



BY JAS. CLARK.

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For the Huntingdon Journal. Then I Shall be Satisfied.

BY REBECCA DICKSON.

If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may awake,
And shine a pure image of thee,
Then I shall be satisfied, when I can break
The fetters of flesh, and be free.

I know this stained tablet must first be washed
white,
To let thy bright features be drawn;
I know I must suffer the darkness of night,
To welcome the coming of dawn.

But I shall be satisfied, when I can cast
The shadows of nature all by;
When the cold, dreary world from my vision has
past,
To let the soul open her eye.

I gladly shall feel the blest morn drawing near,
When life's dreamy fancies shall fade,
If I in thy likeness, O Lord, may appear,
And rise in thy beauty arrayed.

To see thee in glory, O Lord, as thou art,
From this mortal, perishing clay;
The spirit, immortal, in peace would depart,
And, joyous, mount up her bright way.

When on thine own image in me thou hast smiled,
Within thy blest mansions, and when,
The arms of my father encircle his child,
O, I shall be satisfied then.

Simple, Touching, Beautiful Lines.

The New England Diadem gives its readers the following beautiful stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Capt. Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California. We have seldom met anything so painfully interesting in every line, and it will be read with "teary eyes" by many who have lost brothers, fathers, husbands or sons on their way to, or after having reached the land of Gold and of Graves:—

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Harken to me, brother, harken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darkens,
And I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I may one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother, (God assist her,
Now that she is growing old),
That her child would glad have kissed her,
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now;
Tell, oh tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burnt my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten,
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their MAKER,
Putting all her trust in GOD,
And He never will forsake her,
For He's said so in His WORD.

O my children; HEAVEN bless them!
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember,
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts their men's stir;
Tell them I ne'er reached the haven,
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I have gained a port called HEAVEN,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to seek an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus, and repentance,
Will secure for each a share—
Hark! I hear my SAVIOUR speaking,
'Tis I know His voice so well,
When I am gone, oh don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

The wind is a bachelor, merry and free;
He roves at his pleasure o'er land and o'er sea.
He ruffles the lake, and he kisses the flower,
And he sleeps when he lists in a Jasmine bower.

He gives to the cheek of the maiden its bloom,
He tastes her warm kisses, enjoys their perfume;
But, transient-like, often the sweets that he sips,
Are lavished next moment on Lovelier lips.

THE GLASS RAILROAD.

"THERE WAS A MORAL IN THAT DREAM."

The "Millford Bard," during one of his fits of *mania a potu*, said:
"It seemed to me, as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumber. I looked round and found myself in the center of a gay and happy crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along with a peculiar gentle motion—a soft, gliding motion. I looked around and found that I was in one of a long train of cars, which were gliding over a railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of many cars. Every car, open at the top, was filled with men and women—all gaily dressed—all happy, all laughing, talking, and singing. The peculiar gentle motion of the cars interested me.—There was no grating, such as we hear on a railroad. They moved on without the least jar or sound. This, I say interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment found the railroad and cars were made of glass. The glass wheels moved along over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was so happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within me—I was full of peace.

While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the railroad, on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins, on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse, with its cold white face turned upward to the light.—The sight filled me with unutterable horror. I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng who were around me, not doubting their singing and laughter, at the sight of agony, and we swept on and on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road which formed an angle with the road, far, far in the distance.

"Who are those?" I cried at last pointing to the dead in their coffins.

"Those are the persons who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip we are now making. The trip on these glass cars over this glass railway," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?"

I was answered with a whisper and half laugh which froze my blood.

"They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person whom I addressed.—"You know that the railroad terminates at an abyss which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end it precipitates its passengers into the abyss.—They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought up here, and placed in coffins as a warning to other passengers, but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad."

I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me.

"What is the name of this railroad?" I asked.

The person whom I addressed replied in the same low voice.

"It is the railroad of habit. It is very easy to get in these cars, but very hard to get out. For once in these cars, everybody is delighted with the soft gliding motion. The cars move gently! Yes, it is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad towards a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there and then they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others, but nobody will mind it, will they?"

I was choked with horror; I struggled to breathe, made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I knew it was only a dream; and yet when I think of it, I can see that long train of cars moving gently over the glass railroad. I can see the cars far ahead as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead in their coffins clear and distinct—on either side of the road—while the laughter and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears. I only see those cold faces of the dead, with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

It was a horrible dream.

And the Bard's changing features and brightening eye, attested the emotion which had been aroused by the very memory of the dream.

It was indeed a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty, and music, while on either hand stretched the victims of yesterday, gliding over the railway of Habit, towards the fathomless abyss.

"There was a moral in that dream."

Reader are you addicted to the sinful habit?—Break it off ere you dash against the rocks.—*Lippard.*

The sons of Chinese peasants could read and write, when the princes of England were ignorant of both. China has since made no advance while England has reached a height of civilization that no one at that time could have formed any idea of. England has had the gospel, China has been without it. This accounts for their relative change of position.

It is a remarkable fact, that every man who has filled the Governorial Chair of the State of New York, from the days of George Clinton to Washington Hunt, was a lawyer.

Great bereavements work more refreshingly upon the spirit than great joys; so, on the contrary, minor sorrows weaken more than minor joys strengthen.

Nutrition of the Various Grains.

WHEAT is one of the most important of all crops. The grain contains from fifty to seventy per cent. of starch, from 10 to 20 per cent. of gluten, and from 3 to 5 per cent. of fatty matter.—The proportion of gluten is said to be largest in the grain of warm countries. It is a singular fact, that in all the seed of wheat and other grains, the principal part of the oil lies near or in the skin, as also does a large portion of the gluten.—The bran owes to this much of its nutritive and fattening qualities. Thus refining our flour to the utmost possible extent, we diminish somewhat its value for food. The phosphates of the ash also lie to a great degree in the skin. The best fine flour contains about seventy pounds of starch to each hundred. The residue of one hundred lbs. consists of ten or twelve pounds of gluten, six or eight pounds of sugar, and gum, and ten or fourteen pounds of water, and a little oil.

RYE FLOUR more nearly resembles wheat flour in its composition than any other; it has, however more of certain gummy and sugary substances, which make it tenacious, and also impart a sweetish taste. In baking all grains and roots which have much starch in them, a certain change takes place in their chemical composition. * * * By baking, flour becomes more nutritious, and more easily digestible, because more soluble.

BARLEY contains rather less starch than wheat, also less sugar than gum. There is little gluten, but a substance somewhat like it, and containing about the same amount of nitrogen.

OATMEAL is little used as food in this country, but it is equal, if not superior, in its nutritious qualities, to flour from any of the other grains; superior, I have no doubt, to most of the fine wheat flour of northern latitudes. It contains from ten to eighteen per cent. of a body having about the same amount of nitrogen or gluten.—Besides this, there is a considerable quantity of sugar and gum, and from five to six per cent. of oil or fatty matter, which may be obtained in the form of a clear, fragrant liquid. Oatmeal cakes owe their peculiar agreeable taste and smell to this oil. Oatmeal, then, has not only an abundance of substance containing nitrogen, but is also fattening. It is, in short, an excellent food for working animals, and as has been abundantly proved in Scotland, for workmen also.

BUCKWHEAT is less nutritious than the other grains which we have noticed. Its flour has from six to ten per cent. of nitrogenous compounds, about fifty per cent. of starch, and from five to eight of sugar and gum. In speaking of buckwheat or of oats, we of course mean without hanks.

RICE was formerly supposed to contain little nitrogen; but recent examinations have shown that there is a considerable portion, some six or eight per cent. of a substance of gluten. The per centage of fatty matter and of sugar is quite small, but that of starch larger than in any grain yet mentioned, being between eighty and ninety per cent.—usually about eighty-two.

INDIAN CORN is the last of grains that we shall notice. This contains about sixty per cent. of starch, nearly the same as oats. The proportion of oil and gum is large, about ten per cent.—this explains the fattening properties of Indian meal so well known to practical men. There is besides these a good portion of sugar. The nitrogenous substances are also considerable in quantity, some twelve to sixteen per cent. All these statements are from the prize essay of Mr. J. H. Salisbury, published by the New York State Agricultural society. They show that the results of European chemists have probably been obtained by the examination of varieties inferior to ours; they have not placed Indian corn much above the level of buckwheat or rice, whereas from the above, it is seen to be "in most respects superior to any other grains."

SWEET CORN differs from all other varieties, containing only about eighteen per cent. of starch. The amount of sugar is, of course, very large.—The nitrogenous substances amount to the very large proportion of twenty per cent; of gum, to thirteen or fourteen; and of oil, to about eleven. This, from the above results, is one of the most nourishing crops grown. If it can be made to yield as much per acre as the hardest varieties, it is well worth a trial on a large scale.—*Prof. Norton's Elements of Scientific Agriculture.*

Mules for Farm Use.

Why are mules not more used by the farmers of New York, New Jersey, and the adjacent States? We should be glad to get a reply to the above question. We have used mules for three years for all our farm work, and have thus far found them preferable to horses.

They do not require more than two-thirds the amount of food usually required by horses: they will eat any kind of food and they are seldom, if ever sick—ours have never been out of health for a single day. They can endure the extremes of heat and cold better than horses, and live twice as long, indeed, so proverbial are they for long living, that but few farmers know their ages either when buying or selling. They do not require shoeing so often as horses, and in every respect are less troublesome. We are often asked if they are not ill tempered, if they do not kick, &c?—We have three pair and we have never known them to kick, but it is an old proverb "as stubborn as a mule," and the Scotch have a proverb, "get a character for early rising and you may lie dead." So it is with mules—if badly used they resent it, and therefore are thought to be vicious; but if well cared for, they are as kind as horses and much more profitable for the farmer's use.—*H. Farmer.*

TAKING THE CENSUS.

BY OCEANUS.

"Madam, I have called to take the census."
"The senses, is it; and what do you call the same?"
"I wish to send a return to Washington of the number of your family."
"Shure now, it's jinking ye are. Is it Congressmen ye would make of us?"
"Oh, no; it is only to find out how many souls there are in the Union."
"Well, thin, ax me the questions, and if they are decent, it's meself as will answer."
"Begin with the eldest, and inform me their names and occupation."
"Well; first, there is Teddy—and a fine broth ur a boy he is—he is forty-five years old, and is an elevator and discinder by trade."
"A what, madam? I do not understand."
"It's English I'm speaking, pure Malasian English."
"I do not apprehend you."
"Apprehend me, is it, ye dirty loon? It's more nor the like ye can do, that same. For two paws I'd skin ye as I would a pratie."
"Don't get into a passion; you misconceive me. I merely wished to say I don't understand your husband's trade."
"Why don't you speak English thin. Teddy carries up bricks for new houses and brings them down from old ones."
"I perceive he is a laborer."
"Just that same, vulgarly speaking."
"In what country was he born?"
"Bainnalee county, Longford, in old Ireland, and may the devil burn the spalpeens that druv us from his grane soil."
"Never mind, madam; I would willingly hear your grievances, but my time is precious. I have but six months to complete my return. Now, your name next, if you please."
"My name's Biddy. Be the same token as I was blotted be the praste be the name of Bridget."
"Now, your age?"
"The devil roast ye, and is it a lady's age ye would be after axin her to her own face?"
"Madam, it is not my intention to insult you; but these questions must be asked, and there is a heavy penalty incurred by those who refuse to answer, which can be recovered by law."
"Is it the law ye would be after threatening me with, and my son Pat one ur the Polace, too? Do ye think it's his blessed mother he'd be saying in limbo, when it's only a word he would have to speak to the Mare to get her?"
"Am I to understand, then, that you refuse to give your age?"
"It's the very same, and I defy you to find it out."
"It's not so very material, so I shall put you down at fifty years."
"Murder! and a lie is it ye would be after sending to the Prisdint? when ye can see I am only forty-two, if ye but tuk the trouble to examine the parish register, in Roscommon, where—"
"Thank you, madam, and now we will proceed with the rest."
"But ye havn't axed all the questions about meself, yet."
"I have got your name, age and place of birth."
"Thure for ye, so ye have, ye cunning divil; and now don't you want to know my trade?"
"Not at all; I have your husband's."
"But it's meself that thinks ye ought to put it down. I'm a char, and iv yerself or any ur yer friends have any job in me line, going out to work and the likes, ye can just spake a good word for a poor decent body?"
"I shall certainly always remember you! Now for the next oldest."
"That's Pat, and he's twenty-three, baring a few months."
"I think you said he is a Policeman?"
"Yes, shure, but can't ye put him down as a Public Funkshunary, as he calls himself? It sounds more illigant, and should me friends in the old country iver happen to see the book ye are writing, it's proud they will be."
"Who comes next?"
"The next will be Dennis. He is twenty-one."
"What is his occupation?"
"Divil the thrade he's got. Isn't he waiting for a vakincy in one ur the departments? and he will get it, too, for he has a mighty influence at the Powles. He runs wild the Fire Ingins, when they will let him pull the rope; and when they won't, why he jist hayves stones at them. Independent is Dennis—mighty independent."
"Who next? Please give them to me in rotation."
"Nix comes Maggy; she's nineteen. Thin Tim, and Miles, they are sixteen next lady's day. Yis, shure, they were all thray of thin born twins; and thin there is Kate, she's fourteen; and Biddy, she's twelve; and Dan O'Connell, he's ten; thin comes Sukey, she's eight; and Luke, he's four; thin Jim, he's two, and—that's all at present!"
"Why, madam, you have a large family, and you are fortunate to have them all living, for I presume you have had no death in your family circle."
"And is it the graiv ur my heart ye would be now rakin' up about my childer that is dead, waked and buried in old Ireland? Havn't I lost four as swate babes as iver was born?"
"Excuse me, but in enumerating your family, I forgot to ask how many were born in this country."
"Jist none at all. Didn't we come over the deep sea jist a twelvemonth, last Eayster?"
"Indeed! How came it, then, that your son is a public officer?"
"Why, didn't he fight and vote at the powls

the last election, and what for shouldn't he be rewarded for his patriotism?"

"Are there any who cannot read and write?"

"And why should we do that same, whin the blessed praste can do it fur us? No, divil a one baring Pat, and he has learned to write his name jist to be able to sign the documents?"

"Well, madam, that is all. I believe you have no more in your family, you say?"

"Not at present; but there will be another before your six months are up, and I would like ye to put it in your book, for it will be a genuine native, and there's no knowin' what the country may do for it hereafter."

"I can't do that; besides I don't know what gender it will be."

"Array, now, can't ye jist call at the time ye finish, and by that time the blessed crature will see the light?"

"Well, madam, I will bear you in mind. Good day."

"Good day, and if you don't come and put in the baby, thin divil the question I'll answer ye for the next ten years."

Girard College.

Ministers are not admitted. Fortunately for us, we are only a professor, and leave what few figments of divinity may chance to cleave to us, in the porter's lodge, while we inquire for President Allen, our teacher sixteen years ago. He is grown so portly that we scarcely know him, and, he, with equal difficulty, recalled the idea of our physical man; but once fairly introduced, nothing could exceed the pleasure of the mutual recognition and discourse over the olden time. He conducted us, in person, to all parts and through all the departments of this magnificent establishment. The main edifice is modelled after the Parthenon at Athens. Its colonnade is Corinthian, and single; that of the Parthenon was double, and Doric. But here comparison is at an end. The friezes of the Parthenon were the work of Phidias, and the pride not only of Grecian architecture, but the architectural glory of the world. The Parthenon cost six millions; Girard College two! It is, probably, the proudest monumental pile this side the Atlantic. Each of these magnificent columns cost fourteen thousand dollars; sufficient, column by column, to erect a substantial college edifice! On entering the lofty door-way, thirty six feet in height, pay respects to Stephen Girard. There he stands, right before you, in marble, with his hands crossed before him, in plain citizen's dress, just as he walked the streets of Philadelphia. A plain iron railing surrounds the statue, and keeps all comers at a respectful distance. At the right is the spacious council room of the Board of Directors: at the left, the door-way of the great chapel. Beyond are recitation rooms. In one, a professor was lecturing to the larger boys on anatomy. When he proposed a question, dozens arose from their seats, and waved their hands in token of being able to answer. The fortunate fellow to whom he nodded, shouted the reply. In the rooms above were large classes under the care of female teachers. The tender age of the orphans, requires maternal influence; and this they receive, both at the hands of their instructors and from the matrons of the boarding establishments. The rooms upon the third floor of the College are lighted from the roof. Here is the library, here is the wardrobe of Girard—the old pantaloons, patched upon the knee with pieces of different colors, worn by the millionaire a short time before his death. Here are boxes of shipping papers, his secretary, and iron safe. From thence clamber to the top of the immense structure.

A roof of Marble! Six thousand tons of marble in the roof alone will give the imagination or calculation of the reader some data for the estimation of the enormous weight of other parts of the building as a whole. The building is all marble. Only one little staircase, leading to the roof, is of wood, the rest is all solid masonry. The reverberations of the lofty ceilings totally unfitted the room for school purposes. This had to be remedied by interposing an artificial ceiling of canvas or cotton cloth, to muffle the sound, or stifle the echoes which the slightest word or footfall generated by the million, in the vaulted chambers.

In the school rooms, the desks and seats are elevated by the thickness of a single plank, least the coldness or dampness of the stone-flagged floor should induce cold feet, and thus injure the health of pupils.

At five o'clock we went to the chapel for prayers. Across the entire west end of the chapel is an elevated platform. In its centre is a regular pulpit or reading desk, occupied by the President, in isolated dignity. At his left was a splendid piano; on either hand, on settees and chairs, the faculty of the Institution, and visitors, of which they have from one hundred and fifty to two hundred a day. Here collected, in quiet and order, three hundred orphan boys, each section under the care of its own director. Each had his hymn book and Bible. Here three hundred voices joined to sing in moving melody,

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne."

No chance for infidelity or heterodoxy here thought was, as the charming volume of infant voice rolled forth the sentiments, impressing themselves, doubtless, by the power of the ever-present Spirit, signally upon the infant heart:

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us."

When the President took up the Bible, after the singing, every pupil opened to the chapter named, and followed the reading with attention; and when he said, "Let us pray," every one kneeled reverently, in his place before that God who has prom-

ised to be a "father to the fatherless and the widow's God." The sight was beyond measure affecting.

Under the efficient management of President Allen and the able Board of Directors, every thing has been reduced to the most perfect system.—The lads retired from the chapel as quietly as they entered it. Merry was the shout that arose from the lawn appropriated for their play-ground, when the restraints of the day over, they were permitted to exercise themselves before tea, in the open air. We saw them at supper. They repair to the dining-hall in the same admirable order, section by section. As the procession, two and two, enters the door, they divide at the head of the table, and one line goes down one side, and the other the other, each to his appropriate seat. The fare is simple. Weak tea or water, bread and butter, or bread and molasses, constitute the healthful regimen.

The waiting room was a curiosity. Every boy had a tin basin, towel, hair-brush, clothes-brush, tooth-brush, and looking glass, to himself. The supply of water from hydrants was plentiful and once a week, or oftener, they were required to bathe in rooms, in tubs prepared for the purpose. Every boy had drawers for his clothing, labelled with his name, and in the dormitories every one was provided with an iron bedstead, with plenty of bedding, covered with a counterpane of spotless whiteness. Nearly all are orphans from the city and county of Philadelphia. To prevent the interference of friends, they are all indentured apprentices according to the laws of Pennsylvania.—*Illinois Advocate.*

Malicious Valentines.

Last year, just before St. Valentine's anniversary came round, an elderly, malicious-looking man might have been observed at one of the principal Valentine depots, busily engaged in examining an almost endless assortment of insulting pictures, with bitter words appended, which are termed Valentines—in caricature, we suppose.—At length he selected a device, in which ridicule and malice, blending together, had formed a most outrageous libel upon the form of woman, in the arms of which was fixed a safe specimen of infancy. This was mailed by the hourly sinner to an accomplished young lady, in whom was united amiability with the most shrinking sensitiveness. This latter quality had prompted her to avoid the presence of a would-be admirer, who was thirty years her senior, and whose disgusting manners were the theme of familiar conversation. In fact, she was obliged, at length, in the hope of getting rid of further importunities, to treat him with marked coldness. In revenge, the insulting missive described above was sent to this pattern of female loveliness, one whom the black breath of slander had, as yet, never dared to tarnish.—Mortification on its reception, sank deep in her sensitive bosom—a tattling servant told the fact to a few malicious gossips, and soon the news was discussed and commented on throughout the neighborhood, particularly by those who were envious of the fair fame of the lady in question.—They took every opportunity of repeating the vile slander, and at length the young lady appeared completely prostrated by these repeated proofs of human malice. She became of shadowy form and tearful face, pining visibly away. One morning the sun arose, but not the invalid—she was discovered with the fatal "Valentine" enclosed within her grasp, with an intensity which the frost of death had frozen fast! This is no fiction, but words of sober truth, and the sender of that Valentine was guilty of murder in a moral, if not a criminal point of view. No malicious Valentine can produce any other feelings than those of mortification or sorrow, and by sending one, you but display that evil in your fallen nature which leads you to delight in another's pain.—*Balt. Argus.*

First Sabbath School in the U. S.

The first Sabbath School in the United States, probably—was established in Ohio. This was gathered by a Mrs. Archibald Lake, in the stockade at Marietta, in March, 1791.

She was grieved to see the children of the garrison spending the Sabbath afternoons in frivolous amusements; and she collected them together in her own dwelling, where she taught them the Westminster catechism, and lessons from the Bible. Her scholars, about twenty in number, and consisting only of the younger children, were much interested in listening to her simple and affectionate instruction.

Mrs. Lake continued her school for four or five years while the war lasted, after which she removed to Rainbow, on the Muskingum, and her school was broken up. It is not a little singular that one among the very first, perhaps the first Sabbath school that was ever established in America, should have been found in these western wilds, far beyond the bounds of civilization, in a garrison surrounded by hostile Indians, and continued through all the sufferings and privations of that war.

Several of the present church members at Marietta were taught in this school.

"NONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF."—God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks it on its stem, upon the rainbow that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun that warms and cleers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all he has written, "None of us liveth to himself."

Sir Charles Scarborough, a student of alternatives in his advice to the Duchess of Portsmouth were, "You must eat less or use more exercise, or take physic, or be sick."