

about 1,200, and still they come. Every boat brings more or less of these infatuated beings, for many of them suppose, as we hear from reliable information, that they are journeying to an earthly Canaan which is to prove an entrance to the heavenly Zion. In fact, one old lady, questioned upon the subject, stated that she had no friends and relatives in all the company, but was in hopes her troubles would soon be at an end, for she was now near the promised land, the land of peace, plenty, and holiness. Others old, decrepid, lame, halt, and blind, all journeying on, believing that their maladies will be cured, and their difficulties removed as soon as they reach this delightful spot. Poor creatures! we hope it may be so. They seem to be ingathered from all climes and countries; but we believe the majority of them west of us here now are Danes and English, and from the continent, few from Scotland or Ireland. It is the intention of those in charge of them to start upon their journey across the plains this week; but they are to move bands, so that they will not impede the progress of each other. They go a new route, one which is nearer and better than any other before tried, by at least 150 or 200 miles; they leave this county and keep the Santa Fe road until they come to the 110 or Council Grove creek, and then strike immediately across to Fort Laramie. Guides will accompany them to show them the route. When opened out in this manner, this will be the most popular and only route travelled to Oregon, California, Salt Lake, and insure all the emigration hereafter to depart from this country. As they progress in their course we will keep our readers advised of the road, country, and those passing over it. —Independence, (U. S.) Messenger.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### STUDENT LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

If the latest lingering summer touring in Scotland should perchance delay his departure until he is driven southward by the chill evenings of November, he may chance to see arising around him, in some considerable town, a race of young men, whose loose robes, varying from the brightest of fresh scarlet to the somberest hue which years of bad usage can bestow on the gay colour, attract him as peculiar and funny, and as, on the whole, a phenomenon provocative of inquiry. He is told that the session has begun and these are the students of the university. The information perhaps will be surprising to him, whoever he be: if he been Oxonian or Cantab, a sneer of derision will perhaps curve his lips when he remembers the gentleman commoners, and tufted noblemen, who crowd the streets of his Alma Mater in haughty exclusiveness and unmeasured contempt of the citizen class, who evidently have no respect whatever for the scarlet gown men of poor Scotland. Indeed, the luxurious academic ease, the placid repose of dignified scholarship, are strangers to these wearers of the flowing toga. It is evident that many of them have felt the pinch of poverty. No pliant gyp attends the toilet, or lays forth the table for the jovial "night-cap." Hard work and hard fare are their portion, and their raiment shows that they have been rubbed roughly against the world, instead of being set apart from its toils and cares and vulgar turmoil in aristocratic isolation. Some of the gowns are bright and new, indeed, and the faces in which they culminate are ruddy, fresh, and warm. Yet the youths endowed in these blushing honours seem not to exult therein, but rather to give place to the hard-featured brethren whose threadbare togas bear the grim marks of mud and soot, or hang in tatters like a beggar's cloak. The truth is, that the wear and tear of the gown is held indicative of advancement in the academic curriculum, and is rather encouraged than avoided. And of those who wear it, many though they may have been sufficiently tutored in the economy of their more serviceable clothing, have not made acquisitions in the school of finery, or acquired a weakness for decorative vanity. We remember an instance of a hard-featured mountaineer, who afterwards rose to distinction in an abstruse department of science, being charged by his fellow-students with having so far desecrated the gown as to have perambulated the streets with a barrow hawking potatoes, by the cry of "Taties—taties!" He admitted the commercial part of the charge, but denied the desecration of the robes. He was careful to put of his gown while he cried "taties."

With all these and other indications of poverty, there is something to our eyes extremely interesting in the Scottish universities, as relics preserved through all changes in dynasties, constitutions, and ecclesiastical politics, through poverty, neglect, and enmity, of the original characteristics of the university system, as it existed in all its grandeur of design in the middle ages.

#### PROPER USE OF EXERCISE.

THOSE who are able can scarcely take too much active exercise of any kind, so that it is kept within the bounds of fatigue. Walking, riding, rowing, tencing, and various games as tencing fives, rackets, &c., are all to be recommended to those who are able to enjoy them. Horse exercise is particularly beneficial when it can be borne, partly from the exhilarating effect of rapid motion on the spirits, but principally by the complete oxygenation of the blood it leads to, by the gentle exercise of voluntary inspiration it induces. Reading aloud

and singing, when not carried to excess, are most beneficial exercises and can be practised by the most infirm. They tend to produce deep inspiration equal expansion of the lungs, and give free access of air to the smaller divisions of the air passages, thereby decarbonising the blood more rapidly. The lungs, diaphragm and walls of the chest, are gently but freely exercised, and the air tubes are freed from obstruction. Like all the other organs, those of respiration acquire power by exercise, and which at first produces breathlessness is soon performed almost unconsciously, and without fatigue. In all these cases, in all gymnastic exercise care must be taken not to hurry the circulation so as to produce either breathlessness or muscular fatigue.

From the Herts. Guardian.

#### MR. HOLLOWAY'S NEWSPAPER MUSEUM.

AT Mr. Holloway's establishment, near Temple Bar, there is the most extensive, the most complete, and the most extraordinary collection of newspapers in the world. Mr. Holloway, it should be known, advertises his pills and ointment in about 2,000 foreign newspapers. Probably the year of the great exhibition, and the calls of foreigners from distant climes, first gave him the idea of collecting the papers sent him; but be this it may, it is now carried out by his own private enterprise, in a manner compared with which, the collection in the British Museum is a mere ridiculous farce. In a suite of lofty apartments are the newspapers of every civilised country in the world properly and systematically arranged in convenient portfolios; and the stranger in London, whether from the United States, New Zealand, the Cape, Australia, China, Hindostan, Persia, or elsewhere, may by visiting Mr. Holloway's Museum, at once become acquainted with the latest intelligence from his own country. There is every facility and accommodation for reading and extract. Several clerks are kept constantly employed in receiving, sorting, and arranging the papers; and the whole establishment is conducted in a manner which for order, is a perfect contrast to the arrangements at the British Museum. Any gentleman from the country wishing to look at newspapers from any part of the globe where newspapers are printed, may by calling at Mr. Holloway's, be instantly put in possession of the requisite intelligence. Of course this museum, so useful and so unique, attracts great attention and many distinguished men are often to be seen there,—members of Parliament, newspaper editors, foreigners of eminence, &c., &c. It is a striking instance of what individual energy and enterprise can effect.

#### THE WAY A WIFE WAS CAUGHT.

A widow lady had long been a resident of a village, not too many years had passed away.—Time had no effect on her, but to ripen her charms, and to mature her fortune, profitably invested in the most lucrative and the surest securities. Admirers were not wanting, but she soon rid herself of them all, by declaring her steadfast resolution to remain a widow—mistress of her person and her fortune, and consequently enabled to follow her angling penchant without a certain lecture for time absorbed or money thrown away on fishing and its tackle. She fished daily and always in one spot of the river—for the tortuous river Seine waters Chatou.—Among those who admired her was a quiet youth who never dared to tell his love; after having passed away several days observing her fish it occurred to him that he might take advantage of angling to make known his love. He was an expert swimmer. After having undressed himself in some secure covert, he swam cautiously until he came near the place where his love had been fishing, he dived and fastened a caoutchouc enveloped letter on the hook of her line. The cork sunk, and Madame—drew up the line. To her amazement she found a letter addressed to her. She soon read it and found a declaration of love. She was greatly puzzled at this occurrence, and returned the next morning to her accustomed place, determined to keep a vigilant watch and to see by what trick these epistles were foisted on her attention. Down the cork went and up the letter came as before—she could discover nothing. The next day she secured her rod and hid herself at some distance to detect the secret of this mystery; she waited for some time after she was tired, and returning to her rod found another letter for her. This letter craved the favor of a reply; it was accorded, and this submarine correspondence lasted for some time, until at last her excited curiosity impelled her to invite the unknown correspondent to come to see her. He replied, "I will if you bid me Hope." Her reply was, "Hope." He came, she saw, he conquered.—The marriage took place before this spell of warm weather came on, and the happy couple are spending the honey moon near the sea shore, alternately bathing and fishing, for they hold these arts in equal esteem, each being indebted to one for a good fortune, or to the other for a good husband.

#### BOYS.

WHEN they are boys—are queer enough.—How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life

change and shape themselves into characteristics! Who remembers when he would have sold his birth-right for a rocking-horse, and his new suit of clothes for a monkey? Who forgets the sweet-faced girl, older than himself, against whose golden hair he leaned and wept his griefs away? Who recollects when the thoughts of being a circus-rider, appeared to be greater than present; and how jealously they watched the little fellows that wore spangled jackets and turned somersets, and prayed to become like them? If memory preserve not these caprices, or something similar, the boy is lost in the man. Happy visions, they come but once and go quickly, leaving us to sigh for a return of what can never be again.

#### KISSING.

Hardly any two females kiss alike. There is as much variety in the manner of doing it, as in the faces and manner of the sex. Some delicate little creatures merely give a slight blush of the lip. This is a sad aggravation. We seem to be about to have a good time, but actually get nothing. Others go into us like a hungry man to a beef-steak, and seem to chew up our countenances. This is disgusting, and soon drives away a delicate lover. Others struggle like hens when burying themselves in the dirt. The kiss is won by great exertions, and is not worth as much trouble as it costs. Now we are in favor of a sort in shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be continued too long, and when the fair one "gives in," let her administer the kiss with warmth and energy—let there be soul in it. If she closes her eyes, and sighs deeply immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to "slobber" a kiss, but give as a hummingbird runs his bill into a honey-suckle, deep, but delicately.—There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have had the memory of one we received in our youth last us ten years; and we believe it will be the last thing we shall think of when we die.

#### WHAT CAN GIRLS DO?

WHY they can play on the piano, curl their hair in papers, and lie in bed all day reading a novel, while the process of curling and bleaching is going on: wonderful. Can they do no more? Yes, they can spend large extravagant sums of money, in preparing for parties, and then assemble to spend the hours in silly trifling, with silly coxcombs. Disgraceful. Is there nothing else? We are proud to say yes, much that they may do, which does honor to the sex. There are many noble examples of what girls often perform, when poverty holds a meagre mantle over them, of which the following is an instance:—

A Cincinnati paper states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied and was admitted to set type for the paper. She worked two years, during which time she earned, besides her board about \$200, and availing herself of the facilities which the printing office afforded, acquired a good education. She is now an associate editress of popular paper, and is engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. Such a girl is bound to shine and eclipse tens of thousands who are educated in the lap of luxury and taught all the "accomplishments" of the boarding school.

Such a wife will be a jewel to her husband, and an ornament to society, and an honor to her sex and her country.

#### A GREAT SPEECH.

THE greatest speech on record is the following, describing the destruction of a meeting-house by a flood:—A few short weeks ago, and you saw the stately meeting-house towering up in your midst like a grannuder in a corn-field. Now none so poor to do it reverence! It has gone the way of all flesh. The mighty torrents descended from the eternal clouds; the air was filled with crisis of despair; the river swelled and ran over; the mighty building cracked, shook, rose upon the surface of the water, and moved like a world in miniature down the vast expanse, carrying off with it an old pair of boots that I had left in one corner of our pew.

#### THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Some one sent an article to the New York Mirror, complaining of the present "style" of marriages—or of many of them. The editor appends a column of remarks, and among other matters says:

"Beyond question, society is cursed with too many hollow, unhappy and wretched marriages. The education of both sexes is falser on this than on any other great point. Instead of consulting the head as well as the heart, and basing affection upon respect—which requires substantial qualities to inspire it—and a thorough comprehension of the relative qualities of character, temperament, taste and habit, the hands, under the impulse of a feeling more natural than spiritual rush together, adhere, whirl with velocity in the little round of a honey-moon, and awaken to find their "love" consumed in the slacking fire of animal passion. These are friction matches, whose momentary fiz and smoke indicate where they were made. The immature, the unreflecting, and the pseudoromantic are the chief timbers of these combustible matches.

But a greater number of disastrous marriages result from the coinage of the heart in

calculated, prudential mercenary matches—real lucifers dipped in—Can it be wondered, when marriage, generally speaking is not so seriously considered as many of the mere business concerns of life, that widespread antagonism, hatred, jealousy, infidelity and wretchedness, exist in the marriage circle—or that the progeny of such a discordant and distempered wedlock are inferior to the offspring of genuine, intelligent love? Nine marriages are mercenary, passionate and unholy, where one is in agreement with the decree of Heaven, which is, that pure enlightened Love, in marriage as in all higher social relations, shall be the law of our lives. Where love is not—and love cannot live apart from respect, harmony, happiness and blessedness cannot be. But no arbitrary statute can supply the place of love, or mend existing evils relative to marriage. A better social education and a sounder reflection must be the curatives, or the case is to chronic or constitutional to be remedied."

#### SCRAPS.

THERE is an Eastern tale of a magician who discovered by his incantations that the Philosopher's Stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He therefore proceeded along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change upon the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit upon the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But alas he was so accustomed to the "touch and go" movement that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him forever. I think this story well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts that at length she throws away the right one from pure force of habit.

It is common to speak of those whom flirt has tilted as her victims. This is a grave error; her real victim is the man whom she accepts.

There is said to be an old lady down Long Island so very fat, that the neighbors use her shadow for griddle-greasing. To keep her from slipping out of bed, her husband rolls her in ashes.

A curse is like a stone thrown up towards heaven, and likely to return on the head of him that sent it.

If your sister, while engaged in a tender conversation with her sweetheart, requests you to bring her a glass of water from the adjoining room, you can start on your errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed now.

The juvenile scion of Young America's smoking his ten or fifteen cigars every morning, irresistibly reminds me of the caterpillar, which consumes several times its own weight of leaves in a day.

It is difficult to transact any business with a miser. He is so averse to hospitality that he will not readily entertain even a preposition.

No tee-totaller can not be consistent to the end. He may refuse wine all his life but must come to his bier at last.

An Irishman, who was near-sighted, and about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist, than the later did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time. This beats Currens's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside of the line, it was to go for nothing.

It is said that a pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. Exactly so; and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them.

It often times is the case with men when their brains are muddled by liquors, that they disclose with their loosened tongues those thoughts which they should above all sedulously conceal; and often, too, betray their character of deceit and treachery, which, when sober, they hide by the ample cloak of friendship. Such men, unless they wish to be despised by every true heart, should leave liquor alone.

Politics used to be a science, but now it is a game, wherein it seldom happens that the honest wins—for ignorant honesty must give way to accomplished roguery.

Woman is the earthly angel, whose purity guides the sterner sex to happiness and felicity.

Fame is like a young duck in a mud-puddle very easy to see, very easy to talk about after you have seen it, but it is an awful job to get hold of it.

Fame is like a cloud—the more beautiful, the more splendid it appears to the aspiring gazer the more flimsy and the readier it is to fade from the view.

Water was made to drink, and liquor was made to kill.

The following is a good phrase descriptive of an energetic character:—"Cromwell did not wait to strike until the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking."

Arithmetic is differently studied by fathers and sons: the first, confining themselves to addition, and the second to subtraction.