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The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. V.—THIRD SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 9, 1875. NO. 101.—WHOLE NO 102.

PUBLISEDED WEEKLY:

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Proprietor and Editor.

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Associate Editor.

RATES OF SUBCRIPTION
WEEKLY WATCHMAN.

ONE YEAR, payable in advance.....$2.00
SIX MONTHS, " " 1.25
5 Copies to any address.....10.00

ADVERTISING RATES:

ONE SQUARE (1 inch) One insertion $1.00
" " " two " 1.50

Rates for a greater number of insertions moderate. Special notices 25 per cent. more in regular advertisements. Reading notices, 5 cents, per line for each and every insertion

THE HASTY PUDDING,

IN THREE CANTOS,

BY JOEL BARLOW.

Written at Chambery, in Savoy, January 1798.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

He makes a good breakfast who mixes pudding with molasses.

CANTO I.

Ye Alps audacious, thro' the Heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I chuse,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye Bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl'd your thunders round the epic field:
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you n'er enjoy,
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty-Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul,
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat;
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward unpoetic name
Should shun the Muse, or prejudice thy fame;
But rising grateful to the accustom'd ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Thro' wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore)
First gave the to thee world; her works of fame
Have liv'd indeed, but liv'd without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dry'd maize
Thro' the rough sieve to shake the golden show'r,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stir'd with haste,
Swell in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim:
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise like her labors, to the song of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
If 'was Oella, whom I sang before,
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not thro' the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide climes should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear Hasty-Pudding, what unpromis'd joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the world thro' devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is sooth'd, my cares have found an end,
I greet my long lost unforgotten friend.

For thee thro' Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wandered up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board:
London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea;
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.*
For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize;
A grain whose rich luxuriant growth requires
Short gentle showers, and bright etherial fires.

But here tho' distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more,
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race.
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, thro' every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou are sure to reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee to the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call, the French of course *Polante*;
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *suppawn*.
All spurious appellations void of truth:
I've better known thee from my earliest youth,
Thy name is *Hasty-Pudding!* thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires;
And while they argu'd in thy just defence
With logic clear they thus explained the sense;—
"In *haste* the boiling cauldron o'er the blaze,
"Receives and cooks the ready pow'd'red maize;
"In *haste* 'tis ser'd, and then in equal *haste*,
"With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
"No carving to be done, no knife to grate
"The tender ear, and wound the stony plate;
"But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
"And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
"By frequent journies to the bowl well stor'd,
"Performs the hasty honors of the board.
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
Preserve my pure hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute;
In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursing man to pamper'd pigs;
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
The milk nutritious; am I then a calf?
Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Tho' nurs'd on pudding, thence lay claim to mine?
Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims; I praise myself in thee;
My father lov'd thee through his strength of days;
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigour he possest,
Ten sturdy freemen sprung from him attest;
Thy constellation rul'd my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain! whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most my Hasty-Pudding, most in thee.

Let the green Succotash with thee contend,
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side;
Not all the plate, how fam'd soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.

Some talk of Hoe-cake, fair Virginia's pride,
Rich Johnny-cake this mouth has often trid;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same;
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New-England, where the last
Receives a dish of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste,
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big round dumpling rolling from the pot;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lin'd leads on the Yankey feast;
The Charlotte brown, within whose crusty sides
A body soft the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bake-pan knows—
You tempt me not—my fav'rite greets my eyes,
To that joy'd bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind, to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen Muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweats to stream from every cook;
Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends to physic wondered why they died.
Not so the Yankey—his abundant feast,
With samples furnished, and with plainness drest,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord;
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
And health attends them from the short repast,
While the full pail rewards the milk-maid's toil,
The mother sees the morning cauldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their care,
To spread the table and the bowls prepair;
To feed the children as their portions cool,
And comb their heads, and send them off to school.

Yet may her simplest dish, some rules impart,
For nature scorns not all the aids of art,
E'en Hasty-Pudding, purest of all food,
May still be had, indifferent or good,
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man;
To shield the morals while it mends the size,
And all the powers of every food supplies,
Attend the lessons that the Muse shall bring,
Suspend your spoons and listen while I sing.

But since, O man! thy life and health demand
Not food alone, but labour from thy hand,
First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
Ask for thy mother earth the needful maize;
She loves the race that court her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.

When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measur'd hills the golden grain,
But when the tender germe begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
Th' insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.
A little ashes, sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;
The feather'd robber with his hungry maw
Swift flies the field before the man of straw,
A frightful image, such as school boys bring
When met to burn the Pope or hang the King.

Thrice in the season through each verdant row
Wield the strong plough-share and the faithful hoe;
The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn, and roast the winter cakes.
Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,
Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land
Then start the juices, then the roots expand;
Then like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward, and the leaves unfold;
The bushy branches all the ridges fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them, all your cares are done:
Leave the last labors to the parent sun;
Beneath his genial smiles the well-drest field,
When Autumn calls a plenteous crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,
And pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
The loaded stalk while still the burthen grows,
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows:
High as a hop field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
When the pod'd roasting ear invite the maid,
To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade:
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill:
Small compensation for the two-fold bliss,
The pryes'd wedding and the present kiss.

Slight depredations these; but now the moon
Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;
And while by night he bears the prize away,
The rider squirrel labours through the day.
Both thieves alike but provident of time,
A vine, rare, that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their granaries from the toils of man;
We'll one advantage where they take no part,—
With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art
To fill the Hasty-Pudding; here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine;
This envied boon to man shall still belong,
Unshar'd by them in substance or in song.

At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep loaded carts the spacious corn house fill,
The sack distended marches to the mill;
The labo'ring mill beneath the burthen groans,
And show'rs the future pudding from the stones:
Till the glad house wife greets the powder'd gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old.

CANTO III.

THE days grow short; but tho' the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various task prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various song.
For now, the corn house fill'd, the harvest home,
Th' invited neighbours to the *Husking* come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms, to chase the hours away.

Where the huge heap lies centur'd in the hall,
The lamps suspended from the cheerful wall,
Down corn fed nymphs and strong hard-handed beaux,
Alternate rang'ed, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle and the corn cobs crack;
Song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

The laws of Husking every wight can tell;
And there no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear she smuts the luckless swains;
But when some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,
She kisses the round, and culls one favored beau
Who gives the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various are sports, as are wits and brains
Of well disposed lasses and contending swains:
Till the last mound of corn is swept away,
And he who gets that last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile the house-wife urges all her care,
The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is in'd, the bowls in order stand,
The fire blaz'd high; and, as a pool (that takes
The headlong stream that o'er the mill dam breaks)
Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,
So the vex'd corn in rages roars and boils.

First with a dish she salts she seasons well the food,
Then strews the flour and thickens all the flood,
Long o'er the burning fire she lets it stand;
To stir it well demands a stronger hand;
The husband takes his turn; and round and round
The ladle flies; at last the toil is crown'd;
When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
And takes their seats as at the corn before.

I leave them to their feast. There still belong
More copious matters to my faithful song.
For rules they are, tho' ne'er unfolded yet,
Nice rules and wise how pudding should be ate.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
And mix like Bards, the useful with the sweet.
A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise,
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging boreas drives the shivering cow.

Blest cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy;
How oft thy teats these pious hands have prest!
How oft thy bounties prove my only feast!
How oft I've fed thee with my fav'rite grain!
And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!

Ye swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah! house her well from Winter's angry skies,
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer:
When Spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infant and her own.

Milk then with pudding I should always chuse;
To this in future I confine my Muse,
Till she in haste some farther hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
But when their growling mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand: you've got the portion's due,
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.

There is a choice in spoons. Tho' small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear,
The deep bowl'd Gallic spoon, contriv'd to scoop
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscle must embrace,
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space,
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave but still more, dilate,
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rests unknown to vulgar eyes.
Experience'd feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of art.
These tuneful lips, that thousand lips have tried,
With just precision could the point decide.
Tho' not in song; the muse but poorly shines
In cones and cubes and geometric lines,
Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
Is that small section of a goose-egg-shell,
Which into equal portions shall divide
The distance from the centre to the side.

Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin,
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend the ready napkin; or, like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head project,
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall,
The wide mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all.

*A certain king, at the time when this was written, was publishing proclamations to prevent American principles from being propagated in his country.

THE LIFE OF THE HOUSE.

The Duke of Provence knocked on his daughter's door with the hilt of his sword: "Arise, Maguelonne; it is break of day and the Angelus will soon sound; thy brothers wait for the below; the horses paw the pavement in the court; it is time te depart."

It was just after a bloody war, in order to cement a treaty of peace, that Maguelonne was married, while a mere child, to Prince Herbert, who was of the same age. After that day they had grown up, separated from one another; but the time had now come to conduct Maguelonne to her husband.

Maguelonne made the sign of the cross to commend her soul to the virgin. She rose and put on her bridal robe with the long veil hanging to the floor; then, very pale, she went below. Her brothers, looking at her admiringly, placed her in the saddle.

"Is the realm of Prince Herbert a great distance from here?" she asked.

"Oh, a long way off. To get there we must traverse plains and forest, and ascend many a blue topped mountain.

Then Maguelonne bowed her head in sadness. Nothing had ever before separated her from the home where she was born. Thus mounted, she could touch the ivy which covered its walls, but now her father and brothers said, "let us depart." Just then her mother came out of the house bathed in tears, and, with trembling arms, pressed against her heart the little dainty foot of her daughter, as it rested in the stirrup.

"Thou leavest me," she cried, "whom I nourished with this breast! The room where thou did'st sleep (oh, my heart!) will remain empty, and I shall seek vainly for thee in my deserted home."

"Alas!" exclaimed Maguelonne, "is it not you and my father who has given me to Prince Herbert?" But it was in vain that tears glittered like drops of dew in the eyes of the noble girls; the calvacade moved, and the foot of Maguelonne dropped from her mother's hands.

The stirrips jingled, the spurs clanked, and the pebbles struck fire under the hoofs of the horses. The Duke of Provence and his three sons were powerful horsemen, clad in black armor, the terror of the Saracens. In the midst of this double hedge of iron rode the fair Maguelonne on a white palfrey.

They rode on and on; they traversed the plains, they disappeared under the green vault of the forest; then they could at last be seen riding on the side of the rugged mountain.

Their thoughts were sad; not a song nor a ballad did they utter to divert themselves by the way.

Nevertheless, days and nights had gone by since their departure, when at the ford of a river; the old duke stopped his horse entirely. "As truly as the waters of this river will never flow past here again, so true is it," said he, "that I will not go on one step farther. Thy brothers, oh, Maguelonne, will accompany the farther; my road is now behind me."

"What will become of me if thou dost abandon me?" said the lovely Maguelonne, in tears.

"Is it not right I should go to console thy mother? Farewell, dear child; years have accumulated over my head, and perhaps I shall die without ever seeing thee again."

"The will of God be done! But you, O, my brothers, promise that you will not abandon me."

Her brothers bowed their heads, in silence.

"How long and tiresome the journey is! My brothers, we pass without cessation from forest to mountain and from mountain to plain, but we do not arrive at our destination. Are we not lost in the country of dreams?"

"No, my, sister; but Prince Herbert lives a long distance beyond those blue mountains there."

"Still on, my brothers; does it not seem to you that as we advance the sky darkens benind us, the grass, withers, and the trees bow their weeping branches down to the earth?"

"Yes, Maguelonne; sadness extends behind thee because thou wilt never pass this way again. At this hour our father travels alone, his heart black with sadness, and our mother wrings her hands in dispair."

"Do you think that I have not my portion of grief? But what do I see? Is it thy horse which rises on his feet, or thou who pullest the bridle?"

"Do not accuse my horse. This oak at my right marks the line that I ought not to pass. My brothers will descend with thee to the valley."

"What!" cried Maguelonne, with clasped hands; "hast thou not sworn not to leave me?"

"Vain oath, my sister. Ought I not to go and console my father and mother? Farewell, Maguelonne, much beloved. I am young, but one often sees the young die before the old. Shall I never see thee again?"

"Depart then, my brother. No; by the Holy Virgin, thou hast not truly loved me."

Of the two brothers who remained, Amaury the youngest, was very highly accomplished, and Maguelonne loved him intensely.

"Dear Amaury," said she, "sing me one of the ballads that please the knights and ladies so much."

"Willingly, my sister; I will sing to thee the ballad of Inesille du Bearn."

"Stop," cried Maguelonne; "that is a very wicked ballad which you have chosen for me."

But while she was speaking the second of her brothers halted suddenly. Maguelonne understood that this one also was going to leave her. She looked at him in scorn and anger.

"What is it, then, that frightens thee, viliant kninght? Is it this grasshopper which crosses the road? Ah! keep silent; what canst thou say to me? Go, and be cursed, thou who dost abandon the woman who is thy sister!"

Having thus spoken in violent passion, for the blood of her race was as fierce as the flame, she lowered her veil so as not to see her brother depart.

Very soon a traveler passed them on route:

"Salutations to thee, Maguelonne; thy brother who has just left the was robbed and wounded by the bandits."

Anon there comes another: "God protect thee, Maguelonne; thy eldest brother has fallen into an ambuscade and the Moors have carrid him off into captivity."

A third called to her from a distance: "A pleasant journey to thee, Maguelonne; dost thou know that thy father, the Duke of Provence, was drowned in crossing the river?"

A fourth passed by and said: "Pray to God, beautiful woman; the house where thou wast born has fallen in the flames, and they are seeking the body of thy mother in the ruins."

"Hearken, Maguelonne!" cried Amaury; "by the holy rood, my horse shall feel the spur!"

"Body of God! but I am overwhelmed! Wait, dear brother, nor leave me alone in this dark, fierce place!"

But there passed at this moment a fifth traveler, who crossed over on the opposite side:

"Hasten thy steps, fair Maguelonne, lovely maiden for an eager husband's arms; Prince Herbert is dying of grief, for he has been told that his young wife was carried off on the journey, and no one knows what has become of her."

"Day of misery!" cried the poor girl; "let us separate, my brother, and let us pray to God to conduct me to the man to whom I belong."

Then pale and trembling, she pressed on alone upon her horse. But the sky become darker than night; the tempest broke loose with violence; gloomy birds glided through the darkness, skimming with their heavy wings the soft cheeks of the young bride. Her horse overcome by terror, plunged madly forward. Maguelonne let herself slide to the ground, and continued the journey on foot; the thickets caught her rich dress in their thorny arms, the stones tore her velvet shoes into shreds, and made her delicate feet bleed.

At this moment a hermit met her.

"Ah! father," said Maguelonne, "take pity on my misfortunes. Of my three brothers, the eldest is wounded, the second is a captive, and the third has gone to help the other two. The Duke of Provence, father, has perished in the great river, my mother lies buried under the ruins of our house, and Prince Herbert is perhaps dying at this moment. Has not God said, 'a woman shall leave father and mother to go with her husband, and forsake all to cleave to him?' Tell me, man of God, have I acted well?"

"Yea, thou art a noble woman, Maguelonne."

Then, how maraculous! The heavens cleared away, the tempest subsided in the distance, and, while the rain fell in drops from the leaves of the trees, the birds began to sing.

"Tell me, holy father, what does all this signify? Behold, even now the sun shines again, the trees are still, and the birds sing."

"This signifies that we are approaching the domain of Prince Herbert, for joy goes before the woman whose husband awaits her."

"But only see! everywhere my feet rest the earth is covered with verdure and flowers."

"It is because thy feet will never more be wounded with stones and briers, my daughter."

"Tell me again, is it not a dream? It seems to me that high and rugged mountain decrease, and lowers itself to the level of the plain."

"It is because the dwelling of thy husbank, the Prince, will soon appear."

And so it was: the palace of the Prince could now be seen; but the front looked sombre, and the windows seemed as if they had not been opened for years.

"How gloomy the house looks! They will say, alas! that there is no one living to inherit it.".

"Life will enter there only when thou dost, Maguelonne; for a noble and beautiful woman is *the life of the house!*"

At these words the hermit disappeared, and Maguelonne, having taken a few steps furthur, touched the door of the palace with the tip of her foot, when the portals flew open, and in a moment the edifice was illumined; delicious music sounded through the vast corridors; and Prince Herbert, magnificently attired, hurried forward, followed by his retainers, to present his hand to Maguelonne.

"Thou art most welcome here," said he; "thou who art *the life of the house!*"

Then Maguelonne blushed and smiled as she recognised in her handsome husband the hermit who came to her in the forest. But that which was the greatest surprise of all was to find her father in the great hall, with her mother and brothers, who waited for her in festive costume.

"Be blessed, dear child," said the old duke; "thou who hast preferred thy husband to all others; thou shalt be a noble lady in the land, and command many servants. But, God is my witness, if thou hadst failed in this trial the doors of a convent would have shut thee in forever."

Having thus spoken, he embraced Maguelonne, and there were briliant festivities held on this joyful occasion which were heard of throughout the whole of Christendom.

Teach Piety.

We confess to a reasonable surprise that the end of all Sunday School work does not seem to be, essentially and of course, to teach piety.

It is very little consolation after a jingle of hymns and miscellany to hear it said, "Ah! well, it will do them good.

It may have been better for them than to be at home.

"We are not certain."

The end and aim of all Sunday School work evidently should be, not to build up a school; not to teach Bibical facts, but to lead the soul to a personal knowledge of its God. Do not mistake us as meaning to condemn efforts to render the school instructive, entertaining, delightful. But the atmosphere should be responsibility to the Father. A school for patriotism might lose itself in drill and parade. A school for philanthropy in general axioms and a display of generosity. In seeking to cultivate the higher grace of piety many lose themselves in the routing and formularies.

What we want to do is to impress it upon the superintendents that they should so arrange and lead the school that all shall feel it is God's school.

If we fail with the Sunday School, God pity the young souls.

It is true that we must lead them to personal consecration to the right. More depends on the superintendant than on all the leaders. If he be a pious, prayerful soul, sweet and true to God, he will be wise and true with the school. The tone will be all right even if machinery be not the most approved.—*S. S. Times.*

Typography in Japan.

Among the marvels of the decade which is to be so brightly distinguished by the Centennial celebration of American Independence, is the rapid progress which printing has made in Japan since 1870. The advances achieved by typography in the densely-populated and for many ages benighted Asiatic empire, in the short period of five years, can only fittingly be described by one word—wonderful. In an Oriental country, intensely prejudiced against Western civilization, where neither types, newspapers nor books existed ten years ago, there are now published thirty-four newspapers; eight of them are issued daily, and the majority have been established since 1869. There has also been erected a type foundry, is in active operation.

Many printing presses have been imported, and more are needed, and no doubt soon be sent for. A number of Americans and Europeans are in Japan busily engaged in preparing for the press dictionaries; vocabularies, phrase books, and grammars, in the English, French, German, and Italian languages. Learned Niphonese are translating, with a view to immediate publication, works on medicine, law, political economy, astronomy, and other subjects. The old-time opposition to printing has vanished, and the clinking of type and the clattering of presses will do more in five years to civilize and christianize Japan than would have been accomplished in the same direction by fifty years bombardment from the combined fleets of Europe and America.

The Hebrew Maid.

I always liked the Hebrew maid. Her nose made no difference to me. It is rather in he favor that she eats no pork—it always was a bad habit; anybody who has seen a hog of fourteen hundred pounds lying in mud-hole can appreciate the Hebrew maiden's prejudice. But she has eyes, hair, complexion, and heft that please me well. As far as I am aware, there are no abbreviations necessary to the full acceptance in the faith. A perfect woman, nobly planned, with many shackles in her hand. She fattens up handsomely. Who ever saw a lean jewish maid or matron? If it isn't written in the Koran it ought to be, that the presiding Allah, when he saw how piously Judith, Miriam, Hagar, and the rest of them gave up their pork and beans, ham and eggs, sausage, scrapel and spare ribs, he said: "Bishallah! Mashallah! or any other Allah; since my handmaid has put aside the swine she shall inherit his heft." The domestic virtues of Israel are seen here in the perfection. The men smoke; the women dress; two Hebrew lovers are fond to see; they appear to be conducting a most civilized bargain. No simpering schoolgirl is that broadshouldered, broad-beamed young creature whose ancestors ministered in the temple and passed two thousand years of bondage in the perpetual acquisition of art and property. She marries with her eyes wide open and invisible pair of scales between them. She weighs him by carats. She tests his property and his faith. When she yields to his suit he has married a faithful wife, a fruitful mother, and a woman of business. Her appetites grow with her years and progeny. Business sons from this Jessica. She grows old as iron rusts, merely oxidizing in her strong rich tresses, and their hoary theocracy, that is still the only grand poetical religion, descends about their cave of Macpelah, where in the primitive rock of law and creation they are gathered to their fathers. The Jews are by nature a convival people, and therefore they prefer our watering-places more and more every year. Most of them come to us through German stock. They are always in contact with other races, yet do only touch; their voyage down the ages, through the races, is an odyssey such as the phantom ship achieved—that craft of sailors' fears with bears upon the doomed human vessel, strikes her without a shock, then opens and sails away. Her prow is ever the Rowan beak, the Hebrew nob.—*Geo. Alfred Townsend.*

Randolph's Religious Service.

John Randolph was a great bible reader and was deeply concerned with religious subjects. He employed an excellent and eloquent man, Mr. Abner Clopton, to preach every Sunday to his negroes, in the large chapel he had erected on his plantation. When at home he invariable attended these services, taking his seat by the preacher on the open platform, from which the preacher conducted the services. On many occasions while kneeling beside the preacher, who was prone to be carried away by the fervor of prayer, Randolph would slap him on the back and call out loudly, "Clopton, that won't do; that's not sound doctrine. Clopton, take that back;" and if Clopton remonstrated, Randolph, though keeping himself on his knees, was ready at once for an argument to maintain his point. No one but Mr. Clopton, who knew the eccentricity and honest motives of the man, could have borne with these irreverent interruptions while in the midst of prayer; but Mr. Clopton, when he found Randolph determined to argue the point, either gracefully yielded or proposed to note the point and argue it at the dwelling-house. To visitors at the chapel, and they were many, these scenes were exceedingly curious and sometimes absurdly ludicrous. But that was Mr. Randolph's way.

It is said that on one cold Sunday, in this chapel on Mr Randolph's plantation, while giving out the hymn in the old fashioned way, two lines at a time, and it was being lustily sung by the negroes, Mr. Clopton, the preacher, observed a negro man put his foot, upon which was a new brogan, on the hot stove. Turning toward him, he said in his measured voice, "You rascal you, you'll burn your shoe;" as this was the rhyme of the exact metre of the hymn, the negroes all sung it in their loudest tones. Smiling at the error, the preacher attempted mildly to explain by saying:

"My colored friends, indeed you are wrong; I didn't intend that for the song;" but there it was again, another rhyme in good measure, so the negroes sung that too with pious fervor. Turning to his congregation, the preacher said somewhat sharply, "I hope you will not sing again, until I have had time to explain;" but this only aroused the negroes, who sang the last word with increased vigor. Mr. Clopten, feeling that his tongue seemed to be tuned to rhyme, abandoned all efforts at explanation, and went on with his services.

Talk about the Keely motor is revived at Philadelphia. A stationary engine will be completed within three or four weeks, when a private exhibition will be given to members of the press at Mr. Keely's residence. The machine, it is reported, is now under perfect control—that, while an immense power can be generated in an instant, yet such improvements have been made as to allow the engineer to so manipulate is as to reduce the pressure from fifteen thousand pounds to the square inch down to zero. An engine for railroad purposes is also being made.

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