

Poetry

THIRTY-FIVE.

"The years of a man's life are three score and ten."

Oh, weary heart! thou art half way home! We stand on life's meridian height— As far from childhood's morning dawn As to the grave's forgetful night.

Who goes with Hope and passion back? Who comes with me and memory on? Oh, lonely looks the downward track— Joy's music hush'd—Hope's roses gone!

Yet stay!—as 'twere a twilight star That sends its thread across the wave, I see a brilliant light from far, Steal down a path beyond the grave!

Miscellaneous

SCENES ABOUT SEBASTOPOL.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

JULY 31.—The surface of the ground in the neighborhood of the Malakoff works and the Redan is presenting every day a more checkered appearance. It is one mass of trenches, traverses, rifle pits, and batteries—a perfect maze; so that it requires a strongly developed organ of locality or else many days of trench duties to find one's way.

THE FLIES.

One of the greatest curses of the camp at the present moment is the multitude of flies. It is really an Egyptian plague. In every tent and hut they swarm in myriads. From mosquitoes and flees we are pretty free; there are no bugs; at least I have neither seen nor heard of any.

THE UNDERGROUND HUTS.

These singular dwellings are as may be supposed, damp and gloomy. They are entered by three or four steps cut in the earth, and usually covered with stones or planks. Here is one of which the entrance is so low that a man of average height must bend double to get in.

the ground; on one side is a small niche in the wall used as a fireplace; the walls are tapestried with sail-cloth, horse blankets, and with manta; that have come all the way from Catalonia and Valencia while the Spanish mules and muleteers, are adorned with pictures cut from illustrated periodicals, and with numerous pipes, bien culottes, well blackened; that is to say, by the tobacco oil that has soaked through the porous clay.

SELLING CHILDREN FOR BEGARS.—The Rev. Dr. WESTWORTH, a Methodist Missionary in China, writes to the Rev. Dr. DEWIS from Hong Kong, under the date of June 6, and says:

"We anchored safely in this harbor on the morning of the 24th ultimo, fifteen days from Singapore and one hundred and thirty-three from New York—a good run, taking out the eighteen days we lay at Singapore, for this season of the year. After twelve days of toiling upon the China sea, with calms and variables, a severe gale, 'the corner of a typhoon' the captain called it, struck us, and compelled us to 'lie to' four hours on Sunday, the 20th, renewing all the delights of sea-sickness to the uninitiated. It was providential that we were no further north. One ship, perhaps a hundred miles from us and nearer the centre of the tempest, was 'thrown on her beam ends,' and came into port a few days after us dismantled. Our barque was heavily laden with rice for the Canton market, as were nearly or quite all the vessels from India to China at this season of starvation, scarcity, and general stagnation of business resulting from the war. Such was the distress a month ago among the poorer classes in the vicinity of Canton that girls twelve years of age were offered for sale by their own parents for a couple of piculs of rice, valued at twelve or fourteen dollars."

A BIG STORY.—An old gentleman who had a neighbor rather addicted to telling large stories, after listening one day to several which quite taxed his credulity, boasted that he himself could tell a bigger one still; and proceeded to relate the following:—

Said he, one day I was quite at the farther end of my farm, more than half a mile from my house—when all at once, I saw a heavy, dark cloud rising in the west. Soon I saw torrents of rain descending at a distance, and rapidly approaching the place where I stood with my wagon and horses. Determined—if possible—to escape the storm, I instantly leaped into my wagon, started my team towards home. By constant application of the whip to my horses, I barely escaped being overtaken by the rapidly approaching torrent. But so tremendous did it pour down, that my little dog, who was close behind me, actually had to swim all the way!

A dry old fellow called one day on a member of Congress elect; the family were at breakfast; there was a vacant seat, but the old man was hardly in a plight to be invited to the table. The following conversation took place: "What is the news?" The old man said, "Nothing much, but one of my neighbors gave his child a queer name." "What was it?" "Come and out." The name sounded so peculiar that it was repeated—"What, come and eat?" "Yes, thank you," said the old man, "I don't care if I do," and drew up to the table.

What tree most resembles the remains of a fine Havana cigar? The white ash.

THE PLAGUE.

The most terrible scourge of the Middle Ages was the "Black Death." It is computed that this mighty reaper gathered in his "harvest home" twenty-five millions of people, one-fourth of the then population of Europe. The disease first appeared in the kingdom of Cathay to the North of China in the year 1333. In 1354 it visited France and England, and subsequently Scotland, Norway, Russia and Poland. It dashed in among the Poles with a wolfish appetite and seemed to anticipate the Russians in making a morsel of its nationality. Three-fourths of the entire population were devoured by the hungry monster. Of Russians and Norwegians two-thirds were destroyed. The disease is described by Hecker as a species of Oriental plague, exhibiting itself in inflammatory boils and tumors of the glands, accompanied with burning thirst; sometimes, also, with inflammation of the lungs and expectoration of blood; in other cases with vomitings of blood and fluxes of the bowels, terminating like malignant cholera; with a discoloration of the skin, and black spots indicating purid decomposition, from which it was called in the north of Europe, the "Black Death." The attacks were usually fatal within two or three days of the first symptoms appearing, but in many cases even more sudden, some falling as if struck by lightning. In some countries dogs, cats, fowls, and other animals were affected by the disease and died in great numbers. In England it was followed by a fatal murrain among cattle, occasioning a great advance in the price of food.

Upon the heels of this black night of Mortality, there came pinking into Europe the Dancing Mania or Tarantism, as it was called in Italy where it was attributed to the bite of the ground spider—the tarantula. The disease, it is said, showing itself in violent involuntary movements in the muscles of the legs, the physicians of the times conceived the idea that if the patients were encouraged to dance until the fell exhausted, a reaction would commence and a cure result. This singular prescription was so much relied on, that music was every where provided, and airs composed to harmonize with the peculiarities of the dance; but these public exhibitions seem to have had the effect of propagating the epidemic.

In a short time—naturally enough, to be sure—all Germany was in motion. The nation en masse took to dancing until the fatherland became a vast ball room, and the nation-chamber to the "valley of death." Their circles were formed in the churches, public buildings and in the streets. Joined hand in hand and appearing to have lost all control over themselves, they continued dancing regardless of the bystanders, for hours together in wild delirium until they fell to the ground exhausted. The dancing mania, however, appeared to run its course more rapidly in Germany than in other places. It prevailed in Italy as late as the seventeenth century.

We have historical accounts of two other singular epidemics, the "bling mania" and the "mewing mania." The former began, it is said, with a nun, in a German nunnery, who showed a great propensity to bite her companions, which spread to many other nunneries. The "mewing mania" was also a nunnery disease—the victims of this disease would spend several hours in the day in imitating the mewing of a cat. Both of these epidemics occurred in the fifteenth century, when nervous diseases appear to have been unusually prevalent in Europe.

The "sweating sickness," another terrible epidemic, made its appearance in England in 1554; it produced a fatality nearly as great as that of the Black Death. The disease devastated England five times within six years, and then entirely disappeared. The disease was a violent inflammatory fever, that suffused the whole body with a fetid perspiration. Its attack was followed immediately by complete prostration, and arriving at a crisis in a few hours, it seldom spared its victims—scarcely one in a hundred escaped with life. It was remarkable, that robust and vigorous men were generally singled out as the favorite targets for the arrows of this deadly archer, whilst children and the aged almost universally escaped.

Plagues have existed in nearly all ages, and can hardly be said to be extinct—even at this day. The great plague of London in 1665, carried off nearly 70,000 inhabitants of that city. It commenced with shivering, nausea, and headache, followed by total prostration or delirium, and sometimes paroxysms of frenzy. If the patient survived those till the third day, buboes commonly appeared, and when these could be made to suppurate, there was hope of recovery. The "plague of the guts," which is mentioned in a table of London casualties of 1659 and 1699, is supposed to have been the cholera in its malignant form. The minute descriptions given of this disease by Dr. Hecker, identify it with the epidemic cholera of this period, and seem to explode the theory that before the year 1817, the cholera was altogether unknown either in India or Europe.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

It is the peculiar vice of our age and country to put a false estimate on the mere acquisition of riches. I do not at all undervalue wealth or the diligence and enterprise so often exercised in its attainment. I would not say a word to throw a doubt on the importance of acquiring such a measure of this world's goods as to render one independent, and able to assist others. The young man who thinks he may amuse himself as he sees fit, at the same time throwing the burden of his support on others, or leading a precarious life on the verge of debt and bankruptcy, is a dishonor to his species. But I assert that the too common mistake which makes men look upon the acquisition of a fortune, or the having a fine and fashionable house, as constituting success in life, is extremely pernicious. Success in life consists in the proper and harmonious development of those faculties which God has given us. Now we have faculties more important to our welfare than that of making money—faculties more conducive to our happiness, and to our health of body and soul. There are higher and better modes of activity than those which are exhibited in multiplying dollars. Men can leave to their children a better patrimony than money; they can leave them the worth of a good example, good habits, a religious faith, a true estimate of the desirable things of this life; resources of mind and heart which will shed sunshine on adversity, and give a grace to prosperous fortune. It is not wealth which is deserving of homage, but the virtues which a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth—the abilities so called forth, the self-denials so imposed.

I have heard of two brothers, whose father died leaving them five hundred dollars apiece. "I will take this money and make myself a rich man," said Henry the younger brother. "I will take this money and make myself a good man," said George the elder. Henry, who knew but little beyond the multiplication table, abandoned all thoughts of going to school, and began by peddling goods, in a small way, over the country. He was shrewd and quick to learn what he gave his attention to; and he gave all his attention to making money. He succeeded. In one year his five hundred dollars had become a thousand. In five years it had grown to be twenty thousand; and at the age of fifty he was worth a million. George remembered the words of the wise man:—"With all thy getting get understanding."

He spent two thirds of his money in going to school and acquiring a taste for solid knowledge. He then spent the remainder of his patrimony in purchasing a few acres of land in the neighborhood of a thriving city. He resolved on being a farmer.

After a lapse of thirty-five years the two brothers met. It was at George's house. A bright, vigorous, alert man was George, though upwards of fifty-five years old. Henry, though several years younger, was very infirm. He had kept his counting room long after the doctors had warned him to give up business, and now he found himself stricken in health beyond repair. But that was not the worst. He was out of his element when not making money. George took him into the library and showed him a fine collection of books. Poor Henry had never cultivated a taste for reading. He looked on the books with no more interest than he would have looked at so many bricks. George took him into his garden, but Henry began to cough, and said he was afraid of the east wind. When George pointed out to him a beautiful elm tree, he only cried out "Pshaw!" George took him into his greenhouse, and talked with enthusiasm of some rare flowers, the beauty of which seemed to give the farmer great pleasure. Henry shrugged his shoulders and yawned, saying, "Ah! I do not care for these things." George asked him if he was fond of paintings and engravings. "No, no! Don't trouble yourself," said Henry. "I can't tell one daub from another." "Well, you shall hear my daughter Edith play on the piano; she is no ordinary performer." "Now, don't brother—don't if you love me?" said Henry beseechingly; "I never could endure music." "But what can I do to amuse you? Will you take a ride? I am afraid of a horse; but if you will drive me carefully down to your village bank, I will stop and have a chat with the president." Poor Henry! Money was the one thing uppermost in his mind; to it he had sacrificed every other good thing. When a few days afterwards he parted from his farmer brother, he laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "George you can just support yourself comfortably on the interest of your money, and I have got enough to buy up the whole of your town, bank and all—and yet, your life has been a success, and mine a dead failure." Sad but true words.

A traveler in England, observing a peasant at work, and seeing that he was tiring it remarkably easy, said to him:—"My friend you do not appear to sweat any!" "Why, no, master; replied he, six shillings a week ain't sweating wages?"

COLERIDGE.

As an 'eloquent talker,' it may be doubted whether his superior ever lived. The statements made on this head would certainly be judged most extravagant and incredible, if they were not from minds of widely differing associations and tastes, and some of them from sources which forbid the thought of unpartiality for the man. Thus Dr. Quincey, whose ungenerous imputations of plagiarism, and unfeeling allusion to personal frailties and domestic embarrassments, arouse one's highest indignation, says: "He spun daily from the loom of his own magical brain, theories more glorious by far, and supported by a pomp and luxury of images, such as no German that ever breathed could have emulated in his dreams." Thus, too, Hazlitt, who allowed differences of political opinion to convert early friendship into blind hospitality, writes:—"He talked on forever, and you wished him to talk on forever; his thoughts did not seem to come with labor and effort, but as if borne on by the gush of genius, and as if the wings of imagination lifted him from off his feet. His voice rolled on the ear like the pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought; his mind was clothed with wings, and raised on them he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's ladder, with airy shapes ascending, and descending, and with the voice of God at the top of the ladder." Thus also the conscientious and gifted John Foster, describing a talk in Bristol, says:—"It was perfectly wonderful, in looking back on a few hours of his conversation, to think what a quantity of perfectly original speculation he had uttered in language incomparably rich in ornament and new combinations." And thus, once again, Henry Nelson Coleridge, his son-in-law and editor of most of his works, writes:—"Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine, marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depth of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind that you might for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion." Further quotations would be needless, but we shall be pardoned for adding the testimony of the inimitable Elia:—"Come back into my memory, like as thou wast in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column, before thee, the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloister stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Murendula,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Lambichus or Plotinus, (for even in those years thou wastest not pale at such philosophic draughts,) or reciting Homer in his Greek or Pindar—while the walls of the old grey towers re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy."

Philadelphia.

HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA. Located in Front St. above E. 2nd St., Philadelphia. The Lectures of the Regular Course will commence on the second Monday of October, and continue until the first of March ensuing. Amount of Fees for a full Course of Lectures (including books) \$100 00. Students who have attended two full courses in other Medical Colleges, \$50 00. Graduates of other Medical Colleges, \$25 00. Matriculation Fee, paid only once, 5 00. Practical Anatomy, 10 00. Graduation Fee, 30 00. FACULTY. WALTER WILLIAMSON, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Clinical Medicine. J. P. O'KE, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. ALVAN E. SMALL, M. D., Professor of Homoeopathic Institutes, Pathology, and the Practice of Medicine. ISAAC M. WARD, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics, Diseases of Women and Children, and Medical Jurisprudence. MATTHEW SEMPLE, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology. JAMES BRACKLEY, M. D., Professor of Surgery. WILLIAM A. GARDNER, M. D., Professor of Anatomy. WILLIAM A. REID, M. D., Professor of Physiology. ASA S. COHEN, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy. WILLIAM A. GARDNER, M. D., Dean. Aug 21-55. No. 129 North Teub St. Phila.

TRUSSES & TRUSSES C. H. NEELLS. DRESS AND BIACE ESTABLISHMENT. S. W. Cor. of Twelfth and Race Streets, Philad. Importer of fine French Trusses, combining extreme lightness, ease and durability with correct construction. Hernial or ruptured patients can be suited by remitting amounts—sending number of inches round the hips, and stating side affected. Cost of Single Truss, \$2, \$3, \$5. Double—\$5, \$8, \$10, and \$15. Instructions as to wear, and how to effect a cure when possible, sent with the Truss. Also for sale, in great variety, DR. BANNING'S IMPROVED PATENT BODY BRACE For the cure of Prolapsus Uteri; Spinal Protrusion and Scurvy; Patent Shoulder Braces, Chest Expansors and Erector Braces, adapted to all with Stoop Shoulders and Weak Lungs; English Elastic Abdominal Belt; Supporters, Springs—male and female. Ladies' Robins, with Lady attendants.

REMOVED.—E. NEWLAND & CO. Wholesale and retail LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 120 ARCH street opposite the Theater, Philadelphia. R. N. & Co. received the only Gold Medal awarded the Crystal Palace exhibition, N. Y. 1853, in the United States, for Gilt, Decorated, Mantel and Pier Glasses.

BOY WANTED.—A boy wanted from 18 to 20 years of age, at the Store of G. W. HITNER. Aug. 25.