

Raffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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TRIP LIGHTLY OVER TROUBLE.

Trip lightly over trouble—
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp your hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though this day may be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb;
Whist stars are nightly shining,
And Heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE PRACTICE.

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

Sabbath in the country! The serene, peaceful Sabbath; the time of rest, God-given to man, for purification and prayer! In the city the day never seems so truly good, so infinitely holy as in the country. The sweet sound of distant village bells; the sight of cattle released from labor, browsing in contented herds in the quiet of green fields; the very chirp of the countless insects, and the innocent song of the myriads of birds, all breathe of a Sabbath morality, which in the great cities is lost entirely. The noise of active life ceases; naught meets the ear but the lingering echoes of those calm church-bells, as they float on the unadorned, healthful air, to the distant farm-houses.

"God made the country, man the town."—It is not unnatural to suppose that a greater blessing rests with the Divine work, than with that of mere, however glorious, art.

I had been a resident of M— some three or four weeks, but had been detained from attending church each Sabbath by violent storms; and, to confess the truth, I did not regret this as much as I should, from the fact that I dreaded my first meeting, as their sole and newly-established physician, with the wealthy and aristocratic inhabitants of that pretentious village. I shrank nervously from the unavoidable introductions, and the criticism which I knew must as inevitably follow. However, one morning I was bereft of my excuse of bad weather, and awakened betimes to find the day most obstinately clear. There was not a cloud in the heavens that I could reasonably persuade myself was the signal of coming rain; therefore to church we went, my wife and I—she all a-glow, with expectation, and looking, as I thought, unusually charming in her pink ribbons, and I (I acknowledge it candidly) somewhat oppressed with an indefinable sense of doubt and dismay.

It was a small, fantastically designed building, of an antique style of architecture, that would have puzzled the wisest to determine; yet it was striking, artistic, and displayed decided and refreshing originality. Ivy and other vines crept in thick masses over the roughly-hewn stone walls, and darkened, with their close embrace, the low, arched windows. Internally everything was plain and simple, as all houses of true worship are, yet there was not wanting a certain air of quiet elegance.—The pulpit was strongly indicative of classical simplicity in its own form, and had few adornments; opposite it, at the other extremity of the church, was a small, veiled gallery, containing an organ and accommodations for a choir of singers.

We were early. I seated myself quietly, and having nothing to occupy my thoughts, half unconsciously I watched the entrance, one by one, of the villagers. Among them I saw a face, which, as I beheld it then, has haunted me for years. It was that of a man in the prime of his life, handsome, well bred, and intelligent, but so inexpressibly sad, so indicative of evident stagnation and despairing dissatisfaction, that I turned away in horror that anything made by God should dare to carry a countenance like that.

The services began with slow, sonorous notes of prelude from the mellow-toned organ. Throughout the aisles of the little, antique church, up to the very rafters, floated that rare sobbing music, penetrating all hearts, sensitive either to good or evil, with that delicate sorrow which Longfellow says—
"is not akin to pain."

It faded as the burden changed from sadness to jubilant hope, and ended in sudden staccato chords of triumphant joy. All eyes were then turned towards the pulpit, and all heads reverently bowed, as the minister, an aged man, arose and uttered a brief and impressive prayer. It was one of the most solemn things to which I ever listened. Its beauty lay in its naturalness, undefined, as it was, by the arts of showy rhetoric. It seemed to pass from the venerable clergyman's lips up to heaven, as the sincerest language in which man could address and adore his Creator. By contrast, the cold brilliancy of the sermon that followed, lost all effect; it could not touch me like that simple, honest supplication for Divine mercy. All the after services of the day were nothing to me; I had poured out my whole soul with that prayer, and had no further power or desire to worship. I was satisfied.

I discerned no lack of eloquence or ministerial learning in that aged, vine's exhortation, and although, as we left the church, I heard many speak of it with expressions of lively pleasure, I felt assured that he himself was discontented with the discourse. It was like thin, fitful sunlight, veiling a lowering December sky; or, like snow, blinding the eyes with glitter, yet in its actual self, very cold and unsubstantial. I perceived that there was that beneath all this sparkle of words, which few present understood. Was it private grief? Was it some hidden agony warring against unnatural restraint? I recognized the evidences of insincerity, but whether temporary or habitual, I could not discover.—When he ceased, I felt merely the silence; there was none of that strange sensation at the cessation of impassioned, nobly earnest delivery which I had experienced often before.

"Certainly," thought I, "that man is either very heartless or very miserable." The congregation was pouring itself quietly out, when in the usual organ voluntary, came an abrupt but slight pause, followed by deep stillness. Immediately a human voice, a full and rare man's voice, commenced chanting that celebrated solo from Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy's "Messiah." "I know that my redeemer liveth." Perfectly in time and tune, although with no further accompaniment than the few opening chords, the voice issued from the choir, bearing to world-weary listeners consolation and peace. It was not the noble words, nor yet the nobler music, it was the expression gathered by that fine voice from the two, uniting in one glorious whole, till the very atmosphere seemed to thrill with its wealth of melody. On the last notes of the solo, as it faded magnificently into silence, the organ's accompaniment recommenced, proving by the purest unity of the two sounds the successful intonation of the unknown vocalist. Many curious eyes were directed towards the gallery, but the curtains were tightly drawn, and the mystery still remained mysterious.—Some casual movement, however, momentarily displaced a portion of the floating screen, and revealed to me a glimpse of the dark, handsome face I had before noticed; and it was no less dark, handsome, or discontented, than when I beheld it then. I asked myself, in wonder, if that soulful singing and that morose, unhappy countenance belonged to one and the same individual.

The close of this Sabbath day was destined to reveal to me a strange fragment of the life-history of this very man.

The night fell, dewy and starry, but with an oppressiveness of atmosphere that was not, in that part of the country, an uncommon consequence on long continued rains. The ground was almost destitute of moisture, and the grass of that harsh, vivid green, so destructive to vision. The air was heavy and breathless, the very stars seemed to blink with the universal drowsiness. We were just seated at our plainly furnished tea-table, when there came a startling peal from the little primitive knocker on the hall door.

"A visitor," said my wife, settling her cap. "A patient," said I, rushing from the room, just in time to upset a black boy who ran violently against me. Alternately rubbing his bruised sides, and grinning from ear to ear at the adventure, he informed me that "massa was took sick in a great hurry," and then scampered off, having first pointed out a large and conspicuous house, quite near to my own, as the residence of the sick man. I had often before noticed it for the elaborate arrangement of its extensive gardens.

In a few moments I was in the chamber of the first patient to whom I had been called during my residence in M—. The room was large and brilliantly lighted; bouquets of delicate flowers were scattered over it—evidently, illness had been totally unlooked for by the master of the dwelling. As I entered, the face of my patient was hidden from me by the pillows in which it was buried. The wife, a young, slight thing, half sat, half reclined beside him, her head bowed on her bosom, her pale hands tightly locked one in the other.—She raised her eyes as I entered, and on seeing me, a sudden gleam of something which, if it were not hope, had all its beauty, passed over her features.

"Doctor!" she cried wildly, advancing to meet me, "Doctor, save him—save him!"

Before I had time to answer, a voice from the other side of the bed uttered in a low, sonorous, but self-possessed tone:

"It is too late!"

Glancing quickly that way, I saw the gray-haired minister. On his hands were great red spots of blood; the pillows, the sheets were marked with it; and on the white dress of the young wife glittered also fresh crimson stains.

"He is dying," said the old man, reverently kneeling at the bedside; "human aid is of little consequence now. Again I say, it is too late. Abner, my boy, do you hear me—you are dying!"

I approached the bed, and as I did so, the sick man raised his head, and I saw before me the beautiful, despairing face of the morning. The dark eyes were fiercer and brighter, and deeply sunken in their sockets, while the heavy masses of hair and beard gave the ghastly complexion a still more unearthly hue. He had ruptured a bloodvessel. At a glance I saw that the case was hopeless, and that the

little I could do, were almost as well undone. Life was fast ebbing away—mortality verging into immortality. I caused his face to be bathed, and the clotted blood washed from his nostrils and beard—that was all.

Meanwhile the old man sat there on the bed's edge, clasping one of those colorless hands in his own. He kissed the almost lifeless forehead, he bent over that dying man with the anxiety which none but a father could feel at such a moment.

"Abner, Abner," he whispered, "do you—can you hear me? If you can, for God's sake give me some signal?"

The eyes, gradually assuming a dull, dreamy look, closed wearily, and opened again very slowly. A low wail burst from the wife. The old clergyman turned up her quickly, and said, with bitter imperiousness:

"Be still, I must speak with him!" Then bending again over the bed:

"Abner, have you thought of DEATH! Shall we pray—have you made peace with God?"

There appeared to be a sort of convulsive effort on the sick man's part to attain a sitting posture. For a moment he seemed possessed of perfect consciousness and perfect strength.

"God!" he echoed hoarsely; "father, how dare you name Him! God! You, who made me what I am; you, who goaded me to sin, and all for money, money! Was it so precious to you that I must sell myself, body and soul, marry for it? Don't speak to me of God!—There is none—no God—no God!"

He sank back on his pillows exhausted.—Blood burst anew from his mouth. He tried to get more, but the words were drowned in the warm tide that bubbled over his chest. And she, the wife, stood there in marble calmness and heard that which was to blast the rest of her young life. Her hands were clasped again, her eyes fixed unflinchingly on the floor. She neither moved nor spoke. Looking at her, you would have said your very heart melt with compassion, so wild, so forlornly miserable was the expression of that sweet, girlish face.

"Abner, Abner, my son," was all the father spoke with his blanched quivering lips.

The momentary flash faded from the sick man's features. I stood by him and wiped the blood from his mouth, and I knew that in a few moments all would be over. There was no struggle, but there was that gathering shadow on his forehead which is so terribly understandable. Seeing this, the intense despair on his wife's face grew a trifle more stately, and her hands locked themselves involuntarily tighter, till blood gushed from the smooth palm that came in contact with the finger-nails. Not a word was spoken, not a sound broke the deep stillness of the chamber, but the indistinct and oppressive breathing of the dying man. I thought it grew fainter and slower, and I bent down to place my finger on the wrist, and to listen more intently; but the old man waved me fiercely, jealously away.

"Touch him not," he said, "for he is dead!"

And I thought, indeed, that it was so; for even as he spoke, the faint respiration suddenly ceased, and the pallor of an over-lasting unconsciousness crept slowly over the still features. But in another moment, I saw that life was not yet extinct. The eyes again partly unrolled in the same powerless, dreamy way as before, and an indescribable radiance for an instant lit up the pale, handsome face—handsome even then, but with an unearthly beauty.

"God!" the colorless lips muttered, "God—there is a God!" and a smile, whose utter serenity I have never seen equalled, flickered around the mouth. Then the shadow deepened, fell, and he expired. It seemed as though the soul had been half freed, and returning, gave evidence of that eternity which it but partially had entered!

A woman's voice, sobbing, at last broke the dreary silence. The old man rose, and approaching his dead son's wife, said feebly:

"Esther, be comforted; God is over all!"

She drew her hand from his clasp with a gesture of unequivocal abhorrence.

"Comfort!" she echoed, with a great defiant flash of her black eyes; "comfort! you preach to me of comfort! Hypocrite!"—she pressed the word from between her closed breath, with startling, indignant energy. "It is all clear to me now. Who was it plotted and schemed to bring us together? Who tempted him into marriage where there was no love on his side—none, none, O my God—but for money?—Answer me that!"

Her dark hair had become disentangled of fastening, and now fell, in wild, confused grace, over her bare shoulders. Her white, upraised arms glittered in the bright light of the lamps, the scarlet ornaments floating from the sleeves, falling over them in vivid contrast. Never shall I forget the impression created by that indignant appeal, and the tragic, excited beauty of this injured woman.—All this was many years ago, yet I never recall that Sabbath night without a shudder. Frequent as are terrible or touching scenes in the life of a physician, I remember none that own power so to unman me as the memory of this. And the sequel was no less sad. Within a year another grave was made for the poor, deceived wife. On the death of her husband, she sank into a stupor from which nothing could arouse her, and which terminated at last in rapid consumption. It is strange that I should recollect the day she died. It is as

new in my mind as yesterday. White, freshly-fallen snow lay on the ground. It had come early that year, and many leaves were still hanging crimsoned on their boughs. The trees were loaded with light fleecy fragments of snow, among which these brilliantly-dyed leaves gleamed out in the sunshine like blood on a woman's fair face.

LIFE IN A NUNNERY.

FROM MISS BENKLEY'S NEW BOOK.

It will be readily imagined that the unnatural state of things prevailing under the conventional system is calculated rather to promote than prevent the rising of those petty jealousies and dislikes which must be incidental to such an association. Without the strong ties of kindred or friendship to bind them one to another, it is not likely that the poor prisoners of a convent will spend in perfect harmony the tedious hours and years of their compulsory seclusion. A single incident may let the reader into the realities of that relationship which Rome pretends to constitute among the unhappy inmates of a nunnery, and which she designates by the deceptive name of "sisterhood."

Having been sent one evening to work in the boarder's refectory instead of that of the sisterhood, while standing near one of the tables at which the boarders were seated, I took up a basket and carried it to the scullery for some bread. Scarcely had I entered the room and handed the basket to the sister who had charge of the department, when I felt myself seized by the arm, and, looking round, saw the angry countenance of the sister who presided at the boarders' table. She asked me, in a passionate tone, by whose authority I had taken the basket for bread, and whether I had been appointed waiter by the Superior. I answered no, and that I would not have taken the basket had she not ordered me, the night before, to do so when she had said that bread was wanted upon the table.

The sister told me that I had no authority of the kind, and that she would report me to the Superior, and have me brought before "the council." I replied that I was not conscious of having done wrong; but she followed me into the porch, talking in a loud and angry tone. I dreaded the "sacred council," and went at once to the novitiate, and told the mistress of novices what had just occurred. She answered me that I had "many a cross to bear."

That evening, while on the way to my cell, I noticed in one of the cloisters a sister leaning against the wall. She beckoned me to her, and then made a motion for me to follow her. I soon found it was the sister who had ill-treated me in the refectory. I became alarmed, as she was leading me to a balcony beyond the cells. I whispered that I must go to my cell—that I would be missed. By this time we had reached the balcony. She insisted that I should wait, closing, at the same time, the door after us. Just then, hearing a noise near by, as if some one was crossing the porch to the infirmary, we walked on a few steps to escape observation. The sister then fell on her knees, asking my forgiveness for having abused me, and begging me not to speak of what had occurred should I have an interview with Superior priest. I would here state that, in those interviews, a sister is questioned as to any difficulties she may have had with others in the community. I promised secrecy, and went to my cell.

Wearied and exhausted with my duties in the academy, besides my evening work, an irresistible oppression of soul weighing down my powers of mind and body, I tried in vain to sleep. I thought of my ill health, caused by the laborious exercises I had to perform, and the sufferings and sorrows I had undergone since my reception in the community.—I looked out upon the future: it appeared to stretch before me, even into eternity, a drear path on which no beam of sunshine would fall to cheer, and in which no voice of kindred love would breathe its music of consolation to my heart. I sighed for my home. In desolation of spirit, I mourned for its remembered love. But the fearful consciousness came to me that I was severed eternally from all that made life dear. At length I rose, dressed, and groped my way along the cloister leading to the choir, and from thence down the narrow flight of stairs into the chapel. It was dark, save for the few rays that streamed from the solitary light which burned dimly in the sanctuary. Kneeling before the altar, I fastened my eyes upon the crucifix above it.—Long and earnestly I gazed, but the feelings that filled my soul were too deep to find repose in the contemplation of any material object. I bowed my head upon the railing, and wept. Ere long, the image of Him who had suffered arose to my view; the pure and holy Savior of the world, whose mild, benignant eyes, in their pitying tenderness, penetrated to the depths of my wretched heart, and shed a blessed hope upon its gloom. I prayed—prayed earnestly, and from the heart; my desires flowed from its inmost depths. With streaming eyes and unutterable groans, I asked Him, the Savior of the world, to deliver me from this prison, this den of cruelty and hypocrisy. I believe it to be the only time I prayed from my heart while in the institution. With this outburst of emotion, this pouring forth of my grief to God in spirit and in truth,

I found relief, and became composed and calm. I know not how long I had been kneeling, when I was startled by deep drawn sighs and sobs, proceeding from the direction of the "seven sorrows" altar, which is at one side of the chapel door, under the choir. Fearing observation, I arose, and hastening down one side of the chapel, reached the stairs leading to the choir. As I entered the choir, I saw a dark figure glide past me, and go into a small passage behind the organ. Probably this person was in search of the poor heart-broken creature whom I had left weeping so bitterly at the foot of the "seven sorrows" altar. Fortunately I escaped notice, and, softly closing the door behind me, reached my cell just before the bell rang for morning prayers in the chapel.

A DISCOVERY IN PERU.—The Hon. Thomas Ewbank, in a letter to the National Intelligencer, communicates some interesting information in relation to recent discoveries in the excavation of Peruvian mummies. It was received by Mr. Ewbank from W. Evans, Esq., engineer of the Africa and Tacna railroad, in Peru. Mr. Evans states that in making excavations for the railroad at Africa, hundreds of graves are demolished, in which are numerous Indian relics. The excavations are seventy feet deep, and as the soil is loose sand, and as the work proceeds, everything from the top comes sliding down—dead Indians, pots, kettles, arrow heads, &c. Among other interesting mortuary relics, an Indian was stirred out of his resting place, rolled up in a shroud of gold. Before Mr. Evans had knowledge of the incident, the workmen had cut up this magnificent winding sheet, and divided it among themselves. With some difficulty, Mr. Evans obtained a fragment, and dispatched it to Mr. Ewbank. Mr. Evans notices as a very remarkable fact, that in hundreds of Indian skulls which he had examined, not one has contained a decayed tooth. Mr. Ewbank thinks the weight of the entire shroud must have been eight or nine pounds, and had it been preserved would have been the finest specimen of sheet gold that we have heard of since the time of the Spanish conquest. In some eloquent remarks upon the preservation of souvenirs of the departed, and the utility of attempting to secure the great dead from contact with their native earth, Mr. Ewbank says it is the form or features and not the body or substance of the dead that should be preserved, and adds:

"The mummies of Egypt are quarried for fuel, and whether those of the Pharaohs, their wives, their priests or their slaves, are split open and chopped up with the same indifference as so many pine logs. The gums and balsams used in embalming them have made them a good substitute for bituminous coal; and thus the very means employed to preserve them have become the active agents for their dissipation. So it is when materials of coffins have a high marked value, they are then seized as concealed treasure, and their contents cast out as rubbish. Like heroes in the Eastern hemisphere, the descendants of Nautico Capoe were sometimes, if not always, entombed in such, and with considerable treasures besides in vessels of gold and silver; hence we learn how the Spanish conquerors sought, often found, and as often plundered rich Indian sepulchres."

A TOUCHING SCENE.—A correspondent of the *Elmira Republican* says that in a recent trip over the New York and Erie Railroad, an incident occurred that touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady, dressed in deep mourning—her husband having recently died—was travelling southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years. The little girl was mild-eyed as an autumnal sky, and as delicate as the hyacinth—her emaciated fingers transparent as the pearls of Ceylon. Touchingly beautiful was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solicitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looking ever and anon from the car window, she turned to her mother, saying: "Mother, I am weary—when shall we get home?" After a time she fell into a slumber, then awakening suddenly—a radiant smile overspreading her features—she exclaimed, pointing upward: "Mother—there is papa—home at last!" and expired. It was yet many weary miles to the mother's home, but the angels pitying the little sufferer, gathered her to the paradise of Innocence.

Harry Erskine, of facetious memory, was retained for a female named Tickle, against whom an action had been brought. On the trial he commenced his address to the court—
"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord. The audience amused with the oddity of the speech, were driven into hysterics by the Judge replying:—
"Tickle, her yourself, Harry, you are as well able to do it as I."

ON THE OUTSIDE.—A man with an enormously large sucker, called on a dentist to have a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instrument and was about to commence operations, the man began to strain and stretch his mouth till it got to a frightful width. "Say sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, I intend to stand on the outside of it to draw your tooth."

WINTER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

To defend one's self from the weather the most constant and minute precautions are required. In October the Russians, and all who have been in the country, assume fur clothes, and keep them in continual wear until the month of April, after the ice has broken up on the Neva. Stores are lit everywhere, and each family lays in a stock of birchwood, the braise of which is more abundant than any other wood. There is a servant especially appointed to attend to the stoves, and his duty is to keep up, as much as possible, an equal heat throughout the house. The best stove-keepers, whose fame procures them a high salary, are generally from Moscow. Twenty degrees of cold do not appear astonishing to an inhabitant of St. Petersburg, though he then casts a curious look at the thermometer. At 23 or 24 degrees, constant rounds are made during the night to prevent the police and sentinels from falling asleep on their posts. Should the cold bring on drowsiness, and the sufferer not be able to prevent himself from yielding to its influence, he must perish, as he can only wake from his sleep in the other world. At 25 degrees, the theatres are closed, and all those who are obliged to go out on foot, hurry along with their utmost speed, most anxiously looking at the noses of all those whom they meet in the street. If a sudden paleness—of which no intimation is given by any physical feeling—should appear on that part of the face the passer-by rushes forward, and commences rubbing the afflicted feature of the alarmed passenger with snow, to produce amnesia. The same thing may occur to the operator himself before the hour is over. At 30 degrees of cold, the poor populace alone go out doors; entire families shut themselves up; and not a single sledge of any appearance or fashion is seen in the streets.—Yet even then the military reviews are not interrupted, and the highest dignitaries, up to the Emperor himself, repair to them without a cloak. It must be evident that, with cold of such intensity, the sufferings of the poor must be dreadful; yet it may be affirmed without exaggeration, that the lower classes, in winter, suffer less in Russia than in England. There are places in various quarters of every large town of the empire—public establishments, heated by large stoves, where every person that pleases may take refuge.—*Travels in Russia.*

SINGULAR PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT.—The transference of vitality which appears to take place when young persons are habitually placed in contact with the aged, is not a nursery fiction. It is well attested by very competent authorities. "A not uncommon case," observes Dr. Copeland, "of depressed vital power, is the young sleeping with the aged. This fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and it is well known to every unprejudiced observer. I have, on several occasions, met with the counterpart of the following case: I was, a few years ago, consulted about a sickly and thin boy, of about four or five years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of the functions; what his mother very aptly termed a gradual blight. After inquiry into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a very robust and plethoric child, up to his third year, when his grand mother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterwards lost his good looks, and that he continued to decline progressively ever since notwithstanding medical treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from the aged parent, and prescribed gentle tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. But it is not in children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females married to very old men, suffer in a similar manner, although seldom to so great an extent; and instances have come to my knowledge where they have suspected the cause of this debilitated state. These facts are often well known to the aged themselves, who consider the indulgence favorable to longevity, and thereby illustrate the selfishness which, in some persons, increases with their years. Every medical practitioner is well aware of the fact, and parents are generally advised not to allow their infants to sleep with aged persons.

John Randolph was one of the most sarcastic men that ever lived. One time a young man attempted to make his acquaintance. He obtained an introduction and among the first remarks said:—"I passed by your house lately Mr. Randolph?"—"I hope you always will!" was the reply.

Another once twitted him as to his want of education. "The gentleman reminds me," said Randolph in reply, "of the lands about the head waters of the Montgomery, which are poor by nature and cultivation has entirely ruined them!"

THE SIZE OF LONDON.—London is now the greatest city in the world, and far surpasses all the great cities of antiquity. According to Gibbon the population of ancient Rome, in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; Nineveh is estimated to have had 600,000; and Dr. Mehus supposes Peking to have 2,000,000. The population of London, according to recent statistics, amounts to 2,500,000—414,722 having been added to it during the last ten years. The census shows that it contains 807,722 inhabited, and 19,889 uninhabited houses.