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Select Poetry.

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel her sweet, warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure—
Scarcely given ere I go,
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters, But a blessed shore appears, Kneel beside me, husband, dearest! Let me kiss away thy tears; Wrestle with thy grief, my husband, Strive from midnight until day, It may have an angel's blessing, When it vanishes away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles,
'Tis the pear! I love to wear.
If, in after years, beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music,
And her face than mine more fair—

If a cherub calls thee "father,"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first born; O, my husband!
Turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother,
You will call her by my name?
Shield her from the winds of sorrow;
If she err, oh! gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets
When my voice in blessing falls,
And her soft black eyes will brighten
With wonder whence it came;
In my heart, when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here;
One records the ill, but blots it,
If before the midnight drear
Man repenteth; if nurancelled,
Then he scals it for the skies.
And the right hand angel weepeth,
Bending low with velled eyes.

I will be her right hand angel, Scaling up the good for Heaven. Striving that the midnight watches Find no misdeeds unforgiven. You will not forget me, husband,

A Select Story.

THE TERRIBLE RECOGNITION.

A TALE OF THE OCEAN WILDERNESS.

BY HARRY HAZLETON. We were rolling home in the old Plymouth,

of Boston. It was a fine, starlight night, and there was a glorious breeze blowing in just the right direction-upon our quarter. Seated with five of my messmates upon the

windlass, our conversation naturally turned to home and its associations. It was a suitable subject, for, as we glanced at the swellextending upwar to the lofty trucks, we felt that these "white pinions" were shoving the old vessel along, each moment, nearer her destination.

"Jack," said I, turning to one of my messmates, a robust, young fellow of twenty, "how happens it that you have nothing to say upon this subject? Have you no mother, sister, nor other friend to talk about?" I uttered these words in a light, jesting tone, as my shipmate had remained silent during our conversation.

A shadow fell upon his brow, and he seemed under the influence of some powerful eniotion.

"Tom." said he, in a mournful voice, "never mention the name of mother again; it is a painful subject to me, and one upon which I never like to think. But I will tell you why. Many years ago—not such a great many, either—for it was only five—I lived with a kind, gentle widow woman, who was wont to take me by the hand and call me son .-That woman was my own mother. She would take all the pains in the world to make me comfortable and happy. I was then a lad of fifteen, and used to work very hard. My pay was not very good, but with that and the money which my mother earned by taking in sewing, we managed to live. I shan't try to describe any of the little acts of tenderness on her part toward me. You all know, boys. at least all of you who have been blessed with a mother long enough to appreciate her, how she would be likely to act toward an only son. Well, as I said, I used to work very hard-very hard from morn till night. During the leisure, which was afforded me Sundays, I naturally felt the want of some amusement more excitable than that of the pleasures of home, and the society of my poor mother. Unluckily, therefore, I fell into the company of some dissipated young fellows, and resorted to the stimulus of strong drinks to afford the excitement which I craved. It is unnecessary to go into details. From that time my course was downward; and all the persuasion of my mother to turn me from the fearful road I was pursuing, proved of no avail. At last by constant neglect of business, I lost my situation altogether; and then, frantic with grief and despair, I fled from that roof which had sheltered me from infancy.-Having always had a strong inclination for the sea. I shipped on board a whaler as cabin boy. The vessel was gone about three years, at the end of which time I found myself once more in my native town. I sought the old cottage in which I had previously resided, hoping that my mother was still living there. But I found the place deserted, and on inquiry from some of the neighbors, learned that my mother had remained upwards of a year after my absence, in the old homestead, grieving for my departure. She had found out from some of the ship owners in New Bedford, that I had gone to sea, and waited a long time, hoping that I would write to her. But as a whole year went by without bringing any news of me, she became almost frantic with grief, and seemed to be gradually losing her reason. One day she left the house with a bundle in her hand, and when the neighbors inquired concerning her intentions, she commenced to weep and wring her hands, saying that she was going to look for her long-lost son. They saw her take the road to

New Bedford, and since that time she had



WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE.---

Editor and Proprietor.

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lage.
"Such was the story they told me, and you can judge of the effect which it had upon my mind. I plunged into the most degraded my mind. I plunged into the most degraded society, and drank deeply of the wine-cup to him on the head. He uttered a low moan drown sorrow; so that in a few months all my hard earnings were spent, and I was forced to take to the sea again. It was then that I shipped in this vessel, the Plymouth, and came among you as mess-mate. I have now given up all hopes of ever again meeting the order, and helped to carry the body into the order, and helped to carry the body into the order, and helped to carry the body into the order. with my mother, unless it be in the land of spirits, after my death."

Jack drew a deep sigh, and again the shadow fell upon his forehead. After a moment's

silence, he added: "What makes me feel worse about the matter, is, because they told me in the village, that they thought she was insane.—
This may have got her into some difficulty."

This may have got her into some difficulty."

"Perhaps you wouldn't know her again, if you was to see her," said one of the men.

"Oh! yes, I would," answered Jack; "that ally murdered him! Perhaps he may recov-

I think she'd have to be very much altered the man." in the countenance for me not to know her if I saw her." "You was saying something about her

arm," suggested one of the listeners. "Yes, I was going to say I would know her if I was to see her bare arm, but I don't like to tell why," answered Jack, moodily.— "Yes, I will though," he added, after a moment's silence. "In her right arm, just above the elbow, are the marks of my teeth! One night I staggered into the house, and, under the influence of liquor I had drank, reeled to the floor. My mother took hold of me, and gently raised me up; and I-monster-brute that I was, fixed my teeth in her arm and bit her, while she was so doing. My teeth were very sharp, and they sunk deep in her flesh. It was some time after that, ere the wound healed; and when it did, four blue marks—the impression of my teeth—were left upon the skin."

Such was the story of Jack Ratlin; and weeks after, when our vessel arrived at Boston, I had almost entirely forgotten it. . But certain incidents which I am now going to relate, recalled it again, and that very forcibly, to my recollection about eighteen months afterwards. After having left the Plymouth, I had shipped in a sperm whaler; but not sudden disappearance of her son. The lapse board, I took the liberty to desert her when ten months afterwards. I remained here for nearly ten weeks, earning a few reals daily by serving in a Chilian schooner, plying up and down the coast. At the end of that time, as there was no other chance, I shipped in another whaler, then lying in port. had I leaped over the bulwarks on first coming on board, than my eye lighted upon the the matricide is now the inmate of a mad well-known countenance of my former ship-mate in the Plymouth, Jack Ratlin. He was walking up and down the quarter-deck, issuing, now and then, some orders, in a sharp tone, to the men forward, who were employed about the windlass.

As soon as he saw me, he ran up, and despite his dignity as second mate of the veessel, shook me cordially by the hand, and inquired after my health. He then informed me that shortly after leaving the Plymouth, he succeeded, through the influence of one of the ship owners, in obtaining the birth of second mate on board the Rochester, which was the name of the vessel in which I now had shipped as a foremast hand.

"You'll find me a good officer, Tom," said he; "although, perhaps, the men think I'm a little quick tempered.'

"No doubt of it Jack-no doubt of it," said I, as I bundled forward with my chest and valise.

We had not been out from Talcahuana but a few weeks, when I was also inclined to think with the rest of my shipmates, that Jack Ratlin, although he had been quiet enough as a foremast hand, was quick tempered as second

He treated me well enough, but the greater portion of the men had cause to complain of his conduct towards them. There was one individual in particular among the crew whom he used like a dog. This personage was a pitiful looking specimen of humanity, about fifty years of age, called Brooks. His eyes were sunken, his cheek wasted and his brow wrinkled as with care. He always kept by himself and would never eat anything at meal times but a little hard bread and some water. He was evidently half an idiot, for he would sometimes walk about the decks, moaning and wringing his hands, while his eyes would have a strange vacant stare. He never seemed to take pride like the rest of us ed, and the child's rosy cheek and golden moaning and wringing his hands, while his in making himself look neat, although he was head nestled beside the pale cold face of his far from being filthy. His garments were generally clean, but always ragged and nev-

er seemed to fit his attenuated figure. This poor fellow was the butt of the crew. and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. Sometimes I would see him sitting all alone in some obscure part of the ship eating his solitary meal; while the tears were streaming down his hollow cheeks. Whenever the officers ordered him to do anything, instead of executing the command, he would stand and look about him with a bewildered stare. It was at such times that the wrath of Jack Ratlin would become aroused against the unfortunate fellow, and he would deal him a blow or a kick. To this abuse, however, he would only respond by clasping his hands together and uttering a strange, plaintive moan. One night, presuming upon our former acquaintance, I took the liberty of remonstrating with Ratlin in regard to his behavior toward the

poor wretch. "Tom," said he, "do you know what makes me so hard upon that fellow? I will tell you. It is because there is a look about him which always makes me think of ---"

"Buzz! bang! crash! Down keeled our ship on her beam ends, and away went the main-top-gallant-mast. We had been struck by one of those sudden squalls so common off

"What in —! are you about? Go there | commandments?

never be seen or heard of again, in the villand help the men clew up the top-gallantsails!" roared Jack to Brooks, who was standing close to him trembling from head to foot. The man did not stir. Enraged at this, Jack and fell heavily on the deck. Jack now repented of what he had done, and as the squall by this time had passed to leeward, he orderthe state room, and lay it out upon a sofa .-As the light fell upon his features it was to be seen that they were deadly pale, while a small stream of blood was trickling from a wound in the temple, which had been inflicby the belaying pin.

The eyes fell upon us with a fixed look, which there was no mistaking-it was the

is, if I could get a glimpse of her arm. But er; this heavy jacket alone is enough to stifle

While uttering these words, the second mate had been engaged in divesting Brooks of his jacket. He had already disengaged the sleave of the right arm, when something was heard to drop from one of the pockets to the floor. Jack picked it up, and on examina-tion, discovered it to be a small locket con-taining a likeness of himself. He instantly tore the shirt from the back of the corpse; the supposed seamen was a woman. He lifted the right arm, and looked at it closely .--Four blue marks the impression of teeth, were perceived just above the elbow. Ratlin uttered a wild cry, and sank insensible on the deck. By these marks he had recognized the figure before him as the corpse of his own

I shall now merely add that it was subsequently discovered, upon further investiga-tion, that the mother of Jack Ratlin, having disguised herself in seaman's apparel, had shipped in four different vessels, (previous to entering the Rochester at Talcahuana,) for the purpose of hunting up her long-lost son. It is not very probable that she would have being satisfied with the usage I received on of time had so changed the countenance and form of the latter since she last beheld him, (a mere boy of fifteen) as to prevent her from ing seaman. I shall conclude by adding that

The Mother's Last Lesson.

"Will you please learn me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L____, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother. "I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L—— was very ill; indeed, her at-

tendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath-her lips were white-her eve was growing dull and glazed, and the purple blood was settling at the ends of her cold, attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of coming into her room and sitting upon her lap, or kneeling by her side, while she repeated to him passages from God's Holy Word, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in a delicate health for many years, but never too ill to learn little Roger his verse and hear his

prayers. "Hush! hush!" said a lady, who was watching beside her couch; "your dear mamma is too ill to hear you say your prayers to-night. I will put you to bed," and as she came forward and laid her hand gently upon his arm, as though she would have led him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my

prayers-indeed, I cannot !" The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to everything transpiring around her, the sound of her darling's sobs aroused her from her stupor, and turning to a friend, she dying mother. Alas, poor fellow! how little did he realize then the irreparable loss which

he was soon to sustain! "Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying mother, "repeat this verse after me, and never, never forget it- When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." The child repeated it distinctly, and said his little prayer. He then kissed the cold, almost rigid lips before him, and went quietly to his little couch.

When he arose in the morning, he sought, as usual, his mother's room, but he found her cold and still !-- wrapped in her winding sheet! That was last her lesson! He has never forgotten it !-he probably never will! He has grown up to be a man—a good man—and now occupies a post of much honor and distinction in Massachusetts. I never could look upon him without seeing the faith so beautifully exhibited by his dying mother.— It was not misplaced. The Lord has taken her darling up.

My little reader, if you have God for your friend, you need never fear; father and mother may forsake you-the world may seem to you like a dreary waste, fulls and thornsbut He can bring you safely through trials, and give you at least a golden harp and snowy robe, like those the purified wear in heaven. "Clew up top-gallant-sails! let go topsail halyards fore and aft!" yelled Ratlin. The men flew to obey the order.

"What is a partined wear in neaven. He can even surround your death bed by angel visitants. He is all-powerful—an ever present help in time of trouble. Will you not, then seek His friendship and the partined wear in neaven. Decorating the Grave.

There is a kind of pathos and touching tenderness of expression in these sweet and fragrant emblems of affection, which language cannot reach, and which is calculated to perpetuate a kind of soothing sympathy between the living and the dead. They speak of cords of life too strong for even the grave to break asunder. This practice, no doubt, gave rise to the ancient custom which prevailed in the east, of burying in gardens, and is one which conduces to the gratification of the best feelings of our nature. It prevailed in and about the Holy City, and among the Medes, Persians, Grecians and Romans.-The Persians adopted it from the Medes, the Grecians from the Persians. In Rome, persons of distinction were buried in gardens or fields near the public roads. Their monuments were decorated with balsams, and garlands of flowers. The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amarath; the urn of Philopomoen was covered with chaplets; the grave of Sophocles with roses and ivy; Anaereon with ivy and flowers. Baskets of lilies, violets and roses, were placed in the grave of husbands and wives—white roses on unmarpitch are also poured upon the wood, upon ried females. In Java, the inhabitants scatter flowers over the dead bodies of their this cloth the body is wrapped and placed on friends; in China the custom of planting the pile with the face downwards, if a man, flowers on the graves of their friends is of and the reverse if a woman, the head being very ancient date, and still prevails. In Tri- laid towards the north, and the legs placed poli the tombs are decorated with garlands of roses, of Arabia, jasmine, and orange and is brought in contact with the mouth, nosmyrtle flower. In Schwytz, a village in trils, eyes and ears; and after this, boiled Switzerland, there is a beautiful little church rice, plantains, clarified butter, sugar, honey. yard, in which almost every grave is covered with pinks. In the elegant church yard in Wirfin, in the valley of Salza, in Germany, the graves are covered with oblong boxes, which are planted with perennial shrubs or renewed with annual flowers; and others are so dressed on fete days. Suspended from the ornaments of recent graves are vessels filled with water and the flowers are preserved At this fresh. Children are often seen thus dressing the graves of their mothers, and mothers wreathing garlands for their children. A late traveler, on going early in the morning into one of the graveyards in the village of Wirand bestow on the deceased final happiness. fin, saw six or seven persons decorating the | The fire burns about two hours; the smell is

Wales. An epitaph there says: "The village maidens to her grave shall bring The fragrant garland each returning Spring, Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid, Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid."

In Wales, children have snow-drops, violets, primroses, hazel-bloom and swallow-blossoms on their graves. Persons of mature years, tanzy, box, ivy and rue. In South Wales, no flowers or evergreen are permitted to be planted on graves but those that are sweet scented. Pinks, polyanthus, sweetwilliams, gilly-flowers, camomile, and rosemary are used.

In Capul, burying-grounds are held in veneration, and were called "Cities of the silent." The Jews call them "Houses of the Dead." The Egyptians visited the graves of their friends twice a week, and strewed sweet basil on them, and do so to this day.

While the custom of decorating graves and graveyards with flowers and ornamental trees and shrubs has prevailed so long and extensively among ancient and modern civilized nations, some of the American aboriginals will not permit a weed or blade of grass, nor any other vegetable, to grow on the graves of their friends.

King Cup and Clover Blossom. BY I. W. HANSON.

A white Clover Blossom modestly lifted her head from the green Earth. Her pale cheek was almost hidden in the long grass. She was scarcely conscious of her own existence, and would have bloomed unseen, but for her fragrant breath, which filled the air with perfume.

High above her head flaunted a brilliant King Cup. As the winds fluttered her broad yellow petrils to and fro, she seemed a golden butterfly, and not a flower. She did not see the White Clover blossom that slept at her

And there was a beautiful brown Bee that the King Cup loved. His wings were transparent like silken gauze, and he wore a broad glittering band of gold about his waist.

But the Bee cared not for the King Cup. A tattling Zephyr came riding by on her invisible steed, and she whispered to the King Cup the cause of the Bee's neglect.— He loved the unpretending Clover Blossom.

Then the King Cup looked down to her feet and behold the Clover Blossom slept.— Her pale cheek was wet with tears, and head bowed with sadness. She dreamed of the

"Vain aspiring creature!" cried the Cup, what ambitious spirit has filled thee, that thou darest raise thy thoughts to him I have selected? Dost thou think he will deign to regard thee, thou art seeking Daughter of the Dust? Will he look so low as thou art while I allure his eyes ?''

Then the Clover Blossom timidly looked up to reply, but her bosom filled with sadness, and breathing a prayer of forgiveness, she sank at the feet of the haughty flower.

A musical murmur filled the summer air. Nearer it came, charming the flowers, and hushing the Zephyrs to rest—it was the Bee. Round and round the lofty King Cup he flew, while she delightedly listened to the musical murmurs. But they were not for her. With a hasty wing he left her, and dropped to the bosom of the sweet Clover Blossom. And the proud flower withered and died, hearing no voice save the sound of the Bee, as he sung the song of affection to the unassuming but lovely flower.

Maiden! 'Tis not the proud, the rich, or the beautiful that win the love of others; 'tis the virtuous and the good.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you, "dress to death," and wear watch seals about the size of a brickbat.

The sunshine of life is made up of very few beams that are bright all the time. but it goes hard.

Funeral Ceremonies of the Hindoos.

Immediately after the person is dead, and in many cases before this takes place, preparations are made to burn the body. We have seen the wood lying by the side of the sick person while he was still living. The person being dead, his son, perhaps, takes up water in a new root and while the priest reads the in a new pot, and while the priest reads the prayer, puts linseed and toolsee leaves into the water, and after annointing the body with clarified butter, pours it on his father's head as a kind of abolution. This is accompanied by a prayer to the different holy rivers, that they may come into this pan of water, and that the deceased may have the merit of having been bathed in them all. Then the son, throwing away the old clothes, puts new ones upon the corpse, one of which is folded and placed on the body. One of the relations now digs a hole in the earth, over which the wood is laid; about 300 lbs. of wood is sufficient to consume a single body. The rich throw on sandal wood, on account of its which a new piece of cloth is spread, and in sour curds, seeds of the toolsee, etc., are offered in a bowl to the deceased, repeating his name and family. The heir-at-law then lights some straw, walks round the pile three times with face averted, and touches the mouth of the deceased with the fire, after which those present set the pile on fire

At this time, the heir presents a prayer to the regent of fire, that whether the deceased committed sin, or practiced religion, sinned graves of their friends, and of some who had been buried twenty years. This custom also prevails in Scotland, and in North and South partly burnt, it may so happen that some bony parts have unavoidably fallen on the side. These, together with the skull, are carefully gathered, beaten to pieces, and consumed.

The Hindoo who related these facts, added, without the least apparent concern, that when he assisted to burn the body of his father, the burning made a noise like the frying of fat, and that when he beat his father's skull to pieces, to be reduced to ashes with the other bones, it contained a very large quantity of melted fat. At the close, the heir, taking seven sticks, a span long, in his hand, walks round the pile seven times, throwing one of the sticks on the fire at each circumambulation; and then beats the fire with the hatchet seven times. Water is now brought. the whole place washed, and a gutter cut in the ground, that the water from the funeral pile and the Ganges may unite. They then ill a pot with water, cover it with an earthen plate, and put upon the plate eight kourees. They afterwards, with the handle of the spade, break this pot, spill the water, and then, crying Huree-bul! or, Huzza! they de-

The persons who have burnt the dead, become unclean, and cannot return to their houses till they have bathed. After shaving, bathing, and putting on new garments, one of which is twisted like a rope, or poita, the heir-at-law goes home. Yet a son cannot eat or drink on the day of his father's funeral. Before they who have burnt the dead go into the house, they touch some fire prepared at the door for the purpose; they put their hand on the fire, take the bitter leaf of the lime tree, chew it, and then spit it out again .-Near relations put on new clothes, take of their necklaces, refrain from combing their hair, annointing their bodies, carrying an umbrella, riding in a plankeen, or wearing shoes or a turban. These and other actions are intended as signs of an ancient state, as well as of a time of sorrow.

Spurgeon and the Yankee.

A gentleman who has recently returned rom England relates an anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon that is too good to be lost. The preacher had for his theme one day the power of individual, personal effort, and to illustrate it he told a story of a Yankee who boasted that he could whip the entire English nation himself. "And how could you do it?" said a bystander. "Why," said the Yankee, "I would whip one, and then I would take another, and so I would go

along till I had whipped the entire nation. At the close of the sermon, Mr. Spurgeon and several friends retired into a vestry.-Soon there came in a tall, lean, long-faced, solemn-looking man, who hailed from the hall," wines of a "company," and shoes at a State of Maine. He presented to Mr. Spurgeon a letter of introduction, and was welcomed by the preacher. Soon, Mr. Spurgeon

addressed the new comer by saying,
"Well, my American friend, how do you like my illustration of individual power, drawn from your countryman?"
"Oh," said the member from the Pine

Tree State, "I was well pleased with it, because it was so true," and this was said with the utmost solemnity of tone and gravity of manner.

"So true, so true," said Mr. S., "what do you mean, sir ?" "I knew a Yankee that did that, once,"

was the reply.
"And what was his name?" Mr. Spurgeon asked, to which the Yankee answered-"The name, sir, was George Washington; perhaps you have heard of him?"

Mr. Spurgeen was dumb for a moment, then joined in a hearty laugh, and allowed the Yankee was too much for him.—Boston Journal.

A man can get along without advertising, so can a wagon wheel without grease,

A Lesson. When we looked forward to the vast amount of printing and of the reproduction of books, which will probably take place during the coming century, we feel that it involves more than one reflection which may serve to stimulate to action not only all those who have claims to intellect and education, but may also encourage a higher standard of honesty among many who would soon change their lives, if they thought that they were ever to be dragged from obscurity and placed prominently before the world.

Reader-let us look at it. Already this

age, with its rapidly increasing millions and spirit of historical collection, is gathering up infinitely more than even the learned are aware of. From reprinting first class poets and prose writers, we have taken to republishing the works of the pettiest rhymers and pamphleteers of old, since there is scarcely one of them who does not become, with time, interesting, and present traits of his age which every new generation renders more marked and quaint; despite the thousands upon housands of books which have been written. there is little danger of anything which has the slightest value as illustrating its age ever becom ing extinct. There will always be collectors, or students of certain departments, who will rescue from oblivion all which refers to his own specialite. And so rapidly does the reading public increase, and so enormous is the growth of literary and antiquetarian tastes, that we feel conscious that we indulge in no exaggeration when we say that there are few persons who choose it, who cannot secure that memory, after death, which is so dear to all. To do something to be remembered, to be quoted ages hence as one who once thought and reasoned and labored, while thousands of cotemporaries had passed into the veriest oblivion; this is, after all, worth no little pains. What this age is doing for the past, by carefully exhuming its every social frag-ment, its song and legend and book, will be done for it by a future age. Then let no one despair. Whoever does one great or good deed, who ever accomplishes one noble work. who ever writes a book, or resolutely becomes something or somebody in these times-in this forming, transition age-will be remembered, though he or she forgets it. It is hardly possible for one resolved, intelligent man or woman to cultivate his or her mind, in this age, and apply that cultivation to any purpose whatever, without making sure of a memory which will react either for good or for evil. Would you write? Devote that time to vigorous classic authors and to a study of great cotemporary literature, which you now give to trashy novels, wishy-washy sectarion writings and the like. Would you do good practically? What a field is open to you in aiding education, in studies to practice. In this field laborers are sadly wanted, and there is not one who will not be gratefully remembered in coming ages. We never see one of those quiet little pamphlets, devoted to setting forth what is being done for education, for charities, for reform institutes, for the blind and poor, and suffering, and sick and lunatic, without a tender feeling; without a sentiment of heartfelt respect for the zeal which prompts such works. Those pamphlets do not die; they always exist somewhere, to be discovered at a future day by those who will write histories of certain reforms, now in the bud, but which will be some day in full fruit, when those who were early in the field will be made memorable. There is many a quiet, patient woman many an earnest man, who now pursues, without dreaming of fame, some little local scheme of beneficence which the most wildly sanguine imagination would never characterize as great, which will be great indeed in future days. Good deeds nev-There is on the other hand, an immortality

of knavery and rascality. Woe to the rascal who in his career rubs against men, events or circumstances which are not destined to be forgotten, but to be revived; for as sure as they live, their names will be called again to life, to be a burning shame to all who bear them. The number of wretched ones who foolishly believe that their evil deeds will die with them is very great; but they deceive themselves.

Look over the biographies of authors, who are the men of all others, who in their own lives carry down the lives of others to posterity. What a fearful judgement overtakes those who oppressed them, and what an undying shame it is for their children. And in this age, as we write, there is an amount of this dread chronicling going on, such as few dream of. Our American cities are probably destined, as is many a village also, to attain unprecedented greatness; to become the homes of millions and repositories of all treasures of art and science. There will be in those days no street which will not be carefully described from the beginning, no man who dwelt in it unmentioned. Why we have seen such antiquarian accounts awake such an amount of collecting, noting down, and adding to by zealous, gossiping scholars, and lovers of antique scandal, that we really pitied the wicked. Those who are once marked, remain marked; in the future greatness of our communities, in the constant increase of events to be remembered with which they have been associated, rests their brand-mark."

> "Fate for you shall sheathe her shears, You shall live some hundred years."

Modern Refinements .- People do not laugh now-a-days-they indulge in merriment. They do not walk—they promenade. They never cat any food—they masticate it. Nobody has a tooth pulled out—it is extracted. No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not go courting girls-they pay young ladies attention. It is vulgar to visit any one-you must make a call. Of course, you would not think of going to bed-you would retire to rest. Nowa-days, too, one buys drugs at a "medical "mart." Blacking is dispensed at an "institution," and meat from a "purveyor." One would imagine that the word "shop," had been discovered not to belong to the English language. Now-a-days, all the shops are "warehouses, or bazaars," and you will hardly find a person having the hardlhood to call himself a shopkeeper. "Workpeople are "employees," "tea meetings" are "soirees," and "singers" are "artistes."

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor, will feel a pleasure in the reverse. And those who despair to rise in distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves.

At a Baptism down South, lately, a negro who had been kept under water longer than he thought agreeable, drew a long breath and exclaimed, "Some gentleman lose his nigger yet wid dis foolishness."

Childhood and genius have the same master organ in common—inquisitiveness.

Know what thou canst do, and do it. This is the only self-knowledge.