

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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WHOLE NO 103.

SELECT POETRY.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

TO C. B.
I heard you say the other night,
"Oh for a glimpse of Heaven!"
Its Jasper walls, its streets of light,
Its sainted ones that walk in white.
From early errors shriven—
To stand beside its gates of gold,
And as they solemnly unfold,
To catch the glorious strain
That swells from every heart of fire,
That thrills from every burning wire
Till with the tones of lip and lyre,
Heaven's arches ring again—
To mark the Seraphim uncrown'd,
And fling their wreaths immortal down,
And veil each radiant face;
Before the rainbow and the throne,
Before the high and Holy One,
Upon that "sea of glass."
Then ever after in your soul,
To keep that glorious vision whole,
To bear upon your brow a ray
From that far clime of perfect day;
To keep your spirit pure and free
From taint of every worldly care,
As cloudless as the upper air,
Forever echoing to that rare
Star-haunting melody!"

And could you bear to look again
Upon the fairest scenes of earth?
To listen to the noblest strain,
By human lips sent forth?
To wake and wait, to watch and pray,
And in the longest hour to say,
"Father, thy will be done!"
With patient heart and spirit stilled,
Awaiting in the harvest field
The setting of your sun?
To linger on, perchance for years,
Until the messenger appears,
Waiting with fast and falling tears,
The light that does not dawn?
To watch upon that river's strand,
With feet half-buried in the sand,
The star-eyed ferryman row o'er
Your loved ones to that thither shore?
To know that they are crown'd and singing,
To almost hear their voices ring,
In that illuminated air?

While still you stand alone, alone,
The chill waves with perpetual moan
Surging around you there—
To know the glory of that plain,
And yet to drag the weary chain,
Keep down the strong desire;
Meekly and patiently to wait
The unfolding of that Jasper gate,
The low voice "Come up higher,"
Only the shining ones that sing,
With palms and silver-clasped wings,
In amaranthine bowers—
The saved, the wash'd, the purified,
Could bear to wait that sultry tide,
Through life's long weary hours.

Dear Carrie! when at last you stand
Within the golden morning land,
With the first song your voice shall swell
To him "Who doeth all things well,"
Shall mingle thanks, that Heaven was kept,
Hidden from those who watch'd and wept,
Saying "Twas well we could not see
The glories of eternity!"

SELECTED STORY.

THE PEASANT GIRL OF POITOU;
OR, THE COUNTESS D'AUROY.

When Sir Walter Scott first met a lady to whom he was attracted, after her elevation by marriage from a comparatively humble to a very lofty rank, he felt extremely anxious to learn whether or not she was happy in her new condition. He knew she had sustained no serious ills, but he had seen by experience, he says, that our happiness is much more often affected by evils which we create for ourselves, in spite of the blessings of fortune, than by real and severe ills. He illustrated the remark by reference to the case of the gentleman who, in the midst of all manner of comforts, was rendered utterly miserable by the daily sight of neighbor's turkey. We have found a little story in one of the foreign journals, which so forcibly illustrates the same maxim, that we are tempted to translate it.

M. de Manleon, a young French gentleman, left the school at St. Cyr at the age of twenty-one, with an ensign's commission in his possession. His mother had obtained for him leave of absence for three months, and came to Paris to carry him off for that period to Poitou, anxious to enjoy his beloved society while she could. They left the capital together in a post-carriage, and travelled a great part of their journey without any remarkable adventure. At length, a little incident occurred which greatly interested M. de Manleon. The travellers reached a steep hill on their way, and M. de Manleon leaped out to relieve the horses, leaving his mother inside. He had scarcely walked a few paces, when he found himself surrounded by a band of village children, who, as is wont in the rural districts of France, offered him bouquets of flowers, expecting some little remuneration in return. But as soon as they noticed the lady, they flew to the coach side, and threw their flowers to her. One child alone remained—a girl of thirteen or so, whose uncommon beauty arrested forcibly the notice of M. de Manleon. She was a brunette of a clear and shining complexion, with an admirable form, and teeth as white as ivory. She stood smiling before the young man, but timidly kept her hand, afraid to present them.

"What is your name, my dear?" said the officer. "Maria, sir," answered the girl. M. de Manleon spoke no more, but stood gazing at the child, thinking to himself that all the portraits of youthful beauty which he had ever seen were outdone by the work of nature before him. Marie's eyes were cast on the ground, and she did not observe the closeness of his gaze, but others did. A young village lad, of fifteen or sixteen, leaped from the wayside, and looked at the officer with eyes full of anger and jealousy. M. de Manleon had little time to notice this addition to the scene, for the voice of his mother was heard calling on him to come and proceed. The young officer hastily took the bouquet of Marie, and having emptied his purse of its whole contents into her hands, he obeyed his mother's call, and soon saw the villagers no more.

M. de Manleon, when he had time to reflect on the past incident, repented, not of his generosity, but of the way in which he had exercised it. A small medallion, containing his own likeness and that of another dearly cherished person, had been in the purse, and had gone with the rest of the contents. To reclaim it would have been difficult; and the young officer was forced to submit to the loss in silence.

For ten or twelve years, M. de Manleon continued in the army. He at last left it to enjoy the pleasures of a retired, or at least a private life, to which he had ever been attached. After spending some time with his mother in the country, he came to Paris, and there mixed with moderation in the social enjoyments of the great world. One evening a friend asked him to go to a party, and allow himself to be presented to Madame d'Auray, wife of Count d'Auray, a lady of consummate beauty, and whose all Paris spoke of as the happiest of women. There was, said M. de Manleon's friend, a sort of pleasing mystery about her, too. M. d'Auray had suddenly appeared with her in Paris, and presented her to his relatives and friends, without saying aught of her birth or name to any one. She was, nevertheless, universally loved and admired. M. de Manleon permitted himself to be persuaded into a visit to the mansion of this happy paragon of female loveliness. When he was presented to her, a confused idea struck him that he had seen her before, but he could not remember when or where. The idea made him thoughtful, and he retired to the recess of a window, where he for a time stood alone.

A soft and sweet voice at his side made him hastily turn round. "Have you been lately in Poitou, sir?" said the Countess d'Auray, for she it was who spoke. "Not lately, madam," answered M. de Manleon; "our property there was sold. Are you acquainted with Poitou, may I ask?" "I am, sir," said the countess; and as she spoke, she took a bouquet of flowers from the window, and held them up before him, with a smile. A light broke in upon M. de Manleon's mind. "What!" cried he, "are you—can you be—" "Four little Marie, and no other," answered the countess. "Ah! I was happy then!"

The little incident of the wayside formed the basis of an immediate friendship between M. de Manleon and the countess, who remembered him well through the medallion. The last exclamation of the lady had startled him, coming as it did from one whom all deemed happy. Afterwards, when they were better acquainted, he got an explanation from herself. "I remember," said the countess, "that Pierre was by beside at the time when you saw me on the road. That young peasant was my lover, and though scarcely old enough, you would suppose, to entertain such a feeling sincerely, yet I loved him also. Two years rolled away, and our love continued to exist and increase. I was fifteen. One day Pierre and I quarrelled, and I, thinking he had shown much hastiness and bitterness of temper, would make no concessions to him, though perhaps myself in the wrong. At that very time, a young gentleman saw me by the wayside, as you did, when passing. He seemed struck with my appearance—indeed, greatly so. The compliments which he paid me, I repeated with triumph to Pierre, and they only made him more jealous. The young gentleman of whom I have spoken returned, and told me that he could not forget me. He asked me to go with him, and he would make me a great lady. You would now say, sir, that I stood a fearful chance of falling into the gulph of ruin and misery. Not so; the young gentleman had a soul too noble, too honorable, to be the cause of misery to any one, and his views for me were in accordance with that spirit. I listened to him with mingled feelings. I was an orphan; no one was near me to caution or to counsel. Pierre was my only tie to my birthplace, and it was on his account that I felt distressed. I gave him opportunities to renew his addresses; but his anger and jealousy prevented him from doing so. I yielded to the pressing suit of the other, and was whirled off in a carriage from Poitou. Before I had gone far, I repented of my conduct, and entreated with tears to be carried back to Pierre. But my mind became calmer ere long.

"My incaution could only be excused in a village girl of fifteen. But I was in safe guidance. It was to a school near Paris that I was conveyed by the Count d'Auray, who, as you may imagine, was the person now alluded to. For five years I remained in perfect seclusion, enjoying the best advantages of education. At times the count visited our seminary, and I learned to love him fondly. How

could it be otherwise! In my benefactor I saw the tenderest of lovers, and most amiable of men— young, handsome, and accomplished. Pierre was forgotten, and I became the Countess d'Auray. Ah! Monsieur de Manleon," continued the countess, "can you conceive, after this recital, the cause of the secret grief that preys upon me? Pierre is the cause. Old feelings have returned upon me. Madwoman that I am! I see, in the hours of flower-gathering by the wayside; I figure to myself the happiness I have lost as excellent that possessed; I dream of being a peasant's wife, the owner but of a cot, a cow, and a little garden! These thoughts haunt and pursue me. Yes, sir, they make me miserable—me, who so dearly love my husband! What madness!"

As the countess said this she shed abundance of tears. M. de Manleon pitied her sincerely; but he said—"Madam, this misery is but the result of an excess of happiness. You are absolutely satiated with blessings."

"Ah! Monsieur de Manleon," continued the countess, "but think how much poor Pierre Billon regrets me! Perhaps he has died of grief; and it was I, too, who was in the wrong in the quarrel which separated us." M. de Manleon continued for some time to talk and reason with the lady. He tried the force of ridicule, and painted Pierre, not as the flower-gathering boy of her fancy, but as a coarse, uneducated clown, whose society would be intolerable to her cultivated mind, and who lived in a state very unlike the Daphnis or Melibeus of her Arcadian dream. He would probably be married, said M. de Manleon, long ago, and possibly was vicious, and beat his poor wife. All this sort of reasoning only drew a sigh from the lady. She was silenced, but not convinced.

In time M. de Manleon became an intimate friend and constant visitor of the Count d'Auray and his lady. He saw that the latter indeed loved her husband most fondly, and in his presence forgot all her distress; but it returned to her in solitude. One day, while M. de Manleon was seated with the countess, conversing upon the usual subject of their tete-a-tetes, the Count d'Auray entered, pale and agitated. The countess sprung up. Her husband embraced her, saying to M. de Manleon—"I am vexed with my consolation when I am vexed."

"What has happened," said the countess, anxiously. "Not much, my love," was the reply; "only we must economise. I must sell some part of my property, keep but one carriage, and give dinners but once a month. I have lost a large sum of money."

"Thank heaven it is nothing worse!" cried the countess. "How did this loss occur, may I inquire?" said M. de Manleon. "Folly on one side, and villainy on another," answered the countess. "I had for some time entertained the thought of purchasing in the funds, and meeting at the house of one of my friends a certain broker named Monsieur Denevers, who was recommended as an active man of business, I intrusted him with the means of making the necessary purchase. This worthy broker took my money with great coolness, and next day went off, no one knows where."

"Have inquires been made?" said M. de Manleon. "Oh, yes!" answered the countess; "we have at least had the satisfaction of discovering who he was. His history is rather odd. He was first a peasant, became next a village clerk, and finally settled in Paris as a sort of low agent in the brokerage way. He worked himself there by degrees into the confidence of so many people as to get large sums into his hands. You know the rest—By the by," continued the count, addressing his wife, "he is a countryman of yours. We learned that he came from Poitou, and that his name was not Denevers, but Pierre Billon. The rascal has left a wife, too, an excellent woman, whom he abused and neglected, completing his rascality to her by carrying off with him another person, an infamous character. But I must go to consult further with my fellow-sufferers." So speaking, the count departed.

M. de Manleon looked at the countess. "What think you now, madam?—a villain—a wretch!" "Oh! Monsieur de Manleon," cried the countess, with tears in her eyes, "how sensibly ungrateful have I been to Heaven for its mercies! I am cured! I am happy! And you, my friend—" "Ah, madam, I passed the wayside in Poitou two years too soon!" cried M. de Manleon, with a smile.

THE FUTURE.—Miss Gough says:—"In the coldest heart there is concealed a vein of romance—in the wisest head is hidden a latent wish to pry into futurity. Oh! the future, the future—the dim, misty, shadowy future!—what an irresistible charm it possesses for all mankind! The past fades from our memory—the present we fear to enjoy, because of the future! How anxious we all are, from the prince and philosopher to the peasant and slave, to look a little way up the mysterious vista of time and eternity. From the ancient and proud astrologer, who wore out his eyes in gazing upon the stars, and his mind in calculating their influences, down to the old woman who draws her humble auguries from a pack of cards and a tea cup, all have had their dupes and disciples."

FRANCIS PIGG, of Indiana, has run away from Mrs. Pigg and four little Piggs. The Post says, he is a Hog.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PAUPER DEAD OF NEW YORK.—It may be truly said that we are often more unaware of an occurrence in our own vicinity, than those which are transpiring at a distance. Probably few of our citizens are acquainted with the manner in which the poor of this city are stowed away after they have shuffled off this mortal coil. The verdant hills and dells of Greenwood, are only for those who have fought life bravely and profitably enough to gain "the few shining pebbles" which are necessary to purchase a resting-place in that aristocratic city of the dead. The poor, who have been forced to succumb in the battle of life to ever-powering influences—it may be while fighting vigorously, ay, even desperately, with their grim enemies, poverty and want, and have at last fallen in the strife, bereft of friends and fortune—are buried in Potter's Field, in large trenches dug for the purpose—their only epitaphs being a number on their coffins, which is entered on the cemetery register like the arrivals at a hotel. The trench in which the bodies are placed, it is stated, is two hundred feet in length, fifteen in width, and fourteen in depth, and into this are packed three thousand coffins, in six, and sometimes eight, tiers. One pit is now full, and another has been commenced, which already contains about four hundred bodies. Some sixty or eighty are interred here every week. According to the rules at Potter's Field, it appears that after a person has been buried, his friends may claim his remains, and the authorities are bound to search among the vast number of coffins until they find the right one. It would appear that the process of attaining the body, is very much like the manner in which a person finds a friend at a hotel. We can imagine a weeping mother, who, having lost a son, and having been at the time of his death, too poor to bury him decently, at length, by hard labor and careful saving, has scraped together a sufficient sum to ransom his body from a pauper's grave, and bury him beside other loved ones in a less frequented spot. She goes there, and with trembling hands, looks over the register, until she reaches 47, the number of his coffin. She then, amidst a deep sigh, says to the attendant, Patrick, the waiter of this hotel of the dead, to see if No. 47 be in. But the process of getting No. 47 is not so easy a matter as may be supposed. Frequently a great many coffins have to be hauled over before they come to the one for which they are searching; and last summer, in one instance, one hundred were removed, and six days were expended, in seeking for the body of a man who had been dead six weeks! Such is the New York Potter's Field upon Ward Island.—New York Paper.

A TALK ABOUT ROOSTERS.—The ordinary varieties of the domestic fowl are completely overshadowed, literally and metaphorically, by the Shanghai. Like Maria, the Shanghai rooster "towers above his sex," and, like every thing on stilts in this world, attracts a corresponding degree of admiration. Yet he is a gawky colossus, made up of lamely and unfeathered "shanks about the knees," as Dickens's giants, and coarse in flesh as he is unseemly in appearance. The Chinese are a wonderful people in some respects. By a *diminutio* process they reduce you any species of tree to the size of a cabbage, or *via versa*; exaggerate a small bird or animal, by cultivation, to an extraordinary bulk and altitude. The basis of the domestic cock and hen is, we believe, the jungle fowl of Asia, a mere bantam. The jungle cock measures, when he is on his dignity, about eight inches in height, while the shuffling Shanghai rooster, which never stands upon its dignity, for it has none, can feed from the top of a floor barrel. "Size is the measure of power, other conditions being equal," say the phrenologists. Now, by this rule, the Shanghai being six times the size of the bantam, ought to lick said bantam, "so other conditions being equal." But they ain't. The Shanghai is such a poor spunkless creature that a plucky little creature in feather breeches will thrash him in presence of his assembled harem in less than three minutes. We speak by his card, for a neighbor of ours rears Shanghais and another neighbor cultivates bantams, and between the feathered families there is ill blood. Among the oriental brood there stalks a monstrous rooster—a knock-kneed, bobtailed, ungainly ogre, with a deep asthmatic crow, that sounds like the bellowing of a bull calf through a worsted stocking, and a gait that reminds you of a Kentucky giant. Between him and the bashaw of the bantams the collisions are frequent, but in all cases the mandarin of the Shanghais, after a few ineffectual demonstrations, turns in his track, and vanishes with prodigious strides, the bantam hanging on to his shirt tail feathers like "Cutty Sark" to the caudal appendage of Tam O'Shanter's mare, until the hold tears out, whereupon the victor elevates his crest and indulges in a falsetto *coo-ka-doodle-doo!* We rejoice in these triumphs of misbegotten gawkiness; for the fact is, that the pigmy-begotten celestial has a vile habit of crowing with all his might every ten minutes or so, from 2 o'clock, A. M., until daylight, and hence our hatred of Shanghais. We hope that when the Chinese rebels reach Shanghai, they will annihilate the breed.—N. Y. Sunday Times.

THE LOVE OF HOME.—It is only shallow-minded pretenders who ever make the humblest origin, matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect no body in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them.

FASHIONABLE FRENCH.—A dowerer of Down-derry, invites some dozen of her male and female fashionable acquaintances to tea and a dance afterwards, what do you think she calls her tea-party? A *the Dantsante*—a dancing tea. Does teadance! Can it dance? Is not this libel upon honest lobes and souchong, slang—pure, unadulterated, unmitigated slang! The slang of the fashionable world is mostly imported from France; an unmeaning gibberish of Gallicisms runs through English fashionable conversation, and fashionable novels, and accounts of fashionable parties in the fashionable newspapers. Yet, ludicrously enough, immediately the fashionable magnates of England seize on any French idiom, the French themselves not only universally abandon it to us, but positively repudiate it altogether from their idiomatic vocabulary. If you were to tell a well-bred Frenchman, that such and such an aristocratic marriage was on the tapis, he would stare with astonishment, and look down on the carpet, in the startled endeavour to find a marriage in so unusual a place. If you were to talk to him of the *beau monde*, he would imagine you meant the world which God made, not half a dozen streets and squares between Hyde Park Corner and Chelsea Ban House. The *the dantsante* would be completely inexplicable to him. If you were to put out to him the Dowager Lady Grimthorpe, acting as *chaperon* to Lady Amanda Creamville, he would imagine you were referring to the *Petit Chaperon Rouge*—to Little Red Riding Hood. He might just understand what was meant by *visa-vis*, *entree*, and some others of the flying words of frivolous little foreign slangisms hovering about fashionable cockery and fashionable furniture; but three-fourths of them would seem to him as barbarous French provincialisms, or, at best, as antiquated and obsolete expressions, picked up out of the letters of Mademoiselle Scuderi, or the tales of Crillon the younger.—Dickens's Household Words.

DOCTORS.—If we examine the life of the practicing physician, we find it gilded and shining on the surface; but beneath the spangles, how much pain and hardship! The practicing physician is one of the martyrs of modern society; he drinks the cup of bitterness, and empties it to the dregs. He is under the weight of an immense responsibility, and his reward is but too often injustice and ingratitude. His trials begin at the very gates of his career. He spends his youthful years in the exhausting investigation of Anatomy; he breathes the air of putrefaction, and is daily exposed to all the perils of contagion. View him in the practice of his difficult art, which he has acquired at the risk of his life! He saves or cures his patient; it is the result of chance, or else it is alleged that it is nature, and nature alone, that cures disease, and that the physician is only useful for form sake. Then, consider the mortifications he has to undergo, when he sees unblinking ignorance win the success which is denied to his learning and talents, and you will acknowledge that the trials of the physician are not surpassed in any other business of life. There is another evil the honorable physician has to contend with—a hideous and devouring evil, commenced by the world, sustained by the world, and seemingly forevermore destined to be an infliction upon humanity. This evil is Quackery, which takes advantage of that deplorable instinct which actually seeks falsehood, and prefers it to truth. How often do we see the shameless and ignorant speculator arrest the public attention, and attain fortune, while neglect, obscurity, and poverty are the portion of the modest practitioner, who has embraced the profession of medicine with conscientiousness, and cultivates it with dignity and honour.—Professor Carnochan.

AN IRISH PLAY-BILL.—By his Majesty's company of Comedians, the Kilkenny Theatre Royal. (Positively the last night, because the company go tomorrow to Waterford.) On Saturday, May 12, 1793, will be performed, by desire and command of several people in this learned *Metropolis*, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns, the manager, The Tragedy of HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK, originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hyes, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakspeare's Works. Hamlet, by Mr. Kearns, (being his first appearance in that character, and who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time.) Ophelia, by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several airs, in character, particularly, "The Lass of Richmond Hill," and "We'll be happy together," from the Rev. Mr. Dibden's oddities. The parts of the King and Queen, by directions of Rev. Father O'Callaghan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stager. Polonius, the comical politician, by a young gentleman, his first appearance in public. The Ghost, the grave-digger, and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London Comedian. The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes. To which will be added an interlude, in which will be introduced several slight-of-hand tricks, by the celebrated surveyor Hunt. The whole to conclude with MAHOMET, THE IMPOSTOR. Mahomet, by Mr. Kearns. Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns, at the sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle street. * * * * * The value of the tickets, as usual, will be taken out (if required) in candles, bacon, soap, butter, cheese, potatoes, etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public. N. B. No smoking allowed. No person whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

PUBLIC WORSHIP IN OLDEN TIMES.—The following extract is taken from a historical sketch of Old Milford, Connecticut:

The pastor being in the pulpit, which towered high, and was surmounted by a huge sounding-board, the tuling elder on an elevated seat before the pulpit, facing the audience, and the deacons on their seats, somewhat less elevated than his, the heads of families on plain seats in the body of the church, the children and young people where they could most conveniently dispose themselves, the pastor opened the service with a prayer of at least fifteen minutes long, which was followed by the reading and explanation of a chapter of holy writ, which was followed by the psalm given out by the elder, in which all the congregation who could sing joined, which was followed by a sermon an hour or more in length, measured by the glass, with which, and another prayer, and the benediction, the meeting closed. The entire services occupied three hours. They met at nine o'clock in the morning and two in the afternoon, and celebrated the Lord's Supper once a month, at the close of the morning service.

Every Sabbath there was a contribution, previous to the taking of which, one of the deacons in turn, standing up, said, "Brethren of the congregation, now there is time remaining for contribution to the Lord, wherefore as the Lord hath prospered you, freely offer." The box was not passed from seat to seat, as with us, but was placed on a stand or table, near the pulpit—those disposed to contribute came forward and deposited their offering, consisting not of money merely, but notes of hand, and articles which could be profitably appropriated to the use of the church.

THE JEWISH SABBATH.—It is unlawful to ride on horseback or in a carriage—to walk more than a mile from their dwellings—to transact business of any kind—to meddle with any tool—to write—to play on any musical instrument—to bathe—to comb the hair—and even to carry a pin in their clothes which is unnecessary. These and a great many others, are complied with by the most rigid. There is one command in the law of Moses, to kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day. (Exod xxxv, 3.) Consequently, they never light a fire or a candle on the Sabbath day, nor eat food prepared on that day—all must be done on Friday. As it is impossible to spend the Sabbath in cold climates without fire or light, the Jewish families who keep servants make it a point to have a Gentile in their own service to do those things; and among the humble classes, a number of families generally unite in securing the service of a Gentile neighbor for the day. Nothing could wound the conscience of a Jew more than to be under the necessity of putting fuel on the fire, or snuffing his candles on the Sabbath.—The British Jews.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."—It is honorable to get a living by honest industry, and it is but right that every one should have the chance of so doing. It is a disgrace for any one to eat the bread of idleness, if not absolutely forced to do it, in which case it is humiliating as well as enervating in the extreme. To a sensitive being there is nothing which tends more directly to blast the soul and body than a feeling of uncertainty and dependence. It bows such a being into the very dust, and makes happiness a mockery, life a burden. Oh! the longing and pining for independence—the desire to feel that our destiny is in our hands, and that we may walk abroad in perfect freedom, breathing the fresh air and enjoying the beauties and bounties of nature as one of her darling children, with none to say, "why do you so?" There is an eternal desire in the human breast to feel dependent on God alone—to have our destiny unlinked with that of any other erring dependent mortal, further than we choose from our own free will. It is terrible to feel that others have unnatural power over us, from which it is impossible to extricate ourselves—to feel that we are dependent on others for the bread we eat, for the very maintenance of our existence. And oh! how much more terrible is the idea that others still are dependent on us—are looking up to us for the privilege of living. Heaven have pity on those poor mortals who, from youth, age, or sex, are incapable of engaging successfully in the great battle of life, and are left the needy dependents of one who must—

"Beg a brother of the earth
To give him lift to toll,
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful through a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn."
[Albany Transcript.]

Who shall say what new fires are to break out in Europe and America from brave natures demanding an appropriate sphere? Would that so powerful incentives were fully directed! Would that a truer Christian civilization existed among us, giving a sphere for every generous faculty and noble sentiment—making the path of life stirring as a military march, yet gentle and humane as the dove of heaven.

"LET us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said to his companions, plunging into the water, when he saw a boy picking up a stone.

It is not the fear of Hell or the Devil that makes the saints, but the love of Heaven.