

Human nature has it is true, its sickness and its infirmities; disease sooner or later must waste, and wither, and destroy; but of these we shall not speak, they are to be borne and ought therefore to be borne patiently; the rule is, "what can't be cured must be endured;" these form however, but a small part of the evils we complain of.

There are the troubles of business; and yet why is employment the source of unhappiness, or where the great inferiority of one kind of business to another. We have three things to do—to live—to employ our time, and to die when our business is ended. A small quantity of food will satisfy hunger, a few clothes keep us warm; the quality is of small consequence so far as personal comfort is concerned; if our pride is in the way of our contentment in these matters, why that is another thing; the world has nothing to do with it; and we have no business to curse our mother earth because she does not pamper our childish conceits. The best possible way to spend our time is to be busy; and yet how unhappy business often makes us. If we have a great deal we are perplexed—complain for want of leisure; and worry ourselves to death with notions that we are living a hard life; if but little perhaps we are not getting rich fast enough; and this trouble is quite as bad as the other. Now it is plain that we originate and perpetuate all this uneasiness, and we are not honest when we call these the troubles of "the world." They all come from a discontented, ill-natured, fault-finding disposition.

From the New York Mirror.  
REASON AND PASSION.  
Does man speak the sentiment of his heart in the cool reflecting hour of sober reason, or in the phrenised hour of burning passion? This is a question which at first appears to admit of no argument, since man will be ready to exclaim that when under the influence of rage, man is not himself, and consequently cannot then speak nought beside what is prompted by the power that rules him. I am ready to confess, that the hasty word will often call for moments of sincere repentance, from him who utters it; but it must be reasoning much less sophisticated, than any I have yet seen, which will convince me that his sorrow does not spring from regret, that he has spoken without deceit, instead of the belief or certainty that he has spoken incorrectly.

In the calm of the passions he reflects, he cloaks his words under the specious garb of dissimulation; while in anger he is thrown off his guard, and in an incantatory moment utters what has been rankling in his heart, while he refused to trust it to his tongue. He may commonly make professions of friendship, and self-interest may hold forth inducements to make him seem regardful of the welfare of others; but if, from some slight cause he becomes irritated, he has our every fault, "set in a note book, learned and coined," we should very justly suspect that his pleasant moments had been only feigned; that he was biding within, with all the fires which in excited temper and malignant disposition can produce, while his outside wore the smile of complacency, and that his left hand was supporting an olive branch of Peace over our heads, while his right pointed the sword of extermination at our unsuspecting hearts. While he bows submissive to the cool dictates of an unimpassioned hour, he speaks the careful language of the head; but when passion holds the reins, and he speaks from the impulse of an excited moment, sentiments flow directly from, and indicate the true situation of his heart.

It matters not whether he be under the direful impulse of a passion as malignant as ever burned in the bosom of a fury, or whether he be led from his studied language by a softer, purer, glow. The effect will be the same. The depravity of his nature is such, that only when excited by love sincere, or hatred vile, does truth escape from his lips, and such the baseness and depravity of mankind that the heart seldom if ever, puts off its cautious dress, unless in a watchless hour. If sincere friends are provoked, we hear their reproaches, kindly delivered with regret that the present controversy has arisen, and sorrow that their opinions have been wrong, and their confidence misplaced. If secret enemies open the eloquence of their hate, our ears are stung with the roar of long forgotten battles, and our memories refreshed by minute details of controversies that would have been consigned to oblivion's night, had not long-nursed hatred, cherished them in silence, and deep, malicious enmity brooded over them in solitude.

THE WORLD.—If we should collect together all the complimentary epithets and sentences, and essays, and books, which have been written and spread abroad respecting this goodly world we live in, we should doubtless wonder, supposing the picture to be a true one, how it happened, that so many millions of our race made themselves contented to live in it not only as long as they could, but also, for the most part, clinging to it; with all our troubles we have a great deal of ~~care~~—sheer all—tation—stuff—that improves nobody—does good to nobody.

What are our much talked of troubles?

PATRIOTISM, or the love of country, is so general, that no spot, even were it a desert, but is remembered with pleasure, provided it is our own. The Cretans called it by a name which indicated a mother's love for her children. The Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands & deserts, while angels only were employed in forming the rest of the globe. The Arabian tribe of Quadelin conceive that the sun, moon and stars, rise only for them. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguish their island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World;" and the Caribees esteem their country a Paradise, & themselves alone entitled to the name of man.

The Abbe de Lille relates of an Indian, who, amid the splendor of Paris, beholding a banana tree in the Jardin des Plantes, bathed it with his tears, and for a moment seemed to be transported to his own land. And when a European advised some American Indians to migrate to another district, "what?" said they, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, arise! and follow us to a foreign country?" The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix dollars, "spirit, loyalty, valor, and whatever is honorable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway." The Javanese have such an affection for the place of their nativity, that nothing can induce the agricultural tribes to quit the tombs of their fathers.—*Per. Am.*

INTEGRITY OF HEART.—"Destitute of this God-like principle, man makes poor progress through life. The community devoid of it is in a deplorable condition. It is for the want of it that society is encumbered with so many guards, which it is found necessary to set upon its members, in the form of bonds, and the like. Did this principle pervade the mass of men, written obligations, locks, bolts, and every thing of this nature, would be unknown. Then would men do as they would have others do to them.

"The world is suffering, groaning, bleeding, at this very moment, for want of more integrity among mankind; nor, until its moral renovation, can it be expected that the state of things will be changed. There is, however, one place to which we have a right to look for better things: we have a right to demand the fruits of integrity, at the hands of Christians; nor will any plea of imperfection screen the professor, barren of the same, from the censure which the lack thereof deserves. Talk of infirmities and failings as much as you please; these form no excuse for a destitution of integrity of heart. A person may have a sound heart, and yet have many weaknesses; but a rotten-hearted hypocrite no one can endure."

SELECT SENTENCES.—To be rigid upon transgressors, while defective ourselves, exhibits an inconsistency irreconcileable with truth, and disqualifies us for its service.

In order to add weight to our labors, let our conduct comport with the counsel we give, and though we fail of reforming, we shall not fail of the reward of peace.

The enemy of true religion is irreligion, which is continually opening by-ways and high cuts to bewilder the unwary traveller.

Nothing appears more absurd than to condemn upon hearsay—it indirectly expels a banquet for us, upon the supposed faults of others, and is a plain proof that we are not faultless.

The prince of darkness is known by many names; but his habitation is the hearts of the ungodly, and in and through these he roars like a lion, and many are devoured.

From the Art of Invigorating & Prolonging Life.

The circulation of the blood can only be properly carried on through the medium of exercise or labor.

Art cannot come up to nature in this most solitary of all her operations. That sprightly vigor, and alacrity of health, which we enjoy in an active course of life; that zest in appetite, and refreshment, after eating, which sated luxury seeks in vain from art, is owing wholly to new blood made every day from fresh food, prepared and distributed by the joint action of all the parts of the body.

There is no rule more essential to those who are advanced in life, than never to give way to a remission of exercise. By degrees the demand for exercise may shrink in extreme old age, to little more than a bare quietude; but that quietude must be paid, since life is held by the tenure.

Whoever examines the accounts handed down to us of the longest lives, will generally find, that to the very last they used some exercise, as walking a certain distance every day, &c. This is mentioned as something surprising in them, considering their great age; whereas, the truth is, that their living to such an age without

some such exercise, would have been wonder. Exercise keeps off obstruct which are the principal sources of disease and ultimately of death. Motion is the tenure of life; and old people who mor or indulge an inclination to sloth inactivity, (which is too apt to grow) them on the least encouragement, in unwisely as the poor traveller, who, wildered in trackless snow, and surprised by a chilling frost, instead of resisting temptation to sleep, suffers it to steal him, though he knows that, by its blandishments, he can never expect to wake again, but must immediately p-

"Not many are our joys when life is new. This is a dark and unnatural picture of human life, and is as just as it is incurable. It must have been sketched either with reflection, or with the gloomy feelings of misanthropy. When life is new, our sensations are many and extreme; our sensations are acute, our perceptions are keen, clear, and elevated. Whether we are on the transcendental loveliness of nature, or on the beautiful proportions of art—whether we become absorbed in the contemplation of moral or intellectual beauty, pausing on the majestic strains of elevated poetry, our youthful hearts experience a rich glow of transporting joy. The beauty of nature and of art is in accordance with the poetical feeling of the young heart. All that is grand in design, beautiful in execution, or elevated in sentiment, is a source of extreme delight to a youthful mind. Active joy is to the most a peculiar feeling. They are independent of natural causes. Joyful feelings create a heaven of enjoyments. They revel in all the delights of existence. The enchantments of feeling are theirs; the lights of friendship are theirs, and are all the flowers that "gleam along waste life." They luxuriate amid sweets, and experience a delight increased by the sage reflections that ting with all their bloom, and steal their fragrance.

To the last line of my text I make objection. Our joys, whether the numerous, or not, generally become with our increasing years. The situation which naturally arises is, caused by a proper course in our youth, the permanency of our enjoyments can. The means are obvious, if we reject the frivolous pursuits of the tide. Let us devote our youth to the acquisition of sound and useful information, and then, if hope beguiles, and friend deceives, we can fly to others that never fail for sake—books, and our own reflections.

MORALS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—A B

paper, in speaking of the morals of the people in that section of South America, says: "To enlighten the misfortune, those priests] who have an immediate and powerful influence over the people, are called to exert their adherence to the extirpation of religious worship, and little themselves to inculcate the doctrine of morality and probity, without the practice of which, religion is but an empty name. The poor workman, who, to gain necessary maintenance for his family, on a fast day, is threatened with punishment, while nothing is said to him who passes all the week in idleness, eating and drunkenness; to him who, those who hire him of his labor; to him who lives on ill-earned gains, on sordid and roguery."

MRS. PILKINGTON.—Mrs. Pilkington whose poetical talents were once the object of praise, had from her earliest infancy a strong disposition to letters; but her being weak, her mother would not permit her to look at a book, lest it should do her harm. As restraint only served to quench her natural thirst for knowledge, she availed herself of every opportunity that could gratify it; so that at five years of age she could read, and even recite the beauties of some of the best English. She continued in this manner to amuse her mind by stealth, till she had accomplished her twelfth year; when her father, a little playful boy, brought her a book of paper one day, and desired her to read something on it that would please her; which she wrote the following lines:

"Oh spotless paper, fair and white!  
On thee by force constrained to enter,  
Is it not hard I should destroy  
Thy purity to please a boy?  
Ungrateful I long to abuse  
The fairest servant of the Muse,  
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart  
The choicest secrets of my heart.  
Ah! what aonement can be had  
For spotless innocence betrayed!  
How fair, how lovely, didst thou show  
Like lined banks of gilling snow;  
But now, alas! become my prey,  
Not tears can wash thy stains away;  
Yet this small comfort I can give,  
That what's destroy'd still make the