

SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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WHOLE NO. 112

SELECT POETRY.

From Putnam's Magazine.
THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.
BY WILLIAM EULLEN BRYANT.

Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblem of a name that never dies.
The laurel wreath, the golden scepter,
The crown and armor, all are silent now,
And with the laurel's leaf, imperial leaf,
A thipic name alone
To the great world unknown,
Lies in the earth, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, so the quiet earth, they laid apart
No man of iron would and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreck upon the cowering lands,
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest, in spirit and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
Its home, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand which moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East—
Gray vapors leading bands of veteran men—
And fiery youths to be the culture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;
Alone her task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought:
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took,
Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path;
By that victorious hand despair was slain,
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glorious that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the apparition gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!—
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes
And flowers of heaven by shining bands were flung!
And he, who long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;
His own, returning glories from the grave,
Dragged, Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cold airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go,
Composed, though sad, in hope, and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all my win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the font whose waters strengthened thee;
The victor's names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious army
That ministered to thee is open still.

SELECTED STORY.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S FIRST LOVE.
OR
A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

We were lying in the harbor of Genoa—the City of Palaces. Our frigate, one of the finest in the American navy, was in splendid trim—her decks clean and white as "holy stones" could make them, her brass work glittering like burnished gold, and not a belying pin or a ring-bolt but shone like polished steel. Our crew, too, as fine a set of fellows as ever manned one of Uncle Sam's floating batteries, were in excellent discipline, and with their white frocks turned over with blue, their black neckerchiefs, snowy duck trousers, and glossy black tarpannels, they presented a beautiful, uniform, and soldier-like appearance. Our ship was open during the day to visitors, and a great many availed themselves of the opportunity to examine and admire one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture that ever floated in those waters—a model man-of-war, from the great model republic. The Genoese were particularly delighted, and exhibited the best evidences of that sympathy which men, born on the same soil with Columbus and enjoying the traditions of a once free and happy government themselves, naturally feel for the freedom of that mighty clime which their illustrious countryman, under Providence, redeemed from barbarism, and gave as the grand theatre of human development through enlightenment and liberty. Invitations flowed in upon our officers from all quarters, and a most delightful time they had of it.

For my own part, I was perfectly enchanted with Genoa, or ought to have been, if it be true, that "distance lends enchantment to the view"; for it was only from the deck of our ship that I had any opportunity of contemplating the "superb city." I had been refractory in the eyes of our "first luff"—a perfect Tartar—and was enjoying the pleasures of quarantine.

It is no facile matter to repress the buoyancy of a midshipman's spirit, however, especially when

he has an easy conscience, a clean shirt, and is out of debt to the purser—so I took it quietly. I was a master's mate of the gun-deck, and had plenty of leisure, after the morning watch, to dress and play the dandy—an amusement I was rather given to, anyhow, but which afforded me peculiar satisfaction at that time, as it offered the only means by which I could touch the sensibilities of my tyrant, who was quite a "Beau Brummell," but as antiquated in his notions as that worthy would seem, could he re-appear in his favorite costume upon the world's stage at this latter day. What made our "first luff" more sensitive, was the want of that happy self-conceit, without which foppery is awkward. He seemed to know that the cut of his garments was antiquated, and made various endeavors to modernize them; but whether the tailors were perverse, or whether he lacked perception in giving his orders, somehow the fashions of long ago, prevailed over all his attempts. Dressed in a close round jacket, snow-white trousers of exquisite fit, with my rakish little cap set jauntily on my head, I used to strut by him with all the airs of conscious superiority in taste and elegance, and was fairly delighted when ordered to some disagreeable duty, which, being sure to disarrange my apparel, was, I thought, an evidence of his envy. In ten minutes after it was over, I always appeared on deck as scrupulously neat as before. Whether the "first luff" had conscientious motives in behalf of my washerwoman, or commiseration on the shortness of a middy's purse, he seldom put me to trial twice in one day.

Well, I believe I said we were anchored off Genoa. It was a bright and beautiful day, about which an Englishman might have gone into ecstasies, but which one accustomed to our American skies would not have thought "much to brag of." I had gone through my morning duties, finished my toilet, and was leaning over the hammock-nettings on the quarter-deck, watching a boat-load of officers who had just put off for the shore, the "first luff" among them, filled with bright anticipations of pleasure, I began to feel my confinement a little irksome, and had half determined I would praise the first lieutenant's last new coat to his boy, who not infrequently brought his garments for me to exercise my critical acumen upon, when a frank, bluff voice hailed me from the other side of the deck.

"Here, youngster, why didn't you go ashore with the rest of them, as you seem to have on your 'muster suit'?"

This inquiry was put by the second lieutenant, a rough, kind-hearted man, "every inch a sailor," and, barring his brusque manners, a true gentleman.

"I am in quarantine, sir."

"What for? Not neglect of duty, I hope?"

"No, sir; I differed with the first lieutenant about painting the combings of the hatches on the gun deck."

"I remember, and you were right. I am first lieutenant to day, so get ready, and go ashore in the next boat, if you wish."

"Thank you, sir, but I would rather not. I'll apply to the Captain, when I want my quarantine taken off."

"Well, perhaps, you are right," said he, appreciating my motive, which was to prevent any unpleasantness between him and the first lieutenant; but don't forget to come in the ward-room and dine with me to-day."

I accepted the invitation, and was just about to enter into conversation with him, when the quartermaster reported a shore-boat alongside, with a gentleman and some ladies who wished to come on board. The officer stepped lightly upon the "horse-block," and, looking over the side, saw they were respectable persons.

"Let them come on board, quartermaster," said he. "Mr. B., this is a chance for you—there's a pretty girl in the boat. Go and receive them at the gangway."

I obeyed promptly. The first who came up was sure enough, a beautiful girl. Her golden locks, fair complexion, and large dove-like eyes, might have well told me she was no native of a sunny clime; but I had seen blondes even in Italy, and was not in a very discriminating humor, so I at once essayed to address her in Italian, which I had been studying diligently a whole month:—"Volete prendere il mio braccio, signorina?"

"That's literal enough," thought I; but what was my astonishment, not to such confusion, when the reply came in English—so sweet, soft tones, redolent of home recollections:—"Thank you; I believe I'll wait until papa comes up;" and doubtless seeing that I looked embarrassed, she added, with perfect self-possession—"but I will take a seat on this gun-slide in the meantime, if you please."

In a few seconds, a tall, stately Englishman, assisting an elderly lady, appeared at the top of the accommodation-ladder, and I hastened to offer my services. They were followed by a younger girl, not so pretty. As soon as he stood upon the deck, the gentleman returned my salute, and said—"I understood in the city that your frigate was open to visitors; and, feeling anxious to see an American man-of-war, took the liberty to come on board without an invitation."

"You are welcome, sir, and I shall be most happy to show you the ship," I replied, at the same time again offering my arm to the dove-eyed beauty. I did this because I saw the appearance of the party had attracted the attention of a group of officers near the taffrail, who were approaching

and I had no idea of being cut out. Whether the young lady divined my motive I cannot say; but she looked at her father with a smile, and, receiving a nod of approval, said sweetly, "I will take your arm now, if you please, sir."

The second lieutenant came up, and exchanging salutations with the Englishman, ordered me to escort him through the ship. This I did with pleasure, explaining with all the eloquence and volubility of which I was master, everything of interest. Englishmen all know something about naval matters, and I found the one in question well informed, and disposed to take great interest in all he saw. Hence it was easy to protract their visit, which I did not fail to do; for there was something in the sweet, homely words of my companion that went right to my heart.

When every part of the ship had been visited, and there was nothing to detain the party except to offer them some hospitality, I invited them to the captain's cabin. This was at first declined, with the natural diffidence of well-bred folks to anything that seemed like intrusion; but I knew our good old captain well, besides being an assured favorite—so I insisted, giving the orderly notice to announce us at the same time, and of course they yielded.

Capt. N.'s reception was frank and gentlemanly, and removed any scruples the Englishman might have entertained as to his welcome. Our time passed very pleasantly, and was only interrupted by the English gentleman's remembering he had a boat waiting.

"Never mind—Mr. B.—will attend to that," said our urbane skipper; "and the frigate's boat will see you on shore."

I flew upon deck, and dismissed the boat. On my return, I found the party just coming out of the cabin for another tour of inspection. Mary—that was her name—had been monopolized by a dashing commander, who happened to be a guest of our Captain for the time being—confounding him! I fancied he smiled in triumph at me as I was obliged to offer my arm to the younger sister. When we returned to the cabin, we found an excellent lunch set out, which was properly appreciated. I availed myself of the second lieutenant's friendly disposition so far as to accompany the party ashore. The old gentleman returned me many thanks, and just as they landed, Mary said—

"Papa, perhaps Mr. B.—will take a family dinner with us to-day."

"Thank you," said I, endeavoring to look my gratitude; "but I cannot be excused from duty."

"We should be very happy, and the captain I am sure, would spare you," said the father, with that genuine frankness a true welcome always has.

"I fear not, as we sail to-morrow."

"Oh, you go to Leghorn, I heard your commander say."

"I believe so, sir."

"Of course, you intend visiting Florence, Mr. B.—" said Mary. "We expect to leave for that city also, to-morrow."

"I shall certainly try to go there."

"Do, for we shall be there some time, and would be delighted to meet you, and return some of your kindness of to-day," said the father.

A cordial pressure of the hand from all parties, and I pulled back moodily to the ship.

"Me voilà!" in Florence! How did you get there?" asks the reader. "Why, thanks to my friend, the second lieutenant, who brought my case before the captain, my quarantine was removed when he got to Leghorn, and, in company with three of my messmates, I set out in a lumbering old vehicle which we hired for the enormous sum of seven dollars. The incidents of the journey were unimportant, except that two of my companions came near enacting over the story of the white and black hog, in Tuscany, until I pacified matters by telling it to them. Arrived at Florence, we were soon quartered at a very agreeable English boarding-house, and at once commenced sight-seeing. For my own part, I was in a land of romance, and seemed to walk on air. At my age—seventeen summers—one naturally looks through a rose-colored atmosphere, and I confess that even to this day my recollections of the beautiful city of the Medici are like those of a pleasant dream.

We found our distinguished countryman, the Hon. R. H. Wilde, sojourning in Florence, and were indebted to his kindness for many agreeable hours. Sacred is his memory to all who knew him! The morning after our arrival, we visited the Florentine gallery. I had not mentioned my hopes to any one, and was devising some means to discover whether my English friends had arrived. The wonders of art which surrounded me soon engrossed all my attention. With such a cicerone as Mr. Wilde, the dullest apprehension could not fail to be enlightened; but, to my fresh young nature, all was wonder and delight. The Tribune, as it is called—a small octagonal room, enriched with the purest gems of the artist's genius which the world possesses—was reserved for the last. There, immortal as the spirit of beauty which it typifies, is the Medicen Venus. There also are the St. John and Venus of Titian the voluptuous Fornarina of Raphael, and Van Dyke's Charles V. No one collection on earth contains such treasures!

I entered a little ahead of my companion, not always waiting for the explanations, lucid and interesting as they were, of our guide. At that early day, I cared little for the history of art—my only knowledge was to admire. How the presence

of beauty diffuses an indefinable sensation of pleasure! I passed at the threshold of the temple, awed and subdued. Before me was a world of loveliness, even in the lifeless canvas, and cold, hard marble; but lovelier, far lovelier than all to my enraptured vision—warm, breathing, animate—with parted lips, flushed cheek, and soul-beaming eyes—ere stood before me the impersonation of all that is of beauty, the peerless Mary S.—! True passion refines and restrains; and had not my social education taught me that too great empressment was ill-bred, diffidence alone would have held me back; as it was, my approach was frank, but modest. She recognized me at once, and with evident satisfaction. Long years have passed, and yet the thrill which her soft tones sent through my breast still vibrates along the strings of memory.

"Mamma and papa are in the gallery, and will be delighted to see you. Let us find them."

There was a natural frankness in this invitation which put me at once at my ease.

"I won't attempt to ask you in Italian again, until I am better acquainted with the idiom," said I, offering my arm.

"Oh, you must certainly cultivate Italian," said she, accepting my escort without hesitation.

We soon found her party, passing on our way my own friends, who gazed in evident admiration and envy at the lovely prize I had picked up. Mr. S.—received me not only kindly, but almost fraternally. The ice once broken, there are no warmer-hearted people than the English. My age, too, was such, that I was the more readily admitted *à famille*, and I at once experienced the delightful glow of home feelings.

The next morning I breakfasted with my friends at their hotel, and accompanied them to the Pitti Palace; and from that time I was every day, during my stay, included in their plans of amusement. It was delightful—intoxicating! and never was midshipman happier—for a week! The time of my stay began to draw to a close, and I became correspondingly miserable. The S.—family were evidently sorry to part with me, and hoped I might visit England before I returned to my own country. The night before my intended departure I declined an invitation to join my companions at an entertainment given by an American gentleman resident in Florence; my English friends I knew were engaged out, and I determined to pass the evening in solitude and thought. One of my messmates happening to feel unwell, returned home again, however, and found me with three or four sheets of paper, scribbled over and blotted, before me.

"Hallo, B.—! what are you at? Writing your travels, eh?"

"Only scribbling," said I, gathering up my effusions.

"Sunnets to your fair one's eyes, eh? Well, she is beautiful, and no mistake! I don't blame you for being spoony, Jack. Why don't you marry her? I have no doubt the old one is rich as Croesus."

"No joking, Fred, for I am regularly floored!" said I, opening my heart to his friendly sympathy; "and I know all hope is madness."

"Remember the old adage of 'faint heart,' Jack. Take my advice—burn up all that silly writing, and tell her right out to her face that you love her, and that you'll go home and resign, and go to Congress just to marry her; for, confound our navy, there is no hope of a fellow being a captain or a commodore until he is grey-headed."

Don't smile, reader. Fred was earnest in his sympathy, and more than half earnest in his advice; for midshipmen are generally romantic, and not always world-wise. Well, we discussed the matter over a bottle of wine, and I made up my mind to do something desperate, and then went to bed and dreamed I was a post-captain and Mary S.—my bride.

There must have been a great change in my countenance next morning, for at the breakfast table—I was taking my last meal with the S.—family—all noticed it, and asked me if I were sick; I might well have answered yes, at heart, but I rallied and was soon as gay to all appearance as ever.

After the meal was finished, Mr. S.—, with his youngest daughter, went out to make some purchases, telling me not to leave until they returned, as it was the last day we should see each other.

"Oh no! Jack shall stay, and I will charm away his 'blues' with music," said Mary, playfully.

I did not like the familiarity with which the beautiful girl addressed me, delightful as it had hitherto been, for I loved my sense of dignity, and was not auspicious of success to my desperate hopes.

The old lady left us to attend to some domestic matters, and we were alone. Mary sat down to the piano, and, after running her fingers over the keys, asked me what song I would have.

"The first which comes," said I, picking up a piece of music from that which lay before me, and handing it to her.

She smiled as she began, in a simple and exquisite voice—

"He was a knight of low degree,
And a lady high was she."
What fate placed that song at my hands? By the time she finished, my very heart was melting with tenderness, and, on looking up, I saw Mary herself was not without emotion. With the impulse of the moment, I sank on my knees and uttered the burning words that came in lava-tide from my heart. Mary was startled at first, but her man-

ner subsided into one of deep interest. As I concluded with an eager hyperbole, extravagant enough perhaps, but with the impress of truthfulness in every word, she laid her hand gently on my head, while her eyes were moist, and angelic sweetness was in her softly modulated tones, and said—

"Poor boy! I am truly grieved to see you feel so much, but you will soon forget me, or remember me only as one who felt a sister's kindness for you."

"I dreamed last night—"

"Let it still be a dream, Jack, and if any thoughts of me can cheer you to good and noble actions, you shall be my dream-lover." This was said in a tone of half raillery, half tenderness; but so calm and earnest that it tolled the death-knell of all my hopes, if in fact I had any.

Notwithstanding all her kindness, I was fairly overwhelmed with confusion, and would have retreated precipitately; but, with a kindness which never lost its impression upon my heart, she soothed away each ruffled feeling.

"Come, Jack, you shall take a morning walk with me along the pleasant banks of the Arno. I would not have you part with me sadly; and when you write poetry hereafter—do you know, I think you a poet!—then you may immortalize in verse this little episode in both our lives."

That hour's walk by the Arno! My heart learned many a lesson then which it will never forget, and the experience of years confirms the wisdom of that young English girl, so full of truth and tenderness! She had no love to give me in my sense of the term, but the influence of her spirit has been upon me through life, always to soothe and to bless, and, hovering at the portals of the eternal gate to welcome me, in the guise of white-winged angels, will await the pure and holy sympathies she evoked in that happy hour!

MISCELLANEOUS.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy-field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotised, and would die, if the country people who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher on his face and body. Dr. Oppenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman, thirty years of age, who, from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of mercury and opium, until at last unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A fellow student also at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noon-day, sunk into a profound slumber. Another person, reading aloud to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death-bed, fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was uttering. A woman at Jαινault slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once for four days. Dr. Macninch mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliotson quotes the case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered. The venerable St. Augustine, of Hippo, prudently divided his hours, into three parts, eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to recreation, and eight to converse with the world.

Maniacs are reported, particularly in the Eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating rays of its polarized light is permitted to fall into their apartment; hence the name lunatics.—There certainly is a greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state; for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma, inevitably become infected with its noxious air, while travellers who go through without stopping, escape the miasma. Intense cold induces sleep, and those who perish in the snow, sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.—*Scientific American.*

VEGETABLE MONSTERS.—Oregon seems to rival even California in the productiveness of its soil, and the mammoth size to which vegetables attain. Mention is made by the papers of a huge cauliflower raised opposite Portland, weighing forty-five pounds, and the world is challenged to beat it. Mr. Justin Chenoweth writes from the Dalles that he is growing in his garden a cabbage which he has carefully measured, and found it to cover a space embraced in a circumference of nearly fourteen feet, being four feet and six inches in diameter. In the same garden he has grown turnips, many of which weighed ten-pounds; and water-melons and tomatoes rivaling, both in size and flavor, the best that he had seen in the Mississippi Valley—all being of the first crop, without ploughing or spading, the planting and tending having been done exclusively with a light Yankee weeding hoe and a garden rake.

"De congregashum will please sing the von thousand two'th psalm," said a Dutch parson, as he gave out the morning hymn.

"There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister. "Vell, den, pleah to sing so many as tare be."

LICENTIOUSNESS OF POMPEII.—The discovery of Pompeii has been worth thousands of sermons as a vindication of the reforms worked by Christianity. Had it not been for the paintings that still survive on the walls of the exhumed dwellings, the moderns would have had no adequate conception of the immorality of the ancients. All that Tacitus has written of the licentiousness of Roman Emperors fails to make an impression equal to that produced by these indecent pictures. For that an idle, luxurious and despotic monarch should violate every law, human and divine, seems not impossible, but that private citizens should imitate their example, surpasses belief, which is proved by the walls of Pompeii. On these walls—the walls of the common sitting room—the walls on which husband and wife, mother and daughter, maiden and suitor, gazed in company—are seen paintings which would disgrace the vilest modern bagnio. The universality of these pictures proves that it was not a few dissolute young men who had thus covered the walls of their rooms, but that fathers of families, citizens of highest rank, and even grave senators were equally guilty. How gross and corrupt must that state of society have been, in which licentiousness not only shook off all decorum, but sat in the very domestic circle.

BARKING AT THE MOON.—A story is told of the late Judge Olin, of Vermont, that he was presiding upon a certain occasion in court, when a waspish little lawyer, full of ignorance and conceit, who was pleading a case before him, took occasion in the course of his remarks, to address some very contemptuous language to the bench.

Every one in the court turned instinctively towards the Judge, expecting a severe rebuke would at once be administered to the insolent offender, but what was their surprise to see the Judge sitting with brow serene and unclouded, quietly making his notes, as if he had not heard the language, or as if nothing out of the way had been uttered.

After the adjournment, as most of the officers of the court met around the dinner table of the hotel, a friend asked the Judge for an explanation of his strange forbearance—why he had taken no notice of one who justly deserved to be committed for contempt of court? "I'll tell you a story," said the Judge, the quiet humor beaming from his eyes while; "my father once had a dog—a mere wiff of a thing—that had a strange fashion of going out every moon-light night and barking furiously at the moon!" Here the Judge paused and went on deliberately eating his dinner, as if he had finished the story—"Well?"—"Well?"—"said several voices—"What of that?"—"O! nothing," said the Judge: "the moon went right on!"

PUNCTUATION.—An ingenious expedient was once devised to save a prisoner charged with robbery, in the criminal court at Dublin. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him, was a confession, alleged to have been made by him at the police office, and taken down in writing by a police officer, and the following passage was read from it—

"Magnam said he never robbed but twice said it was Crawford."

This, it will be observed, has no mark of the writers having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was this:—"Magnam said he never robbed but twice:—said it was Crawford."

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it, and rather astonished the peace officer by asserting that, so far from proving the guilt of the prisoner, it clearly proved his innocence.

"This," said the learned gentleman, "is the fair and obvious reading of the sentence."

Magnam said he never robbed, but twice said it was Crawford.

This interpretation had its effect upon the jury and the man was acquitted.

TRUTH.—Every word of it. Cut it out and learn it by heart—

We should make it a principle to extend the hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent—without stopping to ascertain whether he swings the hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, the well off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom, in the comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

MAKING BREAD too white may sound like an odd phrase to the reader, yet we see by a late foreign letter that Messrs. Mounez & Clearuel, two French chemists, who have superintended the provisions of bread for the hospitals, and subjected all kinds to experiments, have submitted to the Academy of sciences at Paris a memoir, in which they condemn the practice, remarking, that when too white it is a condiment and not aliment. The exclusion of bran is a loss of nourishment to the consumer.

REMARKABLE.—A few mornings since, we heard a young lady of our acquaintance say, she saw the sun rise for the first time in two or three years.

LONGFELLOW calls Sunday the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week.