

North Carolina Argus.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

John W. Cameron, Publisher.
New Series—Vol. IV.—No. 25

Payetteville, N. C. Saturday June 27, 1857.

Whole No. 181

BOERHAVE'S
HOLLAND BITTERS
THE CELEBRATED HOLLAND REMEDY FOR
DYSPEPSIA,
DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
WEAKNESS OF ANY KIND,
FEVER AND AGUE.
And the various affections consequent upon a disordered
STOMACH OR LIVER.
Such as Indigestion, Acidity of the Stomach, Colicky Pains, Heartburn, Loss of appetite, Dependancy, Costiveness, Bilious and Bloated Piles. In all nervous, Rheumatic, and Neuralgic Affections, it has in numerous instances proved highly beneficial, and in others effected a decided cure.
This is a purely vegetable compound, prepared on strictly scientific principles, after the manner of the celebrated Holland Professor, Boerhave, because of its great success in most of the European States, its introduction into the United States was intended more especially for those of our fatherland scattered here and there over the face of this mighty country. Meeting with great success among them, I now offer it to the American public, knowing that its truly wonderful medicinal virtues must be acknowledged.
It is particularly recommended to those persons whose constitutions may have been impaired by the continued use of ardent spirits, or other forms of dissipation. Generally instantaneous in effect, it finds its way directly to the seat of life, thrilling and quickening every nerve, raising up the drooping spirit, and, in fact, infusing new health and vigor in the system. NOTICE—Whoever expects to find this a beverage will be disappointed; but to the sick, weak and low spirited, it will prove a grateful aromatic cordial, possessed of singular remedial properties.
CAUTION.
The great popularity of this delightful Balm has induced many imitations, which the public should guard against purchasing. Do not be persuaded to buy anything else until you have given Boerhave's Holland Bitters a fair trial. One bottle will convince you how infinitely superior it is to all these imitations.
Wholesale at \$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00, by the
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
BENJAMIN PAGE, Jr. & Co.
PHARMACISTS AND CHEMISTS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
SAMUEL J. HINDSdale sole agent Fayetteville.
June 12, 1857.

J. C. POE,
DEALER IN
Wool and Fancy Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots,
Shoes, and Ready Made Clothing.
Particular attention paid to
LADIES' DRESS GOODS and TRIMMING.
May Street, Fayetteville, N. C.
May 25, 1857.

WM. H. HAIGH,
Attorney at Law,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
OFFICE ON OLD STREET.
January, 1854. 1-17.

"Law Copartnership"
W. H. Haigh, have this day formed a Law
Copartnership, and will practice in the Courts
of the following counties of this State: Chatham, Cam-
berland, Moore, Harnett, and the Supreme Court,
J. H. HAUGHTON,
JNO. MANNING,
Pittsburgh, N. C., Jan'y 1, 1856. 12-17

J. A. SPEARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Albion, N. C.
Attends the Courts of Cumberland, Harnett, Wake,
and Johnston.
Address, Toomer, Harnett Co., N. C.
110-17.

W. P. ELLIOTT,
GENERAL COMMISSION AND FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Wilmington, N. C.
June 19, 1854. 25-17

ANDREW J. STEDMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PITTSBOROUGH, N. C.
Attends the County and Superior Courts of
Chatham, Moore, and Harnett Counties.
July 24, 1855. 79-17

JOHN WINSLOW
Attorney at Law.
Office on the South side of Hay street, oppo-
sute Fayetteville Bank.
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
February, 1854. 71-17

R. H. SANDFORD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Office at Dr. Hall's New Building, on Bow Street.
Sept. 1855. 1855-88-17

A. M. Campbell,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
GILLESPIE STREET,
Fayetteville, N. C.
Feb'y 10, 1854. 6-17

J. S. BANKS,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, North Carolina.
Jan. 5, 1856. 104-17

DAVID McDUFFIE,
BRICK MASON AND PLASTERER,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Respectfully tenders his services to persons in this and
the adjoining counties wishing work done in his
line.
July 15, 1856. 152-17

COOK & JOHNSON,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
English, German, and American Hard-
ware and Cutlery.
January 10, 1854. 117

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
Wilmington, N. C.
Usual advances made on consignments.
74-17-17

DR. FRANK WILLIAMS'S
Celebrated Rye Whiskey.
The subscriber has made arrangements to keep a
supply of the Genuine Article, and is the only
Agent for the sale of the above brand of A No. 1 Rye
Whiskey in this place.
May 4, 1857. ROBT MITCHELL. 175-17

BLANKS.
A large supply of the following Blanks just printed
in the best style, now on hand and for sale at the Ar-
gus Office:
**Deeds for Land sold under Ven. Ex.
Pl. Fas. County Court.**
" Superior "
" County "
" Subpoena "
" Superior Court."
" Warrants, (different forms.)
" Guardian Bonds,
" Appearance Bonds,
" Bonds, Vouchers payable at Bank,
" Marriage Licenses and Bonds,
" L. C.

POEY.
A DOLLAR OR TWO.
With cautious step, we tread our way through
This intricate world, as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a dollar or two;
For an excellent thing
Is a dollar or two,
No friend—so true
As a dollar or two;
Through country and town
As we pass up and down,
No passport so good,
As a dollar or two.
Would you read yourself out of the bachelor class,
And the loss of the pretty young female sex,
You must always be ready the hand to do,
Although it may cost you a dollar or two!
Love's arrows are tipped
With a golden sheen,
And affections are gained
With a dollar or two;
The best aid you can meet
In advancing your suit,
Is the eloquent click
Of a dollar or two.
Would you wish your existence with faith to inspire
And enrol in the ranks of the sanctified few,
To enjoy a good name and a well cushioned pew,
You must freely come down with a dollar or two.
The gospel is preached
For a dollar or two,
And salvation is reached
By a dollar or two.
You may sin sometimes,
But the worst of crimes
Is to find yourself short
Of a dollar or two.

MISCELLANEOUS.
"Unless some sweetness in the bottom lie
Who cares for all the crumbling of the pie."
ADVICE TO A COUNTRY GIRL
ABOUT ENTERING A BOARDING-SCHOOL.
Yes, my dear girl, an especial message
for you, before you go, and I beg for it an
attentive ear, even though "the folks" are
waiting to say their loving "good-byes."
You have been living your fifteen years
of life in the dear, beautiful, God-made
country. You are as well taught as a child
can be, in the mysteries of field and forest;
but it was not much that they could give
you of "book learning, and the ways of the
world," in the little log house where you
have been head-scholar so long; and so they
are going to send you to a seminary of large
pretensions in a far distant city.
I know you have but small acquaintance
with the new scenes to which you are
going, and I would therefore mingle, in my
farewell, some whispers of preparation and
advice. Everything, indeed, will be new
to you in that great seminary. It will be,
for a few days, a very Tower of Babel,
with all its ringing of bells, its din-din-ning
of pianos, tinkling of guitars, hum of study,
and the running to and fro, and the laugh-
ter and talking of many girls. You will be
confused and tired, but do not despair; keep
your soul in patience. In time, all those
sounds will be familiar, and have some in-
terest for you; they will no more disturb
you than do now the shrill, monotonous
voices of the katydids, grasshoppers, and
crickets in your father's meadows.
All will be new; dress, manners, even
the very language of your companions will
seem strange to you. There will be many
things for which you know no name; you
will hear phrases that convey no intelli-
gence to your ear; and there will be over
all an air, so grand and matter-of-course,
that you feel half ashamed of your igno-
rance and simplicity; and when you over-
hear the beautiful, tall girl, whom, at first
sight, you admired so much, whisper some-
thing about "new-comer—greenness—stun-
pidity," you will believe she is "half right."
But don't cry—you are not stupid—be quiet,
persevering. Before the term is out, you
will love the tall girl dearly, and she will
have repented of her rudeness. Only take
it as your first lesson at school, and learn
to treat the stranger with thoughtful kind-
ness, and be sure to practice it when the
next trembling, bashful girl comes among
you.
Do not be overcome by the rustling of
silks, and flutter of pretty ribbons. Misses
fashionably attired, will look at you boldly,
with long glances that will take you all in,
from your comb to your shoes—glances,
that will decide at once your claims to com-
panionship with "the elite." Be thankful
to your dress if it proves too plain to asso-
ciate with the elegant wrappers, and wear
silk aprons, trimmed with wide ruffles, and
"sweet little pockets." For, these girls
have not yet learned true politeness—you
are not to form your manners after their
pattern. Only be quiet, and wait; they will
not always be foolish and proud.
You will feel, for a day or two, as some-
body had lost you; but among the many,
many faces, there will be some to smile
upon you—some one will find you, and put
an arm around you, and will call you "Nelly,"
just as they did at home. You feel at-
tracted by her generous devotion, she is
"so confiding, so communicative." If, how-
ever, she offers to initiate you into the faults
of the pupils, or the partialities of the teach-
ers, and to give you histories of parentage,
wealth, respectability, &c., then it is high
time to vary, to turn the conversation into
a different channel. Let her see by your
indifference to such gossip that your
intimacy must be founded on a safer basis.
Avoid receiving second-hand opinions of
any of your companions, for you know not
that they were formed in charity, and with-
out prejudice. Trust only *your* impressions,
which experience and fair trial shall fix
upon your heart.
I think it likely that you will have an at-
tack of the home-sickness that lurks in all
boarding-schools. You will hear the com-
plaint of it twenty times during the day of

STEAM BOAT NOTICE.
THE Steamer JAMES D. CASE, Capt. H. L. Johnson,
having changed owners, will continue to run
between Fayetteville and Wilmington, stopping at in-
termediate Landings. Prompt personal attention will
be given to all freights entrusted to my care.
PETER P. JOHNSON, Agent.
April 14, 1857. 172-17

Dr. H. R. EASTERLING,
Rockingham,
RICHMOND CO., N. C.
Will attend to professional calls at any hour, day
or night.
April 10, 1857. 170-17-17

New Spring Goods.
ALEX R. JOHNSON & CO. have just received
a complete and well selected Stock of
Simple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
Amongst which will be found every variety and style
of Goods called for in their line of trade. Their
Stock is large and desirable, and will be disposed
of at short profits to cash or prompt paying customers.
ALEX R. JOHNSON, Jr. PETER CROW.
April 4, 1857. 170-17

Clothing! Clothing!!
THE Subscriber has just received his SPRING
and SUMMER STOCK of
CLOTHING,
consisting of Coats, Pants, and Vests, all of the latest
styles. Among his stock is some very large sizes,
and also BOYS' CLOTHING.
A general assortment of Shirts, Stocks, Collars,
&c., &c.
CUTTING and TRIMMING done as heretofore.
D. CLARK.
April 2nd, 1857. 169-17

JOHN G. BLUE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY,
Having decided permanently to locate at Rockingham,
will practice in the Counties of Moore, Montgom-
ery, Anson, Richmond, Robeson, and Cum-
berland.
Office at Rockingham, Richmond County, N. C.
March 4, 1857. 165-17

W. P. ELLIOTT,
Commission Merchant,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Agent for Lutterloh & Co.'s Steam Boat Line.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to
his care.
October 21, 1856. 146-17

New Goods.
THE undersigned has received into Store this
recent purchase of
GOODS.
Embracing a large and general stock of
GROCERIES and HARDWARE,
Which they will sell on their usual accommodating
terms.
G. W. WILLIAMS & CO.
March 4, 1857. 165-17

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber, as administrator of the bona non of
Robert Huntley, Sen., deceased, hereby notifies
the heirs at law and next of kin of said Robert Hun-
tley, Sen., deceased, that he is now ready to settle said
estate, and pay over to them so much of said estate as
has come into his hands as administrator do bona non.
TOWNLY REDFERN,
administrator do bona non
of Robert Huntley, Sen., deceased.
May 3, 1857. 176-17

your arrival. You will be tempted to give
your sympathy to pale girls with red eyes.
They sit in corners and read over precious
letters, and they wish in such earnest tones
that "they were out of the old prison, and
safe back again with father and mother,"
that you are half inclined to weep with them
—to forget your studies—to be gradually
miserable, and surrounded by a little court
of girls kissing and pitying you! Will you
be so foolish and weak? I trust not, my
girl; for, believe me, these wretched ones
with their "prison" wallings, are, for the
most part, indolent, frivolous, and to sum
up all in two words—*very selfish.*
I know that there is a disease called
home-sickness. There is a weakness, a
painful by the heart which is so suddenly
shot out from familiar objects of care and
love. There is a longing for old occupa-
tions, an unsatisfied listening for well-known
voices. Yet, no truly feminine and noble
heart will suffer in this way long. Its long-
ing instincts will lead it into fresh plans of
activity, and by serving new friends, will
quieten the cravings of furnished affection.
I know a lady who was called amiable
and lovely, who took pride in cherishing
these home-sick feelings, believing them to
be a proof of a refined and affectionate
nature! Ah! she was very much mistaken.
Cherish all kindly and pleasant memories of
home. All the loved inmates of the old
house, even the chickens and faithful
Bounce, may have large portions of your
cheerful, generous thoughts!
Akin to these sighings after home, is the
undue demand for letters. Such importu-
nate and impertinent inquiries are made of
the postman! Such threats of "going home
if no letters come by the next mail." You
will see the young lady who gives herself
up to a morbid expectation, made sick by
her crying, and unable to attend the class-
room. She may, possibly, be a real victim
of careless relations, "too busy to write";
but I hope you will not be drawn into this
hue and cry, for it is mostly roused by a
contemptible love of exciting attention, or
by a habit of complaining.
Boarding-school girls have a strange fan-
cy for complaining about their meals!
They hold it as their right, and no matter
how really bountiful may be the supply of
food, there are always lady-gourmands to
make bitter and silly grumbling of the
"meanness of the table." They make a
plea of starvation for purchasing, "on the
sky," cakes, crackers, and candies, which
they shut up in their rooms, eat with the air
of martyrs, but really with the satisfaction
of spoiled babies that cry for sugar. You
will observe that these abused ones are
very plump, and that they eat more than
the others of the despised viands. How dis-
gusting and wearisome are all these selfish
murmurings to the wise and affectionate
teacher! There is, now and then, an
"establishment for young ladies" founded
upon the Squeers system—but you are not
going to any such place.
Note-writing is a very fashionable em-
ployment at boarding school. The misses
think it looks mysterious and important to
be reading little bits of paper in a corner,
to laugh and exclaim over them, to the
great wonder and curiosity of the uninitiated.
It is such an elegant way of wasting one's
time—this penciling of whom's imaginary
woes to a room-mate, with whom there may
be any amount of loud honest talk in recess
hours. These sentimental scribblers are,
strange to say, very poor at a composition.
Do not, dear Nelly, be one of these scrib-
blers. Do not have any dear confidant,
who will demand your time and attention,
to the entire exclusion of all other com-
panions. Secret gossipings are sad wasters of
time and paper, sound sense and healthy af-
fection.
Oh! there are many customs peculiar to
a female seminary, which are seemingly in-
nocent, and which have a charm for the new
pupil, and yet bear with them insidious
evils, powerful to retard progress in studies,
fostering frivolity and indolence, and un-
dermining all that is worthy in the character.
I have mentioned a few that will attract
your immediate attention, and you will be
warned by "Querie" to shun them. Go,
my girl, to the boarding-school with brave
heart, yet gentle demeanor. Be not afraid
of the proud dolls who will accuse them-
selves with your rustic dress. Wear your
garments as your dear mother prepared
them, treating that the wearer's kindness
and good will towards all will make them
seem better than gay and fashionable ones.
Do not defy any one; that would be un-
womanly. You will be in the midst of hu-
man beings, each one of whom has a claim
in some way upon your interest. They are
to be, in a degree, the educators of your
heart. From them you are to learn what
is true, good, and beautiful in humanity.
It may be that your exterior is rough and
unpolished; do not be ashamed to confess it
to yourself, nor obstinately adhere to
peculiarities not in vogue in fashionable so-
ciety. Be observant of the polite forms
which will greet you, and, aided by a sin-
cere desire to be kind to all, they will be-
come to you mediums by which you can
easily approach your fellow beings, and so
increase your usefulness.
Now that I must bid you good-by, I've
a great deal to say; but the hints I have
given you may be sufficient to awaken your
thought. They are calling you to go—
Kiss them all, these dear ones, that you
will not see again for one whole year. Be
brave, and yet be meek. Resolve that
when you next see the old maples that
shade your cottage home, you will bring a
wiser head and better heart—a heart un-
corrupted by vanity and affectation; that
you will be worthier of these affectionate
hearts—knowing better how to serve them
than you do now.
Just one word more. Remember that the
great object before you is to learn to *love*
truly. The knowledge you gain from
books and teachers, is to be the instrument

through which your love of usefulness may
act. Do not look to the future for the fruits
of your education, nor deem that when
you become the head of a family, your new
wisdom will alone be needed. You are to
live, and think, and act every day as an
earnest, sensible school-girl seeking to do
her duty. So shall you return to this dear,
old home a blessing and a joy.
QUERIE.

PERSONALITIES OF LITERATI.
JERROLD.
Douglas Jerrold, a well-known con-
tributor to Punch, and editor of various pub-
lications, is a man of about fifty years of
age, and in person is remarkably spare and
diminutive. His face is sharp and angu-
lar, and his eye of a grayish hue. He is
probably one of the most caustic writers
of his age, and with keen sensibility, he of-
ten writes, under the impulse of the mo-
ment, articles which his cooler judgment
condemns. Although a believer in hydro-
pathy, his habits do not conform to the in-
ternal application of Adam's ale. His Cautie
Lectures have been read by every one.
In conversation he is quite good at retort
—not always refined. He is a husband
and grandfather.

MACAULAY.
The Hon. T. B. Macaulay is short in
stature, round and with a growing tendency
to aldermanic dispositions. His head
has the same rotundity as his body and
seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head.
This is nearly the sum of his personal de-
fects; all else, except the voice, (which is
monotonous and disagreeable,) is certainly
in his favor. His face seems literally in-
sistent with expression; his eye, above all,
is full of deep thought and meaning. As
he walks, or rather straggles, along the
street, he seems in a state of total abstrac-
tion, unmindful of all that is going on around
him, and solely occupied with his own work-
ing mind. You cannot help thinking that
literature win him is not a mere profession
or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a
part of himself, as though historical prob-
lems or analytical criticism were a part
of his daily and intellectual food.

BAILEY.
A correspondent of the Tribune, writing
from Nottingham, England, says: "I have
seen Bailey, the author of 'Festus.' His
father is the proprietor of the Nottingham
Mercury, and the editorial department rest
with him. He is a thick set sort of a man,
of a stature below the middle size; complex-
ion dark, and in person about eight-and-thirty.
His physiognomy would be clownish in ex-
pression, if his eyes did not redeem his
other features. He spoke of 'Festus,' and
of its fame in America, of which he seems
to be very proud. In England it has only
reached its third edition, while eight or
nine have been published in the United
States."

DE QUINCY.
He is one of the smallest legged, small-
est bodied, and most attenuated effigies of
the human form divine, that one could find
during a day's walk in a crowded city. And
if one adds to this figure, clothes that are
neither fashionably cut nor fastidiously ad-
justed, he will have a tolerable idea of De-
Quincy.—But then his brow, that pushes
his obstructive hat to the back of his head,
and his light grey eyes, that do not seem to
look out, but to be turned inward, sounding
the depths of his imagination, and searching
out the mysteries of the most abstruse logic,
are something that you would search a
week to find a mate to, and then you will
be disappointed. DeQuincy now resides
at Lasswade, a romantic rural village, once
the residence of Sir Walter Scott, about
seven miles from Edinburgh, Scotland, where
an affectionate daughter watches over him,
and where he is the wonder of the country
people for miles around.

LAMARTINE.
Lamartine—yes, young ladies, positively
—a *prima* looking man, with a long face;
short gray hair, a slender figure, and a suit
of black. Put a pen behind his ear, and he
would look like a "confidential clerk."
Give his face more character, and he would
remind you of Henry Clay. He has a fine
head, phenologically speaking—large and
round at the top, with a spacious forehead,
and a scant allotment of cheek. *Prima* is
the word, though there is nothing in his ap-
pearance, which is ever so remotely sug-
gestive of the romantic. He is not even
pale, and as for a rolling shirt collar, or a
Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to
think of such things. Romance, in fact, is
the article he lives by, and like other men,
he chooses to "stick the shop," at least when
he sits for his portrait.

DUMAS.
On the contrary, is a burly fellow. His
large, red round cheeks, stand out till they
seem to stretch the very skin that covers
them, and it looks as smooth as a polished
apple. His black crisp hair is piled high
above his forehead, and stands divided into
two unequal masses, one inclined to the
right and the other to the left. His eyes
are dark, and his mouth sensuous, but not
to the degree of vulgarity. His person is
large, and his flowing mantle red. He is a
gentleman to lay bare his throat and look
romantic, not Byronically so, but pitiably.
Yet he looks good humored, and like a man
whose capacity for physical enjoyment is
boundless. His negro blood is evident
enough to one who knows he has it; but it
would not be detected by one who knew it
not. It appears in the peculiar rotundity
of the man and all his parts. Iterated and
beaped his hair; it made him dress up in
flowing red to have his portrait taken. But
his complexion is only a shade darker than
the average. The portrait reminds us for
a moment of the late Thomas Hamblin, the
actor.

It is neither prim nor burly. He is a man
of large frame, over which a loose black coat
is carelessly buttoned. Complexion light
eyes blue, hair once black, now pepper and
salt, whiskers voluminous, eyebrows black
and thick, good forehead, and the lower
face ample. This conveys no better idea of
the man's appearance than a French pas-
port. But truth is, Sue's countenance and
figure have none of those peculiarities which
make description impossible. He looks in
his portrait like a comfortable, careless, eld-
erly gentleman, taking his ease in an easy
chair and easy coat. He does not look like
an author—authors seldom do. His air is
rather that of a preposterous citizen. Sue
is only forty-five years old, but has lived,
fast and looks fifty-five. Lamartine is six-
ty-three, and would pass easily for fifty-
three. Dumas is fifty, and could get credit
for thirty-eight.

D'ISRAELI.
Mr. D'Israeli is in his fifty-first year. In
person he is tall, rather thin, with a Jewish
cast of features, dark countenance, and
heavy, full, swimming eyes, bent either in
meditation or vacancy. He dresses flashily—
affects superb waistcoats and has plenty
of jewelry about his person—and does not
look altogether "the gentleman." He seems
a Jew to his very finger-nails, mosaic to his
watch chain. His long black cork-screw
curls are kept in admirable order; and one
of the signs of a disposition on his part to
rise and address the House in a sort of ner-
vous arrangement of those "luxuriant ring-
lets," first with one hand, then with the
other. His attitudes, as he speaks, are not
gaily; sometimes he puts his arms akimbo
—sometimes he places his thumbs in the
arm-holes of his waistcoat. When he re-
aches what he means to be a telling or effec-
tive part of his oration, he makes a kind of
a bow, and pauses, this is a signal for his
friends to applaud. He always writes out
his speeches now, and sends them, immedi-
ately after delivery, direct to the chief of
the corps of reporters belonging to the Morning
Post.

MUSIC.
"With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory sleeps."
And elevates all the better feelings of our
nature. An illustrious writer of the 17th
century has truly said, "Music delighteth
all ages and bereaveth all estates, a thing
as reasonable in grief as joy, as decent
being added to actions of great solemnity
as being used where men sequester them-
selves from action. The truth thus quaintly
exemplified, for we often see how Music
calmness, soothes sorrow, quickens
the pulses of a social enjoyment and
glides with a milder light the checkered
scenes of daily existence. Let it then, with
healing on its wings, enter, through ten
thousand avenues, all our dwellings. Mu-
sic deals with abstract beauty and so lifts
man to the source of all beauty, from finite
to infinite, from the world of matter to the
world of spirits. Mythology tells us of
seditions quelled, wars wrought and fleets
and armies governed by the power of Mu-
sic. Woods, rocks and trees responded to
the Harp of Orpheus, and brazen walls
of fenced cities crumbled beneath the won-
der-working touches of Apollo's Lyre.—
Here is shadowed forth beneath the veil of
allegory a profound truth which teaches
that Music is allied to the highest senti-
ments of man's moral nature, love to God,
love of country and love of friends. How
appropriate then the language of England's
great dramatic Poet:

"The man that hath no Music in himself,
Nor's not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."
Few teachers of Music, at the present
day, admit the existence of an individual
who is utterly indifferent to all Music, and
we believe with Cooper,
"That there is in souls a sympathy with sounds,"
but if there be any with souls so dead as
not to be "moved with a concord of sweet
sounds," we leave them to their sad destiny,
as portrayed by Beattie, when he says
"Is there a heart that Music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, when'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Music; he is here scorn!
The sphinx-like robe of colored he shall tinge,
Mope o'er the schoolman's dusty page, or mourn
And delve for life in mamma's dirty mine—
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
swine."

Such were some of the thoughts awak-
ened in us by the melting tones of the viol
and guitar, as the midnight zephyr wailed
the wailing Melody of Music to our ear
a few nights ago, thrilling our very soul with
rapture!
Albeit that sweet serenade was doubt-
less intended for the black-eyed damsel who
was listening with
"Charmed ear and soul entranced,"
at the lattice, we cannot close without a
tender of "our" meed of thanks for the
privilege of sharing a part at least of that
musical treat, hoping
"When next you sound that out door stair,
Arm'd with the viol and guitar,
You'll count us "in."
"WE."

THE NEW FASHION.—In Boston, says the
Post, the aisles in all public buildings, and
the sidewalks, are to be widened to admit
the passage of ladies with their new-fash-
ioned skirts. Several gentlemen have moved
out of the city to allow their wives and
daughters room to turn round.
An Irishman's description of making a
cannon: "Take a long hole and pour brass
around it."