

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.—The customs of New England, in regard to a rigid and constant application to business, are an anomaly to visitors from abroad, and there is no doubt that this application is carried to excess. Some persons speak very decidedly about the sin of wasting the precious hours of youth in worldly folly; but there is nothing repugnant to their moral sense, if these hours are only turned into money. In commercial cities, more particularly, the chief object of life is to get gain. The one absorbing idea is to become rich; but, unfortunately, there is no stopping place. No one ever has enough, and consequently a large proportion of business men keep on at full speed for more, till they drop dead on the course, although for years they had been possessed of enormous wealth. Avarice, therefore, is developed by increasing possessions. This determination to hoard money, allows of no opportunity of relaxation, and therefore all who are operating in any way within the magic circle in which business of magnitude is transacted, must do as others do, or be cast off.

Thus holidays are few and far between, although known to be resting periods for the industrious masses, and promotive of health and a cheerful spirit. The Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and an occasional military review, are the only prominent days of relaxation. Some will not allow their children to dance, because they consider it a frivolous waste of life; others forbid it because it is absolutely wicked, according to their belief, which of course is right. Many eschew theatres as the focus of moral corruption; shows cost money; concerts are nothing but sound; sporting is unprofitable; and all mere accomplishments are vanities. Under such training the youth of New England have too little rational amusement to counterpoise the bad effects of their incessant industry. Formerly, when our State election was celebrated in the spring, there was in Massachusetts a holiday which gave a general relaxation from toil; but in our generation, election comes in the dead of winter, when nobody is comfortable in the open air. Public amusements are conducive to order, as well as to health, and should be more extensively encouraged. — [Boston Medical Journal.]

SOLITARY ENJOYMENTS.—All solitary enjoyments quickly pall, or become painful, so that, perhaps no more insufferable misery can be conceived than that which must follow incommunicable privileges. Only imagine a human being condemned to perpetual youth while all around him decays and dies. Oh! how sincerely would he call upon death for deliverance! No means of suicide would be left unattempted. What, then, is to be done? Luckily, we should strike in vain, or could we succeed, we should be fools for our pains. To strangle a natural feeling is a partial suicide; but there is no need to extinguish the fertility of the soil lest the harvest should be gone. It is no better to root up the weeds, and to plant fruits and flowers instead? Were but a tithing of the time and thought usually spent in learning the commonest accomplishments bestowed upon regulating our lives, how many evils would be avoided or lessened! — [Sharpe's Letters.]

SLAVING FOR MONEY.—We pity the man who wears out his energies in the pursuit of riches, which when amassed, he will have lost the capacity to enjoy. He finds himself, at the end of his labors, a guest at his own feast, without an appetite for his banquet. The wife of life is wasted, and nothing remains but the leech. The warm sympathies of his heart have been checked by the inexorable spirit of avarice, and they cannot be resuscitated. The fountain-head of his enthusiasm is sealed; he looks at all things in nature and in art with the eye of calculation; hard matter-of-fact is the only plumb which his mind can feel on; the elastic spring of impulse is broke; the poetry of existence is gone. Are wealth and position an equivalent for the losses? Is not the miser, who has acquired wealth at such a cost, a miserable but kept? In our opinion there is little to choose on the score of wisdom between the individual who recklessly squanders his money as he goes along in folly and extravagance, and the false economist who denies himself the wholesome enjoyments of life in order to swell the treasure which, in the hardening process of stripping us, he had become too mean to spend, and too selfish to give away. The only rational way to live is to mix labor with enjoyment—a streak of fat and a streak of lean. There is nothing like a steady life—a pleasant mixture of exertion, thankfulness, hospitality, and repose. The man who slaves for riches, makes a poor return to that God who took the trouble of making him for a better purpose. — [Sunday Times.]

MYSTERIOUS AND BIZARRE.—The following mysterious paragraph is from the New York Mirror: "The editor of the New York Mirror desires to know how people are to obtain repairs in New York, this summer. Col. Fuller, by reading the Bible, in your early years, have you any recollections to how the children of Israel obtained manna in the wilderness?"

Some years ago the Yankee schooner "Sally Ann," under command of one Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a little too near to certain flats which lay along the harbor shore. So fast he goes to the captain, and with his hat cocked on one side says— "Cap'n Spooner, you're gettin' leetle too close to them flats; had'a yer better go about!" To which Captain Spooner replied— "Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend your part the skuner, and I'll tend to mine!" Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high indignation; and hallooed out— "Boys, see that 'ere madbook all clear for lettin' go!" "Ay ay, sir—all clear." "Let go then?" "Down went the anchor, out rested the chain, and like a flash the Sally Ann came puffing into the wind and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft and touching his hat very cavalierly, said— "Well Cap'n my part of the skuner's to anchor."

COMING IT SENSO.—Little Gen. of fifteen. "Mother, you must allow me more funds; I can't go among our fellows if you don't." "Indigent Widow.—Why my child, you have three dollars a week pocket money now. You surely can't spend more than that." "Little Gen. of fifteen.—Yes that's all well enough, but where's my cigars and snuff-box to come from? And that New-fangled dog how such a devil of a twist, I'm sure he'll eat me one of these days!"

QUERIES.
If a person feel a person trading on his toes, does a person ask a person how a person know?
Is it any body's business?
If a gentleman should choose to wait upon a lady?
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business?
If a lady has a beau?
Is a person on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business?
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person,
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business?
What his business may be there?
The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this—
Is it anybody's business?
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we are certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.
If it is, we will join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the public mart;
But, if not, we'll act the teacher,
Till each meddler learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

The New York Sunday Mercury has a genius in his "Nimrod" whose brightness the editor develops in the following lesson in catechism: "Well, Nimrod, how long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?" "Till they found their way out." "Who was cast into the lion's den?" "Van Amburg." "Who was compelled to seek refuge in the land of Nod?" "Governor Dorr." "Why?" "Because he got up the King's ebenezer, and Providence wouldn't protect him?" "That will do, Nimrod, for this week."

Of Chase's Bank Lock, the Scientific American says:— "The most perfectly secure and efficient, unpickable, unfreakable, and unburstable lock ever introduced, has been recently invented and perfected by Mr. S. L. Chase of Lockport, N. Y. It is susceptible of 743,000,000,000 changes of adjustment; has no accessible aperture into which gunpowder can be introduced, and could not be picked nor unlocked in seven years even by the manufacturer thereof with the key in his possession, unless he had locked it himself; and as to thieves, the more they should examine and investigate this lock, by imitations, impressions, or otherwise, the more they wouldn't know how to open it!"

An insult is twice as deep as an apology. An insult sinks to the heart, and ranks there, while an apology merely skirts over the surface, but never heals the wound. To persons impudently disposed, what a warning ought not this to be!

THE WAY OF ETERNAL LIFE.

[Extract from the Sermon of Rev. W. H. Furness, at the late Installation of Rev. J. T. Sargent, at Somerville.]
Since these things are so, as I have spoken of the kingdom of Heaven, let me speak in the next place of the way into the eternal life.— This is the subject of this discourse,—the kingdom of Heaven, notwithstanding all the contradictions and controversy, notwithstanding the sects and the churches, is very plain and simple; so plain, that the wonder after all this, that sun after sun, as it rises, still finds us lingering amidst the shadows and darkness of our mortal state.

Behold, then, you have consciences to distinguish right from wrong, the eternal from the temporal, the heavenly from the earthly.— You have—let me use the despised phrase—that "inward light," whose authority is never more fully admitted than when it is denied, for without this master of light of all our seeing, how can we affirm or deny anything? If the light that is within us is darkness, how deep is our darkness! You are not stocks and stones, you have warm, living hearts in your bosoms, fashioned to beat in accord with the heavenly things, justice and mercy. And the multitude of human sufferings and wrong, how mightily do they appeal to us! In breaking the chains of evil, the peace of heaven shall flow into your souls. The ministry of Humanity, engaged in that, and in the very engagement you enter into the celestial state. The existence of evil is a great mystery. I am a metaphysician, and I could not solve this mystery, even if I were.—But I declare to you, it more than half vanishes from before me, when I see how evil opens the door of heaven. In simple obedience to the natural dictates of humanity, in pity and love, in laboring to abate and abolish the evil that awakens our human sympathies, we come to know the transcendent worth, the ravishing quality of the good. In our conflict with evil, the glory of those principles which are the attributes of God, the foundations of the earth and the pillars of heaven, is revealed, and we have an inward, heart-knowledge of their reality and greatness. When we speak, or when we silently act against cruelty and wrong, we find ourselves in the vicinity of the eternal substance, the soul of all religion, the fountain of life and light. Are you greatly bewildered at times, well nigh lost amidst the thick clouds that darken this mortal state? Is death appalling? Is sin mighty? Is habit too strong for you? Are you utterly cast down in the consciousness of your weakness, longing for power which you have not? God hath shown thee, O man, what is good. Listen to the voice, familiar as it may be, of our common humanity.—Give your hearts, as they are waiting and longing to be given, freely, utterly to the ever present work of man's deliverance from the despotism of evil. Speak out, as your hearts bid you, for your poor brother man and your poor sister woman. In feeling with them and for them, you will learn the heavenliness of justice and mercy, you will find that you have something on your hands and in your hearts, which is of imperishable stuff. You will know, as you never can know otherwise, that life is not all a mocking shadow, that there is something real and solid in this great universe, not far from every one of us, something worth living for, something that will communicate to you a sense of security that passes all understanding, something that will nerve your arm, although hosts encamp around you, and will bid you hope forever.

But refuse to avail yourself of the opportunity, which is afforded you to learn the divineness of humanity and love; take counsel of your love of ease; hug your darling prejudices, and let them be your comforters; let the cries of the friendless and the wronged come up to your ears in vain;—and you shut and bar the gates of heaven. You may live on for a while, walking in the vain show. But when the hour of trial comes, as it will come, when you need a rock and a refuge, you will find none. Words, mere words will then avail you nothing. In the day when your heart was flushed with the hope of success, you fancied, that words, empty professions, were sufficient to worship God with, but in your hour of bitterness you will crave something substantial, and where shall it be found? It is not in you. You can have no faith in an omnipotent Rectitude, an omnipresent, all-animating, all-outriquing spirit of love, for you have never known the power of these divine principles in yourself. They have had no meaning for you. They were hollow names, vague generalities, lifeless abstractions. You have never known how real they were, you have no taste for their divinity. The world and its barbarian customs and opinions, flying directly in the face of eternal right,—these you have believed in. You have submitted to the authority, you have felt the power of these, and these must comfort and bind up your heart when it is breaking, if they can.

"Pray, Miss C.," said a gentleman the other evening, "why is it that ladies are so fond of officers?" "How stupid," replied Miss C., "is it not perfectly natural that a lady should like a good officer-sir?"

Mar, where shall I find the state of matrimony? Oh, that is one of the United States.

15
Ship Board Record to the Western Ill
Saturday August 15 the 1844
At three AM the Pilot came on board
At five took the Anker made sail the most
of the crew on board light air and calm through
to S. S. S. S.

Sunday Aug 16 commences with light breezes
Buffling and calms At eleven and a half the
Captain came on board All hands at work
Thirty one in number middle part thick fog
Air drizzling rain soon squally hard
My job for some miles sail at day
light had a back for the Pilot boat
At 7 AM the Pilot left for end forward
By the wind Starboard Tacks on board
With a fine breeze Wind At 8 AM the
Fog breaks away Some got an altitude longitude
By aneroid
Cutwank beam E 17 miles Dist At 8 AM
from which we take our departure

Monday Aug 17 Begins with pleasant
Breezes and fog close watches and boats crew
At 4 PM on board ship cables show the Ankers and
Chains middle part strong breezes and squally
Hard light sail two St in top sails
At 6 PM fair wind course S E Tacks out reefed
Strong breezes throughout all hands employed
fitting with strong eye for top mast back
Longitude by obs 39-53 W
Longitude by
Longitude by

Tuesday Aug 18 Begins with strong breezes
And cloudy course S E by E fair wind and
Moderate sail beam ran
Longitude by obs 39-44 W
While under latter strong breezes and raged
heavy rain two reefs in top sails latter part
Wagon top (and all hands on deck so much
Longitude by obs 38-30 W

Wednesday August 19
Begins with strong breezes and heavy rain passing
Squally All hands on deck employed variously
At 3 PM Pleasant and light breezes made
Sail course S E fair wind longitude by obs 67-47 W
At ten AM heavy rain and squally beam main S E
Sail 2 St in top sails strong breezes throughout
Hard heavy rain sun thunder and lightning
one watch on deck
Longitude by obs 37-40