THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.] "THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE." [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

BY DAVIS & CREWS. ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1858. VOL. XV.................NO. 2.

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POVERTY A PRODUCER.

Wealth too often resembles the apples of Sodom—a gorgeous beauty hiding a mass of smothering dust. A fitting type of Poverty are those miners who, shut out from the light of day, spend their lives in darkness and gloom, but bring up to the surface gold and gems, that glitter on the brow of beauty, or fill the overflowing coffers of luxury.

Wealth is a cheat; and all the more a cheat, because the sufferers must maintain their hypocrisy. Poverty is a reality; it follows man like a shadow, growing darker and better defined, by contrast, as he emerges into a stronger light, but becoming fainter and fainter as he descends into the gloom, until at last the shadow grasps the reality. The aim of Wealth is to display itself. The aim of Poverty is to elevate itself. This is the secret why Wealth enervates, and Poverty elevates man. We mean not by poverty abject destitution, but a state wherein all man's powers are called into exercise by the stern necessities of nature, in opposition to that nabobical wealth which suffers its possessor to float a chance, directed, pleasure-seeking, sun-gilded bubble on the stream of Time.

A fine sight is the resistless rush of a long train of cars, its glittering windows affording glimpses of beauty and fashion, its seats crowded with wealth and station; but what imparts the momentum? Ah! away in there, is Poverty, with sinews of steel and lungs of iron, sooty, begrimed, and discordant-voiced, but the soul of the train of wealth and fashion, and without which all their glitter and gaud would be powerless. The philosophy of the Greeks was woven into their religion; and we find the same idea expressed in their fable of the marriage of Venus, the celestial beauty with Vulcan, the Olympian smith. Beauty—that is a type of the non producing classes—weds not the high in station, not the renowned in war, not the perfect in person, but the strong arm of Poverty the producer. It is curious to notice how Providence has linked together the different classes and conditions of men, to show that none are independent of the others. Of what use is that fragile beauty, that delicacy of form and slightness of figure, in woman, were it not for the uncouth strength of man, his rough joints and his knotted muscles?

Poverty is the great producer. Its labors, like the pulsation of the heart, cannot intermit, without death at once ensuing. All over the earth, from sunrise until twilight, and through the long, still hours of the night, while the shadows crouch in the corners of the room, unceasingly plying the needle, or busily at his handicraft, to drive the wolf from the door, is Poverty, the great producer, at work. Poverty, the Producer! It works like the giant forces of nature, invisible until its effects compel our attention.

Poverty is the great producer of thought. Nearly all the greatest literary productions that now adorn our shelves as classics, in whose pages lie the great thoughts of their generations, are the life-blood of Poverty. They were written with bailiffs at the desk and constables at the door. The cradles of the great are rocked in cottages, and Genius tends her fosterlings amidst the routine of daily toil. And it is because of this—because our literature nestles in no gorgeous palaces, but comes from the hearts of those who live real lives, and who know life's trials, that it, more than any other, includes the wide range of human emotions and sentiments, and speaks to the heart with a force that no other language and no other literature ever possessed.

Poor, blind, but glorious old Homer, the world's poet, begged his bread from door to door, but left the legacy of the world in the memories of his hearers. Milton, too, wore no crown of earth's honors and wealth. Poor, blind, alive only because his poverty and afflictions shielded him from royal malevolence, he made his life, to use his own words, "a true poem—a composition of the best and noblest things;" and he now stands almost by the side of those inspired prophets of old whose lips had been touched by a live coal from the altar of Jehovah. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." Shakspeare, the Prince of Poets, was cradled in a butcher's shop, but his fame lives, when those who, clad in purple, sat near the throne, are forgotten. Newton, the great philosopher, begged his college to remit him the small charge of apaltry shilling. And our great men have always arisen from the middle ranks of life. Webster was rocked in a cradle made from a pine log by his energetic father, aided only by an augur and an axe. Clay was born in a hovel, and his early life was a continuous struggle for bread. Franklin, the philosopher and statesman, began life as a journeyman printer. Irving, our best-known author, was driven into publishing by poverty. Morse pursued his profession to gain money to experiment on the electric telegraph. The lives of our artists and sculptors all began in humble places, and Nature taught them in their poverty what they are now teaching the world. Turn over the pages of all the world calls good and great, from the Word of Inspiration, whose authors had not where to lay their heads, to the great lights of modern literature, and the imprint on the title is and "Poverty," is water-marked in every page, and a pauper's forgotten, nameless grave is not infrequently the finis. Verily, poverty is a great producer! I would rather have the thoughts of poverty, as it works in the laboratory of Nature, in close communion with the thoughts of Deity as stamped on his works, than all the sinful imaginings of pampered wealth, with its infinite leisure for iniquity.

The great source of thought is Nature; but the man who is raised by wealth above the necessity of any direct intercourse with Nature, is not apt to be taken by her into any very intimate relationship. Trace the history of our presidents, statesmen, philosophers, and great men, and we find poverty tending their cradles, and clothing their boyhood in rags. Their early lives were spent amidst the teachings of Nature, acquiring ideas and language, not from books, but from God's book, with the Author himself for a teacher. There is a deep philosophy in this—a truth that the world is slow to learn—that poverty is better than riches. But the race must learn to renew their strength, Antæus-like, by frequent restings on their mother Earth, or our "best society" will soon become extinct and children born in hovels and in the mud huts on the prairies, but living in daily attendance in the council-chamber of Jehovah, will hereafter make our history, and write the thoughts of the age.

But what lies at the basis of all this? There are men of wealth, culture, and influence, whose genius is as bright, and whose ability as unquestioned, as that of any who are driven by the lash of want. These exceptions point out the reason why they are exceptions, rather than the general rule. Wealth tends to form exclusive societies; to work in corporations; to do by association what humbler means must accomplish single handed; and hence merges the individuality of the man into the generality of the mass. Wealth is too apt to think for a class—to write for a class. Poverty, falling back on the basis of human hopes and fears, joys, sorrows, and aspirations, writes from the heart and speaks from the heart a common language, that thrills a chord in the vast soul of humanity. Wealth writes well and speaks well; its sentences are well rounded, and the tones of its voice are always symphonious; but it writes for wealth, and speaks to wealth, and it must be read on Brussels carpeting, by the soft light of chandeliers, or listened to in the fashionable assembly, vibrating an atmosphere faint with perfumery. The strong, undiluted thoughts of Poverty may be read with equal profit and pleasure in the cabin, or in the palace, because they speak to Humanity.

What is it that is so enervating our literature, and causing it to resemble the sinewy folios of former days, less than a collection of wax figures resembles human beings? It is not that we as a nation are too rich, but it is that we as a nation are wholly given to materiality, and seem to consider God's footstool only as a place to try machinery on, and to secure the right of way for a railroad! We are given to corporations and companies, to partnerships and societies, until we can hardly give five cents to a beggar, without first calling a meeting and voting upon the question. No man seems to have a sense of his individuality, and it requires a respectable company, with an adequate cash capital (all paid in.) to dare assume the responsibility of a single idea! And so our literature, which is always the out growth of popular sentiment, instead of claiming immortality by virtue of revealing the responses of the human soul to nature, claims only a short-lived notoriety among the class for whom it was produced.

Poverty is the great producer, and we have seen why. Poverty stands as the representative of the whole human race, whose destiny is to "earn their bread by the sweat of their brows." Wealth stands as the representative of a class who, by being as it were above the reach of this primal law of Nature, are annihilating themselves. The one thinks the though of Humanity; the other those of a caste.

Is Religion Beautiful?—Always! In the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy benignant beauty of its own, which nothing on earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! they are like pitfalls, dark in the brightest day, unless religion throws her soft beams around them to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is very beautiful, in health, or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We can never enter the sick chamber of the good but soft music seems to float on the air; and the burden of their song is, "Lo! peace is here."

Could we look into thousands of families to-day when discontent fights sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness want of religion in woman. O, religion! benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. Not above the cloud, for earth clouds come never between thee and truly pious souls; not beneath the clouds, for above these is Heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Is religion beautiful! We answer, all is desolation and deformity where Religion is not.

FIGHTING A SQUATTER.

About thirteen years ago, says the Nashville Parlor Visitor—of July—on the Mississippi river was but a few huts belonging to some hardy "Squatter," and such a thing as a steamboat was considered quite a sight; the following incident occurred:

A tall brawny woodman stood leaning against a tree which stood upon the bank of the river, looking at some approaching object, which our readers would have easily discovered to have been a steamboat.

About half an hour elapsed; and the boat was moored, and the hands were engaged in taking on wood.

Now, among the many passengers on this boat both male and female, was a spruce young dandy, with a killing moustache, &c., who seemed bent on making an impression on the hearts of the young ladies on board, and to that end he must perform some heroic deed. Observing our squatter friend he imagined this to be a fine opportunity to bring himself into notice—so stepping into the cabin, he said:

Ladies if you want to enjoy a good laugh step out on the guards. I intend to frighten that gentleman into fits who stands on the bank.

The ladies complied with the request, and our dandy drew from his bosom a formidable bowieknife, and thrust it into his belt, then taking a horse pistol in each hand, he seemed satisfied that all was right. Thus equipped he strode on with an air which seemed to say: "The hopes of a nation depend on me."

Marching to the woodsman he exclaimed:

"Found you at last, have I? you are the man I've been looking for these three weeks, Say your prayers!" he continued, presenting his pistol, you'll make a capital barn door, and I'll drill the key hole myself!"

The squatter calmly surveyed him a moment, then drawing back a step he planted his huge fist directly between the eyes of his antagonist, who in a moment was floundering in the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Every passenger by this time collected on the guards and the shout that now went up from the crowd speedily restored the crest fallen hero to his senses, and as he was sneaking off towards the boat was accosted by his conqueror:

"I say you, next time you come around drilling "key holes don't forget your old acquaintance?" The ladies unanimously voted the knife and pistols to the victor.

SIMPLICITY OF ENGLISH DRESS.

English character and habits have an inherent dignity and solidity, which might be copied to advantage in this country. They seem to have a rooted aversion to anything like display on ordinary occasions, and find in simplicity a peculiar charm. American ladies are sadly deficient in good taste in dress. Many of them are never satisfied unless burdened with costly silks and jewelry, for an out door costume; and foreigners are uniformly amazed at the promenade dress of our great cities. A recent visitor in England alludes to the habits, in respect to dress and furniture, which obtain in the first families there; and we know many husbands and parents here who would rejoice if such habits might provoke our imitation.

In the families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is greater economy of dress, and more simplicity in the furnishing of dwellings, than there is in many of the houses of our citizens who are hardly able to supply the daily wants to their family by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours who sojourned, not long since, several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manner practised. Servants were much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen. They were generally clothed in good, substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for good occasions.

Ill-Breeding.—Ill-breeding is not a single defect—it is the result of many. It is sometimes gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclination of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which has no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humor which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behavior.

A merchant lately advertising for a clerk "who could bear confinement," received an answer from one who had been seven years in goal!

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned upon and walloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's superior manhood. He said: "Vell, Jake ish a shmart fellow. He can vip his own taddy."

TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

The following items of advice to ladies remaining in a state of single blessedness are extracted from the manuscript of an old dowager:

If you have blue eyes, languish.

If black eyes, affect spirit.

If you have pretty feet, wear short petticoats.

If you are the least doubtful as to that point, wear them long.

If you have a bad voice, always speak in a low tone.

If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice, never speak in a high tone.

If you dance well, dance seldom.

If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no puerile excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If in conversation, you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion, than offer a contradiction.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles; what folly to make enemies by frowning.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.

If you are envious of another woman, never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection, except those which she really possesses.

If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

If you are disposed to be pettish and insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humor on your dog, or cat, or your servant, than on your friend.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power, be condescending.

If you would be happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

ANGRY WORDS.

There is nothing that sounds so hard, so grating, so discordant to the ear, as angry words. They thrill the nerves, pain the heart, awaken bitter emotions in the breast; they cause the eye to flash, the cheek to glow, and they bring a stinging recriminating reply to the tongue. Truly hath the wise man said, "Grievous words stir up anger." Could we only control our tempers, when irritated by the hasty language of others, and give the soft answer that turneth away wrath, how many bitter feelings would we save ourselves and our friends. But we do not make one effort to subdue our angry passions, but yield to them at once, and cruel, reproachful words and abusive epithets pass our lips, of which, soon after, we bitterly repent. We are told that the heart is desperately wicked, prone to sin as the sparks to fly upwards; and how true it is! we feel it every day and every hour. The most trifling circumstances, even a word, or look, or tone, are sufficient to fill the heart with anger, and the tongue, that unruly member, is ever ready to execute its promptings, and word follows word in quick succession, till we scarcely know what we are saying. The sound of our own sharp tones excites us still more, and fans the flame, which already burns fiercely within our breasts. At length we are exhausted by our own violence, the fires of anger gradually expires, and we become cool and collected. In our hours of solitude, we reflect upon what has passed, and our brows flush with shame, as we recall our passionate words; we reproach ourselves bitterly, and wish that we could obliterate them; but we cannot; they have sunk deep into the hearts of our friends, and the memory of them rankles painfully in our own. Angry words—they pollute the lips; they estrange friends; they bring self reproach to those who utter them, and sorrow to those to whom they are addressed. Then let us guard our hearts against angry passions, and our lips against angry words. Let us keep constant and vigilant watch over our tongues, the wounds of which are sharper than those of a two-edged sword. Let us try never to speak amiss, and a victory more glorious than that of a conquering hero will be ours.—*Evangelist.*

Veils Injurious to the Eyes.—Ladies before you expend the sum—be it seventy five cents or seventy five dollars—for a bit of gossamer with which to enhance your beauty by partially concealing it, pause and think. Curtis, a celebrated scientific writer on human sight, objects in toto to the practice of wearing veils, especially lace veils, as the continuous endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibration of that too common article of ladies' dress, results in its serious injury. The hurtful tendency of the custom, if not felt immediately, will sooner or later be made apparent. Some physicians go so far as to ascribe some of the near sightedness of children and adults to the fact that their mothers were in the constant habit of wearing lace veils.

It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same wholesome and salutary instinct.

TIME.

Few men, at this age of the world, have better thoughts, or express them better, than Rev. B. F. Taylor. Listen:

Time is the meekest and mildest, and yet the most slandered and abused of all created things.

They charge him with forgetfulness, while he is always reminding them of the past in his twilights, and his sweet Springs and Autumns. They make him out a Vandal, though he wakens the young tree that lay asleep at the roots of the old, and gives the world a young moon in an old moon's arms. They say he is a foe to the pencil and the graver, though with artist-hand he azures the hills we have come over, and gilds the yesterdays we have expanded, until those look like curtains let down from Heaven in a roll, and these like the days we dream of in Paradise.

They declare him "grim," though he opened a blue eye in a Violet, "that went into society" only a morning ago, and smiles in a pair of them, in a willow cradle over the way. He ripens the clusters of the old vintage; he endears us to old books; he blesses us with old friends.

They are not content with the libels, and so they paint him as a bald and scythe-bearing old Harvester.

That inlaying the cheeks of youth with the leaves of red roses, as Time does—that building a temple with a handful of acorns, if you will only have patience to wait for him—that softening of the pulse of age down to the dying point, as he can—that ripening into diamonds of to-day, the rude and smutty coal of yesterday—these are no work for a poor, palsied, old husbandman.

Who has not heard in his time, a pair of lips, that "cherry ripe themselves did cry," talk in the coolest manner imaginable, of killing Time! Just as if he had not been their owner's "next best friend" ever since she was born—clothing her with beauty as with a garment, and strewing her path with blessings. Just as if the hour had not come with thousands as fair as she, when they would have surrendered the roses of York and Lancaster, only for a little while with Time—when they would have pleaded in earnest tones for the rudest of his moods, if he would only linger.

Killing Time! When he has filled the heart, and crowned the brow with jewelry—great, noble diamonds of days, and glorious circles set around with hours. He lavishes upon us from childhood to maturity, all his treasures of beauty, and strength, and opportunity, and lest we should love him too much, and cling to him too closely, he gently takes away from us, almost without our knowing it, gift after gift, that we may not be encumbered with the "Impedimenta," as Cæsar called it—the baggage of life, on the journeys we must, by and by, be taking. He thins our resses, and turns them grey, and silver, and white, and we come to think it is about as well as the dark locks we wore once. He takes away the springing step of youth, the firm tread of manhood, and makes us love the sweet repose of home. We begin to think as much of the twilights as we did of the moons. Then he loosens a little the silver cords, and the broken pitcher returns no more to the fountain, and the wheel is out of repair at the cistern, and we are ready to go.

But time, against whom we have plotted, lives on, and the golden hands upon the dial of Heaven must stand still, ere his great missions of beauty and mercy will be ended.

Sermons.—"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons, suggested the minister.

Yes, replied the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time if I only had the text.

Oh, if a text is all you want, said the parson, I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon: It is better to dwell in a corner of a housetop, than in a house with a brawling woman.

Do you mean me, sir? inquired the lady quickly.

Oh, my good woman, was the grave response, "you will never make a sermonizer; you are too soon in your application.

A Woman's Advantage.—A woman may say what she likes to you without the risk of getting knocked down for it.

She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work.

She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over.

She can go forth into the streets without being invited to treat at every coffee house.

She can paint her face if she is too pale, and flour it if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war and wed again if her husband is killed. She can wear corsets if too thick, other fixings if too thin.

"I cannot bear children," said Miss Prim disdainfully. Mrs. Partington looked at her over her spectacles mildly before she replied, "Perhaps if you could you would like them better."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The Boston Herald compiles some interesting facts as regards the history of the stars and stripes. A resolution was introduced in the American Congress, June 13th, 1777, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." There is a striking coincidence between the design of our flag and the arms of Gen. Washington, which consisted of three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. It is thought by some that the flag was derived from the heraldic design. History informs us that several flags were used by the Yankees before the present national one was adopted. In March, 1775, a minor flag, with a red field, was hoisted in New York, bearing the inscription on one side of "George Rex and the liberties of America," and upon the reverse, "No Popery." General Israel Putnam raised, on Prospect Hill, July 18th, 1775, a flag bearing on one side the motto of our Commonwealth, "*Qui transtulit sustinet*;" on the other, "An Appeal to Heaven"—an appeal well taken and amply sustained.—In October, 1775, the floating batteries of Boston bore a flag with the latter motto, and a pine tree upon a white field, bearing the Massachusetts emblem. Some of the colonies used in 1775 a flag with a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, and the motto, "Don't tread on me." On January 12th, 1776, the grand Union flag of the stars and stripes was raised on the heights near Boston, and it is said that some of the regulars made the grand mistake of supposing it was a token of submission to the King, whose speech had just been sent to the Americans. The British Register of 1776 says:

"They (the rebels) burnt the King's speech, and changed their colors from a plain red ground to a flag of thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter from Boston, published in the Pennsylvanian Gazette, in 1776, says: "The Union flag was raised on the 2d, in compliment to the United Colonies." These various flags, the Pine Tree, Rattlesnake, and the Stripes, were used, accordingly to the tastes of the patriots until July, 1777, when the stars and stripes were established by law. At first a stripe was added for each new State, but the flag becoming too large, Congress reduced the stripes to the original thirteen, and now the stars are made to correspond in number with the States. There is no one, who lives under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, but will agree with the Herald, that "the American flag is one of the most beautiful that floats upon any land or sea. Its proportions are perfect when its properly made—one half as broad as it is long. The first stripe at the top is red, the next white, and these colors alternate, making the last stripe red. The blue field for the stars is the width and quare of the first seven stripes, viz: four red and three white. The colors of the American flag are in beautiful relief, and it is altogether a beautiful national emblem. Long may it wave untarnished. He who would erase one stripe, or dim one star upon it, "acts a traitor's part, and deserves a traitor's doom!"

WIT AND SATIRE.

These are dangerous gifts, and carefully should they be used. They contain a power which may be made potent for good, although prone to evil. They are sharp-edged tools, which not unfrequently maim the user. It is better to withhold a witticism than wound a friend. Let the wit and the satirist, then, be careful of the sword they wield. If it is to subserve good ends—if it is to guard the weak and smite the proud—then keep i bright; but better let is rust than make wounds in sensitive hearts, and gratify petty malice and mean malevolence.

The *London Critic* says with much truth:

"Sterne warns us at what price the satirist may pursue his art. Eugenio shall crack his jest and lose his friend. He shall jeer at knaves and fools, and find the mob rise and stone him. A wit is admired, but shunned. Most people, not palsied by cowardice, love to see lightning, volcanoes, tempests. On the summer nights, when the air is hot, and the lightnings play in the tree-tops, or break through the ocean wrack, they are dazzling and seductive. Who has not lounged in the park or leaned over the bulwark—with a soft arm clinging round him, or a wet curl dropping on his cheek—until deep into the midnight, held by the fiery openings and long golden inlets into space?

"Yet the boldest lover of the picturesque will watch the beautiful white fire with a secret awe, lest it leap too near. So with wit. We admire in fear. Your wit cannot always shoot folly without bringing down the fool. And the fools have such a majority at the club and dinner table! Eugenio will delight the few who fling him their applause, and mortally offend the many who pursue him to death. His is a perilous vocation; only for the isolated and strong. A satirist drags truth from her well—divests her of crinoline, and sets her in the market-place—as she was born. In spite of the adage, he calls a blot, a blot; a freckle, a freckle. You may say a stain on the face is a beauty-spot, a freckle a sun-kiss. He laughs at your want of veracity—your diseased imagination."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Come in the calmness of the twilight hour when the zephyrs play among the branches of moving trees—when the birds are caroling their evening songs—and muse on earth's beautiful object. All nature is lovely, from the blue sky above us to the springing grass at our feet; from the mighty ocean to the rippling streamlet passing gently by among the shrubbery. And charming indeed is the fragrant air of the warm and the gentle breezes of evening.—The sparkling ray of the sun, and the pale silvery beams of the moon and stars, that lend their influence to illuminate our earth are beautiful. Even the birds, as they tune their sweet voices, teach us a lesson of cheerfulness, inspire within our breasts a love of the beautiful. The rosy dimpled-cheeked child enjoying its innocent plays—the ruby, noble spirited youth, and even the aged with heads already blossomed for the grave, each feel that life has some sunny spots—some halcyon days. Some may tell of the disappointments, the partings, the bitter tears; they may tell of death and the grave, but you who are good say, is not this a happy world of ours after all? Do you not remember some bright joyous day, when the world seemed as one pleasant drama, and no cloud dimmed the clear sky of hope and prosperity? Does not memory recall the innocent spots of childhood, the happy hours spent with young companions, and the kind friend who hovered around, strewing our path with flowers of tenderness and affection? Think of the pleasant smiles, the hours of sweet communion with the loving ones of earth, and then join the song of all nature that beauty dwell in every path Ye who say it is bitter, cruel, think O! think again—gaze on all life's attractive objects, taste the pleasure of a well spent life, and joyous will be your meditations, calm and serene your spirits. Life will pass as a pleasant dream, and death will only be a passport to a more genial clime—angels will waft your spirits on their glittering wings to the Elysian fields above, and their soft strains of music shall forever fall in sweet accent on your ear.—*Ex.*

WAS THE MOON EVER A COMET?

According to M. Arago, the Arcadians thought themselves of older date than the moon. They maintained that their ancestors had inhabited this planet before it had any satellite. Struck with this singular opinion, some philosophers have imagined that the moon was formerly a comet, which, in performing its elliptical course round the sun, came into the neighborhood of the earth, and was drawn into revolution around it. Such a change of orbit is possible; but evidently it could not have taken place if the comet's perihelion distance had been great. The comet must, therefore, have passed very near the sun, and have experienced an intense heat, capable of dissipating every trace of humidity. The almost entire absence of an atmosphere round the moon, the scorched appearance of its vast mountains and deep valleys, and the few plants that are seen, have been cited as proofs that the luminary was once a comet. This reasoning is pronounced by M. Arago as founded upon the strangest confusion of language.

The moon has indeed a scorched appearance, if by that is meant that all parts of its surface shows traces of former volcanic eruptions; but nothing in its aspect indicates, at the present day, what temperature the moon has heretofore been subjected to by the action of the solar rays. These two phenomena have no connection with each other. The volcanoes of Ireland, of Mayen's Island, and of Kamschatka, show every year that the frost at the surface of the polar regions have no effect upon subterraneous matter, the chemical action of which produces eruption. In all the multitude of bodies, of various forms and degrees of brightness, which the spacious firmament displays, comets are the only ones which are evidently and sensibly surrounded with a gasseous envelope, of a real atmosphere. This atmosphere may have been formed by the evaporation of matter which originally existed in the nucleus, but it is always found to accompany a comet, and there would be no reason for its being separated from it, whatever derangement the comet might experience in the form and original position of its orbit, from an accidental attraction. Thus the almost entire absence of all atmosphere round the moon is rather against than for the opinion that it was once a comet.

A Southern gentleman owned a slave a very intelligent fellow, who was a Universalist. On one occasion he illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner:

A certain slave had obtained a license of the Babtists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethern at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said he, "When God made Adam, he stood down, scraped up a little dirt, wet it a little, warmed it a little in his hands and squeezed it in de right shape, and den lean it up against the fence to dry."

"Top dare," said our Universalist darkey, "you say dat are de fustest man ever made?"

"Saten!" said the preacher.

"Den," said the other, "jes tell a feller what dat ar fence come from!"

"Hush!" said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spile all de teology in de world."