THE OLD North State.

"The Old North State Forever."—Gaston.

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The type on which the "OLD NORTH STATE," is printed is entirely new. No pains will be spared to make it a welcome visitor to every family. In order to do this we have engaged the services of able and accomplished literary contributors.

[*From the "Round Table."*]

MY ACRE.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

I had an acre fenced around—
A little modest piece of ground
My father gave me, and I made
Shift, day by day, with plough and spade—
Working while others danced and played—
To cultivate my acre.

I sowed my seed—a little store;
So little!—but I had no more,
"This is not borrowed, but my own,"
I said, "when the hours are flown,
The harvest will be mine alone—
The grain reaped on my acre."

Then came the snow, and Winter's cold:
The stormy winds like cannon blared,
For four long years—and in that blast,
That iron hail that hurtled past,
The stoutest trees fell thick and fast
Around my little acre.

But nothing harmed it. Spring time came:
On every side like yellow flame,
Blazed buttercups: and early buds
Made pictures in the laughing woods:
Birds sang, I heard the noise of floods
Around my smiling acre.

The rich rode by in chariots fine,
Going—why not?—to drink their wine,
"What harm," I said, "in being gay,
In laughing the bright hours away?
I'll idle thus, perchance, some day,
When I have reaped my acre!"

A blushing girl and boy passed by;
That picture made me smile and sigh!
"I have not time to love," I said,
"But some day I may find a maid:
Who knows? Perhaps I too may wed,
And live here on my acre!"

Then came good friends with covert smile.
They leaned upon my fence the while,
And laughed: "Your land is worthless, friend,
Long since exhausted! To no end
Above this barren soil you bend,
The poor soil of this acre!"

I smiled, and hoped on as before,
My good friends sneered, and said no more;
Looking upon me with disdain,
But soon my little field of grain
Laughed in the flashing Summer rain—
Falling upon my acre.

I reaped—and now my grain is bread;
I and my household all are fed!
I have enough, and those who eat
My bread declare it light and sweet—
My modest bread made of the wheat,
Cut from my little acre.

'Tis not ambrosia. Few indeed
Know where to find that costly seed,
Shakespeare and Dante knew—but I?
Ah, well-a-day! the years flit by,
I cannot find it, and I sigh—
Toiling upon my acre.

I sigh then smile. Why should I pine
Because my grain is not divine?
I pass. Who but the higher powers
Harness their names to all the hours?
They speak—the earth is bright with flowers;
I till, with pain, my acre.

Alas! I am so little! Yet
Above me, too, the rainbow set
In Heaven bends. The winds sing clear,
Clouds float, birds twitter through the year!
For me, no less, the Spring is here
Laughing above my acre.

And evermore the sun and rain
Bring me my little crop of grain,
Or more or less, as Heaven sends,
I owe no man—have faithful friends:
More!—one to whom my whole life tends,
Queen of my royal acre!

Come, friend! my door is open wide,
Here is my hand and heart. My pride
Is that I earn the bread I eat—
That only at His holy feet,
I kneel, whose smile like sunshine sweet,
Lights up little acre.

DEEP OR SHALLOW PLOWING.

It has said that everything has, at least, two sides, and plowing does not offer an exception. One party says, "Plow deep, or reap a poor harvest," and another says, "Do it, and get no harvest at all." These parties seem to be antipodes, on the plowing question; but, in reality, they are about the same thing. The first, by deep plowing, simply intends to say, not that pulverizing the soil a few inches deep will not produce a [illegible] the process first commences, but that following this up will ultimate in little more than the seed, even by the aid of manure. The second, in objecting to deep plowing, because it throws to the surface for the seed bed cold, stiff and inert matter, does not really imply that at some time, not remote, this may be a beneficial proceeding. Present results are looked at by one party, and future ones by the other.

If land, plowed shallow for a series of years, is deeply broken up in the spring time, making the seed bed a subsoil one, it is pretty safe to assume that the summer crop, whatever it may be, will not show any improvement over the previous one produced by shallow plowing. But suppose the deep breaking up is done in the fall, allowing the frosts of winter and spring to act upon this sub-stratum, mollifying and pulverizing it, does any experienced farmer doubt that an added lease of fertility has been secured by the process? This is a fair statement of the question of shallow and deep plowing, and properly understood, there is little or no antagonism between those who are regarded by some as occupying antagonistic positions.

EFFECTS OF THE HEAT IN NEW YORK.

A New York letter, dated Thursday, says:

The altitude of the thermometer is as great as ever, (90a95,) but the heat is mercifully tempered by a breeze from the northwest. It is a hot breeze, as hot as if it had swept over Sahara, but it is, nevertheless, an agreeable relief from the suffocating atmosphere of the past few days and nights. The coroners report the mortality resulting directly and indirectly from the heat as frightful to-day, [illegible] ever —95 cases and 25 deaths [illegible] the past twenty-four hours. The total deaths from heat in five days aggregate 350. The Morgue (dead house) is crowded to its utmost capacity with the dead and dying. The coffins this morning were placed in tiers six or seven deep. The time allowed to friends and relatives for identification is necessarily very brief, as putrefaction speedily sets in. The place at present has the appearance of a huge limekiln in full blast.

It is next to impossible for the pen to describe the distressing scenes which are constantly witnessed at this establishment. Sometimes persons who come thither from morbid curiosity are startled with the discovery of some friend or relative, missed sons or brothers, or husbands, are plunged into grief by the information that bodies corresponding to their particular description had to be sent off an hour or two hours ago, to Potter's Field, as the heat was too great to keep them longer. The fatal cases to-day, it is estimated, will be between thirty and forty, swelling the aggregate for the week thus far to between four and five hundred.

Many of the laborers employed at the Brooklyn navy yard, in the course of the forenoon, were overcome by exhaustion, and the superintendent towards noon issued an order suspending all work until further notice. He says he had either to do that or convert his offices and outhouses into hospitals.

Horses are dying by the score. The Eighth Avenue Railroad Company this morning lost 4; the Sixth Avenue Company 4; Tenth Avenue 7; Belt line 8, with other lines in proportion. The omnibus horses seem to suffer most. In giving these animals water the greatest care has to be observed. Not unfrequently they drop down dead as soon as their lips touch the liquid, and this, too, in cases where no fatigue or overheating is extremely apparent.

The present month has thus far been the hottest for many years. The mean temperature of the first week in July, 1868, was 83, and of the second week 84 degrees. The mean temperature of July for the past 25 years has been 73. Thus far, it will be seen the temperature is 9 or 10 degrees higher than the average.

She Saw the Doxology.—A little girl, ten years old, went up Mount Washington on horseback. She was ten then; if she lives till next summer she will be twenty. The ladies and gentlemen of our party dismounted upon the ragged summit, where the only vegetation that dared make an attempt to grow was a little stunted, pale green moss, and gazed as those lifted up from the world into limitless space. Below, stretching outwards in all directions, lay a deep silver sea of clouds, amid which lightnings were seen to part and writhe like gilded serpents, and from which the thunder came up to the ear, peal after peal. We knew that down there rain was descending in torrent; while on us who were above the clouds shone the sun in unobstructed and awful splendor. The eye wandered away like the dove from Noah's ark, that found no place to rest her foot.

"Well, Lucy," said her father, breaking the silence, "there is nothing to be seen, to-day."

The child caught her breath, lifted her clasped hands, and responded reverently,

"Oh, papa, I see the doxology."

Yes, every where nature speaks to us and says,—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Who are your Company?—He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed. It is said to be the property of the [illegible] frog that it acquires the color of whatever it adheres to for a short time. Thus [illegible] found on growing corn, it is commonly a dark green. If found on white oak, it has the color peculiar to that tree. Just so it is with men. Tell me who you choose and prefer as companions, and I certainly tell you what you are. Do you love the society of the vulgar? Then you are already debased in your sentiments. Do you seek the society of the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your choice friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool, and probably a very stupid one too. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good? Is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest among others? Then you have already learned to be wise and good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be a companion of all that fear God. So you shall be wise for yourself, and wise for eternity.

Glorifying our Lives.—The faculty of making the most of our blessings is a very happy one. The Spaniard of whom Southey tells that he always put on his magnifying glasses when he ate cherries in order to make them seem larger, had the true philosophy of life. The good things that fall to the share of most men in this world are not so numerous but that they will bear a little pleasant exaggeration, and it is much wiser to make up most of them than to grumble because they are not more numerous. It is surprising how narrow means and simple pleasures may be eked out by a little invention.

Sydney Smith, that great master of human happiness, used to cry out, "Glorify the room, and the windows being thrown open, let in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. The ancient Pompeiians, who were wise in their day and generation, seem to have well understood the art of making the most of everything. Their gardens were very diminutive, but by painting the surrounding walls with plants and landscapes, their little area became indefinitely enlarged to the eye of the observer, just as our shop-keepers enlarge their premises and multiply their goods by the aid of mirrors. It is well to glorify our lives in this way a little by throwing open the windows and taking an enlarged view of all our blessings.

History of a Hymn.—The circumstances under which the beautiful hymn—"I love to steal awhile away"—justly a general favorite, was written, may not be known to all our readers. Its author, Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown, was an intelligent, pious woman, who labored industriously to support a large family of children. She was wont, after the toils of the day were over, at the quiet twilight hour to walk alone and unobserved, that she might spend an hour in meditation and prayer.

A wealthy lady, who lived near Mrs. Brown, seeing her go so often to this retreat, without knowing her object, censured her severely, in the presence of other persons, for her "rambles," and told her "she had better stay at home with her children." Mortified at being charged with neglecting her family, and deeply wounded that her retirement for communion with God had excited evil surmises, Mrs. Brown remained at home that evening, and with her babe on her knee, wrote her "Apology for my Night Rambles." A friend found this beautiful gem among her manuscripts and sent it to Dr. Nettleton, who inserted it in a collection of hymns he was preparing. Mrs. Brown was doubtless successful in bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as one of them was the first American missionary to Japan.

Religious Herald.

Columbia, July 16, P. M.—F. A. Sawyer, Collector of Internal Revenue, at Charleston, was elected United States Senator for the term ending 1873, on the eighth ballot. The vote is as follows: Sawyer 76, Mackey 22, Campbell, (Democrat,) 5.