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FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

"No Cross, no Crown."*

Our Savior's Cross! sweet, mournful theme—
"A table in the Jews' esteem,
And scandal to the learned Greek."
Who spurn its sacred lessons meek.
They in dark, hopeless graves lie down—
The Cross has life—reveals a crown.

Our being's day may have its pains,
Earth's slaves may hug their gilded chains;
But let the thought each sorrow drown—
This heavy Cross insures the crown.

The virtues of the Holy, Just,
Provoked the wrath of Sense and Lust;
I care not for the worldling's frown—
He knows no Cross, he'll know no crown.

The story of the Cross shall sound
From sea to sea the earth around,
Be heard from North to Southern Pole,
Where islands sleep or rivers roll—
Echoed in country and in town—
"Take up the Cross and wear the crown."

Let others chase the bubble Fame,
Win Warriors' or the Statesman's name—
Let me prefer, to Time's renown,
The Cross on earth—in heaven the crown.

Let children play with Folly's toys,
And count them soul sufficing joys;
Be thou a man, and not a clown—
Take moments' Cross, and endless crown.

Let those who will, choose Wealth and Fame,
And study, Passions vile to please—
They, silken robes and beds of down;
We, rugged Cross and starry crown.

Sincere must be the heart that seeks,
And pure the lips the Lord that speaks—
Not mitred head nor priestly gown
Without true Cross, can gain the crown.

'Tis not the form that God observes,
The spirit's wish His purpose serves;
T' obey His Laws of Truth and Love
Will raise us to His courts above,
Where saints redeemed with songs surround
Earth's Crucified in glory crowned!

Lewisburg, May 12, 1850. RAY.

*An old English work, recently re-edited by Rev. Wm. R. Williams, D.D., of New York.

"All de Resolutions."

Not long since, a Missionary Meeting was held among the Negroes in the West Indies, at which the three following resolutions were passed:

"1. We will all give something.
"2. We will give as God has enabled us.
"3. We will all give willingly."

At the close of the meeting, a leading negro took his seat at the table in order to mark down the sum each came forward to give. A large number came and laid their contributions upon the table, some more, some less. Among the number who came up, was a rich old colored man, as rich as all the others put together, who threw them down on the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back agin," said the African receiver of the money seated at the table, "dat may be accordin' to de first resolution, but not accordin' to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and almost all giving more than himself, he was fairly ashamed, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dar, take dat." It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the man at the table again answered, "No, dat don't do yet. It may be accordin' to de first and second resolutions, but not accordin' to de last; and again the old man took up his coin. Still annoyed at himself and all around him, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came to the table, and with a pleasant countance, (the man *was* a *Christian*) willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. The receiver, as he marked down the amount, exclaimed, "Well, den, dat am accordin' to *all de resolutions!*"

Who wishes to know how to give and be happy? Let him follow the example of the above rich old African.—*Commission.*

"O, you're a'prentice?" said a little boy the other day tauntingly to his companion. The addressed turned proudly around and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strangely blended in his countenance, cooly answered, "*So was Franklin.*"

THE FOUR PISTAREENS.

[From a School Periodical by T. D. JAMES, Philadelphia.]

To awaken the attention of my scholars to the importance of small things when great principles are involved, the following story of "The Four Pistareens" may prove interesting and profitable. It was told to me by the person of whom the anecdote is related. He was a friend of mine; a most excellent man; and a Christian in heart and life. He was remarkable for his integrity. I have frequently known him to suffer losses in his business, rather than take those advantages which the law allows, and which public opinion does not condemn, but which an upright man will despise; and he attributed a great share of his honesty of principle and practice, to the event I am about to relate.

When John was about thirteen years old, he left his paternal roof in the north of New Jersey, and came to Philadelphia to learn a trade. He entered as an apprentice with his brother, a coachmaker in the northern part of the city. On a certain occasion he was sent to a drug store, for a half gallon of oil. He had frequently been sent on a similar errand, and had been accustomed to pay 25 cents for the oil. But it happened that oil had fallen, and the price on the present occasion was only 20 cents, of which, however, he was not informed. He had taken with him to pay for the oil a one dollar note, and having obtained the article, he presented the note, and received in change—not as he expected, three quarters of a dollar, but four pistareens. It may be necessary to remark, that the pistareen was an old Spanish coin, of the value of 20 cents, which was in extensive circulation twenty years ago. At the present day they are but rarely meet with, and my young readers may never have seen them. John, who had never been much troubled with money changing, and was ignorant of their value, supposed they were quarters of a dollar, and that the druggist had given him four instead of three. He had been taught when a child, to be honest. He knew that he ought to do to others as he would have others to do to him; and that it was as dishonest to take advantage of another's mistake to take what was not his own, as to cheat in any other way. His first impulse, therefore, was to return one of the pieces to the man; but before he had time to carry out his feelings into practice, the thought occurred to him, that he would give three of them to his brother, as the right change, and keep the fourth for himself. He closed his hand upon the money, picked up his jug, and left the store. He stopped, however, upon the step, and looked at his money. There were certainly four, and he should have but three. Conscience began to reprove him, but selfishness claimed the fourth as its own. The latter pleaded the hardest; and fearing lest the druggist should discover his mistake and recall him, he hurried off homeward, thinking of his good fortune.

The jug in which he carried the oil had no handle, and John was forced to carry it by a string tied around his neck. This so cut his fingers, that after changing it from one hand to the other several times, he was compelled to stop at the distance of a square, and rest. Setting down the oil, and seating himself upon a step, he took out his supposed quarters of a dollar to convince himself there was one too many. But although he congratulated himself on his good fortune, John's heart was not at ease. He knew that he should have returned one of the pieces to Mr. W., the storekeeper; that in keeping it he was acting dishonestly; and that he ought still to return back, and correct the mistake. But cupidity was as busy as conscience, and soon framed a number of good reasons why it was properly and lawfully his. The druggist ought not to have made the mistake, and would justly lose by his carelessness. To Mr. W. a quarter of a dollar was but a trifle, and would never be missed; whilst to him, it was a large amount. Besides, it was too late now to return. If he did, he should probably be censured for not returning at first; and then, he would be losing too much time, and displease his brother. How strangely people will balance the account of their sins by making the omission of one, to atone for the commission of another! John entirely convinced himself that he would be wronging his brother of his valuable time, by returning to rectify so trifling a mistake!

He proceeded on his way—but by the time he reached the second corner, his conscience (as well as his jug) began to be very heavy again. He again sat down to rest, and to settle his dispute between his principles and his desires; and again went on his way, determined to keep the money, but by no means satisfied that he was doing right.

The next corner brought John a third time to a stand. Rest relieved the smartings of his hands, but the cuttings of his conscience were not so easily palliated. He meditated some minutes. Conscience now became urgent in its demands. But he was ashamed to go back. He wished he had obeyed his first honest impulse. He felt very unhappy. But he must not delay. He had already been a good while about his errand. He took up his jug. He was undecided whether to go forward, or to return. He stood one moment, and determined—to go back.

It was a hard task to trudge back three long squares, with a heavy jug without a handle; and more than once, he had almost determined to give up his honest resolution. But he persevered, reached the store, and set down his load. "You have given me too much change," said he, presenting the four pistareens to Mr. W.; "you have given me four quarter dollars, instead of three." "And how far had you got before you discovered the mistake?" said Mr. W. This was a stumper: for John had discovered it before he left the store, and he now imagined that the druggist was acquainted with the whole circumstance. But such was not the fact. Mr. W. knew that from the time John had been gone, he must have got to some distance, and he wished to know how far. Supposing, from his silence, that he did not understand him, he repeated the question in another shape: "I say how far, my boy, have you been since you were here?" John recovered from his embarrassment. "To Callowhill street, sir." "You think there is a quarter too much, do you? well you may have that for your honesty." John thanked him, and putting the pistareens into his pocket, without suspecting the joke, he resumed his burthen, with far different feelings from those that had filled his bosom half an hour before. As he was about leaving the store, "Stop, my man," said Mr. W., "I will not deceive you. You have your right change. The oil is twenty cents, and those four pieces are not quarter dollars, they are twenty cent pieces." "Here is a quarter," continued the benevolent store-keeper, taking one from his drawer, which I will give you. You can notice the difference between them, as you go home; and let me advise you *always to deal as honestly as you have to-day.*"

Who can imagine the feelings of the boy, when he saw the real state of the matter; and knew, in an instant, that, had he persevered in his sinful project, he must, from the very nature of the circumstances, have been discovered! "Had I carried out my first intentions," said he to me, when he related the anecdote, "I should have handed my brother three of the pistareens. He would of course have asked for the balance, and I should have been driven to add falsehood to my crime, by saying that was all he gave me. In all probability I should have been detected, and sent back to my father in disgrace. It would have stamped my character with dishonesty, from which I might never have recovered." As it was, he picked up his jug, and with a light heart and rapid step proceeded up the street. He was so rejoiced at the happy result, and so thankful for his preservation, that he set out on a run, and did not feel the old string cut his fingers till he reached the third corner, where he had resolved upon returning to the store.

During thirty-five years that he lived after this event, he never forgot the lesson it taught him; and throughout his life, in private business, and in public office, he ever acted under the firm conviction that "*honesty is the best policy.*"

Gravity vs. Folly.

It was said by Dr. Paley that he who is not a fool half the time, is a fool all the time. Robert Hall held a similar opinion, for when reproached by a very dull preacher with the exclamation, "how can a man who preaches like you, talk in such a trifling manner?" he replied, "there, brother, is the difference between us—you talk your nonsense in the pulpit; I talk mine out of the pulpit." The eminent Dr. South, being in the midst of a frolic on one occasion, and seeing a dignified, unbending acquaintance approaching, exclaimed, "stop! we must be grave now, there's a fool coming!"

COLLEGES.—There are in the United States, 119 Colleges, the oldest of which is the Harvard University, at Cambridge, Mass., established in 1638. The next oldest is Yale College, at New Haven, Ct. established in 1700. The University of Pennsylvania, 1749. Brown University, at Providence, R. I., 1764. The number of volumes in the Libraries of all these colleges is about 650,000, of which Harvard University has 70,000.

Whenever we hear a man (a man?) say he can not *afford* to take a paper, we are inclined to tell him that he can not afford to do *without* it. A man who is really *too poor* to take a paper, is like a person so emaciated by famine as to be too weak to eat bread.—[Gospel Banner.

Old England's Worthies.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

It ill becomes the Britons, us to mock.
Turn heroes heads once were also ours; and we
Have well upheld the family dignity.
Nor proved degenerate scions of the stock.
'Tis ours to show what man, most free, can be;
The mitrelier is not given to us to pore
O'er cobwebbed tomes of well-forgotten lore;
Progression is our law and destiny.
We lead the van of battle, well begun
By SYDNEY—HAMPDEN—CROMWELL, on the field,
And glorious MILTON, who a pen did wield
That glowed with light from mind's unclouded sun.

Oh, that great MILTON'S mental mantle might
(Like the rapt prophet's) fall upon this land,
Which owes its freedom partly to his hand,
That dared betimes the fearless Truth to write—
The man-immortal of our Father-Isle,
His fame is also ours. And O that men
Would sit like children at his feet awhile
And wisely learn of him! All Nations then
Would show their giants. I wish in vain, I fear.
When he was old and blind, they gave him ten
(They promised twenty) pounds for his great Poem,
And let him die. And 't would be so again.
Time Angels sometimes on the Earth appear,
But till they've gone to Heaven no one seems to know 'em

If I believed in canonizing men,
I'd canonize JOHN BUNYAN. (But, indeed,
I'm follower of a stern and simple creed,
The "excellent way" Paul taught by tongue and pen—
And so the Tinker may content himself
To take a place upon my mental shelf
Beside John Milton.) Twelve full years was he,
A guiltless prisoner, held in Bedford Jail;
And, 'companied by his daughter—blind and pale—
Man-like he bore the wrath of Bigotry.
"'Twas not to be endured that he should preach—
They had not sent him," (thus the Prelates reasoned)
"In their own tenets he had not been seasoned,
And strange 't would be to let a Tinker teach!"

'Tis hard to hinder bitter thoughts from rising—
To keep the word of scorn unspoken—when
I read the exactions of those mitred men
Who seem t' have thought that man-anath'matizing
Was a far holier work than man-redeeming.
But BUNYAN was beyond their power: nor cords
Nor bars could bind th' immortal thoughts and words
His genius hid beneath the guise of dreaming.
He stands alone in his peculiar glory,
Sole Sovereign of the Realm of Allegory!
Two hundred years have passed: yet, brightly, beams
(Such fascination in his necromancy)
On us the radiance of his brilliant fancy.
What pleasant sleep was 'tis that had such glorious dreams!

Thou too, stand up, NOLL CROMWELL! Take thy place
Among thy country's nightiest; for thou wert
The sturdy champion of thy suffering race;
And thou didst battle, e'en to thine own hurt,
For man and truth and God. They slandered thee,
The minions of the Second Charles. The dirt
Of slander now is dried, and verily,
Like good old Bunyan's "Pilgrim," thou art girt
With brighter glory. * * * Cromwell! then
And thy true cousin HAMPDEN scorned to bow
Before the pride of Prelates, King, and Lords
Humanity arose in arms: and dire
And awful were the mortal hate and ire
When Tranny and Freedom measured swords.

'Neath thy Protectorate, old England's fame
Grew great and glorious. Thy simple name
Sufficed to keep a turbulent world in awe,
And people great and small securely dwelt
Beneath the shelter of the equal law;
And at their want the high and lowly knelt
And worshipped God. When Death to thee came near,
Still trustedst thou in Him who died to save:
Thou hadst thy faults: but who, alas! is clear?
Immortal memories sanctify thy grave.

Bidding against his Wife.

A few days ago, I chanced to stumble into an auction sale of damaged dry goods, where the biddings were "spirited," and the large crowd were vieing with each other in their offers, when a pair of blankets were put up, and a dozen bids were instantly raised for them. The puzzled auctioner, however, caught up the highest, which was I think, a dollar, from a female who seemed determined to have them at any price, when, ere he could say "Going," a male voice cried out, "Dollar fifty," from the opposite side of the room.

"Two dollars," echoed the woman, elbowing her way through the dense mass of females, who were separated from the males by a long counter, upon which the glib-tongued functionary walked to and fro with the goods.

Turning to the other side he commenced anew his stereotyped vocabulary of choice and amusing "figures of speech," till he touched on the finale.

"Two fifty," nodded the man.

"Thank ye, sir; going at two fifty."

"Three!" screamed the woman.

"Four," replied the man.

"Gin the fifty," said the auctioner, turning to the woman, with a half suppressed smile on his small, sober visage.

A nod from the woman.

"Four fifty, I'm offered; gin me five? Come, don't be afraid; they're worth double the money."

"Yes, and that's all," said the treble voice.

"Sold!" cried the dealer in hammers, almost bursting with laughter, "to Capt. Smith (not John) for five dollars."

"Smith!" cried the woman, "what, *my husband?*" raising herself on tip-toe to catch a glance at him. "Why, you good-for-nothing man, *you've been bidding against your wife!* Oh, you impudence! but I wont have them in the house."

Tunnel through the Alps!

To complete the line of Rail-road from Boulonge in France to Venice in Italy, the snow-capped Alps would have to be pierced with a tunnel thro' their rocky ribs. After five years' study on the subject, the Chevalier Henry Maux has reported on the project—its feasibility and practicability. The Sardinian government has taken up the scheme, and in all likelihood it will be attempted if not completed. It is expected that it will take five years to finish, and will be about *seven miles long.*

Navigating the Atmosphere.

The first complete work upon this subject, is now on our table, by John Wise, a veteran æronaut, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Hitherto we have had scraps of information from Encyclopædias and Magazines, relating to the art, but here we have a *book* on the subject, written by one who has made many aerial voyages, and who relate his own adventures. It embraces a full history of the subject, commencing with the ancient artificial flying pigeon of Archylus, the Greek, and ending with the most recent experiments.

The subject of navigating the air has occupied the attention of many eminent men in almost every age of the world's history, but it was not not until a recent period that any success was promised to an art which warmed the imagination of Bacon, and engaged the attention of the sober Bishop of Chester. In 1782, there lived at ancient Avignon, in France, two brothers, young men, named Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, who, being of an ingenious turn of mind, conceived the project of sending up small balloons inflated with rarified air, and by many experiments they discovered that as they enlarged their balloon's their ascending power became greater, and from this they went on increasing their size, till they constructed one of a capacity of 23,000 cubic feet, and with it they sent up some animals in a basket. The voyage was successful, and this induced to construct one of gigantic dimensions, viz., 74 feet high and 48 in diameter. With this balloon a brave and cool Frenchman, named M. Pilatre de Rozier, volunteered to make a voyage two or three hundred feet high, the balloon being secured by long cords to the earth. He made several ascents, and on the 21st May, 1783, he, along with the Marquis d'Arlandes, made the first free ascent into the aerial regions, rising to the height of 3,000 feet, and made a successful excursion over Paris, and finally landed a few miles from where they started. This formed an epoch in the history of aerial navigation, and the fame of the Montgolfiers soon spread over Europe and reached America. Although hydrogen gas was discovered long before the Montgolfiers made their balloon, and its utility to the purposes of aerial navigation had been previously suggested, yet it was never really applied for that purpose, except for experiments in the lecture room; but no sooner was the success of the Montgolfier balloon spread abroad, than the virtues of hydrogen became apparent, and it was firmly believed by many at that time that balloons would soon be as common as crows. Napoleon frightened many an English matron, when he threatened to cross the channel with his Boulogne army in balloons. But his "paper walls," never ventured to baffle Old England's "wooden walls;" nor does it appear that we are any nearer "*a system*" of aerial navigation at the present day, than they were then. It is the opinion of Mr. Wise, however, that *ballooning* is about half a century ahead of the age, and if the spirit of mechanical progress keeps pace with the onward march of intellect, he says, "our children will travel to any part of the globe without the inconvenience of smoke, sparks and sea-sickness, and at the rate of one hundred miles per hour."

It would indeed be a glorious thing if we could career through the region above at such a rate, but our dreams are much more moderate than those of friend Wise. We would be content with ten miles an hour, only let us have the wings, an independent pair. Then, when like Jeremiah, of old, we were troubled in mind and sighed for the wings of a dove to fly away and be-gone, "to a lodge in some vast wilderness," all that we would have to do, would be to mount and be off, "over mountain and sea." Such things would be very pleasant—everybody would be rejoiced if such things could be done, and many strong arguments may be used respecting the probability of such things being yet accomplished, but not, in our opinion, safely, conveniently nor economically, by any "aerial vessel," that we have ever yet seen, the opinion of æronauts to the contrary notwithstanding.

The "revoloidal spindle," of Bobjohn, which was in the course of construction at Hoboken, and which was propelled with two small steam engines, some time this summer, has been sadly damaged by the late tornado. If this be the means of preventing the balloon from enjoying her aerial flight by steam, we will regret it exceedingly.

Mr. Wise has made a great number of successful aerial voyages, and his book is one of great service to science as a historical and scientific work on the construction of balloons, and the manner of navigating them. There is one prominent and useful fact brought to light, viz. that ballooning *is a conservator of health*—aerial navigation cured Mr. Wise of disease of the lungs and chronic dyspepsia, and he is confident that it would be of great benefit to invalids. This we believe is a new idea, but a correct one—and one agreeing with science and reason, but as these things trouble us not personally, we have a longing eye but weak faith, to mount the aerial ship, cleaving our way the "blue etherial sky," at the rate of 100 miles per hour, laughing at your lazy locomotives and steamboats crawling away below us as things good enough for a more benighted age.—[Scientific American.

A Frenchman Studying English.

Frenchman.—My good friend, I have met with one grand difficulty—one very strange word. How you call H-o-u-g-h?

Tutor.—Huff.

Frenchman.—Tres bien, Huff; and Snuff you spell S-n-o-u-g-h, ha?

Tutor.—O no; Snuff is S-n-u double f. The fact is, the words in *ough* are a little irregular.

F.—Very good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is Huff. I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h is Cuff. I have one bad Cuff, ah!

T.—No, that is wrong. We say Kauff, not Cuff.

F.—Kaugh, eh bien. Huff and Kauf, and parnones moi, sair, how you call D-o-u-g-h—Duff, ha?

T.—No, not Duff.

F.—Not Duff! Ah! I understand, it is Dauf, hey?

T.—No; D-o-u-g-h spells Doe.

F.—Doe! It is ver' fine, wonderful language: it is Doe; and T-o-u-g-h, Toe. My beef-steak was very Toe.

T.—O no; you should say tuff.

F.—Tuff! De Dable! And the thing farmer uses, how you call P-l-o-u-g-h? Pluff. Ha! you smile: I see I am wrong: it is Plauf. No! ah, then it Ploe, like doe. It is beautiful language; ver' fine.

T.—You are still wrong my friend. It is Plow.

F.—Plow! Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. Plow, Doe, Kauf, and one more. R-o-u-g-h; what you call General Taylor? Rough and Ready? No! certainment it is Row and Ready!

T.—No! R-o-u-g-h spells Ruff.

F.—Ruff, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is Ruff, B-o-u-g-h is Buff, ha?

T.—No; Bow.

F.—Ah! 'us ver' simple language, but I have bad what you call E-n-o-u-g-h, ha? What you call him?

☞ Monsieur Tonson has two more lessons to learn, in ough, which he may find in the following couplet:

"The the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I'll still pursue."

(Hiccough, Accroup.
Lough, lol, or lake.) [Lewiston Curiosa.

Hardy Men of Olden Time.

It can not be denied that the men who sustained the labors and encountered the privations and dangers of the Revolutionary War, were physically a much stronger and hardier race than the present; we mean, taking them as a whole. Their mode of life was well calculated to harden the frame, and knit together the sinews, so as to enable them to endure exposure and hardships of no ordinary character. Their food was coarser and more substantial, their clothing coarser and not so delicate, and their houses more open and airy. There were no fine and *super-super* fine bolts to their mills, no buffalo robes to their sleighs, no India rubbers to their feet, and no furnaces and air-tights in their houses.

As an instance of what some of them could endure, we will relate an incident in the life of General Stark, the same General who, when told, before the battle of Bennington, that he must address the soldiers, compressed his speech into the following exclamation: "Fellow soldiers! yonder are the red coats! we must whip them today, or Molly Stark is a widow!"

Dr. Fitch, in his survey and history of Washington county in New York, states that Stark was, in 1757, a lieutenant in a company of New Hampshire Rangers, under the command of Capt. (afterwards Major) Rogers. It was during the second French war, as it is called in history. In this winter, Maj. R. was ordered with seventy-five of his men, on a reconnoitering expedition down Lake George. Traveling, now on the ice, and now on snow-shoes, they on the third day crossed to Lake Champlain, and seeing some sleds approaching, hastened towards and captured a part of them. From the prisoners they learned there was a large force at Ticonderoga. Knowing that those who escaped would convey intelligence which would speedily bring out an overwhelming force in pursuit, Rogers directed an immediate return to Fort William Henry.

On their way back, tramping the snow in single file, as the foremost men gained the summit of a hill, they unexpectly found themselves close upon two hundred of the enemy, who were drawn up in a semi-circle to receive them. The Rangers recoiled before the fire that blazed in their very faces, and, crimsoning the snow with their blood, they reached the rear under Stark, who was about fifteen rods distant on the summit of another hill. They here formed their line, and firmly stood, in snow four feet in depth, and repelled every attack of the enemy from two o'clock till nightfall. Rogers, wounded upon the head, and by a bullet through his wrist, was so disabled that the entire command devolved on Stark.

At sunset, some of the men suggested that they ought to make their escape before the piercing cold of winter's night closed upon them; but Stark, standing himself where the bullets fell thickest, and knowing that their safety depended upon maintaining their ground till after dark, threatened to shoot the first man that attempted to fly. Evening came, and the French now abandoned the combat and withdrew, leaving half their number scattered among the trampled and blood-stained snow of the hill-side, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. Forty-eight of the Rangers remained unwounded, and the company now dragged themselves through the woods and snow, the live-long night, reaching the shores of Lake George in the morning. All were quite exhausted with their fatigues, and the wounded were unable to advance farther on foot.

Stark hereupon generously offered to travel onwards with two others to fort William Henry, at the opposite end of the Lake, and obtain sleds for conveying the wounded. He accordingly departed, and reached the Fort in the evening. The sleds being procured, he immediately set out with them to return to his comrades, traveling all night, and coming at their bivouac upon the following morning. And finally he drew a loaded sleigh back to the Fort, reaching there in the evening.

He thus stood out through *three days and two nights of incessant toil*, engaged for nearly four hours in hot combat, and the remainder of the time in traveling over the snows and ice. Dr. Fitch very correctly observes that we effeminate men of the present day can scarcely credit that any human frame was ever capable of such endurance.—*Maine Farmer.*

Why Women are Unhealthy.

Many of the physical evils—the want of vigor, the inaction of system, the langour and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well-trained mental power, and well-exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge, and the strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combatting such as they may overcome, are the ends which education has to attain; but weakness has become infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that "it is better to wear out than rust out;" but it tells a plain truth; rust consumes faster than use. Better, a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life, giving no other cognizance of its possession. By work or industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgment of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise, a never-failing source of happiness; it is obedience, for it is God's great law of moral existance.—[The Physical Training of Girls at School, by Madame de Wahl.]

Death of an Ancient Worthy.

The death of Mr. Samuel Baldwin, in Newark, N. J., a few days since, aged 96 years, is recorded in the papers of that city. He was born in that town in the year 1754, and descended from one of the earliest settlers. He was the fellow student, in the College of New Jersey, (Princeton,) of James Madison, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Philip Freneau, and others who rose to distinction. Mr. Baldwin was in Philadelphia, and among those who first heard the Declaration of Independence proclaimed from Old Independence Hall. At one time he taught a Classical Academy at Charleston, where he became acquainted with Col. Isaac Hayne, whose execution by the British, excited the indignation of the entire American people. After the capture of Charleston, he was taken prisoner by the British, but refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Crown, he was obliged to leave the place. He died as he had lived, a worthy communicant of the Presbyterian Church.

The village of Little Falls, Herkimer county, N. Y., is no longer to be known by that title, the Legislature having passed a bill changing its name to Rockton. The title of "Little" was deemed incompatible with the dignity of a village of 5000 souls, but they will find it hard to change.