ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

W. DOUGLAS, RECEIVER. | $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | J. W. DOUGLAS, EDITOR.

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DR. G. L. ELLIOTT, ... Office and Dwelling in south Park Row, first ... Erie Bank buildings. July 10, 1856.

JARECKI BROTHERS, ... Watches, Clocks, Silver, Brittania and Plated ... Quinsa, Pocket and table Cutlery. Fancy Goods ... Store, State street Erie Pa. 24

GRAY & FARRAR, ... Brokers, and dealers in West India Goods, Powder, ... Fuse, Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. ... State street, Erie, Pa. F. F. FARRAR,

JOSEPH RICHENBACH JR., ... of Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail ... and Hemlock Sole Leather, French and American ... Morocco, Linings, Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread ... Laces, Lastings, Gallons, Rivets, Hammers, ... Tacks, Pegs, Nails, &c. New Block, State ... Pa.

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MISS V. E. RHODES, ... Makes, and Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's ... Rooms over Austin's Jewelry Store, West ... Pa. Stitching done to Order

G. LOOMIS, ... JUST OPENING a splendid assortment of rich Gilt China ... Mottle Cups and Saucers, Mugs, Candlesticks, and a ... of BEAUTIFUL AND ORNAMENTAL ARTICLES, ... for the Holidays. Elegant Cake Baskets, Tea Sets, Pitchers, Forks, Spoons, Ladles, Napkin Rings, beautiful ... of rich Jewelry, Watches, and Fancy Goods.—

... printed French Merinos and all wool House ... Ladies at much less than ruling prices. Very cheap ... nov 13—27 BEE HIVE.

... Wooden and Willow Ware, a good assortment ... to be had at E. S. STERRETT'S.

AT SEA.

The night is made for cooling shade,
For silence, and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast, and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep
Childlike as then, I lie to-night
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels:
As o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels,
It starts and shudders, while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
O promise of my soul!—
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own, with love and tender awe,
You perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light
The ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant. I cross my palms,
Happy as if, to-night,
Under the cottage-roof, again
I heard the soothing summer-rain

From the London Family Herald

FIRST AND THIRD MARRIAGE.

"Thus you see my own Hortense, that I must leave you. I shall provide an income of a hundred louis for your expenses Look forward constantly to my return; and when fortune again smiles upon me. I shall come back never again to be separated until death"

The weeping wife could not be comforted. It was hard that so soon after her marriage, when the world seemed so bright and gay, and when wealth and fortune smiled so serenely upon her all should be swept away, and she left like a lone widow to protect herself The husband was almost distracted with the thought of leaving her His heart had been bound up in his beautiful Hortense. She had been his idol from boyhood—the bright dream of his existence, and when he had attained the distinction of one of the merchant princess of Montreal, he married her and placed her in the very heart of luxury.

Misfortunes came on swift wings to the happy pair One by one his possessions left him, and worse than that others were involved in his affairs who were less able to lose than himself He could not look upon the ruin of those around him; for he had a kind heart, and would not wrong any one for the world. They that lost by his ill fortune admitted that Mr Valentin was a strictly honest man, and that is great praise from those who are injured by a man's ill luck. People are too apt to call it dishonesty.

There was but a single bright spot before M. Valentin. Australia gleamed up, warm and golden; and with a desperation born of love to his wife and justice to his creditors, he secretly embarked for the land of promise. There was a nine day's wonder as to where he was gone, and to what purpose; and then he died out of the community, as thoroughly as if he had been dead and buried

The weeping Hortense removed to another locality; the fashionables who had strained every nerve to get invited to the house of the rich merchant never paused to ask after his wife; and lonely and miserable, without friends or relatives, Hortense drooped and pined, until the beauty which her husband so praised was changed into dimness. She never heard from Mr Valentin. Not a single word had ever cheered her solitude since he left her. As month after month dragged its slow weight along and no tidings reached her, her heart utterly sunk within her, and she believed him dead What, indeed, could she think? It was better to think so than believe him unmindful of her, and day after day she watered his memory with tears of genuine sorrow, as one sorrows for the beloved dead

She put on the deepest mourning, kept her room for months, and when she finally went out again, and that only to church, her sorrow was written plainly in the face, which, if it had lost some of its beauty, was yet most deeply interesting. So at least thought the young Eugene Stanbury, an Englishman of unblemished character and prosperous business. He saw her at church, devised some ingenious expedient to be introduced, and begged the privilege of waiting upon her The lady pleaded her inability to entertain company, the impropriety of her receiving gentlemen, and a thousand reasons why he could not visit her.

He overruled them all, besought her to waive all ceremony with him, to consider him as a deeply attached friend, a brother, anything, in short, if he might be permitted to see her some times, and Hortense, weary of her monotonous life, at last consented.

Once having renewed the delicious consciousness of a protecting presence, she found it hard to give it up for the mere punctilious fear of what the world say of her. Indeed, she had long since shaken hands with the world, and parted from it. She owed it no favor. It had no right to criticise her conduct. Thus she reasoned while listening to Eugene's impassioned entreaties that she would lay aside her sorrow for the dead and become his wife.

Still she hesitated. She truly believed in her husband's death; for would he not have written had he been living. Of the many letters she had written him, the many inquiries she had instituted, no answer could be obtained. No one knew anything of Mr. Valentin.

In an hour of more than usual loneliness and trouble, she whispered to herself, that, should Eugene press his suit anew, she would consent to marry him. She liked him She was weary of her own life, caged and cribbed as she was; weary of her own life, caged and cribbed as she was; she longed for freedom of restraint that poverty and widowhood were constantly imposing upon her; and these combined operated wonderfully in Eugene's favor. The marriage was strictly private; and half Mr, Stanbury's friends had no suspicion that she had ever married at all until she became his wife.

He took her to a pleasant home, as comfortable, if not quite as luxurious as the one she had shared with Mr. Valentin, and all that she could ask for was showered upon her with generous profusion. Their dwelling, two or three miles from the heart of Montreal, was surrounded with trees and flowery shrubs of every description. Inside, there was every comfort that a living heart could suggest. The heart of Hortense awoke to life, to love, to happiness; and to see her thus, rejoiced that of her husband.

Two years of almost unmingled bliss went by; but the third year commenced with some alarm for the health of Eugene. Twice had Hortense seen him draw a handkerchief from his lips, which was steeped in blood; and often his nights were passed in coughing, until nature was exhausted, and the morning sleep found him drenched in the terrible sweats which so surely portend consumption. Hortense struggled against this new and terrible sorrow. It was the first time that she had watched over one so dear to her.—It was the first time that she had seen the effects of this insidious disease; and hope and fear alternated in her breast, until at length she hoped against all hope, and the blow came down upon her all the harder that she had not schooled herself to feel its approach.

It was hard to see him part with the mute evidence of his brief happiness. Every window where he had sat with her, every arbor where he had sat with her, every arbor where they had rested, every tree under whose shades they had walked, or whose trunk he had carved with her name, all received a farewell look.

"How can I part with you, dearest!" he asked, after his painful journey round the rooms and the garden.

"Eugene! do not name it," she said; "you will break my heart."

"But you must hear it, Hortense. I cannot stay with you long Thank Heaven that I leave you above want Promise me, dear, that you will never leave this home. Trust me, I will be with you in spirit, when the form is laid in the earth: watching, guarding, if possible, speaking to you."

It was his last night on earth. When the morn broke, his eyes were closed in the slumbers of death.

Hortense wandered for months about her beautiful home like a perturbed spirit. There was nothing that had been touched by Eugene that had not a solemn and sacred value in her eyes.

M. Valentin had been richly rewarded for his enterprise. Gold had showered in upon him in almost fabulous profusion; and now he seriously thought of returning home. Somewhat enfeebled by his late illness, he was struck with dismay at being again prostrated, and to find that his disorder was the dreadful small pox—That he lived through this, was only because his constitution was so excellent that even this enemy would not vanquish it. He did live, but his own mother could not have known him, so deeply scarred and disfigured had he become.—With his first returning strength he set out for home. Hortense! Montreal! were now the beginning and end of his aspirations. One thing only marred his joy on the homeward route.—Would Hortense love the scarred and disfigured face that looked at him from the little glass in his cabin? Would she endure the long shaggy beard by which he was enabled to cover a part of the deep scars?

He had taken passage in an American vessel bound for New York. He arrived safely, and the next hour saw him on his way to Montreal. He bent his course to the neighborhood where Hortense proposed going after his departure—He inquired everywhere for Madame Valentin. No one knew her He himself was not recognized, even when he haunted the old places of business. Another name, of course, was upon the family door; and hither he turned his steps, to see if haply some old friend of former days might not have heard of her. Even the name was unremembered, or pretended to be; and yet the person he asked was one whom he remembered as plotting zealously to be invited to his dinner parties.

"They will remember me when they find I am rich," said Valentin to himself, bitterly.

He turned into a by street, and saw a beggar sitting in the sunshine. It was the most cordial and happy face that had met his gaze since he came back The man did not ask for anything either, nor show him the withered arm that hung closely under his coat; and hopeless as the question seemed, he thought he would ask it.

As he dropped money into the ragged hat that lay on the ground beside the beggar, he said, carelessly, "Can you tell me where Madame Valentin lives now, my man?"

"I used to know her when she lived in Queen street Was that the one?"

It was the street where M Valentin's grand house stood

"She is gone from that house, but she did not forget old Jack, and many's the penny she has given me since Glad enough was I when I heard she was married again."

"Married!" exclaimed M Valentin

"Bless you, sir, yes; married to Mr Stanbury; but, poor man, he died a year ago."

"Do you know where she lives now?"

"Somewhere out of town. I don't go so far now I am so old. I think it is in Bloomsbury Place, West Terrace"

To pain M Valentin's feelings would be a hopeless task Hortense married, but still free! A painful revulsion took place in his mind, and he resolved, as all seemed to forget him, that he would not yet discover himself. That night he visited the neighborhood of Hortense, read "Stanbury" on the door, and managed to secure the next house, which happened to be quite empty, and having its garden adjoining hers The next day he furnished it richly, brought a number of servants, bought a fine carriage and horses, and under the name of Richie settled down to watch at his leisure the movements of his neighbor He chose all his private rooms on that side of the house which overlooked hers.

The first time that he saw her was in the garden

She looked still handsome, but was very sad and pensive. He wondered if it was for his loss, or her late husband! He soon became satisfied that she led a very quiet and retired life; that she had little company and kept early hours.—It was early spring, but he had plenty of flowers and fruit in the green house, and he sent some for her acceptance, with Mr. Richie's compliments. Again and again he repeated the gifts, and each time with a selection that marked a delicate taste. Hortense was charmed with her new neighbor whom she had not seen.

The flowers had been sent several times, when he added to them a request that he might call on the lady. She returned a favorable answer, and under cover of the twilight hour, he found himself in the room with Hortense. The sound of his voice filled her with indescribable emotion, because it resembled that of her first husband; but she persuaded herself that it was a fancy.—She found her neighbor agreeable and attentive He did not neglect any opportunity of being with her. They rode together, sung together, and often his voice would thrill through the soul of Hortense, like a remembered lay from some far off land.

Insensibly she was becoming interested in him. He had told her much that was true of his past life; and openly mourned some being whom he said was lost to him—he did not say by death—but Hortense saw it in that light.—More and more tender grew their intercourse, for the lady seemed utterly to disregard his scars, until she was scarcely surprised, and certainly not offended, at receiving an offer of his hand.

She was alone in the world; she had no one to consult, no one who had any right to blame her for trusting to one of whom she knew so little. It was her own risk, and she accepted him; frankly telling how well she had loved him who had gone from her sight, and promising him that she would try to love him as well.

M Valentin exulted greatly in this answer, and came near discovering himself; but he had desired to delay it to a certain time, and he checked himself in time. The wedding day was appointed and everything was in readiness for the occasion. In exchanging rings, Hortense looked fixedly at the one which the bridegroom gave her It was the very ring which M. Valentin had given her at their first wedding! She fainted on the spot, and he began to think that he had carried matters too far. He hung over her with an anxiety such as he had never knew before. If she died now by his own folly, what would become of him? He execrated his scheme, and repented even with tears that he had been led to pursue it.

But Hortense awoke to life, awoke to the new joy of his presence, to ask his forgiveness for the past, and inspire new hope for the future. There had been an implacable attraction towards him on her part, from their first interview; and as she confessed this, her husband was quite inclined to be satisfied, and to forgive the apparent disrespect which she fancied she had paid his memory. As M. Valentin predicted, the inhabitants of Montreal, as soon as they found out his wealth, were happy to make his acquaintance, and remember him as an old friend. With the true spirit of an honest man, he has liquidated his debts to the last farthing; and now, with his still beautiful wife, he is traveling through Europe, happy as any couple can possibly be on their bridal tour.

Mystery of the Gouldy Tragedy.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

The awful tragedy which convulsed the upper part of the town a month or two since, has excited much inquiry respecting its probable cause. We find a calm, lucid, and, we doubt not, perfectly authentic statement of the matter in the *Advocate and Family Guardian*, from which the following is condensed:

It appears that young Gouldy's own mother had died when he was very young, and little is said of her character and influence; but the testimony is unanimous, that his stepmother had filled her place in the family, in the most satisfactory manner. She neglected no duty, and secured the warm regard of all the members of the household. The parents were esteemed members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—Their home was made pleasant and inviting—The kindred ties, the social connections and influences of the family, were all of a desirable character How, then, was it that a son of good talents and manly bearing, having superior educational advantages and fine prospects in life—in full possession of his reason—could have been left to become a *parricide, fratricide and suicide*, in a single hour?

The moral fabric that has been weaving in the loom of life the past year, may perhaps furnish some solution to the strange problem. We learn that during the progress of the revival of last winter, this youth was deeply convinced of his lost condition and need of an interest in Christ. He was about deciding to forsake his sins and seek for pardon and salvation, when he was met by a member of a club with whom he had previously become allied, and urged to "go once more" to the place of revelry, pay his dues, and remove his name, if he wished, "but not to sneak out like a coward."

This appeal to his pride overcame his weak resolves—and soon he was in the midst of boon companions. The *fallen woman* was there, with her blandishments; the Prince of Darkness, too, was there, with his unseen and unresisted fascinations; and when that youth returned to his home, good angels wept and demons triumphed. His soul was polluted. He had disobeyed the command, "Keep thyself pure." The Holy Spirit was grieved from his heart, and, judging from subsequent developments, took His eternal flight. From that hour he would listen to no persuasions, to leave the downward road, over and anon was in the company of the profligate, and exhibited sad evidence, as occasion prompted, of the *fierce fires burning within him. On that fatal* night the last vestige of restraint was manifestly thrown off. There he stood forsaken of a rejected Saviour, bringing upon himself "swift destruction." How true is it that

> There is a time, we know not when,
> A point, we know not where,
> That marks the destiny of men
> For glory or despair."

This time, in the present case, was the memorable evening when the infatuated youth went to pay what he supposed would be his last visit to the club Then the scale turned forever.—Then his path took the downward direction to despair; and the final result was only a question of time.

All had been well if he had listened to the voice of conscience, when the Spirit strove, and he was constrained for a time to inquire what he should do to be saved; if when met by the tempter and urged to go "once more" in the way of evil; had he taken his Bible, and turned to Prov. vi. 20—24, and read, "My son, keep the father's commandments, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk to thee. For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is light, and reproofs of instruction are the way of life. *To keep thee from the evil woman, from the flattery of the tongue of the strange woman.*" Had he given heed to this and similar counsels, instead of the taunts of the wicked—then he had been safe, and this chapter of crime and woe left unrecorded. Indifference to these precepts sealed his doom

A "KNOTTY" BUT TRUE HORSE STORY.—A very singular circumstance recently happened to a mare owned by S Snow, Esq, of this village. Mr Snow drove the mare to Mayville and back, remaining at the county seat over night On the return trip, Mr. S. observed that the mare drank but little when water was offered her, and appeared rather fatigued When put into the stable, the ostler noticed that something was the matter, and concluded that the mare had taken cold. Mr. S. being called away from home for several days by the illness of his brother, left the mare in other care. On returning home, he found the mare in a very bad condition, with her throat much swollen, and that she had not meanwhile ate or drank scarcely anything. An attempt was then made to administer medicine by elevating the mare's head so that the liquid would run down This proved abortive, having only a strangling effect At this stage of affairs, a large bunch on the mare's throat manifested itself by sudden protrusion. Forcibly squeezing this, the mare made a violent cough, and *ejected a hemlock (board) knot, about two inches long, attached to which was a piece of the wood on its side, also at least two inches long*, giving to the thing the appearance of a *cross*. The knot gave out a very offensive odor, as though it had been imbedded in putrefying matter. The mare seeming completely relieved, immediately set her jaws to work with avidity to eating, to supply the vacancy created by a *fast of five days*, and has ever since been doing well.

The knot was probably taken in some oats, at Mayville. The mare had just been taken from pasture, and doubtless went rather greedily into this favorite dish of the horse tribe then set before her, with the knot carelessly thrown in.—*Fredonia Advertiser.*

EVERY WORD TRUE.—The Boston *Traveller*, an Opposition paper, usually has an eye to the windward, and now evidently foresees the defeat of sectionalism in 1860. It admits that the Democrats "are sensible men," and adds:

"It is one of the felicities of the Democratic party that it generally gets beaten at the right time, and becomes wiser under the rod. It has a vast vitality, and is so hard to kill that its destruction is one of those things that are never thought to be possible."

When the heart is but out of tune, the tongue seldom does right.

THE MIRAGE OF WEALTH.

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."—1 Tim. vi. 17.

William Beckford was born towards the middle of the eighteenth century. He was the only son of a wealthy West Indian proprietor, who, dying when his child was ten years of age, left an income of more than $500,000 a year to accumulate until the boy should reach his majority. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the eminent Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling, he launched on the world.—How vast the capacities of usefulness placed before him! The great talent for acquiring human happiness was placed within his reach; but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth there was in the erection of a gorgeous palace.

During his residence in Portugal, he visited under the royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxurious monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the cavalcade of an eastern prince than the tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience or relaxation was carried in our train—nothing was to be left behind but care and sorrow."

"The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery," he adds, "was gilded and painted; the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver."

The kitchen in which his dinner was prepared is thus described:—"A stream of water flowed through it, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river-fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other side were vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour finer than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance." The dinner which followed these preparations was served in a magnificent saloon, covered with pictures, and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver "The banquet," he adds, "consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries." Confectionary and fruits awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Goa filigree, containing the rarest and most fragrant spices, were handed round. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this journey.

Returning at the commencement of the present century to his native country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father, at a cost of $1,300,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that phœnix like, there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that hitherto had been known in English art. *Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders* of the West of England, was the result of this determination Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected, solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected somewhat in the manner and spirit of those who once reared a similar structure on the plains of Shinar: "Go to, let us build us a tower whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, almost every cart in the country was employed, so that at one time agricultural labor was well nigh suspended. Impatient of delay, night was not allowed to impose obstacles to the progress of the work. Torch light was employed; fresh bands of laborers relieving at evening those who worked by day. In the dark nights of winter, the distant traveller was startled by the blaze of light from Fonthill, which proclaimed at once the resources and the folly of the man of wealth. Beckford's principal enjoyment was watching the erection of this structure At nightfall he would repair to some elevated part of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare on the surrounding wood. The building was indeed Beckford's idol; the object for which he lived He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realize the most fascinating visions of a vain imagination.

After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall, nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the world around. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlars, in the hope of catching a glimpse of its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of this curiosity All that art and wealth could give, to produce effect, were there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks round at the cabinets, candelabras, and ornaments, which decorate the room, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond"

Such was Beckford of Fonthill With an income of more than £100,000 per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune Who would have ventured to have styled all this splendor evanescent as the mirage? A sudden depreciation of West Indian property took place. Some lawsuits terminated unfavorably, embarrasments poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense was sold: The greater part of its costly treasures were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer; and Beckford driven, with the shattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age in a watering place; there to moralize on the instability of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give, and to point the oft told moral of the vanity of human pursuits. He fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner.

Thus melted away, like frostwork before the sun, the extravagant productions of the man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care, and in the end he discovered that he had been cheated by the mirage.—*The Mirage of Life.*

A miserly old fellow has hit upon an expedient to save candles. He uses "the light of other days."

HOW TO GET SICK.

R. H. M. writes: "I slept in a room one night which had been washed out during the day, and was not quite dry. I awoke next morning with a sore throat, which has continued ever since." The result is, he has had to abandon his theological studies and place himself under treatment, after having lost two year's time.

H. M. writes: "I went to sleep on a warm day on the top of an ice-box, and have never been well since." He died shortly afterwards of consumption.

T. H. took a very severe cold, conversation was laborous, but he had an appointment to preach, and felt as if he must fulfil it. He made the attempt, but the utterance was attended with a pricking pain in the throat, and then a dull hurting came on in the throat, with subsequent "hemming" and fruitless clearing. He was permanently disabled.

A modest man walked until quite fatigued, and prespiring freely, entered an omnibus, and sat next to a lady who opened a window to get some fresh air for herself. He soon became chilled and was ill for three weeks.

H. P. got up at night and hoisted the window to look at a burning house; the cold air darted in on the unprotected body, just from a warm bed. A twelve months' illness resulted in dropsy.

A strong, hearty man came in on a hot summer's day, immediately took off his coat and hat, and sat in the open window, looking out upon a beautiful garden, over which the ocean breezes came to fan him. Before he was aware of it, he was chilled, was attacked with inflamation of the lungs, and died within a week.

A delicate young lady, an invalid, a patient of ours, in an excursion with several others was "overtaken" by nightfall, and by a young gentleman. They were in a boat, and the boat was in the mud, the tide having gone out on a visit to the sea, and there they were, a mile from shore, and several miles from home; that mile was extraordinarily long and short. Only think of it! A whole mile over a Jersey flat! covered with water, mud and bulrushes, carrying in your arms a young lady of eighteen, with one of the sweetest voices, faces and forms to be seen in or out of Jersey. Bespattered with mud, dripping with fog and dew, and slush, streaming with perspiration, and wearied with hunger, thirst and fatigue, delighted and excited by the novelty of the thing, they reached home by midnight. The next day she "didn't have anything the matter of her at all." Why? She had taken lessons of us. Instead of pulling off her bonnet and shawl, and sitting in a cool place, or instead of undressing at once, and thus letting the air check the perspiration, she went into a warm room, closed the doors and windows at the same moment, laid aside the garments one by one, at intervals, and when cooled off, in the course of half an hour, retired to sound sleep and a bright and healthful awakening.

Another man rode three miles with a little child sleeping in his lap, which, pressing against his stomach, caused unusual warmth there. It was a chill, raw, November evening. In walking a hundred yards to the house, the child moving slowly and wind blowing, the whole abdomen was chilled in a moment. The next morning he awoke with the ominous pains of peritoneal inflamation, which is often fatal in three or four days.

A man had some accounts to draw off in midwinter. It was a cold night. He was greatly interested; time went, and the fire too. He felt a little chilly, but thought he would soon be done; that it was not worth while to re-build the fire. It was near one o'clock before he left for home, and he reached it most thoroughly chilled. Next morning he had the pneumonia and never got well.

Remaining at rest for hours in a cold room, in raw, cold, damp weather, is enough to kill three men out of four by bringing on congestion of the lungs lung fever, or inflamation of the lungs.—Clergymen and lawyers often sacrifice their lives by speaking in warm rooms; the body debilitated by the effort; the skin in a state of perspiration; the lungs all heated up; and thus hungry, tired and depressed in body and mind; go out into the cold air to ride or walk home—and to die in the very bloom of health and manhood. And yet, to know these little things there are hundreds who hesitate to give a dollar a year, when on the knowledge of them human life is daily hung, and for want of it daily lost.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER."—The editor of the New Orleans Advocate has this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city, related to him by one of the Methodist pastors: "The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man Before his sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relatives to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own dear kindred blood can feel or manifest. He died among strangers and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady, who stood by, stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother!' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eye this simple recital has not brought tears.'

Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York recently delivered a lecture on "Mirth," and among other good things gave utterance to the following:

"For my part, I say it in all solemnity, I have become merely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasures in any form. I cannot trust the man who never laughs, who is always sedate; who has no apparent outlets for natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial to the human soul. I know that nature takes revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins, or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and therefore it gives a sincere moral gratification, and where and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than that dark, dead, unhappy social life, a prey to ennui and morbid excitement, which result from unmitigated ascetism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license or infamous folly."

LOOK OUT FOR DARK TIMES.—We shall have several times during the ensuing year. There will be four eclipses of the sun, viz; A partial eclipse on the 2d of February, invisible here.—Another on the 29th of July, partial and very small; and it will end at 41 minutes past six, evening. Another, August 26th, visible only in the great Southern Ocean. There will be two eclipses of the moon; the first one on the 17th of February, will be total. It will commence at 13 minutes past 4 in the morning—middle, six o'clock—end quarter before eight. The other, August 13th, will not be visible.

It is an actual fact that a man who attempted to hug a beautiful young woman, named Miss Lemon, has sued her for striking him in the eye. He is altogether unreasonable; why should he squeeze a Lemon unless he wants a punch?

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

Political parties could not possibly perpetuate their triumphs without the indispensable aid of the newspaper press. One of the most important requisites in a political journal is to manufacture great men out of, in some instances, exceedingly small patterns. Those who are interested in the success of parties and party principles, should sustain their newspapers with a liberal, generous hand. No institution of modern society, says