Family Circle.

A SONG FOR THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

INSCRIBED TO DR. I. J. HAYES. Away to the realms of the frozen North With the speed of the winds we fly,
We have bid farewell to the land of our birth,
We have said to our friends—Good by ! Throw the flag to the wind— Leave the green earth behind, We long for the glacier and fice, We'll hunt the bear, And his shaggy coat wear, Like the native Esquimaux.

How dull and tame seems the peaceful life That these temperate regions know, To those who have battled in storm and strife, Midst eternal frost and snow. Oh! the glorious sight Of an Arctic night, Has a solemn grandeur for me, And the long bright ray, Of the Northern day,

Is a wondrous thing to see! We would fain search for the open sea, That flows round the Northern pole. From the fearless spirit doth danger flee While it haunteth the fainting soul To the ravens that cry, The Great Helper is nigh: We'll trust to his love and his care, Thro' darkness and storm He'il guard us from harm, This wonderful hearer of prayer

Then speed we away on the wings of the wind, While the warm summer breezes blow, Though fancy may linger on scenes left behind, Still onward, right onward we go! Every heart bold and true, Of our brave little crew,
As brothers we stand side by side, And our bark stanch and strong, Will bear us along, As safe as the sea-gull can ride.

Philadelphia, July 7th, 1860.

A LITTLE GRAVE. "It's only a little grave," they said; "Only just, a child that's dead." And so they carelessly turned away From the mound the spade had made that day, And they did not know how deep a shade That little grave in our home had made. I know the coffin was narrow and small: One yard would have served for an ample pall; And one man in his arms could have borne away The resewood and its freight of clay. But I know that darling hopes were hid Beneath that little coffin lid.

I know that mother stood that day

With folded hands, by that form of clay; I know that burning teurs were hid "'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;" And I know her lip and cheek and brow Were almost as white as her baby's now; I know that some things were hid away— The crimson frock, and wrappings gray; The little sock and half-worn shoe, The cap, with its plumes and tassels blue; As white as the face of the sinless dead.

WHO TOOK THE BABY? "Mother," one day said little Sue,
"When our dear little baby died, And had to leave your loving arms, Who took her on the other side?

"I've heard you say there is a stream, And all who die must pass it o'er; Now, when our babe that river crossed

"O Susy, when God's children die. Jesus, who died their souls to save, Receives them in his own kind arms, And bears them safe across the wave.

"He is their rod, and He their staff, He bears them o'er the swelling tide, And takes them to his Father's home, That bright home on 'the other side.'

> For the American Presbyterian. KITTY AND THE BIRDS.

Oh, the dear little birdies! such times among the birdies. Little birdies are about trying their new fledged wings. Young robins are gathering their own cherry dinner. Yellow birds and little brown birds are flitting about the garden. Swallows, fresh from the nest, are sailing about, with a whole army of the old swallows around them. But of all the little birds, young robin, with the spotted red breast, is the plump, good-natured, honest little soul who takes all the world—Kitty included

-to be as good and honest as himself. Dear mother robin! how she has labored for her young ones this summer. I could see that she was getting to be a poor little body over all her brooding, watching, and providing. Then the naughty squirrel under the tree has troubled the naughty squirrel under the tree has troubled her. Robin is a gentle creature, but when her little ones are in danger she can fight bravely. Squirrel starts up the tree. Robin strikes down when her with her bill makes a strike down when her with her bill makes a strike down which it is a pleasure talkely and the wind with her bill makes a strike down which it is a pleasure talkely and the strikes on which it is a pleasure talkely and the strikes on which it is a pleasure talkely and the strikes on which it is a pleasure talkely and the strikes on which it is a pleasure talkely and the strikes on which it is a pleasure talkely and the strikes on which it is a pleasure talkely and the strikes on the strikes as a means of keeping a human mind vigorous, clear, and cheerful. To laugh is good for us; and laughter is the triumph of wit. upon him with her bill—makes a great show of which it is a pleasure to look; and they are prowings and strength with good effect. Squirrel duced by the cordial expression of mirth. If you looks sheepish—shrinks into a round lump; at would know whether a person's disposition is

stantly.
Robin has had her brood all out. She taught a caution. But young robin is too much delighted with everything to keep watch. She flies here and there, right in kitty's way. There! he has has said, that "a laugh, like a thing of beauty, is a said, that "a laugh, like a thing of beauty, a laugh, you? All the birds have an eye on kitty. They know she is ever lurking about to see which of them she may devour. We find little feathers which no creatures under the sun, except men,

Shall we drown our kitty?

birds from the little pear tree nest are trying their it himself." wings to-day. Their parents are very auxious, flitting from bean-pole to pea-bush, and back to the tree again, chirping, calling to the birdies.

Welcome, then, true, fresh, cordial laughter!

Welcome you whose mouths are enclosed in pleasant parentheses! Welcome you who can laught Blackbirds are up from the bogs, hang-birds from the elm, and robins have left their cherry feasting.

Tittle brown birds, too, are very pitiful, but swallows are most valiant of all. What is to pay now? Ah, kitty! hiding under the pea-vines! Metcome you who can laugh yourselves, and can make other people laugh! Our chosen friends! may they all belong to this class! Our partner in business, if we are to have one, may he be what Sir Walter Scott calls "an honest laugher!" If he should prove not to be now. Ah, kittyl hiding under the pea-vines! honest laugher!" If he should prove not to be now I understand. Shame on you, to plague the dear little things. Here kitty, kitty, kitty. Up runs kitty; swallow after her. She swoops down The preacher to whom we pay our Sunday respects, may be know the effectiveness of well-timed wit on her—up, then down again, and again. Here comes kitty, and swallow at the door gives a mighty plunge at her, as though he could not be giu to express how mean and hateful she is. Here kitty is your cup of milk, and we are going to shut you up with it. Birdies shall have proof that he has never learned the value of a little peace for once. So we see kitty safe, and mirthfulness!

then look out upon the birds. They are all singing "good, good, sweet, sweet, nice, nice times for yourself, the same blessings which have just cherries. Did not this lady do a good deed for

But the question returns, and can you answer it:-What shall we do with our kitty?

The number of difficulties make the Christian's conquest the more illustrious. A gracious man should be made up of all fire, overcoming and consuming all opposition as the fire does the stubble. All difficulties should be but whet stones to his iortitude.

Grace Greenwood writes the following little story—and a true one it is—for the Little Pilgrim, a child's paper. She gets the facts from an incident described in the *Hartford Daily Times*, some years ago, as having happened in Colt's Meadows:

In the city of Hartford, Connecticut, lives the hero of the true history I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure, which made him for a time famous in his native town, happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright active boy of four-

teen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of 18-, the father worked in a factory, about a mile and a half from his home, and every day the boy carried him his dinner, across a wide piece of meadow land. One keen frosty day, he found the snow on-this meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the

little foot path remaining. Yet he rau on, as fast as possible, plunging through drifts—keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise and brave, cheerful thoughts. When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a

mile from any house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down, down! He had fallen into a He sunk down into the dark, icy water, but

rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank, which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well, the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water. The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse, and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible for him to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was to be saved at all, he must save himself, and

begin at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work. First, he drew himself up to the plank, and praced himself against the top of it and the wall. of the well, which was of brick, and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife, cut off his boots, that he might work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had yet gone through, for the side of the well being from that point completely covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and

carefully, all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God, and prayed fervently for help, fearing he could never get out alone. Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from

the deeps, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance. It is in this way that God oftenest answers our prayers, when we call upon him in time of trouble. After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the

He did reach it at last-crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest, panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with the cold, as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his good father was waiting and wondering. The poor man was obliged to go without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared little about that, while listening, with tears in his eyes, to the thrilling story his son had to relate to

He must have been very proud of the boy that day, as he wrapped him up in his own warm over coat, and took him home to 'mother.' And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him, and thanked

Miscellaneous.

We extract the following from advance sheets of a forthcoming work, entitled, A man, or the Higher Pleasures of the Intellect, by Rev. J. D. Bell. It will be issued by James Challen and Son, of this city.

True wit, appropriately employed, is wonderlast trots soberly down and escapes to his castle in the stone wall. Sometimes a brave swallow comes to her aid and puts squirrel to rout inthe homeliest physiognomy.

Among all the things in which both the useful

them to fly from maple to cherry tree, and back and the agreeable are combined, what is more inagain to the maple. Then she let the dear things teresting than a laugh that is a laugh? Do you go forth into the wide world with many and many like those persons who seem to eat their own lipe? you, poor thing! Ah! naughty kitty, how can a joy forever." It is certainly a joy in the mo-

behind the door, feathers in the shed, feathers all women, and children, are capable. Brute animals cannot laugh. You could not draw a laugh out Yesterday kitty brought in a plump little robin of a dog or a horse if you should tickle him all Yesterday kitty brought in a plump little robin which a moment before was chirping in the cherry tree. It hopped down on the ground, with one bound kitty had her. We scolded kitty, took birdie away. Poor, gentle thing! Its little head falls back so sadly, it seems to say, "pity the poor little birdie." It makes the tears come. Here, kitty, takes no heed, but this morn literate it is again. Kitty takes no heed, but this morn literate in again a fat young robin that walks are medicine, gives a nerson no rain expent in his brought in again a fat young robin that woke so early, expecting such a happy time all the day. more, he who proceeds on my system, can make We have saved one heedless thing that was his own medicine and can prescribe for himself. resting its tired wings on the lilac. Kitty's eyes were on it. Kitty gave a spring; so did we, and his own jest. But Charles Lamb proves that this shouled under the tree just as kitty had her paw is a popular fallacy, and gives it, as his opinion, upon her. Birdie was safely off, and kitty slunk that he who does not enjoy his own joke is, "like a gentleman who commends the flavor of his veni-Oh, what a fuss in the garden! The yellow son on the absurd strength of his never touching

Welcome, then, true, fresh, cordial laughter

good, good, sweet, sweet, nice, nice times and up go the whole flock among the general sweet, and up go the whole flock among the general sweet, swee

You know what they are in health-how they heighten it. You know what they are in sickness -how they relieve it. You know what they are in weariness—how they drive it away, and diffuse a sweet exhibitation in its place. You know The number of difficulties make the Christian's what they are when drowsiness has begun to steal

the man of whom I am to write, never uttered a grander or more sublime truth than when he said, Greatmen have had greatmothers. What France most needs is mothers.

No man, in any measure acquainted with John Quincy Adams, can deny that he was great. To whom, under God, did he owe that greatness? Not so much to John Adams, his father, the second President of the United States, as to Abigail Smith, the second daughter of a country clergyman, his

If a man have a "grandmother Lois, and mother Eunice," in whom dwelt the unfeigned faith of the gospel, it may make but little difference, as was the case with young Timothy, "though his father was a Greek." The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Weymouth, Massachu-

setts, was an eccentric but a good man; and neither he nor his parishioners approved of the marriage of his daughter with John Adams, the son of a farmer, and above all, himself a lawyer-which profession the early settlers of New England considered quite unnecessary; while they approved of the marriage of the eldest daughter, Mary, with Mr. Cranch, a neighbor of Mr. Adams.

When Mary was married, the father preached a wedding sermon from the text, "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." When Abigail was to be married, her father told her she might select a text. and he would preach her a wedding sermon. She selected, "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they said, He hath a devil." This was merely a specimen of her youthful independence. It is true, female education at that day was not

what it is at the present time; and yet, in some respects, it was more substantial. With the writings of Milton, Dryden, Shakspeare, Addison, Tillotson, Butler, Locke, Young, and the whole class of writers of that golden age of English literature, Miss Smith, afterwards the mother of John Quincy Adams, was well acquainted. The letters of this remarkable woman to her son, John Quincy Adams, have been published by her grandthe perusal of all mothers and all sons. They, undoubtedly, had a powerful influence in making John Quincy Adams the man he was. They abound with sentiments like the following, written to him when in Paris: - "My anxieties have been and still are great, lest the numerous temptations and snares to vice should vitiate your early habits of virtue, and destroy those principles which you are now capable of reasoning upon, and dis-cerning the beauty and utility of, as the only rational source of happiness here or foundation of felicity hereafter. Placed as we are in a transitory. scene of probation, drawing nigher and still nigher, day by day, to that important crisis, which must introduce us into a new system of things, it ought certainly to be our principal concern to become qualified for our expected dignity."

Thus made acquainted with the mother, a daughter of a prophet, educated in the family of a prophet, rooted and grounded in Christian principle, you are now prepared to be introduced to her son, John Quincy Adams. He was born in the town of Braintree, in the part now called Quincy, July 11th, 1767. The house in which he was born is still standing. It is about nine miles from Boston, on a plat of level land at the foot of "Penn's Hill," so called, about a mile from the old mansion afterwards built by John Adams; then occupied by John Quincy Adams, and now

owned by his son, Charles F. Adams. ritanic taste, if they have ever visited the "old Pilgrim city of Boston, which is conspicuous in sharp angles, narrow, crooked streets, zigzag lanes,

and crossings and turnings.

I have been in every room of that old house in which John Quincy Adams first breathed the vital air. Here, one of the best of mothers watched over the childhood of one of the greatest of men. Here he attended the village school, and learned the first rudiments of education. Here, according to his own description, the dame who first taught him to spell, flattered him with the idea that he would one day become a scholar.

Standing on this hill, at the age of ten years,

he heard the cannon booming from the battle of Bunker's Hill, saw the smoke and flames of burning Charlestown, and watched the shells and rockets during the siege of Boston. At the age of eleven years, he went to Europe with his father, and studied in the schools of Paris, of Amsterdam, at the University of Leyden, at

St. Petersburg, and at Stockholm. At the age of nineteen he entered the junior class of Harvard University. He became an active member of all the literary societies in college; and though he entered late, took the second part at graduation. His habits of punctuality and industry then were what they were sixty years afterwards, when a member of the House of Representatives remarked, it was time to call the House to order, and another replied: "No, Mr. Adams is not in his seat." The clock was actually three minutes too fast, and before these three minutes elapsed Mr. A. was in In summing up Mr. A.'s private character, it

may be remarked: He was economical of time. He said, "I feel nothing like ennui. Time is too short for me, rather than too long. If the day were forty-eight hours long instead of twenty-four, I could employ them all, if I had but eyes and hands to read and write." While at St. Petersburg, he complained bitterly of the great loss of his time, from the ci-vilities and visits of his friends and associates. "I have been engaged," he wrote, "the whole forenoon, and though I rise at six o'clock, I am sometimes able to write only part of a private letter in the course of the day." Franklin became what he was by industry; Mr. Adams became what he was by economizing time.

There is not a young man who cannot imitate

him in this respect.

To redeem time, he rose early. I have met him, when riding out on horseback myself, more than the rose back myself, more than the rose back myself, more than the unspeakable advantages arising from a due obtwo miles from his home, on his return from his two miles from his home, on his return from his servance of it. Let every young man maintain morning walk, and this was before sunrise. Perhaps it should be added, he retired early, when practicable.

Mr: Adams was remarkable for punctuality. He was never known to be late. One instance has already been given in the halls of Congress. He always attended to a previous appointment, whatever were the intervening circumstances. He had appointed an evening to see a young man, of his native town, and myself, relative to the young man's application to be admitted to the

West Point Military Academy." The old servant said, "I think Mr. A. cannot see you to-night." "Will you tell him we are here?" said I. Mr. Adams immediately left his company—some members of Congress, from a distance—and spent half an hour with the young man. What young man cannot imitate Mr. A. in

Mr. Adams encouraged education. He visited the public schools. He visited my own school. and examined a class in the Greek Reader, when he was seventy-six years old, and wore no glasses; while on either hand of him sat a clergyman, more than twenty years his junior, with glasses on. In the interview with Mr. Wood, the young man alluded to, Mr. A. inspired him with an interest in, and a love of study, which he never lost and. when I saw him, one of the teachers of West Point, two years since, he referred to that evening's conversation with Mr. A. as the mainspring

of his eminence or success in life. Who will follow his example in these matters? the most abstruse sciences—while preparing and sufficient to pay for all the bread and corn eaten delivering lectures on belles lettres, in Harvard in Great Britain. Five millions and a half of acres litical excitement and filling high posts of trust—
in each and all of these conditions he was a constant reader of the Bible. Four or five chapters
every day he read. In a letter to his son, as early

pound, year unity-seven amount of the world fail to tell of the vast
amount of smoking in Turkey and Persia. In

India all classes and both sexes indulge in this
practice; the Siamese both chew and smoke. In as 1811, he says:—"I have many years made it Burmah all ages practise it—children three years a practice to read through the Bible once a year. old and of both sexes. China equally contributes

PRIVATE LIFE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Napoleon Bonaparte, born but two years after

Napoleon Bonaparte, born but two years after

the man of whom I am to write, never uttered a suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."
What a lesson to those whom "a little learning"

has made mad, and whom a slight political ele-vation has so far turned their heads, that they deyou in learning and honors, "as far as light ex-celleth darkness!" Indeed, so familiar was he with the sacred scriptures, and so well did he understand their power and application to the affairs of life, that he often clinched his own opinions in his private conversation and in his public addresses with some appropriate passage from the Bible.

Mr. Adams' filial affection was strong, especially towards his mother. In this he was a pattern worthy of all imitation. Upon her death Mr. A. said:—"This is one of the severest afflictions to which human nature is liable. The silver cord is broken—the tenderest of natural ties is dissolved—life is no longer to me what it was. My home is no longer the abole of my mother. While she lived, whenever I returned to the parental roof, I felt as if the joys and charms of childhood returned to make me happy. All was kindness and affection. At once silent and active, as the movement of the orbs of heaven, one of the links which connects me with former ages is no more,"

How many hearts can respond to this language? wast dead," &c.

Mr. Adams was preat walker. He never rode to church, though his family always did. He used to walk, when seventy five years old, from his residence in Quincy into Boston, a distance of eight miles, when he had horses and carriages enough in his stable. He used to say, he "noticed that those had the lest legs who used them the most." Would it not be better for them, if some son, Charles Francis Adams, and are well worthy younger people, of both sexes, would walk more least six degrees of latitude in width, from Nor-

several hymns, which are sung in public worship. He had a wonderful tact in writing poetry upon the spur of the occasion. Near the close of his eventful life, when he had been to Cincinnati to give his memorable address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Astronomical Observatory, on his return from that tity to Pittsburgh, he was acthe passage:

"If in life's dull and toilsome way, The pilgrim chance to meet, On some rare, bright, auspicious day,
A jewel at his feet;
The memory of that gem shall give
A balsam to be heart;
And, while here fire he shall live,
Unnumbered joys impart.

That pilgrim's fortune now is mine-And this the day of joy;

I see the precious jewel shine—
Pure gold without alloy;
And memory brooding o'er the past, Shall ever bless the day, When fortune, in her kindness, cast The jewel in my way."

and one story back, and sits half side-wise to the ladies of Pennsylvania. I give the first verse of they are driven, from January to January again;

"Man wants but little here below, Tis not with me exactly so-But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told Vould muster many a score; And were each wish a mint of gold, I still should wish for more."

Mr. Adams kept the Sabbath. He attended public worship regulary, not half but all day. He did not, like many political men and others, half in secular business. He was a noble example to others in his attendance upon God's house.

When Minister to the Court of Holland, he joined a society of men of learning, which met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams was one of the youngest members. His polished manners, well-cultivated and well-stored intellect, and his ready conversational powers, soon endeared him very much to his colleagues. He both gave and received enjoyment, and was always present.

and punctually so. On one occasion the meeting was adjourned to a Sabbath evening. Mr. Adams was not there. It was appointed on the next Sabbath, evening, Mr. Adams was not there. The members noticed and regretted his absence. They met again on the third Sabbath evening, Mr. Adams' chair, was still vacant. Many were surprised that he, who was formerly so constant and punctual, should so suddenly disappear. How did it happen? Press of business, it was supposed. At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening, and, lo! there was at. Adams in his place, punctual to the moment, brilliant and pleasant

The members gave him a hearty welcome, expressed their regret that press of business, or the duties of his office, had so long deprived them of his company. But he did not let that go as the reason. "Not business engagements hindered me," he replied; "you met on the Lord's day. That is a day devoted to religion by me."

Noble declaration! well worthy of the son of mother Eunice and a grandmother Lois! He then told his companions he had been brought up in New England, where the Sabbath was kept as holy time, and under the instruction of a mother, who was not of Puritan descent only, but also the daughter of one minister and nearly related to and few among us will make shipwreck of their

Finally, Mr. Adams was a man of prayer. It was characteristic of him; he maintained secret devotion: and it has already been said he was a constant attendant in the sanctuary,
In the poem alread alluded to, the last two verses are as follows; and if we all have what he asks in them, it will be well with us forever:

"These are the wants of mortal man; I cannot want them long; For life itself is but a span, And earthly bliss a song. My last great want, absorbing all, Is, when beneath the sod, And summoned to my final call, The mercy of my God.

"And oh! while circles in my veins Of life the purple stream, And yet a fragment small remains Of nature's transient dream, My soul, in humble hope unscared, Forget not thou to pray That this, thy want, may be prepared To meet the Judgment Day." Dr. Cornell in the Educator.

TOBACCO STATISTICS. The Dean of Carlisle, in a recent lecture on the

use of Tobacco, calculated that the entire world of smokers, shuffers, and chewers consume 2,000, It is the same in all climates, never sours in hot or cold University—when retired in the family circle, are occupied in its growth, chiefly cultivated by where restraint is thrown off, and the man appears slave labor, the product of which, at twopence per in his true character—while in the whirl of po- pound, would yield thirty-seven millions of pounds

race are their clients, or that there certainly are 100,000,000 smokers.

THE METEOR.

On the night of Friday last one of the most bril liant of the meteors known to mortal sight made a majestic march across the country, and went out has made mad, and whom a slight political ele-vation has so far turned their heads, that they do-spise the Bible! To such we would say, go learn spise the Bible! To such we would say, go learn learn the example of one who excelled different sense, while an enthusiastic reporter somewhere in the mountain region of this State bserved it going into a hill-side lialf a mile distant, and when he reached the spot, the hole, which was a foot in diameter, was still warm. Singular ideas respecting its altitude above the earth, and the place of its rising, as well as the spot where it fell, are apparent in the multitude of paragraphs appearing in the journals. The impression of its nearness to every observer is remarkable, many reporting it but a hundred yards high, and a large share thinking it some new form of rocket, or a fire balloon. There is quite enough in these contradictory accounts to induce us to take with much allowance the reports of sights seen by one or two persons only, whether those told of the past, or those yet to be told of the future. This meteor was seen at least as far west as Buf-

falo, from which direction it passed southeastward at least two hundred miles beyond the Atlantic coast. At Washington it was but ten or fifteen degrees above the horizon in the northwest, while It reminds us of the pious and subdued poet's at Albany it was seen by Prof. Mitchell at an alappeal:—"My mother, when I learned that thou nearly vertical at New York, and on a line south westward from Lake Erie to New York. To be visible over an area so large at these angles, i must have an altitude of nearly thirty miles, Prof. Mitchell's calculation of twenty-seven miles of altitude being based on an assumption that it was ver tical sixty miles south of Albany, when in fact it was vertical at from eighty to one hundred miles south of that city. It was seen along a belt at nd ride less? folk to Saratoga, and towns north of Boston, or Mr. Adams had nuch poetic talent. He wrote four hundred and fifty miles, in no part of which it was less than fifteen degrees above the horizon, though always appearing to be near the observer.

EDITORS AND PRINTERS' VACATION Who ever heard of such a thing? Teacher and students have theirs; pastors have theirs; companied in a stemboat by a young lady of Penn'a, and the pllowing beautiful piece of poetry was presented to her by Mr. Adams, on I propose, on behalf of your readers, that you and your printers drop all, for four weeks this summer. and rest. Take the last weeks in July and the first weeks in August, when everybody is resting but the farmers, who had their long rest in the winter. Pay your printers their wages, as they and their families will need it while resting, and put in your pocket what your paper and mailing would cost, using what you need for expenses, while resting, and the balance in making better the forty eight numbers of the paper you will give us for the year. To this, I believe nineteen of every twenty of your subscribers will give their hearty AMEN; and the twentieth neither reads nor pays for his paper, so that if you should lose him, you would gain by it.

Could your country readers look in upon those who set your type, do your press-work, &c., &c., The above, and the poem on the "Wants of see their families, see how and where they live, Man," were both written by Mr. Adams for young and how closely they are confined, and how hard street, as the old Pilgrims often located their the latter here, and will give another under the dwellings. One may have some idea of this Purest. Let the paper go for a few weeks. Come up into the country and see us, breathe our air, look on our possessions, stretch your limbs and make yourself at home; it shall cost you nothing." Would not the boys, and old men too, with their wives and children, throw up their hats and caps to hear this? Well, if no one objects, take your vacation. Improve your heart and brains, put the wages in the hands of the worthy men who work early and late in printing your paper, and tell them to straighten up, to go out and stretch their limbs. To take their families with them, and quarter themselves on any one of the old subtoo, go to church half a day and spend the other scribers in the country, for a few weeks, and all

> A Worker.—Napoleon has ready for the press history of Julius Cæsar in two volumes. It is a work on which he has labored hard, and with a loving admiration of "the foremost man of all our race Certainly no man of the day has in his hands such a complication of business, yet he aspires to be an

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public, we may state that upwards of thirty thousand of them are now in daily use in the United States, giving perfect satisfaction to their owigers.

This result has been effected in the teath of the most defermined and vibilist opposition from the greater part of those in the Watch Importing Trade in the large cities, who have systematically used, all their influence with their customers, to discourage their dealing in an article which threatened, by its superiority, to displace their foreign watch to a very large extent. Many of the Jewellers and Watchmakers of the interior, a large proportion of them foreigners, seconded the efforts of the Watch Importers, being persuaded by a contracted and imperfect view of their own interests; by the fear of loss on their stock of imported watches, and the apprehension that their profits might be diminished through competition in a well known domestic article, with other groundless prejudices arising from a superificial liquiry into the subject. Notwithstanding this, however, the watches have steadily gained in the estimation of the people, the retailers have been constrained to keep them to supply the demand, and, by degrees, we are happy to add, their prejudices and alarms are being, dissipated.

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or the most inferior description, are often fully givarantical, by their makers, whom it is impossible to call to account under any circumstances.

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