and pointing out the only true method by which they can redeem themselves from the charge of selfishness, and become useful members of society. We believe the majority of them merit our pity rather than our hatred. If they are, as we fear, more conceited, cross, crabbed, and crusty, than the rest of their species, it is because the very peculiarity of their condition makes them so; and if they cling with pitiable tenacity to their lonely lot, it is because they have not a realizing sense of its wretchedness, and have never dreamed of the joys of conjugal life. Let us, then, look on them with compassion—for, as an eloquent writer touchingly says:—"In the vast flower field of human affection, the old bachelor is the very scarecrow of happiness, who drives away the old birds of love that come to steal hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair." Where is there a more pitiable object in the world than a man who has no amiable woman interested in his welfare? How dismal does his desolate room appear when he goes home at night, wet and hungry, and finds a cold hearth or barren table, and a lonely pillow, and looks like the white urn of every earthly enjoyment! See the sick old bachelor in the afternoon of life, when his heart is sinking to sundown. Not a solitary star of memory gleams over the dusk of his opening grave—no tender wife to bend like a blessing over his dying bed—no fond daughter to draw his chill hand into the soft pressure of hers, and warm his icy blood with the vivifying fire of unfeeling affection—no manly boy to link his name with the golden chain of honorable posterity and bind his history in the vast volume of the world he is leaving forever. He has eaten and drunken and died, and earth is glad to be rid of him, for he has done little else but cramp his soul into the circumference of a sixpence, and no human one but his washer-woman will breathe a sigh at his funeral.—Factory Girl's Album.

How to Cook a Husband.

We have lately seen a recipe in an English paper, contributed by one "Mary," which points out the modus operandi of preparing and cooking a husband. Mary states that a good many husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up.—Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them, by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in the hottest beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up in sauce. Now it cannot be supposed, that husbands will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are, on the contrary, quite delicious when preserved. Mary points out her manner thus:—"Get a jar, called the jar of cheerfulness, (which by the bye, all hands have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, the heat must be regular and constant. Cover him over with quantities of affection, kind