

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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WHOLE NO 102.

SELECT POETRY.

LINES.

BY M. E. M.

'Tis sweet to mark at evening hour
The lamp gleam forth from distant tower,
And know its light is kindled thus
By one who for thy sakes is true.
The sweetest love there is an eye
Will list our coming step to hear;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye
Will brighten when it sees us near;
To know there is a kindred heart
Will sink in sorrow when we part;
'Tis sweet to soothe the mourner's pain
With whisper'd vows "we meet again."
'Tis sweet to hear our vigil broke
By the shrill clock's expected stroke;
Whose warning summons, slow yet true,
Proclaims the hour of interview.
'Tis sweet that meeting hour to while
With broken phrase and speaking smile,
And question kind, and mute reply.
Or glanc'd in look, or breath'd in sigh,
And fond reproach, that not the less
Springs from the soul of tenderness.
Then, while the time glides swift away,
And leaves a thousand things to say,
Sweet the impatient thrill we feel
O'er all our fluttering senses steal,
That prompts our hasty tale to tell,
Ere forced to sever with "farewell."

But love may die, grow cold or change,
Or yield to arts that faith estrange!
Then what a dull and dreary day
Succeeds when all has passed away!
O weary doth the spirit seem
Of one who wakes as from a dream;
Who sees the lamp extinct above,
Or lighted for another love;
Who sees no more from kindling eye
The radiant glance of welcome life;
Who feels the meeting hour now glide
In silence down time's darkened tide;
Whose heart is lone, whose hope is fled,
Whose ardent feelings all are dead.
To spirit thus forlorn of mood,
The world is "peopled solitude."

SELECTED STORY.

THE JOURNEYMAN'S SECRET.

[FROM THE DIARY OF A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.]

"You can take this case," said the foreman; "here is a stick—here is some copy; and if you would like a quiet and steady partner, you will find this gentleman still enough in all conscience." The "partner" merely looked up and faintly smiled in acknowledgment of the foreman's compliment, and kept on with his work, while the foreman turned away to attend to something else. We worked on steadily until dinner, as we were in a hurry to get the paper out, without exchanging a word, or even a look. In the afternoon, I had more leisure to study the physiognomy of my neighbor. He was a young man of about three or four and twenty, with handsome features and a rather intellectual cast of countenance. His face was quite pale, and the raven darkness of his hair, eyes, brows and eyes, made me immediately come to the conclusion, after thoroughly studying his physiognomy, that he was a hard student during his leisure hours, or that, depriving himself of the recreation of books, or other sources of enjoyment, he spent all his waking hours at the case. The latter supposition time proved correct.

As day after day passed away, I became acquainted with him; and I found him to be a singular character. Beneath his stand he had constructed a kind of a closet; which contained a spirit lamp, a mattress, with bedding, a few cooking utensils, and a small stock of the plainest kind of food. When the hours for meals arrived, he would light his lamp, and putting some food over it to cook, would work until all the rest of the hands had left the office, when he would sit down to his frugal repast. He worked incessantly during work hours, hardly leaving the office, unless to purchase food, or upon some errand of that kind. Morning, noon and night, when I returned from my meals, I invariably found him at the case, working away with all his might as if some great issue depended upon the improvement of every minute. I expressed to him my surprise at his habit, and he said that he was always at work when I returned in the morning, I could not positively assert that he did so. I am not very garrulous, especially when employed at the case, and as he would not first address me, I would not speak to him; so while the fun and joke were passing round the other cases, we were silent as the grave. I was not long in discovering that there was some mystery connected with him, and that his intense application to labor was not prompted merely by a desire to make money; for if there is anything in phrenology, judging from the formation of his head, he was the very one whom I would have selected from a score for a spendthrift. Occasionally his cheek would flush, his eyes light up, and a happy smile overspread his features; then the smile would go away, his eyes would fill with tears, while an expression of sadness—almost despair—would seat itself upon his countenance. I have been tempted a thousand times to ask him the cause of this, but as he appeared so cold and isolated, I refrained from doing so, as it is not pleasant proffering sympathy unasked.

"Well, how do you like your neighbor?" asked one journeyman of me, as we were descending the stairs one evening.

"I can hardly make him out," said I; he appears to be a strange sort of being. You are better acquainted with him than I; how do you like him?" "For my part I hate him, and what is more, he has not a friend in the whole office. That fellow has been here for three months, and he has hardly spoken to any one. A man who makes such bills as he does, and spends up his money like a miser, I have very little friendship for. We wouldn't any of us care so much if he would be a little sociable, and spend a dollar, or even a dime occasionally; but no—every five-cent piece he gets he hangs on to as if he was afraid the eagle on it would spread his wings and fly away with it, doing him out of a five-cent piece. But he can't stay here long. We have insulted him a dozen times; and he has less spirit than I think he has, if he don't resent it some day. We'll get him into a quarrel then, and have him discharged."

"But," said I, "do you know anything about his history? He may have some all absorbing end to accomplish, which is the cause of his untiring assiduity. You should have a little charity for the fellow, and taking Crockett's motto, 'be sure you're right before you go ahead.'"

"No, we know nothing of him; and if circumstances are as you suppose, it will be his own fault if they are discovered too late, for we have tried often enough to scrape an acquaintance with him. You had better not take up on his side if you do not wish to incur the displeasure of the whole office. Good night."

I had some charity for the fellow, and was resolved to see him righted should he get into a difficulty. I soon saw that he was very unpopular, and that I, as I felt rather disposed to make allowances for him, was considered his friend. Many were the jokes cracked at our expense. Whenever the "Quaker corner" (as the place occupied by us had been dubbed) was mentioned, a universal titter ran round the office. These little things irritated me some, but as I was not the principal object at whom these arrows were aimed, I resolved to forbear and let him be the first to speak.

"I say, fellows," said a rowdy looking customer, who went by the name of Zeke, "do the Quakers ever have a camp meeting?"

"Yes," answered another, "they have a camp meeting over there in Quaker corner every night. That fellow camps out upon the floor every nap he takes."

"Well," said another, "I've heard of boarding at the market house and sleeping on the bridge, but I never saw an illustration of it before."

"Wonder if they wouldn't take in boarders?" asked the first speaker. "I'll see if they don't want the rules and regulations of the house printed. If they do, I'll board out the bill."

I glanced at my neighbor to see how he bore this ridicule. His face was flushed and his lips firmly compressed, as if to choke down the rising indignation. But he said not a word. I fancied, however, that he picked up the type faster than usual.

Things could not go on this way much longer, for as God-like a quality as forbearance is, it cannot hold out against every thing. I saw that a storm was gathering, and prepared to act my part as a man when it burst forth.

It was Saturday afternoon; the hands were ranged around the "stone," with their bills in their hands waiting to be paid off. "Quaker" happened to be at one end of the "stone," and immediately opposite him stood "Zeke." As usual "Quaker" was the "observed of all observers," and sly whisperers, which were answered by a titter or a nudge of the elbow, passed around the group. As the foreman paid "Quaker" the amount due him, he gave him a new quarter dollar to make out change. This did not escape "Zeke's" eye, and he said in a tone loud enough to be heard by all—

"If that eagle on that quarter had life, and I were a State prison convict, I would 'nt swap places with it, for my confinement would be far preferable to being squeezed to death."

This was the hair that broke the camel's back. With the exclamation, "You scoundrel!" he made one bound, and with a stunning blow, brought "Zeke" to the floor. Then jerking off his coat and placing himself in a fighting attitude, he turned to the astonished group with "come on, now, cowardly ruffians; if you cannot let me alone peacefully, I will make you do it by force. I have borne your insults long enough, and if you have any more to offer come on with them!"

This challenge was sufficient. Coats came off and sleeves were rolled up in a minute. I saw that my friend would be apt to get the worst of the fight, and forcing him into a corner, I exclaimed: "Gentlemen, one word, if you please! I would be cowardly for you all to attack this man; I will not see it done. And if you will attempt it, I have something here (tapping my breast significantly) that will stop it. He is not to blame; he has only resented an insult, which any of you would have done. You have insulted him because he has conducted himself strangely; let him explain his conduct, and perhaps we can make up our quarrel.—He owes you an explanation—if not to you, he certainly does to me. And now, sir, said I, turning to him, "I demand it of you as a right."

He hesitated a moment. "Come, my friend," said I, "let us have it, whatever it is, and at once put an end to this quarrel!"

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "I am not disposed to lay my private affairs open to public gaze, but I suppose I must do it for once. You must know, then, that from my earnings I must not only support myself, but my mother, two sisters and three

small brothers, who reside in a distant State. I could earn enough at home to support them well, but my reason for coming here is this: One of my sisters, who is now a beautiful girl of sixteen, and the pet of the family, has been blind from birth. We had no hope of her ever acquiring the faculty of sight, and were content to abide by what we thought a dispensation of Providence. But recently I have seen a case similar to hers—a young man—who was restored to sight by an eminent physician of Paris. I have corresponded with that physician, and he has high hopes that in my sister's case he can effect a cure. This, gentlemen, is what I have been laboring for since I have been here—to raise funds sufficient to take her to Paris. I love that sister as I do my life; I have labored day and night—have deprived myself of many comforts, and borne your taunts and jeers for her sake. But I can bear it no longer. If you are men you will desist; if you do not, I warn you of the consequences!"

"Zeke," had risen to his feet and heard all my friend had said. As he listened to the "Quaker," I could see the moisture coming to his eyes; and when he had finished, he stepped forth, and grasping "Quaker's" hand, while the tears trickled down his face, he said, in a voice quivering with emotion—

"My noble fellow, we have wronged you deeply, and I, for one, ask your forgiveness. Had you but told us what your object was, we would not have placed a single obstacle in your way."

"I forgive you freely, sir—I forgive you all," said "Quaker."

"And how much have you to raise yet," I asked, "before you will have the requisite sum?"

"About one hundred and fifty dollars. If I have my health and continue to make good bills, I shall be ready to start to Europe in about two months."

"You want leave to wait that long," said "Zeke" laying the money he held in his hand, upon the stone, "if my week's wages, every cent of which you're welcome to, will help you along any. Come boys," he added, "how many of you will follow suit?"

"Well, there's mine," said Jim, laying an X upon the pile, "and mine," and mine, said a dozen voices, as each had deposited an equal amount, until they had made quite a pile of bank bills.

"There, stranger, take that, and may God prosper you," said "Zeke," tendering him the money.

"No, gentlemen," answered the "Quaker," "I thank you for your liberality, but I cannot take your money. I am no beggar; all I ask is that I may be allowed to do my work without being disturbed."

"But you must take it," urged "Zeke," growing warm, "we owe it to you, and you shall take it. We've done you a great wrong—we've abused you, we have no other way of making amends. Besides, if you don't take it, it will be spent before Monday morning, and I know that for my part it will be much pleasanter to commence the week with the consciousness of having appropriated my money in a sensible way, than with the foggy head, aching limbs, and empty pocket, which always follows a 'free and easy.'"

Still the stranger hesitated. "Take it—take it for your sister's sake," said two or three voices.

"I accept it, gentlemen," said the "Quaker," "as you say, 'for my sister's sake,' and I hope to be able some day to return it, principal and interest."

"Quaker" left for Paris shortly after; and in a few months we had the satisfaction of hearing that his sister was completely restored to sight, and that they were on their way home.

I have heard from him several times since. His lines have been drawn in pleasant places, and he is now a judicial functionary in a neighboring State (Kentucky).

GHOST STORIES.—There is a foolish and pernicious practice with some people, of relating stories to young children to excite alarm and terror. If it was only foolish or unreasonable, it might not justly call forth strong expressions of censure. Yet, even in such case, the practice had better be discontinued and condemned as quite improper. Stories to arouse curiosity and excite inquiry, if the subjects tend to utility, are certainly proper and commendable. But the common tales of Blue Beard and giants, of spectres and ghosts, are extremely injurious to their influence and effects. Unfounded and absurd notions are received, that serve only to terrify, and which, even by correct knowledge afterwards received, cannot be entirely subdued or eradicated. It is in vain to reason against them, or to oppose to them the knowledge derived from natural philosophy and the sciences. I have known men of great learning, who were unable to get rid of early but unreasonable fears, produced in childhood by the stories of nurses or illiterate parents, and who are always occasionally under their unhappy influences, though their sober judgment told them they were fictitious. Let children be taught that the great Creator has impressed laws on all things, which operate uniformly; and that they are in safety when they behave well and have a reverence for that great and good Being. They should be taught that ghosts and apparitions are wholly fanciful; that all the spectres they need guard against are guilty fears; and if they are virtuous, these will never haunt them, nor ever exist.—Godey's Lady's Book.

A word cuts deeper than a dagger, and the wound is longer healing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EAST INDIA JUGGLERS.

East India correspondent of the "Post," gives the following account of a recent exhibition of the jugglers in the East who seem to have lost none of that skill for which they long since became famous.

"In Madras are found, in perfection the celebrated Eastern Jugglers. Groups of them are daily at the hotels upon the arrival of a steamer, to exhibit their wonderful feats and receive rupees. Snake-dancing, sword swallowing, fire-eating, tumbling, &c., are shown to the crowd who search for amusement. With some others, I hired a party to exhibit on the verandah of the hotel, and I am quite assured of their superiority over all other magicians, professed or amateur, in the world. At the time assigned, they were on the spot arranging their implements preparatory to great wonders and marvelous deceptions. While thus preparing, I took a cheroot from my case, the more readily to find out everything about what was to go on, and searched among the circle of passers for a light. Perceiving the desire, one of the jugglers came to me, went through a pantomimic request to regard his face attentively, and commenced blowing like a pair of bellows.

Much to my surprise a slight stream of smoke issued from his lips, and finally a pointed jet of flame, shaped as gracefully as a gas light, and extending two inches in my direction, which he kindly placed at my convenience. I availed myself of it by lighting the cigar, expressed my obligation and also a desire to examine intrinsically so polite a salamander. I opened his mouth, looked in, looked around and felt outside, but I could not discover any cause for the sudden and appropriate conflagration. But the magic was about to commence and I forgot my friend with the portable furnace in other wonders, less individual, perhaps, but quite as mysterious. They danced cobra capellos, opening their flat heads to show them sound in fangs and venom bags, and made them perform a variety of poses. The snakes danced in a circle, kept admirable time with the music, and exhibited the date Europeans. A handful of sand taken from the road was made to mark every corner, and finally to produce a shovelful of every variety by a simple manual operation.

Plants grew perceptibly, balls danced in the air, swords, hooks, jagged pieces of iron and steel were used like sounding-leads to penetrate abdomens; eggs made birds and birds made rabbits, and rabbits in their turn underwent various transformations; common cotton balls moved at command, going away an immense distance, but returning on the ground very obediently, until we were completely tried up and turned inside out ourselves with amazement and credulity. Then came the great feat of the greatest juggler in India; the most notorious and wonderful of all descriptions and "for this night only." The performer, the leader of the party, had rested quietly with his wife and child outside of the circle, watching the entire proceedings of his men, and noting the general effect upon the assembly. At the conclusion of announcement proportionate with his dignity and elevation, he stepped in the enclosed space to give a grand finale to the whole performance. Taking the child, a little boy five or six years of age, from his mother, despite her tears and entreaties, he signed the attendants to procure the required implements for his feat, directing their arrangement and position according to his mind.

A large basket six or seven feet deep, made of straw, was shown to the spectators, that they might assure themselves of its being a basket without any addition or improvement—simply a basket of straw, very common in all parts of the world. Inverting it, after the diligent investigations of the entire party, he stood his little boy in the centre of the circle and covered him with the basket like an extinguisher on a candle. The room allowed the little fellow an upright and apparently comfortable position. We were permitted to see him under the basket and to satisfy ourselves of his being there without any doubt.

A naked sword having received an equally close examination, was placed in the man's hand, and the feat commenced. Assured of the child's concealment under the basket, of the keenness and validity of the sword, we waited in silent horror for his next proceeding. There was no table with its apartment, no trap in the basket, nothing but the hard stony floor, and no confederate near him.—Taking the weapon in his hand, he waved it in the air, muttered a jargon and commenced a series of rapid thrusts through the basket, making the point penetrate every time the opposite side, down into the basket, and all over it until it could hardly support its own weight from mutilation. It was perforated like a sieve.

A cry came from the interior, and a stream of blood began to trickle from under it along the stony floor on to the feet of the spectators. Cries of horror pierced the air, the mother ran shrieking to the basket to seize her horribly gashed and bleeding boy! She overturned it—no child was there, nothing but a pool of blood. Every body looked wiped and relieved, while the juggler coolly wiped the blood from the sword blade. Suddenly bursting from the middle of the group of observers the little fellow came running to his mother, unhurt, unharmed, and a pretty smile on his brown child-like face. Taking hold of her hand he seemed to ask the cause of her tears, and began fondling her

in affectionate sympathy. It was a trick—a deception—a humbug. But how to explain it. I saw the child under the basket a moment before the thrust; I saw the sword; its plain iron handle, no shelter for the keen sharp blade; I stood on the same stone floor upon which rested the basket. I watched the whole carefully while the sword passed around—there was no refuge in the basket, there was no confederate, no mantle, no trap-door. The noise of the straw was distinctly heard at each thrust; the blood was there, and yet at the end the child came from the crowd and quite alive! I was within six feet and could not understand it; perhaps you who were farther away will be more successful. But isn't it a point or two in advance of Alexander, Blitz, and those men?

THE HIGHLAND COTTIERS.

[The following story of a Highland eviction is very simple, but very touching.]—"Many poor crofters or cottier tenants lived on the estate of Knoydart, in Glengary, owned by Mrs. MacDonnell. For a long while the crofters, for the most part, have been unable to pay their rents, and many of them were in heavy arrears. To clear the way for a more profitable class of tenantry, the proprietress resolved to clear the estate; but in order that the crofters might be placed in circumstances which, in her judgment, would be for their benefit, she offered them a choice of emigration to America or Australia, undertaking to engage a vessel at her own expense, to provide them with suitable clothing, to let them sell their little stock, and forgive them all arrears of rent. The proposal appeared to be accepted by the crofters generally, and they preferred Canada to Australia, a colony of Glengary men having been established there for half a century. A vessel was then engaged and sent to the Isle of Ormsay, in Skye, where the emigrants were to be shipped, but when the hour of trial came, about sixty persons, who had agreed to the terms of removal, refused to leave their crofts, and the vessel had to sail without them, taking out two hundred and eighty emigrants in all. In these circumstances, summons of removal were served on the refractory crofters and cottars, but they were unheeded. Notices to quit in forty-eight hours were then given, and these also failed in effect, the legal officers were instructed to eject the people. They met with no forcible resistance. First, the little furniture the crofters had was taken out. The officers, with their assistants, next proceeded to unroof the cottages, and then to pull down the mud walls. The scene now was truly a painful one. So long as there was a hope of being left with a covering over their heads, the cottars were comparatively quiet; but now that they were homeless, many of them became frantic with grief, and were driven to seek shelter in some of the neighbouring quarries, where some are now living, and others among the caves of the rocks with which this wild district of the Highlands abound. The crofters who were on the poor roll were allowed to remain, but the others are all scattered. The weather has been fine since their ejection, and thus far they have been supported by the benevolence of their poor neighbors, and what little they can do at fishing; but an unseasonable frost is now upon them before long, there can be little doubt but starvation will ensue; the wives and children are most to be pitied. They all admit that their proprietress was liberal in fulfilling her engagement; and they seem conscious that they are legally in the wrong; but they cling to the home of their fathers with desperate tenacity, and judging from their conduct in preferring ejection to emigration, and the strong feeling which they show, it is clear that they look on their case as one of expatriation." It is said, as an excuse for Mrs. Macdonnell and others who act like her, that sheep walks and shooting grounds are more profitable than farms with peasants; but it is a mean policy that refuses to improve men, and strives only to increase cattle.

APPLICATION.

If young persons enter into their various pursuits with becoming ardor, and steadily persevere in a course of diligent application, it is impossible to foresee the eminence to which they may attain. Difficulties, which timidity and indolence would deem insurmountable, are overcome; and knowledge in all its variety, and with all its honors, advantages, and pleasures, is rapidly and effectually gained. Among the students who obtained classical honors and distinction in a late examination at the University of Oxford, in England, was a Mr. Seymour, who, notwithstanding the disadvantage of blindness from his infancy, was placed in the highest class but one. Let no youth despair.

Humility is not the pliant, supple thing that the superficial suppose it to be. Columbus was humble, when refusing to sacrifice to the ridicule of the multitude the belief which he deemed providentially given, that a new world awaited his adventurous fleet. Luther was humble, when, lifting up the Bible before the Imperial Diet, he refused to recant, and stood boldly upon the ground of the New Testament against royal threats and Papal anathemas. Paul was humble, when, at Athens, and before Agrippa, and at Rome, he boldly professed his allegiance to Christ, and confirmed his allegiance at last under the executioner's sword. What, indeed, is humility, but the surrender of man's will to the Divine will—a surrender that may give proof of itself, now in lowly penitence and prayer, and now in bold confession and heroic daring?

It is not sufficient to have great qualities, we must be able to make proper use of them.

CURIOS LITERARY AND ARTISTIC PROJECT.—An undertaking, which cannot fail to produce no common degree of interest in the world of literature—not only here, but throughout that of Europe and America—is being organized with the utmost activity and with every prospect of success. It is to make the French literature of the day take its place in the Great Exhibition to be held here in 1855. The plan contemplated is as follows:—A commission is to elect a hundred writers, who are to compose a book as large as an ordinary sized journal, and containing one thousand pages, ten for each writer. The subjects are confined to such as spring from the Exhibition itself. Here a picture or a statue inspires a poem; a piece of tapestry forms the groundwork of a legend; the produce of some distant land leads to the description of a voyage; silks and jewels—alas! we fear female vanity will generally be selected as the theme when they are brought on the tapis—instruments of labor and husbandry will suggest a pastoral in prose or verse. In short, with so rich a mine to work upon, the difficulty will be, not to find, but to select a subject. The form given to this literary movement will present a luxury in all its details, for which neither taste nor expense is to be spared. At the head of each article, a first rate artist is to make an illustration of the subject, representing the portion or object in the Exhibition suggestive of the piece; and a portrait of the writer, taken from a photograph, is to be appended, with a specimen of his writing and signature. The characters for the printing are to be cast expressly; and, instead of paper, parchment or vellum is to be employed.

EDITORIAL LITERATURE.—There was more point and poetry than propriety or pathos in the cool effrontery of a Scotch poet, lounging lazily in his sunng sanctum or library in all the luxury of London, and pitifully commiserating the hardships of his marine brethren by singing—
Ye gentlemen of England, who stay at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon the dangers of the seas.
But there is no one to parody these verses with such appropriate effects as to win for the editors of city papers—(editorials are a very mechanical contrivance in the country, for the most part being mainly concocted with paste and scissors)—the indulgent sympathy of the public, by chaunting in mournful recitative—
Domestic politicians, who read at home at ease,
Ah, little do ye reckon of an editor's miseries!
Ye'll lope upon your cushioned chair and pad and psalm
amain,
But ye think not of the racking of an editor's troubled brain.

Of all sorts of task-work, of mere day-labour, the toughest, the most fatiguing, the most exacting, and the most thankless, is the dire necessity of providing day by day the regular pabulum of thought, and the prescribed quantum and quality of commentary for a daily paper. Day after day, through all seasons of the year, the same still-be-ging, never-ending duty is to be performed; the freshest thoughts, the most vigorous fancies, the most judicious reasonings, are to be supplied from a mind that has no leisure for self-culture, no rest for the reviving influence of natural repose, and no exemption from disquietude and fatigue. When the character of the intellectual produce incessantly exacted is considered, it is amazing that so much genius and talent, and even profundity, should be exhibited by the newspaper press; but it is not equally amazing that it should not experience a juster and more kindly appreciation!

HOW TO WEAR SPECTACLES.—The following is copied from a "Treatise on the Eye," by Mr. West, an eminent optician:

"In the proper use of spectacles there is no circumstance of more importance than their position on the head. They should be worn so that the glasses may come as close to the eyes as possible, without touching the eyelashes. They should also be placed so that the glasses may be parallel with the paper when the head is in an easy position. To accomplish this, let the sides of the spectacles bear on the head about midway between the top of it and the ear; the eyes will then look directly through the glasses to the paper, and make the most advantageous use of them, instead of looking obliquely through them to the paper, as spectacles are usually worn, with their bows in contact with the ear, in which position they produce a distorted image on the retina. The sides of the spectacles should also be placed at an equal height on the head."

The genius of the Psalms is the genius of the principal author, who has given them name and character. The collection, as it exists in our Bible, is to be regarded as the Hebrew Anthology, or perhaps more fitly, as the hymn-book of the Hebrew church. David is named in the titles as the chief writer, although six names are given in addition to his. Seventy-one of the one hundred and fifty are expressly ascribed to him. What is his genius? Its chief characteristic is eminently this—the power to embody every emotion of the heart in language and imagery at once simple, graphic, exalted. He uses the familiar objects of nature as his alphabet of expression, and trees, hills, mountains, seas, heavens, birds, beasts, men, range themselves at his bidding, and become interpreters of his soul. Every state of feeling has its speaking imagery.

The snake may reach the eminence as certainly as the eagle, but he reaches it by crawling and still remains a snake.