

The Weekly News.

A Paper for the People---Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Education, Literature, the Markets, &c., &c.

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WISHING.

BY JOHN B. FARR.

Of all the moments of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find,
So very cheap as wishing!

A choice diversion, too,
If by but rightly use it,
And not as we are apt to do,
Pervert it, and abuse it.

I wish--a common wish, indeed,
My purse was something better,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my wife's father!

That I might make expression real,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rule of steel,
As only gold can break it!

I wish that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion,
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion.

That Stern and Jealousy, and Hate,
And every low emotion,
Were banished fifty fathoms deep,
Beneath the great wide Ocean!

I wish that fit to be was always true,
And mottoes always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer!

I wish that peace were never forgot,
To heed their plans looking,
I wish that peace was not so rare,
So different from war!

I wish that modest worth might be
Appreciated with much and undimmed;
I wish that honest men were free
From "meaner and kinder."

I wish that men their eyes would shut;
That common sense were power;
I wish that every man were kind,
And his words always true.

I wish in fine that I were a saint,
And every evil dead,
My conscience, as a child, throughout the earth,
To be the greatest good!

That I might every man be blessed
With his superabundant blessing,
And hope to be in happiness,
And nothing but possessing!

HOMESUN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WISHING," &c.

It was a pleasant afternoon--I remember it all very well--when I came from school and found my aunt spinning. I think she was always spinning. I think I rarely saw her do anything but spin; except, perhaps, when she was busily whitening her high-crowned caps, spitting their between her palms, and hanging them daintily over the points of the curdled-bushes.

"Why do you spin so much, aunt?" I asked her. The question was almost irrelevant, although the subject had troubled me a good while.

"Why do I spin?" she repeated, turning her old look from the point of the spindle to my uncomprehending eyes.

"Yes and spin all the time too!"

"Well, spin then, what would you do for clothes if I didn't? who would buy broadcloth, when it's so dear, and so fine, and so glossy--while homespun's so much better every way? Where would work folks get their garments, if women did not stand at the wheel day after day, as I do?"

You'll know where those matters lay and lay. You don't know yet what homespun's for. No, you don't know anything about it.

And I most religiously believed that I didn't either.

So she went on with the busy buzz of her great wheel, spinned with its bounding cord, and I stood still looking at her. *Homespun!* It filled my little mind with nothing but itself. The world suddenly swelled; and clothed itself with a mysterious meaning and held up before my eyes visions I could in no wise grasp; and set in motion all the secret springs of childish wonder and astonishment. My thoughts went round and round in my mind, not much unlike the huge wheel my aunt was herself turning.

Next day we had an arrival. My uncle with his wife and two children, were set down carefully at our country gate. My uncle came with his family from town, and of course was exalted all the higher in our simple hearts in consequence. Aunt Caroline I did not particularly take to; I never knew why, and I never especially cared. The two cousins it was impossible for me to escape from, even had I been so minded. They were a boy and girl; and really, I then thought to myself, what they did not happen to know, could scarcely be worse knowing.

My cousin John wore a suit; oh! how my heart envied him the possession of that suit! Soft and smooth, and dark, and glossy; with triple rows of the brightest buttons, wherein I saw thirty or forty envious faces reflected, and every one my own; with a pretty rolling collar and deep cuffs over the wrists; and with trousers exactly to match, and cut precisely in the mode; and glossy boots, very *petite* fitting so snugly to the feet no walked upon with so much dignified self-assurance. Where is the wonder that I grew immediately unhappy? and that I surveyed my own apparel, plain and serviceable only as it was with growing disgust? My cousin wore the finest broadcloth; my wardrobe was nothing but *homespun*!

It would be impossible for me to describe the rapidity with which that very useful fabric fell in my youthful estimation. The best of it, offered in the largest consignments would not have brought with me a single brass farthing.

Dissatisfied as I was, it nevertheless afforded me the greatest delight to act as a sort of *evangelist* to my city cousins, passing their noses into the shreds, and bars, and mangos, and cribs; and to explain to them the secrets around the out-houses, and in the orchard, and over the meadows. I forgot, for time all about the homespun, I confess.

"What kind of a tree is this?" asked the wearer of broadcloth, pointing to one of the most beautiful rock-maples about our place. "An elm!"

"No, John," replied his sister Carrie; it's a horse chestnut. Know, I guess."

She was a couple of years the elder, and of course, thought she out to know.

"It's a maple," I responded to both, not without some smartness in my manner; and my nose must have made a sharp angle just then, I think, with the sky.

Immediately, homespun went up and broadcloth went down.

"Oh, well," said my cousin John, "it makes but little difference, you know!"

"What! whether a tree is one thing or another?"

"Precious little I think."

I am apt to be quick even now. I felt very confident that I was very quick then.

"Then there's but precious little difference," said I, with my whole face on fire--"but precious little difference between broadcloth and homespun; between quilt baggies and bone-between your clothes and mine!"

And that's the fact!"

It didn't happen to end in a quarrel; but for the matter of establishing distance between us it was all the same. We mutually withdrew our social and consoling forces from the field, and entrenched them in reserve and inaccessible positions.

"But you certainly must be lonely here in the country, all by yourself; you don't live half a life here. How can you content yourself?"

I heard my uncle John say this to my father; and I waited for the answer with eagerness.

"Look over that meadow," said my father. "See the blue hills sleeping in the lap of the haze yonder. Run your quick eye up and down those valleys, where brooks smoke in the early spring, and glisten like slim threads of silver through the summer. Let your gaze sink to rest for a moment in those dark green masses of woods, where flock the old crows, that have built their nests among them this whole long century?"

"I see--I see it all. What of it? What then?"

"Well, but go farther with me. See the whole. Look not so much as a single one of the many minute escape you. There is the meadow, itself teeming this moment with insect life. There are millions of blades of grass pushing steadily forward and upward; this hour. The cattle are thick on the hills. The woods swarm with creeping beings, their mingling voices creating in perpetual harmony. The brooks that glaze so beautifully in the sun, and make bright borders for pictures such as no canvas in your town can show, are full of animated life themselves. The very wavelets clap their hands, and shout merrily to each other on their way down to the river; and sing the sweetest and the saddest melodies."

They will wash away all the dust of your worldliness, and fill you full with nothing but their own purity."

"But this is nothing but preaching, brother," interrupted my uncle, good naturedly. "I didn't exactly expect it of you."

"Preaching, is it?" returned my father. "Well, so it is. Everything preaches. There is not a single item in the vast list that now spreads before your eyes, but preaches you a sermon far more eloquent than any one penned by human hand, or spoken by human tongue! The very *silence* of Nature is eloquent. Its trumpet-tongued voice tells me of loneliness. Loneliness in the very heart of God's creation! Loneliness in the spot where all my sympathies, all my sentiments, my thoughts, my hopes, my aspirations live!--in the only atmosphere that can vibrate musical sounds to my ears!--in the only sunlight whose radiating influences, can warm my heart! Can any man, who really knows what existence means--can any man I say, lack for friends, whose friends throng around him so thickly?"

Yes, but what have you here, by the side of what we can show you in the town?"

"Show me, surely--and that is all! What do you really know of it all yourself? How far into the ten thousand hearts that beat by the side of your own, each day, do you think you can look? You do not know six out of the whole ten thousand; and the constant pressure of that vast mass, never broken or withheld, closes the secret and subtle gases of your sympathies, and your own nature grows insensibly callous to outward influences. Perhaps you continue to observe; but you soon, too soon forget to feel. You walk your crowded streets, more a stranger than myself. Shut in on yourself, your heart grows torpid. You speak to me of loneliness. I am never one half so lonely as you are at times. I find blessed companionship that is priceless in its value. I am never lonely. I do not know what the feeling is. And as for not living the whole of my life, because it is passed in the quiet retirement of the country, I bless heaven for the consciousness that that life is really doubled. Remember, John, it is not to others that we must chiefly look for the sources of our enjoyment; we find them *within*. If we are happy at all, then, it is a kind of happiness that grows by what it feeds on. Come, come in! Tea must be ready, I think by this time!"

"Homespun," said my aunt, at table, catching the spirit of the dialogue, "has done great things in its day."

"And its day is not quite spent, either," added my father.

"Let us hope, at least," I replied to my aunt. "Why I wish you would tell me one quarter of the merits of foreign cloth, by the side of what I could tell you of good old homespun!"

She honestly spoke only of the fabric itself.

My father, however, was a trifle more dignified. "Yes," said he, "homespun is still doing a great work."

"And so much cheaper!" interrupted my aunt.

"But look back and see what it has done for our country's welfare? Who barred their bosoms to layabouts, and swore to live and die independent? Whose were the brave hands that clutched their muskets at Bunker Hill, sent rank after rank of a blinding soldiery into another world with a leaden load of madness and despair? Who built all the early churches of our country, whether in city or hamlet, and kept alive and glowing the flames of religious truth? Who laid deep the foundations of our enlightened common-school system, and labored zealously in season and out of season, to build the edifice till it was kissed by the sun of heaven? Where do our great men come from, even now? What clothes swaddle their infancy, and breach their immature youthfulness?"

"You certainly reason very well," said my uncle John.

"And it is no more reasoning either; it is only naked fact; every letter and every word truth!"

"I've always stood up for homespun," broke in my aunt; "and I always shall!"

Whereupon she rose from her chair, and indignantly did stand up for it.

"Now tell me, once more," said my father. "The love of country--what baggels it! what but the love of home? And where do you find that love deepest, and strongest, and most lasting? In what hearts nestle all those dear old associations that cluster around the home-caves and the home hearth; all those tender memories that send over the soul like sweet dreams in the still night watches; all those blessed fancies that color the life with their own rosy hues, in the homespun hearts? That is the word exactly, *hues*?"

"Pooh!" half laughed my uncle John.

"Yes, *homespun*!" emphasized my aunt still more decisively.

"Fudge!" whispered my uncle John's wife.

"I don't wear homespun," boastfully added my cousin John, looking down at his buttons. "I wear broadcloth!"

"Well, and how is it now? That teary party in the country has long been broken up. My uncle has failed, and failed badly; so that there was no recovery. He is dead of a broken heart. And my cousin John--alas! better for him by far if homespun had been his early suit! Broadcloth and gilt buttons--it really believe it--finally spoiled him."

I met him only the other day in the street. He drew down the brim of his slouched hat but over his eyes, and passed over to the other side!

"Good temper, is the philosophy of the heart, a gem in the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outer objects; a perpetual sunshine imparting warmth, light and life to all within the sphere of its influence."

"A celebrated toper intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself. 'Go sober,' replied his friend, 'and your most intimate friend will not know you.'"

Brains vs Heart.

"In a woman an ounce of heart is worth a pound of brains."

Of course it is. To what possible use could a woman put brains if she had them? They would be entirely superfluous. These new-fangled notions about "Female Education" will be the ruin of the whole country, if they are not put down immediately.

If the ridiculous, absurd, monstrous idea of educating women is not blown up, the whole sex will rush from their spheres in a tangent, carrying woe and destruction in their mad career. Then will be an end to all harmony. Even now, in fancy, we see a troop of "belles" ladies armed for fight, marching through the country, terrifying the "lords" till they sink and wither and die, only from shy dismay. Again we behold warlike females displaying with some poor, hen-pecked fellow the possession of a pair of "Ole-we never-mention-ems." In short, by the eye of faith we see the whole sex tyrannizing over and oppressing their present masters, till they vanish into mere shadows, looking each like the Genius of Pauline descended on earth, or a scare-crow escaped from a corn-field.

Such will be the wretched picture this happy world will present, when woman's right to *brains* shall be acknowledged. In her own sphere--the sphere to which the laws of Nature and God assigned her--there is no call for the exercise of *brains*.

Now, girls (let us address ourselves to you in particular--it seems more confidential) just throw away your books--burn them. You will never have any use for them--your studying is all wasted time. You are never to be lawyers, or doctors, or ministers or politicians, or editors, or professors of that kind. All the book you need is a receipt book, and you don't need that--you can learn domestic economy from your mothers.

You have no need of book learnin if you can superintend the kitchen, and in the language of Longfellow, "if thou lovest--make me, I say, *honest*--the greatest of thy sex exalt thee not." Girls, you ought to know by this time, that your chief aim should be to get a husband; and any other accomplishments that will not assist you in this are worse than useless. Don't you know that a good natural foot with a pretty face, is preferred to anything to literary vices. *Let your countenance do the very thing that your feet cannot do.* Your "flag-gest halt" don't want some one to tell politics, while she gets a wife; he wants some one to cook his food and dinner--to sew buttons on his shirt, and to smile on him. It is the beauty of *dependence*--the lady *charm* of *womanhood* he admires. If he wants to say anything sensible, he can seek associates of his own sex. He will keep a quantity of small talk--pretty nonsense--silly sayings, on hand to say to you--and you don't need brains to comprehend it.

It has been said that a few brains are essential in disposing of the heat worldly, that is all moonshine. Why, dear girls, the books are all so perfect that you could not *do* a fault; besides it is not your place to select. Take the first one that comes along, and be thankful; make an entire consecration--love blindly--devotionally--and if he should happen to prove a worthless specimen of humanity, abuse his faults, and the fewer brains you have, the better for your peace--"when ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

It is your place to submit on all occasions. Some one has said that it required a liberal exercise of traits to submit with a good grace many times--but don't believe it. The same individual has said that more strength of mind was needed to bear all the petty trials of a woman's lot cheerfully, than to accomplish great things in a wider sphere. *Behave!* it is not so. You just don't need brains at all--you have no time to exercise them. Your household duties and the neighborhood gossip will be enough to keep you busy, without devoting any time to reasoning or reflecting. Another fanatic has observed that women were the first teachers, and that brains were necessary to qualify them for that calling. It is all folly, girls. Don't you know there are schoolmasters, plenty of them hired by the month, to "rear the tender mind, and teach the young idea how to shoot." There are school-rooms, too, fitted up with long, broad, high benches, to accommodate sixty or more little ones. They can be sent to these schools as soon as they can hop, and besides being "out of the way" at home, they can be taught to sit up straight six hours a day. What if their limbs do ache, and their heads grow weary--what if they are nearly terrified to death by the "master's" great, savage-looking whip, and more savage looking self--and what if they were to write under that rod, when they move or smile? It is a model, orderly school, and they learn dignity of manners. What if the innocent, artless little child does learn to lie and swear? What if his pure mind is sullied with evil thoughts too deeply to efface? It is bad, to be sure--but then so bad for mother to be able to teach him at home. Another advocate of new-fashioned folly of educating women has remarked that women are the natural nurses and physicians of the sick. This is too ridiculous to need comment. What possible need can there be for women to under-

stand the human system, and the laws of health, when there are so many M.D.s in the community. If any of the family are sick, why just send for the doctor. He knows everything and can cure everything. Just administer the drug he leaves--colic, cholera, or arsenic--no matter what. Don't ask any questions--it is out of your line of business. Just do as the doctor tells you to and all will be right, *for the doctor knows*. Still another monstrous absurdity has been suggested--that women have souls as well as men, and should know something of their relations to the Creator, and a future state of existence. Now there is no need of this whatever. She should believe as the minister tells her, "asking no questions for conscience sake," or as her husband does. She should say, as did Milton's Eve to her husband, "God be thy law--*thou art mine*." It is a mistaken idea that each for herself must stand or fall and be judged by one common master. There is no need for her to investigate the grounds of her faith, and when sneering Atheists, or scoffing Infidels assail her belief, ask her why she adopts it, she can just tell them "*because*."

Lady Teasel Asleep.

In the autobiography of Mrs. Mowatt there are some very amusing passages. Among them is the following, describing an awkward situation in which she was placed, while performing the character of Lady Teasel.

"As my husband laughed, I was often weary to exhaustion even during the performance. On one occasion my fatigue was so nearly placed me in a predicament as awkward to me as it would have been amusing to the audience. We were fulfilling a long engagement at Niles'. I was playing Lady Teasel in the School for Scandal. When Lady Teasel, at the announcement of Sir Peter, is concealed behind the screen in Joseph Surface's library, she is compelled to remain a quarter of an hour, or perhaps twenty minutes, in this confinement. I was dreadfully fatigued, and glad of the opportunity to rest. There was no chair. At first I knelt for relief. Becoming tired of the position, I quietly laid down, and regardless of Lady Teasel's ostrich plumes, made a pillow of my arms, for my head. I listened to plaudits most humorous personation of Sir Peter for a while but gradually his voice grew more and more indistinct, melting into a soothing murmur, and then was heard no more. I fell into a profound slumber."

When Charles Surface is announced, Sir Peter is hurried by Joseph into the closet. Lady Teasel (according to Sheridan) peeps from behind the screen, and intimates to Joseph the propriety of looking Sir Peter in, and pressing her own escape. At the sound of Charles Surface's step she steals behind the screen again. The cue was given, but Lady Teasel made her appearance. She was slumbering in happy unconsciousness that theatres were ever instituted.

Mr. Jones, the prompter, supposing that I had forgotten my part ran to one of the wings from which he could obtain a view behind the screen. To his mingled diversion and consternation, he beheld Lady Teasel peacefully sleeping upon the floor. Of course he could not reach her. I have often heard him relate the funny manner in which he shouted, in an imploring stage whisper, "Mrs. Mowatt, wake up! For goodness sake wake up! Wake up! You'll be caught by the audience asleep! Wake up! Good gracious do wake up!"

I have some confused recollection of hearing the words "wake up! wake up!" As I opened my heavy eyes, they fell upon Mr. Jones, making the most violent gesticulations, waving about his prompt book, and almost dancing in the excitement of his alarm. The hand of Charles Surface was already on the screen--I sprang to my feet, hardly remembering where I was, and had barely time to smooth down my train when the screen fell. A moment sooner, and how would the slumbering Lady Teasel, suddenly awakened, have contrived to impress the audience with the sense of her deep contrition for her imprudence! how persuaded her husband that she had discovered her injustice to him during her pleasant nap!"

A WORD TO LITTLE BOYS.--Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well, who is honest, diligent, and obedient in all things. It is making an effort continually to respect his father, and obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys who respects age and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day; who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts toward others. Remember this, little boys and you will be respected by others, and will grow up and be useful men.--Friend of Youth.

Prepare yourself for the world as the athlete used to do for their exercises; oil your mind and your manners, to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility; strength alone will not do.

Wanted.

"A young man of industry, ability, and integrity," &c., &c.

This meets our eye daily in the column of "Wants," and it is true as the Pentateuch. Wanted? Of course they are--always wanted. The market can never be overstocked; they will always be called for, and never quoted "dull," or "no sale." Wanted for thinkers--wanted for workers in the mart, on the main, in the field, and the forest.

Tools are lying idle for want of a young man; a pen is waiting to be nibbed; a tree to be felled; a plow to be guided; a village to be founded; a school to be instructed.

They talk about staples and great staples. Honest, industrious, able *young men* are the great staple in this world of ours. Young man, you are wanted--but not for a doctor, nor a lawyer. There are enough of them for this generation, and one or two to spare. Don't study "a profession," unless it be the profession of bricklaying or farming, or some other of the *manly* professions. Don't measure tape if you can help it. It's honorable and honest and all that, but you can do better. Of all things don't rob the woman. It's their prerogative to handle silks and laces, tape and thread. Put on your hat, then, like a man, don an apron, and go out doing. Get a good glow on your cheek, the jewelry of toil upon your brow, and a set of well developed muscles. We would go if we could; but then we were young longer ago than we like to think, and you know, "when one's old he can't."

Besides, if you become a doctor, you'll have to wait--"because you have no experience," says an old practitioner; "because you are too young," says all the women. If you are a lawyer, and likely to rise, they will put a weight on your head, a *la Stein*, to keep you under, or, if you make a good argument some old opponent, as gray as a rat, will kick it all over, by some tumb or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will go, until you grow tired and soured, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps "an immortal" one, or anything but just what you are.

Be a farmer, and your troubles are over, or rather they don't begin. You own what you stand on, "from the center of the earth," as they used to say "up to the sky"; you are independent all day, and tired, not weary at night. The more neighbors you have, and the better farmers they are, the more and the better for you.

There is one more thing, young man.--You are wanted. A *young man* wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich. If you do, ten to one you are *gl* to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together, lest in the years to come somebody shall advertise "Young men wanted," and none to be had.--N. E. Tribune.

THE LAST HOME GOSPE!--Commander McClure can send us no news of Sir John Franklin's expedition. The opinion of the most distinguished and Polar warships now is that Sir John Franklin, after leaving the winter quarters where his traces were found, proceeded to carry out the Admiralty instructions, steering first westerly for Millville Island, and then shaping a course--as far as configuration permitted--southerly and westerly for Behring's Straits. It is supposed that, in endeavoring to carry his purpose into effect, the Erebus and Terror were hopelessly frozen up or destroyed years ago in some of the multitudinous channels which are known or supposed to exist there.

This we find to be the opinion of the principal Arctic navigators, and it comes before us recommended by its extreme probability. Certainly, Sir John Franklin was not an officer to leave unattempted any duty which he had been ordered to perform, and therefore it is probable that he would not have deviated from the letter of his instructions without excellent cause, had he so deviated, it is all but certain that he would have left behind him at Beechey Island, or elsewhere, some record of his changed intention.

If then, Commander McClure has been unable to find any trace of the lost expedition between Behring's Straits and the point from which he wrote his despatches, it would appear our best chance has been exhausted. The public have a right to expect that we have now seen the last of the Arctic expectations. Even Sir John Barrow had yet been alive, would now have entered the Admiralty to hold their hands.

[Lanc. Times.]

WHAT IS A LETTER?--This question is answered by the poet thus happily:--
What is a letter? Let affection tell:
A tongue that speaks for those who absent dwell.
A silent language uttered to the eye,
Which conscious distance would in vain deny;
A link to bind where circumstances part,
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart.
Formed to convey like an electric chain
The mystic fluid--the lightning of the brain--
And thrill at once through its remotest link,
The throbs of passion by a drop of ink.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly, when they are only officious. They counsel, not so much that you should become wise, as they should be agreeable as teachers of wisdom.

We are obstinate creatures, resisting friendly compulsion, submitting to hostile tyranny.

Language of Flowers.

We are indebted to one of our distant contemporaries for the following interpretation of the language of flowers. It will be found useful to those wishing to carry on a courtship by mysterious signs:

Dahlia--Forever thine.
Hyacinth--Affection returned.
Jonquil--First love.
Blue Violet--Faithfulness, or I must be sought to be found.

White Violet--Modest virtue.
Athena--I would not act contrary to reason.
Bachelor Button--Hope even in misery.
Jasmine--My heart is joyful.
Celandine--You are entitled to my love.
China Aster--You have no cause for discouragement.

Day-lily--Change but in death.
Heart's Ease--Forget me not.
Lacert--Sorrow endeth not when it seems to be found.

Magnolia--Perseverance, or you are one of nature's nobility.
Myrtle--Love withereth; love betrayeth.
Peach Blossom--Here is my choice.
Celandine--You have my friend-ship, ask no more.

Evening Primrose--Man's love is like the changing moon.
Roses--Thou hast stolen my affections.
Rosemary--Keep this for my sake, I'll remember thee.

Daffodil--Self-love is the besetting sin.
Oak--I honor you above all others.
White Rose--Art has spoiled you.
Tansy--I mean to insult you; I declare war against you.

Wall Flower--My affection is slow, time or misfortune.
Yarrow--Now thy heart is known, thy spell binds me not.
Holly--Come near me if you dare.
Butter Cup--Deeds are often thus concealed.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.--When asked to sing in company always hold back, and decline at first, saying that "you are out of practice" or "haven't your music with you," or something of the sort. You will then have the pleasure of being urged, and will find yourself of some consequence.

It will be well enough to remark that you "can't sing well enough to please any one," this will be sure to get you some very pleasant compliments. "Why Miss Snooks" that handsome Fitz-Noodle, who is so agreeable, and always turns the leaves, will say, "how can you say so; you who sing so divinely!" It requires a little skill to know just how far it will do to refuse. If you go too far, they may ask some one else; so you must be governed by circumstances, and yield just before they stop urging. Then, when you are seated at the piano and turning over the music, hum and cough a little, (but do it gracefully) and say you have a cold and are sure that you shall break down, in case any such calamity should happen, you could say, "There I told you so!" and besides they will think, "if she sings so well when she has a cold, what must she do when she hasn't any?"

Christianity like a child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of sages--before him, the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow, and the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and like the heart smitten disciple goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the sufferer, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint-hearted sinner, assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of the poor man and sits down with him and his children, it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through cities and all their pomp and splendor, their innumerable pride and unmitigated misery, a purifying, ennobling and remedying angel. It is like the beautiful champion of childhood, and the comforting associate of age--it ennobles the noble, gives wisdom to the foolish, and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet, and the eloquent man, all derive their sublime power from its influence.--MARY HOWERS.

RYAN'S SENSIBLE.--Bellow is a man of sense and discernment. He thus speaks of the moral influences of luxuries:--

"If you would give a man of rude manners some refinement, place him where every object he sees checks his boresomeness. If he spit upon the floor, put a carpet on it, and he will think twice before he does it. If he whittle his seat, make it of a seasoned and satin, and he will cease to do that all."

There is great wisdom in the above.--Men always rise with their condition. We have known a ruffian so "bluffed up" by a clean shirt, that he has passed among strangers for a gentleman.

All reasoning is retrospect; it consists in the application of facts and principles previously known. This will show the very great importance of that kind of knowledge called experience.

We are obstinate creatures, resisting friendly compulsion, submitting to hostile tyranny.