

WESTERN PLANET.

A PAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICAL, LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 1.

CHATHAM, CANADA WEST, TUESDAY MAY 6, 1851.

NO. 2.

WESTERN PLANET

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POETRY,

STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.
\$\$\$\$\$\$
BY ELIZA COOK.
\$\$\$\$\$

Long have the wisest lips confessed
That minstrel ones are far from wrong,
Who "point a moral" in a jest,
Or yield a sermon in a song.

So be it! listen ye who will,
And, though my harp be roughly strung,
Yet never shall its highest thrill
Offend the old or taint the young.

Mark me! I ne'er presume to teach
The man of wisdom grey and sage;
'Tis to the growing I would preach
From moral text and mentor page.

First I would bid the cherish truth,
As leading star in Virtue's train;
Eolly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
But falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide
Of impulse break from all control;
The best of hearts needs pilot-guide,
To steer it clear from error's shoal.

One wave of passion's boiling flood
May all the sea of life disturb,
And steeds of good but fiery blood
Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,
And moderate the wild desire:
There's many a one would drive the sun,
Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,
Because no star adorns his breast;
The lark soars highest from the earth,
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Hood not the bearing of a tree,
And if it yield a wholesome fruit,
A shallow envious fool is he
Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine,
To follow man and meaneat beast;
'Tis nobly taught: the coldest divine—
'Mercy is God's chief attribute."

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture ought below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong thy brothers may have done,
Ere ye too harshly censure them,
For human faults, ask—"Have I none?"

Live that thy young and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh;
And be assured that life is best
Which finds us least afraid to die!

REASONS FOR RISIBILITY.

BY E. M. FITZGERALD.
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
I'm merry while I may,
For life's at most a narrow span,
At best a winter's day.

If care could make the sunbeam wear
A brighter, warmer hue,
The evening star shine out more fair,
The blue sky look more blue,
Then I should grow a graver man,—
But since 'tis not the way,
Sweet coz!—I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

If sighs could make us sin the less,
Perchance I were not glad,—
If mourning were the sage's dress,
My garb should still be sad;
But since the angel's wings are white,
And even the young saints smile,—
Since virtue wears a brow of light,
And vice a robe of guile,—
Since laughter is not under ban,
Nor goodness clad in grey,—
Sweet coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

I've seen a bishop dance a reel,
And a sinner fast and pray,
A knave at top of fortune's wheel,
And a good man cast away!
Wine have I seen your grave ones quaff
Might set our fleet aloft,
But I never heard a hearty laugh
From out a villain's throat;
And I never knew a faithful man
Make sad a young maid's day—
So coz! I'm happy when I can,
And merry while I may!

I've seen a man who's rich and free,
And a poor man who's a slave,
And a man who's a slave to sin,
And a man who's a slave to God,
And a man who's a slave to his neighbor,
And a man who's a slave to his country,
And a man who's a slave to his conscience,
And a man who's a slave to his soul.

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We had scarcely finished breakfast before
the man at the mast head shouted, "Sail ho!"

The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming,
"mast head, there!"
"Sir?"

"Where away is the sail?"
The precise answer to this question I do
not recollect, but the captain proceeded to
ask, "what does she look like?"

"A square rigged vessel, sir," was the re-
ply of the look out.

After a minute, the captain shouted again,
"mast head, there!"
"Sir?"

"What does she look like?"
"A large ship, sir, standing towards us."

By this time most of the crew were on
deck, eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a
glimpse of the approaching ship, and mur-
muring their opinions to each other on her
probable character. Then came the voice of
the captain.

"Keepsilence, fore and aft."
Silence being secured, he hailed the look-
out, who to his question of "what does she
look like?" replied.

"A large frigate, bearing down upon us, sir."
A whisper ran along the crew that the
stranger was a Yankee frigate. The thought
was confirmed by the command of.

"All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!"
The drum and fife beat to quarters—bulk-
heads were knocked away; the guns were
released from their confinement; the whole
dread paraphernalia of battle was produced;
and after the lapse of a few minutes hurry
and confusion, every man and boy was at his
post, ready to do his best service for his country,
except the hand who claiming exemption
from the fray, safely stowed themselves
away in the cable tray. We had only one
sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of bat-
tle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was,
to take his post of danger. A few of the junior
midshipmen were stationed below, on the
berth deck, with orders, given on our hearing,
to shoot any man who attempted to run from
his quarters.

Our men were all in good spirits; though
they did not scruple to express the wish that
the coming foe was a Frenchman rather than
a Yankee. We had been told by the Ameri-
cans on board, that frigate in the American
service carried more and heavier metal than
ours. This together with our consciousness of
superiority over the French at sea, led us to
preference for a French antagonist.

The Americans, among our number, felt
quite disconcerted at the necessity which
compelled them to fight against their own
countrymen. One of them, named John Carl,
as brave a seaman as ever trod a plank, ven-
tured to present himself to the captain, as a
prisoner, frankly declaring his objections to
fight. The captain, very ungenerously, or-
dered him to his quarters, threatening to shoot
him if he made the request again. Poor fel-
low! he obeyed the unjust command, and was
killed by a shot from his own countryman.

This fact is more disgraceful in the captain of
the Macedonian, than even the loss of his
ship. It was a gross and palpable violation
of the rights of man.

As the approaching ship showed American
colors, all doubt of her character was at an
end. "We must fight her," was the conviction
of every breast. Every possible arrange-
ment that could insure success, was accord-
ingly made. The guns were shotted, the match-
es lighted; for although our guns were fur-
nished with first rate locks, they were also
provided with matches attached by lanyards in
case the locks should misfire. A lieutenant
then passed through the ship, directing
the marines and boarders, who were furnis-
hed with pikes, cutlasses and pistols, how to
proceed if it should be necessary to board the
enemy. He was followed by the captain, who
exhorted them to fidelity and courage, ur-
ging upon their consideration the well
known motto of the brave Nelson, "England
expects every man to do his duty." In addi-
tion to all these preparations on deck, some
men were stationed in the tops with small
arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming
the sails and to use their muskets, provided
we came to close action. There were others
also below, called sail trimmers, to assist in
working the ship, should it be necessary to
change her position during the battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main
deck. It was my duty to supply the gun with
powder, a boy being appointed to each gun
on the ship or the side we engaged for this
purpose. A wooden screen was placed be-
hind the magazine, with a hole in
it, through which the cartridges were passed
to the boys. We received them there, and
covering them with our jackets, hurried to
their respective guns. These precautions are
observed to prevent the powder taking fire be-
fore it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood waiting orders, in mo-
tionless suspense. At last we fired three guns
from the larboard side of the main deck; this
was followed by the command,

"Cease firing; you are throwing away your
shot."

Then came the orders to "wear ship," and
prepare to attack the enemy with our star-
board guns. Soon after I heard a firing from
some other quarter, which I at first supposed
to be a discharge from our quarter deck guns,
though it proved to be the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise, such as I never heard be-
fore, next arrested my attention; it sounded
like the tearing of sails, just over our heads.
This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the
enemy's shot. The firing after a few min-
ute's cessation, recommenced. The roaring
of cannon could now be heard from all parts,
of our trembling ship, and mingling as it did
with that of our foes, it made a most hideous
noise. By-and-by I heard the shots strike the
side of our ship. The whole scene became
indiscribably confused and horrible—it was
like some awful, tremendous thunder storm
whose defening roar is attended by incessant
streaks of lightning, carrying death in every
flash, and strewn the ground with the vic-
tims of its wrath; only in our case, the scene
was rendered more horrible than that, by the
presence of torrents of blood which dyed our
decks.

Though the recital may be painful, yet as
it will reveal the horrors of war, and show at
what a fearful price victory is won or lost, I
will present the reader with things as they
met my eye during the progress of that dread-
ful fight.

I was supplying my gun with powder when
I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man
stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike
him—the effect alone was visible—in an in-
stant the third lieutenant tied his handker-
chief round the wounded arm, and sent
the groaning wretch below to the surgeon.

The cries of the wounded now ran through
all parts of the ship. These were carried to
the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those
more fortunate men who were killed outright,
were immediately thrown overboard. As I
was stationed but a short distance from the
main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all
who were carried below. A glance was all I
could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the
guns next to mine were wounded in the early
part of the engagement, and I had to spring
with all my might to keep three or four guns
supplied with cartridges. I saw two of these
lads fall nearly together. One of them was
struck in the leg by a large shot—he had to
suffer amputation above the wound. The other
had a grape or canister shot sent through
his ankle. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him
in his arms, and hurried him to the cockpit.
He had his foot cut off, and was thus made
lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on
the quarter deck were killed. They were
both Portuguese. A man who saw one of
them killed, afterwards told me that his pow-
der caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off
his face. In this pitiable situation, the agoniz-
ing boy lifted up both hands as if imploring
relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him
in two.

I was eye witness to a sight equally revolting.
A man named Aldric had one of his
hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the
same moment he received another shot, which
tore open his bowels in a terrible manner.
As he fell, two or three men caught him in
their arms, and, as he could not live threw
him overboard.

One of the officers in my division also fell
in my sight. He was a noble-hearted fellow,
named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot
struck him near the heart; exclaiming, "Oh!
my God!" he fell and was carried below,
where he shortly after died.

Mr. Hope, our first lieutenant, was also
slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron
ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by
a shot. He went below shouting to his men
to fight on. Having had his wound dressed
he came up again, shouting to us at the top of
his voice, and bidding us to fight with all our
might. There was not a man in the ship but
would have rejoiced had he been in the place
of our master's mate, the unfortunate Nan
Kivell.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheer-
ing for all their might. I scarcely knew
for what. Certainly there was nothing very
inspiring in the aspect of things where I was
stationed. So terrible had been the work of
destruction around us, it was termed the
slaughter-house. Not only had we had sev-
eral boys and men killed and wounded, but
several of the guns were disabled. The one
I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knock-
ed out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a
beam of the upper deck with such force as to
become jammed and fixed in that position.
A twenty-four pound shot had also passed
through the screen of the magazine, immedi-
ately over the orifice through which we
passed our powder. The brave boatswain,
who came from the sick bed to the din of bat-
tle, was fasting a stopper on the back stay
which was shot away, when his head was
smashed to pieces by a cannon ball; another

man going to complete the unfinished task,
was also struck down. Another of our mid-
shipmen also received a severe wound. The
unfortunate ward room steward, who attempt-
ed to cut his throat on a former occasion, was
killed. A fellow named John, who for some
petty offence, had been sent on board as a pun-
ishment, was carried pass me wounded. I
distinctly heard the large blood drops fall pat,
pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal.
Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her
milk, did not escape the general carnage; her
hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was
thrown overboard.

Such was the terrible scene, amid which
we kept on shooting and firing. Our men
fought like tigers. Some of them pulled off
their jackets, others their jackets and vests;
while some still more determined, had taken
off their shirts, and with nothing but their
trousers, fought like heroes. I also observed a
boy named Cooper, stationed at a gun some
distance from the magazine. He came to
and fro on the full run, and appeared to be as
"merry as a cricket." The third lieutenant
cheered him along occasionally, by saying
"Well done my brave boy, you are worth
your worth in gold."

I have been asked what were my feelings
during this fight. I felt pretty much as I
suppose every one does at such a time. That
men are without thought when they stand amid
the dying and the dead, is too absurd an
idea to be entertained a moment. We all ap-
peared cheerful, but I know that many a serious
thought ran through my mind; still what
could we do but keep up a semblance, at least
of animation? To run from our quarters
would have been certain death from the hands
of our own officers; to give way to gloom,
to show fear would do no good, and might brand
us with name of cowards, and insure certain
defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore,
was to make the best of our situation, by fight-
ing bravely and cheerfully. I thought a
great deal, however, of the other world; every
groan, every falling man told me that the
next instant I might be before the Judge of all
the earth. For this I felt unprepared; but
being without any particular knowledge of
religious truth, I satisfied myself by repent-
ing again and again the Lord's prayer, and
promised that if spared I would be more at-
tentive to religious duties than ever before.

This promise I had no doubt at the time of
keeping; but I have learned since that it is
easier to make promises amid the roar of the
battle's thunder, or in the horrors of shipwreck,
than to keep them when danger is absent,
and safety smiles upon our path.

While these thoughts secretly agitated my
bosom, the din of the battle continued. Grape
and canister shot were pouring thro' our port
holes like leaden hail, carrying death in their
trail. The large shot came against the ship's
side like iron hail shaking her to the very
keel, or passing through her timbers, and send-
ing terrific splinters, which did a more
appalling work than even their own death
giving blows. The reader may form an idea
of the effect of the grape and canister, when
he is told that grape shot is formed by seven
or eight balls confined to an iron and tied in a
cloth. These balls are scattered by the ex-
plosion of the powder. Canister shot is
made by filling a powder canister with balls,
each as large as two or three musket balls;
these also scatter with direful effect when
discharged. What then with splinters, canon
balls, grape and canister, poured incessantly
upon us, the reader may be assured
that the work of death went on in a manner
which must have been satisfactory even to
the king of terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron hail ceased.
We were ordered to cease firing. A
profound silence ensued, broken only by the
stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It
was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot
ahead for the purpose of repairing damages,
for she was not so disabled but she could sail
without difficulty; while we were so cut up
that we lay utterly helpless. Our head braces
were shot away; the fore and main topmasts
were gone; the mizzen masts hung over the
stern, having carried several men over in its
fall; we were in a state of complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers
of the quarter deck. Our condition was per-
ilous in the extreme; victory or escape was
alike hopeless. Our ship was disabled; many
of our men were killed, and many wounded.
The enemy would without doubt bear down
upon us in a few moments, and as she could
now choose her own position, would without
doubt rake us fore and aft. Any further
resistance was therefore, folly. So, in spite of
the hot brained lieutenant, Mr. Hope, who
advised them not to strike, but to sink along-
side, it was determined to strike our hutting.
This was done by the hands of a brave fel-
low named Watson, whose saddened brow
told how severely it pained his lion heart to
do it. To me it was a pleasing sight, for I
had seen fighting enough for one Sunday,
more than I wished to see again on a week
day.

His Britannic Majesty's frigate *Maccormac*
was now the prize of the American frigate
United States.

SHORT DRESSES.

Mrs. Bloomer, editor of the *Lilly*, has adopt-
ed the "short dress and trousers," and says
in her paper of this month, that many of the
women in that place, (Seneca Falls,) oppose
the change; others laugh; others still are in
favor; "and have already adopted the dress."
She closes the article upon the subject as fol-
lows: "Those who think we look 'queer,'
would do well to look back a few years, to the
time when they wore ten or fifteen pounds of
petticoat and bustle around the body, and bal-
loons on their arms, and then imagine which
cut the queerest figure, they or we. We care
not for the frowns of over fastidious gentle-
men; we have those of better taste, and less
questionable morals to sustain us. If men
think they would be comfortable in long heav-
y skirts, let them put them on—we have no
objection. We are more comfortable without
them, and so we have left them off. We do
not say we shall wear this dress and no other,
but we shall wear it for a common dress; and
we hope it may become so fashionable that
we may wear it all times, and in all places,
without being thought singular. We have
already become so attached to it that we dis-
like changing to a long one.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.—The
tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller
slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The
gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest
of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and
ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem,
hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity
himself are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs
are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient archi-
tecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left
upon another; but the pool of Bethesda com-
mands the pilgrim's reverence at the present
day. The columns of the Persepolis are mould-
ering into dust; but its cisterns and acqued-
ucts remain to challenge our admiration.

The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins;
but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome
its limpid stream. The temple of the sun at
Tadmor, in the wilderness has fallen; but its
fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays as
when thousands of worshippers thronged its
lusty colonnades. It may be that London
will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be
left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling
brick work. The Thames will continue to
flow as it does now. And if any work of art
should still rise over the deep ocean of time,
we may well believe that it will be neither a
palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct
or reservoir; and if any name should flash
through the mist of antiquity, it will probably
be that of a man who in his day sought the
happiness of his fellow men rather than their
glory, and linked his memory to some great
work of national utility and benevolence.

This is the true glory which outlives all others,
and shines with undying luster from genera-
tion to generation—imparting to works some-
thing of its own immortality, and in some de-
gree rescuing them from the ruin which over-
takes the ordinary monuments of historical
tradition or mere magnificence.—*Edinburgh
Review*.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

An article lately appeared in the *Religious
Recorder* on this subject, and contains some
peculiarly happy and just remarks, which we
cannot forbear to transfer to our columns,
for the good of all concerned. Excellent as is all
the advice offered, we trust our fair readers
will agree with us, that the best of the whole
is the conclusion:

It is desirable to have an intelligent com-
panion. I do not insist that your wife shall have
what is understood by the term "an educa-
tion." There are many who have that, who
are about as intelligent as barbarians. But
seek for one who is in the habit of exercising
her intellect. Who reads, and reflects, and
has an inquisitive mind.

It is desirable to have a wife who is domes-
tic. A street spinster, a gadding news-carrier
and busy-body, is the last woman who should
have a husband. A young woman, who is
more fond of gossip and company abroad, than
of domestic duties, is not fit to be married.

Be not anxious to get a wife who has rich-
es. If this runs much in your mind, I shall
be sorry for the woman who has the misfor-
tune to become your wife. If you make this
a paramount consideration, be not surprised if
you find yourself yoked with a woman who
has not many personal qualifications that are
to be desired.

When you have obtained a good wife, see
that she shall be equally secure of having ob-
tained a good husband.

A Tender Hearted Banker.—A Boston cor-
respondent of the *Salem Gazette*, who sheds
tears over the fate of Simms, and at the same
time rejoices in the execution of the Fugitive
Slave Law, calls the affair— "This unpopu-
lar public sentiment, this sublime vindica-
tion of the integrity and majesty of law, in
the execution of one of its most revolting and
odious mandates." Public sentiment is certain-
ly sick, and it would not be strange if it did
upheave the majestic kidnapers who carry
off Simms. A man who can see integrity and
majesty in revolting and odious crimes, be-
cause they are authorized by law, should have
been born sooner. He would have been trea-
surable to Nero.