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THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIoga COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1858. NO. 11.

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MY WISH.

Were all our wishes granted us,
What would I wish my friend?
Should it be all the joys of earth,
And riches without end?
That every wish be gratified
As soon as it is made?
That beauty bright be given thee,
To which all court be paid?
Such beauty as should spread thy name
To earth's remotest shore?
And be remembered still in song
As maid ne'er was before?
Or, should I wish that genius proud,
Should mark thee for her own?
That all should worship thy proud name,
Where'er that name was known?
Oh, rather let me wish for thee,
Kind friends, where'er thou roamst,
And that wherever thou may'st go,
Thou meet sweet welcome home.
All India's diamonds could not buy
A pleasure such as this;
Nearest of all our joys below,
To heaven's eternal bliss.
To purchase perfect bliss on earth,
Since riches have no power,
And summer friends are sure to fail
In sorrow's darkness hour;
Since beauty is a treacherous friend,
And genius's proud triumph proves
Companion off of woe;
Then rather let me wish for thee,
A pure, contented heart:—
Where virtue ever reigns supreme,
And guile can have no part.
Yes, I would wish thee that great boon—
The greatest man can find;
That you retain, whatever your lot,
A calm, contented mind.
Delmar, Pa. A. C.

THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I was at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several tables d'hotel I established myself at a hotel in the Judensasse, frequented by a select society. Mr. Muller, master of this establishment did its honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned through the house. One might pass through the servants' room, and even through the kitchen, without meeting with anything by which the sight was in the least offended. The cellar was as well arranged as a book case, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hours of meals, were as punctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest came in late, though it were but ten minutes, he was served apart, in an adjoining room, that the comfort of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.
In the conversation at this table d'hotel there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasure; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Muller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Stettin beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Muller, assumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who without affectation or pouting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.
Ellen Muller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; it was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair, whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonized with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood—such was Ellen Muller.
A counselor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him; several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Muller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travelers, literary men and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Muller, a man of extensive acquirements and good sense, took part, with a choice of expression and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.
Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then conversation ceased; every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual direction of his ideas.
I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth and a young student named Werter were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the Baron, a middle-aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and as we well know what we desire so do we strive

to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.
Werter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in a mute ecstasy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.
The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves in attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The Baron brought Mrs. Muller tickets for concerts and theaters. Often at the dessert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wine, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I bow to you alone. Werter would stealthily place upon the piano a new ballad, or a volume of poetry; and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and brightened as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the Baron, or gracefully thanked the student; but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.
An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and decide as to the future chance of the Baron's or the student's loves. She was passionately fond of narratives and adventure, and thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished, through time and space, the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the Baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person whom none would at first have taken for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion, was destined to carry off the prize.
One night, that we were assembled in the drawing room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Muller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he had disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely immaterial. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he walked, as in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm-chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus:—"Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more." Malthus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.
The conversation became general. Mr. Malthus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent.—This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points as from politeness toward the new comer.
The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.
The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices; at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations; it was easy to see that this imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement toward him.—Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete the happiness to each other.
I said to myself the Jew will be Ellen's husband.
Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Malthus was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man, nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was internally pre-occupied with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leant over toward me and said in a voice, "it seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."
"I should be surprised at that, I replied; and what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The Baron drew back with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unworked agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed her.
Then to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by one of the finest tenors I ever listened to in my life.
The Baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duet.
Malthus had arisen from his chair, and seemed under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to it with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you."
"Very odd, indeed," said the Baron. Poor Werter said nothing, but went and sat himself down very pensive, at the further end of the drawing-room.
Mrs. Muller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said, in a low voice;
"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make some thing of music."
"With your Mother's permission," rejoined Malthus, "I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you."
Mrs. Muller cast a scrutinizing glance at the Jew, whose countenance had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Malthus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appreciating the motive of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.
The Baron who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick:
"If anything should halt in the accompaniment there is what will restore the measure."
Ellen rose, cast a look at the Baron, which meant: "One meets people like you everywhere," and left the room. Malthus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.
The Jew had led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Muller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendancy over the mind of the pupil, whose progress was rapid.
When Malthus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satisfaction, but as soon as he re-posed into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her. When Malthus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say: "My arm would support him so well!"
The Jew, however, did not limp so disagreeably; his left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed the disturbance in his harmony to have been the result of accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.
I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness, but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.
Two months passed thus, and I had an opportunity of appreciating the right-mindedness, generosity and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the Baron became almost tender. His self-love cruelly suffered to see preferred to him a lame merchant, with a fine voice. He attempted to quiz him; but Malthus confounded him so completely by the aptness of his retorts, that the laughers were never on the side of the Baron.
One night the family party was assembled, Werter approached Mr. Muller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Muller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart and a thousand motives concur to arrest the dreaded consent.
"It were well," she said, first to know what Ellen thinks."
The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the most surprise.
"Besides, he is very young," said Mrs. Muller, loud enough for the Baron to hear.
Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed and abruptly left the room.
"A mere child," quoth the Baron, "who should be sent back to his books."
Malthus, who had observed all that had passed, rested his two hands on his stick like a man disposed to argue a point, and warmly defended the student.
"It cannot be denied," he said, in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in

his favor; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves in my opinion, that while aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."
"If a declaration were a sufficient proof of merit," interrupted the counsellor, "I know one man who would not hesitate—"
"And who is that?" inquired Mrs. Muller with ill-concealed curiosity.
"Myself, madam," replied the counsellor—"Baron von Noth."
By the way in which this was spoken the dissyllable "myself" appeared lengthened by all the importance of the personage.
"At my age men do not change," continued the Baron; "and the present is a guarantee for the future."
Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference. While still under the influence of this painful impression, the Baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.
"You have not understood me then?" he exclaimed.
Ellen opened her eyes, and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and, absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured in a feeble voice:
"Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours?"
"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Muller, "my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."
In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Muller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose denouement remained in suspense.
"Mr. Y.," said she to me somewhat maliciously, "do you not feel the effect of example?"
"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist," said I, "had not Mr. Malthus declared himself before me."
Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter re-entered the room, pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was profound silence, which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to do so. At last Mr. Muller broke it.
"Gentlemen," he said; "I am much flattered at the honor you have done me."
He paused and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us in truth with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.
"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Muller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer, who had been recommended to me as extremely skillful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate."
"One day I went to my lawyers to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and, I confess it with shame, I determined on suicide. All that day I scrambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached.
"It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver, but the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have met but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and to my extreme astonishment, handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins, on the express condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I treated him to accept my marriage ring, at sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so. He took the ring, and I left him, my heart brimful of gratitude.
"I will not attempt to describe to you the joy with which I once more embraced my wife and daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs and we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself more than temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position."
Ellen's face was hidden with her hands,—

When Mr. Muller ceased speaking, we still listened. Presently the Jew broke silence.
"I have a little," he said, "to add to your narration; the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service, remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree, he struck against a stone, and since then he limps, as you perceive."
We were all motionless with surprise.—Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Muller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in its expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated, tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.
"All that I possess belongs to you," he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."
"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing, to which I have no right."
The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and placing it in that of the Jew—
"Sir," said he, addressing himself to me, "you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"
Seeking for Comets.
The great observatory at Harvard College was established in 1847. Among the many brilliant discoveries made there since its establishment, are no less than fourteen comets. Nine were discovered by the indefatigable labors of Mr. George P. Bond. The tenth was discovered in March, 1853, by Mr. Charles W. Tuttle. The remaining four by Mr. Horace P. Tuttle.
Few persons are aware of the patience and labor exercised by the astronomer in making discoveries of this kind. It requires several years' study and practice to qualify one to discover a telescopic comet. It is undoubtedly easy to look at a comet already visible to the naked eye in the heavens; but when it is required to discover an unknown one, wandering in its "long travel" of a thousand years in the profound abyss of space, the labor then becomes truly prodigious. The amount of physical suffering occasioned by exposure to all kinds of temperature, the bending and twisting of the body; when examining near the zenith, and the constant strain of the eye, cannot be fully understood and appreciated by one unacquainted with an astronomer's life.
The astronomer, with his telescope, begins at the going down of the sun, and examines, in zones, with the utmost care and vigilance, the starry vault, and continues till the "circling hours" bring the sun to the eastern horizon, when star and comet fade from his view. It requires several nights to complete a thorough survey of the heavens; and often these nights do not follow in succession, being interrupted by the full moon, by clouds, auroras, and by various other meteorological phenomena. He is frequently vexed by passing clouds, fleeting through the midnight sky, and strong and chilly breezes of the night. His labors are continued throughout the year, and his unwearied exertions do not slacken during the long wintry nights, when the frozen particles of snow and ice, driven before the northern blast, cause the stars to sparkle with unusual lustre, and his breath to congeal on the eye piece of the telescope. It frequently happens that his labors are not crowned with a discovery until after several years' search.
Nothing can exceed the sublime spectacle presented to the astronomer under a clear midnight sky, as he sweeps awhirl the gorgeous constellations in their "starry dance" around their appointed center. Occasionally the field of the telescope is filled with the dazzling radiance of unnumbered suns of a variety of rich and beautiful colors. The field of the telescope is often illumined by the sudden transit of a far-off meteor, invisible to the naked eye. Sometimes a large one falls from the zenith, and silently exploding, fills the midnight sky with a startling spectral light. The solitude and silence of the night are broken, in spring, summer, and autumn, by the low murmuring voices of migrating birds, and the half-suppressed buffeting of their weary wings, which darken for a moment the field of the telescope in their flight. These are the only living companions of the astronomer afloat in the sky at midnight.
There is a momentary excitement when his wearied eye detects a small wisp of pale scattered light in the field of his telescope. It is very comet-like, but he does not feel quite sure that he is not tantalized with a nebula—a cluster of suns—so remote as to defy the utmost power of assisted vision to resolve it into its individual components. He immediately ascertains the exact position, and examines the catalogues for information of his character. If it is unrecorded, he is obliged to bring the wondrous mechanism of human hands to his assistance. The sidereal clock, and the minutely graduated circles of his telescope inform him of his right ascension and declination. Usually the distance of the unknown body is rigorously measured by the micrometer—a work of unsurpassed delicacy—from a star in the same field. At the end of several hours his labors are rewarded by the discovery of a new nebula, or the slow but decisive motion of a new comet. It is a moment of intense feeling. A new globe has been in sight from the utmost bounds of human vision. Whether has it come? and whither is it going? What is its distance from the earth and from the sun? When will it be nearest to the earth, and when to the sun? What are its velocity and magnitude? Will it ever become visible to the naked eye? and has it ever before appeared within the memory of

man, or on the records of history? These are questions that he cannot immediately answer. His mind, aided by the most powerful analysis, penetrates into the secret workings of the Infinite Mind, and by a mysterious process evolves the answers to his queries.
Three complete observations, made on three different days, or longer intervals of time, furnish him with the basis of his calculations of the unknown particulars of the comet.—They are technically called the elements of its orbit. With these three great celestial marks, he proceeds to the calculation of the elements, a work of exceeding great labor and difficulty. It is a problem of pure geometry; and the illustrious Newton, who first solved this gigantic problem, and applied it successfully to the great comet of 1680, pronounced it "Problema longe difficilissimum." A distinguished American astronomer of the last century (Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia) was the first American that solved the problem. He computed the elements of the comet of 1770, and says of it in a letter to the President of the American Philosophical Society, "Herewith I send you the fruit of three or four days' labor, during which I have covered sheets, and literally drained my inkstand several times. Our celebrated countryman and neighbor, Dr. Bowditch, computed the elements of the great comet of 1807, and the still greater one of 1811, the latter yet remembered by all our aged citizens, as autumnal, appearing in the months of that year, which
"Borned
In the arctic sky, and from its horrid hair
Shook pestilence and war."
In 1849, the learned world in America and Europe was astonished at the production of the elliptic elements of the first comet of that year, by the wonderful Safford, then only fourteen years of age. No mathematical genius in the history of our race has ever achieved such an honor at so early an age.
The late King of Denmark, a great patron of astronomy, in the last years of his life, decreed that a gold medal should be awarded to the first discoverer of a comet. Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, discovered a comet in October, 1847, and received therefore a comet medal, and was further honored by being made a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The King soon after deceased, and his successor appropriated his revenues to other purposes. The discontinuance of the Denmark medal has not in the least degree abated the zeal of the astronomers. The discovery of the same comet by different astronomers in different parts of the world, on the same night, or within a few days of each other, attests their unremitting vigilance.—Newburyport Herald.
Education of Girls.
The subject of physical education is beginning to attract attention. The following remarks are from the Boston Courier written by the editor after having attended a school celebration in Faneuil Hall:
"But there was one thing we noticed which did throw a little shadow over our thoughts. We stood on the platform, very near the boys and girls, as they passed by to receive a bouquet at the hands of the Mayor. We could not help observing that not one girl in ten had the air and look of good health. There were very many lovely countenances—lovely with an expression of intellect and goodness—but they were like fair flowers resting upon a fragile stalk. Narrow chests, round shoulders, meagre forms, pallid cheeks, were far too common. There was a general want in their movements of the buoyant vivacity of youth and childhood. The heat of the day and nervous exhaustion of the occasion were to be taken into the account, and due allowance should be made for them. But this was not the first time that we were forced to the conclusion that here in Boston, in the education of girls, the body is lamentably neglected. And it is a very great and serious neglect, the consequences of which will not end with the sufferers themselves. Of what use is it to learn all sorts of things during the first sixteen years of life, and to stuff the brain with all kinds of knowledge, if the price be a feeble or diseased body?—A finely endowed mind shut up in a sickly body is like a bright light in a broken lantern, liable to be blown out by a puff of wind or extinguished by a dash of rain.
"If the destiny of women were to be put under a glass and looked at, like a flower, it would be of little consequence; but woman must take her part in performing the duties and sustaining the burdens of life. These young medal scholars, in due time, will marry men whose lot it is to earn their bread by some kind of toil, in which their wives will need aid them. To this service they will bring an intelligent capacity and a conscientious purpose; but how far will these go without health and the cheerful spirits which health gives? A sickly wife is no helpmate, but a hindrance. If we neglect the body the body will have its revenge. And are we not doing this? Are we not throwing our whole educational force upon the brain? Is not a healthy city born and bred woman getting to be as rare as a black swan? And is it not time to think something of the casket as well as the jewel—something of the lantern as well as the light?"
PERHAPS men are the most imitative animals in all the World of Nature. Only one ass spoke like a man; but hundreds of thousands of men are daily talking like asses.
Second marriages—I've heard say wedlock's like wine—not to be properly judged of till the second glass.