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## TERMS:

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## POETRY.

### LAUS DEO.

Almighty Father! Universal God!  
At whose command creation sprang to light,  
How can we cast our mortal eyes abroad,  
And view Thy marvelous majesty and might,  
Nor feel our hearts expand with holy love  
Toward him who formed the lion and the dove!  
When erst this globe was but a shapeless ball,  
Void, without form, and darkness covered all,  
Thou from his throne the dusky Chaos hurled;  
And light celestial beamed o'er all the world!  
Father! to thee, when shades are on the earth,  
And hush'd each sound of revelry and mirth,  
Man's fervent prayer ascends: "Thou know'st his heart—  
The temple whence his holiest feelings start;  
And Thou disdainest not his prayers to hear,  
If they be true and devoted and sincere.  
Even Nature joins her voice, and helps to raise  
The song of universal love and praise:  
The feather'd warbler, from the leafy tree,  
Pours forth its richest melody to Thee;  
Th' impetuous torrent joins the swelling throng,  
And adds its thunder to the anthem song;  
Majestic Ocean "shakes his frothy mane,"  
Catches the echo and repeats again,  
Till all creation swells the choir to sing  
The everlasting praise of Heaven's King!  
Thus unto Thee, O God! great praise is given  
By all on earth, and all the hosts of Heaven!  
Our Heavenly Father! when man steps astray  
Guide thou his feet—direct anew his way,  
Nor let him wander far in Error's Maze,  
A slave to Folly and her luresome ways;  
Implant within his heart a passion meek,  
To love Religion, and her paths to seek;  
That, when his end may come, his soul may fly  
To hold communion with the just on high!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From *Godley's Lady's Book.*

### DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we will.  
"Don't be discouraged, my young friend!"  
said an elderly man to his companion,  
whose youthful appearance indicated that  
few more than twenty years had passed over  
his head.  
"But I am discouraged, Mr. Linton.  
Hav'n't I been sadly disappointed in every  
thing that I have undertaken? Success is a  
word, the meaning of which I shall never  
realize."  
"You are young, Henry."  
"Quite old enough to have proved, be-  
yond a doubt, that try as I will, I shall  
never rise in the world. I am doomed to  
struggle on, like a swimmer against a strong  
current. Instead of advancing at all, I shall  
gradually be borne down the stream."  
"If you cease to struggle, you will, un-  
questionably."  
"And will, whether I struggle or not."  
"No; that cannot be. Be vigorous, and  
long continued effort will gradually strength-  
en and mature your thoughts. Rough con-  
tact with the world, in which you are made  
to suffer keenly, will bring out the latent  
energies of your mind. Bear on manfully  
for a few years—falter not, though every  
thing looks dark, and success will as cer-  
tainly crown your efforts, as an effect fol-  
lows its producing cause."  
"I wish I could think so," the young man  
replied, shaking his head despondingly.  
"But I am fully convinced, that for me, at  
least, the door of success is closed."  
"How old are you, Henry?"  
"Just twenty seven."  
"And you have already failed in three  
business efforts?"  
"Yes, and what is worse, have become  
involved in debt."  
"But you mean to pay all you owe, if it  
is ever in your power?"  
"Can you doubt that for a moment, Mr.  
Linton? the young man said in a quick  
tone, while a flush passed over his face. "I  
will pay it all, if I die in the struggle."  
"And yet you were just now talking about  
giving up in despair?"  
"True, and I do feel utterly discouraged.  
For the last five years no man has laboured  
more earnestly than I have. Early and  
late, have I been at my business, sometimes  
even till midnight, and yet all has been in  
vain. Like a man in a quagmire—every  
struggle to extricate myself from difficulties,  
has only had the effect to sink me deeper.  
And now, with honest intentions towards all

men, I am regarded by many as little bet-  
ter than a swindler."  
"You are wrong, in regard to that, Henry.  
Such is not the estimation in which you are  
held."  
"Yes, but it is. I have been told to my  
teeth that I was not an honest man."  
"By whom?"  
"By at least one of my creditors."  
"That is the solitary case of a man whose  
inordinate love of self, showing itself in a  
love of money, has made him forget the  
first principles of the law of human kindness."  
"No matter what prompted the unkind  
remark, its effect is none the less painful  
especially as he fully believed what he said."  
"You cannot tell, Henry, whether he  
fully believed it or not. But suppose that  
his words did but express his real thoughts?  
—what then? Does his opinion of you  
make you different from what you really  
are?"  
"Of course not. But it is very painful  
to have such things said."  
"No doubt of it. But conscious integrity  
of purpose should be sufficient to sustain  
any man."  
"It might in my case, if I were not  
thoroughly crushed down. My mind is like  
an inflamed body—the lightest touch is felt  
far more sensibly than would be a heavy  
blow if all were healthy. You understand  
me?"  
"Perfectly, and can feel for you. But  
knowing that the state of mind in which you  
are is, as you intimate, an unhealthy one, I  
cannot agree with you in your discouraging  
conclusions."  
"But what can I do? Have I not failed in  
three earnest, and well directed efforts to  
advance myself in the world?"  
"Try again, Henry."  
"And come out worse than before."  
"No—no—that need not follow. Try in  
a better way."  
"Do you mean to intimate that I have  
not conducted my business in a proper  
manner?" asked the young man, in a quick  
voice, his cheek instantly glowing.  
"I do not mean to intimate," returned Mr.  
Linton calmly, "that you committed any wil-  
ful wrong in your business. And yet I sup-  
pose you will not yourself deny the position,  
that there was something wrong about it,  
or success would have met your earnest  
efforts, instead of failure."  
"I don't know," was the gloomy response.  
"The fates, I believe, are against me."  
"What do you mean by the fates?"  
"The young man made no reply, and his  
monitor resumed in a still more serious  
tone—  
"You can only mean, of course, the Di-  
vine Being who is the author of our exis-  
tence, and the controller of our destinies.  
That Being who is essential love and wis-  
dom and whose acts towards us can only  
flow from a pure regard for the good of his  
creatures. And if such regard be directed  
by wisdom that cannot err, can any act of  
his towards you be evil?"  
"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace:  
Behind a frowning providence,  
He hides a smiling face.  
His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower!"  
"I try to think in that way—and try of-  
ten," returned the young man in a softened  
tone. "But it is hard, very hard to believe  
that a Being of infinite goodness would so  
hedge up the path of any one as mine has  
been hedged up—would so mock with vain  
hopes the heart of any one as mine has  
been mocked."  
"Your mind is not now in a state to think  
calmly and rationally upon this subject,  
Henry," Mr. Linton said; "but the time  
will come when you will see in this state  
of severe trial a dispensation of mercy. It  
will then be perceived, that all this was for  
the purpose of giving you juster views of life,  
and confirming you in the higher ends than  
any you have heretofore acted upon. For  
the present, I will only repeat—Don't be  
discouraged! Try again! Put your shoulder  
once more to the wheel. Depend upon it,  
your time will come; but not until you can  
bear success in a right spirit. And to have  
success before you are thus prepared to  
bear it, would be the worst injury that could  
befall you."  
Henry Grant, the young man here intro-  
duced to the reader's notice, had, at the age  
of twenty-one, done the very imprudent  
thing of entering into business for himself.  
True, from the age of seventeen, he had been  
in the store of a merchant, who carried on a  
very extensive trade, and had, moreover,  
acquired so thorough a knowledge of busi-  
ness, that the most important subordinate  
position in the house had been assigned to  
him. But all this confidence reposed in him  
and this familiarity with the business, in which  
he was engaged, deceived him. He saw that  
heavy profits were accruing every year.  
That while he was toiling on through the  
long months of an annual cycle for a single  
thousand dollars, tens of thousands were added  
to the coffers of his already wealthy em-  
ployer.  
"Why should I waste the best years of  
my life in making money for others," he  
asked himself, the day after he had attained  
his majority.  
This thought was the germ of discontent  
in his mind. It was nourished, and grew  
into a tree, whose thick leaves so over-  
shadowed his mind, that he could not see the  
clear sky of sober truth above, in which  
shone stars whose brightness beamed forth  
to guide him. He became eager for wealth  
that he might have selfish enjoyments.

Every beautiful dwelling, the reward of per-  
haps years of steady industry, and now en-  
joyed by some opulent merchant, he envied  
its possessors. He sighed when a rich man's  
carriage rolled by him in the street. Nothing  
rare, or new, or elegant, gratified his eye,  
because it was not his own.  
Impelled by a weak and selfish desire to  
be suddenly rich, a few years after he had  
come to the age of manhood, he drew from  
the hands of his guardian five thousand dol-  
lars, the hard-earned and carefully husbanded  
treasure left him by his father, and threw  
himself with large ideas and unwavering con-  
fidence upon the troubled sea of merchan-  
dise. The story of this adventure is soon  
told. In two years he was compelled to wind  
up his business, having lost his entire capital.  
This was a painful shock. But it was of  
use to him, in unsealing his eyes, and giving  
him a truer view of life, and sober ideas from  
which to act. Still, he could not think, hav-  
ing once been in business for himself, of fall-  
ing back into the monotonous, dull, and hum-  
ble condition of a clerk. There was some-  
thing in the fact of mingling with merchants  
on a plane of equality, that flattered his vani-  
ty. He had thus mingled and thus felt flattered.  
The thought of taking his old posi-  
tion, and of losing the courtesies that had  
been so grateful to him, was more than he  
could think of enduring. This feeling alone  
had none operated other in his mind, would  
have induced him again to make an effort to  
get into business.  
A few months enabled him to so arrange  
his old affairs, as to be ready to go on again.  
He found numbers ready to sell him goods  
on short credit, and this determined him  
once more to cast himself upon the ocean.  
He did so. Two more years passed on, and  
at their termination he found himself,  
alas! again in a narrow place. Much more  
than all his profits in that time was locked  
up in bad debts, remnants, and unsaleable  
goods. For a time, by borrowing from a  
few friends, he had been enabled to meet his  
payments, but that resource at last failed,  
and trouble again came upon him. But it  
was a worse trouble than before, had shocked  
his proud, sensitive feeling severely. His  
goods and accounts, after all had been given  
up, were not sufficient to pay the claims  
against him. He was, therefore, an insolvent  
debtor.  
As fairy castles fade away under the magi-  
cian's touch, so faded away at this event,  
the glowing ideas of wealth and splendor  
that had passed so temptingly before the eye  
of Henry Grant. He did not now ask for  
his tens of thousands, his country-seats, glitter-  
ing equipages, and all the splendid para-  
phernalia attendant upon his high station in  
society, united with immense wealth. To  
have possessed the few thousands of dollars  
that were exhibited as deficits in his accounts,  
would have compassed his dearest wishes.  
But even this humble and honourable desire  
was not granted. He was in debt, and what  
was worse, with a sense of helplessness and  
hopelessness added thereto.  
In due course of time, his business was  
settled up, and he again thrown upon the  
world. While debating in his mind the pro-  
prietty of accepting an offer from his old em-  
ployer, and enter his store as a clerk, propo-  
sitions were made to him from an individ-  
ual to accept a share in his business. He  
did so without consultation with any friend.  
The result was unfavorable. Scarcely a  
year had elapsed, before *crash* went the  
whole concern about his ears.  
It was under the disheartening effects of  
this last disaster, that we have seen him  
laboring. How far he had just cause of de-  
spondency, or just cause to suppose that  
the fates were against him, the reader will  
be likely to determine more wisely than he  
was able to do himself.  
"Don't be discouraged, Henry!" said his  
old employer to him a few days after the  
conversation between the young man and  
Mr. Linton. "You are young yet. I was  
thirty-four when I commenced my present  
business, and you are but twenty-seven.  
You have seven years, therefore, in your  
favor."  
"But I am in debt."  
"How much?"  
"Five thousand dollars. Or, if I am to  
be held liable for my late partner's obligations,  
some twenty or thirty thousand. But I be-  
lieve those claims will not come against me.  
When I entered into the copartnership, I  
happened to be wise enough to have a clause  
inserted in the agreement protecting me from  
all prior obligations of my new associate in  
business."  
"And well for you it is that you did so.  
Five thousand dollars, then, is all you owe.  
For your comfort, I will tell you, that, at  
your age, from imprudences similar to your  
own, I was ten thousand dollars in debt."  
"And remained so for seven years?"  
"Yes, and for more than that. It was  
ten years before I was able to wipe off old  
scores."  
"O dear! I should die if I thought it  
would be ten years before I could write my  
self free from debt."  
"It is not so easy a matter to die as you  
might think," the merchant replied, smiling.  
"But, what am I to do?" asked Grant, in  
real distress of mind.  
"Do? Why, there are many ways to do.  
All that is wanted is patience and resolu-  
tion:—not mere excitement,—you have had  
enough of that. You felt, six years ago, as  
if you had the world in a sling. I saw it all,  
and knew where it would all end."  
"Why did you not tell me so?"  
"Because you would not have believed me.  
And, besides, 'bought wit is best.' No  
experience like a man's own! A few years

of disappointment and trouble I saw would  
be necessary to thrash off the chaff of your  
character."  
"And pretty well thrashed I have been  
verily! But, to come back to the one ques-  
tion ever uppermost in my mind, What am  
I to do?"  
"There is one thing you can do, Harry,"  
replied the merchant, "and that is to come  
into my store and receive a salary of twelve  
hundred dollars a year."  
"My heart thanks you for your kind of-  
fer," replied the young man earnestly. "But  
to do so, would be to act from a mere selfish  
regard to my own interest."  
"How so?"  
"The salary of a clerk will yield simply a  
support; it cannot pay off my debts."  
"You wish, then, to go again into busi-  
ness?"  
"I must do something to relieve myself  
from debt."  
"I do not see, as things now are, that go-  
ing into business will accomplish this very  
desirable object. So far, business has only  
tended to involve you deeper."  
"I know that, and it is because of this,  
that I am so terribly disheartened."  
"Then come into my store, and devote  
yourself for a year or so to my business. It  
will yield you a living. By that time some-  
thing may open before you. It is time enough  
yet, depend upon it, for you to enter the  
arena of strife, as a merchant. The posi-  
tion is one requiring a cooler head and more  
experience than you are yet possessed of.  
I have long since been satisfied from ex-  
tensive observation, that, as a general rule,  
nine men out of ten fail, who enter into busi-  
ness as merchants, under thirty years of  
age."  
At last, but with some reluctance, Henry  
Grant fell back into his old place as clerk,  
where he remained for four years. During  
that period, early painful experiences formed  
in his mind a true frame of thought. He  
was enabled to see how and where he had  
been in error, and how wrong ends had led  
him to impotent acts. He could not, at  
times, help smiling as a recollection of former  
states came up, in which it seemed to him  
that he had but to lift his hand and gather  
in wealth to any extent. Then he was elo-  
quent on principles of architectural taste,  
and could descend wisely upon rural beauties,  
enhanced by liberal art. Nowhere could he  
find a mansion either in the city or country,  
that fully came up to his ideas of what a rich  
man's dwelling should be. But a spirit far  
more subdued had now come over him. He  
could go up into higher regions of his mind,  
and see there in existence principles whose  
pure delights flowed not from the mere grati-  
fication of selfish and sensual pleasure. He  
was made deeply conscious, that even with  
all the wealth, and all the external things  
which wealth could give, for the gratifica-  
tion of the senses, and for the pampering of  
selfishness and pride, he could not be happy.  
That happiness must flow from an internal  
state.  
A few years passed, and Mr. Linton found  
Henry Grant a sober-minded merchant,  
steadily and wisely pursuing his business,  
and worth every cent of fifty thousand dol-  
lars.  
"The fates have at least grown propitious,"  
remarked old Mr. Linton to him one day  
with a look and tone that was understood.  
"I have only become a wiser man, I pre-  
sume, and therefore better able to bear an  
improved condition," was the reply of Mr.  
Grant.  
"Then you do not now regret your early  
disappointment?"  
"O, no. I am truly thankful that I was  
not suffered to acquire wealth while under  
the influence of my vain, weak and foolish  
ideas. My reverses were blessings in dis-  
guise. They were sent as correctors of evil."  
"That you can now see clearly."  
"O yes. Had I been allowed to go on  
successfully, treasuring up wealth, I should  
have been made miserable. My weak de-  
sires would have been ever in advance of  
my abilities. I should have envied those  
who were able to make a more imposing  
appearance than myself, and despised all  
who were below me. And, surely in this  
life, I can imagine no state so truly unhappy  
as that."  
"He is the wise man," returned Mr. Lin-  
ton, "who thus, from seeming evil educes  
good. The longer we live, and the more of  
the ups and downs of life we see, the strong-  
er becomes our conviction that there is one  
above all, and wiser than all, who rules events  
for our good. Between the ages of twenty-  
one and thirty are usually crowded more  
disappointments and discouraging circum-  
stances—more trials and pains—than in all  
a man's after life. Will any one who has  
passed forty tell you in his sober reflective  
moments that he cannot look back and see  
that these have all worked together for his  
good? I think not. And this will be the  
case as well with him who has grown rich  
as with him who still toils early and late for  
his daily bread."  
"There is then, you believe, an overruling  
Providence that has reference to a man's ex-  
ternal condition in the world—permitting  
one to grow rich, and keeping another poor?"  
"I do. And all this regards his eternal,  
and not his mere temporal condition. Our  
mistake lies in estimating the dealings of  
Divine Providence as referring particularly  
to our external condition. This is not the  
case. We are regarded with a love that  
looks to our higher and better interests—to  
our spiritual and eternal good. External  
things, because it is by these that we are  
most affected, are so governed, as to lead us  
to think of inferior things that appertain to

the life within—to that life which we are to  
live when separated from the body. It mat-  
ters not how blindly we are pursuing a course  
in which we are determined to succeed—the  
Great Ruler and Governor of all things  
will obstruct our way, if that way leads to  
our spiritual destruction, and it is possible to  
turn us into a better way. Too often it hap-  
pens that men are allowed to go on in evil  
courses, because, if turned from them, they  
would pursue after more direful, soul de-  
stroying evils."  
"If this lesson could only be received by  
us, and fully believed when we first enter  
upon life, how many bitter hours of dis-  
couragement it would save us," replied Mr.  
Grant with feeling.  
"But experience is the only sure teacher.  
We only know what we have lived."  
**TAKING THE CENSUS IN ALABAMA.**  
BY A "CHICKEN MAN" OF 1840.  
Our next adventure was decidedly a dan-  
gerous one. Forging the Tallapoosa river,  
where its bed is extremely uneven, being  
formed of masses of rock full of fissures and  
covered with slimy green moss, when about  
two-thirds of the way across, we were hail-  
ed by Sol Todd from the bank we were ap-  
proaching. We stopped to hear him more  
distinctly.  
"Hellow! little 'squire, you a chicken  
hunting to-day?"  
Being answered affirmatively, he con-  
tinued—"You better mind the holes in them  
ere rocks—if your horse's foot gets keched  
in 'em you'll never get it out. You see that  
big black rock down to your right? Well,  
there's good bottom down below that—  
Strike down that, outside that little riff—  
and now cut right into that smooth water  
and come across!"  
We followed Sol's direction to the letter  
and plunging in the smooth water, we found  
it to be a basin surrounded with steep ledges  
of rock and deep enough to swim the horse  
we rode. Round and round the poor old  
black toiled without finding any place at  
which he could effect a landing, so precipitous  
were the sides. Sol occasionally asked  
us "if the bottom was 'nt firstrate," but  
did nothing to help us. At length we  
scrambled out, wet and chilled to the bone  
—for it was a sharp September morning—  
and continued our journey not a little annoy-  
ed by the boisterous, roaring laughter of the  
said Solomon, at our picturesque appearance.  
We had not more than got out of hearing  
of Sol's chattering explosions, before we  
met one of his neighbors who gave us to  
understand that the ducking we had just re-  
ceived, was but the fulfilment of a threat of  
Sol's to make the "chicken man" take a  
swim in the "Buck Hole." He had heard of  
our stopping on the opposite side of the river,  
the night previous, and learning our in-  
tention to ford just where we did, fixed him-  
self on the bank to ensure our finding the  
way into the "Buck Hole."  
This information brought our nap right  
up, and requesting Bill Splawn to stay where  
he was till we returned, we galloped back  
to Sol's and found that worthy, rod on shoul-  
der, ready to leave on a fishing excursion.  
"Sol, old fellow," said we, "that was a  
most unfortunate lunge I made into that hole  
in the river—I've lost \$25 in specie out of  
my coat pocket, and I'm certain it's in that  
hole, for I felt my pocket get tight while I  
was scuffling about in there. The money  
was tied up tight in a buckskin pouch, and I  
must get you to help me to get it."  
"This, of course, was a regular old-fash-  
ioned lie, as we had not seen that amount  
of cash mentioned as lost, in a 'coon's age."  
It took, however, pretty well, and Sol con-  
cluded, as it was a pretty cold spell of weath-  
er for the season and the water was almost  
like ice, that half the contents of the buck-  
skin pouch would be just about fair for re-  
covering it." After some chaffing we agreed  
that Sol should dive for the money on  
shares, and we went down with him to the  
river, to point out the precise spot at which  
our pocket "grew tight." We did so with  
anxious exactness, and Sol soon denuded  
himself and went under the water in the  
"Buck Hole," like a shuffler duck with his  
wing broke. "Puff! puff!" as he rose to the  
surface. "Got it Sol?" "No dang it, here  
goes again!" and Sol disappeared a second  
time. "Puff! puff!" and a considerable rattle  
of teeth as Sol once more rose into "upper  
air"—"What luck, old horse?" "By jings  
I felt it that time, but some how it slid out  
of my fingers." Down went Sol again, and  
up he came after the lapse of a minute, still  
without the pouch. "Are you right sure,  
squire, that you lost it in this hole?" said Sol,  
getting out upon a large rock, while the  
chattering of his teeth divided his words in-  
to rather more than their legitimate number  
of syllables. "Oh perfectly certain Sol, per-  
fectly certain. You know \$25 in hard dol-  
lars weigh a pound or two. I didn't mention  
the circumstance when I first came out of  
the river because I was so scared and confu-  
sed that I didn't remember it—But I know  
just as well when the pouch broke through  
my coat pocket, as can be!"  
Thus reassured, Sol took to the water  
again and as we were in a hurry, we request-  
ed him to bring the pouch and half the money  
to Dadeville, if his diving should prove  
successful.  
"To be sure I will," said he—and his  
blue lips quivered with cold and his whole  
frame shook from the same cause.  
"The river age!" made Sol shake worse  
than that, that Fall!  
But we left him diving for the pouch in-  
dustriously, and no doubt he would have got  
it if it had been there!

Once, as we were about to leave a house  
at which we had put up, the night previous,  
one of the girls—a buxom one of twenty—  
followed us to the fence, and the following  
tete a tete ensued:  
"Now squire they say you know, and I  
want to tell me, if you please—what will  
chickens be worth this fall?"  
"How many have you?"  
"The rise of seventy, and three hens a-  
settin'!"  
"Well now, Miss Betsy," said we, "you  
know how much I set by the old man your  
daddy—and the old lady, you know how she  
and me always got along—and Jim and Davo,  
you know we was always like brothers—  
and yourself, Miss Betsy, I consider my par-  
ticular friend—and as its you'll tell you!"  
"Do 'quire, of you please; they say Van  
Buren's going to feed his big army on fowls;  
and some folks say he's going to take 'em  
without payin' for 'em, and some say he aint  
—and I thought in course of he did pay for  
'em, the price would rise!"  
"Well, the fact is—but don't say nothing  
about it—the army is to be fed on fowls; the  
roosters will be given to the officers to make  
'em brave, and the hens to the common sol-  
diers, because, you see, they aint as good."  
"In course!"  
"So you see, the hens will be worth about  
three bits, and the roosters a half a dollar,  
and ready sale at that."  
She was perfectly delighted, and we do  
not hesitate to say, would have rewarded us  
with a kiss, if we had asked it; but in these  
days, modesty was the bright trait in our  
character. As it was, she only insisted on  
our taking "a bit of something cold" in our  
saddle bags, in case we should teach town  
too late for dinner.  
**LOUIS PHILIPPE.**  
KING OF THE FRENCH.  
We are indebted to the "Picturesque  
[London] Annual" of the present year for  
the following interesting notice of this great  
man:—*Norfolk Herald.*  
Louis Philippe has the twofold instinct of  
the gentleman and the Parisian citizen,—  
the grandson of St. Louis, and the King of  
the revolution of July. His life is grave,  
industrious, and serious. He often rises be-  
fore daybreak; as soon as he awakes his  
work begins. He reads the despatches of  
his ambassadors, and prepares the lab'or of  
the day, and acts as from a knowledge of  
the importance of one additional day in his  
reign. He reads very few newspapers, ex-  
cept the English ones. His breakfast is  
soon finished, after which it is his ministers'  
turn; with these he lives in the greatest  
familiarity. The man whom he adopts, has  
at once, at all times, admission to the King:  
he is received at any hour of the day or  
night. The King espouses the cause of the  
minister as he would his own, he takes an  
interest in his success in the rostrum, in his  
success of every kind: he defends him  
warmly and sincerely, and when he is ob-  
liged to displace him, he never says *adieu*,  
and *au revoir*. His familiarity is at once  
dignified and frank. His good sense is ex-  
quisite, even its severity is tempered by a  
grace only to be found in him. He detests  
the smoke of tobacco, and thinks that in a  
royal chateau the smell of it is abominable;  
but as every one smokes at the present day,  
he has found a way of complaining of it  
which offends no one. In the numerous  
reunions of the Tuilleries, when business  
prosper, when his ministry is safe for a few  
weeks, the King is a happy man. He has  
a natural love for all superior men, of what-  
ever kind; he seeks them; he draws them  
to himself; he is never at a loss.—His  
speech is easy, his memory prompt; he  
has been tried by good and bad fortune: a  
prince of the blood, a soldier, an outlaw, an  
exile, a schoolmaster, a king—he had been  
on a level with all these various conditions.  
Above all, this man, so surrounded with la-  
bours, shines as the father of a family. His  
peculiar province seems to be, to bring up,  
instruct, and enrich his children. He fully  
understands that a large family in our days  
is, for princes, the most excellent, the least  
ruinous, and the most easily pardoned of all  
luxuries. At present he has no less than  
four sons, the pride and support of his throne.  
These are the Duc de Nemours, the Prince  
de Joinville, the Duc d'Anguleme, and the  
Duc de Montpensier. They have all been  
brought up at college, among other children  
of their age. They followed the same  
courses, contended for the same prizes, and  
of these prizes so envied and so disputed,  
they have had their share, but not without  
great difficulty and hard study. All these  
children have been, for the King, a deli-  
cious subject of paternal diligence and zeal;  
he has followed them step by step in their  
studies; he has directed them one after the  
other; these children have been his joy and  
pride; he has loved them, at the same time  
with passion and prudence. Those who  
are dead, he has mourned in such a way as  
to draw tears from the most insensible.  
Amidst these unexpected griefs, the death  
of the Princess Marie, in the bloom of her  
youth and beauty, and just as she had  
achieved the renown to which her great  
talents as a sculptress fairly entitled her;  
the death of his son, the Duke of Orleans,  
the heir to the throne, in the glory of man-  
hood, the courage of the King has not failed  
him. By the side of the King, looking like  
the guardian angel of this royal family, is the  
Queen; a modest, amiable, clever woman,  
who has contributed not a little to the popu-  
larity of her family. The Queen, a daugh-