

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS
PER ANNUM.

Devoted to all the Interests of North Carolina, Education, Agriculture, Literature, News, the Markets, &c.

VOL. II.—NO. 36.

RA LEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, AUG. 6, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 88.

SELECT POETRY.

TO MY HUSBAND.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

"Thy May, but not thy sweet night springs,
In these strange woods and dells;
The dear home-like never swings,
Her little heart, and thou wilt see
What wealth of flowers it owes to thee.

The robin's voice is never heard,
From palm and bay-tree bird,
And strange to me each gorgeous bird,
Whose pinions fans the breeze,
But love's wild wings bend softly here,
Love's thrilling music fills my ear.

The heavy rain unceasing falls;
Winds hurry to and fro;
The damp would gather on our walls,
So dreary, dark, and low;
Dull shadows from my ceiling bow—
My heart is never shadowed now.

Sometimes we tread the busy street;
Dark, bold eyes on us gleam,
As vulgar onward sandals feet,
In one continuous stream,
The roared sons of proud Pegu,
The rich Mogul, the cringing Jew.

The subtle, soft Armenian,
The Parsee in his pride,
The quaint "oriental" artisan,
The slave from Cassy's side,
The Burman in his pomp and power,
Whose jealous brows upon us lower.

None, none to greet us kindly here!
My father—my dear father—
Of Jesus Christ, with frown and sneer,
They speak like men of yore—
Not mine to brave the glance of hate,
But bravely will I share thy fate.

The pure, the beautiful, the good,
Ne'er gather in this place,
None but the vicious and the rude,
The dark of mind and face;
But all the wealth of thy vast soul,
Is pressed into my brimming bowl.

Where fragrant citron blossoms hang,
Or in the citron's shade,
My brothers' voices never rang,
My sisters never prayed,
I love them none the less, that thou
Const make me scarcely miss them now.

Yet think I oft of my sweet home,
My father—my dear father—
And tender, fond memories come,
And clinging round me wait,
But at one sound they vanish all—
Thy footfall in the dim, old hall.

Here closely nestled by thy side,
Thy arm around me thrown,
I ask no more. In mirth and pride,
I've stood—oh, so alone!
Now, what is all this world to me,
Since I have found my world in thee.

Oh, if I were so happy here,
Amid our toils and pains,
With thronging cares and dangers near,
And married by earthly stains,
How great must be the compass given
Our souls to bear the bliss of heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD PASTOR.

The sun shone brightly on the old parsonage; the wild birds caroled their gayest songs in careless freedom, the wind swept with a low musical murmur through the tall elms, and all nature seemed rejoicing that the glad summer had come again.

An old man sat in a wicker chair on the stoop, with a large bible open before him, and as he read, casting now and then glances at the objects around him, and then at the clear blue sky. Everything was familiar to him, for, for many years, had his eyes rested on the same scene; yes, he loved it, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude for his many blessings, he exclaimed—"Verily the Lord is mindful of his servant!"

Good old parson Wentworth had seen many and bitter trials, yet with a calm, unflinching spirit, he had ever kept his gaze fixed on high and holy things, and through all the battle of life had kept pure and uncontaminated by rude contact with the world and its selfishness. As he sat there thinking in his single-heartedness of the works of nature, and wondering why men wished to leave such a spot, and mingle with those who dwell in the dusty, heated city, a carriage drove to the gate, and a tall, business-like looking individual sprang out, and coming to the open door, paused as he saw the minister, and said—

"Mr. Wentworth, I presume? I would like to see you a few moments on business, if you please, sir."

The old gentleman led the way into the house, and, taking him up into his little study, signified that he was ready.

The stranger gave a preparatory hem, and then said—

"Really, sir, I am commissioned to communicate unpleasant news. You have a son, I believe, employed as clerk in the firm of Dayton & Co?"

"You are correct, sir," said the father, while he smiled a proud smile at the thought of him, the little thinking that the unpleasant news referred to anything wrong he had done, he added—"I suppose the news is that Mr. Dayton has concluded to keep him another year, and though I miss the dear boy, yet as his mind seems to have a mercantile bent, I shall not oppose him if he wishes to stay."

The stranger gave another and a louder hem, and twisted uneasily on his seat, as if he wished he were anywhere else, and then with an effort, said—

"You are laboring under a mistake, sir, for Mr. Dayton has no desire to keep him; but on the contrary, requested me to inform you that he has been exceedingly pained by the conduct of your son, and that though the proofs of his guilt are clear, yet he expresses the utmost sympathy in your affliction."

The old man leaned over the table, and clasped his withered hands, while he gazed imploringly in the other's face, but said not a word. Touched by the mute agony of his expression, he hurriedly added, as if he thought it better to relieve his suspense at once.

"The money drawer was found broken open, and a large amount abstracted, and the robbery has been traced to your son and another lad who sleeps in the store, and they are now confined, awaiting their trial;—and unable to bear that fixed gaze any longer, he wished him a hurried good morning, and muttering some common place phrases of condolence, departed.

He might as well have said nothing, for they fell on an unheeding ear. The last words that Mr. Wentworth heard were that his boy, the last of a numerous flock, had dishonored his name and brought sorrow on the head of his poor old father. The sun shone as brightly, the birds sang as joyously, the elms whispered as musically, yet to him all nature had changed.

The soft summer breeze stole through the open window, and lifted the thin, white hair from his aged temples, and the little house dog came and put up his silky paws on his knees for his accustomed kind word and caress, and turned away whining piteously, as if he knew that something had gone wrong.

The glad sunbeams came dancing in and nestled lovingly among his dear old books and manuscripts, yet he heeded them not. He had known trials,—had with his own hands closed the eyes of three sons, and one darling daughter, the light of his household;—and last of all had crossed the hands on the dead bosom, and folded back the gray locks on the brow of his cherished wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows, and laid them away to rest in the quiet churchyard. He could look from that very window and see the humble graves as the cold marble gleamed in the sunlight, and in the still autumn nights he could hear the murmur of the willow boughs, as they waved and sighed in gentle music tones above the green mounds.

He would think that the plain white slabs were but placed there to tell him that those dear ones had rested from earth and its cares, and he knew that they all died pure and good, and that when the frost of death gathered on his brow, and dimmed the lustre of his eye, he too would sleep with them, and join them in their ceaseless antebene before the throne of the invisible, mighty, eternal One."

But this last stroke was harder than all the rest, for he had much rather have placed him with the dead than have heard that he had proved unfaithful to his trust; and his brave old heart, that had never given way beneath all his afflictions, was bowed, and the firm, enduring spirit, that had never bent through the long battle of life, gave way,—and crushed, and broken in spirit, the aged pilgrim sought for rest and support.

For several hours he sat there,—then rising he went to his old seat in the porch, and opening the bible, read as in the morning. No one would have known that death had happened, save that there was a look of deep, helpless sadness round the usually placid mouth, and the lines on the venerable brow had deepened, and the meek countenance was a shade paler than it was wont to be.

The news had spread through the village, and one by one the neighbors came dropping in—some of them bearing a basket of strawberries or some little gift—and their tones were lower and more tender, and though they spoke no word of sympathy, yet the good man felt it all, and blessed them for it.

The next day was Sunday, and as the clear church bell broke the Sabbath stillness, the minister came forth; but his step was slower and feebler, and he leaned more heavily on his stout oaken staff, and as he tottered up the aisle, the deacon, struck by the extreme paleness of his countenance, stepped forward to assist him up the pulpit steps. He shook his head, and unaided climbed to the desk;—after wiping his brow, on which the perspiration stood in large beaded drops, he rose, and stretching out his withered hands, repeated the morning prayer, and gave out the hymn.

They had no music pealing organ, or fashionable orchestra, but the tones of those voices were heard on high, for they came from pure, simple, untouching hearts, and rose like incense till they reached and pierced the clear blue dome above. The minister joined, and when it was ended, in low, but distinct tones, he preached the morning sermon, and when he had concluded, he added—

"The hand of the Lord has been laid heavily on me, my people, but still his goodness is apparent, and though his ways are mysterious and past the finding out of poor finite mortals, yet my trust is still in Him, and through the dark clouds that envelop me round about as a shroud, the pure beams of the sun of righteousness still shine, and all is well with me."

The stillness was unbroken, save by the sobs of those assembled, and the last hymn was hardly articulated at first, but by degrees grew louder, and closed in one pealing anthem of rejoicing, and after the last words had sounded on the ear, and the echoes died away, still the minister did not move, and they went to him, and with unnumbered words of sorrow bore him home. He was not quite dead; and they tried every means to bring warmth and life back to the aged limbs in vain. All that day and the next they stood by him, but still the spark flickered, but lingered before it went out.

As they leaned tearfully over him, a quick bounding step was heard, and harked and flushed, a youth sprang in, and rushing to the sufferer, threw himself beside him, and amid sobs and tears, broke forth—

"My father, oh! my father, why did you die before you knew that I was innocent? Why did you die without giving me your blessing?"

As if the tones of that dear voice had called his heaven-drawn soul back to earth, the pastor stretched out his hands, and in low, trembling tones, said—

"Say yet once again, my boy, that you are innocent, before I go."

"I am not guilty. The true perpetrator of the crime of which I was accused, has confessed all, and they have set me free. Bless me, my father, and live for my sake!" and the boy burst into a passion of tears and wailings.

The old pastor laid his hand on the bright young head that drooped beside him, and said—

"I am dying, my son—the hand of death is on me now, and my old heart has almost throbbled its last throbb!" Turning to the weepers he added—

"Did I not tell you, my people, that the ways of God were past our feeble comprehension, and is it not so?"

May Heaven's best blessing rest on you, my boy, my youngest and last born, and may you ever keep in the path of peace and rectitude I have endeavored to point out to you. Peace and blessings rest with you, my people, and may God keep you ever as in the hollow of his hand."

The nerveless hands fell, and he sank back, and all that was left of the minister was the pool of worn out body, for the spirit, in all its pristine purity, had soared to its native home. The brave old heart was stilled, and in silence, sadness and tears, they shrouded him for his final rest, and mutely, sorrowfully, they bore him to his church-yard led, and turned away to seek their darkened homes, for they had dearly loved their pastor, and to them it seemed as if one of their own friends circle had gone from among them.

Peace to his ashes—and though his field of action was a limited and humble one, yet many a true and trusting Christian looks on his lowly grave, and with tears blesses his memory, and in the glad summer time, the village children reverently come, and with low tones and whispered words, place bright flowers on the simple tablet, on which is inscribed by his mourning people, "He resteth in God."

INGRATITUDE.

A merchant of Munich, having obtained a large fortune, gave each of his three daughters a considerably large sum, and married them to three brothers, sons of a worthy man of Hamburg. He reserved to himself a large capital, and his sons-in-law employed all their efforts to induce him to give it to them. At last, by flattery and demonstrations of affection, they got the old man's money. But from that time they commenced to show indifference for him, and at last totally neglected him. The good old man was very wretched, and what was worse, very poor. One day his youngest daughter went to him and tried to console him. In the course of conversation, she suggested to him that he might gain the good will of her and her sisters' husbands, and obtain from them all he needed, by pretending to be still rich. The old man, seeing the idea was a good one, resolved at once to act on it. He went to a friend of his, a banker, and obtained an advance of money, and the loan of a service of plate. The next day he invited his sons-in-law to dinner. They were astonished to find a service of plate on the table, and still more so when the servant brought the old man a letter, and he exclaimed,

"What! let an old friend be embarrassed for ten thousand florins?" and he went and got the sum from his strong box, adding, "There! take it to your master! You see," said he, "I am still rich."

The sons-in-law were confounded, and each, with great earnestness, immediately pressed the old man to go and live with him, promising him that he should receive every attention, and everything he could possibly wish for. But the old man laid down his conditions—that he should have his own apartments and domestics, a carriage, and a certain sum placed at his disposal. To this the sons-in-law eagerly consented.

For some time the old man lived comfortably enough, and wherever he went he took the precaution to carry with him his strong box, which was very heavy.

Shortly after he fell ill. His sons-in-law pressed him to make his will, but he said that his intention was to divide the contents of his strong box equally between them and a friend, and that they and his executor should each have a key. About a fortnight after he died.

By a writing which he left behind him, he directed that the box should not be opened until five days after his interment—that he should be buried with the greatest pomp, and that each portion of the town should receive an entire new suit of clothes and a florin. At last the day for opening the strong box arrived. The sons-in-law, to their bitter mortification, found not, as they had expected, money or securities to a large amount, but lead and stones!

COMING HOME.

GLAD WERE I the waters dash upon the prow of the gallant vessel. She stands on the deck and the wind on her ringlets, as she looks anxiously for her husband at home. In thought, there are kisses on her lips, soft hands on her temples. Many arms press her to a throbbing heart, and one voice, sweeter than all the rest, whispers, "My child!"

Come home! Full to bursting is her young heart, and she seeks the cabin, to gaze her joy vent in blessed tears.

Coming home! "The best room is set apart for his chamber. Again and again have loving hands folded away the curtains and shook out the snowy drapery. The vases are filled every day with fresh flowers, and every evening tremulous, loving voices whisper, "He will be here to-morrow, perhaps." At each meal the table is set with scrupulous care. The newly embroidered slippers, the rich dressing gown, the study cap that he will like so well, are all paraded to meet his eye.

That staid brother! He could leap the waters and fly like a bird to home. Though he has seen all the splendor of olden time, there is but one spot that fills his heart, and that spot he will soon reach—"sweet home."

Coming home! What sees the sun-browned sailor in the darkling waters! He smiles! There are pictures there of a blue-eyed babe and its mother. He knows that even now his young wife sings the sweet gradation—

"For I know that the angels will bring him to me."

He sees her watching from the neat cottage door; she feels the beat of her heart in the pulse of his own, when a familiar footfall touches only the threshold of memory.

That bronzed sailor loves his home, as an eagle whose wings seeking oftentimes the tracks of the air, loves best his mountain eyrie. His treasures are there.

Coming home! Sadly the worn California folds his arms and sinks back upon his fevered pillow. What to him is his yellow gold! Oh, for one smile of kindred! But that may not be,—lightly they tread by his bedside, watch the dim eye, moisten the parched lips.

A pleasant face bends over him—a rough palm gently pushing back the moist hair, and a familiar voice whispers, "Cheer up, my friend, we're in port—you are going home."

The dim falls from the sick man's eye. Home! is it near?—sure he be most there! A thrill sends the blood coursing through his limbs. What! shall he see those dear eyes, before the night of darkness settles down for ever? Will his babes fold their little arms about him, and press their cherry lips to his? What wonder if new vigor gathers in that manly chest? He feels strength in every nerve, strength to bear the overwhelming joy of meeting those dear ones.

Coming home! The very words are rapturous. They bear import of every thing sweet and holy in the domestic life—may, more, they are stamped with the seal of Heaven, for the angels say of the dying saint, "He is coming home."

AN EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Nezezen, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by the name of Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger—for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. Am I dying, help me, and heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse, I wish you joy of it," said he; "I do concur you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together and became fast friends for life.

WOMEN AND LADIES.

In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as *men and women*—but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies, or, to be still more refined, a race of "ladies and gentlemen," has sprung up. Women and girls are among the things that were. But "ladies" are found everywhere.

Miss Martineau, wishing to see the women wards in a prison in Tennessee, was answered by the warden, "We have no ladies here at present, madam." Now, so far as the ladies were concerned, it was very well that none of them were in prison; but then, it would be a little odd—*ladies in prison!*

It would seem bad enough for women to go to such a place.

A lecturer, discoursing upon the characteristics of women, illustrated thus:—"Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies. On this modern improvement, we have heard of but one thing that beats the above. It was the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony, performed by an exquisite divine up to all modern refinements. When he had thrown the chain of Hermon around the happy couple, he concluded by saying, 'I now pronounce you husband and lady.' The audience stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and got out of the room as quickly as possible, to take breath.

HOW WE RUSH FORWARD.

SCARCE A month has passed since the terrible calamity at Norwalk occurred, and it is already almost forgotten. It has ceased to be the subject of thought or remark. Another fortnight, and the sight of the bereaved widow, or the tear trickling silently down the cheek of the orphan, will be the only memorial of that sad event. Such is the world. onward rolls the wave of time, sweeping in its resistless course of human events, be they joyful or fraught with sorrow, in the silence of oblivion. A great man dies. The waves roll over his grave, the world wipes the tear from its eye, and turning away from his sepulchre, moves on. The chasm left by his removal is closed up, and he passes from the minds of men. It is a sad thing to think of, this perishing utterly from the memory of the world. It is well calculated to humble the spirit of a man to reflect that he will one day be laid in the grave, and from the stillness of his last resting-place hear the tramp of heedless thousands above him, and know that he is forgotten of them all.

"Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Anger of Freedom*?"

"Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

He who greases his wheels, helps his oxen.

SIZE OF THE ARK.—Infidels have objected to the size of the Ark, and have asserted that it is quite absurd to suppose that ever there could be a vessel constructed large enough to hold all the creatures that must have been placed in it, together with sufficient food (it may be, for six or twelve months)—water for the fishes! corn for the four-footed animals, seed for the birds, and so on. Now, we will take the dimensions of the Ark from the record of Moses, and calculate them on the lowest possible scale. There are two definitions given of a cubit; one that it is 18 inches, or a foot and a half—the other that it is 1 foot 8 inches. We will take it only at the lowest. Moses states that the Ark was 300 cubits long; this would make it 450 feet long, or about the length of St. Paul's cathedral, (London.) The breadth of it he states to be 50 cubits; we then have it 75 feet in breadth. He states it to be 30 cubits high, so that it was 45 feet in height. In other words, it was as long as St. Paul's cathedral, nearly as broad and half as high. The tonnage of the Ark, according to the calculation of modern carpenters, must have been 32,000 tons. The largest English ship-of-war, the St. Vincent, for instance, which is of a size altogether unimaginable to those who have never seen it—is 2,500 tons burthen; so that the Ark must have been equal to seventeen first rate ships of war, and if armed, as such ships are, it would have contained much beyond 1800 men, and provisions for 18 months. Buffon has stated that all the four-footed animals may be reduced to 250 pairs, and the birds to a still smaller number. On calculation, therefore, we shall find that the Ark would have held more than five times the necessary number of creatures, and more than five times the required quantity of food to maintain them for twelve months.—*Dr. Cumings.*

THE HAPPY MAN.

The Commonwealth makes the following extract from a phonographic report of a sermon by Rev. Theodore Parker, of this city. The original of the picture is understood to be a highly esteemed resident of Newton:

"The happiest man I have ever known, is one far enough from being rich, in money, and who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its progress as much as its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads, and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise, every morning—then rides his gandy miles by the rail—does his ten hours' work in the town—whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own spade he catches the earliest smile of the morning, pulls the first rose of his garden, and goes to work with the little flower in his hand, and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud—what coming from the clouds is rain to the meadows is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—comradely, parental, filial—friendly, too, and philanthropic, besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam'—and it always 'springs' and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men, and learned men—men of great social position; and if there is genius in America, I know that—but a happier man I have never known."

ENGLISH IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.

In a debate in the English Parliament, Sir Robert Peel stated that the number of States in the American Union was thirty three; and a Cabinet Minister called the late "old patriot of America, John Randolph," a statesman of Massachusetts, and quoted him as having said that "if you wished to make the inhabitants of a State a set of scoundrels, you had only to give them secret voting." In a recent English journal, we noticed an account of the political movements in the "State" of New Orleans. One of our citizens was asked, a short time since in England, "if there were many persons in Boston who could speak the English language?" Dr. Bailey, editor of the National Era, in his last letter from London to that journal, remarks, "We must not forget that the masses of English people are exceedingly ignorant of our country—its geography, its people, their institutions and usages, their Government, the relations of our State Governments, and their relations severally to slavery. Many intelligent persons believe that this evil is diffused throughout all the States. An English lady of high position lately asked an American whether he saw much of it in Massachusetts? At a considerable dinner party, the other day, an English gentleman remarked to one of our countrymen that he had understood that the great vegetable for making soup in the States was pumpkin! Were you to tell many respectable people here that Massachusetts is the capital of Philadelphia, they would not know that you were quizzing them."

WOMEN PATERNED IN TEXAS FOR MARRIAGE.

A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room, shackles of gold and silver are placed upon her ankles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore are placed on the new bride's limbs, and she is fed till they are filled up to a proper thickness. The food used for this custom, worthy of the barbarians, is called "drough" which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of the nurse rich and abundant. "With this feed, and their national dish, 'cuscus,' the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon.

PRAYER IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—The Christian public generally will be gratified to learn that the President's House at Washington is, to some extent at least, a house of prayer. One of our contemporaries states that the President regularly keeps up family worship in his household. When our rulers are men who fear God, and Divine blessings is daily sought in the family of the chief magistrate of the nation, we have reason to hope for good things for the country.

TALL POETRY.—That rhyming Fourth of July Orator, in the Sunday Times, was a superior sample of down east poetry. We like this verse:—In fact, the universal globe will all be one, that's certain! To say republics won't endure, is in my eye and Betty Martin's! This Union will take in the air, with all its States and nations! 'Tis the revolution comes announced in Revelations.

Our readers generally, and very many correspondents especially, are aware that it is not our habit to give insertion to poetical effusions; but we find it among the advertisements in a Richmond journal. The pathos of "The Last Rose of Summer" would not suffer alongside of this clever parody.—*National Intelligencer.*

'Tis the last clock of fifty
Left standing alone;
All its noisy companions
Are purchased and gone.
No watch of its kindred,
No time piece on tick,
To reflect back its music,
Or give click for click.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the shelf,
Since no body will buy thee
I'll keep thee myself.
Thus kindly I place thee
Behind my own door,
Where the mates of the mantel
Have flourished before.

Oh! long mayst thou follow
The course of the day,
As from Time's rated circle
Each hour falls away.
When old clocks need cleaning,
And people seek new,
Oh! who can supply them
Like—BARTHOLOMEW!

GIRLS.

Holmes in one of his poems, says in a parenthetical way—

"My grandpa
Loved girls when he was young."

No doubt of it; for Holmes is a sensible man, and must have had a sensible grandfather. All sensible men love girls when they are young, and when they are old too. (We apply the "old" to men, not the girls—mind you.) Girlhood is an institution—a "peculiar institution"—which as lovers of girls, large and small, we hold that no gentleman's family is "complete without them." Of little girls an American poet says—

"With rosy cheeks, and merry dancing curls,
And eyes of tender light,
O very beautiful are little girls,
And goodly to the sight!"

And as to large girls—"big, bouncing girls"—what a pity it is that they must soon be "women"—stately, matronly, queenly women, who are only not angels because they are not girls!—who, by the by, are not angels either, but vastly more charming than any members of the angelic hosts that we remember to have seen in pictures elsewhere!—*Boston Post.*

AUTHORS AND PRINTERS.

In the great arena of life's varied pursuits, there is no class of actors more shamefully misrepresented than the author and printer. The world forms a wrong estimate of the value of each, from not being able to distinguish, in the perfection of their labors, the efforts of one from the other. An author is some times lauded to the skies, when in fact, if his manuscripts had been given to the public instead of the printed volume, he would have appeared in a most ridiculous aspect; and if a comparison of the two were made, a striking resemblance would be found only in the title page. Among this grade are some Congressmen, Assembly men, &c., whose elevation may be attributed to a false public estimate of their abilities from reading their printed speeches. A work was published a short time ago in this city, and favorably noticed by the press, the manuscripts of which would compare with any effort of "Chawles Yellowplush," and it is really a readable book, but the compositor and proof-reader made it so. Such writers are a source of more vexation to the printer, than perhaps any thing else with which he has to contend; while the necessity begets such a promise, that others often appear to disadvantage through his uncontrollable habit of altering and amending; and thus the innocent suffer from his intrepid zeal in behalf of those who are really culpable.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

WHEN SIGOURNEY, A NOTORIOUS WIFE OF BOSTON WAS EXPIRING, A SERVANT ENTERED AND INFORMED THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN THAT A MAN HAD FALLEN DOWN THE WELL. THE DYING MAN OVERHEARD THE SERVANT, AND INQUIRED, WITH SCARCELY AN AU'IBLE WHISPER, "I SAY DOCTOR, DID HE KICK THE BUCKET?"

A WORD TO BOYS.

Stick to your trade, boys, and learn how to work if you wish to be truly independent. There is no more profitable sight than a half mechanic applying for work. He is always at the foot of the hill, and labor as he may, unless he becomes perfect in his trade, he can never rise.

SOME LONE BACHELOR EDITOR AWAY OUT IN MISSOURI, IS QUALLY OF THE FOLLOWING:

"Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent?
Because it is a creature [sea creature] of great signs [size]. Dreadful, wasn't it?"

A modest contemporary calls veal "unfinished beef." This is pretty good; but why not extend the vocabulary? Suppose we term lamb "incipient mutton," and denominate pig "premonitory pork?"

FIGHT AGAINST A HASTY TEMPER.

A spark may set a house on fire; a fit of passion may cause you to mourn long and bitterly. Govern your passions, or they will govern you.

KEEP DOING, ALWAYS DOING.

Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and repining, are all idle and profitless employments.

AN HONEST, VIRTUOUS MAN LIVES NOT TO THE WORLD, BUT TO HIS OWN CONSCIENCE. HE, AS THE PLANETS ABOVE, STEERS A COURSE CONTRARY TO THAT OF THE WORLD.

A VIRTUOUS PERSON, IN THE THICKEST OF MISFORTUNES, IS LIKE A QUICK-SET HEDGE—THE MORE HE IS CUT AND HACKED, THE BETTER HE THRIVES.

TO BE REALLY AND TRULY INDEPENDENT, IS TO SUPPORT OURSELVES BY OUR OWN EXERTIONS.

IT IS BETTER TO SOW A YOUNG HEART WITH GENEROUS THOUGHTS AND DEEDS THAN A FIELD WITH CORN, SINCE THE HEART'S HARVEST IS PERPETUAL.

A SPIRIT-RAPPER IN IOWA, SAYS THAT DR. FRANKLIN HAS OPENED A CIRCUS, VOLTAIRE ACTING AS TICKET SELLER.