

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE BASSIS OF THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Early to Bed and Early to Rise."

BY ELIZA COOK.

"Early to bed and early to rise"—
Aye, note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
And uproots the weeds of pain.
Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day forever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of a life have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power,
Ye who would couple Labor and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.

We make the bold promises to Time,
Ye, alas! too often break them;
We mock at the wings of the King of Kings,
And think we can overtake them.
But why loiter away the prime of day,
Knowing that clouds that lower
Is not safer to make Life's hay
In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself evers shows more easily found
To us the path of the King of Kings,
When the spangles of light on Earth's green breast
Put out the stars of the dark.
If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
And the richest breath of the flower,
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh! pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate;
And we weave our figures, or to plough up the ground,
The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth light,
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
When, ready and brave, he chains time as his slave
By the help of the early hour.

For the Susquehanna Register.

An hour in New Haven Cemetery.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Oct. 6, 1849.

Mr. Chapman—I last month spent an hour in

the New Haven Cemetery. Though the soil is too

richly and light for a thrifty growth of the shrub-

bery with which it is planted, there are few more

beautiful cities of the dead, than the one of which

you are twenty thousand dollars. A massive and

beautiful wall of cut free-stone surrounds three

sides of it, surmounted by numerous towers. In

the front, there is an attractive and substantial

gate of iron pickets, twelve feet in height. The

gateway attracts the attention and admiration of

all in design and execution it could hardly be

improved. It is built of the same material of the

same, and one might judge that it will stand until

the fulfillment of that declaration of revelation

which is engraven on its keystones—"The dead

shall be raised." On the side of the fence, there is

a border ten feet wide, thickly planted with shrub-

bery of every description. Within this border there

is a carriage-way of ample width, and others, equal

in spaciousness, divide the enclosure at proper dis-

tances. The lots are, I should judge, about 20 by 30

feet, and are variously enclosed. They are worth

about \$200 per lot. Many of them are adorned

with the most delicate and fragrant flowers and

shrubs, planted by the hand of affection, and wa-

tered by tears of fond remembrance.

But among the thousands of its graves and monu-

ments, there are some which cannot fail to attract

the attention of the visitor. But a few feet from

the gateway stands, conspicuous, the tomb of Ash-

ley, the first Colonial Agent at Liberia, and who

died in this city at the age of 31 years. Though

somewhat erratic, and though exceedingly unfortu-

nate in many of the events of his life, JEREMY ASH-

LEY was a true hero and philanthropist. He mer-

ited the title of Father of the only christian and re-

publican nation in all the vast continent of Africa.

Among the loftiest monuments are those of No-

MAN WEAVER, the most distinguished Lexicogra-

pher that the world has ever produced; the two

WYMAN SISTERS, one a member of the U. S. Senate

As dwelling only with decay.

No, but in each familiar spot,

That both to them and me is dear.

There I would not be all forgot,

Yet ne'er remembered with a tear."

In a lot tastefully arranged, stands a beautiful

monument inscribed with only these words:

"A MOTHER'S GRAVE—1847."

Who that "Mother" was I know not, but the

taste which the inscription displays, I much admire.

Simplicity is no where so appropriate as in epi-

tags; and no where else are titles and eulogiums

so misplaced.

In a retired and shady corner, stands a slab,

inscribed—

"EDWARD—AGED 16."

Another is inscribed—

"ROSALIE—AN ONLY DAUGHTER."

Upon a beautiful and costly pillar, in another

spot, surmounted by a dove, just spreading its pin-

ions for an upward flight, is inscribed only the

name,

"ALIDA."

Side by side stand three splendid slabs, which

mark the resting place of the three sons of Mr.

OLMSTEAD, the distinguished Professor of Astronomy

in Yale College. They died within the last four

years; two at the age of 28 and the other 22 years;

They were all young men of the highest promise,

all graduates of Yale College, and all disciples of

the Redeemer. One after another, they fell by the

hand of Consumption, and they now sleep in death,

side by side. I was highly pleased with the in-

scriptions beneath their names. The first is—

"The feeble ward the athletic in his shroud,
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb."

The second, or middle stone, tells us that they

were

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives,
In their death they were not divided."

The third says—

"These all died in faith."

Could any thing be more appropriate and beauti-

ful. And what young man could stand beside the

graves of these talented youth, and not feel the

uncertainty of human life, and the value of an

interest in Christ!

I have not time to notice other graves and monu-

ments. But I cannot forbear remarking that, as a

general truth, the degree of civilization and refine-

ment of any city or community, may be judged by

the character and condition of their Cemeteries.—

You will always find that the higher the degree of

civilization and moral culture of a people, the more

improvements will be made in our "Forest Cem-

eteries," in Toledo. That they are indeed none can

dispute. A few hundred dollars, judiciously ap-

plied, would make it a highly respectable Ceme-

tery.

Yours, truly,

S.

Harry Boardman's Adventure.

CHAPTER I.—QUITE A MISTAKE.

"You remember it, don't you?"

"You'll think it won't you?"

Oh, yes, of all this the remembrance will last,

Long after the present fades into the past.

It is quite a mistake. 'Till tell you how it hap-

pened. My hero Harry Boardman, a gay, good-

hearted young New Englander, had been for two

days wandering about the streets of New York city

in search of employment. He had scarcely a dollar

in the world, a few friends on earth, and knew

but one in all the crowd of human beings in that

thronged city. To the house of his acquaintance

Harry was directing his steps just at nightfall of

the second unsuccessful day. He hastily rang at

the door—the wrong door it proved.

"Well I've made a mistake. This is number 45

instead of 48, and the name on the plate is Lee.—

No, but in each familiar spot,

That both to them and me is dear.

There I would not be all forgot,

Yet ne'er remembered with a tear."

In a lot tastefully arranged, stands a beautiful

monument inscribed with only these words:

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