

The following beautiful lines from the pen of Perceval, point, with too much truth, the situation of many a wife, doomed to experience the frequent breach of those vows which once gave her the assurance of being "loved, honored and cherished."

Oh! have I seen a wife at dead of night,
Watching the dying embers on the hearth,
And fancying every blast, that swept along
The poor deserted cottage on the moor,
A husband's footsteps; and again,
When it has died away, and left her heart
Sick with the disappointment, she has looked
Upon her sleeping babes, and prayed with tears,
They ne'er may know the agony she feels;
And when at last he comes, with haggard eye,
And gloomy brow, to greet her faithful arms,
Oh! I have marked her bosom's throbbing swell,
As with a prayer, that would have moved
Aught but a gamster's soul, she begged him off
To spare her bursting heart such misery.

EDUCATION.—By Bowring.

A child is born—Now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues.
When passion's gust and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering band of death will break it,
From its weak stem of life—and it shall lose
All power to charm, but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O, who shall say that it lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour?
For virtue leaves its sweets, wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

From the Trenton Emporium.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

In mingling in the busy multitude that throngs the theatre of life, and casting around us an observing eye, we may glean many lessons of wisdom. Evil examples abound, and these are to be studied and avoided. Good ones are also to be found, and these should command our imitation, as well as admiration. We journey thro' a country so full of devious roads and winding paths, that sometimes it is difficult to determine which is the straight forward way, and we are in danger of turning to the right hand or to the left very often—but the examples afforded by the history and condition of others, if properly studied, would generally prove finger posts, in doubtful cases, to point us in the right course. I have little doubt that the exercise of a moderate share of wisdom and prudence, in at least nine cases out of ten, will enable us to escape most of the ills of life. Indeed, so satisfied am I that men are generally the cause of their own misfortunes, that when I see a poor half-starved looking soul, wandering about with holes in his elbows, and his toes peeping out of his shoes, I say to myself: that man has been imprudent, and I ask the reader when he beholds such a spectacle to apply the test and see whether he differs much from me in the conclusion. I sat down however to tell a story.

In a neat village, in that wild and romantic country to which the reader has been led so often, the banks of the Susquehanna, not far from Aylesbury, lived a family by the name of Merton, in middling circumstances, respected and contented. Mary Merton was the eldest of six daughters, who, having been judiciously brought up to habits of industry & economy, were rather assistants than drawbacks upon their parents. They were all well behaved, good looking girls, and in the bright summer holidays, and long winter evenings, seldom failed to be plentifully supplied with those necessary, though often mischievous, troublesome, and worthless things called galleys. The Mertons had some wealthy relatives in Philadelphia, and one of them, a generous old bachelor, sent Mary one summer an elegant gold chain, with a diamond clasp, of exquisite workmanship and great value. I do not know precisely the amount in dollars, but it was some hundreds, and these were speedily magnified into thousands by the astonished natives, whose eyes had never beheld so rich a spectacle.

Mary Merton was accordingly the toast in all the country round—the golden chain evidently added wonderfully to her charms—she was courted by every body, and had her choice among the beaux. She married. The chain adorned her neck at the wedding; and the bridegroom looked most lovingly on her and on the bright folds of that gay ornament alternately, "and smiled and looked, and smiled and looked again." For a time she wore it in every party, and was the envy of her less fortunate companions, and although when the first wonder wore away they ridiculed it a little, and remarked that Mary's wedding and outfit was only ten times more costly to her father than it would have been had she never seen the chain, that it made fine clothes necessary to correspond with it, &c. yet it was easily seen that the young married couple bore themselves more modestly, and with more self-complacency than was usual, on its account, and the young bride even showed some symp-

loms of superior importance towards her husband, and these proved that she at least did not regard what others might say or think.

Time passed away; the young couple began the world genteely—but things did not prosper well. The mistress of such a golden chain could not descend to the entire level of usefulness and industry in family matters. The husband became infected with sundry notions of gentility, not altogether compatible with his circumstances. The chain became a sinking fund. It brought one expense after another, and yielded no profit—for it was a present, and could not be sold—and it turned out in the end a ruinous affair. One of the last recollections associated with Mary and her partner, is the sale of the golden chain by the constable, for a store debt, containing many an item of silk and satin and all the other trappings of extravagance. They left the country soon after, in poverty and mortification.

The story is short, and leaves the greater room for improvement. Whenever I see a poor person wrapped up in family pride, and holding his head, full of notions of quality, in lofty idleness, above the common class, I cannot help thinking of the golden chain, and the consequences that grew out of its possession.

When I see a young lady, remarkably handsome, or accomplished, and priding herself on the one or the other, I fear the lad who catches her will catch a golden chain into the bargain.

It is somewhat questionable, whether, under any circumstances, a life of idleness is an innocent life. He who is not engaged in some useful employment, cannot certainly fulfil the duty every one owes to society and his maker. No elevation, no wealth, no rank, can be disgraced by labor. So the great Cincinnatus thought. A mistake has in our day crept into very high company, viz: Industry is considered disgraceful; and idleness, honorable—the reverse is the motto of wisdom.

OLIVER OAKWOOD.

A GREEK FUNERAL.

A recent traveller gives the following account of a Greek funeral:—"A low bier standing near the centre of the church floor, bore the corpse, the remains of a female. On her head was a white turban, in which was gracefully entwined a large braid of hair. She was dressed in a long light brown silk mantle, with edges trimmed with sable. Her head was resting on a pillow of yellow silk, beautifully figured with gold, and a small coverlet of the same was spread over the lower part of the body, and hung down from the foot of the bier. She seemed like a person who had thrown herself on a couch, to rest from the fatigues of a journey. No coffin, no shroud, none of the wonted habiliments of the dead were seen. On each side of the bier stood large waxen candles, & around were standing hundreds of friends, each bearing a lighted taper in his hand. Half an hour or more, the priests alternately chanted and recited the funeral service, and at short intervals numbers recited a sacred song. The scriptures were open, and from the ancient Greek was read, "the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." An aged priest, with a long hoary beard, standing by the side of the dead, in their own native dialect, then addressed the people. He stood there, he said, to speak for her who could no longer speak for herself, and for her to forgive any who might ever in any way have injured her. If she had herself injured any, he hoped that they would freely forgive her. The assembly, with united voice, responded, "we forgive, and may she also be forgiven of her God," crossed themselves and bowed. The crowd then parted, and the relatives themselves drew near. The eye of the husband was now, for the last time, fixed on the object of his affections.—Thrice he crossed himself, then bowed & kissed the cheek now cold in death; and so feeling, so affectionate was this last farewell, that no one could pronounce it a ceremony merely. The deceased was then borne to the repository of the dead, and, when laid in the tomb, the priest poured oil on her head, repeating from one of the Psalms of David, *the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.*"

THE RUINS.

The following description and reflections among the ruins of Bijanagar, the last capital of the last Hindoo empire, and finally overthrown in 1563, are by the author of "Sketches in India."

"You cross the garden, where imprisoned beauty once strayed. You look at the elephant table and the remaining gateway, with a mind busied in conjuring up some associations of luxury and magnificence.—Sorrowfully I passed on. Every stone beneath my feet bore the mark of

the chisel, or of human skill and labour.—You tread continually on steps, pavement, pillar, capital, or cornice of rude relief, displaced, or fallen, and mingled in confusion. Here large masses of such materials have formed bush covered rocks.—there, pagodas are still standing entire. You may for miles trace the city wall, and can often discover, by the fallen pillars of the long piazza, where it has been adorned by streets of uncommon width. One, indeed, yet remains nearly perfect; at one end of it a few poor ryots, who contrive to cultivate some patches of rice, cotton, or sugar-cane, in detached spots near the river, have formed mud dwellings under the piazza.

"While with a mind thus occupied, you pass on through this wilderness, the desolating judgments on other renowned cities, so solemnly foretold, so dreadfully fulfilled rise naturally to your recollection. Now, as you tread, the wild peacock, with a startling whirr, rises in your path; now, you disturb the basking snake; and here as the rustling of a thicket attracts your eye are reminded that these ruins are the haunts of the hyena and panther; that the small and frequent patches of sugar-cane give shelter to the wild bear; and that wolves are common in the rocky hills above you. I climbed the loftiest rock at day-break, on the morrow of my first visit to the ruins, by rude and broken steps, winding between and over immense and detached masses of stone, and seated myself near a small pagoda, at the very summit. From hence I commanded the whole extent of what was once a city, described by Caesar Frederick as 24 miles in circumference. Not above eight or nine pagodas are standing, but there are churches innumerable. Fallen columns, arches, piazzas, and fragments of all shapes on every side for miles. Can there have been streets and roads in these choked up valleys? Has the war horse pranced, the palfrey amble there? Have jewelled turbans once glittered where these dew-drops now sparkle on the thick growing bamboo? Have the delicate small feet of female dancers practised their graceful steps where that rugged and thorn-covered ruin bars up the path? Have their soft voices, and the Indian guitar and the golden bells on their ankles, ever made music in so lone and silent a spot? They have; but other sights and other sounds have been seen and heard among these ruins.—There, near that beautiful banyan tree, whole families, at the will of a merciless prince, have been thrown to trampling elephants kept for a work so savage that they learnt it with reluctance, and must be taught by man. Where those cocoas wave, once stood a vast seraglio, filled at the expense of tears and crimes; there, within that retreat of voluptuousness, have poison, or the creese, obeyed, often anticipated, the sovereign's wish. By those green banks, near which the sacred waters of the Toombudra flow, many aged parents have been carried forth and exposed to perish by those whose infancy they fostered."

LEAP YEAR.—The following is extracted from an old volume, printed in 1600, entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony."

"Albeit, it is now become a parte of the Common Lawe in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every bisextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may doe either by words or looks, as unto them it seemeth proper:—and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefite of Clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in anywise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

From the "Remains" of N. A. Haven, of New Hampshire.

"I have always been partial to the grand and solemn scenery of a mountainous country. Like most other persons of dull perception, I have been more affected with the sublime than with the beautiful. The roaring of a torrent has given me more pleasure than the music of birds, and I have often stopped to view the gathering of a storm, till I have been overtaken by its fury. There is nothing, I am firmly convinced, so favourable to genius, or taste, or virtue, as the contemplation of nature, either in her grand or beautiful appearances. Above all, it is favourable to piety. There is no one, deserving the name of man, who can view the 'stars in their courses, without adoring their Creator.' It inspires a feeling equally removed from arrogance and fear.—When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and yet to be assured that he is mindful of him, conveys a happiness that the world cannot give.

"A few evenings ago, I took a solitary ramble out of town. The stars were more brilliant than usual, and they soon attracted my attention. I thought of the hour which awaits us all; when I should be as little interested in the business of the world, as the most distant star that glimmered in the heavens. I thought of the friends that I had gone before me, and of those, more dear whom I should leave behind; but I thought of God for the hope of meeting them in another world. I can never believe that the eye, which has once glowed with the ship, will ever lose its tenderness. The mind cannot embrace a more pleasing thought, than that our affections are permitted to watch our conduct, to direct our feelings, to guide us to Heaven. Perhaps when we have grasped a hand, laid in death, that hand will soon be extended over us, to protect us from dangers I love to indulge such thoughts.—They may be illusory; but they destroy none of the evils of life, without diminishing its pleasures. *****

"It is a dangerous habit,—because it leads to superstition,—to be continually inquiring, why a particular event happened at a particular time; or why it came at all. But believing, as we do in the overruling providence of God, we cannot doubt that every event, proceeding from Him, is designed by infinite goodness, and directed by infinite wisdom. I have no reason to think, that my life has been marked by any peculiar circumstances, especially in looking back upon it. I think I can perceive some good purpose intended or produced by every disappointment or trouble of which I have been the subject. My first serious impressions were received in sickness, and they have been preserved or deepened. It has been by repeated attacks of disease. I am certain if I had enjoyed a life of uninterrupted health, I should have been far less deserving of the esteem or affection of my friends. I wish to bring myself, and you, and all my friends to such a perfect confidence in the goodness of God, as to submit with patience, and even cheerfulness, to the discipline of life. I am sure, that we are never nearer happiness, than when we can speak of the afflictions of life, and from trust in God, can add, that "none of these things move me."

Fruit Trees.

THE Subscriber has, at his farm, near Richmond, Ind., a variety of Cultivated and Native FRUIT TREES, now ready for transplanting, which he will dispose of as follows: cultivated trees six and a fourth cents per tree, and native trees, one cent per tree. Produce of most kinds, such as, apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, &c. will be sold on payment. WILLIAM WELLS, Wayne county, Feb. 4, 1822.

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THE Subscriber will sell, on reasonable terms, his FARM, GRIST and SAW MILLS, near Noland's Park, 5 miles north-west of Richmond, Wayne county, Indiana. The Mills are on a good mill-stream, and in an excellent neighborhood. The Farm is an excellent one, containing 100 acres of which 120 acres are under fence, and have a superior young orchard, a commodious brick dwelling, and other buildings. The Mills & Farm will be sold together, or separately, at any price the Farm will be sold with the Mills. RICHARD W. CHEESMAN, January 22, 1823.

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