

A Chapter on Health.

As truth is to the soul and love to the heart, so is health to the body. The physical was no more intended to be dwarfed and imperfect, than the affectional desolate, or the spiritual false. Health is the great law of the universe, its absence the exception—a scar, a weakness, a deformity.

The soul struggles to throw off vain forms of worship, and join itself to the true center of a holy and changeless ideal; the mind to escape all false philosophies, and go free in the light of pure, demonstrative reason; the body to prove itself what it has the right to be—the beautiful and perfect temple of the indwelling God. These are but manifestations of that same fundamental law, by which all things seek their own complete and healthful development.

Doubtless it is a greater calamity to be morally blind than intellectually weak; and either of these might well be avoided, at the expense of mere physical perfection. But here the system of relations and dependencies is so interwoven with the nature of things, that the first is indeed made last, and the last first.—Physical health is so completely a condition of the absolute health and best use of our spiritual and intellectual faculties, that it is practically of the first importance.

For what is ill health not an excuse? What peevishness and presumption, what absurdity and unkindness, what negligence and inactivity does it not cover with the broad mantle of charity? A child born with a miserable constitution comes into life with a standing apology for all manner of deficiencies and perversities. Disease fixes wrinkles upon the most placid temper, scars the fine polish of the most winning manners, and brings down the loftiest intellect to the compassion of a child; so few, even among the world's great ones, have learned to say to pain, "Thou art a word!"

Health, the perfect health of the entire being, is the only impregnable safeguard of the individual against all forms of disease, whether it come in the shape of physical suffering, mental imbecility, or moral darkness; and physical health is the great frontier bulwark upon which the inner man of thought and worship must lean. If this give way, or become in any manner unreliable, there is no assurance for the future. How few persons are so taught in early life the absolute importance of a sound body, that they reach the age of man or womanhood with even that share of natural health and strength which they brought with them into life! How fewer still are born with that vigor and perfection of constitution, which they had a right to expect as their natural inheritances.

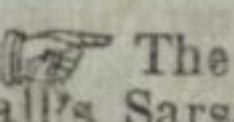
Mothers stand back of, and to a lamentable extent must bear the sin of this irreparable wrong to the children of their ignorance. But back of this and as a tolerable apology for the inadequate motherhood of the race, stands another and a greater wrong; for, as verily as the whole includes its parts, does the want of proper education furnished to woman include the streams that flow from this one fatal source. Even in our own country, where the fact exists less palpably, perhaps, than in any other, see the difference in the apportionment of educational opportunity to the sexes. The education of man is imperative—that of woman incidental; and such an education! even when she gets one in name. The nation makes but a small appropriation to this specific end, and is repaid for its parsimony in like meager returns of the up-growth of its people to a higher plane of existence.

The physician understands the structure and relations of the physiological man; the chemist knows much of the ultimate atoms and their combinations, of decay and growth, with the preparation and assimilation of necessary foods for the physical man; the philosopher traces the wonderful and beautiful relations of the mind and soul to the external world, so that under his skillful tutelage a well-balanced and continued growth is maintained in the development of the intellectual and spiritual man. But women are charged with the whole burden of this manifold work, at that period when it is of the first importance that it be well and wisely done; yet, they are neither physicians, physiologists, chemists, nor philosophers; nay, they "are not women" if they attempt to be.

When will the world learn, and women exercise her right, to know the best way of doing the best work that was ever put into the hands of an intelligent creature—the work of training up to a beautiful and healthful maturity the body, mind and soul of the little ones committed to her care?

CHINESE EMPEROR.—Sien Fien is the present Emperor of China. The *Almanach de Gotha* for 1860 inserts his name in its list of reigning monarchs. This is the first instance that the name of a Chinese monarch was ever inserted in this aristocratic little volume.—From it we learn that Sien Fien is the seventh Emperor of the dynasty of Mid. At the age of twenty he became the ruler of four hundred and fifty millions of people, but his life is rendered miserably by the quarrels of his cabinet and relative.

—A darkey and a white man at Meriden, Ct., lately followed the example set in the more classic precincts of New Haven, and had a regular fight, with all the attendant circumstances of the P. R. The darkey knocked the white fellow down every time, and came off the field the Heenan of Meriden.

 The best Remedy for Rheumatism—Hall's Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass. 8-6m.

Lunacy of Literary Men.

We are inclined to think that the most touching incident of insanity in literary men is that of Alexander Cruden. The bearer of this well known name was the son of an Aberdeen magistrate, and was born in 1701. He took his degree of M. A. when he was nineteen years of age, and was preparing for the ministry when he fell passionately in love with the daughter of a kirk minister at Aberdeen. The affection was not returned. The young and ardent lover went mad, and he was placed in confinement. There a calm came occasionally over his disturbed spirit, at each return it tarried longer than before. In his lucid intervals young Cruden turned to study, and therein he did not forget, but he found some compensation for the indifference of the fair girl, whose heart was all given to a guilty love. In a year or two Alexander was released, came up to London, gave private lessons, went to the Isle of Man, was restless for a while, but subsequently returned to the capital, where he found employment as a corrector of the press. His talents, industry and integrity procured for him friends of such quality that, in 1735, he was appointed librarian to Caroline, wife of George the Second. It was then that he addressed himself to the completion of that great work with which his name is still connected, "Cruden's Concordance"—in which he did alone, what, five hundred years before, Huges de St. Marc, with five hundred monks to help him, had attempted in vain.

It must have been a proud moment when, in 1837, Cruden presented the first copy of this volume to the Queen, who promised him some noble recompense. But Caroline died ere it was rewarded, and Cruden, who had engaged all his little fortune on that huge venture, stricken with terror and disappointment, again made shipwreck of his reason, and was conveyed to an asylum in Bethnal Green. In course of time he issued thence, in better, but not in perfect state of health of mind. He published wild pamphlets, and entered actions, which he would fain conduct himself, against those who recently had him under their care; but gradually he settled down again—a corrector of the press, remarkable for his profound scholarship, his unbroken tactfulness, and his unrelieved melancholy. A singular accident then occurred to him: he accompanied a friend to a house in the city, the door of which was accidentally opened by the early and sole idol of his heart. Cruden sprang back trembling from head to foot; and leaning on his friend for support, exclaimed as he pointed to her, "It is she! it is she!" and then gazing at her, added "and the same black eyes! the same black eyes!" The gloom of the noble lover and profound scholar settled round him thicker and more oppressively than ever, till 1753, when he was again under restraint.—When he was once more restored, he suggested to his relatives that, as some compensation for what he had endured, they should among them suffer as much loss of liberty in various prisons to be chosen by themselves, as he had been deprived of, unjustly, as he thought, during his confinement.

His after life was a strange mixture of the wild and sensible. He would work well half the night through at correcting proofs of the classics, completed a new edition of his "Concordance" in 1776,—which the King rewarded by a present of £100,—and, proclaiming himself public corrector of morals, demanded to be so recognized by an order in Council, and therewith to have conferred upon him the honor of knighthood! He wrote and lectured in Latin and in English on this subject, and in various parts of the country. As he went he scrupulously tore from the walls all bills which seemed to him to be dangerous to morals; and with a sponge, which he always carried for that purpose, he effaced all inscriptions which he thought unbecoming in a pure and Christian land. As he grew older his reason became more disturbed, and perhaps it was some resemblance to his Aberdeen idol which induced him to pay such court to a baronet's daughter, as to compel the father to take the young lady on foreign travel. Poor Cruden immediately printed copies of prayers, to be publicly used for her safe return; and when this did occur, the simple swain harmlessly employed himself in circulating printed thanksgivings for that happy event. Soon after this he died—with an affecting touch of madness in the manner of his death.—[Athenæum.]

CLERICAL UNIFORMS.—A bill has been introduced into the English Parliament entitled "a bill to enforce uniformity in the use of ecclesiastical vestments by Priests and Deacons at all their services and offices other than sermons are to wear a plain white surplice with sleeves as now ordinarily used, and white bands; while at sermons a black gown is substituted for the surplice. They are also allowed, at discretion, to wear a cassock, a plain black scarf, a square cap, and if he be a graduate of a University, the hood proper to his degree. Archbishops, bishops, ministers of cathedrals and collegiate chapels, are exempted from the operations of the act. The penalties for nonconformity with its requirements are very severe.

—A "singular phenomenon" has been discovered in the town of Austerlitz, Columbia county. On the premises of Mr. Abijah Heath there is a well in which ice has continued to form all the Spring, and continues at the present time. The stones at the sides of the well are coated with ice from a point about 8 feet below the surface of the ground to the surface of the ground down to the water some 7 feet. Large pieces of floating ice are also brought up with the water.

A Journey Under Paris.

A correspondent of a Swedish journal furnishes an interesting account of a subterranean voyage made through one of the admirably constructed sewers of Paris. The boat which conveyed the party was reached by descending a flight of steps to the depth of about forty-five feet. The boat a flat bottomed affair, was lighted by four lamps.

The sewer is an archway, fifteen feet high and of equal breadth, with a ditch or canal about ten feet wide, wherein all the dirt and filth of Paris is carried away. On the sides are sidewalks, which, together, are about four feet wide. The whole is built of beautiful white sandstone, and is kept remarkably neat and clean. No stench or bad smell was perceptible. The denser portion of the filth is carried away through large drains beneath the sidewalks. The sidewalks are excellent, and exhibited no signs of dampness, while the walls of the archway are kept whitewashed, and are all times as white as the driven snow.—The structure possesses the properties of an immense speaking tube, the workmen being able to converse at the distance of two miles from each other. The echo is very strong and lasting. The fabric is said to be built after a model of the catacombs of Rome, aided by all the latest improvements. On sides, at about two hundred yards distance for one another, are openings through which the workmen can ascend by means of permanent iron ladders in case a sudden rain storm should cause the water to rise over the sidewalks, which is, however, of rare occurrence.

The contents of the sewer of course flow into the river Seine, and the current is sufficient to carry the boat used along with considerable velocity. Large reservoirs are constructed at intervals, into which the water can be turned for a short time in case it should be necessary to have the canal dry for a short time. The whole work was completed in two years. Besides the main canal, there are many minor ones constructed under the principal streets, all of which can be made to communicate with one another. These admirable underground works are accessible from the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and from all the barracks, and should the Parisians take a notion to barricade the streets in any part of the city, the imperial government might, at short notice, and without any person being aware of it, transport troops, and if there is time to make use of the reservoirs, so can cavalry also be transported the same way. There is an end to shooting on the soldiers from the windows, and a revolution in Paris will soon only be remembered among the things that have been, never to occur again. Through these underground passages a prisoner can easily be taken from the Louvre to the Seine, without attracting any attention, and thence sent off by railway, which is near at hand. This splendid system of sewerage was one of the pet schemes of the first Napoleon.

EXCOMMUNICATED SOVEREIGNS.—The following are the names of the principal potentates who have suffered excommunication, and of the Popes who cut them off from salvation:

John XII excommunicated Otho I, Emperor of Germany; Gregory V, King Robert for having contracted an illegitimate marriage; Nicholas II excommunicated Gerard, Count of Galicia; Gregory VII, Henry IV, Urban II, King Philip of France, because he had carried off the wife of Count d'Anjou and would not restore her; Pascal II, the Emperor Henry V; Innocent II, King Roger of Sicily; Celestin II, Alphonso, King of Castille; Alexander III, the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa; Celestin III, Luke Leopold of Austria; Innocent III, Philip Augustus of France. On Palm Sunday, 1239, Gregory IX. excommunicated the Emperor Frederic; Innocent IV excommunicated the same Emperor in 1245; Boniface VIII, Philippe le Bel; Urban VI, John of Castille; Jules II, King Louis XII; Clement VII, Henry VIII, of England; Pius VII, Napoleon I; and Pius IX, Victor Emanuel.

CULTIVATE THE EYE.—Few are aware how important it is to influence the minds of children by the right use of the eye. Many seek to amuse the little ones by placing before them pictures of all sorts of monsters, rational and irrational—thus violating all natural ideas of what is beautiful and symmetrical, and accustoming the yet unformed mind to low and degrading images. How wrong to weaken and destroy the source of the most exquisite pleasure that a child or an adult can enjoy, by thus placing before the eye what must blunt or destroy its power of perceiving and appreciating that which is truly graceful. Place beautiful pictures before the eyes of your children. Let the mind be filled with pleasant images, and it will tend to form itself after the same lines of grace and beauty that come to it through the eye. The money that is often expended for a useless ornament, or a frail toy, would procure an engraving or a book full of plates, which would serve not only to answer, but instruct the little ones, and also develop and educate the natural perception of the beautiful, which is always present in infantile as well as adult minds.

NOT FOOLISH ENOUGH.—The editor of the Boston Liberator calls upon the ladies of the North to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labor. He needn't expect them not to use cotton. They will not expel so old a friend from their bosoms.

BAD WORDS like bad bills, are often brought home to the person who utters them.

"Nice Girls."

From an uncredited article, under this caption, in the Philadelphia Bulletin, the editress of the California Farmer condenses a few paragraphs that will find a hearty response from more sensible men than many a "dashing belle" would imagine. There is nothing "half so sweet in life," half so beautiful, or delightful, or loveable as a "nice girl." Not a pretty, or a dashing, or an elegant girl, but a nice girl; one of those lovely, lively, good tempered, good hearted, sweet faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures met with in the sphere of "home," diffusing around the domestic hearth the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, dawdling on a sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera; nor the giraffe-like creature sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The nice girl may not even dance or play well, and knows nothing about "using her eyes" or coquetting with a fan. She never languishes; she's too active. She is not given to "sensation" novels; she is too busy. At the opera, she is not in front showing her bare shoulders, but sits quiet and unobtrusive—at the back of the box, most likely. In fact, it is not often in such scenes that we discover her. Home is her place.

Who rises betimes, and superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast, and the tea, and buttons the boys' shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and brightens up the parlor and the sitting-room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the elegante? Not a bit of it; it's the nice girl.

Her unaided toilet is made in the shortest possible time, yet how charmingly it is done, and how elegant her neat dress and plain collar! What hearty kisses she distributes among the family, not presenting of cheek or brow like the "fine girl," but an audible smack, which says plainly, "I love you ever so much." If I ever coveted anything, it is one of the nice girl's kisses.

Breakfast over, down into the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long she is up and down, always doing, and always cheerful and light hearted. She never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone.

She is a perfect treasure, is the "nice girl." When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience the sick chamber. There is no risk, no fatigue, that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have often thought that it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a "nice girl" is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, a plain collar, and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never saw a "nice girl" yet who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a "splendid" bonnet.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest.

A NEW LINE OF STEAMERS.—Articles of agreement has been signed between the Atlantic Royal Mail Steamship Navigation Company, and the English Admiralty, for the establishment of a line of steamers to run from Galway to New York once a fortnight, and from Galway to Boston once a fortnight, touching at St. Johns, Newfoundland, each way. The contractors bind themselves to deliver telegraphic messages at St. Johns within six days from the time of leaving Galway.—The vessels are to be not less than 2000 tons, builder's measurement, with engines of not less than 450 horse power, and the Company are to receive £1,500 for each entire voyage. The contract is to commence the first of June, and the contractors bind themselves under £20,000 for its full performance.

THE FIRST COFFEE HOUSE IN LONDON.—Coffee is a native of Arabia, supposed by some to have been the chief ingredient of the old Lacedemonian bush. The use of this berry was not known in England, till the year 1657 at which time Mr. D. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, on his return from Smyrna to London, brought with him one Paquet Resse, a Greek of Ragusa, who was used to prepare this liquor for his master every morning, who, by the way, never wanted company. The merchant, therefore, in order to get rid of a crowd of visitants, ordered his Greek to open a coffee-house, which he did in St. Michael's Alley, in Cornhill. This was the first coffee house opened in London.—[From "10,000 Wonderful Things."]

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND THE JEWS.—The Cracow Gazette says that the Emperor returned the following reply to a deputation of Jews, who recently waited on his majesty to return thanks for the amelioration of their social position recently accorded them:—"I rejoice to receive the deputation of Israelites from Cracow and Rzeszow. The Israelites in Cracow and Gallacia have preserved their faith and devotion to the throne in the times of the greatest calamity, and I hope they will continue in this course, the more so as I have now enlarged their circle of operations. My legislative measures will continue to make advances in the same direction, and to recover by degrees the disabilities yet maintained."