

Romance in Real Life.

Mr. C—, assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknowing, and almost unknown, by the neighborhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and singular stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally inviting him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit at this clergyman's, he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing-tub. He looked at the girl a moment, and thus accosted her: "My girl, would you like to get married? because if you would, I will marry you." "Lord, sir! this is a strange question from a man I never saw in my life before."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Jones, "but I am serious, and will leave you till ten o'clock to-morrow to consider of it; I will then call on you again, and if your father consents, we will be married on the following day."

He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he thus addressed him: "Sir, I have seen your daughter, I should like her for a wife, and I am come to ask your consent." "This proposal," answered the old man, "is very extraordinary from a stranger. Pray, sir, who are you?" "Sir," replied Mr. J., "you have a right to ask this question; my name is Jones; the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and if it be necessary, I can purchase your house and farm and half the neighborhood."

Another hour's conversation brought all parties to one mind, and the friendly clergyman aforementioned, united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement, and were blessed with two children. Mr. J. employed the greater part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his own origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; coming to a magnificent one, "this, my dear," said he, "is B—'s house, the seat of the earl of E., and, if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it, it is an elegant house and will probably amuse you."

The nobleman who possessed this mansion had lately died. He once had a nephew who, in the gaities of his youth, had incurred some debts, on account of which he had retired from fashionable life on about £200 per annum, and had not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, the hero of our story, who now took possession of the house, title, and estate, and is the present earl of E.—!—[English paper.]

TUNNEL AT CHICAGO.—The voters of Chicago, by a majority of 290 votes, have decided in favor of constructing a tunnel under the river. It is supposed that the tunnel will answer the purpose of the present bridges. The bridges cost \$12,000 each, and the expense of repairs and tenders for 1850 was about \$2,000 each. It is estimated that the tunnel will prove a saving of money to the city in ten years, besides doing away with the bridge nuisance.

CLERICAL STRIKE.—One of our Presbyterians exchanges says: "What has often been remarked upon jokingly, has come to pass. Ministers have struck for higher pay—not to say wages. A body of Unitarian clergymen held a convention in Boston recently, and fixed a tariff of prices for occasional supplies. They agreed that ministers without charge, supplying vacant pulpits, either by request of churches or pastors, should receive pay varying from \$12 to \$25, and expenses, according to the salaries paid. They voted unanimously not to supply a single Sabbath on any less terms."

How to Live Long.

It is the easiest thing in the world, perhaps, to secure a long life, provided there is a moderately good constitution to start with, and provided no accident intervenes. Yet how few there are who seem to be aware of this! If persons are to be judged by their conduct, indeed, we might conclude that nothing could be done to prolong life, but that it depended entirely on chance whether adult years were attained, whether death came at forty, or whether existence was prolonged to the scriptural "three score years and ten."

The laws of life, however, are as immutable and regular as those of astronomy.—Whoever lives according to those laws may reasonably calculate on a good old age.—Whoever systematically violates them may as certainly expect to shorten his existence. The human body is, in truth, but a machine; and, like all other machines, it may be worn out before its time by abuse and neglect. Excesses on the one hand, or want of exercise on the other, will tear it prematurely to pieces, or allow it to rust away.—Too little work, or too much, will alike prove fatal to a prolonged existence.

Americans violate the laws of life principally through their excesses. In early manhood, excess in convivial enjoyments, and even in worse kinds of dissipation, is unfortunately too common. But excess is far from ceasing even with mature manhood. With energetic persons, the desire to achieve a fortune has, at this period of life, generally succeeded to the pleasure-seeking phase of earlier years. The man, still radically unchanged, pursues business with as much avidity as ever he sought recreation. Early and late he is at his work, overtaking his mind, and exhausting his body by undue labor. At first, indeed, he does not feel the effects of his indiscretion. Morning finds him refreshed by the repose of the night; he seems to himself as vigorous as ever; and he returns to his pursuits with the same eagerness, the same tenacity, the same folly as before. But nature at last avenges herself. By middle age he is already an old man. Or, perhaps, he suddenly breaks down, even at an earlier period, becoming a confirmed valetudinarian, the victim of dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, nervous disorders, or possibly a complication of all four.

If men would attain to the allotted term of life, they must shun excess in work, therefore, as well as in pleasure. To kill oneself by a greedy haste after riches, is as much a moral suicide as to destroy one's life by wine, by tobacco, by dining out, by late hours.—It is not sufficient, however, to avoid excess merely, in order to arrive at "three score and ten." Judicious exercise must be mingled with habits of moderate living. Personal cleanliness must be preserved by bathing, by frequent changes of linen, and by friction of the skin to induce a healthy state of that membrane. Many an excellent clergyman has shortened his days involuntarily by remaining in his study, when he should have been sawing wood in the cellar, walking in the fresh air, or galloping over breezy hills. Many an individual, in both sexes, has brought on disease by neglecting to keep the pores of the body properly opened. The fashionable practice of turning day into night, and night into day, is also an enemy to length of years. There is no light so beautiful as God's free sunlight. The fair, fresh complexion of most Quaker girls, and the comparatively faded ones of fashionable women, is a testimony, present before us all, in favor of regular hours, and against gas-lit ball-rooms. Plenty of light, also, even in day time, conduces to health. The inhabitants of dark courts, like prisoners, wilt and grow wan.

A long life is rarely the lot of a passionate person. Indeed, only an iron constitution can withstand frequently recurring tempests of anger, hate, jealousy, and other evil emotions. Literally is such an individual "given over to a demon," to be racked and

torn, year after year, till life escapes beneath the torture. To be just, moderate and true, is to be, almost certainly, sexagenarian.—Yet indolence, either of body or mind, much less of both, is almost as fatal to a protracted existence as excess in pursuit of fortune, or in the chase of pleasure. Nature is never idle, and will not allow a man to be so, without dwarfing his intellect and shortening his days. But as few Americans permit themselves to rust out, we dismiss this part of our subject without further comment.

Who will be wise and live long? Who foolish, and die prematurely? Either course is before you, reader.

NO MOTHER.—"She has no mother!" What a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single utterance—no mother! We must go far down the hard, rough path of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, before we can take home to our own experience the dread reality—no mother—without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail young girl, just passing from childhood toward the life of womanhood, how sad is the story summed up in that one short sentence! Who now shall administer the needed counsel—who now shall check the wayward fancies—who now shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daughter?

Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of sorrow be overfilled by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of her doing? Is she forgetful of duty? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh, remember, "she has no mother!" When her young companions are gay and joyous, does she sit sorrowing? Does she pass with a languid step and a downcast eye, when you would fain witness the gushing and overflowing gladness of youth? Chide her not—for she is motherless; and the great sorrow comes down upon her soul like an incubus. Can you gain her confidence, can you win her love? Come then to the motherless with the boon of your tenderest care, and by the memory of your own mother, already, perhaps, passed away,—by the fullness of your own remembered sorrow—by the possibility that your own child may yet be motherless,—contribute, so far as you may, to relieve the sorrow and repair the loss of that fair, frail child, who is written, motherless.—[Portland Eclectic.]

THE GODDESS OF REASON.—In a Paris paper of August 1st, 1817, we find among the obituaries the following announcement:

"Died, within these few days, in the hospital of pauper lunatics of St. Petrie, where she had lived unpitied and unknown for many years, the famous Theroigne de Mericourt (the Goddess of Reason,) the most remarkable of the heroines of the Revolution."

This female was seated upon a throne by Carnot and Fouche, in the Champ de Mars, and hailed alternately as the Goddess of Reason and the Goddess of Liberty. There was something remarkable in the latter days of this poor creature, and her life is not without its moral. She, who was publicly taught to blaspheme her Creator, and to dishonor her sex, was for the last twenty years of her miserable life, subject to the greatest of human calamities—the deprivation of reason. She repented severely of her horrible crimes, and her few lucid intervals were filled up by the most heart-rending lamentations. She died at the age of 57. This is another awful warning to the living atheists, radicals, and "free thinking Christians," who are now following in the steps of the French revolution.

LAND OWNERS IN FRANCE.—The tax books for the year 1854, show that 12,000,000 of the inhabitants, or one in three, own land, with or without buildings upon it. It may be safely said, that in no country, and at no period, has there ever been such a general subdivision of the soil. Some of the lots are very small, but nevertheless the holder is a landed proprietor, and proud of the title.

TREED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.—Some years ago, Prof. Larabee visited Portland, Maine. He had been strolling in the neighborhood, and was out till nightfall, which found him a mile or two from his quarters. He started homeward, and soon came to an inlet for the tide water, spanned by a railroad bridge, nearly half a mile in length. One of the three alternatives must be chosen—to walk about an extra mile to the head of tide water—and to this his tired legs shook a remonstrance—or stay there and wait until the evening train from Boston came in and then cross—and to this his empty stomach demurred with earnest supplication; or to cross now on the bridge and risk it. His reason protested that was dangerous, but the legs and stomach had a majority of two-thirds, and carried the question.

Over he started—he had got about one third of the way across, when he heard the scream of the steam whistle, and looking back, saw the "lightning train" coming on, at forty miles an hour. To get back was impossible; to outrun it was equally difficult; to stand by the side of the track on that narrow bridge, with a considerable specimen of the "deep blue sea" beneath, was inexpedient. What should he do? One thinks very fast under such circumstances. On came the train—louder shrieked the whistle; the bridge was gained and the Professor was on it. At this moment his eye caught sight of the telegraph post standing beside the bridge. He ran to it, caught hold of it and cooned up in very undignified haste, while the screaming, snorting, galloping train dashed by. As soon as his nervous excitement calmed down, he descended and walked slowly "supperward." He thinks, however, that "climbing the pole" is a serious matter, owns up to having been treed by a locomotive and escaped by telegraph.—[Brookville American.]

A MAN BEFORE ADAM.—A conglomerate work, to use a geological phrase, has lately been published in Philadelphia, entitled "The Types of Mankind," made up of contributions from the late Dr. Morton, Agassiz, Usher, Nott and Gliddon. This work is destined to create something of a commotion in the religious world. The idea of the unity of the race of man is totally discarded by the authors, one and all. Dr. Usher makes the astounding statement in this work that a human fossil has been found in New Orleans, in the course of some excavations in that city, to which a pre-Adamite age is attributed. According to his authority, the skeleton of a man, of the conformation of our native Indians, was discovered at a depth of sixteen feet, lying below a succession of four fossil cypress forests, to each of which the age of 14,000 years is given. Agassiz is said to have accepted this as a fact, and based upon it his assertion that man existed upon the earth at least 150,000 years ago.—The theologian must either disprove this statement or be compelled to admit a new exegesis of Holy Writ.

The Evening Post is responsible for the above. We do not see how the fact that Dr. Usher makes an "astounding statement" about a "human fossil to which a pre-Adamite age is attributed," or even that said skeleton was found at the depth of sixteen feet, below "four fossil forests, to each of which the age of 14,000 years is given," is an adequate basis for all that is here piled upon it. Considering the volume of the mighty Mississippi, the liberties it takes with its banks, the rapid growth and luxuriance of vegetation in that semi-tropical region, and the concurrence of natural convulsions in producing physical changes, we think he must be a bold rather than a safe generalizer who could deduce with any confidence from such a data as are here given the conclusion that Man has existed on this earth 14,000 years, much less than 150,000. We do not propose to dogmatize in turn; but we cannot believe "the theologian" is "compelled to admit a new exegesis" on any such grounds as these.—[N. Y. Tribune.]