

The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME XI.

GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, JUNE 2, 1849.

NUMBER 7.

**PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD.**

PRICE \$2.50 A YEAR:
Or three dollars, if not paid within one month after the date of the subscription.
A failure on the part of any customer to order a discontinuance within the subscription year, will be considered indicative of his wish to continue the paper.

COME TO THE MOUNTAINS.

BY WILLIAM WALKETT.
O come to the mountains,
They're hoary and old,
And stand up like giants
So stately and bold:
The dark moss of ages
Clings fast to the sides,
Where storms spend their fury
And the hurricane rides.
O come to the mountains,
They've stood through all time,
Have heard ages death-toll
And great changes chime;
They tell you long stories
Of earth when 'twas young,
And legends unchronicled
By history's tongue.
O come to the mountains!
Their rocky peaks stand
Like faithful night-watchers,
To guard the low-land;
They catch in their strong arms
The chill winter's breath,
And break the rough tempest
From the valley beneath.

Scott, Campbell, and Byron.

We have listened with admiration to the eloquent strains in which the first in rank and the first in genius have proposed the memory of the immortal bard whose genius we are this day assembled to celebrate; but I know not whether the toast which I have now to propose has not equal claims to our enthusiasm. Your kindness and that of the committee has intrusted to me the memory of three illustrious men—the far-famed successors of Burns, who have drunk deep at the fountains of his genius, and proved themselves the worthy inheritors of his inspiration. And Scotland, I rejoice to say, can claim all as her own. For if the Tweed has been immortalized by the grave of Scott, the Clyde can boast the birthplace of Campbell, and the mountains of the Dec first inspired the muse of Byron. I rejoice at that hour of patriotic feeling, I feel it as the presence, that as Ayrshire has raised a fitting monument to Burns, and Edinburgh has erected a fitting structure to the author of Waverley, so Glasgow will, ere long, raise a worthy monument to the bard whose name will never die while hope pours its balm through the human heart; and Aberdeen will, worthily commemorate the far-famed traveller who first inhaled the inspiration of nature amidst the clouds of Loch-nu-Gar, and afterwards poured the light of his genius over those lands of the sun, where his descending orb sets.

"Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Scotland, my lord, may well be proud of having given birth to, or awakened the genius of such men; but she can no longer call these exclusively her own—their names have become household words in every land. Mankind claims them as the common inheritance of the human race. Look around us, and we shall see on every side decisive proof how far and wide admiration for their genius has sunk into the hearts of men. What is it that attracts strangers from every part of the world, into this distant land, and has more than compensated for a remote situation and a churlish soil, and given to our own northern isle a splendor unknown to the regions of the sun? What is it which has brought together this mighty assemblage, and united the ardent and the generous from every part of the world, from the Ural mountains to the banks of the Mississippi, on the shores of an island in the Atlantic? My lord, it is neither the magnificence of our cities, nor the beauty of our valleys, the animation of our harbors, nor the stillness of our mountains: it is neither our sounding cataraets nor our spreading lakes: neither the wilds of nature we have subdued so strenuously, nor the blue hills we have loved so well. These beauties, great as they are, have been equalled in other lands; these marvels, wondrous though they be, have parallels in other climes. It is the genius of her sons which has given Scotland her proud pre-eminence; this it is, more even than the shades of Bruce, of Wallace, and of Mary, which has rendered her scenes classic ground to the whole civilized world, and now brings pilgrims from the most distant parts of the earth, as on this day, to worship at the shrine of genius.

Yet Albyn! yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes with story to combine;
Thou bid'st him who by Roslin strays,
List to the tale of other days.
Mild Grottoe crags (how sweet the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave;
Living each rock a storied tale;
Pouring a lay through every dale;
Knitting, as with a moral hand,
Thy story to thy native land;
Combining thus the interest high,
Which genius lends to beauty's eye!

But the poet who conceived these beautiful lines, has done more than all our ancestors' valor to immortalize the land of his birth; for he has united the interest of truth with the charms of fiction, and peopled the realm not only with the shadows of time, but the creations of genius. In those brilliant creations, as in the glassy wave, we behold mirrored the lights, the shadows, the forms of reality; and yet

So pure, so fair, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

Years have rolled on, but they have taken nothing, they have added much, to the fame of those illustrious men.

Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

The voice of ages has spoken: it has given Campbell and Byron the highest place, with Burns, in lyric poetry, and destined Scott,

To rival all but Shakespeare's name below.

Their names now shine in unapproachable splendor, far removed, like the fixed stars, from the clouds and the rivalry of a lower world. To the end of time, they will maintain their exalted station. Never will the cultivated traveller traverse the sea of the Archipelago, that "The Isles of Greece" will not recur to his recollection; never will he approach the shores of Loch Katrine, that the image of Ellen Douglas will not be present to his memory; never will he gaze on the cliffs of Britain, that she will not thrill at the exploits of the "mariners of England, who guard our native seas." Whence has arisen this great, this universally acknowledged celebrity? My lord it is hard to say whether we have most to admire the brilliancy of their fancy, or the creations of their genius, the beauty of their verses, or the magic of their language, the elevation of their thoughts, or the paths of their conceptions. Yet can each boast a separate grace; and their age has witnessed in every walk the genius of poetry elevated to its highest strain. In Scott it is variety of conception, truth and fidelity of delineation in character, graphic details of the olden time, which is chiefly to be admired. Who can read without transport his glowing descriptions of the age of chivalry! Its mazy castles and gloomy vaults, its haughty nobles and beautiful dames, its gorgeous pageantry and prancing steeds, stand forth under his magic pencil with all the colors and brilliancy of reality. We are present at the shock of armies, we hear the shouts of mortal combatants, we see the flames of burning castles, we weep in the dungeon of captive innocence. Yet who has so well and truly delineated the less impressive scenes of humble life? Who has so faithfully portrayed the virtues of the cottage; who has done so much to elevate human nature, by exhibiting its dignity even in the abyss of misfortune; who has felt so truly and told so well "the might that flutters in a peasant's arm!" In Byron it is the fierce contest of the passions, the yearning of a soul longing for the stern realities of life, amidst the seduction of its frivolity; the brilliant conceptions of a mind fraught with the imagery and recollections of the past, which chiefly captivates every mind. His pencil is literally "dipt in the orient hues of heaven." He transports us to enchanted ground, where the scenes which speak most powerfully to the heart of man are brought successively before our eyes. The east, with its deathless scenes and cloudless skies; its wooded steeps and mouldering fanes, its glassy seas and lovely vales, rises up like magic before us. The haughty and yet impassioned Turk; the crouching but still gifted Greek; the wandering Arab, the cruel Tartar, the fanatic Moslem, stand before us like living beings, they are clothed with flesh and blood. But there is one whose recent death we all deplore, but who has lighted "the torch of Hope at nature's funeral pile," who has evinced a yet higher inspiration. In Campbell, it is the moral purposes to which he has directed his mighty powers, which is the real secret of his success; the lofty objects to which he has devoted his life, which have proved his passport to immortality. To whatever quarter he has turned his mind, we behold the working of the same elevated spirit. Whether he paints the disastrous day,

or portrays with generous ardor the imaginary paradise on Susquehanna's shore, where
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd, till woman smiled;
or transports us to that awful time when Christian faith remains unshaken amidst the dissolution of nature,
And ships are drifting with their dead
To shores where all is dumb,
we discern the same mind, seeing every object through its own sublime and lofty vision. Thence has arisen his deathless name. It is because he has unceasingly contended for the best interests of humanity; because he has ever asserted the dignity of a human soul; because he has never forgotten that amidst all the distinctions of time—
"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that;"
because he has regarded himself as the highest of nature, and the world which we inhabit as the abode not merely of human cares and human joys, but as the temple of the living God, in which praise is due, and where service is to be performed.—*Alison's Miscellaneous Essays.*

"If we only had a Piano."

BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

"This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cosily in the rocking chair, as the tea things were removed. The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a prettily and neatly furnished sitting-room with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over and he sat enjoying what he had been all day anticipating, the delights of his own fireside. His pretty wife Esther took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he said, again taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows and he thought he felt really grateful for all his present enjoyments.

"Now, if we only had a piano!" said the wife.

"Give me the music of your sweet voice before all the pinos in creation," he declared complacently, despite a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our friends," said Esther.

"Let our friends come and see us, and not to hear a piano!" exclaimed the husband.

"But, George, everybody has a piano, now-a-days; we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I don't know what we want one for; you have no time to play one, and I don't like to hear it."

"Why, they are so fashionable—I think our room looks really naked without one."
"I think it looks just right."
"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther emphatically. The husband roared violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," he said, after a long pause.
"When are you going to get a solar lamp? I

have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther, pettishly.

"These will do."
"But you know, everybody, now-a-days, wants solar lamps."

"Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw; they were bought at Boston."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without a solar lamp," said the wife, sharply—they are so fashionable: why, the D—s, B—s, and A—s, all have them. I am sure we ought to."

"We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason for that." The husband moved uneasily in his chair. "We want to live within our means, Esther," exclaimed George.

"I am sure I should think we could afford it as well as the B—s and L—s, and many others we might mention; and we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean!—I am not mean!" he cried, angrily.

"Then you do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room, and make it like others, we want a piano and a solar lamp."

"We want—we want!"—muttered the husband; there is no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may! and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many homes and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions! How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy, and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessities! If the real cause of many a failure could be made known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and what will people say of us!

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, prudence, and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," answered his companion, bitterly, "by useless extravagance, and repining when I was doing well." What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

Be satisfied to commence small. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. But all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If your dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further, and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, an absence of the comforts and refinements of social life; then return to your own with a joyful spirit.

An Unknown World.

English in Africa—its fatal climate.

Quite recently, the English have made a settlement at Aden, near the Red Sea. Having once obtained a foothold, they, English-like, began to push about them, and one of their first discoveries was a river where none was marked upon a chart, and upon this they steamed three hundred miles without finding the least obstruction. Having now passed round this continent, let us look up in the interior. For half a century the English government have been expending lives and treasures in a partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold and all sorts of tropical vegetation.—There are hundreds of woods, invaluable for dyeing and architectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it, for thousands of miles, sweeps a river, from three to six miles broad, with clear water, and of unsurpassed depth, flowing on at the rate of two or three miles an hour, without rock, shoal or snag to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pour into this tributary waters of such volumes, as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting, perhaps, of a hundred mouths, extending probably five hundred miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep, and navigable for steamboats.—Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population.

Far in the interior, in the very heart of the continent, is a nation in an advancing state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the country through which the Niger makes its sweeping circuit, are indescribable. In many places its banks rise boldly a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegetation of tropical climes. But all this vast and sublime country, this scope of rich fertility and romantic beauty, is apparently shut out forever from the world. It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursions of the white man there, for over this whole lovely country moves one dread malady, and to the white man it is "the valley of the shadow of death."

In expedition after expedition, sent out from the English ports on the Island of Ascension, not one man in ten has returned alive; all have fallen victims in this seemingly beautiful country. It seems impossible for an Englishman to breathe that air. So dreadful is it—so small the chance of life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon, on condition of volunteering in this service, more terrible than that of gathering the poison from the fabled Upas. This country, tempting as it is, can only be penetrated at the risk of life; and it is melancholy to think that those who have given us even the meagre information that we have, do so at the sacrifice of their lives.—*Simon's Colonial Magazine.*

To lessen the number of things lawful in themselves, brings the consciences of men into slavery; and multiplies sin in the world.—*Whitecote.*

It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.—*Dryden.*

To believe in another man's goodness is no light evidence of your own.—*Montaigne.*

From the National Era.
BURIAL HYMN.

BY MISS FRIGGIE CARRY.
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Here, in calm and holy trust,
We have made her quiet bed
With the pale hosts of the dead,
And, with hearts that stricken weep,
Come to lay her down to sleep.

From life's weary cares set free,
Mother Earth, she comes to thee!
Hiding from its ills and storms
In the shelter of thine arms:
Peaceful, peaceful, be her rest,
Here upon thy faithful breast.

And when sweetly from the dust
Heaven's last summons calls the just,
Saviour! when the nations rise
Up to meet thee in the skies,
Gently, gently, by the hand,
Lead her to the better land!

Conversation.

The Home Journal makes what it calls a timely quotation of a portion of an Address delivered several years ago by Rev. A. P. Peabody, to a High School of Young Ladies at Newburyport. We transfer the extract to our columns, and commend it to the careful attention of young gentlemen as well as young ladies. Both, we know, may be benefited by its perusal:

"I propose to offer you a few hints on conversation. How large a portion of life does it fill up! How innumerable are its ministries and its uses! It is the most refined species of recreation—the most sparkling source of merriment. It interweaves with a never-resting shuttle the bonds of domestic sympathy. It fastens the ties of friendship, and runs along the golden links of the chain of love. It enriches charity, and makes the gift twice blessed. There is perhaps a peculiar appropriateness in the selection of this topic for an address to young ladies; for they do more than any other class in the community towards establishing the general tone and standard of social intercourse. The voices of many of you already, I doubt not, strike the keynote of home conversation; and you are fast approaching an age when you will take prominent places in general society, will be the objects of peculiar regard, and will in a great measure determine whether the social converse in your respective circles shall be vulgar or refined, censorious or kindly, frivolous or dignified.

Let us, therefore, if you would be good talkers, to form and fix now (for you can do this only now) habits of correct and easy pronunciation. The words which you now mis-call, it will cost you great pains in after life to pronounce aright, and you will always be in danger of returning inadvertently to your old pronunciation. There are two extremes, which you ought equally to shun. One is that of carelessness; the other, that of extreme precision, as if the sound of the words uttered were constantly uppermost in the mind. This last fault always suggests the idea of vanity and pedantry, and is of itself enough to add a deep indigo hue to a young lady's reputation.

"One great fault of New England pronunciation is, that the work is performed too much by the outer organs of speech. The tones of the voice have but little depth. Instead of a generous play of the throat and lungs, the throat almost closes, and the voice seems to be formed in the mouth. It is this that gives what is called a nasal tone to the voice, which, when denied free range through its lawful avenues, rushes in part through the nose. We notice the nasal pronunciation in excess here and there in an individual, while Englishmen and Southerners observe it as a prevailing characteristic of all classes of people in the Northern States. Southerners in general are much less careful and accurate in pronunciation than we are; but they more than compensate for this deficiency by the full, round tones in which they utter themselves. In our superficial use of the organs of speech, there are some consonants which we are prone to omit altogether. This is especially the case with *g* in words that end with *ing*. Nine persons out of ten say *sing* instead of *singing*. I know some public speakers, and many private ones, who never pronounce the *t* in such words as *object* and *prospect*. Very few persons give the right sound to *r* final. *Far* is generally pronounced as if it were written *feh*. Now, I would not have the full *r* in the *r*; but I would have the presence of the letter more distinctly recognized than it often is, even by persons of refined and fastidious taste.

"Let me next beg you to shun all the ungrammatical vulgarisms which are often heard, but which never fail to grate harshly on a well-tuned ear. If you permit yourselves to use them now, you will never get rid of them. I know a respectable and accomplished lawyer, who has stood at the head of his profession in this State, and has moved in the most refined society for half a century, who to this day says *haint* for *has not*, having acquired the habit when a schoolboy. I have known persons, who have for years tried unsuccessfully to break themselves of saying *done for did*, and *you and I for you and me*. Many well-educated persons, through the power of long habit, persist in saying *shew* for *showed*, while they know perfectly well that they might, with equal propriety substitute *shew* for *showed*; and there is not far hence a clergyman, marvelously precise and fastidious in his choice of words, who is very apt to commence his sermon by saying, 'I shew you in a recent discourse, a false delusion has very generally introduced, instead of *drank* as the perfect participle of *drink*, instead of *drank*, which alone has any respectable authority in its favor; and the imperfect and perfect participles of many verbs have become similarly confounded. I know not what grammar you use in this school. I trust that it is an old one; for some of the new grammars sanction these vulgarisms, and introduce over their tables of irregular verbs, I have sometimes half expected to have the book dashed from my hand by the indignant ghost of Lindley Murray." Great care and discretion should be employed in the use of the common abbreviations of the negative forms of the substantive and auxiliary verbs. *Can't*, *don't*, and *havn't* are admissible in rapid conver-

sations, on trivial subjects. *Isn't* and *hasn't* are more harsh, yet tolerated by respectable usage. *Didn't*, *couldn't*, *wouldn't* and *shouldn't* make as unpleasant combinations of consonants as can well be uttered, and fall short but by one remove of those unutterable names of Polish gentlemen, which sometimes excite our wonder in the columns of a newspaper. *Won't* for *will not*, and *aint*, for *is not* or *are not*, are absolutely vulgar; and *aint*, for *has not* or *have not*, is utterly intolerable.

"Nearly akin to these offences against good grammar is another unattractive practice, into which you are probably more in danger of falling, and which is a crying sin among young ladies—I mean the use of exaggerated, extravagant forms of speech, saying *splendid* for *pretty*, *magnificent* for *handsome*, *horrid* for *very*, *horrible* for *unpleasant*, *immense* for *large*, *thousands* or *myriads* for any number more than two. Were I to write down, for one day, the conversation of some young ladies of my acquaintance, and then to interpret it literally, it would imply that within the compass of twelve or fourteen hours, they had met with more marvellous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, had passed through more distressing experiences, had seen more imposing spectacles, had endured more fright, and enjoyed more rapture, than would suffice for half a dozen common lives. This habit is attended with many inconveniences. It deprives you of the intelligible use of strong expressions, when you need them. If you use them all the time, nobody understands or believes you when you need them in earnest. You are in the same predicament with the boy who cried wolf so often, when there was no wolf, that nobody would go to his relief when the wolf came. This habit has also a very bad moral bearing. Our words have a reflex influence upon our characters. Exaggerated speech makes one careless of the truth. The habit of using words without regard to their right meaning, often leads one to distort facts, to misreport conversations, and to magnify statements in matters in which the literal truth is important to be told. You can never trust the testimony of one who, in common conversation, is indifferent to the import, and regardless of the power, of words. I am acquainted with persons whose representations of facts always need translation and correction, and who have utterly lost their reputation for veracity, solely through this habit of overstatement and extravagant speech. They do not mean to lie; but they have a dialect of their own, in which words bear an entirely different sense from that given them in the daily intercourse of discreet and sober people.

"In this connection, it may not be amiss to notice a certain class of phrases, often employed so far out and done sentences, such as *How do you do!*—*That's a fact!*—*You know—I want to know—Did you ever?*—*Well, I never!*—and the like. All these forms of speech disfigure conversation, weaken the force of the assertions or statements with which they are connected, and give unfavorable impressions as to the good breeding of the person that uses them.

"You will be surprised, young ladies to hear me add to these counsels—Above all things, swear not at all! Yet there is a great deal of swearing among those who would shudder at the very thought of being profane. The Jews—who were afraid to use the most sacred names in common speech—were accustomed to swear by the temple, by the altar, and by their own heads; and these oaths were rebuked and forbidden by divine authority. I know not why the rebuke and prohibition apply not with full force to the numerous oaths, by *goodness*, *faith*, *patience* and *mercy*, which we hear from lips that mean to be neither coarse nor irreverent, in the school-room, street and parlor. And a moment's reflection will convince any well-disposed person, that, in the exclamation *Lor!* the cutting off of a single letter from a consecrated word can hardly save one from the censure and the penalty written in the third commandment. I do not regard these expressions as harmless. I believe them inconsistent with Christian laws of speech. Nor do they accord with the simple, quiet habit of mind and tone of feeling which are the most favorable to happiness and usefulness, and which sit as gracefully on gay and buoyant youth as on the sedateness of maturer years. The frame of mind in which a young lady says, in reply to a question, *Mersey!* no, is very different from that which prompts the simple, modest *no*. Were there any room for doubt, I should have some doubt of the truth of the former answer; for the unnatural, excited, fluttered state of mind implied in the use of the oath, might indicate either an unwillingness to weigh the truth, or an unwillingness to acknowledge it.

"In fine, transparency is an essential attribute of all graceful and becoming speech. Language ought to represent the speaker's ideas, and neither more nor less. Exclamations, needless epithets, unmeaning extravagances, are as unattractive as the streamers of tattered finery, which you sometimes see fluttering about the person of a dilapidated belle. Let your thoughts be as strong as witty, as brilliant, as your can make them; but never seek to atone for feeble thought by large words, or to rig out foolish conceits in the spangled robe of genuine wit. Speak as you think and feel; and let the tongue always be an honest interpreter to the heart."

Social Intercourse.

There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves—a restraint of conventional forms. Under this influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress the highest thoughts. Each longs for a free communion with other souls, but dare not give utterance to his yearnings. What hinders? The fear what Mrs. Somebody will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some rascal; or the fashionable eulogy; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest that he is equally afraid of thee. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bond and walk out unshackled.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We wish to enjoy ourselves, and take away all our own freedom, while we destroy that of others. If the host wishes to ride or walk, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the guests; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the host. So they remain

slaves, and feel it a relief to pass company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this with more wisdom.

If a visitor arrive, they say, I am very busy to-day; if you wish to read, there are a variety of books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the field; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and still you are here, do as you please.

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without the slightest preparation. It is understood, that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books and flowers, in another pictures and engravings, in a third music. Couples are ensconced in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the room, in mirthful or serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either on entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there on the side-tables, that all may take who like, but eating, which constitutes so great a part of American entertainment, is a light and unnoticed incident in these festivals of intellect and taste. Would you like to see a social freedom introduced here? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Somebody's assertion that you were meant enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and put less shortening in the under-crust of your pie than the upper. Let Mrs. Somebody talk according to her gift; be assured that all living souls love freedom better than cakes or under-crust.—*Mrs. Child.*

A Swarm of Locusts.

Speaking of natural exhibitions, a fall of locusts, is beyond all comparison, the most awful I have ever seen; and I may be excused for digressing from the interdicted thread of my narrative to give my readers some account of that dreadful scourge, which is considered in eastern and southern countries the most unfeeling manifestation of the wrath of God. Travelling along the western coast of Africa, I once beheld this terrible infliction. These creatures fell in thousands and tens of thousands around us, and upon us, along the sands on which we were riding and on the sea that was beating at our feet; and we were removed from their most oppressive influence; for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the great immovable host came on slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line, and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great that when a cow, directly under the line of sight, attempted to graze in the grass in the field, approached her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm, that her head was for the moment almost concealed from sight; and as she moved along, bewildered by this worse than Egyptian plague, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their staffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death, which swept like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year; for whenever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy honors of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while, farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, heat set on fire, and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavored to avert by all faithful remedies. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest, and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the column; throw it into confusion, drive the locusts out to sea, and thus deliver the country from their devastating presence.—*Lord Carnarvon's 'Porthcaval and Galicia.'*

Story of a Back Log.

Our nearest neighbor was Squire Peleg Sanford; well the old Squire did his family was all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose; and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool as cucumber. One night old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gocum, a boy of 14 years old, to go and bring in a back log for the fire. "A back log, you know squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one."

Well, as soon as Gocum goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coal, and fixed the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gocum with a little cut stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on the fire. Old Peleg was so mad he never said a word, but seized his riding whip and gave him a most awful whipping. He tanned his hide properly for him; you may depend. "Now," said he, "go, sir, and bring in a proper back log."

Gocum was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no more take; so out he goes without so much as saying a word, but instead of going to the wood pile, he walks off altogether, and staid away eight years till he was one and twenty, and his own master. Well as soon as he was a man grown, and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head one day he'd go to home and see his old father and mother again, and show them that he was alive and kicking; for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never having heard from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived at the old house, daylight was down and the lights lit, and as he passed the kitchen winder, he looked in, and there was old Squire sitting in the same chair he was eight years ago when he ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an unmerciful whipping." So what does Gocum do but stops at the wood pile, and picks up a most homogenous log, (for he had grown up to be a most thundering big feller then,) and he opens the door he marches in and lays it down on the hearth, and then looks up, and says—