

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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WHOLE NO. 97.

SELECTED STORY.

SOMETHING DIVINE.

I do believe that neither quinine nor saline draughts were so effectual in curing me of the marsh fever which prostrated me in Rome as the good little stories my excellent Doctor used to tell me. One of his best was about a servant-maid.

Maria, the heroine, was the daughter of a farmer; but became, at a very early age, the servant of a sculptor of some celebrity in his day, named Pulci, who had removed from Florence to Rome to court inspiration in the Metropolis of Art, for a great work. He was a grave, serious man; and, after having instructed Maria in the duties required of her, retired within himself, and allowed her to do pretty much as she liked; so that she governed his little household in her own way. She was a comely girl, of quiet manners, and soon became a favorite with all Pulci's visitors. The engraver Savorini was struck with love at first sight for her, and offered to make her his wife; but she replied calmly that she had engaged with Signor Pulci to be his servant for three years, and could not think of breaking her engagement. "I will find a substitute," said Savorini. "I cannot be replaced," she replied. The engraver called her a Proserpine of pride; and his courtship ended for the time.

Master Pulci was busy with an important group; the subject being Religion leaning upon Science and Art—an allegory which Italians are fond of developing. A though not a first-class sculptor, he still occupied a full rank to bring him in contact with all the celebrated artists of the day, who used to come from time to time to his studio. Maria was often called in for one purpose or another, and listened greedily to their animated discourse on genius and its consequent fame. From the very first she began to feel yearnings after earthly immortality. A year, however, passed before a definite plan succeeded to her vague impulses.

One day Pulci invited some of his friends to dinner, Savorini amongst the rest. The meal was taken in the studio, and the conversation naturally turned upon art. All spoke enthusiastically; for all were Italians, and were deeply devoted to their various departments. Savorini, who still retained a strong sentiment for Maria, and perhaps wished to dazzle her (she was moving quietly to and fro performing her usual duties; but listening to all that was said with respectful attention) rather exaggerated the dignity and the privileges of the profession to which they all belonged. Kings and emperors, the Pope himself, he said, ranked below great artists; and it was better to have produced that Diana—pointing to a clay model, which Pulci had just finished—than to guide the councils of nations. "I place my art," he added, "not quite on an equality with yours, Signor, but I own no superiors except you; for I also feel that I have a spark of something divine within me."

He talked much in this strain, being excited by the good Laetitia Christi and by the presence of Maria. Although the girl admired what he said, she in no wise set it down to his account in the way he would have desired. She looked upon him only as an interpreter of truth, and went about the room—and backward and forward between it and the kitchen—pondering whether she had not also a spark of something divine within her. "Yes, I have it," she said at length. As she said this, she pushed against Angela, an old dame who had come in to assist her in her duties, let go the dish that held the stewed prunes, and broke it, splashing the rich red juice over her own white stockings. "Are they quite spoiled?" inquired Savorini. "She gave him a familiar push, as if she was removing one of her father's heirs out of her way. "Let her alone!" cried Pulci. "We must not punish her for her accident. She has not chipped a statue or a model since she has been with me."

"I would rather break one of my own limbs," she exclaimed. "Brava!" cried they all; and, after complimenting her, they went on talking of their art, as cheerily as if they had not been disappointed of stewed prunes. Meanwhile, Maria became more and more convinced that there was a spark of something divine within her.

From that time she began in secret—in her own little bed-room—to endeavor to produce some of the forms of beauty that filled her mind. The clay became life-like in her hands; and, in a very short time, she almost started with surprise at beholding a lovely countenance looking out from the unformed mass which she had placed on her window-sill. A natural fear of being ridiculed and repressed, prevented her from confiding her projects and her studies to her master. But her secret was too troublesome to be kept entirely to herself. At first she thought of the engraver Savorini; and possibly it would have been well had his honest love then found favor in her eyes. But the remembrance of his rough gallantries made her fearful of confiding in him. There was Caterina, the daughter of Angela; but, when she came to gossip of evenings, all her talk was about the handsome cavaliers who looked at her in church—impious men—and followed her home, trying to talk nonsense. This was not a proper confidante; so she chose my old doctor, Corona, who had attended her in an illness, and had won her confidence by his benevolent manners. She went to him, made him promise secrecy as if she had been going to confess a murder, and revealed that she felt the power to become a great artist.

"My fame will fill the world," said she. "But will it fill your heart?" "That is all already—of hope."

He saw that she did not come for advice but encouragement; and he encouraged her. He would have preferred had she told all to Master Pulci; but that artist, though good and kind, had something cold and satirical in his manner. "He will never believe in me," said Maria, "until he sees that I can do something. He is not a man of faith. Besides, who will admit genius in the person that cooks one's dinner? These hands that have made so many messes can do nothing but spoil marble, he will think."

"She must take care," thought Corona, "not to deceive herself as to the motive that makes her unwilling to communicate her ambition to her master. If I mistake not, she hopes to dazzle him."

But the Doctor was mistaken. Maria's whole being was, from that time forward, devoted to art and art alone. It is true that she did not fail to perform her household duties; but she did so mechanically, and, if Master Pulci had been anything of a gourmand or a fidget, he would have found daily grounds of complaint. However, matters went on very well; and neither he nor any one else ever suspected that the girl had turned her bed-room into a studio, and that she was robbing herself of sleep in order to make up for the hours necessarily lost in the day-time. Savorini alone noticed that her cheeks grew pale, and that her eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliancy. "Her soul is wearing out her body, Doctor," said he to Corona. The doctor assented sorrowfully, without daring to betray the secret.

Maria afterwards said that her life seemed to have begun only from the time when she perceived the presence of the "divine spark" in her. All the former years faded from her remembrance. Her imagination became filled with beautiful forms. Her ears were ever open to catch words of instruction from her master, or his visitors. Her eyes greedily devoured the models that surrounded her. She took Pulci's books, one by one, to her room and learned all that they could teach her. Whenever she went forth, it was to some church, or to the Vatican, to admire the achievements of the schools.

At length she felt herself sufficiently prepared to attempt original productions, and she began to model a statue of Minerva. A practised hand would probably have produced a result as good as hers in a much shorter time; but she was ignorant of routine, and many accidents retarded her work. However, as time proceeded, the figure grew under her hands; and day by day, the consciousness of her own genius increased within her. Her determination was to send the figure to the annual competition for the prize—secretly—in order that she might hear the impartial opinion of the judges. The difficulties in her way were immense. But she overcame them all; and, when one day Master Pulci was absent, some porters, sent by Dr. Corona, came and took away her model. Thus it was removed to the exhibition hall without accident.

Maria entered with the crowd on the appointed day, and contrived to place herself near to her statue. Her ambition did not extend to winning the prize. All she dared to hope was to escape ridicule. But her astonishment was indescribable on perceiving by degrees all the connoisseurs collect round her Minerva, and begin to speak enthusiastically in its praise. The judges stood before it in their turn. There was an unanimous cry of admiration. Her heart swelled mightily within her, and it was with difficulty she could repress her pride and exultation. These came to their height when the prize was unanimously given to her statue; and a cry began to exclaim, "Let the sculptor of the Minerva declare himself!" It then struck her—in her confusion—that a woman had no right to compete, and she hastened away unperceived.

Her object, however, was gained. She was now sure that she had not deceived herself by a false idea of her own merit; and she saw in the future a long series of triumphs. Doctor Corona, who had watched her, followed and complimented her. Even he had not dared to admire her work until public opinion had crowned it. He went with her to the studio of Pulci; and there she threw herself on her knees before her master, and confessed the truth. He at first thought she was mad; and it was not until Dr. Corona confirmed her statement, that he could believe that his servant-girl Maria had won the first prize of sculpture by the unanimous vote of the first artists of Rome!

The news soon spread through the city and Savorini came hastily to compliment the young artist. She allowed him to embrace her, and listened gratefully when he said, "She must be at once raised from her menial capacity. It is impossible to deprive the arts of this wonder." He did not repeat his declaration of affection; but he seemed to claim a right to watch over her future fortunes. Pulci at once agreed to look out for another servant; but Maria refused to quit his house. "I will superintend everything still," she said.

The three supped together pleasantly that evening; and Savorini began the well-known etching which represents Maria sitting at the feet of her Minerva, pausing in her work to admire it. Next day, all the elite of Roman art came flocking to hail their new comrade. For some months, indeed, the fashionable society of the city talked of nothing else but this pleasant story; and it became a popular opinion that Maria would equal or surpass the greatest masters. There was some exaggeration in this. The causes which would have made them refuse to acknowledge her talent, before her public triumph, induced them to magnify it now. It

seemed so extraordinary that a servant-girl from the Campagna di Roma could do anything, that people began to suppose nothing was too great for her to perform. Even old Nosotti, Maria's father, undertook a journey to Rome for the purpose of seeing his daughter, and looked in at St. Peter's by the way. She received him with delight; but shook her head when he suggested that she might now marry farmer Raimondo. Savorini, who was by, ventured a hope on his own account, and he whispered something in her ear. She smiled faintly; and, giving him her hand, said; "If you ask me again in six months I will say yes!" He did not understand.

The truth was, that the divine spark was burning too fiercely within. In vain Dr. Corona exerted his art and endeavored, moreover, to wear Maria for a while from the studio. The hectic flush and the brilliant eyes proved true prophecies.

The Minerva was the only work of the servant Maria; who died on the twelfth of May, eighteen hundred and one.—*Household Words.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence of New York Observer.

ZURICH.

Aug. 18. To-day I have been exploring Zurich, a city famous in the history of the Reformation and dear to every Protestant heart. Here the exiles of England, when Bloody Mary was on the throne, found a hiding-place from her bitter persecutions. Here the first entire English version of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale, was printed in 1535. From my window I see the cathedral where Zwingle, the soldier of the Reformation who resisted unto blood striving against sin, once thundered the wrath of heaven upon the abominations of the Church of Rome. Here is the house yet standing in which he passed the last six years of his noble life. The clock of St. Peter is now striking. This church had for its pastor for twenty-three years the celebrated Lavater, author of the work on Physiognomy. He was born here, and in the door of the parsonage which I visited to-day, he was shot by a brutal soldier, when the town was taken by the French in 1799. He had given wine and money to his murderer but a few minutes before; and though he lingered for three months, he refused to give up the name of the assassin to the French commander, who desired to punish the atrocious deed. I plucked a flower and a sprig of myrtle from his grave in the humble church-yard of St. Anne, where a simple tablet to his memory bears this inscription: "J. C. Lavater's Grave. Born 15th Nov. 1741. Died Jan. 1801." In the town library of 45,000 volumes, a admirably arranged, is a fine marble bust of Lavater, and also of Pestalozzi, with portraits of Zwingle and many other reformers. But I was more interested in reading several manuscript letters in Latin, by Lady Jane Grey, Joanna Graia, addressed to Bullinger. The beautiful execution of the writing, the quotations in Greek and Hebrew, the spirit they breathed, and the fate of their lovely author, gave them all but sacred interest in my eyes. Here, too, I read in his own Bible the family record of Zwingle and his wife Anna Bullinger; and I saw many Greek and Arabic manuscripts which I knew that Dr. Raffles or Dr. Sprague would give a heap of guineas to get. But why should I make a catalogue of the curious things I have looked up in Zurich? It is said that the sunset view of the city, valley, lake and mountains is not surpassed by any scene in Switzerland. I had been so busy in these old and interesting scenes, that the day was gone before I knew it, and as we walked out to climb the hill, from which the view is to be had, I feared the sun had already set. Part of the old rampart of the town remains, an elevated mound which has been tastefully laid out with walks and planted with shrubs and flowers, for a botanical garden. On the summit fine shade trees stand, and here is one of the most beautiful promenades in the world. The sun was half an hour high, and just as we reached the hill-top it began to come down from behind a dense cloud, like a mass of molten gold distilled into a transparent globe. Its liquid form appeared to tremble as it came forth; but the face of nature smiled in its returning beams. The nearer summits first caught the brightness, and then the more distant, invisible before, now stood forth in their majesty, shining in the sunlight. Below me lay the lake like a silver sea. And all along its shores and far upon the hill-sides, thousands of white cottages and villas, the abodes of wealth and peace and love, sweet Swiss homes, rejoiced in the sunshine, as they sent up their evening psalm of praise from ten thousand happy hearts to God. A hundred years hence our valleys may be so peopled; but we have none now like this; for a thousand years the hill-sides have been tilled, and all these acres, wrested from the forest, and subdued by the hand of industry and art, have been planted with corn and wine, neat and many splendid mansions have been reared in every nook and on every sunny slope, and now on all sides the panorama seems to present the very spot where learning, religion, taste and peace would delight to find a refuge and a home. It is now sunset in the valley. The lake is dark. The last ray has played on the spire of St. Peter, and the Minister. But the dome of the Dodi still gleams in the sun, and the far-off glaciers of Glarus and Uri are reflecting his lingering beams.

IRKS.US.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

A CHINESE ROMANCE.

In some Chinese romances and tales, we find a considerable share of wit as well as sentiment. From one of these, Voltaire has not disdained to borrow one of the best stories in his "Zadig." A disciple of the sect of Taoists, or Doctors of Reason, while meditating among the tombs, observed a young lady seated by one of them, eagerly employed in fanning the structure. On approaching the spot, and seeing her in tears, he ventured to ask whose tomb it might be, and why she took such pains in fanning it? The lady, with great simplicity, replied—"You see a widow at the tomb of her husband; he was most dear to me, and he loved me in return with equal tenderness. Afflicted at the idea of parting with me, even in death, his last words were these—'My dearest wife, should you ever think of marrying again, I conjure you to wait, at least, until the plaster of my tomb be entirely dry; after which you have my sanction to take another husband.'"

Now," said she, "as the materials are still damp, and not likely soon to dry, I thought I would just fan it a little to assist in dissipating the moisture."

"This woman," thought the philosopher, "is in a monstrous hurry;" and having recently taken to himself a beautiful wife, he hastened home to apprise her of the adventure.

"Oh, the wretch!" she exclaimed, "what an unfeeling monster! How can a virtuous woman ever think of a second husband! If, for my misfortune, I should ever lose you, be assured I should remain single for the rest of my life!"

"Fair promises," thought the philosopher, "are easily made; but we shall see." He suddenly became dangerously ill; a tender scene occurred; the lady vowed eternal remembrance, and repeated her resolution to remain a widow to the end of her days. "Enough," said the philosopher, "my eyes are now closing for ever;" and so saying, the breath departed from his body. The desponding widow, with loud lamentations, embraced the lifeless body, and held it locked in her arms. Among the mourners who assembled on the melancholy occasion, was a youth of fair exterior, who said he had come from a distance to place himself as a pupil under the deceased sage. With great difficulty he procured a sight of the widow—she was struck with his appearance. She saw him again on the following day; they dined together, supped together, and exchanged tender looks and expressions. The youth was half-smitten, the lady wholly so, and a marriage speedily agreed upon. The youth, however, previously demanded three conditions, one of which may suffice for our notice: it was that the widow should forthwith turn out of the house the unsightly coffin that contained the remains of her late husband. The lady readily consented, and the coffin was sent into an old shed at the bottom of the garden.

Preparations were now made for the marriage feast, but the bridegroom was suddenly seized with convulsions and fell on the floor. The bride was desired by his domestic not to be alarmed, for that these fits were not unusual, and that there was a cure for them—the only and certain cure—the brain of a man recently deceased—taken in warm wine.

"Oh," said the lady, "my late husband has been dead only a few days. Get me a hatchet, and I will go myself and open the coffin and take out the remedy."

Thus fortified, she posted away to the bottom of the garden, and striking a blow with all her might—behold! the lid flew open, a groan was heard, and to her great horror, the dead man rising up, very coolly said—"My dear wife, lend me your hand to get out!"

The unhappy inamorata, finding all her intrigues discovered, and unable to survive her shame, hung herself to one of the beams. The philosopher found her, and having satisfied himself that she was quite dead, cut her down very coolly, and having repaired his own coffin, laid her in it, fully determined never to take another wife.

STRENGTH OF SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Talk of salt beef and pork, dried fruits, and pemican, as much as you please; after all, nothing keeps so long and well, as the eternal habits of our youth, and some of the impressions of early education.

We saw and heard a man the other day, who had recently travelled in this his native land more than eighteen thousand miles, had visited many climes and countries of Europe and Asia, and spent the better part of his life in the bosom of Turkey. After all this, when he returned to this country of his birth, and rose up to speak among the hills, where he had learnt his vernacular upon his mother's knees, and in the Yankee school house, we recognized the old prominent twang in his English. His pronunciation was so violent of the same rich flavor, as when he first left his mountain home. It had survived the jargon of savage tribes, and the seductive company of the most musical dialects of Europe and the East, and came back with him again to the United States, with all its original strength, but natural, and unsophisticated music. It was entirely its own, not borrowed from any foreigner under the sun of any other latitude. The broad and honest mother tongue and tone, had stuck to him like a burr amid the roar of the Atlantic, and the corrupting gibberish of many strange languages. He had carried away a score of years ago the singular dialect of the village where he was born.—He had brought it back again safe and round, and now one would not know, to hear him, that he ever had departed from his father's farm.

Truly, nothing keeps so well as our early habits

and idioms of speech, and suffers so little from contact with foreign elements. Would that the print of early moral and religious lessons on the heart could be preserved as well, amid our journeyings round the world!—*Newark (N. J.) Sentinel.*

JOB, THE SANDWICH ISLANDER.

Job is a native of Molokai, one of the Sandwich Islands. He is now an old man. Grey hairs cover his head, his face is deeply furrowed, and his form stoops with age. When he was a child, the missionaries had not come to these islands. No one told him about God, and he grew up in ignorance and vice. At this time he was a worshipper of idols. Great abominations used to be committed in this worship, such as it is a shame even to speak of. In these abominations he took an active part. The chiefs also used to employ him to do their sinful work, and he shrank from nothing, however loathsome and cruel. You are shocked when you hear of a murder, and wonder that any one can be so hardened as to commit it. It was a part of his business to commit murder. He would do it with as little reluctance as a man here kills a wild animal. He killed those who had never harmed him, and who had done nothing worthy of death. Whenever the chiefs wanted any one to be put out of the way, they knew where to find an instrument bold and pitiless enough to do the base and murderous deed. One who would perform such acts for others, would not be slow to perform them for himself. He had shed a great deal of innocent blood. There was not, perhaps, a more wicked man on the island.

The Gospel at length made its way to Molokai, and multitudes have become the joyful disciples of the Saviour. Amongst the earliest of these was Job. When he first listened to it he trembled; for it brought to view his sins. But it told him also of the pardon of sin through the blood of Christ, and assured him that Jesus would not turn away the very chief of sinners. He found this to be true, and became a humble, meek, and zealous follower of the Lamb. Blessed Gospel, that works such changes!

It was with great zeal that Job entered on the new life. He had served Satan till his strong form was beginning to bend under the burden of years. He had done his evil service. He now wanted to serve his new Master as faithfully. He felt that he had a work to do, and he at once commenced it. His path became the path of the just, and has been shining more and more, as it has been drawing towards the perfect day. Yet it was not great powers either of mind or body that he had now to bring to the service of the Saviour. He had not much learning, he was not eloquent. He did not possess great talents. But the love of God was shed abroad in his heart, and this love constrained him to act. He seems also to be growing more diligent and active, as he approaches the end of his course.

HOW THEY GET MARRIED IN NORWAY.—A new book of travels in the north of Europe, contains the passage annexed:—

The interior of the church is painted white, with some gilding here and there. Immediately under the pulpit, which is entered from behind by a staircase out of the church in a sort of vestry-room, is the altar, round which a double railing runs; one close to it, as in our churches, the other reaching out a long way into the church, inclosing a considerable space. Within this space the public were not admitted, but the whole bridal party sat there round by the outer railing. During the ceremony, two immense candles were kept burning on the altar, which was covered by a white linen cloth. On this cloth, where it hung over the rails, garlands of fresh flowers were fastened, and on that part of it which was on the floor of the church, little bouquets tastefully arranged in patterns, were plentifully strewn. It was on this spot that the bride and bridegroom had to stand during the greater part of the ceremony. When the time was come, the minister preceded the party from the vestry, into the space before the altar. He was dressed in the old starched ruff which one sees in portraits of divines of Queen Elizabeth's time, and wore a long black gown, without sleeves, meeting in front, and enveloping the whole figure. After all the bridal party had taken their seats, the ceremony began by the singing of a hymn by the choir. The organ was playing, and the choir singing as at an ordinary service. The priest then knelt down for a short time before the altar, with his hand resting upon it, and his back turned to the congregation, as in Roman Catholic churches. When he rose, the bride and bridegroom also rose, and, coming forward, stood upon the flower-strewn white linen cloth, while the minister delivered a long extempore exhortation to them. He was remarkably fluent, and most impressive in manner; but it must be a most awful part of the ceremony for the poor young couple, who have to stand there—all the rest of the party sitting round in a circle—for a mortal half hour, the observed of all observers. Toward the close of his exhortation, the old priest, ceasing to address the young people, turned solemnly round to where the elders of the party were sitting, and addressed them in such affecting terms as to draw tears not only from the bride and young and old ladies present, but also from a tender-hearted little German tradesman of the place, who stood next to us and wept copiously.—We had bought a few things from him in the morning, and seeing us in the church, he had come up to us, and very obligingly explained everything we wished. I heard afterwards that the marriage

exhortation is always considered to demand a careful display of oratory on the part of the pastors, who, unless they can draw tears consider it a failure. After the exhortation, the minister, taking a book, asked questions of the bride and groom, to which they bowed the head in answer; the bride then pulling off her right-hand glove, and taking the hand of the bridegroom in hers, they knelt down, and the old pastor laying his hand on theirs, thus clasped, pronounced them man and wife; and then placing his hands alternately on each of their heads, prayed for them, and pronounced blessings on both of them. This and the preceding part the old man did in a simple, impressive manner.—The couple then returned to their seats, and after the intoning of some prayers by the priest, and the singing of another hymn by the choir, the whole thing concluded by the old man giving three sweeping bows to the congregation on three sides of the church, and marching out. We met him afterward in the street, trotting along in full canonicals, in the middle of a number of the bridal company, laughing and joking, evidently the life and soul of the company.

CONVALESCING REMINISCENCES.

Many of our readers will no doubt peruse with a peculiar interest the following lines, dictated by a friend from a sick-bed. We hope it will not be long ere our friend is fully restored to health:

N. O. Pic.

OFF THE ROADSTAD OF HEALTH, Aug. 26.
Dear Pic.—I have been cruising for several days in the beautiful Bay of Convalescence, touching at the various islands of Gratitude which are so delightfully situated, and where every thing that meets the eye brings gladness to the heart. My little bark has been dreadfully shattered since I parted company with you; she was struck by a sudden and terrific gale (a chill) and for a time I doubted if she would be able to right herself; she however came up handsomely, and then surged off into the prevailing epidemic.

Memories came to me of hot mustard baths and quantum of essential oil. For a season there was a struggle between heat and moisture, the blood continued quickening in its courses until it ran one burning stream from the throated citadel of the heart; there was no throbbing; the pulses were consumed and the all of life was concentrated in one all-absorbing, all conscious feeling of an inward, burning, liquid, lake of fire. Even the thoughts, as they presented themselves, were burned up, and this one feeling, which has no companion, alone remained. Exhausted nature sought relief in sleep; hours passed on and I awoke to new trials; I found that twenty grains of quinine and forty drops of laudanum, intimately mingled, had joined their forces to do battle with the enemy. For a season it seemed doubtful whether they would scatter the fever or the patient, but the fever yielded and the patient became as one living nerve, conveying the feeblest sound with notes of thunder. The almost noiseless step of the nurse seemed like the tramping of a host, and the almost breathless whisper with which the parting injunctions were given to the watchers, for the twentieth time, by the lips of affection, seemed like a regiment of kettle-drums. At length all was still; the watchers were asleep and every thing was quiet. Days passed away, and then came that utter exhaustion, that perfect debility, that nervous weakness which defies all description, when the simple lifting of the hand to the mouth excites the perspiration and affects the breathing. For this there is no remedy but time.

After remaining eight or ten days in the quiet waters of Patience and Resignation, indulging in chicken both and beef-tea, with now and then a refreshing brandy-toddy, I weighed anchor and took my departure for the Port of Health, where I hope soon to arrive and exchange friendly salutations with thee. Yours, faithfully,
VALIN.

COURTESY.—Courtesy is a distinguishing feature of civilized and intelligent society. It is the most beautiful illustration of the refining power which a higher development of humanity always exerts upon our race. By courtesy is meant that behavior of man toward man that he would ask for himself. It is but a part of the mode of carrying out the great Christian precept which lies at the base of order and harmony among men; "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." That this precept which implies courtesy is divine, as is all moral truth, is proven by our common appreciation of its fitness and beauty. Do what we may in life, the wheels of society can never move smoothly and well, where the spirit of courtesy does not actuate the thoughts and deeds of man in his intercourse with man.

We copy one sentence from the obituary notice of a Scotch schoolmaster recently deceased: "He taught Latin so thoroughly, made his pupils interpret out every particle of the meaning of the authors whom they read so punctiliously, was so severe on a bad construction or a false quantity, that to learn Latin from him, though it was only Latin, was to be disciplined in accuracy and research on all subjects for the whole of one's life." Classical teachers, stick that passage on the inside of your desk lids.

1495. "When Cranmer married his first wife, being reader then of Buckingham College, he did put his wife to board in an inn at Cambridge; and he resorting thither unto her in the inn, some ignorant priests named him to be the ostler, and his wife the tapster."—*Southey's Common-place Book.*