



From the New-York Mirror.  
BELLS.

"How many a tale their music tells."—MOONS.

The distant bells! the distant bells!  
I hear them faint and low,  
And Fancy, with her magic spells,  
Is waken'd by their flow;  
The billowy sounds, so deeply fraught  
With memories of the past,  
Stir many sad and pleasing thought,  
As on the breeze they're cast.

The school-day bell! the school-day bell!  
It speaks of boyhood's birth,  
And of those sunny days so well,  
Of free and joyous mirth;  
The hours of bright, unfettered glee,  
The heart's fresh spring and bloom  
Thrown by, alas! unheedingly,  
For years of darker gloom.

The merry bells! the merry bells!  
They're ringing o'er the land,  
As Freedom with her trumpet tells  
Glad news from strand to strand;  
Of Victory, of triumph's proud,  
That cheer a nation's breast,  
And Peace, that calls the warrior crowd  
Again to quiet rest.

The vesper bell! the vesper bell!  
Of the soft twilight time,  
'Tis mingling with the wave's light swell  
Its hush'd and gentle chime.  
The curfew of the day—  
The herald of the night—  
Ah! many a soul hath wing'd its way  
With that last fading light.

The Sabbath bells! the Sabbath bells!  
With sweet and solemn sound,  
Through the green fields and quiet dells  
Bring holy thoughts around;  
And thousands breathe the pious prayer  
In answer to their tone;  
Pure incense! wafted through the air  
To heaven's eternal throne.

The tolling bell! the tolling bell!  
How mournful is the heart  
When strikes that slow and measured knell,  
Earth's strongest ties to part!  
But yet so sad that requiem note,  
Its melancholy strain  
Is the last link when spirits float  
To their own homes again.

VARIETIES.

ON THE PROPER MANAGEMENT OF  
OUR TIME.

To be impressed with a just sense of the value of time, it is highly requisite that we should introduce order into its management. Consider well, then, how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, squander it with inconsiderable profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only, they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be

master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequence of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is scarcely commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, in not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced.

He, on the contrary, who is orderly in the distribution of time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. By proper management he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. But by the man of confusion those hours fleet like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with a confused and irregular succession of unfinished transactions. He remembers, indeed, that he has been busy, yet he can give little account of the business which has employed him. [Blair.]

GOOD ADVICE.—When you have committed an offence, never tell a lie in order to deny or extenuate it. Lying is a base weakness. Confess that you have done wrong; in that there is some magnanimity; and the shame you will experience in making the confession will bear fruit in the applause of the good. If you have been unfortunate enough to offend any one, have the noble humility, that true criterion of a gentleman, to ask his pardon. Inasmuch as your conduct will show that you are not a poltroon, no one will venture to call you vile for an act of frank magnanimity. But to persevere in the crime of insulting the innocent, and, rather than admit your error and retract your words, to enter into mortal strife or into eternal enmity with the injured, are the mad tricks of proud and ferocious men;—are infamies of so black a dye as to make it of some difficulty for the world to veil them under the brilliant name of honour.

ECONOMY.—Stair carpets should always have a slip of paper put under them, at and over the edge of every stair, which is the part where they first wear out, in order to lessen the friction of the carpets against the boards beneath. The strips should be, within an inch or two, as long as the carpet is wide, and about 4 or 5 inches in breadth, so as to lie a little distance upon each stair. This simple plan, so easy of execution, will, we know, preserve a stair carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips of paper. [Magazine of Domestic Economy.]

PERSEVERANCE.—Because you find a thing very difficult, do not presently conclude that no man can master it; but whatever you observe proper, and practicable by another, believe likewise within your own power.

A man of knowledge lives eternally after his death, while his members are reduced to dust beneath the tomb; but the ignorant man is dead even while he walks upon the earth; he is numbered with living men, and yet he exists not.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.—It is not a flower that grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of God.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE MACHINE.—A mechanic of Brussels has invented a machine, which the French papers tell us will exceed in swiftness any hitherto fabricated. The minimum velocity, the inventor says, will be sixty leagues per hour! and it may run on a railroad, to be expressly made for it, from Paris to Brussels, without any other impulse than that given to it by the provision of water and combustibles made at its departure. Notwithstanding the velocity, it may be stopped in an instant. The inventor has sent a model of the machine to the Minister of the Interior at Paris, and expresses his confidence that the machine will effect what he states.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.—Suppose that you now defer religion, and should be saved at a ninth or an eleventh hour, think of the remorse provoked, the active good effected, the privileges enjoyed, the blessings diffused by those who walk with God "from youth even to hoar hairs." Think of the temptations they escape, the sorrows they never feel, all suffered, and all felt, by those who enter the vineyard later in life. And think, oh think, of the fearful uncertainty which hangs over your future life. Resolve now, act now.

AN IMPORTANT REFLECTION.—Ric. es, or beauty, or whatever hath been, doth but grieve us; that which is, doth not satisfy us; that which shall be, is uncertain. What folly it is to trust any of them!—Hall.

HUMILITY.—Look on the good in others, and 't'he evil in thyself; make that the parat, and then thou wilt walk humbly. Most men do just the contrary, and that foolish and unjust comparison puffs them up.—Leighton.

SINCERITY.—I had rather confess my ignorance than falsely profess knowledge, it is no shame not to know all things, but it is a just shame to overreach in any thing.

OLD AGE, and waxing old as a garment, is written on the fairest face of the creation.—Rutherford.

Useful knowledge can have no enemies, except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber has removed his Printing Establishment to the building north of M'Donald's Tobacco Manufactory, and nearly opposite Bauer's wharf—where all kinds of JOB PRINTING, will be executed at the shortest notice. He hopes by punctuality, and moderate charges, to merit a further share of public patronage.

H. W. B. LACKADAR.

April 15, 1836.

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