you should marry a bad man. If you do so you deserve chastisement, but a life long misery is a terrible punishment. A bad man's wife must either live in continual torment of fear, apprehension, and the bittter disapointment of her fruitless efforts to please: or she must become callous, cold, insensible to pain, and consequently to pleasure. Will you take upon yourselves either of these bitter alternatives? We hope not."

"TO THIS FAVOR SHE MUST COME."

An aged woman, was passing along Lake St. yesterday afternoon. She was plainly clad; the cut was not the latest, nor the pattern the newest, nor the fabric the richest. True she did not wear a Bloomer hat, nor "pure white" shoes, and it must be confessed, she was not handsome, for rare are the human flowers in this wintry world that bloom over half a century.

Just behind her came two young woman—ladies?—glittering in "changeable" silks, like new born butterflies, with Heaven's imprint yet damp upon them

They were young, and therefore lovely to look at. We are sorry, to say the aged woman, was the theme of their ill-timed jest, and their conduct was so indelicate and unbecoming, as to attract the attention of persons passing. True, the old lady did not walk gracefully. May be she had worn herself out in caring for just such creatures as they—we sincerely hope not. Perhaps, and *not* perhaps, she had greater grace of mind and heart than *they* were gifted with—knew more of the world, though less of DeLaines and Broche.

In fact, we could see those young women presiding in parlors with wonderous grace, flattered and admired, while in the street they revealed hearts, if not hearts, empty as last year's bird's nests. They play upon pianos doubtless—she upon spinning wheels—they are young—she is old, and yet we can tell them they will be fortunate if they reach *their* sixtieth anniversary, with as much that adorns her whom Heaven made the angel of the Hearth, as that old woman. Had they been young men, they should been whipped, but as young ladies they are to be pitied.—*Chicago Journal.*

☞Von Raumer, Professor of History in the University of Berlin, in his Book on America, devotes a chapter to the State of Ohio, several pages of which relate to Cincinnati. He states that at Woodward College, I attended two lectures on spherical trigonometry, and the Œdipus of Sophocles, on a spot where wolves were howling fifty years ago. In a note, the Professor gives the following conversation, which he had with a lady of our city.

Lady.—"Has no fair American touched your heart?"

Prof.—"Age is no security against folly—I have been violently smitten."

Lady.—"May I ask who the favored one is?"

Prof.—"Her grandfather was born the 19th of April, 1781; her mother was a German. In all America there are not thirty—nay, scarcely three woman of such beauty, virtue, wisdom and wealth."

Lady.—"But you are already married; what will your wife say?"

Prof.—"She is used to such freaks, and wont say a word against it."

Lady.—"Have you made known your passion to its object?"

Prof.—"Certainly: and she has distinctly declared that she will not withold her consent, whenever I dare proclaim to the world my admiration and love:"

Lady.—"But who is this wonderful lady?"

Prof.—"She is the Republic of Ohio!"

MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

There is, perhaps, no power exerted over the senses equal to that which is felt under the influence of music. The mother appeals to it to soothe the fretfulness of infancy, when all other remedies are useless, and the unconscious child is lulled into calmness and repose. Even the wild animal has shown his susceptibility to its impression, and has stayed his thirst for blood, in order to drink in the streams of harmony. All nature seems to have caught the spirit which pervaded heaven, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Its tones are heard in the soft whispers of the evening zephyr, in the dulcet murmurs of the crystal rivulet, and the sighing of the waving forest branches. The birds join the grateful praise, and sing to the opening day, or chant to the softer repose of the evening's hour. But in the human voice, which modulates the harmonies of sound to the expression of truthful and tender sentiments, there is manifested the nearest approximation to what we may conceive to be the music of heaven. What untold sweetness may have existed in the tones of perfect humanity, we may not conceive, but when we behold what power there is in the human voice subject to all the jarring and discord incident to humanity, to soothe the turbulent passion, and awake the soul to thoughts of sublimity and virtue, and to produce a state of the most exquisite delight, we can very justly infer what a height of inexpressible rapture there must be in the music of heaven, where all is harmony, perfect harmony.

On earth we see that power is exerted over the hearts of men by musical performance, just in proportion as perfection in harmony is manifested; until as we have recently seen, a single vocalist can move the masses as no other circumstance ever has done. Now this event has suggested our theme, and its contemplation has administered to us moments of the most exquisite delight, as we have tried to form some idea of the harmonies which fill the upper Sanctuary, where every voice will be richer, sweeter, and more skillful than Jenny Lind's ever can be, until she joins the great concert above. Oh, what a chorus that must be! Not one perfect voice, but thousands on thousands swelling in unfaltering, uninterrupted strain of praise,

"When the bright seraphim, in burning row,
And loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thunder choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms
Hymns devout and holy psalms,
Sing everlastingly."

The first intimation we have of the employment of the dwellers in the skies, they are "singing for joy," and they are last described as a "great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thundering, saying, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Now, there can be no doubt that we are here cultivating the heart for higher associations, forming tastes which are to be perfected in a higher state of being, when we can not only claim kindredship with the angels, but with Christ himself and should we not cultivate those gifts and powers in the use of which angels find their chief delight? How else can we be so fully prepared to enter into the enjoyment of their society and employment. In all ages, those who were preeminent for their piety and devotion to God, have devoted much of their time to this delightful exercise. It was recognized and incorporated into the first divinely arranged order of religious worship. In the Jewish temple service it was cherished with veneration and practiced with delight; so much so, that in the days of Solomon no less than four thousand practised singers were employed in the temple. Christ, as the Great Head of the Church, in a most impressive manner recognized the practice as an element in the scriptual worship, when he led in singing the hymn around the first sacramental table, and further, by enjoining us to sing and make melody in our hearts to the Lord. Doubtless, this was intended not only as a source of gratification here, and a means for cultivating the heart in tenderness and love, but to prepare us, in some measure, for the companionship of the holy associations of heaven, and their never ending delightful employment.

The music of Heaven! Who makes it? Mozart, Rossini? No, no, their strains, as exquisite as they are esteemed, will form no part of that perfect symphony. He who is the source of all sweetness and harmony, and the maker of the beautiful, the sublime, and the pure, will compose the anthems there sung, and teach each heart and carefully to appreciate, and tune all tongues sweetly to join in the divinely arranged harmony. In the blissful hope of finally participating in this heavenly employment, let us obey the divine injunction, and learn to "sing with the spirit and with the understanding," that when the hour for our departure shall come, we may be fitted to join the choir above, and realize the joys which those experience who are permitted to listen to the music of heaven. —*Indian Advocate.*

HAPPY HOMES.

Let it be our object to multiply the number of virtuous and happy homes. The domestic hearth is the seed plot of a noble and flourishing commonwealth. All laws are vicious, all tendencies are to be deprecated, which increase the difficulty of diffusing, through every rank, the refined and holy influence which are cherished by the domestic affections. Reckless speculations among capitalists, disturbing the steady and uniform course of employment, and its sure counterpart—unprovidence and debauchery among workmen—are deadliest foes of the household virtues. In how small a compass lies all the elements of man's truest happiness, if society were only conducted in a rational and moderate spirit, and its members of every class could be restrained from vicious indulgence, and the pursuit of phantoms. A marriage contracted with thoughtfulness, and cemented by a pure and faithful love, when a fixed position is gained in the world, and a small fund has been accumulated—hard work and frugal habits at the commencement of domestic life, to meet in time the possible demands of a future family; a dwelling comfortably furnished, clean, bright, salubrious, and sweet; children well trained, and early sent to school; a small collection of good books on the shelves; a few blossoming plants in the window; some well-selected engravings on the walls; a piano, it may be, a violin, or flute, to accompany the family concert; home made happy in the evening by cheerful tasks and mutual improvement, exchanged at times for conversation of friend and neighbor of kindred taste and congenial manners;—these are conditions of existence within the reach of every one who will seek them—resources of the purest happiness lost to thousands, because a wrong direction is given to their tastes and energies, and they roam abroad in pursuit of interest and enjoyment, which they might create in rich abundance at home. This is no romantic, visionary picture. It is a sober, accessible possibility, such as even now, under the pressure of many adverse circumstances, is realized in the homes of not a few working men, who have learned the art of extracting competence from narrow means, and maintaining genuine respectability in an humble station.—*Taylor's Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty.*"

INHUMANITY REBUKED.

"There's something good in human nature after all."

Bulwer

The Blair County (Pa.) Whig says, a few years ago, while passing over the Pennsylvania State improvements, the writer was a witness of one of those scenes of genuine true heartedness which makes the heart thrill with an unutterable blessing, and fills the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is "something of the angel still" in our common nature.

At a point this side of the mountains, where occurred the trans-shipment of passengers from the West was moored a canal boat, waiting the arrival of the train ere starting on its way "through" to the East. The Captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun embrowned man, stood by his craft superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise—"Sir, we wish to go on East—but our further progress to-day will depend on you. In the cars we have just left is a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If *he goes, we* remain—what say you?"

"Gentlemen," replied the Captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative?" To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the car and entering, beheld in one corner, a poor, emaciated, worn out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker worm, consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke to him kindly. "Oh sir!, said the shivering invalid, looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation "Are you the captain—and *will* you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence and are so unkind. You see, sir, I am dying—but, oh! if I am spared to reach my mother, I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die?"

"You shall go!" replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip!"

By this time the whole of the passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled upon the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the captain before engaging their passage. A moment and that decision was made, as they beheld him coming from the cars, with the sick man cradled in his stout arms. Pushing directly through the throng with his dying burden, he ordered a matrass to be spread, on the choicest spot of the boat, where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent. That done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat, and in few hours after, another committee was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin.

He went, and from their midst arose an aged, whitehaired man, who, with tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough, sun embrowned man that they felt humblod before him, and that they asked his forgivness. The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters swelled up, choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all present. On the instant a purse was made up for the sick man with a "God-speed!" on his way home, to die in the arms of his mother.

The true hearted captain of that boat was General Samuel D. Karas, and that above incident is worth remembering.

For the Liberia Herald.

Mr Herald:

I beg your indulgence for a few remarks, as I see that "Edward" is out again. He, in his last reply, reminds me of an old saying, which is literally true: a drowning man will catch at a straw. Notice him, if you please, how he effects himself ignorant of what I said in record to the missionaries in Liberia. He says I wish to convey the idea to the world, that the missionaries had not even commenced to hold up the light of the glorious gospel, &c. &c. To show the falsity of that assertion, I need only to refer your readers to the last article of mine; there they will see that I complain of their stopping by the way, &c. &c.; not that they had not commenced, and in consequence the needful work is neglected. Now "Edward," with all your affected ignorance, this is the idea I wish to convey. He seems to find a great deal of fault with my Grammar, &c &c.; well I find some fault of it too; however, I think that there is too much truth mixed with the bad Grammar, for you friend Edward;—it is that which makes you so sick at your stomack;—so says an overwhelming majority of Liberians. But he has taken some notice of the recent revivals up the rivers—what is the good of that? —for I am sure it will not add a star to his crown, for if you will only twig him a little, he will confess that he never was up the river since here he has been, if so, how can he tell what is going on up there, so as to publish in the way he has done? It is useless for me to trouble you any longer at present, as I have written so fully on the subject before.

Yours &c.

Wm P. Ovington

LIBERIA HERALD.

MONROVIA, JANUARY, 28th 1852.

The troops returned to Monrovia on the 22nd inst: —nothing of moment had transpired since our last issue, excepting the death of Philip Oliver who died of the wounds received at Teah Town. The wounded were fast recovering. We were premised to find the men worn down with fatigue and exposure; but it is gratifying to record, that they seemed to enjoy excellent health. Notwithstanding their appearance—they indeed had great need to betake themselves to sound and water. The delay of a day at Grand Bassa and a part of two days at sea, had considerably refreshed them, and their appearance upon the whole was good. It is not but be a matter of regret that circumstances should have made it necessary to set on foot such an expedition. The outlay of money for such an operation, can be scarcely spared, to say nothing of the danger of life, and exposure of the men, necessarily consequent upon all such undertakings. Such a course, at times cannot be avoided. We know of no instance within our recollection where a severe chastisement was more loudly call for than the one which has just passed by. Our citizens had been inhumanly murdered while pursuing their usual avocations—nothing had transpired to give the government the least idea of the hostile intentions of the natives. No proper occasion had been overlooked, without impressing on the minds of the natives, the advantages they were likely to derive from the adoption of our customs, and a strict obedience to their stipulations with the government. An end had been put to the frequent strifes between the different chieftains; through the influence of the government; brought about mainly, by the incorporation of themselves and tribes with this government. For the abolition of these petty wars, which were of very frequent occurrence; and for the most trivial disputes, they heartily thanked the government and people of Liberia. They now, live peaceably in their towns without fearing the nightly ambuscade of a neighboring hostile. When the rebellion broke out in Grand Bassa, the different tribes were at peace with each other. No aggravated quarrel existed among them; and hence Grando the Fisherman found no great difficulty in persuading some of them to engage with him in waring with our settlements. Grando, every one must know is a native of Pickeany Cess—he was only a sojourner in that country, but his long residence there, had made him many friends. The result of his, and his allies rebellion our readers are acquainted with.

Though we discourage wars; we feel confident that the last campaign will have a most happy

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