

NEWBERN WEEKLY PROGRESS.

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VOLUME I.

NEWBERN, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1858.

NUMBER 5.

WEEKLY PROGRESS.

BY JOHN L. PENNINGTON.
SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

THE "NEWBERN WEEKLY PROGRESS" IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
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J. L. PENNINGTON, Editor & Proprietor,
October 1, 1858. Newbern, N. C.

From Raleigh.
The officers of the Newbern Light Infantry returned from Raleigh yesterday afternoon, as well as most of the visitors of the Exhibition from this section. We believe it is almost the unanimous opinion that the State Fair is one grand humbug. However, it had some few redeeming qualities, the most prominent of which was the Address of the Hon. T. L. Clingman, before the North Carolina Agricultural Society; that was spoken of in the highest terms, says our informant, by almost every one who listened to it.

The Military Convention met in the Court House, on Wednesday evening, and invited Major Gen. Avery, of Burke, to preside over their deliberations. After organizing the Convention and appointing a committee to prepare business, they adjourned to meet on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

At the appointed hour, the Convention met, and was called to order by Gen. Avery. Resolutions expressive of the wishes of the Convention were adopted, and the Chairman appointed Capt. Cook, Jones, Hall, Brice, Carner, Darby, and Roberts, a Committee to memorialize the ensuing Legislature to amend the present military system of North Carolina, and afford relief and encouragement to volunteer companies.

Each member of the committee was requested to present his opinion of the reform needed, in writing, at the next meeting, in Raleigh, on the second Tuesday in December.

The Convention then accompanied the Governor and Orator to the Fair Grounds, and on their return, adjourned *sine die*.

The attendance at the Fair is said to have been very large, and those who come down from Raleigh, yesterday afternoon, say there was any quantity of fun, lying about loose.

The Rule of Ruffianism Wearing Away.

Baltimore, a city that has suffered so much from rowdism, the Sun thinks, will eventually be redeemed, and law and order will again become triumphant. We are glad of this, and shall rejoice to chronicle the intelligence that the plucky puglies and other ruffian gangs of the Monumental city have disbanded, and beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. The Sun concludes an article on the "Proceedings of Wednesday," the 13th inst., as follows:
"We are in a common brotherhood of citizenship, however violently men may be estranged for the time; and while the redress of the evil does not seem immediate, on the contrary, remote, and contingent, upon events which cannot be now foreseen, yet it is as certain and reliable as truth itself. It will come, and legitimately, effectively, overwhelming, against all the monstrous evil of the day, and all who are officially affiliated with it. All good citizens deluded by it will in process of time, by its very enormity, be driven from the sphere of its pollution. They already shrink from the recognition of it. The law, laws and degraded instruments who work its flagitious purposes will shrivel into shuddering obscurity; while upon those whose names are identified with its public and ostentatious display will inevitably devolve the misery of the time."
"We say, then, with the utmost confidence to all our fellow-citizens, that this great wrong, which they are now agonizing will be ultimately redressed. The evil will be thoroughly eradicated. And we have almost equal confidence in the declaration that it will not be long before the law and the outraged dignity of the people will be peacefully, bloodlessly and effectually vindicated. But it will be asked, what may we not be exposed to, what succession of outrages may we not be required to submit to before the day of retribution comes? To this we can answer only inferentially. Crime, lawlessness, ruffian violence, like every other thing, have their culminating period. Our "elections" are now the incidents for the full, organized, political development of their uses. But good men will not long be identified with such things, their vile uses, or their nominal, unlawful results. While no man who has an interest, a personal, living interest in the community, can sanction by vote, influence or palliation, the rule of ruffianism but at the sacrifice of that interest whatsoever it may be. The absolute necessity is bearing heavily and resistlessly upon us to redeem the reputation of our city. Our mercantile,

manufacturing, mechanical enterprises, are at the pause of action, under the reviving energies of the time; and they have just been exposed to a shock which will be felt keenly and sensibly in the necessity for the most strenuous exertion to counteract.

Long Sermons.
The following extracts are from the pen of W. G. Brownlow, the "fighting parson." We like his notions about long sermons; and further, we think they should be prohibited by both civil and ecclesiastical law. A minister who would preach long sermons, should be forced to do so without a congregation or a compensation. Consider the truly eloquent brevity of Christ's sermon on the mount.
"Time was when preaching, in many sections of our country, was once in two or four weeks, and then long sermons were tolerated. Now, preaching is within the reach of most persons every Sabbath, and even twice in the same day. To sit now, and be bored for an hour and a half by any man, in the delivery of a single sermon, is preposterous, but to be thus bored by a man of ordinary talents, is enough to disgust good men, and force sinners to swear! When a sermon reaches beyond 45 or 60 minutes, we regard the audience as justifiable in rising up and leaving the house, thereby expressing their opposition to the length of the sermon in a style so terse and epigrammatic as not to be misunderstood."
"With us, a sermon has passed the Rubicon, when it exceeds forty minutes, unless the preacher be a man possessing rare powers of analysis, and remarkable force and beauty of language—presenting his theme with an eloquence that charms, with that critical acumen that fascinates, and that richness of diction that captivates an audience! But our "one horse" preachers can do this, and they are in most instances, the men who preach these long dogmatical, not to say preposterous sermons. The English language does not furnish adjectives sufficiently expressive, to describe our abhorrence of long sermons in this fast age of the world!"

A MUTE MARRIAGE SERVICE.—The New York Express gives the following description of a mute marriage service:
"It is seldom we have witnessed so beautiful a ceremony as the marriage of Miss Ellen E. of Boston, Mr. Trist, of Philadelphia, son of the well-known negotiator of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, which took place on Tuesday morning in the pretty parish church at New Brighton, Staten Island. The bride couple were both mutes—deaf and dumb from infancy. No sweet sound had ever enchanted the eternal silence of their mind; but the intelligence and esprit which flashed from the dark eyes of the lovely bride, proved that the intellect was as bright within as among her more favored sisters."
"We all know the exquisite beauty of the marriage service of the Episcopal Church, but new graces and force were lent it by the symbolic rendering of the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, who with Rev. Pierre Irving performed the ceremony. The Rev. Mr. Irving very slowly and emphatically read the service, which Mr. Gallaudet translated by signs with wonderful fidelity and rapidity, the bride and groom repeating these signs as they were indicated by their clergyman. Several times the sign-language lingered after the word-language had ceased, and then the silence which prevailed in the church and the breathless interest which engendered every spectator was almost painful. The solemn vows being symbolized before the Throne of Grace, the Lord's Prayer followed; and who can describe the mute eloquence of that mute prayer so devotionally followed by the young couple! When the nuptial benediction was silently pronounced above the lowly-bowed heads of the kneeling pair, there was that which spoke louder than words in the graceful sign-language of the officiating minister. A few letters—a word or two—then the hands upraised toward Heaven, to "God," who had "bound together"—the tight clasped hands—the soul-speaking glance upward, away upward—again a few words—the hands placed in blessing upon the heads of the now "man and wife"—a solemn silence—and all was over. No one moved for some moments; we all felt we had caught a glimpse of the spiritual land, and we longed for one more glance into that silent spirit-world. But the groom was leading his beautiful, graceful bride to the church door; we have her quiet happy smile put away in our memory to gladden some dark hour. Ere we could utter a fervent "God bless you," they had quietly passed away—alone with their mute happiness."

TROUBLE AT BROWN UNIVERSITY.—For years it has been the custom of the Sophomore class of Brown University to "smoke out Freshmen;" i. e. at the commencement of each year to enter the rooms of Freshmen and smoke till they became sick or acknowledged themselves sick of the operation. The custom was adhered to by the present Sophomore class, "who did the work up Brown." Weeks have elapsed and nothing was said against the course pursued. Monday afternoon, however, the Sophomores, one by one, were called upon to visit the President. The following questions were asked: "Will you sign an agreement never to engage in anything of the kind again?" Many were enabled to say "No," in reply to the first question, but all declined to answer, "yes" to the second. Each was, in consequence, dismissed from college. The class has since been determined not to be bound by the stringent regulations necessarily imposed upon them by an affirmative to the second question. And, consequently, Brown University is without a Sophomore class, a circumstance which is a blot upon the history of that institution.—*Profr. Tribune.*

We see it stated in our late exchanges that the above difficulty has been adjusted, and that all the students who were dismissed have been restored.

ANNUAL MEETINGS IN WILMINGTON.—The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, will take place in town on Thursday, the 11th day of November next.
The Stockholders of the Wilmington and Manchester Road will hold their Annual Meeting on the Thursday following, the 18th of November.
The Stockholders of the Commercial Bank, hold their Annual Meeting on Monday, the 1st of November.
The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Bank of Wilmington takes place on Tuesday, the 9th of November.

WEEKLY PROGRESS.

MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1858.

The Course of the Progress.
Taking advantage of the absence of the editor, we give place to the following letter from a highly respectable business man now in Newbern. The letter contains much truth, and we believe the sentiments contained are popular in this community. The compliment to Mr. Pennington is well timed, and, we think, richly deserved.
NEWBERN, Oct. 23, 1858.
Dear Progress:—I am proud to see the interest you have justly manifested for your adopted town, and cannot but congratulate you on the very able and spicy remarks of your editorial correspondent, writing from Salisbury, under date of October 19, 1858, and contained in your issue of the 22nd inst. I think they are well timed, and fit the case exactly.

I hope you will continue your course and suffer no opportunity to pass to hold up in their true light the would be great cities of the East, and properly set the claims of our good old town before the public.
There has, I believe, for sometime existed a jealousy on the part of some in that section towards Newbern, but I have always been at a loss to conjecture why it was so, for had it not been for the citizens of Newbern and Craven county, the charter for the road would not have been secured, and to them they, in a great measure, if not entirely, owe the building of the road, and consequently all the benefits they have or ever will receive from the same. As such I think it very unjust and unwise not to say ungrateful in them, to use any effort to prevent Newbern from receiving a liberal share of the benefits arising from the road. I think the prospect is fair for Newbern to out-rival her eastern competitors, if I may be allowed the expression, without her condescending to anything illegitimate in the matter. Her position being several miles nearer the interior of the State, and her warehouses, energetic business men, together with her shipping facilities, evidently place her far ahead of those dreary places, and leaves but little doubt, that the great cities spoken of so much, is now *nowhere*, and probably will be no where for years to come.
I am yours, &c., A CAROLINIAN.

STATE FAIR.—When we stated in Saturday's issue that it was "almost the unanimous opinion that the State Fair is one grand humbug," we did so on the opinion of a number of gentlemen who had attended it, and are still of opinion that it was not so good as they had been led to suppose it would be. Since that publication was made, we have conversed with others who, having attended all the State Fairs that has been held in North Carolina, are of opinion that the exhibition this year is as good, if not better, than any previously held. That leaves the thing "about as broad as it is long" and we therefore *further* all we said, with the assertion that fairs, in a majority of cases, are humbugs, and that those who attend them generally return disappointed.
The papers by Saturday evening's mail brought no news in relation to the doings in Raleigh, and passengers, of whom there was a large number by the last train, relate no incidents that would interest our readers, except that the exhibition had closed and the crowd was fast leaving the city.

A PREACHER TURNED LAWYER.—A year or two ago, Rev. S. S. Bryant, then a member of the North Carolina Methodist Conference, was arrested in Richmond, Va., on the charge of insanity. At his examination before the Mayor, he attempted to plead his own cause, but was stopped by the dignitary, who was of opinion that no man who could use such eloquent language and forcible argument could then be insane. Mr. Bryant was forthwith discharged. He is now, we suppose, encouraged no doubt by his success on the occasion, regularly in the harness. The Danville correspondent of the Petersburg Express says he appeared as counsel for Hugh Ramey, a shooting case, in the Hastings court of that town on the 15th instant.

RICH PRESENT.—Friend Banks over the way, yesterday shipped to Mr. Dunn, editor of the American Advocate, one of the nicest and prettiest cakes we have seen for a long time. It had inscribed on it in letters composed of red candy "American Advocate," Kinston, N. C." It made our mouth-water to look at it, and we almost envy our cotemporary. Six months ago Mr. Banks commenced business in Newbern, a stranger, and employed but one hand besides himself—a little negro boy; now he employs six hands and manages to keep no very large amount of work on hand. The secret of his success is, that when he commenced business he began to advertise, and has kept it up ever since. Advertising his goods and work properly, created a demand for them, and as the demand increased, like all prudent business men should, he enlarged his business, evincing the while a spirit of liberality that deserves to be, and will be rewarded.

THE WEATHER.—We have had very little rain for several weeks past, and the weather has been remarkably fine and pleasant. Our streets had become very dry and dusty, but, on last Friday, we had several very nice showers, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and on Saturday morning the atmosphere was quite cool. If we were an Almanac maker we would predict heavy frost and cold weather at an early day.

HOG CHOLERA.—The Norfolk correspondent of the Petersburg Express, says that the hog cholera is prevailing in Gates and adjoining counties in North Carolina. He was informed by a farmer from Gates a few days ago that he had lost 150 head from that or some other fatal disease, and that a neighbor had lost as many, and that they were still dying in every section of the country.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WILMINGTON, N. C. Oct. 22, 1858.

Dear Progress:—Now, as I sit preparatory to writing you, I hear in the distance, the roaring of the enraged surf, which sounds as the rushing of "a mighty wind," and according to the opinions of those who profess to know, betokens the approach of an eastwardly gale; whether or not their prophecies will be verified, remains yet to be seen; at any rate, the appearance of the weather at present seems to justify them.
On Tuesday evening last, the 19th inst., one of our military companies, the "Wilmington Light Infantry" Capt. Hall, was "out on parade," and their ranks presented quite a formidable appearance, who after having paraded our most principal streets, to the intense delight of a great number of boys and men who are ever eager to follow the "musters,"—brought up in front of the "Carolina Hotel" and went through various difficult maneuvers, with that ease and precision that elicited general admiration, and that showed they had attained to a high degree in the tactics. This company never was in a more thriving condition than at present; they have procured a large room in the basement of the new Town Hall building, and fitted it up in a substantial manner, as a company room, and long may it be the pride of Wilmington.

Mr. Marchant's Troupe continue to entertain some of our citizens, but I do not think they are as well patronized now, as at first. Our citizens are tired of promises, and our papers, it will be seen, have ceased to "puff." And I begin to think that we are all "sucked in;" those "Stars" that were reported to have been engaged for the season here, have failed to make their appearance. Booth, Burton, Julia Dean Hayne, nor the Ravell's all of whom were advertised as "engaged" for here, have not made their *debut*, neither will they. They are all engaged, and are now filling their engagements, but not at Wilmington. The company that is here are performing old and worn out pieces, such as *Lady of Lyons*, *Othello*, *Henry Moon*, &c., and frequently by *special request* (?) are repeating even those. It is no more than justice that I should say, that some of the characters are well sustained, but as a general thing they are not. Their plays, as I have said before, having been performed over and over here, and therefore the change of the acts are always anticipated by the audience, and if they do not equal or even excel their imagination, as a matter of course, the whole thing is considered a failure. When if they would put something new, on the bill, their visitors would not be so easily satisfied to criticize. It is our opinion that the "Stars" now on our boards, are of about the three-third magnitude, and some give evidence of this being the *first* appearance. The non-appearance of the promised "Lights" have thrown a decided damper on our theatre-going public. Although there has been considerable "blowing" through the press, it is our opinion that it was all done on the strength of those promises; for here within a day or two past their notices have grown "small by degrees, and beautifully less."

In my last, I informed you of the ill luck of one of your craft, and now I will relate to you a case where a whole office, with the exception of two or three, were not especially sold. A gentleman having recently opened a Refinement Saloon, walked into one of our "printing offices," and with all the pomp and importance, that is characteristic of such Lords, invited the whole establishment down, to partake of a lunch; and as printers are very polite, fearing that they might insult the kind donor should they refuse, they all with one accord accepted the same, and that evening, after they had finished their days toil, was set apart for the visit; the topic of conversation, the whole day was "what withal shall we be filled," some said coots, some oysters, and another nice bird, but one poor fellow more anxious than the rest, bespoke a nice "puff" from the Editor, and as he did not feel like eating much, therefore he was a wise choice, but what he could not eat he would carry home in a paper. The evening at length came, and they all struck a bee line for the saloon, when they neared the door they all put on their best smiles, and walked in, the first man to greet them was the noble proprietor, who after the usual compliments asked the gentlemen what they would have to drink;—and never a time mentioned a word about the "substantials" that the "devil" informs us he got a hint at in an anti-room. The "anxious" one, above alluded to, belonging to an order that prohibited the use of the "orient," of course could not partake, and he comforted himself that the good things would come directly; but in this he was mistaken, for after those that could "sip" had done so, the generous host, retired, and the Typeo's also, fully convinced that "actions speak louder than words." The feelings of the invited guests are more readily imagined than described. We shall be greatly surprised to hear of their accepting another invitation soon. And all that you have to say to "disperse that crowd of Printers is "how about that lunch?"
Yours, NEWBERNIAN.

FROM THE MEMPHIS (TEN.) BULLETIN.
A SONG—"STARS AND STRIPES."
The flag of our country! how proudly it waves
O'er the Patriots' land, o'er their green mossy graves.
Our country, our country! long may it abide,
Our hope and our glory, our boast and our pride.
The stars and the stripes of a patriot band
Still float in the breeze o'er a glorious land.
Our country, our country! the home of the brave,
Unfurled be thy flag—long, long may it wave.

From the crystal gates of the frozen North
The stars of our country are gleaming forth,
Unfurled by the daring and noble Kears, they
They sparkle and glance o'er the icy plain.
The flag of our country is floating on high,
O'er the orange groves, 'neath a sunny sky—
The song-birds' home, with its fairy like bowers,
In wealth of melody, of fragrance and flowers.

Our Flag! It is waving o'er treasures untold,
Where streamlets are gliding o'er sands of gold;
Where the deep ravine and mountain side
Betoken rich treasures that in them lie.
O'er the darksome forest and bright sunny vale
The flag of our country still floats on the gale;
The stars and the stripes! may they wave—ever wave
O'er the Patriots' land, o'er the home of the brave.

The American Flag! how proudly it waves
O'er the Patriots' land, o'er their green mossy graves,
Still floating in triumph wherever it goes—
The stars for its heroes, the stripes for its foes.

**My soul's sweetest image keeps,
My mind's dream are all of thee!
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er land and sea;
Oh, that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart!
They hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thee?
Forever thine my dreams shall be,
While o'er my life my fortunes here;
Lest not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon—a gentle tear;
May e'er thy blissful visions from above,
Play gently round thy happy heart,
And the sweet beams of peace and love
Shine from thy heart depart,
Forwell, my dreams are still of thee—
Hast thou one tender thought of me?
My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blooms depart,
But there's one flower that cannot die,
The holy memory in my heart!
No dew, that on flowers' suppliant fill,
No sunlight, that to flowers be shed,
But it will live and flourish still,
And when the spirit of heaven;
And when the spirit of heaven;
And when the spirit of heaven;**

Farwell, farewell my far off friend!
Between us, broad blue rivers flow,
And forests wave and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow,
Is not the wind that breathes on mine;
The star-beams shining on thee now,
Are not the beams that on me shine;
But memory's spell is with me—
Cans't thou the holy past forget?
The bitter tears that thou and I
May shed when'er by anguish bowed,
Exalted in the noontide sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much loved friend, though we
Far apart, must live and move,
Our souls when God shall set free,
Can mingle in the world of love!
This were ecstasy to me—
Say, would it be a joy to thee?

The Angel's Visit.
On a beautiful Spring morning, as a young mother completed her toilet, and was about to leave the room, she turned, as was her wont, to look at two lovely sleeping infants, with that affectionate and holy love, and beaming joy, which mothers only know. As she turned from the cradle of the youngest (now with the angels,) the eldest, a little more than two years old, suddenly raised herself, and gazing upward, fixed her clear blue eyes on the mantle whilst her face wore an expression of joy such, I am sure, as angels only wear. She exclaimed, "Oh, they are gone, mamma, they are gone!" "What are gone?" said the mother gently—afraid that the tones of her voice would break the illusion. "Oh, the little babies with wings—so many of them—and the beautiful flowers! oh, all around so pretty; they are gone, mamma!" and as her mother continued to question, the angel expression faded, and a look of disappointment settled on her countenance, and dispersed the radiance that shone there a moment before.

The child had been told of the beauties of a heavenly home—the joy that awaits the redeemed. The opening leaf, the swelling bud, had been placed in those tiny hands, their beauties pointed out—daddy had said he had been told to admire the skill of the great Artist. She had been taught to love her little kneeling place, and at twilight to clasp her infant hands in prayer, before her couch was pressed by that gentle form. Was it a wonder, then, that her infant chamber should be sweet? that visions of Heaven should open to her view? that angel forms should haunt her bed? that flowers, such as bloom only in the paradise of God, should be scattered thickly around her? Oh, was it—was it any wonder, that when that glorious vision vanished, the pleased expression lasted until her reason was convinced, that in her sleep Christ, the Saviour of sinners, had wooed her spirit to the realms of bliss, and that in her waking she was only with mamma; that the flowers had faded, that the angel forms were invisible?

May the Angel of the Covenant ever be around her pathway; may her heart, in early life, respond to the Spirit's call; may the Saviour be her best friend; may she be kept unspotted from the world, so that when life's cord is loosed, she may dwell where flowers never fade—a gem in the diadem of God, whose lustre shall never grow dim.—*New York Evangelist.*

DULL CHILDREN.—The teacher of a large school had a little girl under her care, who was exceedingly backward in her lessons. She sat at the bottom of the class, and seemed to care but little about what passed in it. During the school hours singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing that this girl had a very clear, sweet voice, her teacher said to her: "Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead in the singing."
She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active, and her lessons were attended to with more ready progress. One day, as the teacher was reading home, she overtook Jane and one of her school-fellows.
"Well, Jane," said she, "you are getting on very well at school; how is that you do so much better now than you did at the beginning of the half year?"
"I do not know why it is," replied Jane.
"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion who was with her.
"And what was that?" asked the teacher.
"Why, she said she was encouraged."
Yes, there was the secret, she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in everything; she had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged to self-improvement.

Take the hint, dear fellow-teacher, and try to reach the intellect through the heart. Endeavor to draw out the dormant faculties of your children by discriminating culture and well timed praise. Give them the credit whenever you can, and allure them with hopeful words. Many a dull-minded child has been made irretrievably stupid by constant fault-finding or ungenerous sarcasm. And on the other hand, how often has a genial smile or an approving remark awakened into new life some slow-learning scholar.

My soul's sweetest image keeps,
My mind's dream are all of thee!
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er land and sea;
Oh, that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart!
They hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thee?
Forever thine my dreams shall be,
While o'er my life my fortunes here;
Lest not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon—a gentle tear;
May e'er thy blissful visions from above,
Play gently round thy happy heart,
And the sweet beams of peace and love
Shine from thy heart depart,
Forwell, my dreams are still of thee—
Hast thou one tender thought of me?
My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer blooms depart,
But there's one flower that cannot die,
The holy memory in my heart!
No dew, that on flowers' suppliant fill,
No sunlight, that to flowers be shed,
But it will live and flourish still,
And when the spirit of heaven;
And when the spirit of heaven;
And when the spirit of heaven;

Farwell, farewell my far off friend!
Between us, broad blue rivers flow,
And forests wave and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow,
Is not the wind that breathes on mine;
The star-beams shining on thee now,
Are not the beams that on me shine;
But memory's spell is with me—
Cans't thou the holy past forget?
The bitter tears that thou and I
May shed when'er by anguish bowed,
Exalted in the noontide sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much loved friend, though we
Far apart, must live and move,
Our souls when God shall set free,
Can mingle in the world of love!
This were ecstasy to me—
Say, would it be a joy to thee?

My soul's sweetest image keeps,
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And mountains in the sunlight glow;
The wind that breathes upon thy brow,
Is not the wind that breathes on mine;
The star-beams shining on thee now,
Are not the beams that on me shine;
But memory's spell is with me—
Cans't thou the holy past forget?
The bitter tears that thou and I
May shed when'er by anguish bowed,
Exalted in the noontide sky,
May meet and mingle in the cloud;
And thus, my much loved friend, though we
Far apart, must live and move,
Our souls when God shall set free,
Can mingle in the world of love!
This were ecstasy to me—
Say, would it be a joy to thee?