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NO GOD!

The following verses by that sweetest of American poetesses, Mrs. LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY, suggested by the words in the 14th Psalm of David, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," is one of the finest things in the language:

"*No God! No God!*" The simplest flower,
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound;
"No God"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reprove the Atheist-lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name.
How swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along its billowy track,
The red Vesuvious opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princly crest,
The coacoa's leafy shade,
The bread fruit bending to its lord,
In yon far-island glade;
The winged seeds, that, borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent Sun is stirr'd,
And the pale Moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal majesty.

THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

One pleasant eveing in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of "squire," and from his manners pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to his society, would inform you that there was something like a military air about him.

His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles; yet from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with the want of humanity, but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider forsaking a good road for a by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers.

He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling becoming dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation.

A peal louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods assunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, that penetrated the clothes of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his overcoat as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed.

The way, which was steep, became attended with more obstacles the further he advanced, the soil being composed of clay which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farm house. The watch dog began barking, which brought the owner to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"A friend who has lost his way and is in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the speaker, "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome,"

"I must provide for the weary componion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well stored barn; and there provided for him most bountifully.

On rejoining the traveller, he observed,

"That is a noble animal of your's sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him so as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him, but I have to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and, therefore, am entitled to no thanks. But Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising a well known benevolence, for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators but a few weeks before in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a splendid repast. During the meal there was much interesting conversation among the three.

As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present.

The invitation was accepted in these words'

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my Heavenly Preserver, after the event of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter, and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer; then, lighting a pine knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wishing him a good night's rest, and retired to an adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan;" said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than all his kind inquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been at home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardship endured by our brave soldiers.'

"Who knows, now," inquired the wife, "but it may be himself, after all, my dear! for they say he does travel just so, all alone, sometimes."

"Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking his Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued:

"And now' Almighty Father if it be Thy holy will that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for Thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey Thee. Bless us with wisdom to our council, success in battle, and let our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice and willing to restore liberty and peace. Grant the petition of Thy servant, for the sake of Him Thou hast called Thy beloved Son; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done. Amen."

The next morning the traveller declining the pressing solicitation to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately, at the same time offering part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," continued he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also added to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday, endeavoring to obtain some information of our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads, and the fleetness of my horse.—My name is George Washington.

Surprise kept the listener still for a moment; then, after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshment, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the General to the opposite side of the river, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey.

On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparation for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is one of the hazards encountered by this great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity; and keeping in remembrance the great Source whence these blessings flow, we may be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the father of his country.

Have you an Aim for Life?

More particularly to the younger portion of our readers would we direct the question, have you an aim for life? A gifted German writer has said, "I reverence the individual who understands distinctly what it is he wishes; who unweariedly advances—who knows the means conducive to his object, and can seize and use them.

Have an aim—let resolution be your motto, and you have within your power a talisman which will unlock before you the mysteries of the universe; its charm is more potent than the lamp of Aladdin, and will prove in its resources more exhaustless than the purse of Fortunatus.

Well would it be, could every one entering upon the arena of active life become imbued with the spirit of these lines:

"Are you in earnest, seize this very minute,
What you can do, or think you can, begin it,
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated,
Begin it, and the work will be completed."

Do you wish to distinguish yourself on the stage of political strife, and crown your brow with laurels of unfading lustre? Then strive and wait, your time will surely come.

If, like Demosthenes, for the sake of attaining your object, you can confine yourself from the cheerful haunts of social life, and there give your days and nights to ceaseless toil. If you will wage a mortal combat against natural defects, and bend all objects to your will, then like him you may electrify a nation with your eloquence and wield it in the cause of truth, you may set in motion springs of action which shall go on for ages speeding the right, or touch some chord which shall vibrate to all eternity.

What made Napoleon great? For great he surely was, though far be it from us to aspire to such greatness. His motto was:—"Impossible is the adjective of fools," and like him, we must adopt it if we would be freed from the ever-binding thraldom of circumstances, and where there is no beaten path within our ken, we must ourselves act as pioneers in the road to greatness.

It rests with you whether you will be fixed stars in the firmament of mind, secure about which lesser plannets shall revolve in beautiful harmony, or mere transient meteors, seen for a moment and then forgotten.

Many drift along the current of life without an aim, like straws upon the current of a stream, sometimes they are caught by surrounding objects, and again they are floated along unmindful of their destiny.

As carbon by crystalization may become diamond, so they may by propor intellectual and moral training become purified and refined, prepared for any station which, in the order of Providence, may be assigned to us.—Let then our first aim be for purity of heart and integrity of action; let us then strive for knowledge, if for no other than its own sake. Let us not give up our precious time to pleasure which dissipate the mind and soon become stale; which are altogether insufficient to satisfy the longings of our immortal nature, but rather let us quench our thirst for happiness at the Pierian spring, whose waters never pale, but grow more delicious the deeper draughts we take.—*Iron City.*

From the Providence Journal.

The Father of Commodore Perry.

SOUTH KINGSTOWN, March 21, 1855

There are living in the south part of this State, all in good health, ten persons, the children of the same parents, and the only children they ever had, whose united ages amount to seven hundred and eleven, in the following order: 81, 80, 77, 75, 73, 70, 68, 66, 63 and 58. Their name is Tucker, and they belong to one of the most numerous families in our State. The family have for a great many years occupied a tract of land in the western part of South Kingstown, known as Tuckertown.

There is a carious Revolutionary fact connected with this family, which few of your readers have ever heard. One of the uncles of the present children, by the name of Simeon was a quiet and conscientious farmer, who did not believe it right to do military duty, even in "the times that tried men's souls." A corporal was sent with a file of men to distrain his cow. A man by the name of Burt commanded the squad, and Raymond Perry, afterward Captain Perry, and father to the present Commodore, was one of the party. Tucker went into the field alone to head off the cow, and they fired upon him. One ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell instantly dead. Four guns were aimed and two missed fire. Perry's went off, and it was believed at the time, and is to this day by the family, that his was the fatal shot. He was then a young man and immediately left the country and went to sea. It was during one of these voyages, while returning from Europe as mate of a vessel bound for Newport, that he formed the attachment for his wife, who was a passenger in the ship. He took her to Narragansett, and carried her on a pillion on horseback, from the South Ferry to his father's, Judge Freeman Perry, and married her.

But to return. If any of your readers are curious to know how the family have preserved their health, we are familiar with the habits of only one, the second son of Joshua Tucker, now eighty years old. He has been a hard working farmer, fisherman and gunner—not a temperance man but always a temperate one. He is now somewhat afflicted with rheumatism, and the remedy which he takes is to go down to sea with his pole and line, and stand for three or four hours together to his waist in the breakers, "sam humming," or "gand humming," whichever is the right term for that method of fishing for bass.

The Care of the Eyes.

Until one begins to feel the effect of impaired vision, he can hardly estimate the value of eyesight, and consequently from ignorance or carelessness, he is apt to neglect a few simple precautions, by the observance of which, his sight might be preserved. We are aware that the columns of a newspaper do not afford the space, nor is an editor qualified to treat scientifically of the injuries which accrue to the organs of vision; but certainly the knights of the sanctum ought to have some practical experience upon artificial light, more of which they consume than falls to the lot of other men.

Let us then give our readers a few hints upon the preservation of sight, which we deduce from our own experience, and if we are incorrect, our medical friends, and particularly opticians, are welcame to our columns to correct our errors. We are not about to interfere with those who have resorted to spectacles, for the optician alone can benefit them; but there are multitudes who, perhaps, ought to wear spectacles but will not, either from their inconvenience or from an idea that thereby they confess that time has taken too strong a hold upon them. Such ask, whether they can see better than they now do without the use of glasses? To the most of these we answer yes—provided you will follow these simple directions. First, never use a writing desk or table with your face towards a window. In such a case the rays of light come directly upon the pupil of the eye, and causing an unnatural and forced contraction thereof, soon permanently injures the sight. Next—when your table or desk is near a window, sit so that your face turns *from*, not *towards* the window, while writing. If your face is towards the window, the oblique rays strike the eye and injure it nearly as much as the direct rays when you sit in front of the window. It is best always to sit or stand while reading or writing, with the window behind you; and next to that with the light coming over your left side—then the light illumines the paper or book and does not shine abruptly on the eye-ball.

The same remarks are applicable to artificial light. We are often asked what is the best light; gas, candles oil or camphene.—Our answer is, it is immaterial which, provided the light of either be strong enough and do not flicker. A gas fish tail burner should never be used for reading or writing, becasue there is a constant oscillation or flickering of the flame. Candles, unless they have self consuming wicks which do not require snuffing, should not be used. We need scarcely say that oil wicks which crust over and thus diminish the light, are good for nothing; and the same is true of compounds of the nature of camphene, unless the wicks are properly trimmed of all their gumary deposit after standing twenty-four hours.

But whatever the artificial light used, let it strike the paper or book which you are using, whenever you can, from over the left shoulder. This can always be done with gas, for that light is strong enough, and so is the light from camphene, oil, &c. provided it comes through a circular burning like the argand. But the light whatever it be, should always be protected from the air in the room by a glass chimney, so that the light may be steady.—*Boston Herald.*

Self Education.

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be chiefly his own work. There is a prevailing and fatal mistake upon this subject. It seems to be supposed that a young man must be sent first to grammar school and then to college, he must of course become a scholar; and the pupil is apt to imagine he is to become the mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere which surrounds him. But this dream of indolence must be awakened to the important truth, that, if you aspire to excellence, you must become active and vigorous co-operators with your teachers, and work out your own distinction with an ardor that cannot be quenched, a perseverance that considers nothing done while anything yet remains to be done.

Rely upon it that the ancients were right. *Quis que suos fortunos fabor*—both in morals and intellect, *we* give the final shade to our own characters, and thus become emphatically the architects of our own fortunes. How else should it happen, gentlemen, that young men who have had precisely the seme opportunities, should be continually presenting us with different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference in talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You may see issuing from the walls of the same school—nay, from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom one is admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity, yet, you shall see the genius perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness; while on the other hand, you shall observe the *mediocre* plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. *They* are the architects of their own fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than afford to you the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend at least on yourselves, whether you are instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak from observation, *a certain truth: there is no excellence without great labor.* It is the *fact* of Fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius unexerted is like a poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyrical region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is in this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this careering and wide-sweeping comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought that

Pluck bright honor from the pale faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathomed line could never reach the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks.

This is the prowess, and those the hardy achievements which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.

But how are you to gain the nerve, the courage for enterprises of this pith and moment?—I will tell you—as Milo obtained that *hoc signo vinces;* for this *must* be *your* work, not that of *your teachers.* Be you not wanting to yourselves, and you will accomplish all that your parents, friends and country have a right to expect.—*Wirt.*

☞ "Come out here, and I'll lick the whole of you," as the boy said when he saw a jar full of sugar-sticks in the shop window.

Value of Wives in China.

Not long since, a young English merchant took his wife with him to Hong Kong, China, where the wealthy couple were visited by a wealthy Mandarin. The latter regarded the lady very attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight upon her movements. When she at length left the apartment he said to her husband in broken English, worse than broken China.

"What give you for that wifey-wife of yours?"

"O," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of his visitor, "two thousand dollars."

This the merchant thought the Chinese would consider rather a high figure; but he was mistaken.

"Well," said the Mandarin, taking out a book with an air of business, "s'pose you give her to me; I give you *five* thousand."

It was difficult to say whether the young merchant was more amazed than amused; but the very grave and solemn air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in sober earnest; and he was compelled therefore to refuse the offer with as much placidity as he could assume.

The Mandarin, however, continued to press his bargain.

I give you *seven* thousand dollars," said he; "you take 'em?"

The merchant, who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity, which he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to inform his visitor that Englishmen were not in the habit of selling their wives after they were once in their possession—an assertion which the Chinaman was very slow to believe.

The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his pretty young wife, and told her that he had just discovered her full value as he had that moment been offered seven thousand dollars for her—a very high figure "as wives were going" in China at the time. —*Harper's Magazine.*

Amusing Duels.

A work on "Duels and Dueling" has recently been published in Boston, which contains far more amusement than one would expect to find in such a volume. The case of Major Hillas and Fenton, in Ireland, in which the former gentleman was shot, is an illustration. The Judge, in summing up the evidence, said to the jury: "Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says the killing a man in a duel is murder, and I am bound to tell you it is murder; therefore, in the discharge of my duty, I tell you so; but I tell you, at the same time, a fairer duel than this I never heard of in the whole course of my life!"

Two physicians, by the name of Mead and Woodward, fought in England, and the latter slipping, his opponent exclaimed—"Take your life." To which the prostrate Galen replied, "Anything but your physic."

"Old Put," one of the heroes of our revolution, was very odd also in his ideas of the code. He agreed to meet a British officer at a specified place and hour, without seconds. When the Briton repaired to the spot he was greeted by a shot from "Old Put," lying in perdu about thirty rods off. While "Put" was re-loading the officer approached and asked, "What are you about to do? Is this the conduct of an American officer and a man of honor?" "What am I about to do?" replied the General. "A pretty question to put to a man you intend to murder! I'm about to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a tory, you are a gone dog." The officer fled.

The old Wolf-Hunter accepted another challenge from a British officer. At the appointed time and spot the officer found him seated near a barrel—apparently of gunpowder—smoking a pipe. He asked the Englishman to sit on the other side of the barrel, and remarking that "there was an equal chance for both," set fire to the match. The officer retreated in a hurry, when Old Put laughed at him saying—"you are just as brave a man as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions to try you by; but you don't like the smell."

THE TEACHER'S HIGH VOCATION.—If that man deserves well of his country, who according to an ingenious statesman's observation, makes three spires of grass to grow where only two grew before, what praise does he merit who multiplies intelligence, who expands the slumbering faculties of the human soul, who calls forth into exercise powers capable of increasing the public stock of wealth, of virtue and happiness, and of exalting the possessor to his proper station of usefulness and importance? If that potter who has moulded the unresisting clay to forms of beauty and elegance has deserved our patronage, what glory shall be his who, faithful and diligent in his functions, has shaped the minds of men, and all to honor and virtue?—*Dr. Henry Hunter.*