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SELECTED STORY.

A LESSON TO MATCH-MAKERS.

BY A. B. SEAL.

"And these are your drawings, Josephine! dear me, how very clever you are!"

"Oh, that portfolio—these are mere trifles I painted in oils all last term. There's my music; after all! I could not think where Minny had put it."

"Did Minny do all your packing?"

"Every bit: she's the most amiable creature you ever saw. Madame Lausant wanted to change, and give me Ellen Lyons for a room-mate—but I wasn't going to hear that. She was so idle she could scarcely take care of herself—much more put the room in order. I never touched a thing. You've no idea how I've improved in music—do you play?"

"Only a little music that I like, those waltzes mother used to play years ago, and some songs."

"But don't you sing exercises, scales, and all that? I was in hopes you did, for I learned some charming duets with mademoiselle, and they'll be quite lost if you don't. I depended on it, Julia."

"I'm very sorry," began Julia deprecatingly, as she saw a shade cross the young beauty's face; but Josephine had already forgotten it in humming a favorite air, with an astonishing display of "extras," as she turned over her music.

"This is so lovely—from 'Sommambula'—la la la—ah ah ah ah ah ah ah—oh, how difficult that accompaniment is! I meant to have you accompany me—it's so tiresome to have to keep up instrumental practice. I was so disappointed to see that stupid old piano in the parlor still. I've set my heart on a new one."

"But I wouldn't change for a great deal: I love that old piano—it has given me so many happy hours—and I'm sure it's very sweet-toned yet."

"Yes; but such thin legs; and there ought to be another octave and a half—a great deal of my music is written so. Who comes here now? Do put up these musins, there's a girl, and just hang 'em up these dresses—"

"I did all my shopping in New York, thank goodness! Who comes in, did you say? Mr. Mitchell, of course, stupid as ever; talks law cases to papa, and brings mother a box of prunes New Year's Day; old Mr. Williams, and that inquisitive young Locke. How stupid everybody will seem after Albany!"

"Mr. Lawrence is not stupid."

"What Mr. Lawrence?" inquired Miss Josephine, sharply, knocking down a pile of school-books—lexicons and the like—in reaching for an apple.

"Father's partner."

"O dear, yes, I forgot! From Boston, isn't he? Why didn't you write me all about him?"

"You were coming home so soon—but he'll be here to tea, and you can see for yourself."

"To-night! It's well you told me—I was going down in this old wrapper, for I'm tired to death. You needn't hang up that blue muslin—here, these bows go so, just catch them on, won't you? How shall I wear my hair? Is he tall?"

As the looker-on could easily conclude, from the positions and dialogue of the Misses Wood, one was a beauty and a belle—the other, plain, quiet, and unobtrusive. They were engaged at unpacking, in a large, pleasant chamber; that is, Josephine dropped dresses, books, collars, portfolios and under-clothes, from the various trunks and boxes, strewing them round the carpet in almost hopeless confusion; while Julia in vain tried to fulfil her constantly conflicting demands, and bring something like order out of the chaos. It was well enough for Julia to sleep with the children, but now that Josephine was coming home "for good," from the Albany Female Seminary, one of the two best boarding-schools was prepared for her, which Julia was allowed to share. Josephine was her mother's favorite—her father's, too, for that matter; while only the children cling to Julia—and they were often permitted to tyrannise, as children will. But the bright, cheerful Josephine had all the spirit and brilliancy denied to her elder sister—and here was the secret of her popularity. Like most belles, she was careless and selfish—though good-naturedly so—and her sister was one of the readiest of the whole household to submit to her whims and caprices.

Julia had been educated at home, with the indifferent aid of Factoryville schools, and was indebted to quiet perseverance and an extended range of reading for the cultivation she possessed. The children were troublesome on the days she should have been sent from home; but on the pet of the family no pains or expense had been spared. She had a good voice, and a taste for the more showy accomplishments. She was allowed music and drawing, and even dancing lessons, to her heart's content. Mr. Wood had been troubled with conscientious scruples about dancing before this. So, with every talent for popularity, Josephine won it wherever she was. The servants flattered her, teachers praised her, school-mates looked up to her, and copied and quoted her. No wonder she was a little spoiled, and that she took precedence of her plain elder sister at home, as a matter of course.

Julia was not so exceedingly plain, nor so old, after all—in reality only nineteen, though so grave and quiet—and then her eyes, and teeth, and hair were good. But her hair did not curl, nor her teeth dazzle when she smiled, nor her eyes sparkle; but they had a deep, tender, quiet light and expression all their own, when she looked at you long enough

for you to notice it. She was staid—almost grave in her ways—with quite a motherly care over the children; and, every one agreed, "cut out for an old maid." We wonder how it chanced that neat drawers, orderly closets, careful habits, and a patient much-enduring disposition, should come to be considered as certain signs of a disposition towards single blessedness—when any one knows they are the qualities most needed in domestic life; and by the same rule of contraries, a gay, thoughtless, careless creature, bent on self-indulgence and the whim of the moment, is considered a fair candidate for matrimony.

As her toilet had commenced, Josephine could not be expected to attend to the affairs of unpacking any longer; and while she brushed, and rolled, and curled, and braided her dark, abundant hair, Julia—stall on her knees by the trunks—grew weary and flushed with stooping or lifting, or contriving places for the numberless articles in this heterogeneous collection; the bells condescending now and then to make a suggestion—very much in the tone of a command—and which was sure to give a great deal of trouble to no purpose.

Her sister remembered that the next day was Saturday, with its own burthenome share of domestic duties, and she would not have a moment to finish the task; besides, it was to her a matter of physical impossibility to sleep in a room so littered. So the tea-bell rang while she was pinning Josephine's collar, and searching at the same time among a pile of crumpled musins for a certain pair of under-sleeves. With her hair and dress in confusion, she was obliged to excuse herself; knowing at the same time, there would be no one to wait on the younger children, and keep them quiet. But Julia was accustomed to these little disappointments—signified by modern story-writers as sacrifices—and gave a most sincere glance of admiration at the light and graceful figure, as her sister left the room—so airy, yet so elegant, in the simple blue lawn dress and lace edgings.

"How Mr. Lawrence will admire her!" she thought, turning, with something like a sigh of weariness, to the pile of books she was transferring to shelves at the other end of the room. It was not until she had done anything was arranged to her satisfaction, and then she was summoned to see the children to bed; so that the evening was half gone before, work-basket in hand, she entered the parlor. She had heard Josephine at the piano, and expected to find Mr. Lawrence beside her; but no! only the family circle—Mr. Wood, as usual, with his back to the centre table, examining accounts at the old-fashioned "secretary"—as he invariably pronounced it; Mrs. Wood sat by the globe lamp, stitching away in industrious silence; and Josephine, with a not very amiable expression of countenance, made the poor old piano trouble with the heavy chords and octaves of a variation. She rose and came to the table as her sister entered, and commenced, rather sharply:

"I thought you told me there would be company to tea?"

"There generally is on Friday night, Josephine!"

"Well, you might have known, certainly, before you gave me the trouble of dressing! It's so provoking to take all the trouble for nothing!"

Julia's linen collar and cambric under-sleeves would have been just the same under any circumstances. She could not imagine the annoyance of looking one's very best, with nobody to see it.

"I'm sure your father was very much pleased to see how nice you looked!" Mrs. Wood said, emphatically, as if father's admiration ought to be quite a sufficient reward for any pains.

"Father! why, I don't believe he knows whether I have on a calico or a flannel dress!" and the red lips curled a little more than they should have done, as she glanced towards the stiff, square figure of the manufacturer, whose eyes were fastened—silver-rimmed spectacles and all—on the ledger before him.

Julia was sorry for her sister: she knew, from long and lonely experience, that their evenings at home were by no means gay and social. Her father was always absorbed in a review of the business of the day, or reading the latest day newspaper; and as Mrs. Wood was one of those who "cannot work and talk too," they generally had a quiet sewing duet until half-past nine, when prayers came as the close of the evening, and then to bed—to commence the next morning with the same unvaried, monotonous routine. How many families there are, in which the cheerful evening hours are thus made but a lengthening out of a day of toil and busy care. How much better for the health of mind and body, to "work while the day lasts," and devote this time to relaxation, reading, conversation, lighter employments that do not interfere with these: so that not only home is made happy to its inmates, who have something to look forward to at the close of business hours, but becomes attractive to a pleasant circle of friends from without, who will add variety to the chat or the incident.

Josephine had no work: she borrowed her mother's scissors, and commenced snipping the damning cotton with which Julia was repairing a very large, family-looking basket of stockings, and yawned, and wished somebody would come in. A faint tinkle of the door-bell, a stamp of somebody's feet on the door step, heard distinctly through the open window, seemed a response to the aspiration. Julia neither looked up nor down, but commenced running a very large "thin place," as composedly as before; but her sister smoothed her curls, and shook out her dress, with kindling eyes fixed on the parlor door, which opened slowly to usher in—Mr. Mitchell.

"Of all people!" thought the mortified beauty. "The same tiresome, prosy, stupid old bachelor!" She was quite disgusted by the alacrity of her father's salutation, and prepared herself for the very same remark he had used on all vacation visits, and which he evidently intended as a joke. It came accordingly.

"Dear me, Miss Josephine, how you have grown! Almost a young lady, I declare! Well, are you finished yet?"

She wondered how Julia could listen so patiently to his ponderous civilities, delivered in the same measured manner, and half smothered, droning voice, she could remember ever since her earliest recollection—for Mr. Mitchell had been her father's friend and groomsmen, and had made it a point to visit the family once a week ever since. "Julia might talk to him for all she cared!" and with sudden interest she became deeply absorbed in the fashion article of a two-months' old "Lady's Book," not so entirely, however, that a second ring did not call an eager flush of expectation to her face.

It was a much lighter step, and a much more agreeable tone of voice, that sounded in the passage. Josephine was convinced, before the visitors entered, that Mr. Lawrence had come at last; though now she did not condescend to notice his entrance, until her father said, with quite an unusual bustle of introduction for him:

"My second daughter, Josephine, Mr. Lawrence."

"My daughter Josephine" condescended to give a very rapid but scrutinizing glance, as she knew, of the acquaintance: the result of which was, that Mr. Lawrence was neither tall nor short, handsome nor plain—but rather stylish in comparison to the Factoryville beaux generally. He had whiskers, and wore gloves. His hand was certainly in contrast to the broad, uncovered knuckles Mr. Mitchell was exhibiting on the work table. He did not say much to Julia, beyond enquiring for her health, and asking how she liked the last book he had loaned her. He seemed more particularly interested in the children, enquiring of Mrs. Wood if Johnny had recovered from his fall, and how Sam got home from the woods the night before, and whether he would come to have her tooth out yet. He was a great favorite with Mrs. Wood, that was plain; and as Mr. Mitchell continued devoted to Julia and the darning cotton, the belle gradually found herself putting forth all her powers of fascination for the benefit of the newcomer. Mr. Lawrence spoke of the last "Art Journal." "Did he draw?"

"A little—he sketched from nature; and Miss Wood?"

Her mother answered that question with a prompt "Oh, of course! Josephine, my dear, why don't you get your drawings, and show them to Mr. Lawrence? He would like very much to see them."

Miss Wood was sure she could not think of troubling him with such childish affairs, and the end of it was that Mr. Lawrence devoted the whole evening to the fair artist, over the portfolio and piano forte—for he was also very fond of music.

As for Josephine, her listlessness had all vanished. She smiled, she chatted, she sung and played her very best, and talked herself to sleep after the visit was over, admiring Mr. Lawrence, and pronouncing Julia very stupid not to do so.

Poor Julia! How did the sleeping beauty know that? She did admire Mr. Lawrence more than any man she had ever met. She never knew how much until this evening, when he had scarcely spoken to her, and she had found time, between Mr. Mitchell's studied remarks, to listen to his clever repartee, or watch his animated face, as he listened to Josephine's songs. She had expected him to admire her sister, and had thought what a relief it would be to the city bred young lady to find so agreeable a person almost domesticated with them. But he need not have been quite so much engrossed, she thought, as to forget to ask if she would like the second part of "Hazlitt's Table Talk"—which she did want very much. However, it was only natural, perhaps: she was so plain and quiet, Josephine so full of life and animation. She was so beautiful, too—and gentlemen always cared for beauty above everything else; yes, she was very beautiful—for Julia turned and looked at that fair face nestling in the pillow near her—the lips so red and full, the cheek dimpling with some pleasant dream, and the dark lashes shading it so softly. No wonder every one admired and loved her; and with a feeling of almost motherly fondness, Julia bent over and kissed her forehead, and then, with a soft, blessing her in her heart.

Mr. Lawrence sat in the family pew at church, and walked home by the young ladies, very naturally, after service. Josephine looked more charming than ever in the simple but elegant white crape hat, with a few blue harebells near the face. And the floating, wavy flounces of her bareged dress were so becoming to her figure. Julia felt almost clouded in the Dunstable straw, with its plain sat-in ribbons, and the white dress, now in its second season. She saw the many admiring glances Josephine received, and gradually fell back, taking little Mary's hand, and leaving them to walk on alone. They certainly did look very well together, and Mrs. Wood thought so, too: from that moment it became "a match" in her mind.

Everything favoured the growing intimacy of the young people. For once the course of true love seemed to run as smooth as heart could wish.—They practised together, and Mr. Lawrence looked over and corrected Josephine's drawings. Mr.

Wood always made his young and influential partner welcome, and he steadily resisted all the efforts of his senior to entice him into talking business after business hours. Perhaps this was one reason why—Wood liked him so well. There were various parties given during the fall and winter, in honor of Josephine's return; and Mr. Lawrence was their escort, as a matter of course, Julia seeming more in the light of a chaperone, than needing one.

Of course all the Factoryville belles grew very jealous of the newcomer.

"She put on so many airs, as if nobody had ever been at boarding-school before!"

"She dressed so much more than poor Julia!" said another.

"And is determined to monopolise Mr. Lawrence!" added an amiable trio. But none of these things moved the young lady herself: she was tasting the intoxicating draught of general admiration, and she had no time to bestow on distant competitors.

Spring came on again, and the family gathered more in the sitting room, leaving the parlor, by tacit consent, to the lovers, as they were generally supposed to be. Mr. Wood had talked it over with his wife, and concluded it would be an excellent arrangement, as far as business was concerned.

"A son-in-law would feel so much more interest than a stranger."

And Mrs. Wood thought she might as well give Julia a hint about leaving the parlor occasionally, or being engaged sometimes when a walk was proposed.

Poor Julia! she took it meekly, as she did all her mother's instructions. She confined herself more than ever to the family mending, while Josephine trifled with caubric ruffles and a gold thimble. It was quite right in her eyes that when but one of them could have a new shawl, Josephine should be that one; or when Mr. Lawrence invited the young ladies to ride, mother should wish her particularly to oversee the baking. She began to think she would like to have the wedding over soon, and that she would be an old maid, as every one predicted, after all. Indeed, she told Mr. Mitchell so, when to her utter astonishment, he proposed to bestow on her the honor of his hand and name. Mr. Mitchell received it very calmly; said that perhaps it was the most sensible way of living, after all; and he hoped she would not think of mentioning their little conversation. He need not have uttered the last piece of advice; but by the time she reached home alone, she had begun to wonder whether she had not dreamed the whole interview, so improbable did it appear.

Her mother stopped her on the stairs, to say she was very late—the dressmaker must have kept her a great while; they were through tea, and Mr. Lawrence had asked "father" if he could see him alone a few moments that evening. "So you see it isn't just as I said!" Mrs. Wood added triumphantly; "and I only wish Joey was at home; she's at your aunt's, and won't be here before night."

Julia was glad to hear it—all of it; she did not wish for any tea, and she wanted to be alone in her room. She was glad she knew Mr. Lawrence was going to propose—she could think it all over.

Poor Julia, once again. She did not seem very happy, after all, as she untied her bonnet, and sat down on a low sewing chair by the open window. She was not jealous of her sister's happiness, but she envied her the power of winning love and sympathy. Her own lot seemed so lonely and unvaried. The round of household duties—the constant and almost imperceptible tax upon her time, and strength, and energies, as the elder sister of a large household—the want of cheerful companionship, especially when Josephine should be in a home of her own,—it was this that had made the visits of Mr. Lawrence so pleasant at first; he had given her an interest out of herself, described what she herself had felt in speaking of their favorite authors, which neither her father nor mother even knew by name. Before Josephine came he had almost seemed to like her. Only a month ago, he came to tea with her one evening, and asked her how it was he saw so little of her now; and he offered her his hand so kindly. Sometimes she was sure she had seen him look towards her from the piano, as if he was sorry she was so dull and lonely—but then he was so kind to every one. How happy Josephine would be with such constant love and watchful care. How could she speak so lightly of it? No longer ago than yesterday she said in that very room, with a toss of the head: "Mr. Lawrence need not think himself so very sure of her, after all—he was not the only man in the world!"

She heard him in the hall below inquiring for her father, and started as she thought how soon she would be called upon to welcome him as a brother. She was "very nervous," she said to herself—her walk had been too long. She must have been—for when she tried to think only how very beautiful the trees looked in the garden below, silvered by the moonlight, which seemed to call out the faint breath of the just opening filices, a mist of unbidden tears hid it from her view, and laying her head on the window seat, she sobbed like a tired child.

Her father's voice, calling "Julia—Julia!" from the sitting room door, recalled her to herself, after a miserable hour. She had been so absorbed that she had not even heard Mr. Lawrence go out; but of course he would bring Josephine home from her aunt's, and she must prepare to meet and congratulate them. It was very foolish in her to feel so—

she ought to be very thankful she was going to have Mr. Lawrence for a brother. She descended the stairs slowly, nevertheless, that her eyes might have all the time she could gain, to recover their usual hue—so slowly that her father came to the door again, as if to send up another impatient summons.

Mr. Wood made few prefaces. Perhaps it was just as well.

"I suppose you knew Mr. Lawrence came to see me to-night?" he began, abruptly.

"Yes, sir."

"And not on business, either—that is, not concerning the factory. I must confess I was surprised."

"I was not, sir," said Julia, looking up, and trying to speak cheerfully.

"Not surprised? He assured me he had never mentioned the matter to you!"

"He never has, sir—but it was very easy to see it!"

"Bless my heart!" broke in Mr. Wood, abruptly, "your mother and I always thought his attentions were directed to Josephine!"

"Yes, sir, to Josephine."

"And wanting you all the while! Well, I must say I never courted your aunt Jane, when I wanted to marry your mother!"

"Oh, indeed you are mistaken—it is Josephine! he never speaks to me."

"He says he can never get a chance, and that's why he came to ask me if we had any objection to his addressing you?"

"Oh no, sir—indeed it was Josephine! I always left—"

"Indeed it was not, little sceptic!" and before the poor child could think of an escape, or what it all could mean, she was for the first time in her life alone with Mr. Lawrence—Mr. Wood considerably leaving the argument in his hands. He seemed to have brought forth most convincing proof that he knew his own mind—for in an incredibly short space of time Julia had changed her opinion, and came to the conclusion that she would not like to have him for "a brother" at all.

"But you always walked with Josephine?"

"Because you always left us."

"And you sang with her?"

"You never would touch the piano after she came. You know I always liked your ballads better than opera songs, that were never written for the parlor."

"But she is so pretty!"

"And you are so good, and so unselfish, and so dear!" he said, clasping the hand that he held more closely. "What shall I do or say to convince you that it is you, and not Josephine, I want for my wife?"

ably. Why? Because it was not begun right.—A young professional man, whose probationary period of study has been spent in pleasure rather than in hard reading, complains that he cannot succeed. Why, again? Because he has begun right either! A stock company blows up. Still why? Ten to one, the means employed were not adequate to the end, or else it was started with inefficient officers, and in either case it was not begun right. Two young house-keepers break up their gay establishment, the lady going home, perhaps, to her father's, taking her husband with her. Why? They did not begin right, for they commenced on too large a scale, forgetting that the expenses of a family increase every year, and that, in no event, is it safe for a man to live up to his income. An inventor starts a manufactory, in which his improvement in machinery is brought into play; but after a while he finds himself insolvent; his factory is sold; another rears where he has sown. Why? Also! like too many others, he has undertaken more than he has means to carry through; he did not begin right; and his ruin was the consequence.

But, above all things, life should be begun right. Young men rarely know how much their conduct, during their first few years, affects their subsequent success. It is not only older persons, in the same business, form their opinions of them at this time, but that every beginner acquires, during these years, habits for good or ill which color his whole future career. We have seen some of the ablest young men, with every advantage of fortune and friends, sow the seeds of ruin and early death, by indulging too freely in the first years of manhood. We have seen others, with far less capacity, and without any backing but industry and energy, rise gradually to fortune and influence. Franklin is a familiar illustration of what a man can do who begins right. If he had been too proud to eat rolls in the street when he was a poor boy, he would never have been Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France.

Always begin right! Survey the whole ground before you commence any undertaking, and you will then be prepared to go forward successfully. Neglect this, however, and you are almost sure to fail. In other words, begin right. A good commencement is half the battle. A first step is almost certain defeat. BEGIN RIGHT!—Public Ledger.

GOD'S TENDERNES.—How soothing in the hour of sorrow, or bereavement, or death, to have the countenance and sympathy of a tender earthly friend! My soul! there is one nearer, dearer, tenderer still—the friend that never fails, a tender God. By how many endearing epistles does Jesus exhibit the tenderness of His affection to His people! Does a shepherd watch tenderly over his flock? "The Lord is my shepherd." Does a father exercise fondest a fondness towards his children? "I will be a father unto you." Does a mother's love exceed all earthly types of affectionate tenderness? "As one who his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Is the apple of the eye the most susceptible part of the most delicate bodily organ? "He keeps them as the apple of the eye." He will not break the bruised reed. "When the shepherd and bishop of souls" finds a sinner like a lost sheep stumbling on the dark mountains, how tenderly he deals with him! There is no look of wrath no word of upbraiding; in silent love "He lays him on his shoulders rejoicing." When Peter falls, he does not unnecessarily wound him. He might have repeated often and again the piercing look which brought the flood of penitential sorrow. But he gave that look only once; and if he reminds him again of his three-fold denial, it is by thrice repeating the gentlest of questions, "Lovest thou me?" The gentlest earthly parent may speak a harsh word betimes; it may be needlessly harsh, but not so God. "He may seem, like Joseph to his brethren, to speak roughly; but all the while there is love in his heart." The furnace will not burn more fiercely than is absolutely required. A tender God is seated by it, tempering the fury of its flames.

COFFEE.—A correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, dating near Rio Janeiro, on the 11th of July, gives some interesting facts relative to the cultivation of coffee. He says:

The plant has been known in Brazil for many years; it is about forty years, however, since the first regular plantation was made by Mr. Moke, a Belgian, who brought the cultivation of coffee to great perfection.

The skin contains a vast amount of saccharine matter, and successful attempts have been made to extract from it sugar and spirit; but either through poor machinery, or other mismanagement, it was found to be unprofitable, and the experiment was abandoned. The skin is exceedingly sweet, almost as much so to the taste as the sugar cane.

The coffee plant can be propagated from the seed, but the most prevalent method is by young plants, which may be had by the thousand on old plantations. The young tree is taken off in August—generally when it is about two years old—and planted in good soil. The fourth year it bears coffee, and the fifth year, it commences to bear regular crops, the yield being from a pound and a half to three pounds per tree. Trees have been known to last for many years on good rich soil, and some on Mr. Moke's plantation are still bearing which were planted thirty years ago, on hill sides, however, where the soil is light, the plant decays in the course of eight or ten years. The picking season has already commenced, and in the lowlands it generally concludes by the end of August; among the hills, however, where there are frequent showers, and where there is much shade, the season does not close until some time in September.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALWAYS BEGIN RIGHT.

We once knew an old friend, who had but one piece of advice to young beginners: it was, "If thou'll only begin right, all will go well." We have often thought that there was more in the recommendation than even the good Quaker saw, for there is scarcely any thing to be done in life to which the adage, "begin right," will not apply.—Success is but a synonyme for beginning right.

Who, for example, is the healthiest, the earliest riser or the sluggard? It is the man who begins the day right, by leaving his bed with the sun, and inhaling the fresh air of morning, not the one who remains till eight or nine o'clock, in a close chamber, sleeping a dull, stupefying sleep. Who gets through his day's work the easiest? The early riser. The man of business, who is at his store soonest, is always best prepared for the customers of the day, and often, indeed, has sold many a bill before his laggard neighbors are about. Sir Walter Scott used to have half his day's writing finished before breakfast. A shrewd observer has said that a late riser consumes the day in trying to recover the hours he lost in the morning. Mind and body are both freshest early in the day. The lawyer should think, the minister study, the author write, the valetudinarian walk or ride, and the mechanic or farmer be at work as early as possible.

Nor is this all. The great bulk of enterprises that fall over their ruin to not having been begun right. A business is undertaken without sufficient capital, connexion, or knowledge. It ends unfavor-