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Select Poetry.

The Light at Hone.

The Light at home! how bright it beams When evening shades around us fall And from the lattice far it gleams, To love, to rest, and comfort call. When tired with the toils of day, The strife for glory, gold or fame, How sweet to seek the quiet way/ Where loving lips will lisp our name Around the Light at Home!

When through the dark and stormy night, The weary wanderer homeward hies. How cheering is that twinkling light Which through the forest gloom he spice It is the Light at Home: he feels That loving hearts will greet him there, And softly through his bosom steals The joy and love that vanish care, Around The Light at Home.

The Light at Home! where'er at last It greets the seamen through the storm. He feels no more the chilling blast That beats upon his manly form. Long years upon the sea have fled, Since Mary gave her parting kiss, But the sad tears which then she shed. Will now be paid with rapturous bliss, Around the Light at Home.

The Light at Home! how still and sweet It peeps from yonder cottage door-The weary laborer to greet-When the rough toils of day are o'er Sad is the soul that does not know The blessings that its beams impart, The cheerful hopes and joys that flow, And lighten up the heaviest heart, Around the Light at Home!

Miscellancons

Influence of Books.

. A library is a warehouse, in which precious merchandize of knowledge may be had for the asking. The reading of good books will cultivate and fertilize such portions of the mireas your profession abandons to neglect, so that your intellectual development will be symmetrical and harmonious. There is no condition of life which is not bettered by knowledge. Are you successful. Knowledge will crown and embellish your prosperity, as the capital does the shaft. It will dignity your adversity, and defend you against the assaults of despair. It will insure von the sunshine of cheerfulness and the trangall air of peace. Books will shield you has very humanly provided a supply of pro- to the force of Prijudice,—a weakness or per-from the narrow and hardening influence of visions for such emigrants as should reach verseness, which all minds are milhappily landscapes of the mind. The actual life that is around us, is for the most part, a strugglabundant meal. gle for subsistence. We see men, as a general rule, under the influence of the selfish appetites, warped and belitteled by the love of money or the love of power, soiled with the dust and sweat of ignoble conflicts drunk with success or desperate from failure. The dark side of humanity is turned towards us. olate heart, answered—where? Never to see anything else is to fall into all habit of contempt for our kind, which hardens the heart and dwarfs the mind. Beware alive, she look passage for San Francisco. of contempt; it is a sharp acid that corrodes Here, after searching awhile in vain for him the vessel in which it is kept. Books furnish whom she had lost, and who was to be her a corrective to this state of feeling. From shaft and support in this strange land, and them we learn that man is, as Sir Thomas about yielding to the agony of despair, she Brown has called him, "a noble animal."— Through them we contemplate a wider stage, actors of more regal port and bearing, more heroic passions, mor majestic sorrows. We cannot linger in the beautiful creations of in ners, but of vicious principles. By his conventive genius, or pursue the splendid discoveries of modern science, without a fair sense of the capacities and dignities of human nates in the unsuspecting bosom of Mary. To ture, which naturally leads to a sterner self-him only could she, a lone wanderer on a respect, to manlier resolves and higher aspirations. We cannot read the ways of God to man as revealed in the history of nations, of sublime virtues as exemplified in the lives of great and good men, without falling into that mood of thoughtful admiration, which though It be but a trancient glow, is a purifying and elevating influence while it lasts. Geb. S.

A Sister's value. Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so worlly and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence,

as portraved in the following words: He who has never known a sister's kind ministration, nor felt his heart warmly beating beneath her tendearing maile and love aming eve, has been unfortunate findeed. It is not to be wondered at if the foundain of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind.

"That man has grown up among affections ,ate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark. "And why do you think so?" said I

"Because of the rich development, of all the tender feelings of the heart." A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's riper years; and the heart of him who's grown' cold in chilly contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some accident awakens within him the soft; tones, the glad melodies of a sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a false and warped philosophy had reasoned into expediency and even weep for the gentle influence which moved him in his earlier years

A clergyman at an afternoon service was asked to read a notice for a "Woman's ry. Rights" lecture. Whereupon he stretched out his hands, pronounced the benediction and then, catching up a piece of paper, said he neglected to read the following notice: At half-past six to-night, at the school house in the first district, a hen will attempt to

We have never met with a better comment on woman's getting out of her phere; any person who has ever heard a hen attempt. to crow, which they sometimes do, can perceive how ridiculous, and yet how pointed wasting care. He accosted no one; on the

Re John Adams being called upon for a there are here in this vicinity six ministers, rendered insane by his weight of wee, and none of whom will preach in the other's pull proud that he was not afraid to die, when he given us an admirable rule for our guidance pit; now I will give as much and shore than could eplure it no longer. any man else, to civilize these cheryymen."

A Sketch of California Life.

BY R. H. HOWARD

The following may be regarded as but one of the ten thousand tragic histories which must go to swell the resoucres of California's future poet and novelist, and which, in sober romance and exciting interest, as far surpass the "thousand and one" tales of Arabic lore,

as "truth is stranger than fiction."

In the spring of 1849, when the first news of the gold discovery made all mankin leither mad or tools" James Norton and his wife, Mary, natives of the State of Missouri, started, with a large company of others, to cross the plains for the far away Eldorado. He was young, enterprising and ambitious; she was accomplished, handsome, confiding, and ollerished for her husband a no ordinary attach-ment. They left the borders of civilization in April, well supplied with what they doemed needful for so long and hazardous a journey. But at that day the "ways and means for crossing the " plains " were not so well understood as at the present. Then they "Who dared to burst the shackles God imposed, loaded too heavily, and wore out their animals. And come uncalled before him" before they had half accomplished their journey . Now, by hading lightly, and traveling slowly, the journey is performed with shie-

1848 was one of those disastrous years, as will be remembered by the few who did surgive when so many, who ventured on this route, perished, and their bones left to blench upon the harren waste. Among those that suffered beyond all painting, were Mary and involved the highest intellectual and moral James. First their teams began to fail to enjoyment of which our nature is capable. aller a scorching tropical sun—teams balling we are perfectly qualified to perform them;

provisions wasting, hunger and starvation, and right ideas, also, of the value of knowlface. Under this accumulation of suffering and prospective misery, strange as: it may sem. James was the first to give way. His region failed. He grew cross, and abused his faithful wife, even to blows. After bearing with him as long as her patient endurance could, she was obliged, for him life's sake to leave him to his fate, and seek a refuge with mere skeleton, with scarcely a rag to cover her pakediass, her feet bleeding and torn, as well as blistered in the burning sands, this by a too limited examination of the subjects poor lone woman, in the mouth of October, to which we direct our attention. The lararrived, with a few others, at Carson Valley. At this point the government of California visions for such emigrants as should reach there in a destitute condition. And here for weeks, did poor Mary find a wholesome and

abundant meat.
Wordst find her at Sacramento, where she succeeded in securing a living during the winter. But with the return of Spring, recollections of the past came fearfully thronging memory. Where was her foor husband. Echo, from the depths of her des-

No tidings of him reached her from over, the plain, and, anxious to find him out if yet was kindly taken in and urged to officiate as mistress of a public house, by the proprietor, one Mr. J. This gentleman happened to be young handsome, and of engaging manled at length in creating for himself an interhostile and unfriendly shore, look for sympaindiscretion-but it is not for the world to the circumstances that brought her there. she became a mother; though the offspring of moral depravity, though it bore the stain of birth upon its fair cheek, yet she loved it as only a mother loves the nurseling of her own bosom. In her ardent affection for this little one she strove to obliterate from lier memory not only the disgrace, but also the

sorrows of the past. At this time there happened in that city one of those fearful conflagrations that has so often swept the city with the besom of destruction. When the first long continued cry of "fire" came becoming up through the impendtrable darkness, how appalling! Judge of Mary's amazement as she rushed into the street, to see the building she had just left wrapped in flames. She now remembered that she had a sleeping babe within that raging vortex. This was no time for calm contemplation. In the frenzy of the moment, and the agony of hope, quick as thought, in and up she flew; her feet had scarce left the threshold of the stairway when the whole flight fell away. A little after, and Mary was seen at the window of her room with her child in her arms, beckoning for help. At this ho real esteem for any man. He gives no moment the whole roof of the building fell in. | credit to others for good actions, and delights Long spires of pitchy smoke and hirid flame shot up toward heaven, and became not only

Time passed on The charred timbers where once stood the Washington Hotel were inderstood to mean that there are no actions cleared away; and out of the ashes, phenixlike had sprung into life another establishment. The world was whirling on as usual, and the tragic events just recorded scarce remembered amid the lostle and din of that Ballel city, when there appeared in one of the northern towns a young man of excellent proportions and mauly beauty. But on that finely chiseled face brooded melancholy and other hand shunned contact with others .-His singular conduct made him more or less subject to the gossip of the town. Some decontribution for foreign missions, remarkall clared he was insune others that he was "I have nothing to give for that cause; but problemboth true, perhaps, in some degree,

About ten days subsequent to his arrival in town, and about ten o'clock in the evening. A clerk in a inercantile establishment the report of a pistol was heard in the room writes to his friends at home.—

Which his occupied. On entering, the strange enfully on all those with whom we have any intercourse—and by encouraging the development of virtuous feelings would fend in the report of a pistol was heard in the room with shown intercourse and by encouraging the development of virtuous feelings would fend in the room.

And render thanks, tumultuous as the sea:

Leah from your thrones with all your glory—that we should forgive the trespusses against lights.

And smile and smile because we yet are free!

told no one his history it must forever have same proportion to repress those of a contraremained a secret, but for a few lines written ry mature. in a memorandum found in his pocket. This statement was that some five years before, while on their journey to this country, he had of all the commandments of our blessed Sabeen separated from a beloved wife, under viour. He enjoins it upon us, "to love the very painful circumstances; that since then Lord with all our heart, and our neighbor as he had wandered up and down every valley, town, and hamlet in his power to reach, with to enjoy a happy immortality, when this tran-the vain hope that he might gain some tidings of his lost and loved. Hope had given place ment such a reward. It can only be done to despair. His heart was bursting with the My the strict observance of His injunctions. light. anguish of his own reflections. He took his life into his own hands to be relieved from this load of himself; he disguised his name; "Jamss Norton." Poor mortal! we hope you have found rest. He there sleeps the sleep of death with no loved ones to decorate his lonely grave with flowers, or moisten it with their

No sweet voice can murmur its sighs o'er his Nor kind tears water his dark lonely bed?" But, as the traveller passes by, he points to the last long home of the suicide,

> From the Waverly Magazine. THE UDICE.

It must be acknowledged by every person of the least reflection, that few things can be more desirable than to have correct appre hensions on every subject. Indeed, it should be regarded as the most desirable, for in it is favor which they were under the necessity of It is necessary that we should have correct throwing away part of their provisions. In- ideas of our social and motal duties before awail alternatives began to stare them in the edge in general, before we can avail ourselves of the advantages which its acquisition confers. But with this obvious truth staring as in the face, no observing man can ful to percelve how very defective our knowledge is in

various respects.
There is perhaps no person in the who does not entertail erroneous opinions on some subjects: A portion is inherited from some more fortunate emigrant. Worn tone our parents, or imbibed from our teachers: and we pass through life without ever questibning their propriety. Some are contracted gest class, however, or at any rate a very large class, is undoubtedly to be attributed more or less liable-and from the deminions the first time, in many long and wearisome of which it is the duty of every rational be-

ing to endeavor to effect his emancipation. This obscurity of mental perception does and then arise so much from any radical defeet in the constitution of our minds as from. a failure rightly to exercise the powers with which we are endowed.

We are too much acquistomed to satisfy ourselves with arriving at conclusions from very inadequate evidences, just as our wishes or prejudices may prompt. On abstract questions, errors of opinion, though certainly to be regretted, are not a matter of such vital importance; but in the social relations of life they are apt to lead to the greatest injustice. and oftentimes to the most prinful edusequen-

Every one has heard circumstances related of others, the obvious tendency of which was to place, their conduct in a very empable light. The immediate consequence is, that a very strong feeling of prejudice is imbilied against them-we pass them coolly by when we meet them, as being unworthy of our notice-and we repeat to others what has been communicated to ourselves, with perhaps some aggravating additions. After a while, thy and regard, and the too soon learned to an explanation of a few words has sufficed to place in him her whole confidence; and ere illace an entirely new aspect on the matter, the merit of being sure to keep its painted many months found herself living with him and to divest it of every thing improper.—; cheeks. as wife. This was her first fault-her first This should teach us how extremely cautious we ought to be in giving an unfavorable conpass judgment upon her, or measure her struction to the actions of our fellow creaguilt; none but her God knows the force of tures, or being influenced by flying reports to struction to the actions of our fellow creatheir prejudice. If we show any pleasure in Before the first veer of Mary's ill-assorted listening to such things to their injury, surely life in San Franciscoshad waned to its' close, we can have no just cause of complaint when similar reports find credence to injure our-

clyes exactly in the situation of another, so that we can judge correctly of all the motives which governed his actions; and yet, until we can do this, it is evidently impossible to pronounce righteous judgment! upon him .-If we had been placed in the same circumstances, the probability is that we might not have acted any better, perhaps not so well .--We have often censured others for falling be fore temptation-when we might not have resisted it any more successfully ourselvesand we are frequently in the habit of saving of others, that they ought to do thus and so, without being at all sensible of the difficulties of their position. The fact is, there is a constant tendency in the human mind to look abroad on the doings of others, to the neglect and detriment of their own welfare. ...

The most obvious form which brejudice can assume, for I suppose they will come under the same category—is, that of a suspicin placing a wrong construction upon all which he can by any means distort. Virtue, the winding sheet, but the grave of poor Ma- in his eyes, is transformed into vice; and he sees everything through a prejudiced and disdempred medium. I would not, however, be which require our condemnation. Unhappily, there are a great number which admit of no defence. But even among these, many have no doubt been rendered aggravated in their character by the coldness, unkindness and injustice of others; so that, while we condemn, we should also keep in view the frailties of our common nature.

The best antidote, or rather the best corrective of a prejudiced consorious disposition s to cultivate on all occasions, and in every elation of life -- " the spirit of charity.". I should be our delight to try to think well of others-to love every good quality we see in them-and to regard their imperfections with some degree of indulgence. The poet has In this matter.

"Be to their faults a little blind Be to their virtues a little kind."

But above all, I would impress upon every person an habitual reverence for the greatest ourselves." We are all hoping, without climbed almost every hill, visited every city, doubt, to be admitted into his presence, and It will not be sufficient for us to persuade ourselves that we love our Saviour, while we to life and action the great spirits of the distrigard the claims of our fellow creatures world, that shook the sturdy mountains with min dare to put asunder. Whoever, there-trembling hills are still instinct with their tole; effects a divorcement between these two lives, and gifted with the deathless hauntings hally from their Author.

Let the young, every where, now while gin to exercise the utmost vigilance over their Time bends over me with a weary yet lovgin to exercise the utmost vigilance over their

more easy, and they will derive fresh accession of strength from day to day. intelligent christians. Their fullness of stat- the ethces of what once wos! use is for their gradual and ultimate attain. Oh!! the air is filled with ment at some future period, the present is with them as with all others, emphatically the time of small things, for that everything must have a beginning, may be learned from that beautiful parable of the grain of mustand seed. The wild field which is to be lown, Past, standing by the tomb-stones of warrior their own hearts; and in order to promote is growth, the soil must be kept clean of evdry noxious weed. Under such treatment laid away time-embalmed, and those sublime the young plant will gradually develope it forms have I taken up from the ashes of Deself, until it becomes a great tree, the vari-ous branches whereof may represent the Heav-and breathed in their shadowy nostrils the elily graces of love and Charity, and Broth- re-inspiring breath of their being, until they erly kindness, and every Christian affection, while the birds of the air that take shelter der ushering in a morn of May, while from therein may aptly designate the intellectual their gloomy brows parted the crumbling ex-

Who make the Best Wives By all means marry a woman with monsay careful fathers to their sons; " you'll who has no fortune." "Give me beauty, grace and accomplishment," is the mentalanswer of the enthusiastic youth, "and leave mercenary considerations to baser souls! We submit that neither is right. It is infinitely more innorthal that a young man should choose a beatthy, affinble and intellident partner, than that he should select eidjer'a beauty or an neiress. The latter has usually expensive habits, and by the time she has been married twenty years, has cost her hasband the amount of her fortune in superflucties. Besides, heiresses are generally brought up in idleness, spending their time in reading novels, lounging about on the so-tit, or acquiring taste for fashionable dissipa-

tion so that they are either absurdly romanthe or out of health for want, of exercise or from late hours, and therefore, entirely unfit to make good wives. Beauties, on the other hand, are mostly vain or giddy, if not both. If wives were designed for play-things, or and no other purpose beyond being parlor ofnaments, a beauty might be desirable, just as pictures are, or fine furniture. The man who marries an heiross sacrifices his independence, and ends by finding he is out of booket also. The lover who weds merely for beauty, ties himself to a doll, which was not even

Those women make the best wives who mite common sense with good temper who have been brought up to help themselves and who bring constitutions, equable spirits, and sincere affection, as a dowry to their lovers. A wife should be her husband's best friendshe should be competent to counsel him in difficulties, to cheer him in sorrow, to render his every day hearth the pleasantest spot to him to be found anywhere. If she has confirmed ill health, she cannot be all this to him, neither can she if she has a crooked emper, or habits of indolence, or is deficient in practical sense. The woman whose heart is devoted to show, to company, or to idle accomplishments, may possibly make an interesting belle; but she is sure to prove a very indifferent wife. We would not have young firls neglect the beautiful entirely; but that which adorns should be made subservient to soine more solid superstructure. To know how to play the last new air, yet be ignorant while its from heart erumbled like clay to how to compound the last new pudding, is surely unpardonable. A man might as well fieglect to learn a business, as a woman refuse to acquire knowledge of chouse keeping. It is useless to disguise the fact, that girls are often directed to attract lovers rather while but the impalpable shadow-forms of than to retain the affection of husbands .-This is especially true of the daughters of families above the necessity of daily labor.— Mrs. F., the successful mechanic's wife who makes a virtual slave of herself, by drudging late and early, in order that Anna Maria may be "brought up," as she phrazes it, "like a lady." The young Miss accordingly is cramfiddle fiddles, is told always to carry, her high deeds, and died, leaving perpetual glory What sort of a wife can such a creature make? If she marries anybody but a rich and fell in its defence and gave their make: It she marries and expensive habits keep him blood as a cement, with which to impregnaperhaps one in a thousand may do, ten to one the soon discusts her husband. In another case she is always out of health, the consemence of want of exercise in girlhood, and, f she lias an offspring, entails her weakness naturally on her progeny. Physicians do not hesitate to say that a large proportion of fe-

The longer we live in this world of idea of self-government, which secured to all oses and thorns, the more we learn to revere their religious rights, freedom of speech, of hose philanthropic axioms; "Bear and For- the Press, and became pioneers for all time! bear ," " Live and let live;" and to reverence Hail! noble Dead! from your celestial heigths

male invalids of the present generation and

the number is known to be legion-owe their

complaints to the folly of parents in neglec-

ting to bring them up properly.—Ledger.

hat hath it voice but for the soul, spreads over me her great brooding wings. The calm Heaven-high stars, unctious with divine sublimity, sprinkle upon the upturned faces of my solemn thoughts their rosy baptism of

I have been musing on the Past, calling up pon our affections. We must love both; it the thunder of their mailed, or lit the pasimpossible to love one without loving the sage of transcendent years with the starry other. What God has joined together, let no music of their mighty lyres. The green, yet vital commandments seperates himself eter- of their names of glory. Aye, man is the nally from their luthor. great immortalizer of the world, and he magnetizes with his spirit his goings forth, until dieir minds are in their most plastic state, be- his very footprints burn sublimely as the sun

nearce the practice of this duty now while glorious things forever, now gone by-but they are comparatively exempt from their whose glory smote the world like a giant thinddom of evil principles, better than they soul. Standing around me are the sober solean at any other time. emn years that have been marshalled by that Every step taken will but make the rest perpetual victor-chief—file Past. With faemn years that have been marshalled by that ces of eternal mystery they gaze down on my awed soul, holding flashing spears in their It cannot be, or it is not expected that they holde-like hands. Yet I know they cannot can, at their age, be at once transformed into hurt me, for they are now but statues—but

things dead in the earth, and they are ever looking upon us in all our startling memo-

I have been musing afar off-been far, far back within the ocean church yard of the sages, reading their epitaphs, written inblood: or have exhumed others as they were have risen up before me like awakening thunprinciples—all of which combined, and have crescice of the death-earth, like the great, he is mutual adaptation of uses, constitute seals of Judgment! What is past, is past, the Kingdom of Heaven. Monkur. Do as we will, we cannot take the smell of ground out of the shroud of the Past. Deeav will lieve her own embalming, and we troplies, but they must ever return cloudy with the sepulchral odor of the ground!

How true it is that we enter and explore fearfully gloomy and jagged cavern! The world has geeled and racked herself out of place, too frequently, and even now 'tis so. and we feel our feet at times misgive, and we totter, too! - Poor old Earth! her face s scarred with many a bloody blow, and her yes have grown white with the blight of sin. the wears h veil that hangs to her feet her feet that already wade in cankering and infeetious dust. She wears a veil that has been embroidered by the terrible hand of war, and in its folds are woven the flesh and blood of millions. Tis she alone that holds the mystery of the dead, and though she grasps the sey profound that unlocks the dread tomb, et she never looks upon the victims of Decay o see if she yet broods over them.

But to the Past! I hear the surging of great hearts throbbing against the brazen walls of Time; as the ocean breaks upon cavernous rocks in his mid-water solitudes.

I listen to the unstilled thunder shocks of once contending foes, whose clamerous feet thicken on the rocky hills, or rush with the ound of a coming avalanche. Voices leap up to me from the valley where the battles of the Past have fought, and they gather over me in the sky like the muttering voices of a coming tempest. The shout of the victors now breaks through the air like a booming bolt, and the vanquished are dying in hollow sounds away, leaving behind them the lingering ghost echo of "stern dismay" and hurrying hopes of life. Here and there stand up, like heaving mountains, the conquering chieftans, flashing fire from their fierce eyes, and staniping sea-sounds on the bloody plains of

bloody ages. But lo, the scene is changed! Those warriors have been laid away to their rest, or their ashes have been blown; broadcast by idler and insulting winds. Yet amid the stern conflicts of foes, and arising like multitudinous symphonies, have I also heard the sweet notes of maternal lullabys, or the deep and grand resonances of chorusing poets pouring the sweetness of music in the bewildered en of the world, soothing its fevered throbs, and the world itself melted in tears, the holy intercessions of music and of refining poesy. Be assured, the true poet is ever the pioneer of reform.

But now the masterly hands that struck those redeeming poets, none walk the earth in the influence and effect of their lives. They long since hung their harps on a cypress tree, and gave their fives up to Death. But their harps were such as none but they could waken. Still, even Death, as he goes abroad marshalling his victims, murmurs the

shoulders back, and never to romp, and is as their epitaphs, none stand so gloriously laught to consider work as degrading. high and mapproachable, as those who concrived the sublime idea of liberty, fought man, her idle and expensive nature action, blood as a cement, and united always poor. If she catches a prize, which, bly build a wall between Tyranny and Freedon! Their lives are monuments of Glory -Meccas of patriotism and nobleness! Their names can never die; like blazing suns they stand over the land, warming, like spring sunshine, the flowers of freedom into being, sending down the sanctified spirit of religion,

and kindling a national soul of Principle and Power! They are truly the "mighty dead." and they breathe upon us their spirits! All honor and gratitude to American martyrs, who alone could conceive the majestic

A Reverie--- A Prose Poem. "Time, the tomb builder, holds his flerce career, Dark, stein and pittless, and pauses not Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path, To sit and mase like other conquerors, Upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought.

IG. D. PRENTICE.

It is far in the hush of night. Silence

How to be Realthy. It is well said, by one who has thoroughly studied the subject, that the highest ambition of an ancient Greek was to be healthy, beautiful and rich. We cannot help thinking, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, that the Athenians, in this respect, were wiser than our-selves. Much as we boast of wonderful intelligence, we have not yet practically attained a method of life as that pursued, not only by philosophers, but by the men of fushion about in Africa and Poloponnesus. They placed health first, and money making last, while we invert the order. Yet they were pagans, and

Yours was the only strong, provailing key,

mmortal, and the thanks of souls to be:

God has appointed you, in deed and name, To be the beacons, leading up the free,

And lighting vistas up to hallowed ways.

That did unlock the world, and smote his nights

With Truth and Freedom's stars :- God blessed

your rights!
Henceforth Time's generations shall give praise,

And own your Heaven-blest glory; yours the

W. H. Bristol

we Christians. Surely we should cry shame' to ourselves. In reality, the principle objects sought by the ancient Greek, health and beauty, were one and the same. For beauty cannot exist without health. The man who is constantly onfined to the counting desk soon acquires an habitual stoop; the one who devotes his whole soul to money-making becomes wrin-kled before his time. On the contrary, he who indulges in proper exercise and redeation, as, for example, a well-to-do farmer in healthy districts, carries an exect frame to the Ole! the air is filled with the souls of

when an octegenarian. The first, by neglecting the laws of nature, not only destroys his own manly bearing, "but transmits a punyform and weakly constitution to his children. The last perpetuates a race of hardy sons and majestic daughters. There is but one way to preserve his health and that is to live moderately, take proper exercise, and be in the fresh air as much as possible. The man who is always shut up in close room, whether the apartment be a ministers study, a lawyer's office a professor's labratory, or merchant's gas-light store, is lefying nature, and must sooner or later pay the penalty. If his vocation renders such confinement necessary during a portion of the year.

he can avoid a premature bleaking down of the constitution only by taking exercise during the long vacations of the summer and winter months. The waste of stamina must cannot roll her. Our thoughts may enter winter months. The waste of stannia must be restored by frequent and full draughts of of the sportsman, by travel, or other similar the Fast like roaming through a familiar yet ative effects of a month of relaxation, knows

ly at school or in a factory, there is an abyss of difference, which becomes more perceptible every year, as manhood approaches, the one xpanding into stalwart, full-chested health. while the other is never more than a halfcompleted man. The advantages of exercise are as great in

females also. All that we have said about preserving health in man is as true in the oposite sex. But this is not the whole. The true foundation of beauty in woman is to exercise in fresh air. No cosmetics are equal to these. The famous Dinna of Poicteers, who the sword he was to perish; not on some well maintained her loveliness until she was near fought battle-field, with shouts of victory sixty, owed this extraordinary result, in her ringing in his ears, but in his palace hall by own opinion to her daily bath, early rising, and her exercises in the saddle. English ladies of rank are celebrated, the world over for their splendid persons and brilliant complexions, and they are proverbial for their attention to walking and riding, and the hours spent daily out of doors. The sallow cheeks. stooping figures, susceptibility to cold, and almost constant ill health, which prevail among the American wives and daughters generally, are to be attributed almost entirely to their sedentary life, and to the infirmity caused by the same life on the part of their parents. A woman can no more become beautiful, in the true sense of the term, or remain so, without healthful exercise in the open air, than a plant can thrive without light. If we put the latter into a cellar, it dies outright, or refuses to bloom. Shall we wilt our vives, sisters, or daughters by a similar deprivation of what is as necessary to their har-

monious developement? In another aspect, the care of health is a more important thing than is usually supposed. There is no doubt that, between city and country, the population of the former suffers most from want of exercise and fresh air, and that consequently the stamina so to speak, of a tors, impatient at the delay, cried out _ "Why ity population is inferior to that of a rural one. It is even said that in some cities. Paris for instance, few strict town-bred families last over a century, and that if the population was not continually recruited from the country, it would die out. It is equally a striking fact, and one that lies within the observation of all of us, that the most energetic merchants generally, in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, have been originally lads from the rural towns or counties, whose well balanced, vigorous, enterprising minds enabled them to endure an amount of fatigue which the average of their city competitors could not rival

The public weal therefore, as well as the nampiness of the individuals, is concerned in this question of health. Yet we Americans can spare something for him who is still almost ignore it, and practically neglect it poorer, is, in the realms of humanity, a king entirely. The Greeks had their gymnasiums for physical exercises, which were as much State institutions as common schools are now. Were not the Greeks wiser after all, than we are, at least in this particular !- S. C. Adv.

A country chap, who was caught in million dollars. the water wheel of a grist mill, and had the good fortune to escape with no other damage than a slight ducking, says he intends to in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter apply for a pension, on the ground that he is lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of

Tom and Joe were talking over their travels, when tom asked his chum: "Was you ever in Greece?": "No, but i fell into a thunderin' big tub

of soap, once." Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and was chewing a green apple. "I've swallowreverential love of woman kind. A man who ed an odd-fellow!" is always sneering at woman, is generally a "An odd-fellow!" coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.

Extraordinary Chost Story. Most ghost stories are only foolish and aughable, but this one is certainly melancholy

Within the past year the people of a village in a Western State became greatly excited by alleged nightly appearances of a ghost in the village graveyard. Few of them indeed, had dared to see it; but some had, and they, without making too familiar with it, had still seen it come and go; walk about, seat itself, &c.; and the statements of all those were too well authenticated to be disregarded. What the few saw the many believed; and the whole community soon became exercised upon the subject of this strange nightly visitation to the graves of the dead. Of course the ghost was in the usual grave clothes, in which, so far as we know, ghosts always appear; and it was entirely regular in its hours—always arising among the tombs just at midnight, and leaving at early dawn. It had often been seen to come and go, passing over fences in its course; but no one had learned whence it came or whither it went. At length the matter, from being town talk, became the town dread. Numerous individuals got excited, and superstitious ones grew melancholy and tacitum; people looked doubtingly at each other, as they passed, in twilight, and all contrived their journeying at that hour, so as not to approach the last resting place of their departed friends. The

growing dread at length became insufferable, and engaged all minds. There chanced to be in the village a youth of nineteen from Western New York, whose domestic education had carefully excluded all faith in supernatural agencies, and who, verge of seventy, and has a ruddy cheek even therefore, looked only to natural causes for explanation of the events and occurrences of this life. This youth resolved to fathom the mystery of the grave-yard ghost. He found one associate; and the two after nightfall se-

creted themselves among the tombs to observe. Punctually as the hour of 12 drewnigh, the ghost which had caused so much dread was seen approaching. The moon was shining brightly, and the white-robed object was seen most distinctly. Overcoming two fences, this entered the grave-yard within acthe investigation, and, as the light fell fully upon the face of the ghost, he recognized the well known teatures of an acquaintance, who was then in her early widowhood. Her husband had recently been buried there, and so dreadful had been the shock, that the reason of the wife had been dethroned by it, and she was now a wandering maniac. She saw not er observers, but seated therself, as she was wont, upon the grave of him she had loved means. Every man who has felt the recuper-the unfortunated and addressed here in kindness. She knew their not, but conversed from his own experience how genial its influ-ence how it sends him back to business with a new flow of spirits; how it almost re-with a new flow of spirits; how it almost re-night-clothes and her wandering this through with a new flow of spirits; how it almost re-creates him, so to speak. Between the lad brought up to physical exercises in the invital the agons, she had suffered, and her nightly orating open air, and the one kept continual, occupying this sad seat had converted that poor mental wreck of humanity into a ghost. On this occasion she could not be induced to abandon her post, and of necessity she was left there to complete the hours of that night's pilgrimage. She is now in a Lunatic Asyum.—Buffalo Commercial.

Death of Pizarro.

Three hundred and thirteen years ago Pizarro was murdered in his own house. A writer in Blackwood thus notices the event: "They that take the sword shall perish by

the sword." By the sword he had risen; by the assassin's blade. In his own fair capitol of Lima, the city of Kings, the gem of the Pacific, which had sprung up under his auspices, with incredible rapidity, for Pizarro seemed to impart his vast energy to all about him, a score of conspirators assembled at the

house of Amalgro's son, plotted his death.
It was on Sunday in June, 1541, at the hour of dinner, they burst into his apartment with cries of "Death to the tyrant." A number of visitors were with him, but they were imperfectly armed, and deserted him; escaping by the windows, and his half-brother, Martinez de Alcantora, two pages, and as many caviliers, were all who stood forward in defence of their chief. They soon fell overpowered by numbers and covered with wounds. But Pizarro was not a man to meekly meet his death. Alone, without armor, his cloak around one arm, his good sword in his right hand, with a vigor and inrepidity surprising, he kept his cowardly as-

sailant at bay.
"What, ho!" he cried, "traitors! have ye house?" And come to kill me in my own house?" And as he spoke, two of his enemies fell beneath his blows. Bada, the chief of the conspiraare we so long about it! Down with the tyrant!" and taking one of his companions n his arms, he thrust him against the Mar-

Pizarro instantly grappling with his opponents, ran him through with his sword. But at the same moment, he received a wound in his throat, and reeling, he sank on the floor, when the swords of Bada and several others were plunged into his body. "Jesus!" ex-claimed the dying man; and tracing a cross with his bloody finger on the floor, he bent his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence.

AD A poor man who envies not the rich, who pities his companions in poverty, and of kings.

AN EXPENSIVE BUSINESS.—The expendi ture of England in a period of war, from 1803 to 1815, amounted to 1, 159, 729, 256 lbs. or nearly five thousand eight hundred

Knowledge may slumber in the memdry, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse

Why is a certain tree called the receping willow?" asked in schoolmaster, addressing one of his pupils.

"Because you take sticks from it to whip the boys with.

23" O dear !" exclaimed an urchin who

"Yes, he is giving me the grip,"