

The Seminar with Bell

VOL. 1.

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NO. 1.

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WHAT WILL FOLKS SAY?

How often we hear it, but list when we say,
Its tones are still ringing, O, what will folks say!
Of gossip and prattle, we seem as intent,
As though from above its full import was sent;
And all our great efforts are blended in one,
To claim the good graces of all 'neath the sun,
Unmindful of duty as oft we have seen,
We are ever in fear of being thought green,
Forgetting the while that we err on the way,
When we stop to consider what folks will say,
Instead of adhering to virtue and right,
And treading its pathway with power and might.
Thus our actions are guided by this foolish fear
Which is foolish indeed as it will appear,
When viewing the subject as in its fair light,
It unfolds to our view its beauties so bright;
And bids us heed first to the voice from within—
Which showeth so plainly the right from the wrong,
Before we are counseled by other's opinion,
Or let what folks say have the slightest dominion.
To tattling and slander why will we e'en list? best
When approved by the smiles of a conscience the
If our motto be duty what should we fear,
Of the gossip which so oft we hear?
We have nothing, my friend, then why do you pay
Attention to what this one or that one will say?
Why call this your standard of right and of wrong
And forever complain undone! yes, undone,
Will take my advice and pursue the right way
Regardless of anything others may say?
Then list ye to judgment, to reason and sense,
And throw silly notions from hither to hence,
Be virtuous, be prudent, be modest and good,
And then if the slanderer dares to intrude,
Be firm and unswerving, truthful and kind,
The race but half run yet he'll sure fall behind,
While you in the enjoyment of nobler desire,
Pursue but the right, mount higher—still higher,
Achieving more noxon, acquiring more fame,
(Higher motives in view than gaining a name.)
Your life nobly ended, the angels will say, "Thee."
"Come join our sweet chorus we're waiting for"

REGULUS BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE.

REGULUS.—Conscript Fathers. I have sent for you because I have intrusted to my hands a very important message. I am no longer a Roman citizen, but a Carthaginian prisoner, and, therefore, would not enter your city. You have condescended to meet me at your gates, to hear from me the message which I bring. The Carthaginians, with whom you are now at war, have sent me to propose unto you terms of peace, which you will find at length, in this paper. (Hands a paper to the President.)

PRESIDENT.—(Reads.) "Roman Senators. As we have now been engaged in war for a long period, as our armies have met and struggled with various success, and countries have been devastated and depopulated by our enmity, we, the Carthaginian Senate, have concluded to make the first overtures of peace, and hope to find the Roman Senate in the same state of mind. The terms we offer are as follows: That the country now occupied by your arms shall continue in your possession, but that you shall deem the boundary sacred, and not, at any time, or for any

purpose, approach or pass beyond them with an army, that our allies shall not receive any injury for what they have done in the present war, and that war shall not be declared against them, without good cause, and first informing us of the intention, so that we may have an opportunity of trying to settle the difficulty. We agree to treat your allies in a like manner. (Passed the Carthagian Senate.)" Senators, you have heard the terms of peace which the Carthaginians have offered to us.—What shall be done with them?

1st SENATOR.—I have listened with great attention to the reading of the proposal. We have been engaged for a long period in persecuting this war, longer than it ever took the Romans before to humble their proudest foes, make them sue for peace, and owe allegiance to the power of Rome. Ten years have already passed away since this war first commenced, and we are now no nearer its consummation than we were at the beginning. The Carthaginian army is now prepared to join battle, and even out number us, so that their chance of success is far better than ours. The terms offered are such that any nation, even Rome, could accept without humility or loss of honor, being more favorable than we could have expected, or would have drawn, if we had made the proposal. And since Carthage has been the first to beg for peace, no one can say that Rome would be tainted with the slightest stain of disgrace, or the Roman name lose its magic power, if we should agree to them.

2nd SEN.—Although I can not agree with all that the Senator has said, yet, if we only consider, we will see that it is our best plan to accept, and we may deem ourselves blessed that we have the opportunity. Look around and see the many nations, which, while we are engaged in war with Carthage, and can not turn our arms against them, have been becoming bolder and bolder, and begin to encroach upon our rights as well as those of our allies. And, when we have remonstrated with them, they have laughed and threatened us with war, knowing that, by joining with Carthage, they could do us a great injury. Let us come to terms of peace with Carthage for a short time, and, in the meanwhile, chastise these rebellious spirits, and prepare for a final struggle with our old enemy. Our allies will soon abandon us if we allow them to be harrassed and attacked with impunity, and, seeing that we can not defend them, will break the bond of union which now binds us together, and desert our ranks for those of our enemy.

3rd SEN.—Those who have watched the progress of the war know well that it has been uncommonly severe, and its success nearly equal, and must feel a doubt in their minds, whether we shall finally be victorious. If the war does not end now, but is again renewed, one of the two powerful nations must fall, and it may be Rome. And, if there is a doubt of our success, let us not risk our present glory, honor, and

power upon our inveterate hatred toward Cathage; but let us smother this enmity in our bosoms for the present, where it may lie, unseen, but not extinct, ready to burst forth, in some future time, into a fire, which, before it can be extinguished, shall consume Carthage amid its destroying elements. Let us have a time of repose, in which to recruit our wearied army, and replenish our nearly exhausted treasury. The army, having undergone so many hardships in an unknown and foreign land, and fought so many hard contested battles amid the burning sand, have become feeble and sickly, thinned and decimated, not able to cope with troops accustomed to the climate, and fresh and vigorous. The equipping of so many troops, the purchasing of provisions necessary to support them, have nearly emptied the treasury. We need a season of peace, and we must have it or Rome falls.

PRES.—Senators. You have openly expressed your minds in reference to the proposal of our enemies. I will only say that my sentiments have been expressed, and think it not only the best, but the safest way, which is now open to us. If there is no more to be said upon it, we will now take a vote upon the acceptance or refusal.

REG.—Before the vote is taken, I would ask permission of your honorable body to say a few words.

(ALL THE SENATORS.)—Go on!—go on!—hear him!—hear him!

REG.—You all perhaps remember when the war commenced, and a noble army embarked, under my charge, for the enemy's country. You remember with what sadness friend parted from friend, how tears flowed from eyes which had not learned to weep; how, when the moment of parting came, many a blessing ascended to Jupiter, from many a maternal bosom, in behalf of a beloved son, whom they expected never again to behold; how we finally set sail with joyous spirits, and bright hopes of success, and landed at our place of destination with expedition and safety; how we realized every expectation, fought bravely and defeated the enemy in many battles, and were advancing upon Carthage herself, how there the Goddess of success forsok our standard, and, through some unforeseen accident, we met with a serious defeat, many of our bravest troops being slain, and I, your general, with many others being made prisoners. I do not mention this in order to boast of my victories, for they were due to my brave soldiers, nor to excuse my own defeat, for the disadvantages under which I labored are evident to every one who will consider the war; but I speak of them to remind you what a Roman army can do, when full of strength and flushed with victory; to remind you that there is no need of despair, when so many brave youth are ready to uphold the honor of Rome, and only wait for the word to enlist another army. I can not speak but in terms of eulogy, when I think of the brave soldiers, which compose the

army that now hold in check the Carthaginian troops, for they have performed prodigies of valor, and would have been considered as heroes in former days. The Senators say that the treasury is empty. Who cares for that, while the citizens possess anything of value. Who would not contribute it to further the glory of Rome? Who would withhold his last farthing in such a cause? If there be any, may they never, in this life, enjoy the blessings of liberty and glory, and, when they depart, may they be doomed to dwell with those who inhabit the damp subterranean regions of Pluto, where the light from the Elysian fields never enter, nor its joys are ever known. It is said that you can accept the proposed terms with honor; but is this really the case? I would ask you to refer to the former treaties of Rome, and see whether you can find one, which will give its sanction to this. Our ancestors never made a treaty with a nation upon equal terms. When they were compelled to engage in a war, they never thought of ending it, until they had humbled the proud spirits of their enemy, and made her sue for peace upon bended knees. This alone has made the Roman name respected, honored and feared. This has saved us from many a war, which we could not have avoided if they had thought that they could escape the penalty whenever they offered terms of peace. And, if we now make peace with Carthage upon other terms, will it not be confessing that we have undertaken a labor which we could not accomplish? Will it not bring dishonor upon the Roman name, and disgrace upon her arms? Will the neighboring nations respect her arms longer, when they see that she is not omnipotent, and that she must allow a rival? Will the distant nations any longer fear her and be restrained at her command?—Will her allies love and be faithful, when they find that she cannot defend them? Will they deem it an honor to be associated with Rome, and hasten to throw themselves into her arms, knowing that she cannot nourish and cherish them? Will not Carthage be embolden to offer insult upon insult, and do every thing to injure us? And will not the other powerful states be ready to engage in a war with Rome upon the slightest pretences, thinking that they may, like Carthage, be able to offer terms that will be accepted by us? Have we so far degenerated from those noble ancestors that we are willing to suffer a rival to exist, can endure the name? Can we own an equal? Sooner would that Rome perish, her glory and power depart, her noble name be forgotten. No! I can not believe it. Let every citizen do his duty, each firmly resolve that he will die in behalf of his country if need be, before disgrace shall attach one stain to her name, and there need be no fears that success will crown our efforts. Again will Rome be revered, feared, loved and honored; and rising from her fallen state, she will tower preeminent above all others!

otherwise, if the worst happens, she will sink down glorious in her ruins, honored in her fall, without a single blemish to mar the character, and cast suspicion upon the courage of her people. Some say that these terms are favorable. We could thank them if we were too feeble to resist any longer, or they so powerful that they were able to crush us. No! if they had the power they would not hesitate a moment to continue the struggle. They have made their last effort, have raised the last army that they can enlist, and despair of final success. They already see that the war, if persisted in by them, will bring ruin and destruction upon them; and, while they can put a bold face upon the matter, they are so anxious to obtain peace that they propose terms unfavorable and dishonorable to themselves, thinking that they will be more readily granted. Their weakness manifests itself in the concessions which they are willing to make. Do you think a nation would be so ready to yield up a country which she had governed from time immemorial, unless there was some pressing cause which compelled her. The Carthaginians would rather concede the country now in our possession than, after a few more battles, be forced to surrender their own city. Why did they not send a Carthaginian to bear the message? They thought that I would favor the measure. Little did they imagine that I had observed the anxiety that rested upon every face, the fear that expressed itself in every motion, and the despair that settled upon every brow. Conscript Fathers! If you know what is for the best interest of the city; if you are desirous of doing your duty; if you wish to behold Rome gradually spreading her scepter over province after province, until the world owns her sway, and bows before her eagles, you will not hesitate to declare for the continuance of the war. If, in after years, when she has become so powerful, you desire to have posterity point to you and say that she owes her exalted position to your firmness, integrity and patriotism, then, in your vote, vindicate the honor of Rome. I have done.

PRES.—If there is nothing more to be said upon the proposition, we will take the final vote.

(Each member of the Senate votes.—The votes are counted, and the decision rendered to the President.)

PRES.—The vote is nearly unanimous in favor of the continuance of the war.

REG.—May the Gods of Olympus bless you, preserve you to behold the success of the struggle, and to enjoy the benefits of it many years. May succeeding generations bless you for the noble stand you have taken. I must bid you and my beloved country a long and eternal farewell, for I must return to Carthage. (A great stir and whispering among the Senators. At length the President rises and says:)

PRES.—Your words fill us with astonishment. Why should you speak of returning to a Carthaginian prison, to pass a few years amid darkness and gloom, away from all you hold dear upon earth, friends, relatives, and country, and end your days in the worst torture that treacherous cruelty can devise. You are free, in Rome. We will defend you from the power of the Carthaginians. Whom have we to send besides you to lead the Roman army? Whom can we trust so implicitly, and depend upon so confidently?—All Rome stands with open arms to welcome you, her brave general.—Though unfortunate, she is ready to trust you with the control of the war, willing to give you an opportunity to redeem your character in the eyes of posterity, while she is more than satisfied with your conduct and proud of your victories. O, Regulus! can you resist the voice of glory? Look in the future, and see your arms victorious, pursuing the retreating Carthaginians even to the gates of their city. Behold

their women come forth to entreat you to be merciful, while the magistrates place in your hands the keys which will give you possession. Hear the applause which will greet you from your fellow-citizens, when you return. Can you resist the yearnings of your bosom, for your child and country? Can nothing move you from your purpose? Remain with us, to guide us safely through the difficulties which are gathering around us. Your country calls for your assistance, and can you refuse to obey?

REG.—I promised, when I left Carthage, that if their terms were not accepted I would return to Carthage and to prison. Nothing is left for me now but to keep my word. I prefer my country's glory to my own life, and I would be thankful if my life was the only sacrifice that would be made.—You speak of my leading the Roman army. Once, when I was in the pride of my strength, I would not have hesitated to accept the offer, if I could have done so consistently. Yes, I was once a Roman general, a favorite of victory. Wherever my army marched the enemy retired defeated. How my blood boils in my veins to think of those times. I almost feel young again. But, alas! my strength has vanished in the dungeons of the prison. My blood courses slowly and languidly through my veins. I am no longer fit to command a Roman army. O glory! how I have worshipped thee. Thou hast not been absent from my mind since thy light first beamed upon me. Thou hast been my guardian spirit, and often hast thou encouraged me, when despair had thrown his feeble mantle over the souls of others.—But adoring thee as I do, not even for thee could I forget my word; could I endure dishonor and the sting of conscience. My country! how I have loved thee. My every thought has been thine. In my youth, I was taught that thou was above all to the Roman, and my after life and deeds have shown how well I have profited by my instruction. But even thy power is weakness, when placed upon the side of dishonor and disgrace. Although all I love are here, yet I must not remain. I must go.

MOTHER.—My son! Why will you leave me? Why will you desert me in my old age? When you were young I cared for you so tenderly. I taught your infant feet to walk, and your lisping tongue to utter its sounds. Every wish was provided for before it was expressed. Every trouble was kept from you, and no reasonable want denied. When trouble had wrung grief from your young heart, you rushed to me as your haven of peace, where every trouble fled, and grief took wings. My love and counsel have often protected you from danger, preserved you in peril, and made your manhood noble. And is this the payment that I receive in return? When the strength and vigor of youth have left my frame, feeble and weak in old age, when sorrows and cares have stamped their impress, and traced their furrowed lines upon my face, and my thread of life has nearly all been spun, will you now leave me to battle alone, with no one near upon whom to lean in the hour of trial? I had hoped that you would be the prop of my declining years; that, when all others abandoned me, your affections would cling around me, and cherish me; when death laid her icy hand upon me, and chilled the life currents which flow through my frame, you would be near to close my dying eyes, and mourn my departure. Alas! vain hope, never to be realized. You now, forgetful of those tender ties which should bind you to your aged mother, unmindful of her joys and sorrows, hasten to deprive her old age of its only staff, and leave her to mourn your premature death. I was always willing, my son, to give you up when our country called you, for then I knew that you were following in the footsteps of honor and glory, and thought that you might be permitted to return to gladden my heart; but now, when you depart to meet a sure

and speedy death, I have not the heart to let you go. (Sobs.)

REG.—My mother: do not judge me so harshly. No greater happiness would I wish, than that I might stay to shield you. But no; I cannot do so with honor. Do you not remember how earnestly you inculcated the love of truth in me when a little boy standing at your knee; when you told me it was not right to deceive our fellow men, but always speak the truth let the consequences be what they may; how you impressed upon my mind that when a promise is given it should be deemed inviolable, and that we must always consider well before we pledge our word. This has been my rule through life, and do you ask me to break it?—Do you upbraid me for want of filial affection, when I am only obeying one of the many noble precepts you taught me? Can you ask me to stain a life, which, hitherto, has never known an impurity, with dishonor in its last moments? Would you be happy to have your son with you, thinking every time you behold him, that he has performed a disgraceful action? Could you feel proud when you considered his career, his noble victories, and his devotedness to his country; when the last crowning act of his life comes looming up, bearing upon its face the seal of its dishonorable character? Sooner would you desire to see him dead before you, slain in some memorable exploit, or dying calmly upon the bed of honor, than that his few remaining days should be prolonged at the price of his good name. Bid me, dear mother, depart to an honorable grave with Jove's blessings upon my head. Send me forth as you used to, when I departed to lead the armies of our country. Buckle on my sword, embrace me, and counsel me to remember my country and the immortal Gods.

WIFE.—O, my husband! why do you hasten to leave me now? Happy was I when I heard that you had come, for I deemed you lost to me forever. Do not doom me to live over again those sad and lonely days. Remain with me, and bring back joy and happiness.—the pleasures that are in store for us. We can journey down life's rugged path hand in hand, sharing each others pleasures and each others woes. We will be happy; we will be blessed. Let me make the remainder of your life happy. You have been away from me most of the time, devoting your energies to our country. You have toiled and struggled manfully, and need rest. O! do let me make your life peaceful and quiet. Long months have I mourned your absence and longed for your return. Now, you have come back, and will you leave me again?—How can I be happy when you are absent, when you are deprived of the comforts of life, and confined in a Carthaginian prison? (She approaches him.) O, my husband! if you must go, take me with you, to share your privations, and cheer your drooping heart. When sad thoughts fill your mind, and no one is near to whom you can confide your emotions, let me be there then, and be your comfort and your joy. But, O! do not go. Do not leave all you hold dear, your wife, your child. (Holds it out to him.) Does not your sweet face plead in my behalf? Does not your heart yearn towards him? Stay and be a father to our child. Who will give him counsel, and guide him in the right path? Who will teach him to love honor, and how to command the armies of Rome?—Who will make him a patriotic citizen, and a generous leader, worthy of the respect of his soldiers, if you go? O! does not every emotion of pity and love plead with you? O! do not be so cruel, but relent. (She bursts out sobbing.)

REG.—(Almost overcome with feeling.) Would to Jove I could remain with you, and yet possess my honor: I would be more than happy. But no, this cannot be. What would I be without honor? I would be beneath the slave. Every man, as he passed would

point at me the finger of reproach, and say, "there goes a man who sold his honor for his life." (Draws himself up to his full height.) I would sooner forego all the sweets of wedded life; I would sooner forego all the joys that life could give, yea, life itself, than bring one stain upon my fair name, or disgrace upon my posterity. No! Regulus can die, and the Roman will point to him as a true citizen. (Tenderly) Do not grieve. Do not mourn for what cannot be helped. There is no alternative but disgrace, and you would not tell me to choose that. I feel deeply that I must leave our child before he can repeat my name, and call me father; that I must leave him before his character is formed; before I can teach him to be a true Roman, and make him prefer honor to life. But I know that I leave him in good hands, yours and my mother's; and for my sake, I beseech you, cheer up and devote your life to our son; teach him to consider Rome the first object of his love, and to sacrifice everything save honor for her welfare; tell him of his father, how he lived and died for Rome, unrepachable and loyal to the teachings of his youth. O! do this for his sake, that he may in after years remind you of me, and be a solace and comfort to your heart. I shall think of both oft, when the gloomy walls of the prison enclose me, and there is no one to break the silence that surrounds me. But I must go. (While embracing his wife and mother, he says:) To your charge, O Conscript Fathers, I confide my mother, wife and child.

PRES.—Rome will show her gratitude to her noble son, by providing for their wants.

MOTHER.—My son: may Jove's blessing rest upon you, and be with you while life lasts; and remember that there is one, when you are far away, who will always think of you, and pray that we may meet again in the Elysian fields, the reward of the good and faithful. Farewell.

REG.—(Tears himself away from his wife and mother, and hurries to a hill which overlooks the city, where he pauses.) O Rome! land of my birth, I must bid thee an eternal farewell. I must leave thy much loved walls, never to behold them again. No, never will thy streets echo to my tread, as I proudly walk along them. No, never will thou witness my departure to gain honor and triumphs in distant lands, or welcome me, when I return; but now I go, sad and desponding, an exile and a captive. How often have thy gilded palaces, thy noble mansions, thy magnificent public buildings loomed up before me, as I returned from some successful expedition, and spoke volumes to my soul of thy prosperity and the patriotism of thy sons. Yes, often a sight like this has filled my heart with joy and pride; joy for thy continued success and exalted name; pride that I am ranked among thy citizens. But now how different. No joy thrills my bosom and kindles into being the flickering flame of life, which ebbs slowly through my worn out frame; yet pride expands my breast, renews my stately step, and makes the blood run leaping through my veins with the vigor of youth, as I look down upon thee. Thou hast been my pride, my joy.—Long have I labored to exalt thee, and make thee feared, and revered throughout the earth. And I hoped to pass my old age with thee; but now I am forced to leave thee. The ties of friendship I can sever, the joys of home and of loved ones I can forego, but O! to leave thee is impossible; to break the cords which bind me to thee, to forget that I am a Roman, to renounce my allegiance to thee, how it tears my very soul with anguish almost unspeakable. And, although I can no longer claim thee as a parent, and call myself thy son, yet will my memory dwell upon thee, and my soul be with thee, when my body is far away in the dungeon of a Carthaginian prison. Thy name will ever be dear to me, and to

breathe it will pass many a sad moment away. When my body feels all the tortures that the hellish cruelty of the treacherous Carthaginians can devise, amid this pain, my thoughts will revert to thee, and my soul derive courage and fortitude from thy memory, to endure, unflinchingly and without a groan bodily anguish and suffering.—

With a smile, I will answer their insulting geers, and with a laugh, bid defiance to their threats, and urge them to do their worst. And when the messenger of Pluto comes hovering over me, presses her seal upon my brow, and clips the thread which holds me to earth, then, as my spirit halts before taking its final departure, my lips will murmur thy loved name, and my eyes try to catch the first echo. O Rome! thou wert my all! my all! and I must leave thee. May thou ever prosper. May the Gods ever look upon thee with favor. May thy sons be faithful and devoted to thee; ever ready to sacrifice everything for thy interest. May the time never come when they will deem their interest paramount to thine; when they will strive to obtain office not to elevate thee, but to make themselves distinguished and their families conspicuous, and when they will so far forget thee as to make thee an object of strife and bloodshed. But may thou, long after my body has mouldered into dust, and my deeds and resting place are forgotten, continue to conquer wherever thy arms are turned, to succeed in whatever will increase thy glory, and bring honor to thy name.— May thy conquest not cease until all nations are brought into subjection and own thy sway; until from one side of the globe to the other the Roman name will be heard with fear and reverence, with joy and love. And may comfort and contentment, and happiness, and love and eternal peace be the portion of thy citizens. And with vows of unchangeable fidelity to thee, I bid thee an eternal farewell.

FIRMNESS VERSUS OBSTINACY.

Firmness is fixedness of opinion, but not pertinacity. It listens to argument, but is not deceived and swayed by the imagination. Obstinacy, on the other hand, can be called unreasonable or unjustifiable firmness. It, however, unlike firmness, listens to no argument, but is so fixed in its opinion by prejudice, that it will not be persuaded by argument or other means. Firmness thinks and reasons for itself, weighs with correct scales all the merits and demerits of a proposition placed before it, and arrives at its conclusions by a correct method of ratiocination. Obstinacy neither thinks or reasons, but jumps to conclusions at random, and, whether right or wrong, carries them out, whatever be the consequences. It thinks not of its own welfare, nor does it appear to care for success, only so far as to gratify its selfish desires by doing that which is opposed. Firmness is honesty; it deals not only justly with others, but also with itself. It cheats no one, because it reasons with them and searches out the true position of their case, and then deals no other way than the one which it has decided to be right. When it ceases to do this, it is no longer firmness, but has become obstinacy. Firmness deals out distributive justice, as well as commutative. A magistrate without firmness is often swayed by sophistry or false reasoning, and caused to decide unjustly; and, if his heart be not fortified by firmness, he will be bought by tears, or influenced by apparent sorrow.— Again, if a magistrate is obstinate, he will be prejudiced in favor of one party, and will not be governed by law or testimony.

Firmness is admired, but obstinacy condemned. Washington was a firm man, and George III. an obstinate one. Washington was fixed in his opinion and plans, but did not discard reason. George III. would not listen to reason, but carried out his own selfish plans. Firmness should be cherished and improved by all, at the same time shunning obstinacy.— Firmness views things in their true light, but obstinacy in a self-interested manner. The workings of firmness are fervent and just, yet tender. The workings of obstinacy are arbitrary and uncouth, dealing with others according to nature and not reason. Firmness insures happiness, but obstinacy endless misery. Therefore, be firm, and run not into obstinacy. C. S.

THE BELL.

"The Bell—it jingles us on to school,
It jingles us home to dinner;
It jingles the wise, it jingles the fool,
It jingles the saint, it jingles the sinner,
It jingles us in life, whatever we're about,
It jingles us in life, it jingles us out."

For the Seminary Bell.

THE RHINE.

There are spots upon the face of the earth, the mention of whose name is sufficient to excite the interest of the student and antiquary. A city buried beneath the lava of some volcanic mountain, or filled with the ruins of some distinguished works of art, speaks to him of ancient times. Perhaps he has read of her glory and power which have departed from her forever. Now, although forgotten by mankind at large, her name brings back to his mind her pristine condition. Not the present does he see, but he remembers the past.

But, if we glance over the earth, we can find a few places which interest no particular class, but touch a feeling of regard in the bosom of all. Some famous deed, upon which depended the destiny of coming generations, perhaps, has been achieved there, or legends have cast about it a dim and mysterious cloak, through whose folds only the vague outlines can be seen, while the rest is veiled in clouds. No one wishes to dispel the mist which hovers over it, for when that has cleared up, nothing remains to give it attraction. If both of these causes are combined in one spot, the attention of the whole human race is drawn in that direction, and fastens upon the halo of glory which rests upon it, and which no coming ages can dissipate.

The Rhine, from her source to her mouth, has been the scene of some renowned action in ages past. Along her banks have been acted some tragedies which have influenced the fate of Europe and the world. But her scenery alone would be sufficient. She takes her rise among the mountains of Switzerland, and at her commencement, waters the land of a free and industrious people. Small at first, she rapidly increases in size, and soon becomes the majestic Rhine. She sweeps on through the fertile fields of Belgium, and scenes of rare and unsurpassing beauty. At times rough and boisterous, she roars amid rocks, and dashes wildly on her mad course, then gently and smooth as the surface of a mirror. She seems to pause to take breath, and hesitates to take another plunge. Now, the banks are low and gently sloping; too slight barriers to contain the waters within her bosom, when the Alps pours down its torrents of ice and snow upon the valleys below. Then some beetling precipice juts over the stream, against which the currents strike with mighty force, and beat the march of time. When she enters the low, marshy grounds of Holland, nature no longer could control her; but breaking over her natural boundaries, she would have burst like a flood, and inundated the surrounding country, if art had not put forth an aiding hand. Widening and deepening as she nears the ocean, she at length pours in through numerous mouths.

For beauty and variety of scenery, the Rhine can not be surpassed by any stream in the world. But when we consider how intimately she has been connected with the history of Europe,

since the days of Rome's ascendancy, we can not fail to perceive the reason that she exerts such a power over the minds of men. The Roman army, in search of people to conquer and victories to gain, oft pitched their camp upon her banks. How nobly the natives fought to retain possession of their beautiful inheritance, and when compelled to relinquish it they slowly and sullenly retired, giving innumerable battles to their invincible foe.

Here Cæsar led his conquering legions, and gained that experience and military knowledge, which afterwards made him the arbiter of Rome. From shore to shore he built that bridge, so famous in ancient times, and a description of which astonishes and excites the admiration of the present generation. In after years, when Rome was on the decline, the barbarians of the north, moving southward to the warm regions of Italy, met her near her mouth, and followed up along her banks, to where she lost herself amid the Alps. Here they left her, and toiling up the mountainous range, poured their mighty hosts upon the peaceful villages of Italy. But although she directed the course of some of the tribes who crushed life out of Rome, yet she still remained the same as before.

Attracted by the fertile soil and beautiful prospect, and wearied of their long journey, the barbarians settled along her banks, and took possession of the neighboring country. In the lovely vallies of the Rhine, the climate of the land of their adoption, soon made them forget the cold and bleak region where nothing fixed their love. Here they flourished, while feudalism slowly made its way through Germany, and over the Alps, into these peaceful provinces. Soon, from her source, along her whole course, there was erected a line of castles wherever a convenient spot could be found. Upon every overhanging bank, in every vale, rose a lordly mansion. Amid every grove could be seen a tall tower, with its spire pointing to the sky. And, if you could have stood upon some lofty hill, and glanced around over the extensive regions, tower, spire, and castle, would have met the eye, wherever it was turned. No landscape or scene would have presented itself without a huge castle constituting one of its chief and grand features. Here the old barons devote, never issuing forth, except upon a hunting or war expedition.— The tenants, even, compelled, at the voice of their lord, to arm themselves, and battle in his cause, so that he was king in his small domain. Oft have they met in deadly combat, and fought with desperation, till the valley ran red with blood. If the Rhine possessed the power of speech, many a tale of bloodshed and horror could she tell.— She has witnessed many a meeting of men in arms, of which history does not speak and tradition has forgotten to sing. As her waters moved along, they have borne to the sea many a groan, heaved from the breast of the wounded and dying soldier, and the lamentation of friends around his inanimate body. She could tell many a revolting tale of cruelty and hard-heartedness enacted upon her borders, where there was no witness to report and inform, and which none knew, save God,

the Infinite and Eternal. She has heard many a shout and cheer, as the foe rushed together, and in their grapple fell struggling together, to be swallowed up within her dark and placid bosom.— Often has she looked upon the shining lances of a troop, as they issued from their leaders castle, and took their march along her, in search of conquest and plunder. And when they returned, laden with spoil, she beheld their spears reflect the rays of the setting sun. Oft has she heard the slow tolling bell, as it called the monks and nuns to their devotions, pealing forth suddenly, and breaking the silence which had settled around, or as it tolls the knell of the departed it falls mournfully and solemnly upon the ear of the distant shepherd. Many a band, oblivious of private animosities and hereditary feuds, which nothing less could have reconciled but every act increased, forgetful of their duties and interests, willingly abandoning their families and friends, and leaving their native country, came marching through her glens, on their way to the land of Palestine, to aid their Christian brethren in the recovery of the sepulchre of the Founder of their common religion. And when a few years after a small remnant of those noble bands returned, she welcomed them back again to their homes and their families. Yes, often did their thoughts revert to her, while they were suffering in that far off distant land, and many a dying soldier weeping, spoke of his happy home upon the Rhine, which he was destined never to see again.

The beauty of her land has not departed. Although those old heroes have gone to their rest, their shades seem to haunt the place where they dwelt, and bring back the ghost-like appearance of the days of feudalism. Those old castles yet stand, "like sentinels of an enchanted land." Noble and imposing amid their ruins, they give an additional beauty to the lovely scenery. Many of them have been for a long time deserted, and now serve as places of resort for bands of robbers, to hold their secret conclaves and secret their spoils, or beings of another world to hold their midnight revels. One needs but hear the wind whistle through the cracks, and the water dash with its hoarse, angry sound against the base of an old castle, to people it with every kind of imagining beings, and make him feel that he is surrounded by the spirits of the ancient proprietors. Legend upon legend has sprung up, which throws a halo of enchantment around them, and enshrouds them in mystery. No wonder that they are objects of so much curiosity to travelers from every quarter of the globe, and give so much attraction to the region about the Rhine. As long as man respects and honors courage and manly virtue; as long as he loves to behold the beautiful and sublime in nature; as long as he take delight in looking upon scenes famous in the history of the world, so long will the Rhine be visited by those who have the means and the leisure to take a tour through Europe.

Hon. E. P. Blair, of Missouri recently emancipated four slaves in the St. Louis Court. This was done upon their fulfillment of an agreement to faithfully serve a sutler in the U. S. Army in New Mexico, to whom they were hired for a period of three years.

THE SEMINARY BELL.

MT. CARROLL SEMINARY,
NOVEMBER, 1859.

INTRODUCTORY.

With this month, we offer to the public the first number of "The Seminary Bell." Although, according to nature's laws, every plant, which commences to vegetate so late in the season, will be feeble, and sickly, and come to a sudden death from the cold, yet we feel confident that this germ will grow, until it reaches over an extensive tract of country, cherished by its contributors, and warmed by its subscribers. The interest, felt in the bosom of every one for its success, will keep off the chilling and deadening influences of apathy, so that it will, not only survive the winter's cold, but, at the end, will come forth, more beautiful and flourishing than ever, ready, when spring comes, to herald its arrival.

As it has been taken in hand by the society, and will be carried on by the members, it will become a permanent thing to continue as long as this institution endures. And, to make it lasting, it is necessary to establish it upon a solid foundation. We think this has been done to some extent, while it remains for the present committee to exert themselves, in order to leave it in a flourishing condition. Some may fear that it will end in a failure, as it will be compelled to keep passing through different hands, and be under the supervision of different Committees; but we would say, that, although the present members may leave gradually, there will be others continually coming, who will be amply competent to continue its publication. It will be handed down, as it were, from generation to generation, and, as each generation is considered to be wiser than the preceding, having their experience to guide them, it must undergo continual improvements. The inheritance, being thus bequeathed to them, would alone (if nothing else would inspire them,) induce them to emulate their predecessors, and sustain the reputation of the society and the institution. Thus it can be seen that every thing conspires toward making it sure and abiding.

While those, who succeed us, may make improvements, we do not intend to be remiss, and leave every thing of this kind to them. As this is our first issue, we were not capable of judging how it would look after being published, and, consequently, may make some alterations in its form and arrangement. The matter itself will be somewhat different in each publication; but each change will be for the better. We do not intend to lower its standard, but each inch it gains, shall be bravely held, until it can take another step forward.

It will be filled, mainly, with original compositions, essays, a short tale occasionally, &c. In each number, there will be a summary of the news of the month preceding its issue, where, in the shortest space possible, will be given what generally fills most of two pages in a weekly paper. There will also appear occasionally an article in reference to the Seminary, and what we are doing here, which will doubtless interest most of our readers. We intend to start and sustain a department

for those who love to dive into the mysteries of figures, &c. In this, will be published problems, enigmas, puzzles, conundrums, which we desire to have solved, and the answer returned. The first answer that reaches us, will entitle its author to have his or her name printed along with the solution. We hope that the votaries of mathematics will take advantage of the opportunity thus offered them, and come boldly forward. It will be entirely unnecessary to mention the different departments, as they can be seen by referring to the paper, but we will say, that others will be formed as we see the necessity. We believe in continual progression, and shall do every thing in our power to make our work prove our faith.

We will allow nothing to pass into our paper, which, in our eyes has a sectarian appearance, but shall exclude it without hesitation. If we intended to make it a herald of the principles of a particular sect, and an advocate of its doctrines, then we would fill it entirely with such matter; but as this is not our object, a person of any sect may look and examine, but fail to find any thing, at which he can take exception. Yet the main features, those which are common to all orthodox beliefs, will, at any time, be admitted, if the piece meets with our concurrence. For, if we should keep these entirely from our paper, we would shut out all morality, and whatever ennobles degenerate man. Morality will always find a place, and an advocate in us: while immorality, and every thing that tends to demoralize the young, and bring disgrace and ruin upon their after life, will, not only be rejected, but discountenanced.

No political party will have a chance to claim it as an organ to advocate or assist the election of their candidate, for we shall adjure all such subjects from the commencement; but shall always be ready to lift up our voice for liberty, equality, education, free institutions, and whatever has a tendency to improve the condition of mankind, and increase their comfort and happiness. Our paper shall be that of the people, and their rights will be regarded. And, to subserve their interests in the best possible manner, we shall not agitate the much disputed questions, which, if left alone, would, of their own accord, eventually and even sooner, be settled.

With this number, we send greetings to those who are waiting to welcome its arrival.

THE prospect of the success of the Atlantic Cable is quite encouraging.—It is thought that the old Cable can be taken up, and that there will be no great difficulty in laying the new. It is greatly to be hoped that success may attend their efforts.

AN excursion train of thirteen cars, bound from Fon du Lac to Chicago, ran off the track of the Chicago and North-Western Railroad, at Johnson Creek. Eight persons are reported killed, and a number badly wounded.

THE King of Prussia has lately much improved in health, but will never be able to perform the duties of his station.

THERE is a new Swedish singer, Mademoiselle Roesk, who is said to be equal to Jenny Lind.

THANKSGIVING.

In this month, there has been a day set aside by the Governor to be devoted exclusively to thanksgiving and rejoicing for the manifold blessings, which God has seen fit in His great mercy to bestow upon us; not that we should not bless Him at any other time, but that a whole people might, upon the same day, unite in lifting up their voice in an expression of their gratitude. Every day alike should find us in this frame of mind, although the duties of life and its employments may forbid our giving utterance to it.

This impressive ceremony dates its commencement and origin far back in the annals of our country, almost in the time of its first settlement, and has descended to us as one of the institutions of a free nation. It has, perhaps, indeed, to many, lost its most imposing and grand features, and is considered solely as a day upon which all business is to cease, and that enjoyment constitutes its chief design. This is, alas, the idea of too many, and, although they do not express it, their acts too plainly indicate it to be mistaken. Yet it ever we should be so fortunate as to spend one among the hills of New England, the land of its birth and of its faithful votaries, and at some old farm-house witness its dawn and its departure, it would be indelibly fixed in our memory never to be forgotten. Long after would we recall it with pleasure and dwell upon it with gratitude. And to one, who has passed his boyhood's days among such scenes and observed in the old-fashioned way the return of many such seasons, if, when he should leave his father's halls, he should take up his abode among those who are unaccustomed to celebrate them, to him they become doubly dear, and his heart yearns with fond affection for those earlier years. Even among strangers, he will, upon his own hearthstone, and in the bosom of his family, hold them, for they bring back the joyous recollections and sad memories of the home of his youth, where dwell those whom he loves, and with whom his thoughts linger upon this day. He sees in imagination the busy preparations going on a long time before its arrival, when with fond exultation the matron guards her growing treasures from the prowling fox or cunning hawk. And when the time approaches, she culls the choicest ones to prepare them to grace the coming celebration.—The daughters, with their mother at their head, cluster around their sire to urge him to forego the labors of one day, and go to town and purchase what they deemed necessary for the event. If he brings forward the lateness of the season and the backwardness of their work as an argument why he cannot go, or one of the boys be spared, they tell him that they can drive down and make the necessary purchases. And when there is no getting round it, he gives his consent that some one may hitch up and take them. On their return, how the younger ones lug and tug to bring in the things, and when viewed in a heap together, one would judge that they were going to set up a store; but before the close of another day they had all vanished, and besides sundry other articles had escaped the memory which would have aided very materially, but which have to be dispensed with. The next day the preparations begin in earnest. Early in the morning, long before the peep of dawn, are the young folks astir, busily performing the common duties of household life, so that nothing may prevent them from devoting the whole day to the desired purpose. As daylight begins to brighten the eastern horizon, the table is spread beneath the porch around which soon cluster the joyous faces of the happy family. Not one sad and gloomy face is seen, but joy beams forth from every one, both old and

young. As soon as the meal is partaken of and the table cleared, then all hands old enough to take part, begin to perform the share allotted to them. The mother is everywhere, in order to oversee all the preparations, for fear some slight mistake might be made which would end in the ruin of the forthcoming article, rendered important by the consequence of her office and the prompt obedience given to her every command. While those who are too young to lend a helping hand look on with sparkling eyes, watching every motion that is made and fearful that something would be said or done which they would not hear or see. Their youthful prattle is heard above the din of spoons and glasses asking some question about something which presents a very mysterious appearance to them.—But soon they are seen in discussing some important measure, concerning the performance of which they happen to differ in opinion, with as much gravity as though an empire depended upon their decision. With what haste they leave their elevated position at the table to open the oven door when the pastry is ready to be deposited therein, and they guard their with more care than the hundred eyed Argus did the Hesperian fruit. The dinner is delayed hour after hour, while the boys think that they never saw such a long forenoon before. Many an anxious eye was cast at the Sun to see how much of his daily course he had run, or what retarded him in his race. Often the parent pulled out his ancient time piece (one which had been brought over in the May Flower perchance) and noted the time of day, while at the same time he scanned the broad disc of the heavens, muttering something about going without dinner all day. At last the much wished for signal is heard, and every hand ceases simultaneously. The first sight that greets their vision, as they enter the house, is the store of pies and cakes piled up in awful array upon the side-board. How their mouths water in anticipation of the morrow.

After dinner has been dispatched, the boys receive notice that the turkeys and chickens are now to be slaughtered.—One runs for the axe, while the other hastens to bring the long detained prisoners to the place of execution. No mercy is shown, but one after another falls a sacrifice beneath the death-dealing guillotine. Blood flows like water, while on every side the expiring victims, gasping in their last agony, flutter around, loth to yield in the unequal struggle. It takes but a short time to arrange them, so that on the morrow they may be got ready upon a moments notice.

As the eve of the eventful day draws near, a carriage and then another is seen wending its way toward the old farm-house, where, upon its arrival, the occupants are heartily welcomed by the family and conducted to the best room.—They came not unexpected, for they had been invited to help keep thanksgiving; a son, perhaps, who has left home to open a road to fortune by his own exertions, or a daughter, who, a few years before with a father's blessing, had gone to grace another's mansion. They spend the evening in happy communion, and retire early so as to rise in good season.

Thanksgiving dawns bright and beautiful. Nothing is heard to break the stillness that has settled round. In silence the family assemble in the parlor to ask God's blessing to rest upon them in the performance of the duties of the day.—The voice of the aged patriarch arises with solemn fervor, as he blesses the Creator of the universe for the many favors that He is constantly bestowing on him and his. In the forenoon, they attend divine worship at their church, where they listen attentively to a sermon prepared for the occasion and preached by their

page, to cheer and elevate the human heart for centuries to come, but perhaps she was not granted the privilege of writing for the public. Females should not consider, when they have taken a few lessons upon the piano, painted a little, and have a faint idea of French and Italian, that their education is completed. These, alone, but feebly express the meaning of that momentous word, Education. Like the apple that hangs upon the oak, fair, round and beautiful in its external appearance, but devoid of substance within, they serve as a mere outward show, a cloak to hide the emptiness below. Ladies turn, we beseech you, to the struggling heart that is burning to give out the light and brilliancy within, but give words of caution to your sisters who are wasting away the energies of mind and body at the shrine of fashion. Turn your attention to that education which leads forth the undeveloped mind to unlimited height and surveys of the surrounding expanse of knowledge, while its pinions, as it were, are still unfledged, as the bird carefully instructs her tender brood to put forth their energies to the best advantage, and plume their wings for lofty and still more lofty excursions. Thus cultivate the inherent powers of thought, until it gains strength, by well-regulated exertion, to sustain its flight with unwearied and unfaltering wing, that it may roam far above the earth, and soar away through creation, making out new paths through its interminable wilderness of inexhaustible wonders.

Education draws forth latent energies which, without its stimulating power, would forever be dormant. It arouses the noblest purpose of the soul to a high standard of elevation, and trains with vigilant care every branch of thought to expand in the proper direction. Education is to the human soul what the sculptor is to the block of marble. As the one brings forth to the view the statue in all its symmetrical proportions, which lay previously hidden in the rude, unpolished block, so the other unfolds every latent perfection of the mind, which would otherwise have remained forever entombed in a deep and undeveloped obscurity. Yes, it is education which brings up the pearl from its hidden depths of the world's chaotic ocean of untutored thought, and reveals its many beauties to the enraptured gaze of the admirer. It bursts open the rocky encasement, and permits the imprisoned brilliancy of the mental faculties to astonish the world. In short, it throws wide open the capacious storehouse of the intellect, and presents to view all its precious and priceless treasures. This is no overwrought picture of the effects and value of education. The truth of this assertion will stand out permanently in the clear light of contrast.

In conclusion, we would say to the Ladies, place your standard on high grounds, and go on firm and unflinching up the rugged steeps of science.—Be encouraged to toil on in faithfulness and in hope, till, having finished your course, and being gathered to the home of the righteous, you shall meet multitudes instructed by your wise precepts, and profited by your pure example, who shall rise up and call you blessed.

Onward! before thee gleameth thy Path;
Skies being o'er thee, may frown in wrath;
Yet, the light shining from the far gate,
Where for thy coming fair angels wait.

Onward! right onward, turn not aside,
With those who linger, do not abide;
They who would love thee with thee must go,
Earnestly striving, sternly to know.

"What unto each is the meaning of life,
What for to-day is the duty of strife;
Up, then, and forward to the bright band,
Waiting to crown thee in that fair land."

All that want a mate,
And to marriage incline,
If you have slid through '58,
Now don't through '59.

When is a lover like a tailor?—
When he presses his suit

For the Seminary Bell.
THE TIME TO DIE.

It was winter. Before a cheerful fire sat an aged man in a lonely meditation. The curtains fell in heavy folds to the floor, casting an air of comfort over the room, and excluding the piercing cold. Yet a tremor passed over the frame of the old man, as the storm without fell upon his ear. "I am thankful I have shelter on such a night as this," said he, drawing his easy chair near to the fire; "woe to the wretch that roams abroad in such a storm."—Then musing for some time, he began pacing the room, and ever and anon pausing in deep thought, which at length found expression: Death is a fearful thing to contemplate at any time, but in such a season as this, methinks I would struggle hard for life. To be placed deep in the frozen earth,—no! she herself seems to strive to prevent the act, and winds her robe of snow over her breast to prevent admittance within. When I die may it be in the bright and joyous springtime, when all nature is fresh and gay. "But, hark! surely I did not hear a knock, for who would venture out on such a night?" And opening the door, he saw before him a young girl, who begged for shelter in accents to excite pity in the hardest heart. The appeal was enough for the kind-hearted old man; and drawing her within the room, he gave her a seat near the fire, and tried to revive her drooping frame. After she had so far recovered as to answer his inquiries, she told him she was a lonely creature, with no friend in the world; she had roamed about from place to place living on charity; she had never known Father or Mother or relative. The old man still dwelling upon the subject which had for sometime occupied him, asked her if death would not be a welcome messenger to her, as she had nothing for which to live, and no one cared for her,—would she not be willing to die and be at rest? "O, ask me not to give up life. It is sometimes bright and joyous. In the lovely summer, the flowers are my friends, the birds speak to me from the trees, and then I wander forth to the green woods and life is all sweetness. Oh, no! 'youth is no time to die.'"

Months rolled on; the spring appeared gradually bright, the birds rejoiced on every bough, and all nature smiled to welcome the blithe goddess, Spring. But the old man had found new ties to bind him to earth. The houseless wanderer was now as a daughter to him, his interest in her was too strong a bond to be easily broken. It was as hard to leave the world now as in the cold and dreary winter; age seemed but to strengthen the love of life, although youth was withered, and nature dying, yet "life! life only was his desire."

Spring passed, and summer with its mild and balmy air, visited the earth. The maiden smiled in gladness of heart, and the old man rejoiced in her happiness, for she threw joy and bliss around; her happy laugh rung upon his ear in wild and merry peals, as she watched the flight of the gay butterfly, and her sweet song arose upon the air as she tended her birds, and watched the opening of each bud to the light.

Time flew swiftly by; yet the old man and maiden were as fondly attached to the earth as in its springtime.—Death gained new horrors as the season advanced; their summer paths were strewn with flowers. "It was no time to die." Autumn with its purple grape, and downy peach, and pleasant nutting time, took the place of summer, and brought with it the brightness and joyousness of cool air and freedom of the oppressive heat; the little maiden tripped through the dry leaves, and chased the squirrel with almost its own swiftness; then throwing back her sunny curls, she bounded back to the side of the old man, as he sat under the vines at his door, making glad his eyes with her bright and happy face, and his heart grew young again in her lightsome joy-

ous mirth; both little thought of Death. The earth had clothed herself in a robe of brown and dry leaves, and hid herself from the eye of man,—she seemed not to wish for human company in this her time of change. Winter again returned; again we see the old man sitting in his easy chair before the bright and glowing fire; but he is not the solitary being he was before, for beside him is one in the first blush of youth and grace. She is no longer the gay and noisy child; she is no less lovely, no less happy, but a deeper thought steals over her face, and a heavenly radiance sits upon her features, as she bends over the book from which, in accents of deep reverence, she reads the word of God to the old man.

What think they now of death?—The faces of both look more restrained, the Holy spirit sheds its light upon the way which leadeth to the grave; it no longer seems dark and lonely. The old man received the guest into a heart which had always been the residence of kindness and charity. The maiden now drooped daily, but she no longer thought it hard to give up life; and when the cold blast swept over the earth, and the robe of snow enveloped it, with robes no less white, she was received into its bosom. Then I asked the old man, "when is the time to die?"

"A holy calm was on his brow,
"And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a look divine;
He spoke the language of his soul—
'My Master's time is mine!'"

HATTIE.

For the Seminary Bell.
MOTIVES TO RIGHT ACTION.

Two classes of motives present themselves to our minds, and prompt us to right motives.

Actuated by one class of motives, we do right because it is right; we choose the right for its own sake. Acting from the other class of motives, we do right that we may accomplish some selfish end.

A good act is good in itself, whether it be prompted by proper or improper motives; but the amount of real good which results from it, depends very much upon the motive. For instance, it is our duty to treat all persons friendly, and we may do so merely for the sake of securing their approbation.

By being kind and courteous we please them, and thereby render to them what they have a right to expect; but neither is the same amount of happiness conferred upon them, nor is the effect upon our own mind so ennobling as it would be, if the motive were pure.

We ought to contribute to the comfort of the afflicted and destitute, so far as it is in our power. We may discharge the duty, and by that act, though good in itself, we may be strengthening the cords that bind us to avarice, vain-glorying and other selfish passions, in consequence of the motives that govern us.

It is our duty to improve the mind that God has given us, with all possible diligence; and we may exert ourselves to the utmost and yet be actuated altogether by selfish motives. And, in a literary point of view, we may attain to all the excellence we desire, but will the soul be trained as faithfully as it would be, if it were of usefulness, and the glory of our Creator, were the ruling motive prompting the act? We know it will not. The soul can not progress in goodness, unless it be governed by the eternal principles of right. Every time we act from an impure motive, we sin against God and our own souls, and thereby descend still further into a life of sensuality, which, it followed, leads to a death to all that is pure and good; while every act that we perform from a true motive, elevates us, and adds another link to that golden chain which binds us to Holiness, God, and Heaven; and allies our nature to that of the Angels, who do perfectly the will of God. When we cease to live for self, and act from the holy principle of right, in all things, we shall begin the true life. Then, and not till then, will we be truly happy.

This life is short; let us make the most of it. Let us obtain the highest good which this life was designed to give. Let us weigh all our actions by the motives, for thus God weighs them. He hath said, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart."

J. C.

For the Seminary Bell.
HAPPINESS.

Six thousand years ago, the chase for happiness began. Six thousand years hence, if this old and crazy world endure so long, that chase will not be ended—And, in all those centuries, the millions who have toiled out their lives in searching, not one has found the object of his search. Most strange, that here and there, and everywhere, the sons of mortality follow the phantom still, hoping its incarnation in their arms, hoping with all their frailties, to obtain what not the brightest fate nor fairest fortune ever granted. Of all the earth contains, is Happiness alone worth having, and the only thing man cannot have. But who, though he believe it true for all the world beside, believes it for himself? Each soul awaits the day-dawn of his dream—expects an avatar from Heaven. Strong sinews stretch, brave spirits strive through painful and unreckoned years, to clasp the form of Happiness, and on her bosom find their recompenses, upon her lips their balm.

A strange, wild vision is this happiness, which acts on men, as legends say, does sometimes "Luna's light." From childhood's years, it flashes on their sleep, and in their waking eyes, and clothing with its sheen some fond ideal shape, they grow no wiser with their days' sad teaching, but wedded more and more unto their idol. Boy's age and manhood's prime arrive and go, and hoary hairs and trembling limbs come on apace. The vision is as bright to grey senility, as when the bee drew its young footsteps through the flowers, and Azrael lays his frigid hand on lips that moved almost their last in murmurs of that earliest dream.

A dull, deep sadness dwells within the thought, that none, since Eden bloomed, however great their struggles and capacities, however pure their lives and generous their hearts, have found what could make being beautiful and birth a vision; what they forewent all else to gain, and only could be dear—that eye-escaping, self-same Happiness.

'Tis sweet and good to hope, the works of wisdom tell; but when Hope points to some mirage, or brings hot calentine, wherein the victim seeks to press his burning feet upon the velvet turf, and is engulfed beneath the treacherous wave, it seems to me not wise or well. Hope, pointing to Happiness with radiant and unmoved finger, the ages and eras, rush smiling where she points, and into dismal labyrinths and turbid lakes, and over towering rocks where desolation, wounds and deaths are rife, the countless throngs are borne in their too warm pursuit of that most mystic myth, first shaped by love and fashioned by desire.

Were it not better, then, if man grew altogether skeptical of Happiness? Not hoping, he might be resigned the sooner to the tedious toils and trials of this life: not seeking, he would feel less often disappointment's dart. Not to hope or think of Happiness, must be wiser than to hope for that which never was, as 'tis more pleasant to never know a flower, than think to gather woodbine where only thistles are.

An insurrection took place at Harper's Ferry, through the agency of a man named Brown, who had played a very prominent part in the Kansas agitation. He desired to aid the slaves in gaining their liberty, and in doing this enlisted a few white men, and negroes, with the intention of carrying his plan into operation by force, it needs be. Troops were sent from Charleston and Shepardstown, who drove the insurgents to the armory.—Here they defended themselves until the building was stormed by the marines. Brown, the leader, was among the prisoners taken. He had received a severe wound during the affray. Upon his letters were found from various individuals at the North—Fred. Douglass, Gerritt Smith and others. He was taken to Charlestown, where he was tried for rebellion, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on Friday, the 2d of December next. Many others, who were engaged in the insurrection, have been convicted, and some are still awaiting their trial.

THE INDIANS.

Not many centuries ago the Indians were the possessors of this continent, of which we are so proud. They were here surrounded with friends and homes, and every other comfort that was necessary for the enjoyment of savage life. They also had their hunting grounds that yielded them an abundant harvest, which never failed. They had the forests for their shelter, with which they were well satisfied, being ignorant of any better. They had the wide and almost boundless prairie for their summer retreat, where they whiled away the many happy hours, in contemplating the loveliness of the surrounding scenery. There then existed a feeling of safety within their bosoms, of which they are now deprived. They then engaged in the hearty chase with alacrity and delight, little dreaming of other foes than those of which they were in pursuit. When the chase was ended, they made their return with light hearts and merry loads of game. After this they assembled around the camp-fires, where they mingled together in love and harmony as one great family. Their ideas of a Supreme being were vague and imperfect. Under the name of the Great Spirit they worshipped him after their own manner. They adored in superstitious faith, placing the most implicit confidence in the Being they revered, and, by the performance of this sacred duty, oftentimes appeased their troubled consciences.

It has been a question of much dispute, whether the Indians were as happy a race as the white man, who very unfortunately to them have become their successors. — And one of the principal arguments brought up in objection, to which many consider as sufficient to destroy their happiness, is, that the different tribes were continually engaged in war with one another, always following upon some war trail, and shouting their war whoops as they closed in deadly combat; that every grove, hill, valley and plain had witnessed their furious struggle, and were moistened by their hearts' blood; that many a victim expired without a groan amid the piercing pains of the consuming fire, or fell beneath the uplifted tomahawk. And often have these been adduced by the vindicators of the first settlers' fame, to show the miserable condition of the Indians, and prove that it was justifiable to exterminate the whole race and deprive them of their lands. But his has long ago exploded, for, whether they were happy or not, would not justify others in the performance of an undeniable wrong, and the transgression of every human and divine law. And, if the Indians did pass much of their time in warfare, has the white man no blood of his fellowmen upon his hands for which he will have to answer. The famous battle fields thickly situated over the face of Europe, where many were murdered, yes far more than ever fell before the Indian hatchet, speak too plainly to be mistaken. They present us with a sad and desolate picture of misery, and tell us that thousands upon thousands of immortal souls have been hurled without a moment's notice, into the bottomless pit, merely to satisfy despotic ambition. And having like premises, should we not draw the same conclusion in reference to the white man as to the Indian, that they also are an unhappy race. But has this been the opinion of past ages, and does it agree with our experience.

But alas, where now is the Indian, the happy Indian, who once lived and loved in these plains! He has gone. His once happy fireside is now desolate. — The forests, that afforded him an ample shelter, have fallen before the axe of the white man. The green and verdant prairies have become blackened by the plow and harrow. The game, which once spotted this extensive region, has passed away with the native hunter. The same fate has befallen them both. They have felt the merciless hand of the destroyer. The Indian wended his way slowly and sadly toward the Mississippi, across which he has now passed, and shelters under the massy ledges and high peaks of the rocky mountains. Here he will rest a short time, and then again commence his lonely pilgrimage toward the Western ocean. His doom is sealed, his destiny fixed. No hand save God's can avert the power which is hurrying him on. Soon he will reach the terminus of his continent, beyond which he cannot pass. — Here a sure destruction awaits him. It may be deferred, but it will surely come. An avenger is on his track, which no mortal has yet been able to escape.

For the Seminary Bell.

AN ALLEGORY.

One sultry day as I was walking in the fields, overcome by fatigue and the excessive heat, I sank down upon a grassy mound, and soon fell into a deep sleep. And as I slept, I saw in my dream a high hill forming a dark outline against the horizon, on which was a great multitude of people. On the top of the hill was a beautiful temple called the "Temple of Science," surrounded by a magnificent garden which was filled with every variety of shade trees and rare plants, cedars from Lebanon, sweets from the "land of Araby," and grapes culled by the hand of art from the choicest vineyards of Spain and Italy. All nations had contributed something to this garden, and its name was the "Garden of Literature." Directly in front of the temple stood a crystal fountain called the "Fountain of Knowledge," the waters of which were pure and sweet. To this fountain there was but one steep rugged path called the "Path of Industry." — Those who set out to attain to it must endure innumerable hardships, trials, and deprivations, and often contend with penury and want. On each side of the path of Industry were other paths called the paths of "Ease and Pleasure," which appeared smooth and easy to travel, so that many were tempted to turn aside, thinking to find a shorter way. Those paths terminated in a great number of smaller ones, among which was Luxury and Idleness. Those who once entered them were drawn irresistibly forward to the vortex of pleasure, from which there was no escape. While those who kept the steep and rugged path were amply repaid for all their privations, when they had reached the Fountain of Knowledge and quaffed its sweet waters, which are delightful to the taste and impart strength and vigor to the mind.

"Knowledge is power," and they who drink from the inexhaustible fountain of true knowledge "are strong to do and to suffer," and are also able to exert an important influence over others.

"There is no royal road to learning," says Alexander the Great, and he who would ascend to the top of this Hill of Science, and enter the beautiful temple must make his way slowly and patiently step by step, never once looking back or allow himself to be discouraged. But with his eye firmly fixed on the distant goal, press eagerly forward, until at last he shall have reached the door of the temple and received the "lustral wreath" which is the true crown of excellence. "CLARE."

For the Seminary Bell.

FRIENDSHIP.

There seems to be innate in the bosom of every man a longing for communion with a kindred spirit. This feeling is not disinterested, but reciprocal. It requires that as much should be given as received. The ties which emanate from one soul, must encircle the other, or the emotion will not be lasting. There must be common joys and sorrows, to unite them in firmer bands. Secrets must be imparted, to show that they place implicit confidence, and take pleasure in the welfare of each other. It must not be a mere passing regard to fade away as soon as their intercourse ceases, but a deep interest which will continually increase in strength, and withstand the rude blasts of adversity. It must exclude everything of a sensual nature, and be refined and elevated. It must gush forth unchecked by the conventionalities of society, warm and spontaneous. Such a friendship as this binds persons in an indissoluble union which can not be severed without doing a lasting injury. What anguish fills the soul, when those with whom we have mingled, and to whom we have confided the secret motives of the heart, prove false and Judas like, cause us to fall a prey to their treachery and unprincipled conduct. A more pernicious motive cannot be fostered in the human heart, than that termed deception. How repugnant to the sight is one whom we know to be deeply tainted with deceit, whose exterior presents the most sublime appearance of genuine friendship. But

a true friend is cheering to the soul. Our very natures seem to be reanimated with additional life, with a something which is not to be expressed, but felt. Truly, one must be wretched indeed, whose conduct has caused them to be friendless.

For the Seminary Bell.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

Oh, yes! I know you remember the old fire-place, with the old log Grandpa put in it. And, don't you remember the cheerful blaze that lighted up the room! There is Grandma in the big rocking chair, with her spectacles, and her blue stocking, that she is knitting. There is Grandpa in the big old arm chair, reading the almanac that he has taken from the nail by the fireside. He is telling you of all the storms of which he can think, and also just what kind of an evening it was this time three years ago. — How it rained and blew, till he thought would blow the old house over. Now he is telling us how he used to run barefoot, and that he never thought of shoes or stockings. And, by his hearty laugh and the sparkling of his eye, you could tell that he loved to talk to you of old times.

Don't you remember little black-eyed sister Ida, who used to climb up on Grandpa's knee, and hear him tell what he used to do when he was of her size! How her little black eyes would brighten up, when he would tell about some May party, or a fishing excursion! Then, when his story was finished, she would slide down from off his lap and bid him good night, as it was time for her to go to bed.

And don't you remember that Grandpa was taken sick one morning, and we all thought he would be well by evening! — Evening came, — he was well, for he was in that happy world where no one says, "I am sick or in pain." Grandpa was in Heaven; and, as you look upon his lifeless form, and follow it to the grave, does there not a wish arise in your heart that you too may be as useful and happy as he was.

FLORA MAY.

For the Seminary Bell.

"FICTITIOUS READING."

We hear a great deal said, at the present day, about "fictitious reading;" its effects on the mind, &c. There are many who uphold its practice, and they form, by no means, the minority. They may not always express their opinion openly, for the reason that it is not always popular; yet, at the present time, there are but very few who are not in the habit of reading more or less of "fictitious works."

The effects of novel reading, on the mind, are doubtless injurious in the highest degree, especially if indulged in to any great extent. One loses all taste for solid reading — that which improves and strengthens the mind; their ideas of things being so overdrawn, so unreal, that it seems very dry, to come down to facts as they actually exist; and it is not at all strange that it should seem so.

They have been so accustomed to looking upon life, as it is pictured in the "novels and romances," which they have read, that it is natural that their "overwrought fancies" should lose all taste or liking for the truth. To come down to the "stern realities of life," it is not quite so agreeable, after "soaring aloft in the clouds," and reveling in "untold dreams of the future," of "a little paradise on earth," a romantic spot, half hidden by shrubbery and vines, where they can dream away their lives, free from all care or trouble, &c.

Now, this is all nonsense, sickly sentimentalism, and such is the effects of "novel reading." It gives us false and mistaken views of life, which sometime, sooner or later, we will find out to our sorrow. Reading which tends to cultivate and enrich the mind, is alike stale and rapid. In short, the tendency of "fictitious reading" is to degrade the whole human nature, if indulged in to any extent. E. S.

A LAWYER'S OATH. — The following oath administered to a legal gentleman, when admitted to the bar, passed the Massachusetts Senate by a vote of 18 to 3: —

You solemnly swear that you will do no falsehood, nor consent to the doing of any in court; you will not wittingly or willingly promote or sue any false, groundless or unlawful suit, nor give your aid or consent to the same; you will delay no man for lucre or malice; and you will conduct yourself within the office of an attorney within the courts, according to the best of your knowledge and discretion, and with all good fidelity, as well to the courts as to your clients. — So help you God.

DEATH.

What is death? This is a question which has often been asked, and the response given by many has been, that it is a stopping of the breath, a closing of the eyes, a sweet slumber whose waking shall be in another and a brighter state of existence. But to me, there is something more in the word death. It is the breaking of fond ties, a severing of those links by which all the relations in life are united. Who has not witnessed its fearful effects! Who has not followed a father, a mother, a brother, or a sister to their last long resting place? It visits alike the home circle of those who are favored with distinction, and those who are of low estate. The once happy band, which gathered around the family board, has been made desolate by his cruel hand. — He has been among them, and, perchance, snatched away their fairest bud. Their fondest hopes are blighted, and they are left alone to mourn. It is thus that, from time to time, we are called upon to pay the last tribute of respect to those to whom we are endued by the ties of nature. As we see them consigned to the silent tomb, who can describe the deep anguish which bursts like a torrent over the soul? It is then that we called up, in long review, the many incidences of the past. It is then that their many virtues, their various acts of kindnesses, the deathbed scene, the throbbing, heaving breast, and the last fond look, all present themselves so vividly before us. Then it is that we shed the unavailing tear, and utter the unheard groan. But why all this! Why thus murmur at the providences of an all-wise God? We should ever remember that these precious gems have been taken away by the same hand that gave them; and that we have the blessed assurance of meeting them again upon the heavenly shores, when we have "gone the way of all the earth."

HIS OWN JUDGE. — The following amusing incident occurred in Roxbury, Mass.:

A lad, whom we will call Peter, played truant from school, and wishing an excuse the next day, altered over an old note (which had been used on a former occasion for a similar purpose) by expunging the old date and substituting the present. The master immediately detected the trick and in the presence of the school, expressed upon him the dangerous character of such frauds. He then told Peter he would leave him in the aisle for half an hour, to reflect upon this, and be his own judge as to the punishment due the offence. The half hour having elapsed, the whole school was called to the "third position" — the attitude of attention — and the teacher said:

"Now, sir, you yourself are the judge in this case; what is your decision?"

Peter hesitated a little, then, hanging down his head, pronounced in a whining tone the following impartial verdict:

"Why, as its the first time, I think you'd better let the poor fellow go!"

REMARKABLE WORKS. — Niveah was 15 miles long, 8 wide and 49 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof; it was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides; its base covers eleven acres; the stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 308; it employed 330,000 men in building. The Labyrinth in Egypt contains 800 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates. Carthage was 23 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$5,000,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

AN IRISH LOVE-LETTER. — Och, Paddy! swate Paddy, if I was ye'er daddy, I'd kill ye with kisses intirely; if I was ye'er brother, and likewise ye'er mother, I'd see that ye went to bed airly. To taste of ye'er breath, I'd starve to death, and lay off me hoops altogether; to jost have a taste of ye'er arm on me waste, I'd larf at the manest of weather. Dear Paddy be mine, me own swate volentine — ye'll find me both gentle and civil; and our lives we will spind to an elegant ind, and care may go dance wid the devil. — BRIDGET.

