

raised the toil-hardened hand, and brushed away the sign of regret. He made a well-meant but awkward mark of obeisance, and opening the door, had one foot across the threshold, when the president called him back.

The ploughboy was, in a few minutes, hired as a man of all work, and boot-black to ——— College.

The next scene which we give the reader, was in a new and magnificent church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in death-like silence to the burning eloquence of the minister of heaven, who delivered the mission of his Master from the altar. The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age—of striking and impressive appearance—piercing and intellectual eye, and high intellectual forehead.

Every eye is fixed on him—every lip is hushed; and every ear, with nervous intensity, drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator.

Who, in all that throng, would recognize in the famed, the learned, the eloquent president of ——— College, Pennsylvania, the humble boot-black of ——— College, in Kentucky.—*Exchange.*

From the Morning Herald.

FICTION OUTDONE.

This is the third anniversary of that famous *coup d'état* from which so many results have flown, and are still in embryo. It seems but yesterday when the deed was done, and Paris looked on in stupid amazement. I saw, on that day, Napoleon ride through the large masses of cavalry, which, lining the great avenue of the Champs Elysees, were drawn up to receive him. His flushed cheek and fevered eye were witnesses of the fiery commotion which burned within that silent soul; and, as boldly and right martially he galloped up the lines, I saw, too, in my mind's eye, some of those tracks of blood which are since visible on the map of Europe. Lord Palmerston was the first to applaud the deed, and thereby lose his place. And on Monday last, within four short days of this anniversary, Lord Palmerston, the hope of England, and once more in powerful place, was witness to a similar scene in the Champs Elysees. But how changed the circumstances. Then the burning volcano was limited to the breast of him who had taken alike his pledged oath and public opinion by the beard, and, flinging himself on the magic charm of his name, had perilled body and soul on the cast of a die. Now, the fiery element is everywhere but with him; the world is in flames, while he, calm as a philosopher in his studio, paces his war horse through the ranks of that splendid Imperial Guard, which, in richness of caparison, in brilliancy of discipline, is unequalled in Europe, and is the mark of his own hand. From palace windows the eye of his beautiful Empress watches the chivalrous array, and Napoleon the adventurer, the oath-breaker, the gentlest, but most resolute of despots, strides his handsome charger, and receives the salutations of his legions, like some hereditary prince, the elected of God, and the ordained controller of his creatures.

Verily romance is bereft of its wand in the presence of the realities of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MORNING STAR.

The present condition of Continental Europe is most alarming. Many are the causes which have produced the emasculation of Southern Europe, and which have especially so impetuously urged their

decline since the middle of last century. But foremost among these enfeebling and relaxing causes must be placed *superstition*. It was not their climate, nor their luxury, that enfeebled the Romans, and made them give back before the sword of the barbarians; it was their Paganism. So long as that Paganism was a living belief, and powerful enough to sway the conscience, it preserved the public virtue of the Roman: he was temperate, brave, patriotic, and conquered for his country in every region of the earth. But when Paganism began to lose its hold over the belief,—when it passed—as a false religion ever will pass—into infidelity,—then there followed a flood of private and public corruption, in which valor, honor, and empire were all lost. When conscience had no restraint, the law had no basis, and the empire which the hardy virtue of the Pagan demon-fearer had won, was lost by the immorality and cowardice of the Pagan free-thinker. The false religion of modern Europe has run the same course with the false religion of ancient Europe, and with the same moral and social effects upon its nations.—It has ended, like Paganism, in infidelity, the fruit of which is to be seen in relaxed laws, deteriorated virtue, suppressed liberties, and social and political disorganization. The nations of southern Europe are again as completely in the power of the northern barbarians as ever their predecessors were; and, by a demoralizing and corrupting superstition, they have exposed themselves and others to the fearful calamity of a second northern inundation. Britain, in her present expenditure of money and life, is now paying the penalty of her remissness to maintain the virtue and liberties of the Continental nations, by diffusing amongst them that pure faith which has been the fountain of her own liberties and virtue. She would not evangelize them for their benefit; and now she was obliged to fight their battles for her own safety.

PLASTERING OF ROOMS IN DWELLINGS.—The frequency of deaths of persons removing into and occupying newly plastered houses, has led me to suggest an inquiry as to the use of hair in the mortar. I have very frequently noticed when passing mortar beds, that the hair mixed with the mortar to produce adhesion to the laths, gave out a most nauseating and sickening effluvia. The rooms plastered with such mortar would for years be unfit for sleeping in. Hair used for mixing in mortar should be thoroughly washed—rewashed and dried and thus deprived of the putrid matter that often adheres to it. The lime in mortar is not sufficient to cleanse the hair. It will generate an unpleasant sickly effluvia whenever the room is heated, until after a long time, the mortar is converted into nitrate of lime, or so much of it as is mixed with the animal matter is incorporated in the mortar.—*Journal of Commerce.*

PROTESTANTISM versus POVERTY.—The scenery along the Elb continues to be pretty, but the transition from Saxony to Bohemia, with regard to the aspect of the people, of their dwellings, and of their agriculture, rather resembles the change from English to Irish landscape; not that Saxony is so well dressed as England, or Bohemia so ill dressed as Ireland. How are we to distribute the causes of this difference—what to government? what to creed? I think I may take credit to myself for wishing to look at all things with an unbogoted eye; but true it seems to be, that as soon as you come to the crucifix on the high knolls, and in the little groves, often most picturesque in effect, the appearance of comfort and well being among the people is on the wane.—*Lord Carlisle's Diary.*