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Select Poetry.

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it,
For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun;
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wander past the dusky casement,
Creep around the firelit room.

Draw the curtain—close the shutters—
Place the slippers by the fire;
Though the rudo wind loudly moans,
What care we for wind-spirits here?

What care we for outward seeming?
Fickle Fortune's frown or smile?
If around us Love is leaning—
Love can human ills beguile!
'Neath the cottage-roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king—
All are quaffing from Life's chalice
Bubbles that enchantment bring,
Grates are glowing—music flowing
From the lips we love the best;
O, the joy, the bliss, of knowing
There are hearts whereon to rest!

Hearts that throbb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
While grim Care and haunting Squalor
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of Daylight—
Fidelity haunt the midnight hour—
But the word and witching Twilight
Brings the glowing hearthstone's power.
Alas, our holiest feelings!
Childhood's well-remembered shrine!
Spirit-yearnings—soul-reverings—
Wealth's immortal road to twin!

FEAR NOT FOR THE FUTURE.

Why rack thy weary brain with fear,
Of dreaded future woes,
And cease the bitter useless tear,
For unseemly to flow?

Is not the evil of to-day
Enough for thee to bear?
Then cast those anxious thoughts away,
Nor for to-morrow care.

'Tis vain to spend thy noblest powers,
Trembling o'er life's sunset;
'Tis wrong to waste those golden hours,
With foolish discontent.

Seek not to lift the veil which hides
The future from our view,
Since in the present hour abides
All we're required to do.

That Higher Power which rules above,
Needs not thy puny arm,
To guard the objects of his love,
Or keep his works from harm.

Interesting Miscellany.

ANTIQUITIES IN AMERICA.

Throughout the entire length and breadth of the country—washed, as it is, by the waters of two mighty oceans, and abounding in natural resources—enormous beyond what it is possible to conceive—we find much to admire in the aspect and beauty of nature; and whether we travel from the distant shores of Maine and New Brunswick to the golden sands of California, and the shores of the great Pacific, or from the bright, crystal lakes of Minnesota to the orange groves of Florida, we behold throughout this immense extent the features of nature, grand and beautiful in every form and aspect. The mineralogist, the geologist, the naturalist, the botanist, and even the antiquarian, have all a rich field here.

Strange as it may appear, America abounds in antiquities, so extensive, so beautiful and majestic, as to rival those of Thebes or Nineveh. Ruins of ancient cities, of immense extent; fortifications, mounds and pyramids; temples with walls built of hewn stone, showing a refined taste in architecture—and adorned with human figures, beautifully executed; large altars ornamented with hieroglyphics, probably giving a record of those who reared them, but which no man has been able to decipher; remains of ancient palaces, with beautiful specimens of sculpture and painting, with many other marks of ancient greatness, prove to us that this is not a new world, but that a powerful empire existed at a very remote period of time, teeming with a population highly far beyond anything we have been led to conceive of the aborigines, previous to the discovery of the continent by Europeans.

The antiquities of America extend from the eastern shores of Maine and Massachusetts, to the Pacific, and from the great Lakes and British dominions, to Peru and La Plata in South America; in fact, throughout the extent of both continents. Immense forests grow over the ruins of large cities, and the gigantic size of the trees, with indications that other generations of trees sprung up and grew before them, prove that the ruins were in existence before the Christian era. In every portion of the United States, interesting ruins have been discovered. In the State of New York have been found sculptured figures of one hundred animals of different species, executed in a style far superior to anything exhibited by any of the existing tribes of Indians. The State of Ohio abounds in ruins of towers and fortifications, with extensive mounds and pyramids. At Marietta, and in Missouri, beautiful pottery, silver and copper ornaments, and pearls of great beauty and lustre, have been dug up from the earth. In the caves of Tennessee and Kentucky mummies have been found, in a high state of preservation, clothed with cloths and skins of various texture, inlaid with feathers. Like discoveries have been made at Carrolton, near Milwaukee, in the State of Wisconsin—ruins of huge fortifications appear. Similar ruins appear in the State of Missouri. On the south side of the Missouri river, in the western portion of the State, is an enclosure of some five hundred acres, which includes the ruins of a building (no doubt an ancient

tor) with walls 150 feet high, and 80 feet wide at the base, attached to which are a redoubt and a citadel, with work much resembling the structure of a tower in Europe.—But it is in the south of Mexico that magnificent and beautiful ruins present themselves in abundance. Ruins of majestic cities, and magnificent temples and altars, with beautiful works of sculpture, tastefully wrought; palaces adorned with paintings—colors chiefly sky-blue and light green—which show, by their richness and elegance, to be the work of highly cultivated people.

These ruins, majestic and beautiful in appearance, but overgrown with thick forests of mahogany and cedar of immense dimensions and great age, prove to the world that a great empire existed here at a very remote period of time, and that this empire teemed with an immense population, a people highly skilled in the mechanical arts, and in an advanced state of civilization. The most extensive ruins are to be found at Uxmal and Palenque, in the south-east of Mexico. At Uxmal are immense pyramids, coated with stone, and quadrangular stone edifices, and terraces. The highest of these pyramids is 130 feet, and on the summit it supports a temple; on one of the facades of the temple are four human figures, cut in stone, with great exactness and elegance. The hands are crossed upon the breast, the head is covered in something like a helmet, about the neck is a garment of the skin of an alligator, and over each body is a figure of a death's head and bones.

At Palenque—a city of great extent—are immense ruins, with the remains of a royal palace. One temple, that of Copan, 520 feet by 650, and supposed to have been as large as St. Peter's at Rome. Another temple of great dimensions is here, having an entrance by a portico 100 feet long and 10 broad; it stands on an elevation of sixty feet. The pillars of the portico are adorned with hieroglyphics and other devices. Different objects of worship have been found—representations of the gods who were worshipped in this country. These temples, with fourteen large buildings, and many other objects of curiosity, stand here as monuments of ancient greatness, to remind us of the remote origin of a mighty empire. This city has been described as the Thebes of America, and travellers have supposed that it must have been sixty miles in circumference, and contained a population of 3,000,000 souls.

Centuries must have elapsed, and dynasties succeeded each other, before such orders of architecture were introduced, and a great length of time must have passed before an empire would become sufficiently powerful to erect such temples, and possess a city of such vast extent. In looking back to the past we feel interested in the imagination that this people once in the noonday of glory, enjoying all the fruits and luxuries of an advanced civilization, but when we behold these ruins, a melancholy reflection must at once seize our minds. On the ground where once nations met in their strength and power wild beasts now roam, and venomous serpents vend their way; and over these vast cities, where once the busy hum of industry and the voice of merriment resounded, grows the vast cedar, on whose branches the owl chatters his discordant notes and the bat sleeps at meridian. In this country is exhibited the largest pyramid in the world—that of Cholula, near Puebla. It covers 44 acres, and is about 200 feet high; on its summit was a temple, and in the interior has been discovered a vault, roofed with beams of wood, containing skeletons and idols; several smaller pyramids surround this large one. It appears to have been formed by cutting a hill into an artificial shape. Its dimensions are immense, being nearly three miles in circumference, and about 400 feet high. It is divided into terraces and slopes, covered with platforms, stages and bastions, elevated, one above the other, and all formed with large stones skillfully cut and joined without cement. In some respects the style of architecture resembles the Gothic, being massive and durable, while in other respects it resembles the Egyptian—yet the general construction, manner and style of architecture is different from anything hitherto described in the world. In Egypt, hieroglyphics on stone denote remarkable events, which no man has yet been able to decipher.

A dark shade rests on the antiquities of America, and few rays of light enliven the gloom. We have ancient history to inform us of the events of Egypt—how that empire was founded, and how it prospered and fell—we have the same record of Babylon, Nineveh, Greece, Rome and Carthage; but not the least information have we relative to those who erected these cities, what people and whence they came; not a ray of light to dispel the dark gloom which seems to rest on the earliest history of America. Architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the arts that adorn civilized life, have flourished in this country, at a period far remote. There is evidence sufficient to prove that these cities were in ruins at least sixteen or eighteen hundred years ago. In Palenque are the remains of an altar, over which grows an immense cedar, whose powerful roots enshrine it. The whole city is overgrown with mahogany and cedar trees, of enormous size. The concentric circles of some of these trees—the concentric circles of a year—have been counted, which showed they were more than 800 years old, and there were indications of another generation of trees having sprung up before them. How few reflect on the fact that America is an old dominion—the seat of an ancient, mighty empire. These facts are opening themselves every day to the eyes of the astonished world, and it is hoped that the spirit of inquiry, which seems at present to animate all classes of learned men, may throw light on the early history of this remarkable region.

Discovery of an Ancient City in the Crimea.

A letter to the Boston Traveller, dated Beirut, Nov. 30th, communicates the result of some interesting researches in the Crimea.—This writer says:

The Cimmerian Bosphorus was the extreme limit of Grecian colonization in this direction, and was once the seat of one of the most flourishing Greek settlements. The Greeks found the peninsula inhabited by a race called Cimerii, from whom comes the word Crimea, the name of their country. A Greek colony, from Miletus, in Asia Minor, the city where Paul took his final farewell to his brethren of Ephesus, was founded about 500 years before Christ, near the present town of Kerch, which is situated on the Strait between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, and was a place of much importance and notoriety during the latter part of the war. The colony of Cherson was established about the same time, near Inkerman, where English blood was poured so profusely. History records that the Cimmerians were expelled, and succeeded by the Tauri, a savage and cruel race, who offered human sacrifices to their gods, and cut their dwellings out of the solid rock, which may be seen at the present day about the town of Kerch. The Scythians ascended from the mountains of Thibet, in Tartary, and in turn conquered the Tauri. But the Greek colonists had the control of Pontus, on the opposite coast of the Black Sea, and crossing over in force, expelled the Scythians and founded a kingdom of their own; and such was the fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, and the enterprise and industry of the people, that it soon attained to great prosperity, and became the granary of Athens. The new city, which they built near the present site of Kerch, they dedicated to the god Pan, giving it the name of Panticapoum; and the vine being found to grow there luxuriantly, the colonists very naturally joined the worship of Bacchus with that of Pan. About fifty years before Christ, this colony became subject to the Romans, for the reason that its kings, who also ruled in Pontus, had been subdued by the same nation. A. D. 375, this colony was utterly destroyed by the Huns, who were then spreading their ravages far and wide, to whom one barbarous horde succeeded after another till the year 1280, when the Genoese, the adventurous merchant princes of the age, took possession of the territory, which they held till they were expelled by the Turks in 1473, who were in turn dispossessed by the Russians in 1771, who have since held undisturbed possession of the Crimea till the late war.

Panticapoum was built upon a plateau extending along a range of heights, and needed no art to add to the beauty of its situation, the sea washing it on three sides, and its heights commanding an extended view of the surrounding country and of the coast of Circassia beyond the Straits, for a considerable period the royal seat of the Bosphorians Kings, and once the residence of Mithridates the Great, its ruins, of which some remain in a very perfect state, indicate its original opulence and splendour.

The most striking features about Kerch, which occupies, as we have observed, almost the very site of this famous old city, are the immense tumuli, or artificial mounds, some of which like those found in our great West—Designed for sepulchres and monuments of the dead, they are fitted for endless duration as well as to excite admiration. Their size and magnificence awaken amazement for the power and the wealth of the people who erected them. It is a tradition believed by the people in this part of the Crimea, that these tumuli were erected over the remains of the kings and rulers of this Greek colony, and were designed to perpetuate their memory. It is also related that the earth was heaped upon them annually on their birthday, for a period of years as long as they ruled or reigned. These layers have been distinctly traced recently, as a coating of sea wall or charcoal was first laid on. Dr. McPherson, an English officer, counted thirty of these layers in a scarp made in one of the mounds two-thirds of the way from the base. The tumuli are of all dimensions, varying from ten to three hundred feet in circumference, and from five to one hundred feet in height.

Usually they are composed of surface soil, and rubble masonry. Specimens of the highest Grecian art have been found in these, such as sculptures, metals, alabaster, Etruscan vases, glass vessels remarkable for lightness, carved ivory, coins of the most perfect finish, and trinkets vieing with the skill of the best modern workmen. Dr. McPherson having descended many feet under ground in exploring one of these tumuli, came upon a bed of ashes, the bones of a horse, a human skeleton, and other remains were met with; and on removing the masonry, fibula and bronze coins were picked up in niches between the stones. This one tumulus was so large, that Dr. McPherson devoted two whole months to explore it!

But the most astonishing monuments of early wealth and power are found in Mont Mithridates. The whole of which hill, from its base to its summit, and the spur extending from it, to the distance of three miles, are composed of broken pottery and debris of every kind to the depth of from ten to even a hundred feet over the natural clay hill. The height and size of this work of Melosian colonists are such that it can hardly be believed to be the result of human labor, but must be the work of a giant race long since extinct. At any rate, ages must have been required to convey the soil from the plains below to raise it, and the adjacent heights, to their present elevation. On the top of this hill is a monument, inducing awe as well as wonder—a rude chair cut out of the rock, and a hollow resembling a sacrificial altar. Thus men in every age add an "unknown God," and testify to a consciousness of sin and the felt necessity of an atonement.

One of the Doctor's explorations was so fruitful in results, as to deserve particular narration. Beneath an extensive sloping tumulus, he came upon a mass of table mason-

ry, beyond which was a door leading to an arched chamber, which led to another arched chamber, which was larger still, and whose walls were marked off in squares, with here and there birds, flowers and grotesque figures of various kinds. Over the entrance of the chamber were painted two figures of griffins rampant, while two horsemen, one a man in authority, and another his attendant carrying his spear, were rudely sketched on one of the walls. The skeleton of a horse was also found, near to which was lying a human skeleton. Continuing his exploration, he struck upon a tomb cut out of the solid rock, close by which he came upon the skeleton of a horse. In another tomb the floor was covered with beautiful pebbles and shells, such as are now found on the shores of the Sea of Azof. The dust of the human form, retaining yet the form of man, lay on the floor.—The bones had crumbled into dust, and the mode in which the garments enveloped the body, and the knots and fastenings with which they were bound, were easily traceable in the dust. Several bodies were discovered, at the head of which was a glass bottle in which was found a small quantity of wine. A cup and a lacrymatory of the same material, and also a lamp, as was common in the East, were placed in a small niche above each body. A coin and a few enamel beads were placed in the left hand, and in the right a number of walnuts. Other tombs were explored, and various objects of interest found.

Herodotus, the father of history, gives the first account of such tumuli and their object. "The tombs of the Scythian kings are seen in the land of Sherri, at the extreme point to which the Borysthenes is navigable.—Here, in the event of a king's decease, after embalming the body, they carry it to some neighboring Scythian nation. The people receive the royal corps, and convey it to another province of his dominions; and when they have conveyed it through all the provinces, they dig a deep, square fosse, and place the body in the grave in a bed of grass. In the vacant space around the body in the fosse, they now lay one of the king's concubines, whom they strangle for the purpose, his cup-bearer, his cook, his groom, his page, his messenger, fifty of his slaves, some horses, and specimens of all his things. Having so done, all fall to work throwing up an immense mound, striving and vieing with one another who shall do the most."

Thus the Scythians and our Indians had common ideas and objects, widely as they were separated, and the brotherhood of man is traced among savages as well as the civilized, and among the dead as well as the living.

"Pitch in."

This is a Young American motto; "Pitch in." The hopeful juvenile can never see anything which promises to be good, whether it is devoted to the gratification of the palate or to some other pleasure, without obeying his national instinct and pitching in. At home, as soon as he escapes from his mother's arms, he pitches into all kinds of amusements and mischief. At school he pitches into everything but his studies. At college he pitches into cards, yellow-covered literature, and fast horses; and although when he graduates he may pretend to study a profession, the first thing he does he pitches into politics or matrimony, or both. If the latter, his proclivity, he does not wait to inquire whether the maiden of his choice is a suitable companion for him, nor even whether he can maintain her in decency or comfort. He only knows that he is in love, and because he is so afflicted he pitches into wedlock without much regard to consequences. Though generally making no shift to get along in the world and to spend a happy life, he seldom wholly recovers from the bad effects of being a little too fast in the beginning. If a fine speculation, offering to pay one, two, or three hundred per cent is proposed, our national juvenile is sure to neglect his schooling and pitch into it blindfold. He scorns to feel his way anywhere, and, right or wrong, he must follow his instincts. This pushing, devil-may-care disposition is shown oftener in young men's political movements and aberrations than elsewhere. He chooses his party sometimes after due deliberation, and sometimes from the example of his parents, but much oftener from mere caprice. He will generally be found on the side of the party which makes the great uproar and is loudest in its pretensions to superior patriotism. His own stupidity often leads him to suppose that all men whose heads are gray, and who are on the wintry side of fifty, are necessarily old fogies and not abreast with the progress of modern affairs. Hence he seizes with avidity upon any new political dogmas and incontinent pitches into the ranks of any new party which may arise.

Never.

Never tip your beaver to a fine lady, and pass a poor widow without seeming to see her. Never pass an aged man or woman without making a reverential obeisance, without your house is on fire. Never break your neck to bow at all to a "sweet sixteen," with a flounced dress, who is ashamed of her old fashioned mother, or to a strutting collegiate, who is horrified at his grandmother's bad grammar. Never keep a boy to black your boots and attend to the stable, while you frighten your wife out of the idea of keeping a nurse for the twins, by constantly talking of hard times. Never converse with a lady with a cigar in your mouth, or smoke in anybody's company, without apologizing for the same. Never remind people of personal deformity, or of the relatives who have disgraced them. Never leave a letter unanswered, and use the stamp which was enclosed to you to "reply with," on a letter to your own sweetheart. Never ride in a fine carriage and keep a score of servants, while your widowed sister trudges on foot, and toils for her daily bread. Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for the making. Never turn a deaf ear to a woman in distress, because you cannot see how you would be the gainer by her bettered condition. Never wound wantonly the sensitive nature of the constitutional invalid; nor by rude jests and sarcasms, send a blush to the temple of modest merit. Never jest with a single woman about the anxiety of all women to be married; nor tell your wife you married her because you liked her lonely condition. Never go to bed at ten, leaving your wife till two with a sick baby; and look pitchforks at her at the breakfast table because that meal is half an hour too late. Never bear an ungracious stricture upon the conduct of a woman with a quiet smile, instead of saying in thunder tones "It is false, sir."

Don't Be Hasty.

1. Because you will be likely to treat quite lightly two very good friends of yours, Reason and Conscience, who will not have a chance to speak.

2. Because you will have to travel over the same ground in company with one Sober Second Thought, who will be more likely to have with him a whip of scorpions than a bunch of flowers.

3. Because the words and actions involved in it are more likely than otherwise to be misunderstood, and therefore to be severely judged.

4. Because this is one way to please and give the great enemy of years, and powerful enough to be "the Prince of this world," and who has caught more people than can be counted in this way.

5. Because in so doing you are likely to be a fellow traveler in such company as follows:—"He that is hasty with his feet, sinneth."—"He that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly."—"Seeest thou a man hasty in words? there is more hopes of a fool than of him."—"The thoughts of every one that is hasty tend only to want."

6. Because such a fire may be kindled that it cannot be put out even by all the water a whole engine can throw, with Second Thought for their captain.—Evan.

WHAT HOPE DID.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and love.

It went to the house of mourning, and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor, which stretched forth at the command of unholly impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming, and saved her from desolation, and the "care that killeth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, and led him on to works which even his enemies praised.

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to heaven.

No hope here, my good brother! Have it—beckon it to your side. Wrestle with it, that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over its mountains, and sustain you amid its billows. Part with all besides, but keep thy hope.

"Are you a Catholic?"
"No, I'm a Nova Scotian," said the witness.

"That's a new creed," quoth the lawyer, "should not the witness be sworn on a blue nose potato?"
The Court was in doubt, and left the question open.

A shrewd little fellow who had just begun to read Latin, astonished his master by the following translation:—"Vir, a man; gin, a trap, Virgin, a man-trap."

"What a strange thing it is," remarked a Frenchman, after making the tour of the United States, "that you should have two hundred different religions and only one army!"

The speaker who "took the floor" has been arrested for stealing lumber.

Its Chances and its Responsibilities.
"All men think all men mortal but themselves."
Prof. Buchanan, in the course of a lecture recently delivered at Cincinnati, made some startling statements in relation to the duration of HUMAN LIFE. He said that in the latter part of the sixteenth century, one-half of all who were born, died under five years of age, and that the average longevity of this whole population was but eighteen years.—In the seventeenth century one-half of the population died under twelve years. But in the first sixty years of the eighteenth century one-half of the population lived over twenty-seven years, or in the latter forty years one-half exceeded thirty-two years of age.—At the beginning of the present century one-half exceeded forty years; and from 1828 to 1845, one-half exceeded forty-three. The average longevity at these successive periods has been increased from eighteen years in the sixteenth century to 43.7 by the last reports.

According to these figures, the change for the better is indeed remarkable. The world, we may infer, is growing wiser, and the philosophy of life, or rather of living, is beginning not only to be understood, but to be practised. And even now a very small portion of the population die through the agency of natural causes. The liability to accidents is great, while the multitude either live too recklessly, too imprudently, or too fast. Intemperance destroys its thousands and tens of thousands; while epidemics, unnecessary exposure, and dissipation of various kinds, contribute very materially to thin the population. With not a few, an evil habit becomes so irresistible, that life is wasted knowingly, and the grave, in fact, is indirectly courted. According to those who have paid most attention to the subject, moderation in all things, unanimity of temper, regular, but not exhausting occupation, exemption from mental anxiety, a comfortable home, and sufficient wherewithal to eat and drink, are the great essentials of longevity. Mental excitement provokes many diseases, and is more instrumental in destroying life than the careless are apt to imagine. The individual of a fretful temper, who is constantly annoying himself about trifles, and who, in short, is in a perpetual fever, will soon wear himself out, intellectually as well as physically. Death is inevitable to the general eye, and yet it lurks in a thousand forms. It often assumes the mask of pleasure, tempts its victim even in the ball-room, provokes a cold, a cough, and finally a consumption; and thus hurries to a premature grave. This is the case with the young, the eager, the buoyant, and the hopeful. High in health, and full of vigor, they cannot imagine it possible that life to them will be brief, and thus they hurry on, and submit themselves to a thousand chances and changes, which are only detected and avoided by the eyes of experience and of years. But the most curious problem is, to see the comparatively old, wasted and feeble, still toiling and struggling on, as if their chances were as good as ever. This, too, with many who are perfectly independent in a pecuniary point of view, and who cannot reasonably expend the income from their property.—They have become so wedded to the business world, and so devoted to pursuits that are merely commercial or monetary, that they cannot for a moment realize the fact, that they have gone beyond the average, and that now every step they take diminishes their prospects, and hastens them towards their last resting place. Nay—converse with them; and they will tell you that they have no time to attend to any serious, solemn or even benevolent matter—that they are engaged in various enterprises, some of which it will take years to realize—that, in short, they have no idea of death. They seem to have persuaded themselves that however *others* may pass away, they have secured an especial lease, and cannot be summoned to their last account for a long period to come. Nevertheless, the chances of life may be calculated with the nicest commercial accuracy.—True, there are exceptions; but the rule holds good in a great majority of cases. Again, there are individuals who live to little purpose whatever. They do not enjoy the world themselves, and they do not contribute to the enjoyment of their fellow-creatures. They are monomaniacs to a certain extent, have few mental resources and pleasures, and have become so sordid and worldly, that body and soul are devoted to one idea. And yet, a little longer, and they will pass away and be forgotten, or if remembered, no kindly act, no benevolent purpose, no generous deed, no warm-hearted sympathy will be associated with their history. How few, indeed, understand the true duties of life, or how few practice them! How few live so as to be a source of enjoyment to their fellow-creatures here, as well as to feel a happy consciousness and confidence, as relates to the world beyond the grave! It has been well said, that "even to the humblest, occasions will come, when words of kindness may be spoken, when the fallen may be raised, when the sad may be cheered, and when the weariness and the bitterness of the mortal lot, may be softened and soothed to the children of indigence and sorrow." But alas! the multitude are so busy, so devoted to self, so wedded to the things of this world, that they have no time and no disposition for the duties of humanity. A sad error, and one that cannot be corrected too speedily.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

Advertisements are blessings in disguise. We know a man who has lived for months on a sprained ankle. He belongs to half a dozen societies and draws four dollars a week from each. He once spent a whole summer at Saratoga on a sore throat.

While a select party at a Boston hotel were drinking wine at \$20 a bottle, and about fifty "young Americans" were drinking bad whiskey in an adjoining eating house, on the next street the police found two families half starved and half frozen—a contrast of civilized life!

A "single man" advertising for employment, a maiden lady wrote to inform him that if he could find nothing better to do, he might come and marry her. He did so; and touched twenty thousand pounds.

The proverb "lightly come; lightly go," does not apply to the gout, rheumatism, freckles, itch nor counterfeit money. All these plagues come lightly enough, but how to get them to go is a matter of no small difficulty.

A California lover writes thus:—"Lovers eyes is rather long to kort a gal, but ilo hav you yit Cate."

The Dutchman who stabbed himself with a pound of soap, because his kroust would not "schmell" has been sent back to Holland.

What relation is the door mat to the scraper? A step farther.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilized the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so, too, the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retreat of home. "I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for an recollection; and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my hand in hers, and caused me to say on my knees to say, 'OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN!'"

If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur who barks at you as you pass along. Every editor has to learn that.

Midas, in ancient fable, was so great a man, that every thing he touched turned to gold. The case is altered now; touch a man with gold and he will change into anything.