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Printing, in its various branches, executed with neatness and despatch, on very moderate terms.

Weekly Almanack.

September—1834.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
24 Wednesday	6 2	5 58	9 24	2 27
25 Thursday	6 4	5 56	10 8	3 16
26 Friday	6 5	5 55	11 2	4 18
27 Saturday	6 7	5 53	morn.	5 41
28 Sunday	6 8	5 52	0 5	7 11
29 Monday	6 10	5 50	1 16	8 26
30 Tuesday	6 12	5 48	2 33	9 24

Last Quarter 25th day, 10h. 27m. evening.

NEW-BRUNSWICK
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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Committee for September:

R. F. HAZEN, DANIEL ANSLEY, JOHN HAMMOND.

All Communications, by Mail, must be post paid.

The Garland.

MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

"He went up into a mountain apart to pray."

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A child 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons made their lordly nest
On high; the spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast, [press'd
Though *then* I prayed not; but deep thoughts have
Into my being since I breathed that air;
Nor could I now one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes without the springs of prayer
O'erflowing in my soul. No ministers rise
Like them in pure communion with the skies,
Vast, silent, open unto night and day!
—So must the o'erburdened Son of Man have felt,
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

From the Knickerbocker.

WORSHIP BY THE ROSE-TREE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Author of beauty, Spirit of power,
Thou who didst will that the Rose should be,
Here is the place and this is the hour
To seek thy presence and bow to thee.
Bright is the world with the sun's first rays;
Cool is the dew on the soft, green sod,
The Rose-tree blooms while the birds sing praise,
And Earth gives glory to Nature's God.

Under this beautiful work of thine,
The flowery boughs that are bending o'er
The glistening turf, to thy will divine,
I kneel, and its Maker and mine adore!
Thou art around us. Thy robe of light
Touches the gracefully waving tree,
Turning to jewels the tears of night,
And making the buds unfold to thee.

Thy name is marked in delicate lines,
On flower and leaf that deck the stem;
Thy care is seen and thy wisdom shines
In even the thorn that is guarding them.
Now while the rose that has burst her cup,
Opens her heart and freely throws
To me her odors, I offer up
Thanks to the Being that made the Rose.

HUSH, SWEET HUSH!

Adapted to the air of "the Southern Breeze."

BY THOMAS MOORE.

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,—
Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps;
I'll seek to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
Where summer's wave unmurmuring dies,
Nor lay can hear the fountain's gush;
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
The rose saith, chiding him, 'Hush, sweet Hush'

There, 'mid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy,* who born among
The flowers that on the Nile stream blush,
Sits ever thus,—his only song
To earth and heav'n still 'Hush, all hush!'

* The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.

Miscellanea.

From the New-England Galaxy.

HUMAN LIFE,

OR THE FIRST AND LAST MINUTE.

Minutes pass.—The anxious husband paces slowly across his study. He is a father, a man child is born unto him. *Minutes pass*—the child has been blessed by a parent, whom it cannot recognize, and pressed to that bosom, to which instinct alone guides for sustenance—the young wife too has faintly answered to a husband's questions, and felt his warm kiss on her forehead.

Hours pass.—The low moaning from the closely covered cradle, tell the first wants of its infant occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse speaks of suffering around her; while her glad countenance says that the very suffering which she is trying to alleviate, is a source of joy, and the nameless articles, which from time to time she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

Days pass.—Visiters are thronging the chamber, and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent sickness, is receiving their congratulations, and listening proudly to their praises of the little treasure, which lies asleep in its rocking-bed at her feet. The scene shifts, and the father is there with her alone, as the twilight deepens about them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

Weeks pass.—The eyes of the young mother are sparkling with health, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention, and the father is once more mingling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheriter of life; to watch over his dreamless slumber—to trace each other's looks in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity, of which he is the bearer to them.

Months pass.—The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strewed with play things, and there is a little more loitering among them, whose half lisped words, and hearty laughs, and sunny countenance tell you, that the entrance into life is over a pathway of flowers. The cradle is empty, but the last prayers of the parents are uttered over the small crib which stands by their own bedside, and their latest attention is given to the peaceful breathings of its occupant.

Years pass.—Childhood has strengthened into boyhood, and gamboled along into manhood. Old connexions are broken—parents are sleeping in their graves—new intimacies are formed—a new home is about him, new cares distract him. He is abroad, struggling amid the business of life, or resting from it with those whom he has chosen from his own generation. Time is beginning to wrinkle his forehead, and thought has robbed his looks of their gaiety, and study has dimmed his eyes. Those who had begun life, after he had grown up, are fast crowding him out of it, and there are many claimants upon his industry and love for protection and support.

Years pass.—His own children have become men, and are quitting him, as he also quitted the home of his fathers. His steps have lost their elasticity—his hand has become familiar with the cane, to which he is obliged to trust in his walks. He has left the bustle which fatigued him. He looks anxiously in each day's paper among the deaths—and then ponders over the name of an old friend, and tries to persuade himself, that he is younger, and stronger, and has a better hold upon life than any of his contemporaries.

Months pass.—He gradually diminishes the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad, where he finds so many new faces; and he grieves to meet his former companions, after a short absence, they seem to have grown so old and infirm. Quiet enjoyments only are relished,—a little conversation about old times—a sober game at whist—a religious treatise,—and his early bed, forms for him the sum total of his pleasures.

Weeks pass.—Infirmity keeps him in his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair and his bed. His swollen limbs are wrapped in flannels. His sight is failing—his ears refuse their duty, and his cup is but half filled, since otherwise, his shaking hand cannot carry it to his shrunk lips, without spilling its contents. His powers are weakened—his facilities are blunted—his strength is lost.

Days pass.—The old man does not leave his bed—his memory is failing—he talks but cannot be understood—he asks questions but they relate to the transactions of a former generation—he speaks of occurrences, but the recollection of no one around him can go back to their scenes—he seems to commune with comrades, but when he names them it is found that the waters of time and oblivion have long covered their tombs.

Hours pass.—The taper grows dimmer and dimmer—the machinery moves yet more and more slowly—the sands are fewer as they measure the allotted span. The motion of those about him are unheeded, or becomes a vexation. Each fresh inquiry after his health is a knell. The springs of life can no longer force on its wheels—the "silver cord" is fast untwisting—the pitcher is broken at the fountain—and time "is a burthen." His children are about him, but he heeds them not—his friends are near, but he does not recognise them. The circle is completed. The course is run—and utter weakness brings the damp, which ushers in the night of death.

Minutes pass.—His breathing grows softer and lower—his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening, but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out—and the blaze flashes not before it expires. His "three score years and ten" are numbered. Human life is "finished."

THE TWO BROTHERS.

Of the divided affections too often observable among brothers, a most remarkable instance happened a few years ago in the family of a gentleman of the north of Scotland. George and William Stirling were the only sons of the gentleman alluded to, and they had grown to manhood in the exercise of that mutual kindness which it is so delightful to observe in relations of that degree of consanguinity. I am not aware that there was any thing remarkable in their characters: they were, simply, two respectable young men, of good education; and while the elder was reared to the enjoyment of a competent fortune, the younger soon attained such a degree of distinction at the bar, as rendered his fate little less enviable. On the death of their mother, which took place when they were between twenty and thirty years of age, some dispute arose respecting a legacy, the destination of which had not been expressed in terms sufficiently clear, and which, after a brief suit at law, was determined in favour of the elder brother. At first, it was resolved by the two brothers that this plea should be amicably conducted, merely for the purpose of deciding an uncertain matter; but some circumstances unexpectedly occurred, which acting upon the inflammable nature of the elder, and not being met with a proper spirit by the younger brother, speedily produced a decided alienation between them. Each retired sullenly into the fortress of his own pride; nor were their father's entreaties and good offices, or their common recollection of twenty affectionate and happy years, of the least avail in bringing them once more together. They did not again meet for ten years; it was at their father's funeral. The old gentleman had died in presence of his eldest son only, reiterating with his latest breath those injunctions so often before employed in vain, that his two sons might be restored to brotherly friendship; an object, he said, which engrossed his thoughts so much in life, that he felt as if he could not rest at peace in his grave unless it were accomplished. The two brothers met, but without taking the least notice of each other, when respectively mounting their carriages, in order to follow the corpse of their parent to the family burying-place in Aberdeen. Their hearts were still filled with fierce indignant feelings towards each other, though it is not improbable that the elder had been somewhat touched almost imperceptibly to himself, by the dying entreaties of his father. The procession, consisting of a hearse and the carriages of the two brothers, set out on its long and dreary journey, which was rendered additionally melancholy by the gloom of a December day. It was originally designed that there should be no stoppage, except to exchange horses, till they reached their destination; but this arrangement was destined to be strangely disconcerted. A fall of snow, which had begun only that morning in the low country, was found, when they reached the hilly region, to have been of two days' continuance; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they reached a lonely inn, about half way towards the capital, beyond which it was declared by the postillions there was no possibility of proceeding that day. This humble place of entertainment was accustomed to lodge only such guests as carriers, and as it was partly occupied on the present occasion by various wayfarers, the host, with all anxiety to accommodate such distinguished guests as those who had just arrived, found that he could not by any means offer them more than two rooms. It was his expectation, that, while one of these was devoted, as decency required, to the reception of the corpse, the other would serve for the two mourners, and he accordingly proposed to make up an additional bed in the room which he had marked as that which should receive his living guests. What was his astonishment, and what was the astonishment of all the inmates of the house, when he was informed by a servant, that one of the gentlemen would sleep in one of these rooms, while the other had no objection to that in which he had placed the corpse! It was not, however, for him to make any resistance to such an arrangement, and he accordingly caused the rooms to be prepared as befitted the taste of his guests.

It must communicate a strange feeling to know that two brothers—men of cultivated understandings, and each respected in his sphere for public and private worth—actually carried this dreadful arrangement into effect, in order to avoid what they must have contemplated as a more painful thing—the spending of a single night in each other's company. It was the younger who proposed, as a solution of the dilemma in which they were placed, to take up his quarters in the same chamber with the corpse; unpardonable as the elder was for his share of the dissension, it is but justice to him to state, that he could not, after the dying request of his father, have encountered the sensations which might be expected to arise in so dreadful a situation. During the evening, as the storm prevented them from going out of doors, each kept his own room, and was severally served with the refreshments which he required. Night came, and each went to rest. Morning returned, and still the storm was unabated. It was therefore necessary to spend another day in the same extraordinary circumstances. Slowly, slowly waned the hours of the twilight day; and yet the snow continued to fall in its broad and lazy flakes, seeming, to the two brothers, as each surveyed it listlessly from his window, the very personification of monotony. As the rooms were close to each other, and only divided by a thin partition, thro' which there was a door of communication, each of the unhappy gentlemen could over-hear every thing that his neighbour did, almost to his very breathing. It at length became the amusement of each, unknown to his fellow, to watch the proceedings of the other—to note every footfall, to register every sigh. George, in particular, became interested in spite of himself, in the situation of his brother, which, in consideration of what he had heard from the lips of his dying father, bore to him an aspect more repulsive and painful than perhaps it did to the actual sufferer. At length, when, after a weary day, the time of rest again drew nigh, and the house became more than usually still, he heard a groan—a groan partly suppressed, but still bearing distinctly the impress of unutterable anguish proceed from his brother's room. He listened more intently, and in a few minutes he could make out that the living tenant of the death-chamber was prostrated beside the coffin—weeping—bitterly weeping—but still making every effort to bury the expression of his grief in his own bosom. It may easily be imagined that such sounds, coming upon a heart which had been insensibly undergoing a softening process during the whole day, must have had the best effect. Still the rancour of ten years was not to be got over by tears shed under such circumstances. He softly stole, however, to the door, and watched with the most intense anxiety every respiration and movement of his afflicted brother. After waiting a few minutes, he distinctly heard William breathe forth the words, "Oh, mother!" and that in a tone which referred so pointedly to the source of their unhappy quarrel, that he could no longer entertain a doubt as to the nature of his brother's present reflections. A thousand tender associations were awakened by that endeared word; he reverted to the early days when they had no contention but for her affections, no rivalry but for the kind bounty which she was always ready to bestow upon each alike. Human nature could hold out no longer, and he gently tapped at the door which had hitherto kept them apart. "William," he said, "may I come in?" The voice of affection could not be mistaken. William opened the door in an instant, and, as if he had guessed intuitively the disposition of his brother, rushed into his arms.

The next day saw the two brothers amicably proceeding in one vehicle, to the family burying-place, where, in the grave of their father, they inhumed every bitter feeling they had ever entertained against each other; and at present, taught by the sufferings which they endured in their period of alienation, there is no pair of friends who take such pains to cherish each other's affections, or to avoid all means of converting them into gall.

THE SAILOR.

(From the Memoirs of M. de Chateaubriand.)

"It is difficult for those who have never been at sea to form an idea of the sentiments experienced when from the deck of a vessel one sees on all sides nothing but the serious and menacing face of the abyss.—There is in the perilous life of a sailor an independence which springs from his absence from the land. The passions of men are left upon the shore. Between the world quitted and the world sought for, there is neither love nor country but on the element which bears us. No more duties to fulfil, no more visits to make, no more journals, no more politics.—Even the language of the sailor is not the ordinary language. It is a language such as the ocean and the heavens, the calm and the tempest, speak. One inhabits a universe on the waters, among creatures whose clothing, whose tastes, whose manners and aspects, resemble not the people of the earth; they have the roughness of the sea-wolf, and the lightness of the bird. Their fronts are marked by none of the cares of society. The wrinkles which traverse them resemble the foldings of a diminutive sail, and they are less chiselled by age than by the winds and the waves. The skin of these creatures, impregnated by salt, is red and rigid, like the surface of the rock beaten by the billows.

"Sailors have a passion for their vessel. They weep with regret on quitting it, and with tenderness on returning to it. They cannot remain with their families. After having sworn a hundred times to expose themselves no more to the sea, they find it impossible to live away from it, like a young lover who cannot tear himself from the arms of a faithless and stormy mistress. In the docks of London and Plymouth it is not rare to find sailors born on board ship; from their infancy to their old age they have never been on shore, and have never seen the land but from the deck of their floating cradle; spectators of the world they have never entered. Within this life, narrowed to so small a space under the clouds and over the abyss, every thing is animated for the mariner: an anchor, a sail, a mast, a cannon, are the creatures of his affection, and each have their history. 'That sail was shivered on the coast of Labrador; the master sailsman mended it with the piece you see—That anchor saved the vessel, when all the other anchors were lost in the midst of the coral rocks of the Sandwich Isles—That mast was broken in a hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope; it was but one single piece, but it is much stronger now that it is composed of two pieces—The cannon which you see is the only one which was not dismounted at the battle of the Chesapeake.'—Then the most interesting news aboard: 'The log has just been thrown—the vessel is going at ten knots an hour—the sky is clear at noon—an observation has been taken—they are at such a latitude—so many leagues have been made in the right direction—the needle declines, it is at such a degree—the sand of the sand-glass passes badly, it threatens rain—flyingfish have been seen towards the south, the weather will become calm;—the water has changed its color—pieces of wood have been seen floating by—sea gulls and wild ducks have been seen—a little bird has perched upon the yards—it is necessary to stand out to sea, for they are nearing the land, and it is dangerous to approach it during the night. * * *

"The aged sailor resembles the aged laborer. Their harvests are different it is true; the sailor has led a wandering life, the laborer has never quitted his field, but they both consult the stars, and predict the future in ploughing their furrows; to the one the lark, the redbreast, and nightingale—to the other, the albatross, the curlew, and the kingfisher, are prophets. They retire in the evening, the one into his cabin, the other into his cottage: frail tenements, but where the hurricane which shakes them, does not agitate their tranquil consciences.

"The sailor knows not where death will surprise him, or on what coast he will leave his life. Perhaps he will mingle his last sigh with the wind, attached to a raft to continue his voyage; perhaps he will sleep interred on a desert island, which one may never light upon again, as he slept alone in his hammock in the middle of the ocean. The vessel is itself a spectacle. Sensible to the slightest movement of the helm, an hippogruff or a winged courser, it obeys the hand of the pilot, as a horse the hand of its rider. The elegance of the masts and cordages, the agility of the sailors who cluster about the yards, the different aspects in which the ship presents itself, whether it advances leaning upon the water by a contrary wind, or flies straight forward before a favorable breeze, make this scientific machine one of the wonders of the genius of man. Sometimes the waves break against its sides, and dash up their spray; sometimes the tranquil water divides without resistance before its prow. The flags, the lights, the sails complete the beauty of this palace of Neptune. The main-sails, unfurled in all their breadth, belly out like vast cylinders; the top-sails, reefed in the midst, resemble the breasts of a mermaid. Animated by the impetuous wind, the vessel with its keel, as with the share of the plough, furrows with a mighty noise the fields of the ocean.

"On these vast paths of the deep, along which are seen neither trees, nor villages, nor cities, nor towers, nor spires, nor tombs—on this causeway without columns, without milestones, which has no boundaries but the waves, no relays but the winds, no lights but the stars—the most delightful of adventures, when one is not in quest of lands and seas unknown, is the meeting of two vessels. The mutual discovery takes place along the horizon by the help of a telescope; then they make sail towards each other. The crews and the passengers hurry upon the deck. The two ships approach, hoist their flags, brail half up their sails, and lay themselves along side of each other. All is silence: the two captains' from the poop, hail each other with speaking trumpets—'The name of the vessel—from what port—the name of the captain—where he comes from—where he is bound for—how many days his passage has lasted, and what are his observations, on the longitude and latitude.' These are the questions—'a good voyage.' The sails are unbrailed, and belly in the wind.—The sailors and passengers of the two vessels follow each other with their eyes, without saying a word; these going to seek the sun of Asia, those the sun of Europe, which will equally see them die. Time carries away and separates travellers upon the earth more promptly still than the wind separates those upon the ocean. They also make signs of adieu from afar—good voyage—the common port is Eternity."

Modern Athens, alias Auld Reekie.—Mr. Wilkie, the artist, at a civic dinner, in Edinburgh, on proposing as a toast "Modern Athens," is said to have given the following description of that city:—

"As a traveller, who had seen all the admired cities of Europe, he could say that he found all their beauties united in Edinburgh. Here (continued Mr. Wilkie) are alike the beauties of Prague and Saltzburg—here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli—and here is all the magnificence of the admired Bays of Genoa and Naples;—here, indeed, to poetic fancy may be found realised the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis. (Cheers.) Still to him, and to those who count this the home of their youth, it is the ancient rather than the modern beauties of this metropolis that excite their warmest sympathies.—(Cheers.) The Auld Town, is what is most treasured and longest remembered by the true Scotsman, and the interest attached to which every true friend to Edinburgh must hope not to see diminished. The recent improvements unite only the improvements of other cities,—the grandeur of the old town is unique; as seen from Prince's-street, the range from the lofty citadel to the ancient palace of the Stuarts is the wonder of habitable cities. The massive lands and lofty gables, surmounted by the lengthened and undulating vertebræ of chimney tops, here telling harsh against the sky, and there lost in their rocky eminences, form, with the crown-like tiara of St. Giles's, a spectacle worthy alike of the poet, the architect, and the painter."

Mems for a Novelist.—Ups and downs are the orders of the day; irregularity is the only thing regular, and it is upon uncertainty alone we can calculate with any degree of certainty. Quondam counts, peers, and the like, are now to be seen as though it were nothing to have once been a gentleman; and we notice with the greatest indifference, men wheeling coal trucks, who once were wheeled in landaus and four. On the 25th of last month, Joseph Gurnet Hayne, Esquire, was liberated from the Bench—and though his petition was filed in January, being unable to meet his Attorney's bill, he was detained in durance vile until May.

Who does not remember Hayne and his glories in 1824–5? Hayne, the gallant, the wild, the wealthy, the prodigal—who rode more horses than Duerow, gave better dinners than Sefton, made more love letters than D'Orsay, and, in short, did every thing better than every body else. Hayne, the occupant of a prison, because he could not discharge the miserable demands of a miserable attorney! Hayne, who presented Miss Foote with five thousand pounds' worth of jewelry and shawls—who was cast in damages to the amount of three thousand, at the suit of the aforesaid lady, and paid one thousand for law expenses incidental to the aforesaid suit. Hayne, reduced to the beggarly allowance of a banker's clerk! *O tempora! quaterque!* Oh, three times and four times calamitous conglomeration of catastrophes! In 1823, he attained his majority, and obtained one hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds. One hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds! Enough to buy up all the principos, milords, and magnificos, from the summit of the Albruzzi to the bottom of the Tiber, and one half the whiskered Yahoos of Magdeburg or Donkeyburg, or any other burg from the Elbe to the Vistula, into the bargain. Ah me! how changed from that Hayne who returned from race courses and ball rooms, clad in pea green, betting thousands that the name of Foote should no longer be a *standing* joke, as he would walk forthwith to the hymeneal altar, and thence take the fatal leap. Never were such material for the exuberant imaginations of our fashionable novelists to run riot in. And the fair recipient of his elegant trinkets, too, turned into a countess, with the harmonious trissyllable of Harrington, at the end of Maria! Hayne in a debtor's prison, and his lady love in a peer's arms! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Lord B—— wore his whiskers extremely large. Curran meeting him one day, said, "Pray my good Lord, when do you intend to reduce your whiskers to the peace establishment?" "When you, Mr. Curran, put your tongue upon the civil list."

Mercantile Life.—The life of a merchant is necessarily a life of peril. He can scarcely move without danger. He is beset on all sides with disappointments, with fluctuations in the current of business, which sometimes leave him stranded on the unknown bar, and sometimes sweeps him helpless into the ocean. —These vicissitudes depend on causes which no man can control; and are often so sudden, that no calculation could anticipate or skill avoid them. To risk much, to be exposed to hazard, belongs to the vocation of a merchant; his usefulness and success depend, in many cases, on his enterprise. He must have courage to explore new regions of commerce, and encounter the difficulty of untried experiments. To be unfortunate in such pursuits is no more disgraceful to the upright trader, than to fall in the field of battle is dishonorable to the soldier, or defeat to the general who has done all that valor and skill could devise to obtain the victory. Very different is the case of one, with but little of his own to jeopard, commences business on a system of commercial gambling, and makes his desperate throws at the risk of others, who embark in rash and senseless adventures, condemned by common sense, as by honesty, and when they end in a total wreck, looks his abused creditors in the face, and offers them a list of bad debts, and an inventory of worthless goods, provided they will release and discharge him from their claims.

Anomalous.—The *Germantown Telegraph* has lost a good subscriber by not sending in his bills so often as he desired. On reading this singular case we feel strongly tempted to relate the conversation of two Africans, on the much disputed subject whether a man ever dies before his time comes. Cuffee said no—Pompey said yes. "Now," argued the latter, "pose a man eat a hearty supper of pork and peas, and he wake up in de morning and fine himself 'tone dead—what you say to dat, Cuff? Don't you think he die before his time come? ha!" "Why yes, Pomp," replied Cuff, unable to resist the force of this argument, "I grant you in dis 'tieular case; but by gosh; it won't happen one time in ten thousand." With this sage reply of Cuffee, we would console our brother of the Telegraph. He will not lose one subscriber in ten thousand, by being too remiss in asking for his pay.

A Thought worthy of herself.—"When two hearts, united by long, tried and valued friendship, are divorced by death, *'tis the survivor dies.*"—*Mrs. Hemans.*

COLUMN FOR THE LADIES.

Propriety is to woman, what action is to the orator; it is the first, the second, and the third requisite. A woman may be knowing, active, witty and amusing; but without propriety she cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and of agreeableness meet. It is to character, what proportion is to figure, and grace to attitude. It does not depend on any one perfection, but it is the result of general excellence—it shows itself by a regular, orderly, undeviating course, and never starts from its sober orbit into any splendid eccentricities; for it would be ashamed of such praise as it might extort by any deviation from its proper path. It renounces all commendation but what is characteristic; and I would make it the criterion of true taste, right principle, and genuine feeling in a woman, whether she would be less touched with all the flattery of romantic and exaggerated panegyric, than with that beautiful picture of correct and elegant propriety which Milton draws of our first mother, when he delineates,

"Those thousand decencies which daily flow
From all her words and actions."

Hannah More.

Woman.—The following is an extract from Henry's Commentary on the Bible:—

"Adam was first formed, then Eve, and she was made *of* the man, and *for* the man; all which are urged as reasons for the humility, modesty, silence, and submissiveness of that sex in general, and particularly the subjection and reverence which wives owe to their husbands. Yet man being made last of the creation, he is the most excellent of all; Eve's being made *after* Adam, and *out* of him, puts an honor upon that sex, as the glory of the man. If a man is the head, she is the crown; a crown to her husband, the crown of the visible creation. The man was dust refined, but the woman was dust double refined, one remove further from the earth."

"Woman was *made of a rib out of the side of Adam;* not made out of his head, to top him; nor out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected; and near his heart, to be beloved."

Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle-work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless steps around the chamber of the sick: and the woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science; to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to 'wade through fields of slaughter to a throne.' Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy; while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earth's felicity broken up. We arrive, then, at the conclusion, that the sexes are intended for different spheres, and constructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory, are indeed accessible only to the march of ambition, or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty, are not unnoticed by the "Great Taskmaster's eye;" and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of heaven.

Altered Habits of Ladies.—The ladies have made their "state more gracious" by reducing the size of their bonnets, for which relief much thanks. When the sleeves shall have recovered from the swellings with which they have now been so long affected, our beauties will look more beautiful yet; for when it is recollected that in military tactics, eighteen inches is the space allowed for a soldier's breadth in line, it must seem rather disproportionate in a lovely girl of eighteen, to occupy at least three times as much ground as a grenadier.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A broad Hint.—The Editor of the *Lanne Record*, has written a very appropriate article on Matrimony, which concludes with the following very sensible direction:—"When a couple have passed from a state of single blessedness into that of lady wedlock, as it is sometimes called,—that is, having taken each other for better or worse, and wish to have it made public (as they always should) in order to have the business done correctly, it is deemed necessary to accompany the notice with a *slice of cake*,—and as there is often some mistake in this respect, we would offer the following directions:—Cut from the loaf a modest slice, say five or six inches long, two-thirds as wide, and two inches thick. Enclose it neatly, and direct it to The Editor, who will always give the notice a conspicuous insertion."