

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1858.

VOL. 4.-NO. 45.

PEBBLES IN THE SEA.

AN OLD PORM. Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes-Princes fit for something less. Crampled shirt and dirty jacket May become the golden ore Of the deepest thoughts and feelings-

Satin vest could do no more. There are springs of crystal nectar Even swelling out of stone; There are purple buds, and golden, Hidden, crushed, and overgrown. God, who counts by souls, not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me, While He values thrones, the highest, But as pebbles of the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then; Masters—rulers—lords, remember That your meanest kinds are men Men by labor-men by feeling-Men in thought, and men by fame, Claim equal rights to sunshine In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans-There are little weed-clad rills— There are feeble inch-high saplings— There are cedars on the hills. God, who counts by souls, not stations, Loves and prospers you and me. For to Him all vain distinctions Are as pobbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth or fame; Titled laziness is pensioned, Fed and fattened on the same By the sweat of others' foreheads, Living only to rejoice, While the poor man's outraged freedom Vainly lifteth up his voice

Truth and Justice are eternal, Eorn with loveliness and light; Fecret wrongs shall never prosper Where there is a sunny right. God, whose whole-heard voice is singing Boundless love to you and me, Ein'ts eppression with its titles, As the pebbles in the sea.

THE COQUETTE.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A triend is a luxury, a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent ciass of human beings denominated "lovers" are terrible bores. It does very well for women to blush and look flustered now and then, you." when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man with his face red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broad cloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into con- price! vulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet-U gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lynn aloud to herself as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before the window, half buried in the cushions of a luxuriant arm-chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan which lay upon her lap.

"It also seems so strange, not to say tire some," she continued, with a running, musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poctry and talked nonsense, with any body till one is puzzled to know which one of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come down plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance? For my part I never had a lover there Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one.) that I wasn't sick of after he proposed. There was Capt. Morris-I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins-he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his-what long winded adjectives! and how the poor tellow blushed, puffed and perspired! He called me an "adorable creature," and hic-coughed in the middle of "adorable." Horrors! I have hated him ever since. Then there was a-

Here Sophie started. She heard the door bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a taste truly comical. "It won't do to seem interested," she said,

as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jew. elled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back to her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face.

"Tell him I will be down presently," she said. The girl disappeared and Sophie flung open the window, that cool fresh air might fan away the extra rosiness from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and after composing her bright eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the par-lor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both hands to the guests; but as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew

in a further corner of the room. It was very evident that something was the matter with Sopbie. Sophie among the wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her rest. mind either not to be pleased, or not to please.

them back again, and with a formal bow of re-

Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming ?-that a presentment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had she could advise her what to do, for to give not passed before that Harry Ainslees's hand and fortune, (which latter by-the-way, was more of an impossibility. nothing wonderful,) were in the same place where Capt. Morris' and Dr. Wilkin's had Kate?" she asked in a trembling voice of her been before them.

things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie emphatically from behind her fan, as she sat blushing, and evidently gratified yet without deigning any reply to the gallant straight-forward speech in which her lover swollen eyes.

had risked his all of hope. "He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before soliloguized. "Wouldn't it be fun?-and caressingly on her drooped head.

wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had |

been asleep while he was talking ?" Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done-and theatrically done-and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of laughter.

"Y-o-u little witch—you mischief—you spir-

it of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely:

"Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so? and if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal ?" Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would

have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture; den in the vines. for the whole depths of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never before had been to any man.

But she could not quite give up her railery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue and flinging off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length. as she paused from sheer exhaustion." "Is it generous-is it just, to trifle with me so? to turn into ridicule the emotion of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections? I have loved you, because beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, parity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feelings, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased | ting landlady with this interrogatory :speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly-carry- number of beds ir your house ?" ing it carelessly in our hands as though it "Yes," answered she, "I reckon we have.

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquetish smile breathed from

her red lips. "Speaking of heiresses," said she, "There's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attention to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her-the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce torrent over his face-his arms crossed tightly upon his breast as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation-his compressed, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud and sensitive nature.

Not till be had gone - gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave good bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him-did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her

one short moment longer. "Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four bours, and as importunate as ever," she muttered to herself as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wilful look, as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr and act accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the cir cumstances-grew pale and interesting. Marana began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor dear child was getting so thin." In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile, or abstracted "thank you," was the only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringleted head with an air of supreme inrecognition, she passed him and seated herself difference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was

> Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate who had come so near the solution of the true mystery, Harry up forever seemed every day more and

"Will you come into the garden with me, sister one day, about a month after her trouble "The first man that I ever heard say such bings without making a fool of himself," mut-

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a search-

Running swiftly along the garden paths, as if from fear of purguit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on a low seat, barled her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to a paroxher for a screen-did she forget what she had ysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps been saying. "I wonder if I could snore the approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly way old Uncle Jones used to in church?" she about her waist, and a warm hand was laid

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Har-

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle soothing motion.

"Harry and I"-another sob-"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was wilful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since." Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer em-

brace, and was sure Kate pitied her. "I would not have owned it to any body if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white bands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did-in bulk, after which the fire must be kept low, the such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead | tion, and the syrup constantly stirred to preinstead of him. I could not bear-that; and I vent it from burning at the bottom of the ketanswered him as I should not. He thought the or evaporating pan. Portions of the syrup it was because he was poor, and I was rich; are to be taken out, from time to time, and aland all the time I was thinking I would rather lowed to cool, to see if it is dense enough to live in a cottage with him, than in the grandest palace in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do ! Tell me Kate, you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't." And poor Sophie wept anew.

Sophie wept anew.
"Look up, dear, and I'll tell you."
Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms-not of sister Kate, but of Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declares to this day, that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Ainslee nearly two years.

Doing up Considerable Sleep .- "Away out tem. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold arrived at one of those caravansaries by the road-side. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the accommoda-"I say, ma'am have you got a considerable

"How many beds have you about this time

that ain't noways engaged ?" "Well, we've one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveler. "I'll take that room, and engage all the beds, if you please." The landlady, not expecting any more com-

pany for the night. and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had quite an inducement, and possibly she might the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived consider your case more seriously than I have and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true, there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gen-

"We must go there, then-we must have beds there," said the party.

The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds, and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door-it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so than they discovered every bedstead empty, and all the beds piled one upon another in the centre of the room, with the traveler sound asleep on the top. They with some difficulty aroused him, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds.

"Why look here, strangers," said he, "I ain't had no sleep these eleven nights; so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once, and make up what I have lost. I calculated to do up a considerable mess of sleeping; I've hired all these beds and paid for 'em, and hang me if I don't have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning."

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES IN THE FIELD .- The Roman Catholic Archbishop has prosecuted the proprietor of the Albany Statesman for the statements made in letters from New York, a lighter color than that which has been limed. published in that paper, professing to give the | This syrup is not apt to crystalise, owing to details of a secret organization among the Catholics, of which the object was to be to control the political action of the country. The Archbishor, was said to be at the head of the organization. In a card he denied the existence of any such society, and branded the whole story as totally false, so far as he was concerned. The correspondent of the Statesman repeated his statements, reasserted their truth, and gave full details of the action alleged to have been taken at the meetings of of the Society. The Archbishop has now taken steps which will compel the Statesman to prove his allegations, or else to suffer the penalty of having made them without any warrant in truth. If they are true, they can undoubtedly be proved. The trial will excite considerable public interest .- N. Y. Times.

JUIGE ECHOLS, of Utah has delivered charge to a Grand Jury in that Territory which he declared polygamy to be up awful, and the parties practising it liable to indict-ment and punishment. The resident's instructions were not to interfere with the religion of the Mormons. But on the very day Gov. Cumming left for Salt Lake to endeavor to arrive at ar, adjustment of the difficulties, the Judge made his charge, and so excited the Mormona as to place the life of the Governor jeopardy. The Union, commenting on this charge, denies that "Government have or may exercise any rightful power over the subject. The whole system of Mormon religion belongs exclusively to the people of Utah. If we may look to them for the needful correction, we may surely rely upon the energy and moral force of the American people to apply appropriate remedies."

"Here, you little rascal, walk up here and give an account of yourself-where have you been ?"

"After the giruls father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy ?" "No, sir; but mother did."

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

The Agricultural Report of the U.S. Patent Office for 1857, gives the following as Dr. Jackson's process of making Syrup and Sugar from the Chinese cane :-

In the first place, it is necessary to filter the juice of the plant, as it comes from the mill, in order to remove the cellulose and fibrous matters and the starch, all of which are present in it when expressed. A bag filter, or one made of a blanket placed in a basket, will answer this purpose. Next, we have to add a sufficiency of milk of lime (that is lime slacked and mixed with water) to the juice, to render it slightly alkaline, as shown by its changing turmeric paper to a brown color, or reddened litmus paper to a blue. A small excess of lime is not injurious. After this addition, the juice should be boiled, say for fifteen minutes. A thick green scum rapidly collects A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hid-filtered. It will now be of a pale straw color, and ready for evaporation, and may be boiled down quite rapidly to about half its original evaporation to be carried on with great caucrystalize. It should be about as dense as sugar-house molasses or tar. When it has reached this condition, it may be withdrawn from the evaporating vessel, and be placed in tubs or casks to granulate. Crystals of sugar will begin to form generally in three or four days, and sometimes nearly the whole mass will granulate, leaving but little molasses to be drained. After it has solidified, it may be scooped out into conical bags, made of coarse open cloth, or of canvass, which are to be hung over some vessel to receive the molasses; and the drainage being much aided by warmth, it will be useful to keep the temperature of the room at 80 or 90 deg. F. After some days, it may be removed from the bags, and will be found to be a good brown sugar. It may now in Missouri' they live on the primitive sys-tem. People sleep as well as eat in companies, ing to the solution some white of eggs (say one egg for 100 pounds of sugar) mixed with cold water, after which the temperature is to winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveler | be raised to boiling, and the syrup allowed to remain at that heat for half an hour. Then skim and filter to remove the coagulated albumen, and the impurities it has extracted from

the sugar. By means of bone-black, such as is prepared for sugar-retiners, the sugar may be decolored, by adding an ounce to each gallon of the saccharine solution, and boiling the whole true man and woman. There is no custom so axe." together. Then filter, and you will obtain a foolish and frivolous as that of painting the nearly colorless syrup. Evaporate this, as be-fore directed, briskly, to half its bulk, and then slowly until dense enough to crystalize, leaving the syrup, as before, in tubs, or pans, to granulate. This sugar will be of a lightbrown color, and may now be clayed, or whitened, by the usual method; that is, by putting it into cones, and pouring a saturated solution of white sugar upon it, so as to displace the molasses, which will drop from the apex of the cone when inverted. It is now refined or loaf sugar.

The methods here described are the common and cheap ones, such as any farmer can employ. It may be advantageous, when operations of considerable extent are contemplated, to arrange a regular system of shallow evaporating pans for the concentration of the syrup, similar to those now used in Vermont

for making maple sugar. It is evident that no ordinary methods can compete with those of a regular sugar refinery, where vacuum pans are employed, and evapo ration is consequently carried on at a low temperature. If the planter should raise sufficiently large crops to warrant the expense of such an apparatus on his place, he would not fail to manufacture large quantities of sugar, and to operate with perfect success, but this can be done only in the Southern, Middle or Western States, where extensive farming is common. Those who wish to have their brown sugar clarifled, can send it to some of the larger refineries, where the operations may be completed, and the sugar put in the usual form

of white loaves. A very large proportion of our agricultural people will doubtless be satisfied with the production of a good syrup from this plant. They may obtain it by following the methods described in the first part of this paper, or they may omit the lime, and make an agreeable, but slightly acidulous syrup, which will be of the presence of acid matter. The unripe cane can be employed for making molasses and alcohol, but will not yield true cane-sugar unless it is well-matured.

THE EXCAVATIONS IN ROME.

In the Atlantic Monthly for July is the following account of the excavations now in progress in the Eternal City :

"The excavations on the Via Appia Nuova which I mentioned in a former letter, prove very interesting and have already resulted in most important discoveries. The spot is at the second mile-stone outside of the gaie of St. John Lateran. The field is on the left of the road going towards Aldano, and in it are several brick combs of beautiful fine work, now or formerly used as dwellings or barns.

The first discovery was an ancient basilica, satisfactorily ascertained to be the one dedicated to St. Stephen, built by Santa Demetriathe first nun-at the instigation of the Pope, St. Leo the Great, (A. D. 440-461.) Sig. Fortunati, who made the discovery and directs the excavations, told me at great length how he was led to the investigation; but as he has published this and much more in a pamphlet, which I shall send to you, I will not repeat it here.

Twenty-two columns have been found, many of rare and beautiful marble, one of rerde antico, most superb, others of breccia and of cipolino marino, said to be rare, and certainly very beautiful. Forty bases and over thirty capitals of various styles have also been found, as well as architectural ornaments without number, many of them carved with Greek or Roman crosses. The rare and superb fragments of marble, show that there must have been costly and beautiful linings and finish.

sarcophagus, with bas-relief of a Bacchic procession, remarkably fine. The government has bought all for the Museum, and intends Rev. Peter Cartwright to visit New York city

in its preservation and perfection. It is about eighteen feet square, and has been lined and ever appeared at the Astor, there was nothing paved with white marble, some of which still in his backwoods appearance that suggested remains. The lofty ceiling is covered with to the proprietors, his worthy position among bas-reliefs in stucco, of charming grace and spirit, representing various mythological sub-requested to be shown to his room, he was jects, in square compartments, united by light and elegant Arabesques. They are really of show him up stairs. Up stairs they went—up, wonderful merit, and so perfectly preserved, up, up—Mr. Cartwright in wondering amaze-so fresh, that they seem as if done last year. ment lost—the servant apparently untiring in so fresh, that they seem as if done last year. A massive marble doorway, beautifully cor-niced, gives entrance to this superb chamber, servant opened a door of an apartment up in in which were found three sarcophagi, con-taining the bones of nine bodies; which bones as his room. Father Peter detained the serare left to lie exposed, because they are the vant while he should take a general survey of bones of pagans! These sarcophagi are of splendid workmanship, but unhappily broken by former barbarians. Present barbarians (said appearing to be well satisfied, he disposed of to be Inglesi and Americani,) have stolen two his baggage and very politely requested the skulls, and picked up everything not closely servant to be kind enough to show him down skulls, and picked up everything not closely watched. Opposite to this chamber is another, smaller and more modest in adornment, and by the side of this descend two flight of steps in perfect repair. Many vases of colored glass and two very handsome rings were found at the foot of these steps. This tomb is supposed to be about one hundred and six-

ty of our era. These stairways descend from the anciet Via Latina, which has been excavated for some distance, and is found with wide sidewalks of ously. In due time, up came the servant, by stone, (lava) similar to the sidewalks in Pom-The narrow carriage way is deeply rutted, which makes one think that the old Romans had hard bumps to contend with.

Another tomb, with perfect stairway, has been discovered, but it is much more plain. Foundations of billas, and bathes with leaden pipes in great quantity have been exposed. I hear, to-day, that the government has ordered the excavation of a mile and a half of the old Via Latina in this neighborhood, and much interesting discovery is anticipated."

Poisonous Beauty .- The natural desire of all to display what personal attractions they may possess to the best possible advantage, and the pleasure which all mankind, whether civilized or savage, take in looking upon a beautiful female face, has led the weaker sex in many instances to commit violations of common sense, which cause feelings of deep regret and commiseration in the breast of every face, or endeavoring to obtain by artificial means an unnatural complexion; and this custom, which at first we are inclined to regard as simply childish, assumes the graver nature of a crime when we regard the means adopted to attain this silly end. For example :- Arsenic is used in great quantities to produce a healthy look, ruby lips, and rotundity of form, and we have it on good authority that in many parts of Europe, and for aught we know to the cortrary, in America, arsenic is eaten in large quantities, and Dr. Tschudi, the well known traveler, says "it does not seem to have any more pernicious effect than opium eating," as if that was not bad enough! Many tuns weight of arsenic are sold annually in the form of cosmetic powders for ontward application. Bismanufacture of these articles, without which ladies do not consider their toilets complete. and much as they may abhor the character of provided with weapons as dangerous as either of those two females; the difference being that one is doing all she can to poison herself, and the others poisoned their friends. It is said of a celebrated actress that she must in her oxyd of bismuth in the shape of cosmetic pow-Spanish ladies use a harmless cosmetic composed of almonds, and another of pistachio have no deleterious effects. We have not space to expatiste as fully as we would wish on the moral or the physiology of these facts, but we them, that the good sense of the people may rise in mutiny against painted beauty, especially when that paint carries with it the breath of poison; and we would let every one know that some ladies actually, as well as figuratively, deal out to their admirers killing glances.

LEPERS .- Bayard Taylor, on his way to Bergen, in Norway, says :- "We took on board four or five lepers on their way to the hospital at Bergen. A piece of oil cloth had been thrown over some spars to shield them from the rain, and they sat on deck, avoided by the other passengers, a melancholy picture of disease and shame. One was a boy of fourteen, upon whose face wartlike excrescences were beginning to appear, while a woman who seemed to be his mother, was hideously swollen and disfigured. A man, crouching down, with his head between his hands, endeavored to hide the seamed and knotted mass of protruding blue flesh that had once been a human face. The forms of leprosy, elephantiasis, and other kindred diseases which I have seen in the East and in tropical countries, are not nearly so horrible. For these unfortunates there was no hope. No cure has yet been discovered for this terrible disease. There are two hospitals here, one of which contains about five hundred patients, while the other, which has recently been erected for the reception of cases in the earlier stages, who may be subjected to experimental courses of treatment has already one hundred. This form of leprosy is supposed to be produced partly by exclusive diet of salt fish, and partly by want of personal cleanliness. The latter is the most probable cause, and one does not wonder at the result after he has had a little experi-ence of Norwegian fith. It is the wful curse which falls upon these beastly habits of life."

Subsequently, portions of villas were found, with ruined baths, and mosaic and frescoes, with various pieces of sculpture, some perfect, and of most excellent style. There is also a cherd ay, and forget to the following notion of the following no

PETER CARTWRIGHT'S RUSE.

Some church affairs made it necessary for spending a large sum in building a basilica over the remains of the old one in honor of St. Stephen.

But the most remarkable discovery is an old Roman tomb, by far the finest I have ever seen in its preservation and perfection. It is about 1 to reservation and perfection. stairs again. The servant proceeded Father Cartwright down, down, down, till they reached at length the street landing; but, before the servant could make his escape, Peter inquired if he would not show him up again! So up they went again, heaven ward, and ar last Peter found his room, and permitted the servant to depart in peace. The servant, however, had little more than found himsef down stairs, when Uncle Peter rang the bell vigorthis time panting with the unusual exertion.

"My good friend, I am sorry to trouble you, but I should be glad to see the clerk if you will be kind enough to send him up to my

room." "Oh, certainly."

And so down, down goes the servant, to say to the clerk that a singular old chap up in the upper story wanted him to come to his room. And then up goes Mr. Clerk.

"Are you the clerk ?"

"Well, you would place me under great obligations to you, if you would show me down

And when once more down stairs, after Uncle Peter had taken another careful survey of the surroundings, the clerk very politely inquired if there was anything further he could do for him.

"Yes," said Uncle Peter, "yes, my friend I would be greatly obliged to you for a broad-

"A broad-axe !" said Mr. Clerk, in

ment, "and what do you propose to do with s broad-axe?"

"I thought I should like to 'blaze' my way to my room. (The Western hunters mark their way in the forest by blazing or barking. trees. ' '')

It is needless to say that Peter Cartwright was the lion that week at the Astor; and that it was not further required of him to climb upthe endless series of stairway-but, when his friends called again to inquire for, or call upon him, they would find him snugly ensconced in one of the most eligible rooms in the house.

HELP YOURSELF .- Beg, borrow, seek office, fish for place, trust in patronage, wait for old men to die, worship fortune-who does not muth and antimony are also largely used in the one or the other of these? Who does not expect to rise by the help of others? Help yourselves, and God will help you. Ninetenths of the world will live and die infidels of a Borgia or Brinvilliers, they are themselves this truth. So destitute are most people of a knowledge or belief of this truth, that give them the slightest intimation that they may rely on you, and they do it without mercy. They will drop their tools and their labor and do it. This is what makes the world so hedgelife time have used half a hundred weight of hogish. The self-helpers know that, in the common run, if they help others, they may ders, and the pearl powders, rouges, and the help and be taken in. This it is that spoils whole army of so-called beautifiers, are all most, if not all, the experiments to apply the more or less highly poisonous. It surely can- science and economy of association to practinot be right to use or encourage the use of cal human life. Take people as they run, and these articles, more especially when we know | put them together in a bee-hive community. that there are plenty of vegetable compounds and half of them will turn drones and live upwhich will answer just as well, and will not on the rest, because they have not been edustop up the pores with poisonous metals. The | cated to rely upon themselves, but just the reverse. No wonder that the swarm should be eaten out by these drones, or exhaust itself in nuts, ground in water, and which are said to an effort to turn them out. Yet men are naturally self-reliant. The moment a baby can go alone, it goes itself, and imitates all kinds of work, proud to be doing something. But this fulfill our duty in calling public attention to disposition is not encouraged; it is discouraged. The rich are ashamed to have their children do anything menial, rs if menial and mean were the same word. The poor cannot be bothered to teach work to babies, and when their babies get to be old enough, they overload them with it untaught. If once the child comes to maturity, educated to sloth, bad health and reliance on others, or to hate the burden which crushes him, and longs to be relieved entirely from it, self-reliance is destroyed every way-in words, thought, and opinion. Whole classes, nay races of men, are taught to feed upon others without returning any fair equivalent. They even think themselves generous to leave a little which they don't eat.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES .- The New York correspondents of the newspapers of neighboring cities, tell a good many facts, and play a good many jokes at the expense of "Gotham."
This is from the Baltimore Republican:

"The Crystal Palace, under the city's management, is taking in from seven to ten dollars per day. It is stated that one of the persons taking an account of the stock in the establishment, supposed the group of the Twelve Apostles to be the Presidents of the United States. The first Apostle, James, was put down in the inventory as James Monroe, a little the worse for wear. Thomas, the immortal Jefferson; Andrew, "Old Hickory;" the beloved disciple John, was Tyler; but when the official came to the names Bartholomew and Simon, he gave up the job,"

Youth is a glorious invention. While the girls chase the hours, and you chase the girls, the months seem to dance away "with down upon their feet." What a pity summer is shor; before you know it lovers become deacons, and romps, grand-mothers.