

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

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What I Live For.

BY G. LINNEN BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion,
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a Union,
Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Keep truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail the season,
By the gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not by gold alone;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those that love me,
For those who know me true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

THE LOST BOY.

An Incident in The Ohio Penitentiary.

BY THE WARDEN.

I had been but a few months in charge of the prison, when my attention was attracted to, and deep interest felt in, the numerous boys and young men who were confined therein and permitted to work in the same shops with old and hardened convicts. The interest was increased on every evening, as I saw them congregated in gangs, marching to their silent meals, and thence to their gloomy bed rooms, which are more like living sepulchres, with iron shrouds, than sleeping apartments. These young men and boys, being generally the shortest in height, brought up the rear of the companies, and consequently more easily attracted attention. To see many youthful forms and bright countenances mingled with the old and hardened scoundrels, whose visages betokened vice, malice and crime, was sickening to the soul. But there was one among the boys, a lad about seventeen years of age, who had particularly attracted my attention; not from anything superior in his countenance or general appearance; but by the look of utter despair which ever set upon his brow, and the silent, uncomplaining manner in which he submitted to all the hardships and degradations of prison life. He was often complained of, by both officers and men, and I thought unnecessarily, for light and trivial offences against the rules of propriety; yet he seldom had any excuse or apology, and never denied a charge. He took the reprimand, and once a punishment, without a murmur, almost as a matter of course, seeming thankful that it was no worse. He had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed the light of home, parents and friends, if not the luxuries of life. But the light of hope seemed to have gone out, his health was poor—his face was pale—his frame fragile—and no fire beamed in his dark grey eye! I thought every night, as I saw him march to his gloomy bed, that I would go to him and learn his history—but there was so many duties to perform, so much to learn and to do, that day after day passed, and I would neglect him—having merely learned that his name was Arthur Lamb, and that his crime was burglary and larceny, indicating a very bad boy for one so young. He had already been there a year, and had two more to serve! He never could outlive his sentence, and his countenance indicated that he felt it. He worked at stone-cutting on the State House—hence my opportunities for seeing him were less than though he had worked in the prison yard—still his pale face haunted me day and night—and I resolved that on the next Sabbath as he came

from School, I would send for him and learn his history.

It happened, however, that I was one day in a store, waiting for the transaction of some business, and having picked up an old newspaper I read and re-read, while delayed, until at last my eye fell upon an advertisement of "A Lost Boy!"—(information wanted of a boy named Arthur—) (I will not give his real name, for perhaps he is still living,) and then followed a description of the boy—exactly corresponding with that of the young convict—Arthur Lamb! Then there was somebody who cared for the poor boy, if, indeed, it was him; perhaps his mother, his father, his brothers and sisters, who were searching for him. The advertisement was nearly a year old—yet I doubted not—and as soon as this convict was locked up I sent for Arthur Lamb. He came as a matter of course, with the same pale, uncomplaining face and hopeless gait—thinking, no doubt, that something had gone wrong, and had been laid to his charge.

I was examining the Convict's Register, where he came in; and when I looked up, there he stood a perfect image of despair. I asked him his name. He replied,

"Arthur."

"Arthur what?" said I sternly.

"Arthur—Lamb," he answered hesitatingly.

"Have you a father or mother living?"

His eyes brightened—his voice quivered, as he exclaimed:

"O! I have heard from mother? Is she alive? Is she well?" and tears, which I never had seen him shed before, ran like rain drops down his cheeks. As he became calm from suspense, I told him I had not heard from his parents, but that I had a paper I wished him to read. He took the advertisement which I had cut out from the paper, and as he read it he exclaimed:

"That's me! that's me!" and again sobs and tears choked his utterance.

I assured him that the advertisement was all that I could tell him about his parents—and that it requested information, I desired to know what I should write in reply. The advertisement directed information to be sent to the editor of the Christian Chronicle, New York.

"Oh, do not write!" he said, "it will break poor mother's heart."

I told him I must write, and that it would be a lighter blow to his mother's feelings to know where he was than the terrible uncertainty which must haunt her mind day and night. So he consented; and taking him to my room, I drew from him in substance the following story:

His father was a respectable and wealthy mechanic in an interior town in the State of New York. That at the holding of the State Agricultural Fair in his native town, he got acquainted with two stranger boys, older than himself, who persuaded him to run away from home and go to the West. He foolishly consented; and with light hopes of happy times, new scenes and great fortune! They came as far as Cleveland, where they remained several days. One morning the other two boys came to his room early, and showed him a large amount of jewelry, &c., which they said they had won at cards during the night. Knowing that he was in need of funds to pay his board, they pressed him to take some of it for means to pay his landlord. But before he had disposed of any of it they were all three arrested for burglary, and as a portion of the property taken from the store which had been robbed was found in his possession, he too was tried convicted and sentenced. He had no friends, no money, and dared not to write home; so he sank within him; he resigned himself to his fate, never expecting to get out of prison, or see his parents again.

Upon inquiring of the two convicts who came with him on the same charge, I learned that what Arthur had stated was strictly true, and that his only crime was keeping bad company. Leaving his home, and unknowingly receiving stolen goods. Questioned separately they told the same story, and left no doubt in my mind of the boy's innocence. Full of compassion for the unfortunate little fellow, I sat down and wrote a full description of Arthur, his condition and history, as I obtained it from him, painting the horrors of the place, the hopelessness of his being reformed there; even if guilty, and the probability of his never living out his sentence and desiring the process to be used to gain his pardon. This I sent according to the directions of the advertisement. But week after week passed, and no answer came. The boy daily inquired if I had heard from his mother, until at last, "hope deferred seemed to make his heart sick," and again he drooped and pined.

At last a letter came—such a letter! It was from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York. He had been absent to a distant city, but the moment he read my letter the good man responded. The father of the poor boy had become almost insane on account of his son's mysterious absence. He had left his former place of residence, had moved from city to city, from town to town, and travelled up and down the country seeking the loved and the lost! He had spent the most of a handsome fortune; his wife, the boy's mother, was on the brink of the grave, "pining for her first born, and would not be comforted." They then lived in a western city, whither they had gone in the hope of finding or forgetting their boy—or that a change of scene might assuage their grief. He thanked me for my letter, which he had sent to the father, and promised his assistance to procure the young convict's pardon.

This news I gave to Arthur; he seemed pained and pleased—hope and joy, grief and grief, filled his heart alternately, but from thence his eye beamed brighter, his step was lighter, and hope seemed to dance in every nerve.

Days passed—and at last there came a man to the prison, rushing frantically into the office, demanding to see his boy.

"My boy! my boy! Oh, let me see him!"

The clerk who knew nothing of the matter, calmly asked him the name of his son.

"Arthur—"

"No such name on our books; your son

cannot be here."

"He is here! Show him to me! Here, sir, is your own letter! Why do you mock me?"

The clerk looked over the letter, saw at once that Arthur Lamb was the convict wanted, and rang the bell for the messenger.

"There is the warden, sir; it was his letter he showed."

Too much of a good thing is often unpleasant. This old man embraced me and wept like a child. A thousand times he thanked me, and in the name of his wife, heaped blessings upon my head. But the rattling of the great iron door, and the grating sound of its hinges indicated the appearance of Arthur, and I conducted the excited parent in to a side parlor. I then led his son to his embrace. Such a half shriek and agonizing groan as the old man gave, when he beheld the altered appearance of the boy, as he stood clad in the degrading stripes, and holding a convict's cap in his hand, I never heard before. I have seen many similar scenes since, and become inured to them; but this one seemed as if it would burst my brain!

I drew up and signed a petition for the pardon of the young convict; and such a deep and favorable impression did the perusal of the letter I wrote in answer to the advertisement make upon the directors, that they readily joined in the petition, though it was a long time before McLean consented. He was exceedingly cautious and prudent; but the old man clung to him—followed him from his office to his country residence, and there in the presence of his family plead anew his cause. At length, excited by the earnest appeal of his father, the director looked over his papers again—his wife, becoming interested, picked up the answer to the advertisement, read it, and then tears came to the rescue. Mac said, rather harshly, that the warden would let all those young rascals out if he could. Those who knew Governor Wood will not wonder that he was easily prevailed upon in such a case, and the pardon was granted.

Need I describe the old man's joy—now he laughed and wept—walked and ran—albeit impatient to see his son free. When the lad came out in citizen's dress, the aged parent was too full for utterance. He hugged the released convict to his bosom—kissed him—weep and prayed! Grasping my hand, he tendered me his farm—his watch—anything I would take. Pained at the thought of pecuniary reward, I took the old man's arm in mine, and his boy by the hand, and escorted them to the gate—literally bowing them away.

I never saw them more! But the young man is doing well; and long may he live to reward the filial affection of his parents.

This case may be but one among a hundred. Where guilt is not clear, there should be pity for youth, and some proper means taken to restore them to the paths of rectitude and honor.—*Sandusky (Ohio) Mirror.*

Another Yankee Trick.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doubkins, as he sat up on the corn field fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that was running just as Shakespeare said it did—rather roughly—"If Suke Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long-snaked, stammerin' shy critter Gusset, just 'cause he's a city feller, she ain't the girl I took her for, that's sartin. No! it's the old folks; darn their ugly pickers! Old Mrs. Peabody was allers a dreadful high-falutin' critter, full of big notions; and the old man's a reg'lar soft-head, driven about by his wife, just as our old one-eyed rooster is drove about by our catankeroos five-toed Dolkien hen. But if I don't spite his fun, my name ain't Jonathan. I'm goin' down to the city by the railroad next week—and when I come back, wake snakes! that's all."

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the land, in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided.

Mr. Jonathan Doubkins was a young farmer, well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, the only child of Deacon Elderberry Peabody, of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when a city acquaintance of the Peabody's, one Mr. Cornelius Gusset, who kept a retail dry goods shop in Hanover street, Boston, suddenly made his appearance in the field and commenced the cutting out game. Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pestered by the importunities of her aspiring mamma, the village beauty had begun to waver; when her old lover determined on a last and bold stroke to foil his rival. He went to the city, and returned, of his business there he said nothing—not even to a pumping maid aunt who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabody's, but labored in his cornfield, patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day Mr. Gusset was seated with the old folks and their daughter, in that best room of the Peabody mansion, chattering as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened, and in rushed a very dirty and furious Irish woman.

"Is it there ye are, Mr. Cornelius Gusset! Come out that, before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is that what ye promised me afore the praste, ye bathan naga? Running away from me and the children—forsakin' yer larful wedded wife, and runnin' after the Yankee gals, ye infernal!"

"Woman! there must be some mistake here," stammered Gusset, taken all aback by this charge.

"Devil a bit of a mistake, ye sarpin! Oh, wirra! wirra! was for the like of ye I sacked Dinnes McCarthy—who loved the ground I trod on, and all becase ye promised to make a lady of me—ye dirty thief of the wurld! Will ye come along to the railroad station, where I left little Patrick, because he was too sick with the small pox to come any further—or will ye wait till I drag ye?"

"Go—go—along," gasped Gusset. "Go, and I'll follow ye."

He thought it best to temporize.

"I give you ten minutes," said the virago.—"If ye ain't there, it's me cousin, Mr. Tabby Mulgruderry, will be after ye, ye thief!"

And away went this unbidden guest.

Mr. Gusset was then engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door again opened, a little black-eyed, hatchet-faced woman, in a dashy silk gown and a cap with many ribbons, perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried, in a decided French accent. Then she added, with a scream, "Ah mon dieu! le voilà! Zere he is. Traire! monster! Vat for ye run away from me? Dis two tree years I never see ye—nevar—and my heart broke very bad entirely."

"Who are you?" cried Gusset, his eyes starting out of his head and shivering from head to foot.

"He asks me who I am. O, ye var respectable old gentillhomme! hear vat he ask—Who I am, *perfidé!* ah!—I am your wife! 'I never see' fore—so help me Bob," cried Gusset, energetically.

"Don't you swear!" said the old deacon Peabody; "if you do I'll kick you into fits, I won't have no profane or vulgar language in my house."

"O, bless you, bless you, respectable old man! Tell him he must come viz me—tell him I have spake to ze constable—tell him! Sobs interrupted her utterance."

"It's pesky bad business," said the deacon, shafing with unwonted ire—"Gusset, you're a rascal!"

"Take care, Deacon Peabody! take care," said the unfortunate shopkeeper.

"I remarked ye was a rascal, Gusset.—Yot've gone and married two wives, and that 'ere flat burglary, ef I know anything 'bout the Revised Statutes."

"Two wives!" shrieked the French woman.

"Half a dozen, for aught I know to the contrary," said the deacon. "Now ye clear out of my house, go away to the station and clear out to Boston—I won't have nothing more to do with you."

"But, deacon I hear me."

"I don't want to hear you, ye sarpin!," cried the deacon, stopping ears with his hands, "marrin' two wives, and comin' courtin' third. Go long! Clear out."

Even Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit, was silenced. Susan turned from him in horror; and in despair he fled to the railway station, hotly pursued by the clamorous and indignant French woman.

That afternoon, as Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Mr. Jonathan Doubkins, dressed in his best, and driving his fast-going horses before his Sunday go to meeting chaise—he reined up, and accosted her.

"Hullo, Suke! get in and take a ride!"

"Don't keef if I do, Jonathan," replied the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.

"Say, you," said Jonathan grinning, "that ere city feller's turned our a poor pup, ain't he?"

"It's dreadful, if it's true," replied the young lady.

"You had a narrer escape, didn't ye?" pursued the old lover. "But he warn't never no account, anyhow. What do the folks think about it?"

"They hain't said a word since he cleared out."

"Forget that night I rode you home from singin'-school?" asked Jonathan, suddenly branching off.

"No, I hain't," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples I gin you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, they was good, wasn't they?"

"First rate, Jonathan."

"Got a hull orchard full of them kind ere fruit, Suke," said Jonathan, suggestively.

"Susan was silent."

"G'lang! exclaimed Jonathan, putting the braid on the black horse. "Have you any idea where we're going, Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No you hain't—you going along with me?"

"Where to?"

"Providence; and you don't come back till you're Mrs. Doubkins—no how you can fix it."

"How you talk, Jonathan?"

"Darn the old folks!" said Jonathan, putting on the string again. "Ef I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be traden you off on to some city feller with half a dozen wives already."

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doubkins were returning home in their chaise, Jonathan said confidentially:

"May as well tell you now, Suke, for I hain't no secrets from you, that Gusset never see them women afore they came stoppin' into your house and blowed him up. I had thought, Cost me ten dollars, thunder! I taught 'em what to say, and I expect they done it well! Old Gusset may be a shop-keeper, but if he expects to go ahead of Jonathan Doubkins, he must get up a plaugier sight arlier a mornin'!"

Friendships.

Friendships are too valuable to be unappreciated. They need to be cultivated, by faithfully showing ourselves friendly, according to the best of our ability, in a thousand ways. By respect for our seniors, by kindness to our juniors, by deference for station, by care for reputation, by improving character, by courtesy to our equals, by honorable and gracious intelligence of rivalry, by encouraging art and industry, by all the abounding reciprocities of good neighborhood, and by mutual trust in the blessing of the Most High; in such ways we can multiply and adorn friendships, and give them that scope which is connected with fullness of joy. Cicero celebrates Friendship delightfully, and it celebrates itself in every friendly heart. It finds healing words for wounded spirits. It separates pleasing from unhappy remembrances, weighs their import and conveys the latter to the wilderness of forgetfulness, and garnishes and preserves the former in enchanting and vivid recollections. It makes enchanting music in silent solitude; and in those quiet hours when the heart communes with itself, it aids the efforts of faith to believe in a common and eternal Father.

What is the True Road to Respectability?

There exists in all of us, men and women, in a greater or less degree, a desire to secure the notice and respect of those with whom we associate, and of society at large. In what way this object may be most readily secured is an important question. Though the methods adopted in practical life are, in some respects, of considerable diversity, yet they may all be easily brought under one or the other of two classes. One of these includes those who hope to gain respect by *deserving* it—by the possession of that *true worth*, and *weight* of character which ought, at any time and among any people, to command the most heartfelt and genuine respect. The other class is of those who would attain it by means of *outward wealth* or the appearance of it. The various by-ways to respectability which are based on this latter idea, and the frequenters of which are led on by this delusive hope, and the ones, nevertheless, which are altogether the most walked in.

At some period in every one's life, and in some cases, often in the course of a life-time the choice has to be made between these two very diverse paths. While in mere talk and in one's own calm judgment, most men will readily acknowledge that a man ought to be esteemed for his virtue, intelligence, goodness, honesty, or for what he is in mental and moral worth, yet in *practice* these very persons will decide to follow the path which in their hearts and with their tongues they perhaps very earnestly or eloquently condemn. Let us look at the consequences of walking in this wrong road, as they regard our agricultural population. An idea, although an exceedingly unreasonable one, has obtained considerable prevalence, to the effect that the business or employment of the farmer is lower, in point of respectability, than most other employments. The consequence of this is that many once engaged in agricultural pursuits have sold their farms and gone to peddling notions, or working a little while at one thing and a little while at another, unfitted probably for anything they try, and taking no comfort in their new employments. Within five or six years we have known two or more such cases as these in one school district, and several in a single township. Even when the "old folks" stick to the farm, the sons and the daughters do their utmost to escape from the agricultural ranks. The charms and the superior claims of a country life are all hidden out of view by the one false idea of its want of respectability. Through the influence of this false notion men forget that there is no department of labor, no pursuit or calling which contributes as much as agriculture to the prosperity of a nation, or the health, independence, innocence, and moral worth of individuals. The cultivation of the soil was the first employment of man, and the first duty enjoined by his Creator. In all ages since, the comfort, happiness, prosperity and glory of nations and of individuals have been intimately connected with the performance of this duty, and the industrious practice of this pursuit. When it has been neglected, as of late years; there soon follows scarcity, want, high prices, depression of business, and wide-spread destitution. The agricultural interest being the foundation on which all others are built, commerce and manufactures decline with it. For the effects, look at the state of the country at the present time.—While hundreds and thousands are fleeing from the country, leaving thousands of acres which cannot be cultivated for want of help, and making every article of farm produce scarce, and consequently dear, thousands are rushing into employments but a little more productive than absolute idleness, or productive only of articles of mere show and luxury. The numerous advertisements in our city papers show the abundance of the arts, devices, make-shifts, of hundreds of drones and shirks who would be better employed on a farm and would be there probably but for the false and irrational ideas which prevail in regard to the diverse roads to respectability. What will the end of these things be?—*Country Gentleman.*

From the Germantown Telegraph. Hints for the Farmer.

DEBT.—Avoid debt as you would a pest house. The farmer who is perpetually increasing his liabilities, will always be hampered; he can never exert his energies to good advantage, and oppressed by a sense of his helplessness, will rarely attempt to do so. It should ever be an object with the farmer "to live strictly within his means." All that is required for the support, comfort and convenience of his family he should endeavor to produce from the farm. With luxuries, properly so-called, he should have nothing to do, because he is better off, and more happy without them. The simplicity of primitive times afforded a most delightful picture of rural life. All the members of the household were then united and banded together in pursuit of a common object—*happiness*, and this they sought and obtained by the adoption of the most homely and rational means. That their efforts should have been eminently successful, creates no astonishment in a rational mind.

STONE WALL.—There is no species of fence more valuable than stone wall. Not only is the material indestructible, but when it is properly constructed, on land that does not have, it is very durable, and not likely to be thrown down or otherwise injured by ordinary causes. If the stones are of good size and properly laid, there is no reason why it should not endure for ages. Lands that are encumbered with stones, should be cleared off, and enclosed with them. The time will shortly come when lands which afford rocks enough to fence them will be considered the more valuable on that account.

LIVE FENCES.—Every season and every experiment but serves to illustrate the value of this species of enclosure. The men of refined and cultivated taste will of course prefer hedge to all other species of fence for its romantic and graceful beauty, while the economical farmer, acquainted with its merits, will appreciate it for its durability, efficiency, and superior economy. Hedges of thorn, well set, and properly managed, will

be found to be the best defence against cattle that can be had. No animal, however unruly will attempt to break through more than once. The effect too, upon the scenic attractions of the farm, is magnificent. If the thorns cannot be procured, other shrubs may be substituted in its place, such as the Osage orange, Acacia, &c.

CHELTEMHAM.

The way to meet Adversity.

In this changing world we are all liable to be disappointed, in our best laid schemes for gain. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding." Poverty, if it overtakes you pursuing the even tenor of your way, in an honest, industrious calling, involves no crime. The cup may be bitter, but if your Heavenly Father hath put it to your lips, drink it. It will prove a needful medicine to purge off indwelling imperfections. Many of the best benefactors of earth, of whom the world was not worthy, were homeless and homeless pilgrims here. If it be the will of God that you should descend and dwell in the lowly vale, be sure that you carry with you a good conscience, an unsullied reputation, and the approbation of heaven, and you will not be left comfortless. With a mind stayed on God, rich in faith, with your treasure in heaven, you will find in all that valley many a cooling fountain, many a vine with its rich clusters. Choice flowers will perfume your path, songs of celestial melody will regale your ear—manna from heaven and water from the river of life will satisfy your hungerings and thirstings after righteousness. But if you are driven there by the scourges of outraged justice, and followed by the scorn of an abused community, be assured, your way thither will be strewn with thorns, and your resting place a bed of living embers. Nor will you be essentially mitigated by carrying with you any amount clandestinely kept back from its rightful claimants. "Your gold and silver thus gathered up will become cankered, and the rest of them will be a witness against you, and will eat your flesh as if it were fire."

REV. T. SHEPARD, D. D.

Physical Exercise.

One of the principal causes, if not the cause, of the attenuated and pallid appearance of Americans is doubtless the neglect, or rather the violation of the habitual rules laid down by Nature for muscular development. The class of men in this country whose occupations are such as almost necessarily lead to the formation of sedentary habits is very large, larger perhaps in proportion, than that of any other commercial nation. And this will account in a measure for the fact that the various complaints, generally concomitants of insufficient physical exercise, are more prevalent here than elsewhere. Our young men become clerks at an early age, and being thus confined to the counting room at a time of life when the open air and constant motion of the body are indispensable, it is not surprising that they should be in their manhood so sadly deficient in muscular vigor and exhibit so little of the athletic development that is looked for in the sterner sex. With many such their lot is their fate, or is imposed as a necessity from which there is no escape, and for these there is some excuse for the loss of health and life. But what shall be said of those who make no effort to ameliorate their condition, or of that still more culpable class, who, from mere indolence, suffer their bodies to waste away, to sink into premature old age—actually paying a premium for crooked spines, humped backs, round shoulders, attenuated limbs, and drooping bodies. Such persons are guilty of a species of suicide, which inasmuch as it is more deliberate, may be equally if not more criminal than when the "brittle thread" is severed in an instant by the victim of misfortune or delirium.

The Sainted Dead.

They are treasures—changeless and shining treasures. Let us look hopefully. Not lost, but gone before. Lost only like stars of the morning, that have faded into the light of a brighter heaven. Lost to earth, but not to us. When the earth is dark, then the heavens are bright; when objects around become indistinct and invisible in the shades of night, then objects above us are more clearly seen. So is the night of sorrow and mourning; it settles down upon us like a lonely twilight at the graves of our friends, but then already they shine on high. While we weep, they sing. While they are with us upon earth, they lie upon our hearts refreshing, like the dew upon the flowers; when they disappear, it is by a power from above that has drawn them upward; and though lost on earth, they float in the skies. Like the dew that is absorbed from the flowers, that will not return to us; but, like the flowers themselves, we will die, yet only to bloom again in the Eden above. Then those whom the heavens have absorbed and removed from us, by the sweet attraction of their love, made holier and lovelier in light, will draw towards us again by holy affinity, and rest on our hearts as before. They are our treasures—loving ones—the sainted dead.—*Harbaugh Heavenly Recognition.*

The Root of Evil.

We clip the following sensible paragraph from the Newark Daily Advertiser:

"One thing is as clear as the sun, that the absorbing ambition to seize the glittering prize of gold was never before so prolific a root of evil as it is now. We do not know which is working the greater mischief among us, the lust for political power or the lust for pelf. When you come to add to this burning appetite in so many men the powerful, almost supernatural energy communicated to it by the vicious tastes and demands of families for luxury, show, and extravagance, to rival other families and win an absurd distinction, founded upon nothing better than money, it is not difficult to account for many of those astounding falls from virtue and high moral position, and their accompanying delocalizations, which occasionally convulse society."