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EARTH'S ANGELS.

BY MISS JULIA WALLACE.*

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth, as in the days of old—
The times of ancient writ and sacred story?
Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed, when sunset clouds receding
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
Along the confines of the glowing sky;

And oft, when midnight stars in distant chillness
Were calmly burning, listened late and long—
But Nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song!

To Bethlehem's sky has their last anthem risen
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the vale departed?
There gleams no wing along th' empyrean now,
And many a tear from human eyes has started
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No! Earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of earth clay as fashions all below;
Though large are waiting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow!

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,
Their was the soft tone and the soundless tread;
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not—for spirits know their kindred—
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison—
In crowded halls—by the lone widow's hearth;
And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen—
The giddy paused—the mourner's hopes had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,
The blandishments of wealth and ease withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppress.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life;
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty—
I call her angel, but he called her wife!

O, many a spirit walks the world unheeded
That when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
Wearing its glory like a starry crown!

*This gifted young lady is teacher of a country district school in Vermont.

Education.

The reason of rich men's sons being so often unsuccessful in the great business of life is that they are improperly educated in their infancy and childhood. They are not obliged to look out for to-morrow, to help themselves out of difficulties, or, generally, to rely upon their own exertions for the necessities and luxuries of life. They do not see, either, that their parents are compelled to do any of these things; and, great pains are taken to keep them from association with the only persons who could benefit them by example, at that age, as things now are—the children of the striving poor. Rich parents, instead of surrounding their children by circumstances calculated to irritate into active manifestation, the Perceptive, Executive, and Restraining powers of the minds of their children, take great pains to place them in positions in which there is no occasion to use these Faculties. They pay others to Perceive, Execute, and Restrain for their children—literally, to cramp their minds, and thus make them the servants of the next generation. These Physical Faculties thus dulled and sometimes entirely killed by neglect, the young man when forced into conflict with the world in after life, finds himself entirely unable to cope with those who have been necessitated in infancy and childhood to use the Physical Faculties of the Mind. To be a leader among men, to command and manage them successfully and easily, to be a good diplomatist, a good statesman, to negotiate well, to be successful in a large business, and to get rich in it, to be able practically to understand, and to make practically understood by others, ideas, to carry out which, men and things have to be used; in short, to *go ahead*, not by fits and starts, but steadily and surely, in any pursuit, the Lower or Physical Faculties of the Mind should be well developed; and this can only be done in infancy and childhood.

We must not be understood to say that the children of the poor are scientifically developed, but that circumstances compel them to exercise, somehow, and to some extent, Faculties that the children of the rich are allowed and often obliged to neglect. Hence, let the poor man's son be deprived, at twenty-one years of age, of wealth, friends, and the influence of parentage and connections, let him be thrown entirely on his own resources, and he will find himself, no matter how his Higher Intellectual Faculties may have been developed, quite unable to cope with those who in their infancy were obliged to depend upon the exercise of their Lower Mental Faculties for a living, in conformity to the design of the Creator.—*The Unit.*

When a man is unfortunate, people are ready to find him faulty, lest they should be forced to pity him.

Passing Away.

I asked the stars in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower?
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing the message to mortal ears—

"We have no light that hath not been given,
We have no strength but soon shall be riven,
We have no power wherein man may trust,
Like him, we are things of time and dust;
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence, is passing away.

"We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and the bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night;
And shall fall from our spheres, the old and the strong,
Like rose leaves swept by the breeze along:
Though worshiped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream, passing away."

From the stars of heaven to the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's song and affection's vow,
From all save that o'er which God bears away,
Breathless but one record—"Passing away."

"Passing away!" sing the breeze and the rill
As they pass on their course by vale and by hill;
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time,
And man at last, like his fathers gray,
Writes on his own dust—PASSING AWAY.

UNCLE BEN'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"I think," said old Benjamin Hicks, a comfortable farmer, residing some fifty miles from Cincinnati, "that I'll take a little trip over to S., and see how Peter is coming on."

"I wish you would," replied the farmer's wife, a fine, hearty-looking old woman, with a pleasant, intelligent countenance—"I wish you would, Benjamin. There's not much to do now at home; and you can go away for a week, as well as not. It will be a good opportunity to see the family, and judge of things a little from your own observation. Hannah makes a dreadful mouth whenever she writes."

"I know she does, and that's the reason why I thought of going over. There's something wrong, depend on't—something wrong. Than Peter, there isn't a harder working or more industrious man any where, I'll give him credit for that. He ought to get along comfortably and lay up money. No one in the State has a finer piece of farm land, nor one that, properly treated, ought to turn out more to the acre."

"And I can speak for Hannah," said the old lady. "I raised her, and I know that she hasn't a lazy bone in her body."

"It isn't want of industry on either side," remarked Benjamin Hicks. "The defect lies somewhere in want of management; or in the profitable disposition of what they make. Handwork is all very well; but it is often like rowing with one oar; there must be a head-work to make the boat shoot lightly forward. Yes—yes, I must see them."

It was towards the latter part of December, a few days before Christmas, that the brief conversation, here given, took place between Benjamin Hicks and his wife. On Christmas day, the old gentleman, true to his purpose, arrived by stage in S. Soon afterwards he entered the farm house of Peter Miller, which, neither within nor without, presented an air of thrift or comfort.

A hearty welcome did Uncle Ben receive from Peter and Hannah; and also from their children. Of the latter, there were four living—three had died. The oldest of these was Ellen, a girl in her sixteenth year; Henry, just fourteen, came next. Between him and Hannah, a bright, restless, noisy creature, seven years old, there had been a brother and sister; but, two small hillocks in the grave-yard near by, marked the spot where their dust was mingling with its kindred dust. A baby, nearly two years old, completed the household treasures of Peter and Hannah Miller.

For a few hours after the old gentleman's arrival, the pleasure felt at his coming beamed from every countenance. Peter was talkative and cheerful, and Hannah's face was lit up with a constant succession of smiles. After supper, however, when all the children but Ellen were in bed—she sat up to help her mother with the sewing of the family—and the quiet of evening made their thoughts sober; Peter grew silent, and Hannah, as she sat at her work, now and then sighed involuntarily.

"How are you getting on now, Peter?" asked Mr. Hicks, breathing in upon a silence of several minutes.

"Not so well as I could wish, Uncle Ben," replied Peter. He tried to affect a cheerful air, but the real despondency that was in his heart could not be disguised.

"I'm sorry to hear you say that," returned the old gentleman. "You were always honest and industrious; and in the country, honest industry should rise by its own inherent buoyancy."

"Peter works hard enough, dear knows," spoke up Hannah. "We ought to get along. If he goes on as he has been going for the last few years, he will break himself down."

"That's bad," said Uncle Ben, "very bad; work, even hard work, is better for the health than idleness. Rust destroys more than friction. But over-work is not good."

"That I already begin to feel," said Peter. "I give out much quicker than I did some years ago."

"Bad, bad," returned Uncle Ben, shaking his head. "You're just in the prime of life, Peter. At your age I could go through more work without fatigue, than at any time before."

"And what is worst of all," sighed Peter, "I don't seem to get in the least beforehanded. In fact, for the last three or four years, I have found it impossible to make both ends meet."

"Yes, that is worst of all, Peter. I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Last winter," resumed Peter, "I lost twenty sheep, and two of the finest cows in the neighborhood."

"We've been very unlucky, Uncle Ben," said Hannah, pausing in her work, and looking with moistened eyes in the old gentleman's face. "Very unlucky, and we're downright discouraged. I don't know what is going to become of us. Peter had to mortgage the farm this year."

"Mortgage! Mortgage!" The old man shook his head and looked serious.

"There was no help for it, Uncle," said Peter. "It was mortgage or be sued."

"How came you to get in debt?"

"Well, I bought from a neighbor a wagon and a pair of horses for a hundred and sixty dollars, promising to pay for them after harvest. But crops were short, and my bills at the store a great deal higher than I expected. In fact, there had been no settlement for a year, and it took my five hundred bushels of wheat and three hundred bushels of corn to make all square."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the old man. "And so nothing remained to live on until next harvest?"

"Nothing."

Uncle Ben shook his head, compressed his lips, and was silent for some moments.

"What did you get for your wheat?" he at length asked.

"Fifty-eight cents," replied Peter.

"Sixty-eight."

"No; fifty-eight."

"You did'nt sell your crop for that, surely?"

"Yes. It was all Gray & Elder would allow me for it."

"Fifty-eight cents! Well, that beats all! And did you sell your whole five hundred bushels at that price?"

"Yes."

"While I received sixty-eight cents for all of mine!"

"You did?"

"Certainly I did. So you lost just fifty dollars on your wheat crop by not getting the market price?"

"Fifty dollars! How many comforts fifty dollars would buy!" said Hannah, letting her work fall in her lap with a gesture of despondency.

"And what price did you get for your corn?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Twenty-five cents," replied Peter.

"From Gray & Elder?"

"Yes."

"Mine brought thirty-two. Just seven cents a bushel difference. How many bushels had you?"

"I sold three hundred bushels."

"At a loss of twenty-one dollars. Seventy-one dollars loss on your wheat and corn crops in a single year. I don't much wonder, Peter, that you can't get along, if you let other people swindle you in this way. It requires two things to make a successful farmer. Intelligence in agricultural matters, sufficient to make the ground produce freely, and that knowledge in regard to the state of the produce market, necessary to ensure sales at the best prices. You are a hard-working man, Peter; but to ensure success, something beyond hard work is needed. The head must guide the hands. And in order to do this, the head must be properly enlightened."

Uncle Ben inquired still further and more minutely into Peter's affairs, and the results confirmed his first impression. There was industry, but it was not enlightened industry.

"Do you take an Agricultural paper?" he asked, during the conversation.

"No," replied Peter, with some emphasis, "I don't believe in book farming—I've seen too many men ruin themselves by new experiments. I was brought up by one of the best practical farmers in the State, and know my business thoroughly. There's only one right way to till the ground, and I flatter myself that I understand that way."

Uncle Benjamin Hicks tried to show Peter that he was in error here; but this was a subject on which Peter grew warm at once, and thus closed the avenues of his mind to all the appeals of reason.

On the next day, Peter Miller was absent on business which called him to a neighboring town, and the old gentleman spent most of the time in the house with his niece, asking questions, giving advice, and minutely observing everything that passed around him. There was but little real comfort in the dwelling, and little cultivation in the children.

Ellen, the oldest, was a coarse, hard-working girl, who had been to school long enough to learn to read, and to fill a few pages of blank paper with pot hooks and hinges. Beyond this, her mind was uneducated in all that pertained to book knowledge. Coarse and rough as she was, however, there were about her certain elements of womanly beauty in the first efforts of development, that Uncle Ben perceived, and which awoke for her, in his mind, a feeling of both interest and concern.

"You're working Ellen too hard," said the old gentleman to his niece, as the girl passed through the room where they were sitting, carrying a large kettle of boiling water which she had just heated for washing.

"I know it," replied Mrs. Miller; "I think of it every day. Ellen ought to be going to school. But I can't spare her. If we could afford help, it would be different. It makes my heart ache, Uncle Ben, whenever I think of the way our children are growing up."

"All bad—very bad," said Uncle Ben, shaking his head, and looking grave. "There's something wrong. Depend upon it, Ellen, there's something wrong. You're all industrious enough; all, in fact, overworked; and yet there is no thrift, no order in your family, no cheerfulness, no comfort."

Hannah acknowleged, with tears in her eyes, the truth of the picture. But she knew no remedy; and saw nothing but trouble ahead.

"If we go on as we have been going," said she, "we'll lose our farm in two or three years; and then what is to become of us all? I feel utterly discouraged."

"I see no books about," said Uncle Ben, sometime afterwards. "Don't Ellen and Henry spend some of their time in reading?"

"There's the Bible and some old religious books up stairs," replied Hannah. "But the children don't care about them. Henry borrowed the Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe from some of our neighbors' children, and he and Ellen got so interested in them, that they couldn't do any thing else. Henry would leave his work in the field and hide away among the bushes to read, and Ellen would neglect every thing for the same purpose. Their father got so angry about it, that he positively forbade their bringing any more books into the house."

"Is it possible! Do you take a newspaper?"

"No. We can't afford to spend money in that way. We have nothing to spare for useless things. And, besides, Peter has no time to read. When night comes, he is so worn down with work that he is glad to get in bed."

"No newspaper! Why, Hannah! You had much better all go without a meal once a week, than not have a newspaper. I don't wonder—"

Uncle Ben checked himself and became more thoughtful than before.

On the next day he asked Peter why he didn't take a paper?

"No time to read; and, besides, I can't afford the expense," replied Peter.

"A couple of dollars a year would meet that."

"I must pay my debts, Uncle Ben before I think about indulging in newspapers," returned Peter.

"You'd find a paper a great saving, even if it cost ten dollars a year," remarked the old gentleman.

Peter did not in the least comprehend the meaning of this declaration. But, as he did not ask for any explanation, none was given.

"You're a hard-working man, Peter," said Benjamin Hicks, after two or three days had been spent in the family of his nephew and niece—"a hard working man. I'll give you credit for that. But, from all I have seen and heard since I have been here, Peter, I must say that you are not a good farmer!"

"You're the first man who ever said that!" quickly replied Peter, the blood springing to his face.

"That may be," returned Uncle Ben. "Still, it does not gainsay my words. You are not a good farmer, Peter, and your want of thrift shows it."

"I wish you would explain yourself, Uncle Ben," said Peter, both his voice and countenance showing that the remark hurt him a good deal. "No man in the neighborhood would like to say so much."

"A good farmer, with one hundred acres of land like yours, must get along. You don't get along, and therefore I say, you are not a good farmer."

Now Peter was rather quick tempered, and this assertion of the old man's chafed him in a tender place. He tried to control his feelings, but the effort was not fully successfull.

"Uncle Ben," said he, in a sharp, angry voice, while his face grew still redder, "I won't let anybody talk to me after that fashion. I'm sorry you came, if it was only to insult me in my troubles."

"O, Peter!" exclaimed Hanpah, in tones of distress, "don't speak so to Uncle Ben!"

"Peter—Peter," said Uncle Benjamin, soothingly, "you don't understand me."

"Yes I do understand you!" replied the excited Peter. "I've got ears and common sense. You say I am no farmer, and that's—"

"Stop, stop, Peter. I didn't say you were no farmer. I only said you were not a good farmer. And if you will hear me patiently, I'll prove to you——"

"I'll hear nothing more on the subject, Uncle Ben," sharply retorted Peter. "Not a word more! When a man says I am no farmer, I feel insulted. He might as well say that I'm not a man!"

"Peter, Peter! don't act so!" said poor Hannah, whose eyes were filled with tears. From the hour of Uncle Ben's arrival, she had suffered the hope which then sprang up in her heart, that he would help them in their troubles, to grow stronger and stronger. The many inquiries he made, and the interest he manifested in every member of the family, satisfied her of a purpose to aid them in his mind. Now her husband seemed in a fair way to mar all by his untimely anger.

"Come, come, Peter!" spoke up the old gentleman, with some authority in his manner, "this is all nonsense. What I say is for your good. Can't you understand that, you silly fellow?"

"I don't wish to talk any more on the subject, Uncle Ben," replied Peter; so change it if you please."

This was said in a way that Uncle Ben did not by any means like; so, tossing his head with affected indifference, he answered: "Oh, every well! very well! Just as you like."

Then came a long silence, which was finally broken by sobs from Hannah, who, after having tried for some time, but in vain, to control her feelings, burst into a fit of crying.

Neither husband nor Uncle Ben said any thing to sooth her distress.

In a little while she arose and left the room; and, in a few minutes afterwards, the two men separated.

On the next morning, Uncle Ben announced, while they were at the breakfast table, his purpose to leave for home after dinner. Peter felt sorry for having manifested so much angry impatience, though he partially justified himself on the plea of great provocation. The declaration, that he was not a good farmer, was one that he could not bear. If there was anything that he did know, it was how to farm. On this knowledge he had prided himself for many years; and, what was more, particularly prided himself, on being a thorough practical agriculturist, and no "upstart theoretic-book-farmer," who, as he sometimes said, wouldn't know, except for books and newspapers, whether potatoes grew above or below ground.

Still Peter felt sorry for having lost his temper, and wished that it hadn't been so. But men of his character are not apt to own a fault. It takes a man of some stamina, besides a good degree of self-knowledge and true elevation of character, to do this. He felt sorry, but not prepared to say so.

"I thought you were going to spend a week with us?" said Peter, when this announcement was made.

"I did think of doing so, when I left home," replied the old gentleman, "but I've changed my mind."

Hannah looked sadly into Uncle Ben's face, and then glanced towards her husband. She did not speak—her heart was too full.

Nothing more was said during the meal. After breakfast, Peter went out to look after the cattle, sheep and horses, and Uncle Ben went into the little spare room where a bright fire had been kindled by Ellen. He had been sitting only a few minutes when Hannah came in, and drawing a chair close up to the old gentleman, said, in a choking voice, as she took his hand and looked into his face:

"Don't be angry with Peter, Uncle."

"God bless you, child!" replied the old man quickly, betraying considerable emotion as he spoke; "I am not angry with Peter."

"O yes, you are, and I don't much wonder. He didn't speak right. But you know how he prides himself on being a good farmer."

"I know—I know. I can excuse him."

"But you are going off home sooner than you would have gone, if this hadn't happened."

"I will not forget you."

Hannah caught at these words.

"Ah," said she, "Uncle Ben, if you could help him a little!" Her voice trembled. "If you could help him a little. He works very hard, and tries to get along. But it's so discouraging to be always under a pressure—to see no light ahead."

Hannah's feelings overcame her, and she leaned her face upon Uncle Ben's shoulder, and sobbed violently.

"Don't take on so, child—don't!" said the old man, in a tender, encouraging voice. "Hope for the best. The darkest hour, you know, is just before daybreak. I wont forget Peter. Perhaps I can help him. I'll go home and think about it."

"He's very kind to us all, Uncle," sobbed Hannah. "And I can't bear to see him so troubled as he is sometimes."

"If he were not quite so set in his ways," replied Uncle Ben, "if he were only a little more ready to learn, it would be a great deal better for you all."

"I know he's stiff about some things, Uncle; but then he means well."

"No doubt of that, Hannah. But no matter how good a man's intentions are, they will not help him much unless guided by a well-enlightened judgment. And there lies Peter's defect. But I will see what can be done."

This was enough to inspire Hannah with hope. After the old gentleman had departed, which event took place at the time fixed upon, she meditated on what he had said, and her heart took courage. Uncle Ben was in good circumstances, and fully able to help them if he would. A few hundred dollars might be spared by him, easily. And how much good a few hundred dollars would do them!

Her hopes were soon whispered in the ears of Peter. At first he said it was all nonsense to think of anything from Uncle Ben, and in the excitement of the moment, called him an old miser. Still hope did find a lurking place in his heart, and would not be cast out.

Before the day closed, Peter several times caught himself musing on the vague promises of the old gentleman, and even making some calculations predicated thereon. Since the mortagage on his farm was executed, he had experienced a pressure on his feelings that robbed him of all true peace of mind. Before, he seemed at least to be standing still, if not progressing. Now, the first downward step being taken, final ruin seemed inevitable. A man who feels himself sinking, is ready to catch at anything that promises to bear him above the surface. The act is instinctive, rather than from a determination of the will. Thus it was with Peter; he felt that he was in deep water, and caught at the first straw which floated near him. It was in vain that he reasoned against this hope in his mind, and sought to turn himself from it. Its power over him was not in the least abated by the struggle against it.

At length, Peter Miller ceased to search for arguments against the probabilities involved in Hannah's suggestion, and to let his mind rest pleasantly on the certainty of receiving substantial aid from Uncle Ben. Regret for his unhandsome treatment of the old gentleman came with this state, mingled with fear least he had, in the unreasonableness of his anger, done himself and family a serious injury.

[*Concluded next week.*]

Love to Man is Love to God.

The following exquisite lines (translated from the Arabian) by LEIGH HUNT, may be familiar to many of our readers, but they deserve, nevertheless, to be copied over and over again. The beautiful lesson they inculcate ought to be repeated quarterly in every newspaper in the United States.—*New York Mirror.*

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and lily-like in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
And in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Ben Adhem. "No, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The Angel rose and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest—
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

CHURCH INFLUENCE.—There is an inherent and beautiful tendency in true religion, to diffuse itself. It is the natural instinct of the joys it awakens, and the hope it authorises, to reproduce themselves in other minds. The same law of diffusiveness, should characterise the genius and history of a church. Standing still and holding its own, should be as far from the ideal of a church's life, as from that of the individual Christian. There is no stationary summit-level for a denomination; resting is going backward. Numbers may be kept good, and the outward machinery of doing good may be preserved, not only without advance, but while the inner life of a church may be dying out, and its relative power in the community rapidly waning. Progress is the law of life, to which individuals and communities are alike amenable; and churches which practically disregard this law, must necessarily occupy a subordinate position in the religious world, and exert but a feeble control over the thought and vital activities of the community. Ceasing to advance, they have really decayed, in respect to life, influence, and all the objects which give value or meaning to a church. As a consequence of this, there are instances to be found where congregations, once strong and influential, have dwindled away, and the ground they occupied, and might always have occupied, gone into the keeping of other denominations, and influences. In this age of the world, activity, progress, energy, and growth, with the resultant excitement, enlargement of views, and stretch of effort, are the moral elements with which a church has to deal. And the church and pulpit that expects to keep pace with, and retain its hold upon, a busy, thinking, accumulating, and increasing population, must partake of something of a kindred spirit of progress. An inactive church can not long retain the respect or confidence of such a community. The vital ties of sympathy will be wanting. And if one denomination will not meet this want, others will; or if all be too inert, the excitement of error and fanaticism will take the place of truth.—[N. Y. Evangelist.

Other People's Eyes.

It is a singular fact in the history of human folly, that other people's eyes cost a vast deal more than our own. Indeed, other people's eyes have caused the ruin of many a poor, mistaken mortal.

It is for the sake of appearing in a style which shall attract and astonish other people's eyes, that fashionable people are induced to run into extravagancies which too many of them can not afford, and which ultimately crush and destroy them by the expenses of cash and time which such courses involve. Could one be possessed with *clairvoyant* power for a short time, and be enabled to travel around into the secret corners of the thoughts of the millions who are straining every nerve to appear what they really are not, and see the pains and heartaches, the troubles, the trials, the expedients, and the turning and twisting, the privations of the real wants that the artificial ones may be gratified—the wear and tear of conscience, and the compoundings of villainy with the promptings of honesty, it would astonish him beyond measure. Even what we do see on the outside of the curtain, which hides the drama of life from the *outsiders*, is enough to fill us oftentimes with melancholy surprise.

A year or two ago, the Evening Mirror went into a calculation in regard to the expenses incurred in obtaining every year the articles of dress subject to the fluctuations of fashion. Now what is fashion as it regards dress? Why, it consists principally in the difference of form; sometimes it consists in material, but material is limited in its variations; for, as a general thing, our dress is composed either of wool, linen, cotton or silk. But the forms in which these can be made up are endless—and it so happens that when the fashion mongers decide that a certain form of dress must be worn during this season, why, the fashion worshipers must throw away the present dress, however good it may be, and obtain the *latest cut*. The Mirror above referred to estimated that not less than *five hundred millions of dollars* were annually spent in the United States, for these articles: *Sixteen millions* of it for hats. Probably *twenty millions* for caps and bonnets, and the balance for other articles—making not far from a million and a half of dollars spent every day for articles of clothing. Now as clothing of some sort must be had, we will not charge the whole of it to fashion. We will only put down *ten per cent.* of it to fashion expense, and it will then amount to *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars* daily, merely to satisfy *other people's eyes*. Verily other people's eyes are costly things.—[Maine Farmer.

Death of a Son of Alexander Hamilton.—Col. Wm. S. Hamilton, the youngest son of the distinguished Alexander Hamilton, died in Sacramento City, California, on the 7th of August, from a disease of the heart. The Sacramento Transcript, in noticing his death, says—

"At the time of his father's untimely death by the fatal weapon of Burr, he was four years of age. Mr. Hamilton was educated at West Point, where he graduated at the age of twenty-one. Immediately after this he removed to Illinois, where he acted for some time as surveyor of the public lands. He filled a number of public offices in that State, until at length he removed to Wisconsin, to engage in mining."

The venerable mother of Col. H. is still living at Washington, at the age of nearly five score years.

John Jay Smith, Esq., Librarian of the Philadelphia and Loganian Libraries, invites copies of all the papers published in the United States, with a view to have them exhibited at the great London Exhibition next Spring. They must be addressed to him free of postage. It is proposed to arrange them by States. Mr S. justly says, "their number and cheapness will form an item for suprise and commendation abroad, and they are legitimately entitled to the distinction."

The Cherokee people have presented a memorial to the Legislature of the State of Arkansas, asking for the enactment of efficient laws for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks by the citizens of Arkansas, to the citizens of Indian nations on their borders. It states that no inebriating liquor is manufactured among the Cherokees, and that the quantities used by the Indians comes from abroad, and chiefly through the State of Arkansas.