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I could not think her spirit fled;  
I could not make my sweet love dead;  
Though oft they told me she was gone,  
And 't was but just I looked upon,  
I could not make her dead.

She lay as if in dreamy rest,  
Her hands meek folded on her breast;  
Her lips which knew no word of guile,  
Half parted with a beaming smile;  
I knew she was not dead.

But when I pressed her sweet lips 'gain,  
And felt no kiss pressed back again;  
And in her eye no tears could see  
When mine were flowing mournfully,  
I knew that she was dead.

My hand stole o'er her marble breast;  
No gentle throbs disturbed its rest;  
No thought for me lay there divine,  
As the rock leads not the red sunshine;  
I knew my love was dead!

I saw it all; the purest soul  
That ever earth held in control,  
Had hushed its sweet, melodious tone;  
I knew that it was left alone,  
I knew my love was dead.

Sleep came; and bathed in its smooth stream,  
Her spirit floated through my dream;  
The same sweet smile and form were there,  
The same pale rose wreathed in her hair;  
My dear love was not dead.

She whispered me of sunny lands  
Where time moved not by dropping sands;  
Of singing-birds and chanting streams;  
Of scenes more fair than pictured dreams,  
To which her spirit dear had fled.

Morn came—a tear was on my cheek;  
Of joy, or grief, I could not speak;  
The dead love by my side lay shiverin',  
The living love was blessed in heaven;  
In truth she was not dead.

SKETCH OF A SERMON,  
Delivered in the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati, on Sunday, November 21, by JAMES H. PARKER.

[The following is a very brief and imperfect sketch of Mr. Parker's sermon, reported entirely from memory. We could not suffer to "misqu岸" it, as it is to speak without endeavoring to extend its circulation.]—Cincinnati Herald.

Private character, no matter how vicious, is not properly a subject of public exposure and censure. The sanctity of private life, ought not to be invaded either by the pulpit or the press; otherwise, great evils must result—envy, malice, strife, ill will, and bloodshed. This is the general rule. But there are exceptions. One of these is where the individual repudiates all privacy himself—where he makes his vice public and prominent. This is the case, where he has brought himself under the notice of the judicial tribunals. So also, were his position as a public man, makes his crime prominent. Where he occupies public, official station, his private fault becomes a public wrong.

Such is the case, which has lately occurred in this State—I mean the case of Judge Read. No one who has a just appreciation of the true and proper relation of the sexes: no one, who estimates the real value of the marriage tie, can fail to be shocked at the outrages of which it is said this individual has been guilty. I know nothing of their truth personally, I rely merely on the newspaper reports. If they prove false, all my strictures of course will fall to the ground. But in view of their truth, every citizen of Ohio is disgraced—and not only disgraced, but insulted. Is it not a wonderful phenomenon, that in this age, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio—the highest official under our State Constitution—could be guilty of such crimes? But it is not my intention to denounce the act. This I trust all of you have done already in your own hearts. It is important to us all, to understand the causes, which have produced such a phenomenon— which have made it possible. The honor and interests of every citizen of the State and friend of morality, are interested in the inquiry.

1. The first way in which I account for it is, by instancing the baneful but too common practice of bestowing high offices of great trust, as a reward for active partisan services. In this way political offices as sacred as that of the pulpit, become prostituted. The only recommendation asked, is talents actively employed, so far as the interests of party. Such we have too much reason to fear, was the case in the present instance. There may be cases, it is true, where political opinions may be considered as proper tests of fitness for even the judicial station. But it is more important that he who aspires to it, should be known of character, upright, impartial and pure minded.

2. Another reason is the cowardice of the pulpit and the press, in dragging such offences to the tribunal of public opinion. In this instance, many of the presses have spoken in condemnation, but not as decidedly or so generally as they should have done. Many have been entirely silent while others have used all their influence to cloak and conceal it. The pulpit has been even more to blame than the press. Its ministers seem to regard all such events beyond their jurisdiction. But of what use is a Christian ministry, if it is to be muzzled? It had better be abolished at once, if it cannot rebuke such public and corrupting examples.

3. Another potent cause of this impurity to public licentiousness, is the criminal indifference, manifested in our private relations. Fathers frequently will introduce into their households, as companions of their daughters, men whom they know to be unprincipled libertines. Brothers will make friendly associates of those, whom they know would not hesitate to rob their sisters of their honor. Mothers and daughters, themselves, receive with favor, the visits of men, whose reputations are black with the breath of a world's scandal. When licentiousness is thus endorsed as fashionable in private, what else can be expected than that it should parade itself in public? And who have a right to condemn in a Judge, what they sanction and countenance for a friend and associate?

4. There is a fatally false belief entertained by some, with regard to the nature and consequences of this vice, which is calculated to beget a toleration for it. It is supposed by some, that its evils reach no farther than the body—that it commits no ravage upon the spiritual nature—that it can be shed with this mortal coil, and leave the soul unscathed and untarnished. Such I have reason to believe, is the faith of the individual in this instance.

5. Another item in the explanation of this phenomenon, is a species of modern literature, now become fashionable. It is the fruitful parent of licentiousness. It does not disgust you with its grossness. Its vulgarity is not so shocking as that of Fielding or Smollett, or many parts of Shakespeare. It distils its poison more insidiously. It is a great error to suppose vice disarmed, because deprived of its grossness. It in fact becomes more dangerous. It attracts minds that would revolt from vulgar vice. It covers licentiousness with a beautiful but deceptive haze of poetry and sentiment, and the victim breathes its poisoned atmosphere, unconscious of his danger. The healthy and vigorous instincts of virtue are weakened and perverted. The essential distinctions between vice and virtue are lost until the widest departures from right are unobserved.

6. There is a dangerous species of infidelity which naturally assists this result. It is the modern form of infidelity, and is the more dangerous that it attracts the homage of noble and generous natures. Its characteristic consists in teaching that vice and virtue are not essentially different nor opposed—that they are but degrees of the same thing—that vice is nothing but imperfection. Virtuous and charitable minds, out of the very goodness of their natures, furnish its fatal excuse for the depravities, which they know not how to account for, otherwise. They overlook the fact that sin, is enmity to God, and not imperfect virtue. It is something positive and substantial, and not merely comparative.

These are the causes which have produced the phenomenon, to which I have alluded. It becomes you to consider them. The remedy lies with you, as citizens of the State, as fathers, brothers, mothers and daughters.

## SNOW-SKATES IN NORWAY.

Similar in its uses to the snow-shoe is the snow-skate of the Norwegian, and is, indeed, a far more powerful and efficient machine. The skates, or snow-skates, consist of two thin, narrow pieces of fir, of unequal lengths, and turned up in front. The longer skate, which measures about seven feet, is placed on the left foot; the other, which is about two feet shorter, on the right. The width is about three inches, and the thickness at the part where the foot is placed, about an inch. Strong loops of willow, or of fir root, are fixed to the sides, through which are passed the leather thongs for attaching the skate to the foot. The skates are smeared with pitch, and on the under side is a hollow groove to prevent slipping. The under side is also covered with seal-skin or rough bear hide for the same purpose. During the wars between Sweden and Norway, two regiments were trained to the use of these skates, and were called Skielobere, or skate-runners. These two battalions consisted of about six hundred men, and were drilled during winter. Their rifles were slung, and each man carried a staff, flattened at the end, to prevent it from sinking in the snow, and to assist him in leaping over such obstacles as were stood in the way. They descended hills with wonderful rapidity; and, in drawing up, they left room between the files to turn in the skates, which they did by changing the right foot by an extraordinary motion which would seem to dislocate the ankle. "An army would be completely in the power of even a handful of these troops, which, stopped by no obstacle, and swift as the wind, might attack it on all points, while the depth of the snow, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of the means of defence, the Skielobere still hovering round them like swallows, skimming the icy surface, and dealing destruction upon their helpless adversaries." The skates are still in common use in Norway; the widely-dispersed inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex, making use of them in winter; traversing mountains, lakes, and arms of the sea, as well as level ground, and often saving several leagues of the distance they are obliged to travel at other seasons. On a common road a good skater will travel faster than a horse in a sledge. His progress up hill, however, is slow and fatiguing and on hard snow he would slip backwards but for the rough skin on the under surface of the skates. But he descends the steepest mountains with astonishing rapidity, avoiding precipices, and guiding his flight with his pole. It is said that considerable skill and practice are required to become a good snow-skater.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

## MODERN DICTIONARY.

**Distast Relations.**—People who imagine they have a right to rob you if you are rich, and insult you if you are poor.

**Belle.**—A beautiful, but useless insect, without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

**Heart.**—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

**Marriage.**—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

**Friend.**—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

**Doctor.**—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

**Lawyer.**—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

**Rural Felicity.**—Potatoes and turnips.

**Love.**—A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing for something difficult to obtain. It generally attacks persons of both sexes, between the ages of fifteen and thirty; and even sixty.

**The Consecrated Island.**—The island of Pootoo, near Chusan, in China, is remarkable for the number of its Hindoo temples, estimated at 108; thirty-six are very spacious, where the principal heathen deities are kept. There are only a few inhabitants; but the priests, sometimes to the number of 2,000, here celebrate their orgies. The island is but about twenty miles long, and has no females upon it.

## A QUAKER JUMPING A DITCH.

Hezekiah Broadbrim was a fat Quaker in the State of New Jersey, who sold molasses, codfish, Chins, earthenware, cloths, and all sorts of liquors. We like the Quakers, in deed as well as in name; but Hezekiah was a Hickory Quaker. He was somewhat of an old bachelor, and had a sister who was somewhat of an old maid. But she was the best creature alive; straight as a candle, blooming as a rose, and smiling as charity. Her name was Dorcas.

Hezekiah and Dorcas walked out one Sunday afternoon, in the blooming month of May, to breathe the fresh air, and view the meadows. The walking was smooth and delightful, with no manner of obstructions, except here and there a ditch full of water, spanned by a few bridges, and too wide for any man of ordinary jumping capacity to cross at a single bound. But Hezekiah valued himself, as fat people commonly do, on his agility; and instead of walking a few additional rods for the sake of a bridge, must needs leap every ditch he came to.

"Thee'd better not try that, Hezekiah," said his kind and considerate sister.

"Never thee mind, Dorcas," returned Hezekiah, "there's no danger; I've jumped many a bigger ditch when I wasn't half my present size."

"All that's very likely. But recollect thee's grown exceedingly pursey since thee was a young man."

"Pursy! Well if I have, that's no reason why I should not be as agile as before; I tell thee, Dorcas, I can jump this ditch without so much as touching a finger."

"Aye, but thee'll touch thy feet to the bottom."

"Thee's but a woman, Dorcas, and thy fears magnify this ditch even to a river. Now stand thee aside, that I may have a full sweep according to my abilities."

"Nay, brother, Hezekiah, thee'd better not.—The ditch is wide; and the bottom muddy; and thee'll assuredly spoil thy Sunday clothes, if no worse."

"A fudge for thy fears, girl; thee shall not stay me a jot. Nay do not hold me; for I'm resolved to jump this ditch, if it were merely to convince thee of my agility."

Accordingly Hezekiah went back a few yards in order that he might have a fair run, and that the impulse thereof might carry him over. Having retreated far enough, he came forward with a momentum proportioned to his weight and velocity—and found himself in the ditch. The water splashed around on all sides, and bespattered the Sunday clothes of Dorcas, who could not, with all her Quaker sobriety and kind feeling, help bursting into a loud laugh. There was Hezekiah, showing his agility, and floundering in the mud like a whale. The water was not so deep as to be dangerous—and the scene was too irresistibly comic for even a saint to abstain from laughing, though on the Lord's day.

At length when her risibility would allow her the power of speech, Dorcas kindly held out her hand and said,—"Come hither Hezekiah, and I'll help thee out."

"Well, well!" returned the floundered, in a tone of vexation; "thee does well, Dorcas to stand there and laugh at me—as though it were mere sport to stick in mud and water up to my middle."

"Nay, nay Hezekiah; thee has shown thy agility so marvelously, that I could not help being pleased for the life of me—and now I take shame to myself for having opposed thee so strenuously, or for having a single moment doubted thy capacity for jumping. But if thee's satisfied with thy exploit, and is ready to come forth, I'll lend thee a hand to help thee out."

"This saying, Dorcas drew near to the edge of the ditch, but Hezekiah, having got himself in by his unaided power, declared he would get himself out in the same way. But the mud was deep and adhesive, and as he got one foot out he got the other in—and thus he continued to labor and plunge until he was fully satisfied his own ability was better calculated to help him in than to help him out of the ditch. He grew wroth, and used hard words, and so far forgot the plain language, that he exclaimed, "By—"

"Don't thee swear brother Hezekiah," interrupted Dorcas.

"Swear!" roared Hezekiah, "thee'd swear too if thee were in here!"

"Swear not at all Hezekiah, but even lend me thy hand, and I'll use my ability to pull thee out, according to the Scripture, which sayeth, 'If thine ox or thine ass shall fall into a ditch on the Sabbath day—'"

"Now, sister, thee is too bad. Verily, thee would not make me so heavy as the former animal nor so stupid as the latter."

"As to thy weight," returned Dorcas, "thee must be pretty well satisfied by this time; as for thy stupidity, it was indeed unistfully to liken thee to the long-eared animal. But if thee is satisfied on these points, and will forthwith reach me thine hand, I'll do as much as my lieith to bring thee safe to land."

Hezekiah was pretty well convinced by this time that his own ability would fetch him out; and therefore, humbly reaching his hand to Dorcas, he said, "Verily, sister, I will accept thy aid, inasmuch as my own ability doth greatly deceive me."

Dorcas kindly lent him assistance, and by pulling vigorously, Hezekiah at length came to land. Shaking off the mud and water like a spaniel, he returned home, but charged his sister, by the way, never to mention how he came to his catastrophe. Dorcas promised, of course; and as she was a girl of truth and kind feelings, she was as good as her word. But once or twice when they were in company with sundry other Quakers, discussing soberly about matters and things, Dorcas looked archly at another girl, and merely said, "Did I ever tell thee, Rachel, how brother Hezekiah one Sunday—"

Hezekiah turned an embarrassed and imploring look towards her, and she said, "Nay, nay, Hezekiah, I'm not going to tell—merely to ask if I ever told thee showed thy agility one Sunday and jumped into the middle of the ditch."

**A Fowl Imposition.**—A gentleman speaking of poultry says: "Much attention has been paid to the rearing of poultry at the west, and the method now in use of hatching chickens I consider superior to the Egyptian one of hatching them in ovens. It simply is to fill a barrel with eggs, head it up, and set a hen upon the bung."

—*Charleston News.*

## MORAL DANGER OF BUSINESS.

I ask, if there is not good ground for the admonitions on this point, of every moral and holy teacher of every age? What means, if there is not, that eternal, disingenuity of trade, that is ever putting on fair appearances and false pretences—of "the buyer that says, it is naught, but when he is gone his way, then boasteth"—of the seller, who is always exhibiting the best samples, not fair but false samples of what he has to sell; of the seller, I say, who to use the language of another, "if he is tying up a bundle of quills, will place several in the centre of not half the value of the rest; and thus sends forth a hundred liars, with a fair outside, to proclaim as many falsehoods to the world?" These practices, alas! have fallen into the regular course of the business of many. All men expect them; and therefore, you may say, that nobody is deceived. But deception is intended; else, why are these things done? What if nobody is deceived? The seller himself is corrupted. He may stand acquitted of dishonesty in the moral code of worldly traffic; no man may charge him with dishonesty; and yet to himself he is a dishonest man. Did I say that nobody is deceived? Nay, but somebody is deceived. This man, the seller, is grossly, wofully deceived. He thinks to make a little profit by his contrivances; and he is selling, by penny-worths, the very integrity of his soul. Yes, the prettiest shop where these things are done, may be to the spiritual vision, a place of more than tragic interest. It is the stage on which the great action of life is performed.

There stands a man who in the sharp collisions of daily traffic, might have polished his mind to the bright and beautiful image of truth, who might have put on the noble brow of candor, and cherished the very soul of uprightness. I have known such a man. I have looked into his humble shop. I have seen the mean and soiled articles with which he was dealing. And yet the process of things going on there, was as beautiful as if it had been done in heaven! But now what is this man—the man who always turns up to you the better side of every thing he sells—the man of unceasing contrivances and expedients, his life long to make things appear better than they really are? But he he the greatest merchant or the poorest huxter, he is a mean, a knavish—and were I not awed by the thoughts of his immortality, I should say contemptible creature; whom nobody that knows him loves, whom nobody can reverence. Not one thing in the dusty repository of things, great or small, which he deals with is so vile as he. What is this thing, then, which is done, or may be done, in the house of traffic?—I tell you, though you may have thought not so of it—I tell you that there, even there, a soul may be lost—that that very structure, built for the gain of earth, may be the gate of hell! Say not that this fearful appellation should be applied to worse places than that. A man may as certainly corrupt the integrity and virtue of his soul in a warehouse or a shop, as a gambling house or brothel.—*Orville Dewey.*

**THE VENAL SANCTUARY.**  
BY REV. JAMES GILBESON LYONS, LL. D.  
"I will bring your sanctuaries unto desolation."—Lev. 26, 31

I trod the hallow'd ground that bore  
A Christian temple tall and proud,  
When at each wide and lofty door,  
Went streaming in a gorgeous crowd:  
A welcome day did all rejoice—  
A fair and ancient festival—  
And the glad organ's mighty voice  
Shook the strong roof and Gothic wall.

Full many a token mark'd the fold  
Where rich and high believers meet,  
The sacred volume clasp'd in gold,  
The costly rabe, and drowsy seat—  
Priest, people, altar, chancel, choir,  
Arch, column, window, porch, and gate—  
That ample fane, from vault to spire,  
Look'd solemn all and calmly great.

But mark! An old and weary man—  
A stranger clad in raiment vile,  
With fatigues steps and features wan,  
Went tottering up the fair broad aisle—  
They cast him out—Oh faithless race!  
On a rude bench—seen—remote—  
Found guilty, in that hour and place,  
Of a lean purse and threadbare coat!

Yes! and if He who sav'd the lost,  
Stood fainting on that haggard floor,  
Array'd in weeds of little cost,  
Mark as He sought our world before—  
In spite of words which none might blame,  
And words of goodness freely done,  
That sorrid spot of wrong and shame  
Would greet—*JEHOVAH'S ONLY SON!*

Oh for a prophet's tongue or pen  
To warn the great in wealth and birth;  
Who build their God a house, and then  
Plant there—the meanest pomps of earth;  
To brand that church which spurs the poor  
From every vein and vein of power,  
Where, "cloth'd in purple," he'd secure,  
To kneel or sleep—the lordly few!

Give me the sled, low bars, and plain,  
Where love and humble truth abide,  
Rather than earth's most noble fane  
Defil'd by selfish pomp and pride:  
Give me the damp and desert sod,  
Wall'd in by dark old forest trees,  
Roof'd over by the skies of God,  
But perish temples such as these!

**The Hindoo Girl.**—The following interesting fact was stated in a recent lecture by Mr. Pierpont:—

"At the present day, the uneducated Hindoo girl, by the use of her hands simple, produces in delicacy and fineness of texture, equal to the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloths. In England, cotton had been spun so fine that it would require a thread of four hundred and ninety miles in length to weigh a pound—but the Hindoo girl had, by her hands, constructed a thread which would require to be extended one thousand miles to weigh a pound; and the Deccale muslins of her manufacture, when spread on the ground and covered with dew, are no longer visible."

From the earliest dawnings of policy to this day, the invention of men has been sharpening and improving the mystery of murder, from the first rude essay of clubs and stones, to the present perfection of gunnery, cannoning, bombarding, and mining.—*Burke.*

"Jake," said an old farmer one day to one of his mowers, "do you know how many horns there are to a dilemma?" "No," replied Jake, "but I know how many there are to a quart of whiskey."

## Extracts from the Rev. Mr. Perkins' forth-coming compilation, entitled "Ready Wisdom."

WAR.

*Dulce bellum inexperto.*  
War is the last reasoning of kings.  
War is the duelling of nations.  
One murder makes a villain; millions makes a hero.

War is the destruction of the poor for the preservation of the rich.  
War is to butcher men by thousands and bury them like dogs.

War makes thieves, and peace hangs them.  
War is penance done by subjects for the folly of their superiors.  
An unjust peace is preferable to a just war.

SOCRATES.  
Peace is the happy natural state of man,  
War his corruption, his disgrace.

THOMPSON.  
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,  
And meteors fright the fix'd stars of heaven;  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance a leap.

SHAKESPEARE.  
GLORY.  
*Gloria virtutis umbra.*  
Glory surviveth good men, death taketh not their crowns away.

The blaze of glory is the fire brand of the mind.  
The path that leads to glory is never strewd with flowers.—FONTAINE.  
We rise in glory as we sink in pride.

YOUNG.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame?  
MILTON.  
Real glory  
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance.

MILTON.  
Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which ceaseth not to enlarge itself,  
Till by broad spreading, it disperseth into nought.

SHAKS.  
EXCEL.  
We are the friends of laudable ambition—  
The young man who does not strive to excel in his business or profession, is a mere drone, and will always be below mediocrity. A man who has real energy, but finds his talents have been misdirected, turns a corner at once and commences a new pursuit. Sir Walter Scott was a fine poet; but when the appearance of Byron on the stage in a measure eclipsed his glory, he at once abandoned the muses and turned his attention to romance. How he succeeded, ask the world.—Because a person happens to be brought up a book-keeper or a lawyer, a barber or a printer, it is no reason why he should stick to the business thro' life. He may have talents and talents that may be of more benefit to him in other pursuits. There are many lawyers that would do better at book-keeping, and show their talents to more advantage. On the other hand there are book-keepers who would do credit to a profession. But whatever the occupation of a young man may be, he should strive to excel—to be one of the first in his line of business, and not to be satisfied with a bare living. There are men—and we know them—who improve in their professions to the close of life. The last efforts of Chatham and Wirt, were said to be the finest efforts of their minds. They were fraught with vigorous ideas, and fresh and glowing language. Their earlier performances were thrown far in the shade when compared with these. Thus would we have you grow in knowledge, and make the last works of your hearts or your heads superior to any thing performed by you before. Excel—a motto almost divine. Stamp it on your forehead and your work-bench, and the wisdom and the glory that will gather about you, will be seen and felt years after the worms have feasted on your bodies.

METHOD.  
A lady was complimenting a clergyman on the fact that she could always recite more of the matter of his sermons than those of any other minister she was in the habit of hearing. She could not account for this; but she thought the fact was worthy of observation. The reverend gentleman remarked that he thought he could explain the cause. "I happen," he said, "to make a particular point of classifying my topics—it is a hobby of mine to do so; and therefore I never compose a sermon without first settling the relationship and order of my arguments and illustrations. Suppose madam that your servant was starting for town, and you were obliged hastily to instruct her about a few domestic purchases, not having time to write down the items; and suppose you said, 'Be sure to bring some tea, and also some soap, and coffee too, by the by; and some powder-blue; and don't forget a few light cakes, and a little starch and some sugar; and now I think of it, soda'—you would not be surprised if her memory failed with regard to one or two of the articles. But if your commission ran thus: 'Now, Mary, to-morrow we are going to have some friends to tea, therefore bring a supply of tea and coffee, and sugar and light cakes; and the next day, you know, is washing-day, so that we shall want soap and starch, and soda and powder-blue;' it is most likely she would retain your order as easily as you retain my sermon."

*Smith's Irish Diamonds.*  
**Luminous Ink that will Shine in the Dark.**—To half an ounce of essential oil of cinnamon, in a phial, add half a drachm of phosphorus. Cork the phial slightly and set or suspend it near the fire, where the heat may be nearly equal to boiling; continue the heat four or five hours, shake the phial frequently, cautiously let any of the oil should thereby escape, or come in contact with atmospheric air, in which case it would take fire. The cork should be set sufficiently tight to exclude atmospheric air, but not so tight as to prevent the escape of any vapor that might be produced by excess of heat. The phial may afterwards be removed from the fire, and suffered to cool. With this phosphorized oil any letters may be written on paper, and if carried into a dark room, will appear very bright, resembling fire. The phial should be kept corked close, except when used.

## THE WAR.—The following lines, by Coleridge, are not inappropriate to our country at the present time.

Boys and girls,  
And women, that would groan to see a child  
Pull off an insect's leg, read of war,  
The best amusement for a morning meal!  
The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayer  
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough  
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,  
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute  
And technical in victories and defeats,  
And all our dainty terms for fratricide:  
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues.  
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which  
We join no feeling and attach no form:  
As if the soldier died without a wound!  
As if the fibres of their Godlike frames  
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch  
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,  
Passed off to Heaven, translated, and not killed,  
As though he had no vein to pine for him,  
No God to judge him!

**The Chances of Battle.**—"At Waterloo," said Napoleon, "I ought to have been victorious.—The chances were a hundred to one in my favor. But Ney, the bravest of the brave, at the head of 42,000 Frenchmen, suffered himself to be delayed a whole day by some thousand of Nassau troops. Had it not been for this inexplicable inactivity, the English army would have been beaten, and annihilated without striking a blow. Grouchy, with 40,000 men, suffered Bulow and Blucher to escape from him; and finally a heavy shower of rain made the ground so soft that it was impossible to commence the attack at day-break. Had I been able to commence early, Wellington's army would have been trodden down in the defiles of the forest, before the Prussians could have had time to arrive. It were otherwise lost without resource. The defeat of Wellington's army would have been peace, the repose of Europe, the recognition of the interests of the masses, and of the democracy."  
*Montholon's Hist.*

**Spinning Wheels.**—A glorious spectacle is described by Bradford, in his "History of Massachusetts for 200 years"—one, of which it may safely be said, "we never shall look upon its like again." He states in 1753, on the anniversary of the society for promoting industry, three hundred females of Boston assembled on the common with their spinning wheels. They were neatly attired in cloth of their own manufacture, and a great crowd of spectators collected to witness the scene.

**The Washington Monument.**—One of the plans proposed for this monument, is a colossal statue of the hero-statesman, of pure white marble, two hundred feet high, in citizen costume, and in perfect proportion, standing on an elevated base 109 feet square. There is no doubt of the feasibility of carrying out this design, and we doubt not it would meet the approbation of the citizens generally.

**Hurrying the Movement.**—One John Davidson, in Illinois, ran away with the wife of a corn speculator. The speculator heard of the fugitives at Natchez, and fearing that Davidson would run short of money, sent him a fifty-dollar note in a letter, and told him that if he "didn't clear out down-east with the woman, he'd gouge out both of his eyes, and thrash him within an inch of his life."

It is said that a young man in New Haven, Conn., of great economy, was accustomed, before his marriage, to ride out with his betrothed, but with the express stipulation that in case he did not marry her, she should pay half the expense of the team.

In the street of Leicester one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who staggering against his reverence, said, "I have been spinning it out."—"Yes," said the dean, "I see you have, and you are now reeling it home."

An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's complaining.

A comfortable foot wheeled carriage with brown ornaments and iron wheels, has been recently discovered in a three story house dug out at Pompeii.

John Quincy Adams is said to be 80 years old—Henry Clay 70—Webster Cass, Van Buren and Johnson, 65—Gen. Scott nearly the same—Gen. Taylor 60—John Tyler 57—Dallas 65 and Polk 54.

A woman was recently arraigned at Detroit, Mich., for stealing \$200 from her husband: She confessed the act, but would not tell where the money was—that she wouldn't. So they let her go.

"O," exclaimed a poor poet, "O that a sovereign, like a piece of scandal, would grow bigger every time it circulated."

"I never judge from manners," says Lord Byron, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with."

"Ain't it wicked to rob his henroost, Jim?"  
"Dat's a great moral question, Gumbo—we hain't no time to argy it, hand down another pal!"

An Irish carman in his list of Journey expenses, entered in the item of "refreshment for horses," three pence worth of whip cord.

**Goats and Mkeys.**—Gough recently defined moustaches to be "the upper lip in mourning for the loss of the brains." Some wear moustaches to show that they are not boys; but by this they don't gain much, for they prove themselves, moustache keys.

**Loafing.**—We once knew an old lady; who though very intelligent; was so perfectly unacquainted with the wicked ways of the world, that meeting a young friend who had recently withdrawn from a mercantile firm, she asked him what he was following now—to which he replied, "I am loafing at present."—"Well God bless you, I hope you will succeed in that or any thing else that you may engage in."