

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

BY THE REV. MORITZ BONAR, D.D.

Up and away! like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb all
forgotten
The brief space of time well and patiently run;
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won—
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away: like the odors of sunset
That sweetens the twilight as darkness
comes on;
So let my life—a thing felt but unnoticed,
And but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness
When the flowers that it came from are
closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love written record?
The names and epitaphs graven on the stone,
The things we have lived for let them be our
story;
We ourselves but remembered by what we
have done.

I need not be missed; if my life has been
bearing,
(As in summer and autumn moved silently
on—)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its
season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have
done.

I need not be missed; if another succeed me
To reap down these fields which in Spring I
have sown,
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed
by the reaper.
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have
spoken;
Not myself, but the truth that in life I have
sown;
Shall pass on to ages, all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I
have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying—
So let my name be unblazoned, unknown—
Unpraised and unnamed, I shall yet be re-
membered.
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.—BY CAPT. M. REID.

(Continued.)

Neither Virginia nor I ever dream-
ed of an inequality. The association was
by us desired and sought. We
were both too young to know aught
of caste. In our friendships we fol-
lowed only the prompting of inno-
cent nature; and it never occurred
to us that we were going astray.

The girls frequently accompanied
us into the forest; and to this we,
the hunters, made no objection. We
did not always go in quest of the
wide-ranging stag. Squirrels and
other small game were often the
objects of our pursuit; and in fol-
lowing these we needed not to
stray far from our delicate com-
panions.

As for Maumee, she was a hunt-
ress—a bold equestrian, and could
have ridden in the 'drive.' As yet,
my sister had scarcely been on
horseback.

I grew to like the squirrel-shooting
best; my dogs were often left
behind; and it became a rare thing
for me to bring home venison.

In the lake, there was a beautiful
island—not that which had been
the scene of the tragedy, but
one higher up—near the widening of
the river. Its surface was of large
extent, and rose to a summit in
the centre. For the most part, it
was clad with timber, nearly all
evergreen—as the live-oak, magnolia,
lilium, and wild orange—
indigenous to Florida. There
were zanthoxylon trees, with their
conspicuous yellow blossoms; the
perfumed flowering dogwood, and
many sweet-scented plants and
shrubs—the princely palm towering
high over all, and forming, with its
wide-spread umbels, a double canopy
of verdure.

The fair island lay about half-way
between the two homes; and of-
ten young Powell and I met upon it,
and made it the scene of our sport.
There were squirrels among the
trees, and turkeys—sometimes deer
were found in the glades—and from
its covered shores we could do execu-
tion among the water-fowl that
sport upon the lake.

Several times had we met on this
neutral ground, and always ac-
companied by our sisters. Both de-
lighted in the lovely spot. They
used to ascend the slope, and seat
themselves under the shade of some
tall palms that grew on the summit;
while we, the hunters, remained in
the game-frequented ground below,
causing the woods to ring with the
reports of our rifles. Then it
was our custom, when satiated with
the sport, also to ascend the hill,
and deliver up our spoils, particu-
larly when we had been fortunate
enough to procure some rare and
richly plumed bird—an object of
curiosity or admiration.

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And beyond this, beyond listening
and looking, my love had never
gone. No love-words had ever
passed between us; I even knew
not whether I was beloved.

My hours were not all blissful;
the sky was not always of rose-
colour. The doubts that my youth-
ful passion was returned were its
clouds; and these often arose to
trouble me.

About this time, I became un-
happy from another cause. I
perceived, or fancied that Virginia
took a deep interest in the brother
of Maumee, and that this was re-
proached. The thought gave me
surprise and pain. Yet why I should
have experienced either, I could not
tell. I have said that my sister and I
were too young to know ought of
the prejudices of rank or caste;
but this was not strictly true. I must
have had some instinct, that in this
free association with our dark-
skinned neighbors we were doing
wrong, else how could it have made
me unhappy? I fancied that Vir-
ginia shared this feeling with me.

We were both ill at ease, and yet we
were not confidants of each other.
I dreaded to make known my
thoughts even to my sister, and she
no doubt felt a like reluctance to
the disclosing of her secret.

One day we were upon the island,
all four as usual. The hunt was
over, and Powell and I had rejoined
our sisters upon the hill. We had
stretched ourselves under the shade,
and were indulging in trivial con-
versation, but I far more in the
mute language of love. My eyes
rested upon the objects of my
thoughts, too happy that my
glances were returned. I saw little
besides; I did not notice that
there was a similar exchange of
ardent looks between the young
Indian and my sister. At that mo-
ment I cared not; I was indifferent
to everything but the smiles of
Maumee.

There were those who did observe
this exchange of glances, who saw
all that was passing. Anxious eyes
were bent upon the tableau formed
by the four of us, and our words,
looks, and gestures were noted.

The dogs rose with a growl, and
ran outward among the trees.—
The rustling of branches, and gar-
ments shining through the foliage,
warned us that there were people
there. The dogs had ceased to give
tongue, and were wagging their
tails. They were friends, then, who
were near.

The leaves sheltered them no
longer from our view: behold my
father—my mother!

Virginia and I were startled by
their appearance. We felt some
premonition of evil—arising, no doubt,
from our own convictions that we
had not been acting aright. We
observed that the brows of both were
clouded. They appeared vexed
and angry.

My mother approached first.—
There was scorn upon her lips.
She was proud of her ancestry, even more
than the descendant of the Ran-
dolphs.

"What!" exclaimed she—"what,
my children! these your compan-
ions? Indians?"

Young Powell rose to his feet, but
said nothing in reply. His looks
betrayed what he felt; and that
he perfectly understood the slight.

With a haughty glance towards
my father and mother, he beckoned
to his sister to follow him, and
walked proudly away.

Virginia and I were alarmed and
speechless. We dared not say
adieu.

We were hurried from the spot;
and homeward Virginia went with
my father and mother. There were
others in the boat that had brought
them to the island. There were
blacks who rowed; but I saw white
men too. The Ringolds—both
father and son—were of the party.

I returned alone in the skiff.—
While crossing the lake, I looked
up. The canoe was just entering the
creek. I could see that the faces of
the half-blood and his sister were
turned towards us. I was watched,
and dared not wave an adieu, al-
though there was a sad feeling upon
my heart—a presentiment that we
were parting for long—perhaps for
ever!

Alas! the presentiment proved a
just one. In three days from that
time I was on my way to the far
north, where I was entered as a
cadet in the military academy of
West Point. My sister, too, was
sent to one of those seminaries, in
which the cities of the Puritan peo-

ple abound. It was long, long be-
fore either of us again set eyes upon
the flowery land.

CHAPTER XVII.

WEST POINT.

The military college of West Point
is the finest school in the world.—
Princes and priests have there no
power; true knowledge is taught,
and must be learned, under penalty
of banishment from the place. The
graduate comes forth a scholar, not
as from Oxford and Cambridge, the
pert parrot of a dead language,
smooth prosodian, mechanic rhythm-
ster of of idyllic verse; but a linguis-
t of living tongues—one who has
studied science, and not neglected
art—a botanist, draughtsman, geolo-
gist, astronomer, engineer, soldier—
all; in short, a man fitted for the
higher duties of social life—capable
of supervision and command—
equally so of obedience and execu-
tion.

The details of a cadet's experience
possess but little interest—a routine
of monotonous duties—only at
West Point a little harder than else-
where—at times but slightly differ-
ing from the slave-life of a common
soldier. I bore them bravely—not
that I was inspired by any great mili-
tary ambition, but simply from a
feeling of rivalry: I scorned to be
the laggard of my class.

Long lingered in my heart the
love of Maumee—long time unaf-
fected by absence. I thought the
void caused by that sad parting
would never be filled up. No other
object could replace in my mind, or
banish from my memory the sweet
souvenirs of my youthful love.—
Morning, noon, and night, was that
image of picturesque beauty outlined
upon the retina of my mental eye
—by day in thoughts, by night in
dreams.

During all my cadetship, I never
saw her—never even heard of her.
For five years I was an exile from
home—and so was my sister. At
intervals during that time we were
visited by our father and mother,
who made an annual trip to the fa-
shionable resorts of the north—
Ballston Spa, Saratoga, and New-
port. There, during our holidays,
we joined them; and though I longed
to spend a vacation at home—I
believe so did Virginia—the 'mo-
ther was steel and the father was
stone,' and our desires were not
gratified.

I suspected the cause of this stern
denial. Our proud parents dreaded
the danger of a *mesalliance*. They
had not forgotten the tableau on the
island.

The Ringolds met us at the wa-
tering-places; and Arenas was still
assiduous in his attentions to Vir-
ginia. He had become a fashionable
exquisite, and spent his gold freely—
not to be outdone by the *de-cadent*
tailors and stock-brokers, who con-
stitute the 'upper ten' of New
York. I liked him no better than
ever, though my mother was still his
backer.

How he sped with Virginia, I
could not tell. My sister was now
quite a woman—a fashionable dame,
a belle—and had learnt much of the
world—among other things, how to
conceal her emotions—one of the
distinguished accomplishments of the
day. She was at times merry
to an extreme degree; though her
mirth appeared to me a little arti-
ficial, and often ended abruptly.—
Sometimes she was thoughtful—not
unfrequently cold and disdainful.
I fancied that in gaining so many
graces, she had lost much of what
was in my eyes more valuable than
all, her gentleness of heart. Perhaps
I was wronging her.

Five years soon flitted past, and
the period of my cadetship was ful-
filled. With some credit, I went
through the ordeal of the final ex-
amination. A high number rewarded
my application, and gave me the
choice of whatever arm of the ser-
vice was most to my liking. I had
a penchant for the rifles, though I
might have pitched higher. Into the
artillery, the cavalry, or engineers,
I chose the first, however, and was
gazetted brevet-lieutenant, and ap-
pointed to a rifle regiment, with
leave of absence to revisit my native
home.

At this time, my sister had also
'graduated' at the Ladies' Aca-
demy, and carried off her 'diploma'
with credit; and together we jour-
neyed home.

There was no father to greet us
on our return: a weeping and

widowed mother alone spoke the
melancholy welcome.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEMINOLES.

On my return to Florida, I found
that the cloud of war was gather-
ing over my native land. It would
soon burst, and my first essay in mi-
litary life would be made in the
defence of hearth and home. I was
not unprepared for the news. War
is always the theme of interest with
in the walls of a military college; and
in no place are its probabilities and
prospects so fully discussed or with
so much earnestness.

For a period of ten years had the
United States been at peace with
all the world. The iron hand of
'Old Hickory' had awed the savage
foe of the frontiers. For more
than ten years had the latter desisted
from his chronic system of retalia-
tion, and remained silent and still.
But the pacific *status quo* came to an
end. Once more the red man rose
to assert his rights, and in a quarter
most unexpected. Not on the fron-
tier of the 'far west,' but in the
heart of the flowery land. Yes, Flor-
ida was to be the theatre of opera-
tions—the stage on which this new
war-drama was to be enacted.

A word historical of Florida, for
this writing is in truth a history.

In 1821, the Spanish flag disap-
peared from the ramparts of San
Augustine and St. Marks, and
Spain yielded up possession of this
fair province—one of her last foot-
holds upon the continent of America.
Literally, it was but a foothold that
the Spaniards held in Florida—a
mere nominal possession. Long be-
fore the cession, the Indians had
driven them from the field into the
fastnesses. Their haciendas lay in
ruins—their horses and cattle ran
wild upon the savannas; and rank
weeds usurped the site of their once
prosperous plantations. During a
century of dominion, they had made
many a fair settlement, and the
ruins of buildings—far more mass-
ive than aught yet attempted by
their Saxon successors—attest the
former glory and power of the
Spanish nation.

It was not destined that the In-
dians should long hold the country
they had thus reconquered. Another
race of white men—their equals
in courage and strength—were
moving down from the north; and it
was easy prophecy to say that the
red conquerors must in turn yield
possession.

There was a treaty, but what cared
they for treaties? Adventurers—
starved-out planters from Georgia
and the Carolinas, 'nigger-traders'
from all parts of the south; what
were covenants in their eyes, espe-
cially when made with red-skins?

The treaty must be got rid of.
The 'Great Father,' scarcely
more scrupulous than they, approved
their plan.

'Yes,' said he, 'it is good—the
Seminoles must be dispossessed;
they must remove to another land;
we shall find them a home in the
west, on the great plains; there
they will have wide hunting-grounds
their own for ever.'

'No,' responded the Seminoles:
'we do not wish to move; we are
contented here: we love our native
land; we do not wish to leave it;
we shall stay.'

'Then you will not go willingly?
Be it so. We are strong, you are
weak; we shall force you.'

Though not the letter, this is the
very spirit of the reply which Jack-
son made to the Seminoles!

The Indians remained obstinate—
they liked their own land—they
were reluctant to leave it—no won-
der.

Some pretext must be found to
dispossess them. The old excuse,
that they were mere idle hunters,
and made no profitable use of the soil,
would scarcely avail. It was not
true. The Seminole was not exclu-
sively a hunter; he was a husband-
man as well, and tilled the land—
rudely, it may be, but was this a
reason for dispossessing him?

Without this, others were easily
found. That cunning commissioner
which their 'Great Father' sent
them could soon invent pretexts. He
was one who well knew the art of
muddying the stream upwards and
well did he practise it.

The country was soon filled with
rumours of Indian outrages—of
horses and cattle stolen, of planta-
tions plundered, of white travellers
robbed and murdered—all the work
of those savage Seminoles.

A vile frontier press, ever rea-
dy to give tongue to the popular
furor, did not fail in its duty
exaggeration.

But who was to gazette the pro-
vocations, the retaliations, the
wrongs and cruelties inflicted by the
other side? All these were care-
fully concealed.

A sentiment was soon created
throughout the country—a senti-
ment of bitter hostility towards the
Seminole.

'Kill the savage! Hunt him down!
Drive him out! Away with him to
the west! Thus was the sentiment
expressed. These became the popu-
lar cries.

It would be easy, all supposed, to
accomplish the popular will, to dis-
possess the savage, hunt him, drive
him out. Still there was a treaty.
The world had an eye, and there
was a thinking minority not to be
despised who opposed this clamor-
ous desire. The treaty could not
be broken under the light of day;
how, then, was this obstructive
covenant to be got rid of?

(To be continued.)

A RICH LETTER FROM
PIKE'S PEAK.

From the Milwaukee, (Wisconsin.) News.

We give below a letter written
from Pike's Peak by a well known
citizen of Horicon, now at Pike's
Peak. Every word can be relied
on as true, as the writer is well
known, in Wisconsin, as a man who
has the greatest regard for truth.

There is evidently gold there.—
PIKE'S PEAK, March 8, 1859.

My Dear Brother:—I promised
to write you a good, long letter, as
soon as I arrived here; and I take
my pen in hand to let you know
that we are all well, and hope these
few lines will find you enjoying the
same blessing. You know we left
Horicon for the land of gold about
the 1st of February, and we arriv-
ed here yesterday. My wife stood
the journey first rate, but my five
oldest boys were nearly tired out
when they reached here. Jane, the
little sis, is happy as a lark, and
says, "Tiss Uncle George for me,"
God bless her sweet heart.

We had all the hardships in the
world before we got here. We
lost our horses at Dubuque—they
were stolen from us. We got some
oxen and lost them one hundred
miles from Omaha.—We then tried
wheel-barrows, my wife and I
wheeling by turns, till the Indians
stole our barrows. We then walk-
ed, till the Indians stole our provi-
sions, and my family got sick, so I
had to carry them all on my back.
Our money gave out long before,
and for two weeks we travelled
through a wilderness where the foot
of man never trod; in this condi-
tion, seeing no living being, and
without money to purchase even a
cracker at any of the groceries
along the line, we all lived on roots
till my children all looked like pigs,
from rooting so long, and I have
carried my family on my back till I
am so round shouldered that I can
only see the blue sky and bright sun
by looking between my legs up to
heaven's canopy that way. I lost
two hundred pounds of flesh—horse
meat—when I started from Dubu-
que, or we should have got along
better.

I read in the Milwaukee news
that Pike's Peak was a humbug.
But it ain't, and the News knows it
as well as I do. We got here in
the morning, after walking all night,
and though we were twenty-four
hours in the country, we are not
well off, but have a good prospect.

There is gold here—lots of it.
The gophers dig it out of the ground
by the bushel, and in the moonlight
the whole earth for miles around
looks like heaven when with its
myriad stars, or like a pretty girl
with yellow freckles. The wood-
chucks dig out bushels and bushels
of it, and the snakes in this country
look like solid gold ones, from crawl-
ing among gold chunks.—It is found
in all-sized pieces, from the size of
a hen's egg up to the bigness of a
large stone, and of the finest quality.
We have raked together what lay
loose on an acre of ground, and
have twenty-two piles about as big
as a large sized hay-stack. Last
night two hundred Indians came to
rob us of a set of silver spoons and
a fine comb that my wife had to use
on the children, and we barricaded
our house with rocks of gold until
they could not gain admittance, and
were forced to beg to make friends

with us. The chief laid down his
weapons and came into our camp,
when my wife used the fine comb
on his head till his gratitude was as
lively as his head was, and he was
so tickled that he offered to marry
my wife, and show me where gold
was plenty. I love my wife—you
know that, George; but thinking I
might die before I got rich, and feel-
ing that I must make some property
to leave my children, I consented to
the match, and she has gone off with
the Indian, who is a great chief, and
taken the fine comb with her.
Come out with your wife, and bring
a fine comb, brother George.

I am going to leave these dig-
gings for a better one. It is too
much trouble to tug and pry up the
great big chunks of gold that weigh
half a ton or so, and are so thick
you cannot get them out without
danger of breaking your legs, and
am going up to a ravine, where all
I have to do is to go to the top of a
high mountain and roll it down to
the river.

The country here is fine, but the
winds are awful. My boys got so
light with eating roots that I can
only keep them by me or together
by piling lumps of gold about as big
as mallets on their shirt-tails as the
little innocents sit down on the grass
to play. Everything grows here.
I can raise twenty bushels of wheat
to the acre. Oranges, lemons and
all such colored fruits grow wild
here; while melons, pears, apples,
peaches and apple-dumplings are so
plenty that they find no market.

Sell off what you have in Wiscon-
sin, and come out here. You can
get rich in a little while, and go
back in such styles that will aston-
ish the natives.

Give my love to all the folks
around the corners, and put a no-
tice on the school-house that they
can get an outfit in Chicago for \$200.
—Come opt here, dear brother, by
all means.

Yours, affectionately,
JOHN SMITH.

A FEW DAYS IN JAPAN.

I was in Commodore Perry's
squadron, while he was at Japan, and
was once sent ashore to make some
observations of the coast, interesting
to navigators, with a small party of
men, who remained with me sever-
al days and nights. We were all
very ignorant of the character and
condition of the people; and I soon
discovered some traits and pecu-
liarities in them which surprised and
gratified me. At the first interview
we had with those who lived near-
est the spot where we landed, we
were treated with kindness and good
manners. They expressed plea-
sure at seeing us, and showed a
cordial wish to gratify us, mingled
with a cautious care to avoid the
appearance of obtrusive curiosity.

We had brought a number of tools
and instruments with us, as we in-
tended to erect a temporary shelter
near the sea-beach, and required in-
struments to make our air observa-
tions. Having brought all these
from our boats, and laid them upon
the grass, they immediately became
objects of curiosity to the group of
natives who had assembled around
us. We soon observed that several
individuals among them felt a much
deeper interest than the others, and
from their manner of handling and
examining now this thing, now that,
we easily perceived that they were
mechanics or men of science. And
during much of the time we spent
there, their interest continued, being
frequently excited anew, by seeing
us use our tools and instruments. I
could not but be struck by the su-
perior intelligence which they dis-
played in this, to most, and indeed I
may truly say to all, the uncivilized
people I had ever seen, in the many
parts of the world which I had ever
visited.

One of our party, who was fond
of underrating everything not his
own, or in some way or other con-
nected with himself, one day spoke
contemptuously of the Japanese. I
said to him: "Will you be so kind
as to inform me where, in your ex-
tensive navigation, (it was his first
voyage,) you ever found a better-
behaved or kinder people? Let me
ask you further, whether, if you
were now at home, you would be
willing to leave a set of tools, and a
collection of instruments like these,
spread out exposed, without any-
body to guard them, by night as
well as by day, where your own
neighbors could come, if they pleas-
ed, and help themselves?" The

young man never afterwards spoke
against the Japanese, in my hearing.

There was one old man, who
lived at a short distance, who took
a particular liking to me, and often
made signs that he wanted me to
go with him. I started one day,
and he took me under convoy, and
showed me round the neighborhood.
He led me among fields and houses,
aded into a temple, or place of reli-
gious worship, where he tried hard
to explain to me what I saw; but I
could not make out his meaning at
all, and shook my head, and told
him he had better give it up as a
bad job. As he had free access to
the building, and the people about it
seemed to treat him as if he had
some authority in it, I judged that
he was keeper, or sexton, as we
might call him. The old man then
insisted on my going home with
him, where he introduced me to his
wife, one of the most friend'y, neat
and notable housekeepers I ever saw.
She set before me the best food she
had, and, although I could form no
idea what some of it was made of,
and was not hungry, I thought my-
self bound to eat a little, and this,
with my talking a little English,
pointing at things around me with
an enquiring look, and now and then
giving a hearty laugh, seemed to
pay them for all their trouble.

It was pleasing to see that the
common people did not confine their
kindness or good manners to stran-
gers. They seemed to practice
them equally towards each other.
In all their conduct and language, so
far as I had an opportunity to judge,
they were polite and friendly.

I could not but admire the simpli-
city and cheapness of the Japanese
houses. The climate, it is true, is
so mild as to render our thick walls
substantial roofs, strong foundations
and large apartments in a great
measure unnecessary; but yet it
seems as if they displayed wonder-
ful ingenuity and an extraordinary
share of good sense, in making con-
venient and cheap substitutes for all
these. The houses are small, and
often thrown into one or two rooms,
but these may be, in a moment, di-
vided into half a dozen, or perhaps
a dozen, by sliding in thin partitions,
formed of light frames, covered with
paper. These make a separation
between the little apartments, com-
plete in all respects except with re-
gard to sound, which, of course, can
pass more readily through a thin
than a thick partition. And their
families generally present a cheerful
appearance, one important advan-
tage being every where observable—
they are perfectly neat and cleanly,
rich and poor, old and young, great
and small, down to the youngest
little children.

OUT IN THE FIELDS.

If one would study a marvelously
beautiful revelation of the power
and goodness of the Creator, let
him go out in the fields, just now
clad in all the splendors of the
Spring, and to be yet more glori-
ously garmented under the breath
of Summer. In this season of the
renewal of the life of nature—this
time of endless bud and blossom
types of resurrection and immor-
tality, what other page so fraught
with teachings, to cheer and in-
spire the soul? Who can go out
in the fields and read the lessons of
the grasses, and leaves, and flow-
ers, and listen to the canticles of
the brooks and birds, and drink in
the fresh air and the joyous sun-
shine, and not feel that there is a
God, ever-loving and bountiful,
who bestows upon man, even here
upon the earth, only a little less
than paradise? Who can go out
in the fields, where every verdant
sod is an altar redolent of music
and incense, and not feel to wor-
ship and adore the great Father,
who has made the world so beauti-
ful? Out in the fields—O weary,
busy, strife-engendering man, go
thither and feel the tender, chasten-
ing inspirations of the daisies and
the lilies—the lilies, "which
neither toil nor spin, yet Solomon
in all his glory, was not arrayed
like one of these." God be thanked
for the unspeakable riches that lie
out in the green and flowery fields.

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.—Inter-
course with persons of decided
virtue and excellence is of great im-
portance in the formation of a good
character. The force of example
is powerful; we are creatures of
imitation, and by a necessary influ-
ence, our habits and tempers are
very much formed on the model of
those with whom we familiarly
associate.

If men could find the fabled