

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

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Select Poetry.

THE SHADOW IN THE VALLEY.

There's a mossy, shady valley
Where the waters wind and flow,
And the daisies sleep in winter
'Neath a coverlid of snow;
And violets, blue-eyed violets,
Bloom in beauty in the spring,
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelit,
'Till they seem to laugh and sing.
But in autumn, when the sunlight
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,
Shadows darken in the valley,
Shadows ominous and still;
And the yellow leaves, like banners
Of an elfin host that's fled,
Tinged with gold and royal purple,
Flutter sadly overhead.
And those shadows, gloomy shadows,
Like dim phantoms on the ground,
Stretch their dreary length forever
On a daisy-covered mound;
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,
But the angels loved her too,
So she's sleeping in the valley,
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.
And no slab of pallid marble
Bears its white and ghostly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley
Of the virtues of the dead;
But a lily is her tombstone,
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph of angels
Written in stillness of the night.
And I'm mournful, very mournful,
For my soul doth ever crave
For the fading of the shadow,
From that little woodland grave;
For the memory of the loved one
From my soul will never part,
And those shadows in the valley
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

A Story for Children.

A GOOD DEED IN SEASON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Get away with you, you dirty old beggar-boy. I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at our flowers?" The speaker was a little boy, not more than eleven years old, and though people sometimes called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were just opening themselves to the sunshine. Oh! it was a great joy to look at them as they bowed gracefully to the light wind their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path, that curved around a small arbor, where the young grape clusters that lay hidden among the large leaves wrote a beautiful prophecy for the autumn.

A white falling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar-boy, so rudely addressed, was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged, I am afraid, little children, you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved him!

He was looking, with all his soul in his eyes, on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, and his heart softened while he leaned on his arm on the fence railing and forgot everything in that long, absorbed gaze.—Ah! it was seldom the beggar boy saw any thing good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort a little girl sprang out from the arbor, and looked eagerly from one child to the other. She was very fair, with soft, hazel eyes, over which drooped long, shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her bare, white shoulders, and her lips were the color of the crimson tulip blossom.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers as long as he wants to."

"Well, Helen," urged the brother, slightly mollified, and slightly ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now, that's all a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure, if the flowers can do any body any good, we ought to be very glad little boy"—and the child turned to the beggar-boy, and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince—"I'll pick you some of the tulips if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated the child's

brother, as he turned away, and with a low whistle sauntered down the path, feeling very uncomfortable—for her conduct was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips, and there were a great variety of these, and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them, and thanked her.

Oh! the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great price" into the black, torrid billows of the boy's life, and the after-years should bring it up, beautiful and bright again.

Twelve years had passed. The little blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips had opened their lips had opened their lids of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as they had twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's blue overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes wandering eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank, pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the lady and gentleman.

"Look here, Edward," she said, "I'll pluck him some of the flowers. It has always pleased me to see people admiring them," and releasing her husband's arm, she approached the paling, saying—and the smile round her lips was very like the old, child one—"Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair sweet face—"Twelve years ago, this very month," he said, in a voice deep, and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged, little beggar-boy. Twelve years ago you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made a new boy—yes, and they made man of me, too. Your face has been a light, my dear, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar-boy can stand on the old place, and say to you, though he's an humble and hard working man, yet, thank God, he's an honest one."

Tear drops trembled like morning dew on the shining lashes of the lady, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and listened in absorbed astonishment to the workman's words. "God," she said, "put it into my child's heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see how great is the reward that He has given me!"

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there—over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her golden hair, and over the proud looking gentleman at her side. Altogether, it was a picture for a painter, but the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something more than a picture there.

A Charming Sketch.

Go back Rose; you're too little to come.

BY ELLEN LOUISA CHANDLER.

There were three of us—Kate, Annette and myself—and we were going into the old wood to hunt for strawberries. Oh! it was such a delicious day in June. The birds sang till the air was fairly vocal with their melody, and all the green trees nodded their heads in approbation. The very brook seemed to have caught the general inspiration, and danced along the meadows, as if keeping time to a quickstep of the fairies.

Annette Somers and I had been invited to spend the half-holiday with our schoolmate Kate Harrington. Deacon Harrington's old fashioned, brown house fronted toward the South. Behind it stretched a broad, green meadow, and still farther back was a densely wooded acclivity, famous for flowers and berries in the geography of every child in Ryefield. I used to love to look at Deacon Harrington's old brown house, even in those early days, when I had not a well-defined idea of artistic taste in my curly head. I know now that it combined to an eminent degree the elements of the picturesque. The low roof which sloped backward nearly the ground, was gray with moss. Ivy crept about the windows, and over the rustic porch twined climbing roses, along with heavy clusters of trumpet creeper.

There was a rude seat at the doorway, made of the little boughs of the white birch, twisted together in fantastic fashion, and here grandmother Harrington was wont to sit, with her gray woolen knitting work. Oh! what a treat we used to think it to

spend a half holiday with Kate Harrington. "I wish I were you, Kate," exclaimed Annette, after we had spent half the long summer afternoon chasing butterflies, and arranging a vegetable baby-house with hollyhocks, for our ladies' parasols, and teapots manufactured out of veritable poppy-pods. "I wish I were you, and then I could be happy all day long, with nothing to trouble me."

"You could, could you?" and Kate's cheeks flushed, as she put away from them her heavy bands of black hair—"you think so, and that's all you know about it. I have a thousand things to vex me.—There's Rose, for instance. Mother expects me to be constantly taking care of her and she's the greatest little torment you ever saw. By the way, girls, let's start after those strawberries in the wood, now she's out of sight for a minute, so she won't tease us with us!"

We were just about half way across the meadow, when we heard a sweet voice crying: "Please, sister Kate; Rose wants to go too."

I turned round, I remember, and tho' how beautiful was the little creature coming toward us. She was very unlike her sister Kate. Kate was a brunette, but the little white robed figure tripping across the meadow had a pale, spiritual face, and long curls of golden hair falling to her tiny waist. There was a flush on her cheek, and a look of eager, beseeching interest in her large, blue eyes; and she stretched her dimpled arms toward us, and kept crying in her earnestness: "Please, girls, wait for Rose."

A look of vexation crossed Kate's face, and she called out in a tone of extreme irritability: "Go back, Rose, you're too little to come! Go back! go back!"

Kate always had a way of being minded, and the little one put her fingers to her eyes, and silently turned toward the house. We hurried on in the direction of the wood, without giving a single glance backward. I think Kate's conscience reproached her for her selfishness, and I know that my own pleasure was spoiled for the afternoon. We found plenty of strawberries red and ripe, among their bed of leaves. There were little blue eyed blossoms, too, that kept reminding me of Rosie, and I was not sorry when the sunset shadows lengthened, and we turned to go home.

We had gone down the hill out of the wood, and crossed several rods of the meadow-land, when Kate said, in hoarse whisper:—"See there, girls, what is that white thing by the brook? Do you see it?"

We saw it, and hurried toward it. It was Rose. At first we thought she was dead—scarcely seemed the faintest breath to steal from her parted lips, and the pulsations of her heart were so weak you could scarcely feel them. She was in a kind of trance-like sleep. It was some time before we succeeded in waking her, and then her limbs seemed chilled and stiffened by the subtle dampness of the meadow land atmosphere. She could not stand. How many times that afternoon the little darling had begged us to "make a chair" for her with our hands, and we had answered that we couldn't stop. We made one now. She twined her dimpled arms about our necks, and held on very tight, but she didn't speak, except once, and then she only said, "Ain't I most big enough, sister Kate?"

Mrs. Harrington met us at the door with a wild look of alarm. "Good heavens, Kate!" she exclaimed; "what's the matter with Rose?" Any taking her from our arms, she discovered that her clothes were almost saturated with moisture. "Kate, child, why don't you speak? Has Rose been in water?"

"No, ma'am; but she went into the meadow and got to sleep, and we found her there sleeping."

"Oh, how were anxious hearts in Deacon Harrington's brown house that night. Very tenderly was the suffering little Rose cradled on her mother's breast, but not once did she speak coherently. Her cheeks burned, and her eyes sparkled with fever; her dimpled arms were toiled above her head and every little while, between her moans, she would stretch out her hands toward some imaginary object and say: "Please, sister Kate, isn't Rose most big enough?"

Three days passed—days of incessant watching and weariness, and toward evening the little Rose opened her blue eyes, after a restless slumber. She seemed much better, and the mother glanced hopefully up to the kind physician bending over her. "I cannot say she's better madam. God knows I wish I could; but Rose must die before midnight!" and the tears stood in

glittering drops on the good man's cheeks. The mother's great grief was not noisy. She quietly lifted her darling from the bed and sat down with her in her arms. Kate stood by, sobbing as if already the brand of Cain were upon her brow.

"Please, mamma," said the little one at length—"am I big enough to go to Heaven?"

"Yes, darling" was the tearful answer. "Jesus loves little children."

"And, mamma, do you s'pose he'll forgive me for sitting down in the meadows to watch Kate, when you told me I must not ever stay there?"

"Yes, my pet, the good Saviour will forgive you for anything, if you are only sorry; but Rosie doesn't want to go to Heaven, and leave mother does she?"

"I heard somebody say I must go, when I was asleep, mother; a beautiful lady, with oh! such white, shining wings, and she stretched out her arms to take me but I didn't go. I woke up just to kiss you and sister once more. Please kiss me, Katie, 'till Rose won't be naughty up in Heaven, and I'll grow big before you come. Katy, so I can play with you up there!"

There were tears, sighs, and a little coffin. The rose bud opened its petals on the bosom of Jesus. The little earth flower was "big enough for Heaven!"

Queer Bits.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

To Keep Flies from Meat.—Rub the meat well with salt and then sink it at the bottom of a tub of water. It will be perfectly safe from all flies.

To Open a Desk or Work box when the Key is Lost.—Take a good strong iron wedge or an old axe. Insert the edge at the side of the lock and strike it a few vigorous blows, when the desk or box will open without the aid of a key.

To Make Sponge Cake.—Get a nice piece of velvet sponge at the druggist.—Cover it with a thin paste, and bake lightly fifteen minutes. Cut with a sharp knife and serve with cold water.

To measure yourself for a pair of shoes.—Let the cook make a large batch of dough of the best quality of flour. When this is properly made, put your foot in it and let it be placed in the oven with your foot until it is completely baked. The model thus left will be just the measure of your foot and an excellent guide for the shoemaker.

THE WINE GLASS.
Who hath weep? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who hath
wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the
wine! They that go to
seek mixed wine; look
not when upon the
wine when upon the
color in the
cup;
when it
moveth itself
aright,
At
the last
it lieth like a
serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

TWISTING A TWIST.

When a twister twisting, will twist him a twist:
For the twisting his twist, he three twines doth
outwit;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist;
The twine that untwisteth, twisteth the twist.
Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twists with his twister the twine in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twine.
The twine that in twining before in the twine,
As twines were untwisted, he now doth untwine;
'Twill the twine untwisting a twine more be-
tween,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the

LITERARY MOSAIC.

"The curlew tolls the knell of parting day,
In every clime, from Lapland to Japan;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Tell! for you can, what is it to be wise,
Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain?
'The man of Ross' each hissing babe replies,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain
Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Far as the solar walk or milky way?
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
'Tis education forms the common mind,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul;
I must be cruel only to be kind,
And wait a sigh from Indus to the pole.
Sphinx! I joy to meet thee thus alone,
Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
In maiden meditation fancy free.
Farewell! and whoso'er thy voice be tried,
Why to yon mountain turns the gazing eye,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
That teach the rustic moralist to die,
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast
Laugh where we must be candid where we can,
Man never is, but always to be blest."

Miscellany.

Variety's the very spice of Life.

THE GUNNER'S SHOT.

A THRILLING STORY OF FACT.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle wind sweeping to the northward and westward, but, towards the close of the afternoon, the sea breezes died away, and one of those sultry oven-like breathings came from the great sunburnt Sahara. Half an hour before sun down, the captain gave the order to the boatswain to call the hand to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the rettings, the bowsprit, and some of the more venturesome took their leap from the arms of lower yard. One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into this the swimmers made their way.

Among those, who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two of the boys, Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood, they started out from the scudding sail on race. There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off, and they started through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long and heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic. The vessel was moored, with a long sweep from both cables, and the buoy on the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the swells like a drunken man.

Towards the buoy the lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead, but when they were within twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast deal of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the poop, and was on the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached him that made him start as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

"A shark! a shark!" came from the captain of the forecastle, and at the sound of the terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right abeam, at the distance of three or four cables' length, a shark wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys. For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next, he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but the little fellows heard him not. Stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the fearful death spirit that hovered so near them.—Their merry laugh still rang out over the waters, and at length they both touched the buoy together.

Oh! what drops of agony started from the brow of our old gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach them in sea-on, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight, and then he knew that all hope would be gone.

At that moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy! The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought, he sprang to the quarter deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand, made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming-wire and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns—then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer, and set in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a steady giant strength the old man swayed the breach of his heavy gun to its bearing, and then, seizing the string lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance of his mark, but yet a single moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, whilst the horrible sea monster was fearfully near. Suddenly, the air was awoken by the roar of a heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back on the combing of the hatch, and covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his efforts, for if he had failed he knew that the boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence, but as the smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was at first a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men; that murmur grew louder and stronger, until it swelled to a joyous deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed out upon the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark, floating with his belly up, a mangled mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright, they brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon the gun for support. I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense, but never have I seen three hundred human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that eventful moment, when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.—*Journal of an English Naval Officer.*

Scenes on the Ocean Floor.

Besides the countless varieties of the faucus, the bottom of the sea is overgrown with the curled, deep purple leaves of the sea lettuce, with large porous lichens, and many branched, hollow algae, full of life and motion in their rosy little bladders, thickly set with ever moving tiny arms.

These plants from sub marine forests, growing one into another, in apparently lawless order; here interlacing their branches, there forming bowers and long avenues; at one time thriving abundantly, till the thicket seems impenetrable, and then again leaving large openings between world and world, where smaller plants form a beautiful pink turf. There a thousand hues and tinges shine and glitter, in each changing light. In the indulgence of their luxurious growth, the fuci especially seem to gratify every whim and freak. Creeping close to the ground, or sending long stretched arms, crowned with waving plumes up to the blessed light of heaven, they form pale green sea groves where there is neither moon nor stars, or rise up nearer the surface, to be transcendent rich and gorgeous in bright green gold and purple. And, through this dream-like scene, playing in all the colors of the rainbow, and deep under the hollow briny ocean, there sails and chases each other merrily, gaily painted mollusks and bright, shining fishes. Snails of every shape creep slowly along the streams, while huge, gray haired seals hang with their enormous tusks on large tall trees. There is the gigantic dugong, the siren of the ancients, the side long shark with his leaden eyes, the thick haired sea leopard, and sluggish turtle. Look how these strange ill-shaped forms, which ever keep their dreamless sleep, far down in the gloomy deep, stir themselves from time to time! See how they drive each other from their rich pastures, how they awaken in the storms, rising like islands from beneath, and snoring through the angry spray! Perhaps they gaze peacefully in the unbroken cool of the ocean's deep bed, when lo! a hungry shark comes slyly, silently around that grove; its glassy eyes, shine ghost like with a yellow sheen, and seek their prey. The sea dog first becomes aware of the proximity of his dreaded enemy, and seeks refuge in the thickest recesses of the focus forest. The oyster closes its shell with a clap, and throws itself into the deep hollow? the turtle conceals its head and feet under its impenetrable armor, and disappears slowly downward; the playful little fish disappears in the branches of the macrocystis; lobsters hide under the thick, clumsily shapen rooks, and the young walrus alone turns boldly round and faces the intruder with his sharp pointed teeth. The shark seeks to gain his unprotected side. The battle commences both seek the forest; their fins become entangled in the closely interwoven branches; at last the more agile shark succeeds in wounding his adversary's side. Despairing of life the bleeding walrus tries to conceal his last agony in the woods, but bided by pain and blood, he fastens himself among the branches, and soon falls an easy prey to the shark, who greedily devours him.

How the President is Elected.

Instead of voting directly for President and Vice President, as for other public officers, the citizens of each of the United States vote for electors, who meet and cast the vote of their respective States. The whole number of electoral votes is 293, distributed as follows: Maine 3, New Hampshire 3, Vermont 3, Massachusetts 13, Rhode Island 4, Connecticut 6, New York 35, New Jersey 7, Pennsylvania 27, Delaware 3, Maryland 8, Virginia 15, North Carolina 10, South Carolina 8, Georgia 10, Florida 3, Alabama 9, Mississippi 7, Louisiana 6, Texas 4, Tennessee 12, Kentucky 12, Missouri 9, Arkansas 4, Ohio 23, Indiana 13, Illinois 11, Michigan 6, Wisconsin 5, Iowa 4, California 4. In case no candidate is elected by the electoral college, the election is made by the House of Representatives, each State casting a single vote.

Spanish Atrocities in Holland.

In the year 1567, Philip the Second of Spain, sent the Duke of Alva with an army of 10,000 men to reduce the low Countries then in a state of revolt. He was successful, and soon re-established the Spanish rule. Then commenced a series of cruelties unparalleled in the history of the world. The tens of thousands in those miserable provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword the stake, the living grave or to living banishment, have never been counted; for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow creatures to suffer was omitted from daily practice—Men, women, and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake. Men were burned, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before a slow fire, pinched to death with red-hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved and flayed alive. Their skins stripped from the living body, were stretched upon drums to be beaten in the match of their brethren to the gallows. The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their festering remains hanged upon a gibbet on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury. Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of the Government, that rich heiresses might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred. Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile. Such was the regular course of affairs as administered by the Blood-Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the sack and ruin of those blazing and starting cities are almost beyond belief; unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers; women and children were violated by thousands; and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which cruelty, in its wanton ingenuity, could devise.

The Muses.

The Muses are described in mythology as daughters of Jupiter Mnemosyne. They were believed to preside over music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number. Calliope presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a loose rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet. Clio was the goddess of history, and is represented holding a half open scroll. Melpomene, the inventor and goddess of tragedy, is represented as holding a tragic mask or bowl and dagger. Erato presided over lyric, tender, and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with roses and myrtle, holding a lyre in her hand. Terpsichore was the goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel and holding a musical instrument. Urania, the muse of astronomy, is represented as holding a globe and a rod, with which she points out objects. Thalia was the patroness of comedy. She was called "the blooming one," with fair flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

Polymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a scepter in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harrangue.

Do Good.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh man immortal! Live for something—Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands who come in contact with you year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as eligible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—*American Agriculturist.*

"Man's home is in the grave!
Here dwell the multitude; we gaze around,
We read their monuments, we sigh, and while
We sigh, we sink."