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From the Cosmopolitan Art Journal.

The Philosophy of Life.

There is the homely story of the farmer's wife, who when her husband had settled in a new country, declared, "that she did not wish to be rich—that all she asked was to be *comfortable*." Time passed on, and when the old farmer told the story on his spouse, he said:

"I am now worth a hundred thousand dollars, and my wife is not *comfortable* yet!" A truer illustration of human nature was never found. Let a man begin life with ever so moderate an estimate of the amount of fortune with which he will be contented, the passion "grows with what it feeds upon;" and just so surely as success leads him to the point contemplated, he will still cling to her hand, and compell her to lead him to farther and farther heights. Most men, except the few who begin life (very unfortunately) upon inherited wealth, start off with the wish to acquire a "competency.—But "competency" becomes a thing as uncertain as the possibility of the old lady's becoming "comfortable."

Men deem themselves justified in giving themselves up, body and soul, the first few years of their business life, to acquire enough to warrant a living. "Providence demands it," "emergencies must be provided against." All most true. A life of idleness and want is unjastifiable.—The only difficulty is in the setting of a wise and sensible boundary to the desired living. The modest home that lay, sunny and beautiful, bathed in the love-light of the eye of youth, before his vision, grows apace into a palace; there are far-stretching lands about the palace and costly decorations within. It lies even farther away than the charming dwelling did; but it must be attained, for his neighbor, a little older than he, has already become the master of such an one. Ambition prompts him not to linger behind. It is true, his neighbor has other lines and wrinkles in his face than the kindly hand of well-treated Time would have placed there—tell-tale prints of anxious hours, of untiring hurry, of sharp speculation, perhaps of dishonorable thrift and unholy covetousness;—but his follower sees nothing of these; he sees only the marble and the gilding, the broad lands, and the smiles with which all the world greets the successful aspirant for its favor. If there is anything dark in the history of the accumulation of that fortune, be sure the glitter of the gold plays before it, and nobody cares to drag it to the light.

"I will not do just as this man has done," says his follower: "I will not allow my affections to wither; I will keep a little time to myself for the culture of the beauties and amenities of life; I will not forget to be charitable; my generosity shall increase with my means; the richer I am, the more good I can do." So with self-deception he bends himself to the work, which grows upon him and demands more of his energies, till mind and strength are given to its accomplishment, and all the nobler part of his nature lies decaying from disuse. *This* is the great curse of the pursuit of wealth. It becomes so absorbing, so fascinating that all other purpursuits are swallowed up.

Look upon the faces of the men of business who are so rapidly growing rich.—What of God's glory, illuminating the image of man, lingers there unshadowed.—Do those keen, inquisitive glances seem familiar with searching into the beautiful mysteries of life and death, the present and the future? Do those brows wear the calm reflection of quiet hours spent in earnest uplifting to the broad heaven? or those mouths wear the seal of the sweetness impressed there by hearts full of love for their kind, and simpathy with the universe? Most persons will turn upon you with surprise, if not with a sneer, for asking the question: it is a kind of "nonsense" they cannot comprehend. They know of but one honorable, discreet and sensible object in living, and that is to get *rich*—and not only rich, but *richer*. The sweets of nature, and the holier depths of the springs of the heart are untasted by them—purity and the love of the beautiful are stranger guests in their souls.

It may well be a reason why women are such housekeepers—substituting ceremony, and cold, metallic glitter, for the simplicity and sunny warmth of the true home. It may be that the earnest love, the out-gushing of fresh feeling, the innocent pleasure in music and flowers, and the blue sky and the green earth, which they would fain share with their husbands, are chilled and die in the atmosphere of this vitiated passion. They learn to value what he values. If the husband gives up his soul to the acquirement of money, what better can the wife do, than to spend it upon things that remind people of money? If she is deprived of his society, which he gives to his ledger and his plans, how can she better amuse herself than by making a grand display of what takes so much that is due to her to acquire? If the pretty ornaments her own taste furnishes, and the air of peace she diffuses over the house, do not satisfy her husband, there are plenty of elements in the feminine character which will urge her on to a more extravagant taste. Her fancy, her desire to please, her personal love of adornments, and many other qualities, which would be harmless or even charming under the sway of a loving, but less impressible nature, may all be made the instruments towards effecting a heartless passion for display.

A man usually wants an excuse for devoting himself so exclusively to the acquisition of fortune. A very common plea is, that he is working for the welfare of his children—he wishes to leave them a competency. And the mother is so foolishly fond, so weakly inconsiderate, that she joins in the plea, and gives encouragement to the plan. A fatal folly! by which the children, so tenderly cared for, suffer the most severely. Says a writer: "There is an inconceivible depth of weakness, meaness and wickedness, in the conduct of the father, who, for a little career of pitiable vanity, robs his offspring of all that is really valuable in life, and leaves them an useless waste of drawing-rooms and parlors—knowing that his death will be a signal for their expulsion." This language is not too severe. And even when there is enough left for all the children to support the luxury in which they have been reared, the case is no whit better; for sloth, and selfish ease, soft indulgence, and the pride of the purse, form a hot-bed in which real strength and goodness seldom grow.

We believe there is something more ennobling in life than the more accumulation of money. Milton has represented Mammon,

"With down-cast look bent on the earth."

as among the mots degraded of the fallen angels. The history of nations has always been that when they increased vastly in wealth, and gave themselves up to a luxuriant splendor, then they fell. Our hope for America, is, there being no system of primogeniture here, there is not so much *danger* in building up immense fortunes. In the course of a few years they must be scattered again. So the burden of the riches will be continually shifted, and no families have a chance to become thoroughly corrupt and enervated.

But we wish we could see less of the grand passion; that we would see our fellow-creatures living to die well, instead to die rich. Some plead that war is a necessity. Some plead that it is better for the world generally that vast riches should be acquired by the few; else the fine arts, the master works of genius, the productions of very elegant and costly fabrics, etc., could not be patronized.

We believe there will a time come when war will not be a necessity; but we hope the time is already come when it will not be necessary to rob the many in order to agrandize the few. All of the objects which *true* men have at heart for the welfare of society advance more surely and rapidly if the eager pursuit of inordinate gain is allowed to usurp less of the soul; and hapiness, purity, beauty, will enter every household when *Home* is the talisman instead of wealth.

OCEAN ICE.—Large bodies of ice have been observed in the Atlantic ocean recently. One was enormous in size, being two hundred feet long. At this season of the year ice is seldom seen by voyagers, and the probability is the summer within the Arctic zone has been very powerful in setting free the mountains of ice in that region.

☞ We may set it down as an axiom that young ladies cannot know everybody's names, when it is utterly impossible for them to know what their own may be a twelve month afterward.

Napoleon's Old Guard.

Napoleon's "Old Guard" gained, by their many desperate instances of bravery, an immortality in history; but their grand crowning was their desperate charge at Waterloo, which has few parallels in ancient or modern warfare. They fought for their adored Emperor, and to retrieve the evil fortunes of the day, and they fell as though to do so would secure them immortal glory and eternal bliss in the world of spirits. The most graphic and stirring account of that last fearful and fatal struggle that we have seen, is from a recently published French work. It reads like war itself—this is it:

"During the day the artillery of the Guard, under Drouet, mantained its old renown, and the Guard itself had frequently been used to restore the battle in various parts of the field, and always with success. The English were fast becoming exhausted, and in an hour more would doubtless have been forced into a disastrous defeat, but for the timely arrival of Blucher. But when they saw him with thirty thousand Prussians approaching their courage revived, while Napoleon was filled with amazement. A beaten enemy about to form a junction with the allies, while Grouchy, who had been sent to keep them in check, was nowhere to be seen.—Alas! what great plans a single inefficient commander can overthrow!

"In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attacks of so many fresh troops if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two immense columns, which were to meet in the British centre. Those under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, 'the bravest of the brave,' and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part of the way down the slope, and halting for a few minutes, in a hollow, addressed them a few words. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor, tried in so many fields. 'Vive l'Empereur!' answered him with a shout that was heard above the thunder of artillery.

"The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than the last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking Empire. The greatest military skill and energy the world possessed had been taxed to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the turbulent field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of the battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now paling before his anxious eye. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and terrible suspense he endured when the smoke of the battle wrapt it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the depairing shriek rung out, 'The Guard recoils!' 'The Guard recoils!' 'The Guard recoils!' makes us for a moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

"The Old Guard felt the pressure of the immense responsibility, and resolved not to prove unworthy to the great trust committed to it. Nothing could be more imposing than its movement to the assault.—It had never recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and steady advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum or a bugle note to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dread silence over the field. Their tread was like muffled thunder, while the dazzling helmets of the cuiriassiers flashed long streams of light behind the dark and terrible mass that swept in one strong wave along. The stern Drouet was there, amid his guns, and on every brow was written an unalterable resolution to conquer or die. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed unflinchingly on.

"The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and scarcely had he mounted another before it also sank to the earth, and so another and another till five had been shot under him. Then, with drawn sabre, he marched sternly at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of iron into that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillery from their pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But just as the victory seemed won, a file of soldiers who laid flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley into their very face. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that they staggered before it. Before the Guard had time to rally again and advance, a heavy column of infantry fell on its left flank in close and deadly volleys, causing it in its unsettled state, to swerve to right. At that instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundered on the right flank, and penetrated where the cavalry had never gone before.

"That intrepid Guard could have borne up against the unexpected fire from soldiers they did not see, and would have rolled back the infantry that had boldly charged its left flank, but the cavalry finished the disorder into which they had been momentarily thrown, and broke the shaken ranks before they had time to reform, and the eagles of that hitherto invincible Guard were pushed backward down the slope. It was then the Army, seized with despair, shrieked out, 'The Guard recoils! The Guard recoils!' and turned and fled in wild dismay. To see the Guard in confusion was a sight they had never before beheld, and it froze every heart with terror.

"For a long time they stood and let the cannon balls plow through their ranks, disdaining to turn their backs on the foe.—Michel, at the head of those battallions, fought like a lion. To every command of the enemy to surrender, he replied, 'The Guard dies—but never surrenders,' and with his last breath bequeathing this glorious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to its truth. Death traversed those eight battallions with such rapid footsteps that they soon dwindled away to two, which turned in hopeless daring on the overwhelming number thatpressed their retiring footsteps.

"Last of all but a single battallion, the debris of 'the column of granite' at Marengo, was left. Into this Napoleon flung himself. Cambronne, its brave commander, saw the Emperor in its frail keeping. He was not struggling for victory, he was intent only on showing how the Guard should die. Approaching the Emperor, he cried out, 'retire! Do you not see that death has no need of you?' and closing mournfully yet sternly round the expiring eagles, those brave hearts bade Napoleon an eternal adieu, and, flinging themselves on the enemy, were soon piled with the enemy at their feet.

"Many of the officers were seen to destroy themselves rather than suffer defeat. Thus greater in its own defeat than any other corps of men in gaining a victory, the Old Guard passed from its stage and the curtain dropped upon its strange career. It had fought its last battle."

Terrific Adventure in the Mammoth Cave.

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark and deep and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe whilst bengal-lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered $600 by the proprietor of the Cave if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago, a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no man before him had dared do, and, making his arrangements with great care and precaution he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but at that point his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Prof. Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope, of great strength, expressly for the purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of the proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long-continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit, and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope, to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top, he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged by appearances two or three avenues led off in different directions.—About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and, as he descended by the side of the falling water and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about 18 feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself with much exertion into it, and holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out, apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one; and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and, by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or 200 yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth.

Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he refastened the rope around his body; suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope, being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excrutiating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril.—When he was 90 feet from the mouth of the pit, and 100 from the bottom, swaying and swinging in the mid air, he heard rapid and exciting words of horror and alarm above and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld, had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above and still more awful to him below ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Prof. Wright, from over exertion and excitement, fainted and remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.—*Louisville Journal.*

SNIVELIZATION.—Whithersoever we go we meet with the sniveler. He stops us at the corner of the street to entrust us with his opinion. He fears that the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office. He tells us just before church, that the last sermon of the transcendental preacher has given the death-blow to religion, and that the waves of atheism and the clouds of pantheism are to deluge and darken the land. In a time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence that is to be.—The mail cannot be an hour too late, but he prattles of railroad accident and steamboat disasters. He fears that his friend, who was married yesterday, will be a bankrupt in a year, and whimpers over the trials which he will then endure. He is ridden with an eternal nightmare, and emits an eternal wail. Recklessness is a bad quality, and so is blind and extravagant hope; but neither is so degrading as inglorious and inactive despair. We object to the sniveler, because he presents the anomaly of a being who has the power of motion without possessing life. His insipid languor is worse than timid strength.—Better that a man should rant than whine. The person who has no bounding and bouyant feelings in him, whose cheek never flushes at anticipated good, whose blood never tingles and fires at the contemplation of a noble aim, who has no aspiration and no great object in life, is only fit for the hospital or the bandbox.—Enterprise, confidence, a disposition to believe that all good has been, these constitute important elements in the character of every man who is of use to the world. We want no wailing and whimpering about the absence of happiness, but a strong determination to abate misery.—*Whipple.*

At a festival, a pretty Miss waited upon an editor with a pie plate of antique manufacture, in the centre of which he espied the following interesting conplet:

'One sweet kiss
Is the price of this.'

This excited his feelings, and as soon as an opportunity presented itself, he motioned the young lady to his side, and pointed with his knife to the lines and said: 'Your pay is ready when you present your bill.'

THE TURN OF LIFE.—From forty to sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given his judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order, he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence to the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of exisience, the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds and then flows beyond without boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitting staff, he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant—a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength—whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night has entirely set in.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Ninevah was fifteen miles long, eight wide and forty miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-six feet thick and one hundred high, within fifty brazen gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids was four hundred and eighty one feet high, and six hundred and fifty-three on the sides; its base covered eleven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eighty. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, and one hundred gates. Carthage was twenty-nine miles round. Athens was twenty-five miles round and contained 320,000 citizens and 400 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donation that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and Nero carried away from it two hundred and ninety statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

SCOTT CLUBS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Boston Post gravely asserts that a movement is on foot for the organization of political clubs in various locations, for bringing forward General Winfield Scott as a candidate for the Presidency 1860.—It is stated that ample funds are provided and that it is the intention to run him as the people's candidate.

☞ It is said that the editor of the Chronicle soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended a meeting, he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text—"*My daughter is grievously tormented with the devil.*"

Gentleman to a boy driving a donkey: 'Say, boy, clear out of the way; my horse can't bear a donkey.'

'Can't he? Why don't he kick you off, then?'

Exit gentleman, in a hurry—ears polite, not relishing vulgar conversation.

"Sam, why am lawyers like de fishes?"

"I don't meddle wid dat subject, Pomp."

"Why, don't you see nigger, kaze dey am so fond ob de bate."

A CAPITAL REPORT.—'I knew Mr. Lincoln in early life; he commenced his life as a grocer.'—*Douglas.*

'The only difference between Judge Douglas and myself on the grocery question is, that while I have stood on one side of the counter, he has been equally attentive on the other.'

Lincoln.

Pedagogue—"Well, sir, what does h-a-i-r spell?" Boy—"Don't know." Pedagogue—"What have you got on your head?"—Boy—"I guess it's a skeeter bite, it iches like thunder."

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 25.—Col. Johnson, Democrat, who came here from Belfast to-day, claims his election in the 3d Congressional District, and says his opponents cannot count him down below 22 majority.