

be found a beautifully fine embroidered dress made from the fibre of the pine apple, with the inscription: 'This dress is made entirely from yarn spun from the fibre of the pine apple, and embroidered by hand, by Signora Margrita de Manilla.' The texture of the cloth is wonderfully fine and even, and of a beautiful white. In the China department are several specimens of long China flax or grass, with the thread spun from the same, of great evenness, and very fine; along with several pieces of cloth, bleached and unbleached, as fine as cambric. In the section of Spain will also be found samples of Spanish flax and hemp, not well enough dressed for spinning purposes, but still serviceable for paper making. In this department, too, is a most interesting specimen of the inner skin (of great size and texture) of a tree from the Island of Cuba. It is called 'lace-rind,' and consists of the finest fibrous filaments arranged like network. The article alluded to will be found numbered 284 in the Spanish section, and is exhibited by M. de Ysasi, The Museum at the Kew Gardens, to which the admittance is free, contains some beautiful and curious specimens of fibrous substance from a number of plants imported from various foreign countries. Among these will be found the fibre of the *bromelia*, used in the Isthmus of Panama by the shoemakers for making shoe-thread; a fibre used for making nets in New Granada; *Crotalaria juncia*, a vegetable fibre, imported from Bombay and Ceylon, with specimens of very fine fishing tackle made from it, almost as lustrous and transparent as glass, as well as many other specimens of vegetable fibres well worthy of careful examination. These are all to be seen in the upper gallery of the museum. To printers, designers, shawl weavers, and others, the beautiful collection of prints, and copies of rare and curious exotic plants and flowers contained in the same museum, will afford an almost inexhaustible source of study, tending to improve their taste and advance them in their profession.—*Abridged from the Manchester Examiner and Times.*

From the London People's Journal.

### PLEASURE AND HAPPINESS COMPARED.

WHAT a difference there is between Pleasure and Happiness! yet how often is one mistaken for the other. Surely there cannot be a greater error. We are affected by them in a totally different manner, and, to a certain degree, they have nothing in common with each other.

Pleasure is ever on the wing; it is like a flash of lightning breaking through a cloud, and glittering but for a moment, or a delicate flower which perishes almost in the gathering. It not infrequently has a tendency to enervate the mind, and generally leaves an unfilled space in the heart, whilst it renders most interesting objects insipid. We sigh over its departure, and remember it with regret.

Every one is capable of feeling a lively pleasure, and it can be traced to the particular circumstance by which it was produced. Pleasure is superficial, and is shed upon us like an artificial heat which, because it is not naturally caused, soon leaves us. The source of it is not within ourselves, but is adventitious, and entirely depends upon circumstances.

Happiness, on the contrary, is lasting, and shines with an equal radiance; it fills the mind with a steady and perpetual illumination like the glorious sun, it embellishes every object, and invests them with a robe of light and gladness. It resembles a general warmth, proceeding from ourselves, but which we nevertheless enjoy as if it were communicated to us.

Happiness is closely allied with contentment, which must pervade the heart where it dwells. "This virtue," says Addison, "has a most kindly influence on the soul of man; for it extinguishes all murmurs, repinings and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts."

We are not dependant upon circumstances for Happiness; it is the manner of feeling which constitutes it; its great source is a consciousness of unswerving rectitude of conduct, and cannot be wanting to him who is possessed of this conviction, without which all the worldly advantages that could be showered upon us would fail to produce that heaven-born treasure.

Another main source of happiness is, having a full reliance on that Great Being, who upholds us by his goodness, and surrounds us by his love,—this happiness the world can neither give nor take away," he who possesses it goes on his course nursing no fear, foreseeing no danger. All nature inspires him with joy; to him the winds murmur glad tidings; the stars are the scriptures of heaven, the token of love and immortality; and he feels secure under the shadows of the Almighty wings, knowing that he depends on One "whose power qualifies him to make us happy, by an infinity of means; whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity."

### NO MAN'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

No man's enemy but his own happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality which goes to make this character, is a reckless improvidence and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all conse-

quences. No man's enemy but his own runs rapidly through his means, calls in a friendly way on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities, involves his nearest kin, leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public; and, after having enjoyed himself to the last guinea, entails a life of dependence on his progeny, and dies in the odour of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than many positive crimes.

From Hogg's Instructor.

### WE ARE MOVING.

Days foretold by bards and sages,  
Bright with living glory,  
Hasten to adorn the pages  
Of undying story.  
Clouds that dimm'd the fair horizon  
Frown no longer o'er us;  
Errors that the soul would poison  
Flee away before us.  
In the past, dark shadows slumber  
Never to awaken;  
And the wrongs we blush to number  
To the dust are shaken.  
Every day we are improving,  
Hasting to perfection;  
We are moving, we are moving  
In the right direction.

Other lands with sad recitals  
Tell where freedom flows not;  
Serf and vassal now are titles  
That our country knows not.  
As a beacon we are lighted  
To illumine the nations,  
And the wrong shall yet be righted  
In their habitations.  
Man no more, abashed and humble,  
Crouches and dissembles;  
Hoary thoughts and fashions crumble,  
And oppression trembles.  
Blissful thought! we are improving,  
Soon to reach perfection,  
We are moving, we are moving  
In the right direction.

War's empurpled rage and ravage,  
We have souls to dare them;  
War's red honors wild and savage,  
Yet we scorn to wear them.  
Think we not there's high achievement  
In its callous juggles,  
Bringing death and dark bereavement  
With its deadly struggles.  
Peaceful aims are our ambition—  
Aims of sacred duty,  
Bringing virtues full fruition,  
Crowned with sinless beauty.  
Day by day we are improving,  
Onward to perfection;  
We are moving, we are moving  
In the right direction.

Fame and honor we are craving,  
And unmingled pleasure,  
When the stubborn soil is waving  
High the autumn treasure;  
When the harvest's golden lustre  
Crowns unrivall'd tillage,  
And at eve bright faces cluster  
By the smiling village;  
When the grim wolf hunger's banish'd  
From our streets for ever,  
And its sight of sorrow vanish'd  
Re-appearing never.  
Joy we now! We are improving,  
Nearing to perfection;  
We are moving, we are moving  
In the right direction.

Fellow-men, stand fast and faster,  
Loving one another;  
Likewise our common Master,  
Counting each a brother.  
Virtue is the prize we covet;  
Oh! 'tis worth the winning!  
Let us ever woo and love it:  
Joy hath crown'd beginning.  
Let not wisdom's sigh bemoan us  
Faithless and unsteady;  
Brighter days are dawning on us—  
Light beams forth already.  
Every little hour improving,  
Soon must bring perfection;  
We are moving, we are moving  
In the right direction.

### PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

There is a time coming when our warfare shall be accomplished, our views enlarged, our light increased; then, with what transport of adoration and love shall we look back upon the way by which the Lord led us! We shall then see and acknowledge that mercy and goodness directed every step; we shall see that what our ignorance once called adversities and evils, were in reality blessings which we could not have done well without—that nothing befell us without a cause—that no trouble came upon us sooner, or pressed us more heavily, or continued longer, than our case required. In a word, that our many afflictions were each in their place among the means employed by Divine grace and wisdom, to bring us to the possession of that exceeding weight of glory which the Lord has prepared for his people; and even in this imperfect state, though we are seldom able to judge aright of our present circumstances, yet if we look upon the years of our past life, and compare the dispensations we have been brought through, with the frame of our minds under each successive period—if we consider how wonderfully one thing has been connected with another, so that what we now number amongst our greatest advantages, perhaps, took their first rise from incidents which we thought hardly worth our notice; and that we have sometimes escaped the greatest dangers that threaten us,

not by any wisdom or foresight of our own, but by the intervention of circumstances which we neither desired nor thought of; I say, when we compare and consider these things, by the light afforded us in the Holy Scriptures, we may collect indisputable proof, from the narrow circle of our own concerns, that the wise and good providence of God watches over his people from the earliest moment of their life, overrules, and guards them through all their wanderings in a state of ignorance, and leads them in a way they know not, till at length his providence and grace concur in those events and impressions which bring them to the knowledge of Him and themselves.—*John Newton.*

### COMMON SENSE vs. NONSENSE.

Dr. F. Tuthill delivered an address the other day before the Agricultural Society of Suffolk County, New York, and in the course of his remarks he touched upon "the false shame of labor" in the following manner: "The day has already come in our cities that if a man stout as Milo of old, has a load of wood brought to his door, and he really aches for the pleasure of handling it, yet must he hire a man to pitch it into the cellar while he stands idly by nor so much as touch a stick of it on pain of losing caste. If a stout and vigorous citizen, whose muscles swell with an excess of strength, has a load of wood lying on the sidewalk, he may as well hang himself at once as be foolish enough to save a dollar and saw it up himself; yet if the man has pitched it in, and the gate is flown so that he shall not be seen, we are not sure but he may saw on till doomsday, and no one esteems him less a man and a gentleman. If he curries and tackle his own horse, or lead him to the stable when he has done with him, he is unparadoxically vulgar. He would no sooner be caught carrying a trunk the length of a block to an omnibus than stealing a body from a grave-yard; yet he will boast among his friends of the enormous weight he carries in the gymnasium, having paid a fee of thirty dollars a year for the privilege. And his friends applaud his gymnastic expenditure as wise and exceedingly judicious, 'for sure, they say,' how can a man live without exercise?' In short labor which promotes the ends of economy is an abominable thing; that which advertises their imbecility is a course of pride.—These soft-handed gentry may be our sons and brothers, but we fancy they must at times feel ashamed of our common father, old Adam, who farmed it in paradise."

### POLITICAL DISCONTENT.

There are certain political writers who systematically inculcate the doctrines that all who possess any thing are little better than robbers, and all who have nothing are oppressed. According to their theories, every man with a decent coat on his back is necessarily a tyrant, and every poor man a suffering saint. In no respect do these writers inculcate the principle which lies at the foundation of man's destiny, that every one of us must in some shape toil for his daily bread.—The necessity of self-reliance is never heard from them. Their notion is, that every body should have something done for him; as if the mass were not under any obligation to think, but were born into the world to be nursed, coddled, and flattered by the few.—The cry for legislative action is very often raised by those most indisposed to individual exertion. Authoritative interference in the details of private, as, well as public life, would speedily reduce society to one dreary uniform level, of which a specimen may be found in certain French theoretical works.—We can hardly be wise, just, or virtuous by proxy; a people cannot be improved by shifts and expedients but by promoting among them habits of forethought and self-reliance: these are the best guarantee for domestic as well as patriotic virtues.

### A GOOD DAUGHTER.

There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond—she is the steady light of her father's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity and tenderness of her sex, have their places in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which she reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness, for her song makes him forget it, or gloom, which is proof against the young brightness of her smiles. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless little acts of kindness, one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but expressive fruits of love.

### DRUNK.

There is not a word in the English language that seems to be so studiously avoided by every body as the one at the head of this paragraph. We wish the thing were as uncommon as the word. The last synonym we have observed is 'tight,' a term which strikes us as rather inappropriate, since a 'tight' man in the cant use of the word is almost always a loose character. We give a list of a few various words and phrases which have been in use at one time or another, to signify some stage of inebriation:—Over the bay, half seas over, hot high, corned, cut, cocked, half-cocked, shaved, dispirited, jammed, dam-

aged, sleepy, tired, discouraged, snuffy, whipped, how came you so, breezy, smoked, top heavy, fuddled, groggy, tipsy, smashed, swipy, slowed, crank, salted down, how are ye, on the lee lurch, all sail set, three sheets in the wind, well under weigh, battered, blowing, boozy, sawed, snubbed, screwed, soaked comfortable, stimulated, jug-steamed, tangle-legged, blue-eyed, a passenger in the Cape Ann stage, stripped, faint, shot in the neck, bamboozled, weak jointed, got a brick in his hat, got a turkey on his back.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

### THE FOX AND SPANIEL.

A fox and spaniel met each other frequently, till at last they became acquainted, and were so fond of each other's company that they were seldom separated. The spaniel followed the fox in all his rambles, and was the witness of all his depredations. Sometimes the fox went into the hen-roost, and stole a hen or chicken; sometimes he stole a lamb from the hill-side; and sometimes he ran off with a pig that was astray in the woods. On all these occasions, he was attended by his playmate the spaniel. One day the fox entered a fine barn-yard, where there was a great deal of poultry of all kinds (hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks,) attended, as usual, by his companion the spaniel. Prowling along carefully so that he might not be seen, the fox drew near a fine fat goose which he intended for his dinner. Just as he had seized the poor bird, and was bearing him off, the poultry set up so loud a cackling as to call the attention of the farmer who was at work in a field close by. Seeing the mischief, he seized a loaded gun and fired at the fox and dog, just as they were leaving the yard. The shot wounded both the animals and they instantly fell.

The farmer came up, and seizing the fox, knocked him on the head, saying—

"Rogue and thief that thou art! this is the last goose of mine which thou shalt steal, and I know well that it is not the first meal that you have made from my poultry yard." Then turning to the dog, he said, "And you too shall die."

"Oh, dear sir," said the poor spaniel, "do not kill me. I do not deserve to die.—I never stole a goose in my life."

"How can I believe what you say?" said the farmer; "I find you in company with the fox, and therefore you must suffer with him." So saying he killed him without more words. If children do not wish to be thought wicked and bad, they should not keep company with others who are so, for they will suffer disgrace by being found with such companions.

### MUSIC AT HOME.

Music serves to make a home pleasant, by engaging many of its inmates in a delightful recreation, and thus dispelling the sourness or gloom which frequently arise from petty disputes, from mortified vanity, from discontent and envy. It prevents, for the time at least, evil thoughts and evil speaking, and tends to relieve the minds of both performers and hearers from the depressing effects of care and melancholy. Young persons need and will have amusements. If an innocent and improving kind be not provided at home, they will seek for some kind elsewhere. If they find places more agreeable to them than their homes, those homes will be deserted; and thus the gentle and holy influences which ought to encircle the family fireside, will be in a great measure lost.

### SCRAPS.

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and nothing makes them so lovely as habitual respect and dutiful deportment toward their parents and superiors; it makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless but particular charm.

Pope gives the secret of tattling, in this hint. He says that when the thoughts are not employed on things, it is usual to turn them on persons. A good man has not the inclination, an industrious man has not the leisure to be censorious; so that censure or tattling is the exclusive property of idleness.

Let us convince others, if we can; but whether or not let us do what is right. If opposed, we have only to improve the hindrance to the exercise of some other virtue. Thou hast never aimed at what was impossible, but only at what was right; and if thou dost but this thou hast thy reward.

Teach a child to think for himself, by which he can learn how to learn, which is the cream of all instruction, whether in school or out.

Sydney Smith said, of a great talker, that it would greatly improve him if he had, now and then, "a few flashes of silence."

The most foolish thing in the world is said to be to bow to the rich until you are unable to stand erect in the presence of an honest man.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

If thou wouldst live long, live well; for folly and wickedness shorten life.

Our happiness depends more upon dispositions and tempers than on our possessions.

Unemployed time is the greatest burden to an industrious man.

Temptations cannot enter where the heart is well guarded.

Drive thy business, or thy business will drive thee.