

AN UNDERGROUND MARRIAGE.

A correspondent of the Morning Star, a teacher in Whitestown seminary, thus describeth the scenes:

I have spent the most of my vacation in company with a party of geologists from New England and this State, formed by Prof. Agassiz, for the purpose of examining the rocks of this State, collecting their characteristic fossils, &c. We travelled about 1500 miles, and of course witnessed some rare exhibitions of Nature in her sublimer moods.

I can hardly refrain from giving some account of a novel scene that we witnessed in the celebrated Hove's Cave of Schoharie Co. Some of the readers of the Star remember that this cave, opening at the base of a hill, extends within the same, in a horizontal direction, 12 miles, and has been explored with its side passages 25 miles.

If they have visited the cave with ladies they remember that a female guide, the daughter of the proprietor conducted them through those subterranean passages.

This fair heroine has closed her labors as a guide in this great Natural Wonder, and has engaged to conduct one trusting friend through the long, dark and unknown future.

On arriving at the cave about sunset to spend the night in exploring its dark recesses, we learned that the wedding party would enter about 8 o'clock, proceed as far as convenient without change of dress, consummate the nuptials, and return to the home of the bride. We concluded to witness the scene before equipping ourselves for our night's labors.

At the appointed time a large party commenced its solemn but grand march, each male member carrying a lamp in which oil was not wanting. No instrumental music was needed, for the still small voice of Nature filled every soul with music sublime. Arriving at Washington Hall we found it brilliantly illuminated. The bridal party with a few attendants occupied an elevated platform of solid rock, a hymeneal altar built even before Adam and Eve vowed and sacrificed thereon.

All things being ready, the clergyman began his service with the expression, "In the presence of God!"—I never heard a truth more impressive—and ended the characteristic marriage ceremony of the Dutch Reformed Church, by pronouncing them "in His solemn presence, husband and wife."

Do you imagine that there was any of the usual thoughtlessness and frivolity there? Do you imagine that an event so momentous, that a ceremony instituted by High Heaven was there converted into a sacrilegious farce?

We were now ordered to collect in one end of the hall and extinguish our lights.—when there opened upon us such a display of fire works as human eye has seldom seen—the whizzing of the fire wheels, the detonations of the rockets resounding and re-resounding through earth's great bosom, conspired with the preceding ceremonies to awaken in the mind of every one the loftiest sublimity. Why not? What a place!! What an occasion!

Many a time throughout our tour, in examining the works of Nature, we had thought we distinctly heard the majestic tread of Divinity—we were sure we had listened to the voices of earth and nature, and of God Himself—we were confident, while we were cleaving from their rocky tombs the relics of past existences, that we were reading a page of the world's history written ages before it was fitted for the abode of man, but such a wedding scene in such a cave was more soul-inspiring than they all.

Yours truly,

J. S. GARDNER.

"He who marries for wealth, thinks nothing of the relation."

CAREER OF A POET.

It is seventy years ago since George Crabbe published his poem of "The Village." His age was twenty-two. He was then in orders, and was domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. But what a life the young man had passed through before he attained that social position! Born in what was then a wretched fishing hamlet, Aldborough, roughly brought up, imperfectly educated, apprenticed to a surgeon without means to complete his professional studies, lingering hopelessly about his native place, he at last resolved to cast himself upon the wide ocean of London, and tempt the fearful dangers that belong to the career of a literary adventurer. Here he struggled and starved for a year. During the first three months of his London life, he sent manuscript poems to the booksellers, Dodsley and Becket, which they civilly declined. He addressed verses to Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who informed him that his avocations did not leave him leisure to read verses.—He sold his clothes and his books, and pawned his watch and his surgical instruments. His one coat was torn, and he mended it himself. He was at last reduced to eighteen pence, but the brave man never despaired. He had a strong sense of religion, and he was deeply attached to one who became his wife after thirteen years of untiring constancy. His faith and his love held him up, and kept him out of degradation.

At last he wrote a letter to Edmund Burke. It contained this passage:

"In April last I came to London with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessaries of life till my abilities should procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion."

Burke saved Crabbe from the fate of many a one who perished in those days when patronage was dying out, and before the various resources for the literary laborer that belong to the extension of reading had begun to exist. Burke persuaded Dodsley to publish "The Library," and the Bishop of Norwich to ordain its author without a degree. His lot in life was fixed. Thurlow invited him to dinner, and telling him he was "as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen," gave him two small livings. He published "The Village" in 1773, and the "Newspaper" in 1785. From that time to 1807, the world had forgotten that a real poet, of very original talents, had appeared for a short season, and was no more heard of. When Crabbe was fifty-three years of age, he again published a poem. This was "The Parish Register." "The Borough" speedily followed. His "Tales" were in the same line. Their success was triumphant.—The author whose worldly possessions were reduced to 3d in 1790, sold the copy-right of his poems, 1817, to Mr. Murray, for £3000.

FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.

The number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 8064—587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa and 1264 in America. The inhabitants of the globe profess more than 1000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women.—The average of human life is about 28 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of seven years; one-half before reaching seventeen; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity which is refused to one-half the human species; to every 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 only six reach the age of 65; & not more than one in 500 lives eighty years of age. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; and of these 333,333,333 died every year; 91,334 every day; 3,780 every hour; and 60 every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived