

WEEKLY EPICURE

CALVIN H. WILEY,
WILLIAM D. COOKE, EDITORS.

A SOUTHERN FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS:
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

DEVOTED TO ALL THE INTERESTS OF NORTH CAROLINA, LITERATURE, NEWS, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, THE MARKETS, ETC.

VOL. I.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

NO. 11.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

From Harper's Magazine.

THE CURSE OF GOLD: A DREAM.

MORDANT EYEDLY threw off the long black crape scarf and hat-band which, in the character of chief mourner, he had that day worn at the funeral of his wife, as he entered one of the apartments at Langford, and moodily sought a seat. The room was spacious, and filled with every luxury which wealth could procure or ingenuity invent to add to its comfort or its ornament. Pictures, mirrors, silken curtains, and warm carpets; statues in marble and bronze were scattered about in rich profusion in the saloon, and its owner, in the deep mourning of a widower, sat there—grieving truly—thinking deeply; but not, as might have been supposed, of the lady who had that day been laid in the vault of his ancestors—no, he was regretting the loss of a much brighter spirit than ever lived in her pale, marble face, or in the coldness of her calm blue eye. Mordant Lindsay was apparently a man of just fifty; his hair was streaked with gray, thoughts dark locks still curled thickly round his head; he bore on his face the marks of more than common beauty, but time had left its traces there, in the furrows on his brow; and even more deeply than time, care. As a young man, he had been very handsome, richly endowed by nature with all those graces which too often make captive only to kill; but fortune, less generous, had gifted him but with the heritage of a good name—nothing more—and his early life had been passed in an attempt, by his own means, to remedy the slight she had put upon him at his birth. The object of his ambition was gained—had he not now for some years, he was wealthy, in a vulgar sense of all the fair lands stretched out before him as far as his eye could reach, and a rental not unworthy of one in a higher station in life. Looked up to by the poor of Langford as the lord of the manor, courted by his equals as a man of some consequence. Was he happy? See the lines so deeply marked on his countenance, and listen to the sigh which seems to break from the bottom of his heart. You will find in them an answer.

"How brightly the sun shines in through the windows of the room, gilding all around with its own radiance, and giving life and light to the very statues! It shines even on his head, but fails in warming his bosom; it annoys him, ungenerous as it is with his sad thoughts, and he rises and pulls down the blind, and then restlessly wanders forth into the open air. The day is blue, for summer is still at its height, and Mordant Lindsay seeks the shade of a group of trees and lies down, and presently he sleeps, and the sun (as it declines) throws its shadows on nearer objects; and now it rests on him, and as it hovers there, takes the form of that companion of his childhood, who for long with a pertinacity he could not account for, seemed ever avoiding his path, and flying from him when most anxiously pursued; and he sees again those scenes of his past life before him dimly pictured through the vista of many years, and his dream runs thus:

"He is a child at play, young and innocent, as yet untaught by worldly ambition, and standing by him is a beautiful figure, with long golden hair, very bright, and shining like spun glass or the rays of the sun. He has a serene smile, and his eyes are so clear, so mild, so full of joy, and her speechless robe flows around her, making everything it comes in contact with graceful as itself; and she has wings, for happiness is fickle and flies away, so soon, as man proves false to himself and unworthy of her. She joins the child in his gambols and hand in hand with him sports beside him, gathering the same flowers that he gathers, looking through his smiling eyes as she echoes his happy laughter; and then over meadow, past ditches, and through tangled bushes, in full chase after a butterfly. In the eagerness of the sport he falls, and the gaily insouciant (all unconscious of being the originator of so many conflicting hopes and fears) flutters onward in full enjoyment of the sun and the light, and soon it is too far off to renew the chase. Tears, like dewdrops, fill the child's eyes, and he looks around in vain for his companion of the day. The grass is not so green without her, and the bird's song is discordant, and, oh, dear mamma!" he exclaims, brightening up, as he sees his mother coming toward him, and running to her finds a ready sympathy in his disappointment as she clasps her boy to her bosom and dries his little tearful face, closely pressing him to a heart whose best hopes are centered in his well-being. Happiness is in her arms, and he feels her warm breath upon his cheeks as she kisses and fondles him; and anon he is cheerful as he was, for his playmate of the day, now returned with his own good-humor, accompanies him for all the hours he will encourage her to remain; sometimes hiding in the purple flower of the scented violet, or nodding from beneath the yellow cups of the cowslip, as the breeze sends her laden with perfume back to him again. And in such childish play and innocent enjoyment time rolls on, until the child has reached his ninth year, and all becomes the subject and lawful slave of all the rules in Murray's Grammar, and those who instill them in the youthful mind. And then the boy finds his early friend (although ready at all times to share his hours of relaxation) very shy and distant, when studies are difficult or lessons long, keeping away until the task is accomplished; but cricket and bat and ball invariably summon her, and then she is bright and kind as of yore, content to forget old quarrels in present enjoyment; and as Mordant advanced, he sighted in his sleep, and the shadow of Happiness went still further off, as if frightened by his grief.

The picture changes; and now more than twenty years are past since the time when the boy first saw the light, and he is sitting in the room of a little cottage. The glass door leading to the garden is open, and the flowers clustering in at the windows. The lordliness of the child has flown, it is true, but in its place a fond mother gazes on the form of a son whose every feature is calculated to inspire love. The short dark curls are parted from off his sunburnt forehead, and the bright hazel eyes (in which merit predominates) glance quickly toward the door, as if expecting some one. The book he has been pretending to read lies idly on his lap, and bending his head upon his hand, his eyes half shut in the earnestness of his reverie, he does not hear the light footstep which presently

comes stealing softly behind him. The new-comer is a young and pretty girl, with a pale Madonna-looking face, seriously thoughtful beyond her years. She may be seventeen or eighteen, not more. Her hands have been busy with the flowers in the garden, and now, as she comes up behind the youth, she plucks the leaves from off a rose-bud, and drops them on his open book. A slight start, and a look upward, and then (his arms around her slight form) he kisses her fondly and often. And Happiness clings about them, and nestles closely by their side, as if jealous of being separated from either, and they were happy in their young love. How happy! caring for naught besides, thinking of no future, but in each other—taking no account of time so long as they should be together, contented to receive the evils of life with the good, and to suffer side by side (if God will it) sooner than be parted. They were engaged to be married. At present, neither possessed sufficient to live comfortably upon, and they must wait and hope; and she did long, and was reconciled almost to his departure, which must soon take place, for he has been studying for a barrister, and will leave his mother's house to find a solitary home in a bachelor's chambers in London. Mordant saw himself (as he had been then) sitting with his first love in that old familiar place, her hand clasped in his, her fair hair falling around her, and valing the face she hid upon his shoulder, and even more vividly still, the remembrance of that Happiness which had ever been attendant on them then, when the most trivial incidents of the day were turned into matters of importance, colored and embellished as they were by love. He saw himself in possession of the reality, which, and he longed for the recovery of those past years which had been so unprofitably spent, in a vain attempt at regaining it. The girl still sat by him; it did not seem to be from day to day, longing that time would alter for the better what was wanting to the happiness of his home; but time flew on, and, rewardless of his loves, left him the same disappointed man that it found him—disappointed in his wife, in his expectations of children—feeling a void in his heart which money was insufficient to supply. The drama was drawing to a close; Mordant felt that the present time had arrived. His wife was dead, and he in possession of everything which had been hers, but still an anxious, unsatisfied mind prevented all enjoyment of life; but yet one more scene, and this time Mordant was puzzled, for he did not recognize either the place or the actors.

At a bed on one side was stretched the figure of a young woman. Her features were so drawn and sharpened by illness, that he could not recall them to his mind, although he had an idea that he ought to know her face. She was very pale, and the heat seemed to oppress her, for in a languid voice she begged the lady (who was sitting by her side) to open the window. She rose to do so, and when Mordant saw that the scenery beyond was not English, for hedges of myrtle and scarlet geranium grow around in profusion, and the odor of orange flowers came thickly into the chamber of the dying girl. Raising herself with difficulty, she called to her companion, and then she said—
"I know I shall not now get better; I feel I am dying, and I am glad of it. My life has been a living death to me for some years. When I am dead I would wish to be buried in England—not here—not in this place, which has proved a grave to so many of my countrymen. Let me find my last resting-place, dearest mother, at home, in our own little church-yard."
The lady wept as she promised her child to fulfill her last request, and Mordant saw that happiness had flown from the bed (around which she had been hovering for some minutes) straight up to heaven, to await there the spirit of the broken-hearted girl, who was breathing her last under the clear and sunny sky of Madeira.

Mordant shuddered as he awoke, for he had been asleep for some time, and the evening was closing in as he rose from the damp grass. It was to a lonely hearth that he returned, and during the long night which followed, as he thought of his dream and of an ill-spent life, he resolved to revisit his early home, in the hope, that amidst old scenes he might bring back the days when he was happy—
"Was Edith still alive? He knew not. He had heard she had gone abroad; she might be there still. He did not confess to himself, but it was Edith whom he thought most; and it was the hope of again seeing her which induced him to take a long journey to the place where he had been born. The bells were ringing for some merry-making as Mordant Lindsay left his travelling carriage, to walk up one of the streets of which Bower's (Gifford) boasted. He must go through the church-yard to gain the new inn, and passing (by one of the inhabitant's directions) through the turnstile, he soon found himself amidst the memorials of his dead. Mordant, as he pensively walked along, read the names of those, whose virtues were recorded on their gravestones, and as he read, reflected.

And, now he stops, for it is a well-known name which attracts his attention, and as he parts the weeds which have grown high over that grave, he sees inscribed on the broken pillar which marks the spot, "Edith GRAMMAR, who died at Madeira, aged 21." And Mordant, as he looks, sinks down upon the grass, and sheels the first tears which for years have been wept by him, and in sorrow of heart, when too late, acknowledges that it is not money or gratified ambition which brings happiness in this world, but a contented and cheerful mind; and from that lonely grave he leaves, an altered man, and a better one.

cooling toward her, he had at last broken off his engagement with Edith—how for some years, day and night had seen him toiling at his profession, ever with the same object in view, and how at last he had married a woman in every way what he desired: rich in gold and lands, and worldly possessions, but poor in heart compared with Edith.

The crowd jostle each other to get a nearer view of the bride as she passes (leaning on her father's arm) from the carriage to the church door. The bridegroom is waiting for her, and now joins her, and they kneel side by side at the altar. Mordant remembers his wedding day. He is not happy, notwithstanding the feeling of gratified pride he experiences as he places the ring upon the fair hand of Lady Blanche. No emotion of a very deep kind tinges her cheek; she is calm and cold throughout the ceremony. She admires Mordant Lindsay very much; he was of a good family, so was she; he very handsome and young, and she past thirty. Matches more incongruous have been made, and with less apparent reason, and this needs no further explanation on her side. They are married now, and about to leave the church. The young man turns as he passes out (amidst the congratulations of his friends), attracted by scarcely suppressed sobs; but the cloaked figure from whom they proceed does not move, and he recognizes her not. It is Edith, and Mordant, as he gazes on the scene before him, sees Happiness standing afar off, afraid to approach too near to any one of the party, but still keeping her eyes fixed on the pale young mourner at that bridal, who, bowed down with grief, sat there until the clock warned her to go, as the doors were being closed. The married pair (after a month spent abroad) settles down at Langford, and the husband—as he is happy now? No, not yet—but expecting to be from day to day, longing that time would alter for the better what was wanting to the happiness of his home; but time flew on, and, rewardless of his loves, left him the same disappointed man that it found him—disappointed in his wife, in his expectations of children—feeling a void in his heart which money was insufficient to supply. The drama was drawing to a close; Mordant felt that the present time had arrived. His wife was dead, and he in possession of everything which had been hers, but still an anxious, unsatisfied mind prevented all enjoyment of life; but yet one more scene, and this time Mordant was puzzled, for he did not recognize either the place or the actors.

At a bed on one side was stretched the figure of a young woman. Her features were so drawn and sharpened by illness, that he could not recall them to his mind, although he had an idea that he ought to know her face. She was very pale, and the heat seemed to oppress her, for in a languid voice she begged the lady (who was sitting by her side) to open the window. She rose to do so, and when Mordant saw that the scenery beyond was not English, for hedges of myrtle and scarlet geranium grow around in profusion, and the odor of orange flowers came thickly into the chamber of the dying girl. Raising herself with difficulty, she called to her companion, and then she said—
"I know I shall not now get better; I feel I am dying, and I am glad of it. My life has been a living death to me for some years. When I am dead I would wish to be buried in England—not here—not in this place, which has proved a grave to so many of my countrymen. Let me find my last resting-place, dearest mother, at home, in our own little church-yard."
The lady wept as she promised her child to fulfill her last request, and Mordant saw that happiness had flown from the bed (around which she had been hovering for some minutes) straight up to heaven, to await there the spirit of the broken-hearted girl, who was breathing her last under the clear and sunny sky of Madeira.

Mordant shuddered as he awoke, for he had been asleep for some time, and the evening was closing in as he rose from the damp grass. It was to a lonely hearth that he returned, and during the long night which followed, as he thought of his dream and of an ill-spent life, he resolved to revisit his early home, in the hope, that amidst old scenes he might bring back the days when he was happy—
"Was Edith still alive? He knew not. He had heard she had gone abroad; she might be there still. He did not confess to himself, but it was Edith whom he thought most; and it was the hope of again seeing her which induced him to take a long journey to the place where he had been born. The bells were ringing for some merry-making as Mordant Lindsay left his travelling carriage, to walk up one of the streets of which Bower's (Gifford) boasted. He must go through the church-yard to gain the new inn, and passing (by one of the inhabitant's directions) through the turnstile, he soon found himself amidst the memorials of his dead. Mordant, as he pensively walked along, read the names of those, whose virtues were recorded on their gravestones, and as he read, reflected.

And, now he stops, for it is a well-known name which attracts his attention, and as he parts the weeds which have grown high over that grave, he sees inscribed on the broken pillar which marks the spot, "Edith GRAMMAR, who died at Madeira, aged 21." And Mordant, as he looks, sinks down upon the grass, and sheels the first tears which for years have been wept by him, and in sorrow of heart, when too late, acknowledges that it is not money or gratified ambition which brings happiness in this world, but a contented and cheerful mind; and from that lonely grave he leaves, an altered man, and a better one.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY presents a new candidate for the authorship of *Junius*, in the person of Thomas Lyttleton, son of the first Lord Lyttleton, who was 24 years old when the Letters first commenced, and who entered Parliament and evinced wonderful abilities, seven years after. The Reviewer first demolishes the claims preferred on behalf of Sir Philip Francis, and then shows that in moral character, intellectual abilities, party affinities, personal relations, and in the general tone of his character Lord Lyttleton was precisely the person upon whom the suspicion of the authorship of "Junius" should justly fall. His speeches are also quoted to show an identity of general sentiment and of studies with the Letters, and a variety of coincident phrases, similes, allusions, etc., is collected. The article is long, and written with ability. It certainly makes out a very strong case.—*N. Y. Times.*

A NEW-ENGLAND SQUIRE.

FRANK has a grandfather living in the country, a good specimen of the old-fashioned New-England farmer. And—go where one will, the world over—I know of no race of men, who taken together, possess more integrity, more intelligence, and more respectability of character, which go to make a home beloved, and the social basis, than the New-England farmers.

They are not brilliant, nor are they highly refined; they know nothing of art, historic or dramatic; they know only so much of older nations as their histories and newspapers teach them in the fashionable world they hold no place;—but in energy, in industry, in hardy virtue, in substantial knowledge, and in manly independence, they make up a race, that is hard to be matched.

The French peasantry are, in all the essentials of intelligence, and sterling worth, infants, compared with them; and the farmers of England are either the merest jockeys in grain, with few ideas beyond their sacks, samples, and market-day;—or, with added cultivation, lose their independence in a subserviency to some neighborly patron of rank; and superior intelligence teaches them no lesson so quickly, as that their brethren of the glebe are unequal to them, and are to be left to their cattle and the goal.

There are English farmers indeed, who are men in earnest, who read the papers, and who keep the current of the year's intelligence; but such men are the exceptions. In New-England, with the school upon every third hill-side, and the self-educating, free-acting church, to watch every valley with week-day quiet, and to wake every valley with Sabbath sound, the men become, as a class, both intelligent, and honest actors, who would make again, as they have made before, a terrible army of defence; and who would find reasons for their actions, as strong as their armies.

Frank's grandfather has silver hair, but is still hale, erect, and strong. His dress is homely, but neat. Being a thorough-going Protectionist, he has no fancy for the gew-gaws of foreign importation, and makes it a point to appear always in the village church, and on all great occasions, in a sober suit of homespun. He has no pride of appearance, and he needs none. He is known as a Squire, throughout the township; and no important measure can pass the board of select-men without the Squire's approval—and this, from no blind subserviency to his opinion, because his farm is large, and he is a Squire, more honored, but because there is a confidence in his judgment.

He is jealous of none of the prerogatives of the country parson, or of the school-master, or of the village doctor; and although the latter is a testy politician of the opposite party, it does not at all impair the Squire's faith in his calomel;—he suffers all his Radicalism, with the same equanimity that he suffers his rhubarb.

The day-laborers of the neighborhood, and the small farmers consider the Squire's note of hand for their savings, better than the best bonds of any origin; and they seek his advice in all matters of litigation. He is a Justice of the Peace, as the title of Squire in a New-England village implies; and many are the country courts that he presides upon, with Frank, from the door of the great dining-room.

The defendant always seems to you, in these important cases—especially if his beard is rather long,—an extraordinary ruffian; to whom Jack Sheppard would have been a comparatively innocent boy. You watch curiously the old gentleman, sitting in his big arm chair, with his spectacles in their silver case at his elbow, and his snuff box in hand, listening attentively to some grievous complaint; you see him ponder deeply—with a pinch of snuff to aid his judgment—and you listen with intense admiration, as he gives a loud preparatory "Ahem," and clears away the intricacies of the case with a sweep of that strong practical sense, which distinguishes the New-England farmer,—getting at the very hinge of the matter, without any consciousness of his own precision, and satisfying the defendant by the clearness of his talk, as much as by the leniency of his judgment.

His hands lie along those swelling hills which in southern New-England, carry the chain of the White and Green Mountains, in gentle undulations, to the borders of the sea. He farms some fifteen hundred acres,—"suitably divided," as the old school-agriculturist says, into "wood-land, pasture, and tillage." The farm-house, a large irregularly built mansion of wood, stands upon a shelf of the hills looking southward, and is shaded by century-old oaks. The barns and out-buildings are grouped in a brown phalanx, a little to the northward of the dwelling. Between them a high timber gate opens upon the scattered pasture lands of the hills; opposite to this, and across the farm-yard, which is the lounging place of scores of red-necked turkeys, and of merrily gesticulating chickens, and another gate of similar pretensions opens upon the wide meadow land, which rolls to a mountain river. A veteran oak stands sentinel at the rough meadow-gate, its trunk all scarred with the ruthless axes of new-ground axes, and the limbs garnished in Summer time, with the crooked snatches of murderous-looking scythes.

The high-road passes a stone's throw away; but there is little "travel" to be seen; and every chance passer will inevitably come under the range of the kitchen windows, and be studied carefully by the eyes of the stout dairy-maid—to say nothing of the stalwart Indian cook.

This last, you cannot but admire as a type of that noble old race, among whom your boyish fancy has woven so many stories of romance. You wonder how she must regard the white interlopers upon her own soil; and you think that she tolerates the Squire's farming privileges with more modesty than you would suppose. You learn, however, that she pays very little regard to white rights,—when they conflict with her own; and further learn, to your deep regret, that your princess of the old tribe, is sadly addicted to cider drinking; and having heard her once or twice, with a very indistinct "Go-er night Sq-quare," upon her lips—your dreams about her grow very tame.

The Squire, like all very sensible men, has his hobbies, and peculiarities. He has a great contempt, for instance, for all paper money, and imagines banks to be cooperative societies, skillfully contrived for the legal plunder of the community. He keeps a supply of silver and gold by him, in

the foot of an old stocking; and seems to have great confidence in the value of Spanish milled dollars. He has no kind of patience with the new doctrines of farming. Liebig, and all the rest, he sets down as mere theorists; and has far more respect for the contents of his barn yard, than for all the guano deposits in the world. "Scientific farming, and gentleman farming, may do very well, he says, 'to keep idle young fellows from the city out of mischief; but as for real, effective management, there's nothing like the old stock of men, who ran barefoot until they were ten, and who count the hard winters by their frozen toes.' And he is fond of quoting in this connection,—the only quotation by-the-by, that the old gentleman ever makes—that couplet of Poor Richard:

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

The Squire has been in his day, connected more or less intimately with Turnpike enterprise, which the Railroads of the day have thrown sadly into the background; and he reflects often, in a melancholy way, upon the old times when a man could travel in his own carriage quietly across the country, without being frightened with the clatter of an engine;—and when Turnpike stock paid wholesome yearly dividends of six per cent.—*J. K. Marvel.*

F. R. S.

Not many years since there flourished in one of the Southern cities, on the Atlantic coast, a certain original, eccentric individual, whose sole occupation was the pursuit of the oyster trade, of course, under difficulties. It was on a grand scale, and "Old Shell," as he was nicknamed, was a prime favorite with all the young lads, oyster-baiters and fast men about town. He was a passionate admirer of oysters in every shape. His food was almost exclusively oysters. He bet on oysters. He studied oysters. In fine, he was emphatically an oyster-man.

"Old Shell," one summer, took it into his head that a trip to the North would be of advantage to his health, moral and physical. To resolve to do anything and to do it, were with him one and the same thing. He went!

On arriving in New York he put up at a fashionable hotel; and as he was a tall, fine looking man, dressed well, and spent his money freely, he soon became almost as much a favorite in the North as he was in the South.

There was one thing about him, however, that puzzled every one. On the hotel book of arrivals his name was entered in full with the following capital letters, in large sprawling hand, attached: F. R. S. On his cards the same mysterious letters appeared: "Mr. So-and-So, of such a city, F. R. S." He never would explain their meaning; and great, of course, was the small talk and chit-chat about it. The "gossip market" rose above par in the course of three days.

One morning a newly come English gentleman, of middle age and grave aspect, was looking over the list of arrivals. He was struck by the mysterious letters as every one else had been. "F. R. S." muttered he; "it can't be! Yet there the letters are. Who would have thought it?" The clerk was called up and requested to explain. He knew nothing more than that one of the boarders and lodgers had put his name down with that handle attached. "Show him to me!" said the Englishman eagerly. "There he goes now, sir!" said the clerk, pointing to our hero.

The next moment "Old Shell" felt his hand grasped by another hand, whilst his arm went through a rapid and vigorous motion, familiarly known as the "pump handle action." It was the Englishman; his face beaming with cordiality.

"Delighted to meet you, sir. Had not the slightest idea of seeing one of our society on this side of the water! When were you a member? My memory is so defective." "Member of what?" said "Old Shell" half surprised, half angry. "Oh, don't be so modest, my dear sir!" "Modest, the devil! What society?" "No bashfulness, now! You are a Fellow, I know." "Blast my buttons, stranger," exclaimed "Shell," thoroughly indignant; "do you call me a fellow?" "Fellow of the Royal Society, sir. You mistake my meaning. Fellow of the Royal Society of London?" "I'm no Londoner, man; I came from down South, I do! I am an oysterman, I am!" "Why, what on earth does F. R. S. mean then, attached to your name?" said the astonished Englishman, science and surprise beaming from his countenance. "Well, stranger, I don't care if I do tell you! You see, I like oysters, I do; and F. R. S. means as much as to say, 'more or less than Fried, Roasted and Stewed.'"

We do not think this curious anecdote has ever been published before.—*N. O. Pic.*

MOTHER OF PEARL.—Mother of Pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant internal layer of several kind of shells, particularly oysters, which is often variegated with changing purple and azure colors. The large oysters of the Indian sea alone secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render their shells available to the purposes of manufacture. The genus of shell-fish called Pentadine furnishes the finest of pearls, as well as mother of pearl; it is found in greater perfection round the coast of Ceylon, near Ormus, in the Persian Gulf, at Cape Comorin, and among some of the Australian seas. The brilliant hues of mother of pearl do not depend upon the nature of the substance, but upon its structure. The microscopic wrinkles or furrows which run across the surface of every slice act upon the reflected light in such a way as to produce the chromatic effect. Sir David Brewster has shown that if we take, with very fine black sealing wax, or with the fusible alloy of D'Arrest, an impression of mother of pearl, it will possess the iridescent appearance. Mother of pearl is very delicate to work; but it may be fashioned by saws, files, and drills, with the aid sometimes of a corrosive acid, such as the diluted sulphuric or muriatic; and it is polished by colcothars.

There is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is to regard every honest employment as honorable; and then for every man to learn, in whatsoever state he may be, therewith to be content, to fulfill with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor.

ORDERS have been received from the Navy Department, to prepare the Mississippi, now at our naval station, for sea, as soon as possible.

GREAT RESULTS IN INDIA.

In the *Calcutta Review* is a synopsis of the present position of the missionary work in India and the island of Ceylon, at once so gratifying and encouraging, that we gather the following statements. These results are certainly far beyond what we ever suspected them to have been, and ought to give heart to those now laboring for the regeneration of India.—*New-York Observer.*

"At the close of 1850, fifty years after the modern English and American Societies had begun their labors in Hindustan, and thirty years since they have been carried on in full efficiency, the stations, at which the Gospel is preached in India and Ceylon, are two hundred and six in number; and engaged the services of four hundred missionaries, belonging to twenty-two missionary societies. Of these missionaries, twenty-two are ordained natives. Assisted by five hundred and fifty-one native preachers, they proclaim the word of God in the bazars and markets, not only at their several stations, but in the districts around them. They have thus spread far and wide the doctrines of Christianity, and have made a considerable impression, even upon the unconverted population. They have founded three hundred and nine native churches, containing seventeen thousand three hundred and fifty-six members or communicants, of whom five thousand were admitted on the evidence of their being converted. These church members form the nucleus of a native Christian community, comprising one hundred and three thousand individuals, who regularly enjoy the blessings of Bible instruction, both for young and old.

The efforts of missionaries in the cause of education are now directed to thirteen hundred and forty-five day schools, in which eighty-three thousand seven hundred boys are instructed through the medium of their own vernacular language; to seventy-three boarding schools, containing nineteen hundred and ninety-two boys, chiefly Christian, who reside upon the missionaries' premises, and are trained up under their eye; and to one hundred and twenty-eight day schools, with fourteen thousand boys and students, receiving a sound scriptural education, through the medium of the English language. Their efforts in female education embrace three hundred and fifty-four day schools, with eleven thousand five hundred girls; and ninety-one boarding schools, with two thousand four hundred and fifty girls, taught almost exclusively in the vernacular languages.

The Bible has been wholly translated into ten languages, and the New Testament into five others, not reckoning the Serampore versions. In these ten languages, a considerable Christian literature has been produced, and also from twenty to fifty tracts, suitable for distribution among the Hindoo and Mussulman population. Missionaries have also established and now maintain twenty-five printing establishments. While preaching the Gospel regularly in these numerous tongues of India, missionaries maintain English services in fifty-nine chapels. The total cost of this vast missionary agency during the past year, amounted to one hundred and eighty-seven thousand pounds; of which thirty-three thousand five hundred pounds were contributed in 1851, not by the native community, but by Europeans."

STRENGTH OF THE WILL.

It has been the belief of a large class of correct thinkers, that the ability of a man to perform any given action, within the scope of reason, is only limited by the extent of his natural capacity. In other words—that which he wills to do, if he sets resolutely about it, he can perform to the fullest extent; provided his chosen task lies within the compass of his mind.

To a mental organization at once vigorous and well balanced, if its powers be rationally employed, failure in any given pursuit is almost next to impossible. A steady perseverance in the one path, and in quest of the one object, being all that is required. It is by vacillation of purpose, by trying first one thing, and then another, by shifting backward and forward, by changing the object of attainment, and by becoming discouraged, when to press vigorously forward, is the one thing needful to success, that the positions of so many persons in life are so vastly inferior to what might have been expected from their natural abilities. It is the infirmity of the will counteracting the strength of the understanding. They have frittered away their talents in trying to accomplish many things, and have, naturally enough, succeeded fully in none.

The first thing which a young man requires on setting out in life, is a PURPOSE. The second, is a resolute determination not to be turned aside by any lure which may spread themselves across his path. Let him fix his eyes steadily on any one object, and if he will but work toward it with unflagging and undeviating energy, he will be as certain of reaching it eventually, if life and health are spared, as the pedestrian is of coming to the end of his journey, or of the boy as growing to manhood.

Above all, let it be remembered that perfection is only to be obtained by a devotion of the mental or physical powers to the one sole object, and that every deviation from the direct path of pursuit, seriously abridges the chances of success.

CRIMINALS—PROOFS.—The following is from an old author:—"I am about to relate to you a history extraordinary enough and which shows the judgment of God upon criminals. In Anjou a cure of pretty bad life had a quarrel with a sergeant of the neighborhood, every one suspected the cure, his ardent enemy, of having killed him. At this time it happened that a man who had been hung was exposed upon a gibbet, a league or two from the place where the cure dwelt. His relatives cut him down, and threw him, with the rope about his neck, into a neighboring pond. Some fishermen found his body in their nets, and every one came to see it.

As it was very much disfigured, the prejudice that they had against the cure made everybody imagine that it was the sergeant. Thereupon he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hung. When he saw that he must die, he said to his judges: 'Sirs, it is true that I have killed the sergeant; but you condemn me unjustly, and all those who have testified against me are false witnesses. The dead body that has been found, and on the strength of which you have tried me, is not the sergeant's—the real body of the sergeant, whom I killed in my presbytery, is under such a board in my garden, even his dog is to be found there with him. The judge sent to the cure's presbytery, and found things as he had told them.'