

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST

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WHOLE NO. 91.

SELECT POETRY.

MORAL COSMETICS.

BY ROSACE SMITH.

Ye who would save your face as florid,
Little limbs bright eyes, unruined forehead,
From the passion's feverish, torrid,
Adopt this plan—
Twill make, in chaste cold or torrid,
A hale old man.

Avoid, in youth, luxuriant diet;
Refrain from passion's lawless riot;
Devoted to domes is quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of Age's fiat,
Rejoice in youth.

Sneak not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure;
But find your riches, dearest treasure,
In books, friends, music, polished leisure;
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole scale by which to measure
Your opulence.

This is the voice, the science,
Lift's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disports no man's reliance,
Woe's true relief,
But e'en in times with calm defiance,
Time, Fortune, Fate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

"Every one for himself." This was one of Lawrence Tilghman's favorite modes of expression. And it will do him no injustice to say, that he usually acted up to the sentiment. Though grandly, and with a certain amount of selfishness, whenever a two-manifest exhibition of selfishness was likely to affect him in the estimation of certain parties with whom he wished to stand particularly far. In all his dealings, this maxim was alone regarded; and he was never satisfied unless, in bargaining, he secured the greater advantage, a thing that pretty generally occurred.

There resided in the same town with Tilghman—a western town—a certain young lady, whose father owned a large amount of property. She was his only child, and would fall heir, at his death, to all his wealth. Of course, this young lady had attractions that were felt to be of a most weighty character by certain young men in the town, who made themselves as agreeable to her as possible. Among these was Lawrence Tilghman.

"LARRY," said a friend to him one day—they had been talking about the young lady—"it's no wonder you play the agreeable to Helen Walcott."

"And why not, pray?" returned Tilghman.

"They say she's engaged."

"To whom?"

"To a young man in Columbus."

"Who says so?"

"I can't mention my authority; but it's good."

"Engaged, ha! Well, I'll break that engagement if there's any virtue in trying."

"You will?"

"Certainly. It'll be worth a plume when the old man, her father, dies; and I've made up my mind to handle some of his thousands."

"But certainly, Larry, you would not attempt to interfere with a marriage contract?"

"I don't believe any contract exists," replied the young man. "Anyhow, while a lady is single I regard her as in the market, and to be won by the boldest."

"Still, we should have some respect for the rights of others."

"Every one for himself in this world," replied Tilghman. "That is my motto. If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be shoved to the wall in double quick time. Long ago, I resolved to put in some forty or fifty thousand dollars between myself and the world by marriage, and you may be sure that I will not let this opportunity slip for any consideration. Helen must be mine."

Additional evidence of the fact that the young lady was under engagement of marriage soon came to the ears of Tilghman. This effect was to produce a closer attention on his part to Helen, who, greatly to his uneasiness, did not seem to give him much encouragement, although she always treated him with politeness and attention whenever he called to see her. But it was not true, as Tilghman had heard, that Helen was engaged to a young man in Columbus; though it was true that she was in correspondence with a gentleman there named Walker, and that their acquaintance was intimate, and fast approaching a lover-like character.

Still she was not indifferent to the former, and as she showed so strong a preference for her, began, gradually, to feel an awakening interest. Tilghman was quick to perceive this, and it greatly pleased him. In the exultation of his feelings, he said to himself—

"I'll show this Columbus man that I'm worth a dozen of him. The boldest wins the fair. I would give much for his engagement."

Tilghman was a merchant, and visited the east twice every year for the purpose of buying goods. In August, he crossed the mountains as usual. Some time, when they have home and go on a long stage, leave all the little cool breezes they may gather to have had behind them. Such a man was Tilghman. The moment he stepped into a steamboat, stage, or railroad car, the every-one-for-himself principle by which he was governed, manifested itself in all its naked deformity, and it was at once concluded by all with whom he came in contact, that let him be who he would, he was no gentleman.

On going up the river, on the occasion referred to, our gentleman went on the free and easy principle, as was usual with him when in public conveyance; consulting his own inclinations and tastes alone, and running his elbows into any and every body's ribs that happened to come in his way. He was generally first at the table when the bell rang; and, as he had a good appetite, managed, while there, to secure a full share of the delicacies provided for the company.

"Every one for himself," was the thought in his mind on these occasions; and his actions fully agreed with his thoughts.

On crossing the mountains in stages (this was before the railroad from Baltimore to Wheeling was completed) as far as Cumberland, his greedy, selfish, and sometimes downright boorish propensities annoyed his fellow-passengers, and particularly a young man of quiet, refined, and gentlemanly deportment, who could not, at times, help

showing the disgust he felt. Because he paid his half dollar for meals at the tavern on the way, Tilghman seemed to feel himself licensed to gorge at a bossy rate. The moment he sat down to the table, he would seize eagerly upon the most desirable dish near him, and appropriate at least a half, if not two thirds, of what it contained, regardless utterly of his fellow-passengers. Then he would call for the next most desirable dish, if he could not reach it, and help himself for a like liberal fashion. In eating, he seemed more like a hungry dog, in his eagerness, than a man possessing a grain of decency. When the time came to part company with him, his fellow-travelers rejoiced at being rid of one whose other selfishness filled them with disgust.

In Philadelphia and New York, where Tilghman felt that he was altogether unknown, he indulged his uncivilized propensities to their full extent. At one of the hotels, just before leaving New York to return to Baltimore, and there take the cars for the West again, he met the young man referred to as a traveling companion, and remarked the fact that he recognized and frequently observed him. Under this observation, as it seemed to have something sinister in it, Tilghman felt, at times, a little uneasy, and at the hotel table, rather curbed his greediness when this individual was present.

Finally, he left New York in the twelve o'clock boat, intending to pass on to Baltimore in the night train from Philadelphia, and experienced a sense of relief in getting rid of the presence of one who appeared to know him and to have taken a prejudice against him. As the boat swept down the bay, Tilghman amused himself first with a cigar on the forward deck, and then with a pipe made on the upper deck. He had already secured his dinner ticket. When the fumes of roast turkey came to his eager sense, he felt "sharpest" enough to have devoured a whole gander. This indication of the approaching meal caused him to dive down below, where the servants were busy in preparing the table. Here he walked backwards and forwards for about half an hour in company with a dozen others, who, like himself, meant to take care of number one. There, as the dishes of meat began to come in, he thought it time to secure a good place. So, after taking a careful observation, he assumed a position, with folded arms, opposite a desirable dish, and awaited the completion of arrangements. At length all was ready, and a waiter struck the bell. Instantly, Tilghman drew forth a chair, and had the glory of being first at the table. He had lifted his plate just as he turned partly around—"Here, waiter! Bring me some of that roast turkey." A side bone and a piece of the breast—when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the clerk of the boat said, in a voice of authority—

"Further down sir. Further down! We want these seats for ladies."

Tilghman hesitated.

"Quick, quick!" urged the clerk.

There was a rustling behind him of ladies' dresses, and an old gentleman felt that he must move. In his eagerness to secure another place, he stumbled over a chair and came near falling prostrate. At length he brought up at the lower end of the table.

"Waiter!" he cried, as soon as he found a new position—"waiter, I want some of that roast turkey."

The waiter did not hear, or was too busy with some one else to obey.

"Waiter, I say! Here! This way!"

So loudly and earnestly was this uttered, that the observation of every one at that end of the table was attracted towards the young man. But he thought of nothing but securing his provisions. He caught certain vegetables, and then began eating greedily, while his eyes were every moment glancing along the table to see what else there was to tempt his palate.

"Waiter!" he called, ere the first mouthful was fairly swallowed.

"Have you any oyster sauce?"

"No, sir."

"Great cooks! Turkey without oyster sauce! Bring me a slice of ham."

"Bottle of ale, waiter," soon after issued from his lips.

The ale was brought, the cork drawn, and the bottle set beside Tilghman, who, in his haste, poured his tumblers two-thirds full, ere the contact of air had produced effervescence. The consequence was that the liquor flowed suddenly over the glass, and spread its creamy foam for the space of four or five inches around. "Several persons sitting near by had taken more interest in our young gentleman, who was looking after number one than in the dinner before them; and, when this little incident occurred, could not suppress a titter.

Hearing this, Tilghman became suddenly conscious of the lady's robe figure he made, and gazed quickly from face to face. The first commencement of his eyes rested upon that of the young man who had been his stage companion; near him was a lady who had thrown back her veil, and whom he instantly recognized as Helen Walcott! She it was who stood behind him when the clerk ejected him from his chair, and she had been both an ear and eye-witness of his sayings and doings since he dropped his present place at the table. So much had his conduct affected her with a sense of the ridiculous, that she could not suppress the smile that curled her lips; a smile that was felt by Tilghman as the death-blow to all his hopes of winning her for his bride. With the subsidence of the hopes went his appetite; and with that he went also—that is, from the table, without so much as waiting for the dessert. On the forward deck he secured himself until the boat reached South Amboy, and himself left the boat, and pushed his way into the ladies' car, a species of self-denial to which he was not accustomed.

Six months afterwards—he did not venture to call again on Miss Walcott—Tilghman read the announcement of the young lady's marriage to a Mr. Walker, and not long afterwards met her in company with her husband. He proved to be the traveling companion who had been so disgusted with his boorish conduct when on his last trip to the east.

Our young gentleman has behaved himself rather better since when from home; and we trust that some other young gentlemen who are too much in the habit of "taking care of number one" when they are among strangers, will be warned by his mortification, and cease to expose themselves to the ridicule of well-bred people.

Do nothing against your conscience.

THE ICE TRADE.

The trade in this commodity, originally of small importance, has lately been growing with a rapidity peculiarly American. Wealth has increased in all parts of our country in an astonishing ratio, bringing with it, as necessary consequence, a more general desire for the luxuries of life; and wherever there is a demand for any article there is no lack of traders to supply it. If we look at our own city, for example, we cannot but remark the fact that the banks of the Schuylkill, where formerly there were but two or three ice houses, are now lined with them thickly from Fairmount to the Columbia Railroad Bridge, and there are also many others within the corporate limits. The river Schuylkill, which is frozen up every winter, is the quarry whence the dealers obtain their supplies; and the process of cutting and housing the articles is rendered the more laborious in that season a cautious and busy one. At the edge of the river elevated platforms, with blocks and tackle, are erected, with tracks conducting to their respective houses, and the various operations of cutting the ice with a saw, floating and dragging it to the platform, hoisting it up and sliding it thence into the vaults, attract crowds of curious spectators, all gratified with the sight except the skaters, whose amusement is spoiled thereby.

At New York and other large Northern cities the trade has grown into similar importance; but it is in the vicinity of Boston where it flourishes most, for the New Englanders, having always a superabundance of ice, have long been in the habit of exporting it to parts where it is scarce. They have thus reaped large profits by sending it to the tropical regions of America. So great, however, has been the growth of our own cities in population that in mid-winter the dealers are not able to obtain supplies adequate to the demand, and the stores in the Eastern ice houses are drawn upon to remedy the deficiency.

Perhaps the longest journey travelled regularly by cargoes of Yankee ice is that from Boston around Cape Horn to San Francisco. It is a fact, vouched for by a correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, that the enterprising downeasters are able to send ice to San Francisco, via Cape Horn, and sell it there on better terms than are offered by the dealers in Russian ice.

This latter commodity is described as of a superior quality, about twenty inches thick, clear, and beautifully transparent. It is obtained from Sitka, a place situated on an island of the same name, on the northwest coast of America, belonging to the Russians, and adjacent to the southern part of their possessions.

The Russian ice is sold by the Russian Consul to a company called the "American Russian Ice Company," and the vessels and men carrying it to San Francisco are not allowed to trade with the people of Sitka for any other commodity. There are about 400 inhabitants in the place, and considerable trade is carried on in furs.

It is somewhat curious, that the Russians have gone ahead of the bold and energetic Britons. Sitka is in the same latitude as the northern coast of Labrador; yet that Canadian or British trader has ever thought of rendering available as an article of commerce the ice which lies in immense quantities in that northern region? Ice is a dear commodity in Philadelphia during the present season, on account of the light crop of last winter, and the Yankee ice dealers at the East have so many customers for their ice that they can raise the price to suit themselves. It is evident that we cannot always depend upon this source to supply our deficiencies; and, in view of the great increase of our population as well as that of New York, it becomes us to look about for a source in case of necessity.

If Labrador could be rendered available for the purpose by the establishment of a settlement there, either by British Canadians or Americans, it would be of great use in supplying our own Southern markets with ice of a superior quality and in any required quantity.—North American.

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to the following subjects:

1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.
 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed toward others.
 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.
- I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken regard for any human being. I consider, too, that persons are cast into different moulds; and that to ask myself, "What should I do in that person's situation?" is not a just mode of judging. I must not expect a man that is naturally cold and reserved to act as one that is naturally warm and affectionate; and I think it a great evil that people do not make more allowances for each other in this particular. I think religious people are too little attentive to these considerations.—Simeon.

The following conversation took place some time since, in one of our county towns, between a gentleman and his major domo:

"Who is that driving the wagon down the street, do you know Henry?"

"Why! I do! master, it's Mr. WHAT YOU CALL 'EM SOX. You know him mighty well!"

SYMPATHY.—A very tender-hearted clergyman was walking arm in arm with a friend, one of whose legs was shorter than the other. Such was the sympathy of the clerical gentleman, and his natural politeness, that he hobbled quite as awkwardly as his companion, perhaps a little more.

GEORGE WILSON.

A few years since Mr. Galland was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary appearance, but whose fine intelligent eye fixed the attention of the gentleman as he lay inspired. "Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and learn him to read?" "Whose parents, you, and where do you live?" "I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the workhouse because they would not teach me to read." The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Now was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates, by faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary, after a while, that George should leave Mr. Galland, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room finished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in mathematics, in the French language and other branches. After being in this situation a few years, as he sat at a table with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France?" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation—"for what?"

"Ask Mr. Galland to tea to-morrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly. At tea time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French Government for the simplest rule of measuring plane surfaces of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to Hon. Lewis Cass, then our minister to the Court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, in the presence of the king and nobles, and plenipotentiaries, this American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, which he had clearly won, besides valuable presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, and took up a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefit of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias!

RECREATION NECESSARY TO HEALTH.—It is very generally recognized and admitted, that deprivation of air and exercise is a great evil; but it is not so well known that abstinence from occasional recreation or amusement is also an evil of no slight magnitude. It is, however, a primary law of the economy that no organ can maintain its integrity without regular recurrent periods of activity and of rest. In the case of the muscular system, if any muscle or set of muscles cease to be used, it wastes and disappears; but if it be used too much, it becomes strained, and loses its power. It is the same with the nervous system; if the brain be over exercised, its energy is impaired; but if it be over rested, its energy is exhausted. If, when a person takes a very long walk, he returns home fatigued, and finds that his muscles are temporarily thrown into a wrong or disordered condition; and if he continues this process of fatiguing himself every day, after a certain time he becomes thoroughly knocked up, and incapable of undergoing even a common amount of exertion. So it is with the brain. Man individual keep his attention upon the stretch for an undue number of hours, he experiences, at the expiration of his task, brain fatigue, loss of mental power, and a sensible necessity of rest; and if this individual perseveres, day after day, month after month, year after year, in subjecting his brain, without intermission or repose, to extreme fatigue, he will end by setting up a peculiar state, which is, un happily, excessive concentration in those times, and is known by the name of congestion of the brain. The activity of every organ causes a flow of blood towards itself. If a person raise his arm by the action of the deltoid muscle, that action or contraction of the muscle produces a determination of blood to its interior; and if a person think, the act of thought causes a flow of blood to the brain; but if a person think intently, this flow of blood is often very perceptible, for the head becomes hot, and a sensation of throbbing about the temples, or in the head itself, is experienced. Now, when a man undergoes too much brain work, a constant and considerable amount of blood to the head occurs, which may become chronic or permanent, and produce that condition which is called determination of blood to the head—a condition which not infrequently ends in apoplexy or paralysis. Congestion of the brain is one of the most prevailing diseases that torture humanity. It is especially rife in England and America, where the spirit of commerce, ruling the length and breadth of the land, piles up with one hand immense fortunes for the few, while with the other she scatters among the multitude consuming diseases.—Journal of Health.

CHATEAUBRIAND remarks, that one can never be the judge of another's grief. That which is a sorrow to one, to another is joy. Let us not dispute with any one concerning the reality of their sufferings; it is with sorrows as with countries—each man has his own.

Be more prudent for your children than, perhaps, you have been for yourself. When they, too, are parents, they will imitate you, and each of you will have prepared happy generations, who will transmit, together with your memory, the worship of your wisdom.

POPULATION OF THE GRAVE.

Under this head the Merchant's Ledger has some very curious and interesting calculations. It estimates the average of births per second, for the last eighteen hundred and fifty-three years, at about 815.—This would make the whole number of human beings who have lived since the birth of Christ, about thirty-two thousand millions. Deducting from this number the nine hundred and sixty millions, who form the present population of the globe, and it leaves the number thirty-one thousand and forty millions that have gone to the grave.

Of this number the estimate is that nine thousand millions have died by wars. Eight thousand millions by famine and pestilence. Five hundred millions by martyrdom. Five hundred and eighty millions by intoxicating drinks. Ten thousand millions natural or otherwise. By this estimate it will be seen that war and strong drink have sent one-third of the human race to a premature grave.

FRUIT LOVE.—Can any man lay his hand upon his waistcoat and conscientiously say, "Until I saw the present Miss Jones, I never was in love in my life!" Can any man say so? He is a poor creature if he can; and I make no doubt he has had at least forty-five first loves since he began to be capable of admiring at all. As for the ladies, they are, of course, put out of the question; they are fresh, no doubt; they never fail in love until mamma tells them that Mr. So-and-so is an amiable young man, and in every way eligible; they never flirt with Captain Smith at a ball; and sigh as they sit at home in bed, and think what a charming, dashy fellow he is; they never hear the young creature read his sermon so sweetly, and think he pale and interesting he looks, and how lonely he must feel in his curate's house, and what a noble work it would be to share the solitude, and soothe the pains, and listen to the delightful doctrine of so excellent a man; they never think of attaching themselves to any mortal except their brother, until he brings home a young friend from college, and says, "Mary, Tom Atkinson admires you hugely, and is heir to two thousand a year!" They never begin the attack, as I have heard; but their young hearts wait like so many fortresses, to be attacked and carried after a proper period of siege—by blockade, or by battery, or by capitulation, or by fiery escalade.

While ladies persist in maintaining the strictly defensive condition, men must naturally, as it were, take the opposite line, that of attack; otherwise, if both parties held aloof, there would be no more marriages; and the hosts would die in a bitter, unproductive inaction, without ever coming to a battle. Thus, it is evident that as the ladies will not, the men must take the offensive. I, for my part, have made in the course of my life, at least a score of chivalrous attacks upon several strongly fortified hearts. Sometimes I began my works too late in the season, and winter so suddenly came and rendered further labors impossible; sometimes I have attacked the breach madly, sword in hand, and have been plucked victoriously from the scaling-ladder into the ditch; sometimes I have made a decent lodgment in the place, when—bang! blows up a mine, and I am scattered to the deuce! and sometimes when I have been in the very heart of the citadel—ah, that I should say it!—a sudden panic has struck me, and I have run like the British out of Cartagena!—Thackeray.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN.—As the fleet steamer "R." was coming up the Mississippi, not long since, several way passengers came on board at Vicksburg, and among others a giant looking, middle-aged Kentuckian, who very soon became the subject of curiosity, wonder and general remark. After travelling a short distance, the party, except our "hero" made their way to the "Captain's office," and paid their fare to the place of destination. The next day, the clerk made bold to call on the delinquent passenger, who had taken no berth, but had passed the greater part of his time in his cabin, and with his usual urbanity of manner, asked the Kentuckian to give him his place of destination, as it would help him in making up his book, intending, his question also as a gentle hint for him to pay his fare.

The giant rose from his lethargy and replied:

"I'm going up the river a piece—it's all right, Mr. Clerk."

The clerk not being much the wiser from this answer, again politely asked—

"At what point do you intend to land sir?"

"Don't land at no point, Mr. Clerk. It's all right though."

How the clerk left our hero and went to consult the Captain, who at once lost his wonted good humor, as the clerk related the result of his interview with the delinquent customer. The captain proceeded forthwith to bring the matter to a focus, and accosted the Kentuckian, saying:

"How far are you going to bear us company up the river, uncle?"

"Oh! I am going a piece up with ye—but it's all right, Captain."

But, sir," said the captain, "you have neither paid your fare nor given the clerk your place of destination, and you are old enough to know the custom of steamboat men, that when a man refuses to pay his fare, or to give a good reason for not paying, we put him ashore immediately."

"Well, captain, 'spos 's your custom, but it's all right."

Here the captain lost his patience, and resolved to put him ashore forthwith, and accordingly ordered the pilot to land, and told him to make ready to go ashore, to which he very graciously replied:

"It's all right, Captain."

The boat landed, and the plank put out, the giant was told to walk to, to which he readily assented, saying:

"It's all right."

After getting on terra firma, the captain gave him a short blessing for giving him the trouble to land threatening him a tip-top dressing if he ever saw him again, &c. To which the old man responded again, with an air of triumph, pointing to a fine looking cottage just above him on the bank:

"It's all right, Captain; that's my house. It's all right."

PRIDE.—Pride is disgusting, if it manifest itself in contempt of others, even of the lowest. A careless, frivolous fellow, may deal in ridicule and contempt. Without respecting himself, how can he respect others? But a man who is conscious of his own worth, has no right to undervalue his fellow men.—Goethe.

THE SEASONS.

Hay and corn, and buds and flowers,
Snow and ice, and fruit and wine—
Spring and summer, fall and winter,
With their suns, and rains, and showers,
Bring, in turn, these gifts divine!

Spring blows, summer glows,
Autumn reaps, winter keeps,
Spring prepares, summer provides,
Autumn hoards, winter hides.

Come, then, friends, their praises sound:
Spring and summer, autumn, winter,
Summer, autumn, winter, spring,
As they run their yearly round,
Each in turn with gladness sing!
Time darts blestious as he flies—
Time makes ripe and Time makes wise.

A LOAFER'S SOLILOQUY.—"I wish I knew where to get a cent, I do. Just, if I don't emigrate to Kauschaka, to dig gold. Money's scarcer than wit; can't live by neither—at least, I can't. I'm an injured individual. Society persecutes me. I don't do society no harm as I know on. I don't rob widder's houses. I don't know widder's. I don't put the bath to my neighbor's lips. I ain't got no neighbors; and the fact is, I don't own any bottles. Couldn't fill 'em if I did. I'm an innocent man. N-b-dy can look me in the face, and say I ever hurt 'em—nobody; and yet I haven't a roof to lay my head into. My old landlady rated me—why I couldn't pay, and I left. Cause why?—ain't it better to awwal in a corner of the house-top, than with a bawling woman in a wide house? But I ain't got a house-top; and if I had, a corner wouldn't be safe to hold it."

"I'm a desprit man, I'll go to work if it wasn't for my excessive benevolence. I'm afraid of taking the bread out of somebody's mouth. Besides, wisdom's the principal thing; don't the good book say so? What's money to widder I ain't studying character? If a man kicks me because I can't pay for my hicker, ain't I getting under-standing?—ain't it a lesson in human nature! I'm told the world owes me a living. When is it going to pay, I wonder? I'm tired waiting."

LADIES RIDING SIDWAYS.—The honor of the introduction of riding sideways by the women in England, is attributed to Anna of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was (according to Stow) that originally showed the women of this country how gracefully and conveniently they should ride on horseback sideways. Another old historian, enumerating the new fashion of Richard the Second's reign, observes—"Ladies would ride with long trains and seats on sideways, on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anna, daughter of the King of Bohemia, who first introduced the custom into the kingdom, for before women of every rank rode as men." In the beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, Stoward appears to have committed to an anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine compositions sideways on her steed. That the lady should have been depicted riding in the male fashion might, it strikes us, have been inferred, without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having on her feet "a pair of spurs sharp."

DISCOVERY OF COVERDALE'S BIBLE.—A copy of the first complete edition of the English Bible, printed by Miles Coverdale, bearing date 1535, was accidentally discovered a short time since, in the false bottom of an old oak chest, at Hockham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. There are numerous imperfect copies of this edition of the Holy Scriptures in existence, two being deposited in the Library of the British Museum, one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, one in the Cambridge University Library; and in fact most of the great libraries and public institutions in England, as well as many private individuals, possess a volume. The copy now brought to light is the most valuable specimen of Miles Coverdale's labors hitherto known, being in every respect perfect, whereas all the other volumes enumerated are deficient in many leaves, both at the beginning and at the end. The proprietor, at Hockham, has had the book appropriately bound, and enclosed in an oak box, and it now graces the shelves of its magnificent library. A London bookseller is said to have offered \$500 for this biographical treasure.

HONESTY.—The man that would steal a pin, would perform the same operation upon a pickaxe, were it as easy of concealment. The man that steals not from fear of the prison, far outstrips the highwayman, for the latter has a good quality which the former lacks—courage.

Honesty in the heart is a natural, and not a cultivated plant. There are no gradations in roguery; all who overstep the charmed line of honesty bear the same stamp. Honesty is the half way house to piety, and 'tis there the fatigued way-farer, on his journey of competition, takes rest and refreshment. Honesty may be rugged for a season, but the sound heart that beats north the tatters feels a contentment for well dressed villainy as he passes, and a confidence in his own path. The man that makes not sacrifice in the cause of honesty, is but a bubble on the dirty water of roguery, that sooner or later bursts and forms a part of the filth.

BEAUTY.—Beauty is inexplicable; it appears to us a dream, when we contemplate the works of great artists; it is a hovering, floating, and glittering shadow, who-e outline eludes the grasp of definition. Mendelssohn, the philosopher, grandfather of the composer, and others, tried to catch beauty as a butterfly, and pin it down for inspection. They have succeeded in the same way as they are likely to succeed with a butterfly. The poor animal trembles and struggles, and its brightest colors are gone; or, if you catch it without springing the colors, you have at best, but a stiff and awkward corpse. But a corpse is not an entire animal, it wants what is essential in all things, namely, life—spirit, which sheds beauty on everything.—Goethe.

GROGGER.—Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say I keep the best groceries in the city. Editor—I'll thank you to supply my family with groceries gratis. Grogger—I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper. Editor—I thought you were glad to fill store-rooms for nothing. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Exit grogger in a rage—threatening to kill the paper.