PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

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ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1859.

VOLUME VII,---NO. 2.

POETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

Blame not the Poet's plaintive lay.
MRS. HEMANS.

Blame not the Poet's plaintive lay, Nor censure his sad mournful strain : Sorrow oft marks him for her prey, With galling throngs doth him enchain-Ruling in such gloomy, sad'ning pow'r, As soon all happiness to devour.

And Melancholy broads o'er the mind. Like low'ring clouds o'er boundless sea. Whose troubled waves do lash the wind Which raised them from their lethargy, The gloomy mind thus tries t' expel, And seeks its troubled thoughts to quell.

And gnawing, withering grief takes hold Upon the Poet's impressionable heart, Like ravenous vulture, so fiercely bold, Doth tear his prey in many a part-Consuming grief feeds silently Upon the heart's vitality.

Then do not blame that plaintive lay That speaks the Poet's misery, That doth the heart-felt grief portray, Picturing the pangs of agony. Oh! do not censure such a strain, 'Tis a heart-wail, not a complain.

'Tis but the soul's lowly moaning, Wrung by acute tormenting pangs, "Tis but the bleeding heart's groaning, From gnawing grief's unyielding pangs, Prostrate, helpless, groaning, sighing, Bleeding, livid, slowly dving. GREENWOOD, S. C.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Live for something, be not idle-Look about thee for employ ! Sit not down to useless dreaming-Labor is the sweetest joy. Folded hands are ever weary. Salfish hearts are never gay. Life for thee bath many duties-

Active be, then, while you may. Scatter blessings in thy pathway? Gentle words and cheering smiles Better are than gold and silver, With their grief dispellig wiles. As the pleasent sunshine falleth

Ever on the grateful earth, So let sympathy and kindness Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary ; Drop the tears of sympathy, Whisper words of hope and comfort, Give and thy reward shall be Joy unto thy soul returning From this perfect fountain head, Freely, as thou freely givest, Shall the grateful light be shed.

THE GOOD ANGELS.

'Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed,' said Mrs. Freeman to her two little girls about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and in this place. Who is their father?' a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy the Marine Insurance Company?' needle work.

'Papa hasn't come yet,' answered Adv. 'No. dear. But it's getting late, and 'tis time you were in bed. He may not be

home for an hour.' Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put as they had just done, spoke of them with them away in her school satchel.

You can light the little lamp on the mantel-piece,' said Mrs. Freeman after a few moments, looking around as she spoke; when she saw that the children had both out on their bonnets and were tying their warm caps close about their necks. She understood very well the meaning of this and therefore did not ask a question, al-

voice as she said : It is very cold out to night, children." But we won't feel it mother,' replied

Ady; we will run along very quick.' And the two little ones went out before their mother, whose feelings were chokingher so, she could not say another word. As time of night.' they closed the door after them, she raised her eyes upwards, and murmured :

God bless and reward the dear children.' It is a bleak winter night; and as the little adventurers stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back against the door. But they caught each other by the hands, and bending their little forms to meet the pressuce of the cold rushing air, burried on the way they were going as fast as their feet

could move. The streets were dark and deserted; but the children were not afraid. Love filled their hearts and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going a fore a house, over the door of which was a handsome ornamental gas lamp, bearing the words, 'Oysters and refreshments,' It was a strange place for two little girls to enter, and at such an hour; but after standing a moment, they pushed against the green door, which turned houly upon its images, and steeped into a large and

heiliantly lighted bir-room.

Ries met exclaimed a man who sate reasing. Here are those balls again.

Adv and Jane stood near the door and ooked all round the room. But they did not see the object of their search, and going up to the bar, they said timidly, to a man two little girls, and I love them tenderly. who stood behind it, pouring liquor into Oh! sir, the thought of their coming out

'Has papa been here to-night?' The man leaned over the bar until his cold in my veins.' face was close to the children, when he said in an angry way:

'I don't know anything about your father. And see here! don't you come any more. vard and make him bite you.'

Ady and Jane felt frightened as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of and were turning towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first enough for them to hear him:

'Come here, my little girls.'

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned them to approach, and they did so.

'Are you looking for your father?' he inquired.

'Yes, sir,' roplied Ady. 'And what did that man at the bar say

'He said that papa wasn't here; and that if we came here any more he would set his big dog on us.'

'He did?' 'Yes, sir.'

The man knit his brow for an instant and said:

'Who sent you here?' 'Nobody,' answered Ady.

'Don't your mother know that you have

'Yes, sir. She told us to go to bed, but we couldn't go until papa was home. And so we came for him first.'

'He is here.' "Is he?' And the children's faces bright-

'Yes, he's at the other side of the room, asleep-I'll wake him for you.'

was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused.

had each grasped one of his hands, he arose up, and yielding passively to their direction, she was sitting. She opened it hastily. suffered them to lead him away.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a man who had signature at the bottom. looked on with wonder and interest. 'That's emotion, 'and give them a sober father.' they had known for years.

'I guess you never saw them before,' said one of the bar-keepers, lightly."

'No, and I never wish to again; at least 'Freeman, the lawver.'

ducted with so much ability the case against and blunders to appear in their columns, and diminuendo, announces the commencement

'The same.'

'Is it possible?' A group now formed about the man, and good deal was said about Ereeman's fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Adv and Jane in and lead him home much feeling; all agreed that it was a most touching case.

'To see,' said one, 'how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him. I feel sometimes, when I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears.

'They are his good angels,' remarked another. 'But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the though the tears came to her eyes and her paths which he has forsaken.'

'You can think what you please about it, rentlemen,' said the landlord, 'but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject; I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two little things like them to go wandering about the streets, alone, at this

One of those who had expressed interest first page! in the children, felt angry at this remark,

and retorted, with some bitterness: 'And I would give less for the man who would make their father drunk.'

'Ditto to that,' responded one of the company. 'And here is my hand for that,' said an

other. The landlord finding that the majority of the company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept silence. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of bar room went

About ten o'clock on the next morning. while Freeman, who was generally sober in distance of several blocks, they stopped be the forepart of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down.

> 'I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise not to be offended ?

If you offer me an insult, I shall resent t,' said the lawyer. So far from that, I came ith the desire

to do you a great service.'
'Very well, say out.'
'I wastat Lawson's Resectory, last night.'

'And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all, it was only to dream of it, I am a father, sir! I have in a could winter night, in search of me, in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel

Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all If you do, I'll call my big dog out of the over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but he could not utter a word.

'My dear sir,' pursued the stranger, 'you have fallen at the hand of the monster, inthe man, and they started back from him, temperance, and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly. You may yet rise if you will. Let marked their entrance, called out loud me, then, in the name of the sweet babes who have shown, in so wonderful a manner, their love to you, conjure you to rise superior to this deadly foe. Reward those dear children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire. Come with me and sign the pledge of treedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this one good act. Come!

Half bewildered, yet with a new hope in his heart. Freeman arose and suffered the man, who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated, both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly, and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Adv and Jane were standing on either side of bim, as he sat near their mother, with an arm around each of them, he said in a low whisper, as he bent his head down and drew them closer:

'You will never have to come there for me again.

The children lifted their eyes to his face, but half understanding what he meant. 'I will never go there again,' he added,

'I will always stay at home with you." Adv and Jane now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy, hid Half intoxicated, and sound asleep, it their faces in his lap, and wept for very joy. Low as this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear, and while her As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly heart stood trembling between hope and opened and he found that Adv and Jane fear. Mr. Froman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which

It was his pledge, with the well-known

With a cry of joy she sprang to his side, a temperance lecture that I can't stand. and his arms encircled his wife, as well as God bless the little ones,' he added with his little ones, in a fonder embrace than

The children's love had saved their father. They were, indeed, his Guardian Angels.

MISTAKES OF PRINTERS .- Some people mar the print. Such people know very of the Miserere. little of the difficulties—we had almost said impossibilities-of keeping them out. The most careful attention to these matters will not prevent errors from creeping in, even borne in mind that in most papers such an expense is necessarily dispensed with, and the proofs on that account, are often hur riedly examined, the fact will no longer appear strange. In connection with this subject, the following anecdote is not inappro-

A Glasgow publishing house attempted to publish a work that should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. After having been carefully read by six experihall of the University, and a reward of fifty pounds offered to any one who should detect an error. Each page remained two weeks in this place; and yet, when the work was issued several errors were discovdred. one of which was in the first line of the

When such was the case in a city long celebrated in Great Britain for publishing the finest and most correct editions of the classics, what is to be expected in a newspaper, which must necessarily be hurried through the press while it is news, and where the compensation will hardly afford one "experience proof-reader," let alone six. The wonted accuracy of our papes is really

astonishing .- Printer's News Letter. A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE, AND HUMOR.-To laugh well is the true philosopby of life, provided always that we do not laugh at or agains our friends. A laugh cannot be a true laugh that has even the slightest dash of malice in it. To be thoroughly enjoyable it must spring from genial and heart feeling. The laugh of a bad man rings out coldly and has no correimandence with his eye; it is a muscular contortion assumed to hide something worse. and generally bursts out when the goodhearted world sigh or sympathise. This laugh with us in hearts good humors Com 16.00 IN ILEMAN IS SECRET

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL. THE MISERERE.

The Papal blessing having been dispensed from the balcony of St. Peter's, I repaired to the Sistine Chapel, to obtain, if possible, a hearing of the world renowned Miserere. I found a small company assembled that the life will reappear. There is the in the ante-chamber waiting for the open- dim twilight, deepening into the shades of ing of the door; groups of Cardinals in the night as the music swells more and more meantime, in full costume, sweeping across dolorous and complaining; and the abrupt the apartment, and entering the Chapel by breaking off at the moment when the Sufpostern. After much delay the doors were thrown open, and I was fortunate as to All these circumstances combine with the obtain a seat favorable for seeing and hearing, and within twenty or thirty feet of the the impression of the music; and to show orchestra. This is a small gallery on one that, when heard in the Sistine Chapel, it side of the Chapel, partially concealed in must in effect, be quite a different thing front by open screen-work. On the great from the same performance elsewhere. altar at the farther end, and beneath the frescoe of the Last Judgment, eight tall wax fact there are several, and by different hands tapers were burning; and a little to the On the following day, (Good Friday,) after ler tapers, of unequal height, disposed in most favorably in its carnest and beautiful lighted. This description is necessary to a Romish ritual, I repaired again to the Sis-

to symbolize the darkness over the land rior to that of any one author. from the sixth to the ninth hour. At the It will have been observed that the scene, end of each psalm, one of the fifteen tapers I have attempted to describe is essentially is extinguished, beginning with the outside, dramatic. One seems to have been a specand proceeding alternately till only the centator of a sacred opera, rehearsing in music tral and tallest one is left; and near the and with appropriate external rites, the pasclose, those on the high altar are also ex- sage of our Lord's sojourn on earth, when the truth may be told, is growing tiresome, senses are present; all are admirably arterrific, till-"It is finished!"

having been removed, burning. The Car- moral impression on one, unprepared by dinals rise from their seats, turn their faces previous holy influences. Such will reto the wall, and kneel in silent prayer. Two member it only as a piece, eloquent in the or three minutes clapse, when a stream of highest walks of musical composition, and melody on a very high key, like the voice of the clearest and softest clarionet, at first | Sistine Chapel. barely audidle through the stillness, but swelling till it rings like a trumpet, prolong- noted in my Journal of a Holy Week in are continually wondering at the "careless- ed seemingly, beyond the endurance of any Rome .- Calendar. ness" in editors in allowing so many errors human breath, and then dying away in a

It would be useless to attempt a description of this wonderful piece. It is supposed to owe much of its celebrity to the exquisite training and skill of the unique perwhen professional proof-readers are engaged formers in the Sistine Chapel; and this, expressly for the purpose. And when it is one can readily believe. The general expression is plaintive and penitential; the movements are slow, the two altos abounding in very high notes long sustained; tries and quartettes are interrupted by semichoral chants, and the whole ending in a slow, solemn, subdued chorus, swelling and dying away.

In the person of the leading alto, I recognized the chief vocalist of the Pope's choir, whom I had heard on other occasions but whose wonderful powers I had never enced proof-readers, it was posted up in the before heard fully developed. At least six feet in height, with a spare figure and flat chest, thin lank, hair, yellow wrinkled visage, and features not pleasing, but with a kindling eye, he stood pouring forth his marvellous strains: his voice possessing all the compass of Malibran's and Grisi's, with a clearer tone, and longer and more equably sustained, as if the fountain of song were inexhaustible.

The Miserere was composed for a peculiar class of voices to be found in no other Christian country than Italy. No others could do justice to its altos, which are suitable to neither man, woman, nor child; and hence, all attempts to produce it elsewhere have been failures. Yet, not altogether from this cause. Anywhere else there must be wanting the collateral circumstances and surroundings, which, in the Sisting Chapel, appeal to the imagination in aid of the legitimate effect of the music. perfect as that may be. Among these, must be taken into account the anticipation, long entertained, perliaps of listening to a musioal performance, peculiar and unrivalled; and with this is associated the theme and the hour-the Lord of glory undergoing the recommendation to people of every nation sharpness of death. On the lofty, dimer lighted walls in front of the spectator, are longer needful to you, it shall descend to Michael Angelo's awful delineations of the your posterity, a legacy with which millions Last Judgment; with many a sacred story on millions would not bear to be compared. chapter is not addressed to those who have portrayed on the ceiling in freeds by the a laugh with a sneer on it, but to the good hands of great masters. There is the Pope, king we've him brains without riches and and true hearted, who can enjoy a joke and with his Cutters of Cardinals in their gor- he is

less as statues. The last terrible strains of the Tenebiae are still ringing in his ears. There are the mystic tapers, symbolizing, as they are extinguished one after another, the waning away of the life on the cross-the last one being removed burning, to signify ferer bows his head and gives up the ghost. religio loci to enhance, in no small degree,

I have spoken of the Miserere : when in right was another, supporting fifteen smal- service in the English Chapel, contrasting the form of a pyramid, which were also simplicity with the gorgeous pomp of the right understanding of the ceremonies to tine-endured the Tenebrae, a different and follow. It was now near sunset; a solemn much inferior composition; followed by twilight pervaded the building, deepened Miserere, also new, and of inferior merits. by the murky state of the atmosphere, and Of the three I have now heard, (one prethe absorption of the light by the frescoed viously in St. Peter's,) I have been unable to learn which is the original Allegro. The The sacred College being assembled, and truth seems to be that, in this particular an easy, soft mule-bridal. This exercise thing sleeping in his mighty gigantic scated in a long row along the circumfer- service, as I have often observed in the ence of the Chapel, the chanting of the celebration of the Mass, the performers are Tenebrae begins. This is composed of fif- in the habit of selecting from different teen penitential psalms; and is presumed works, thus producing a whole often supe-

tinguished. The chanting of the Tenebra: he completed what he came to do. All occupies about an hour and a half; and, if the contrivances to strike and overawe the when, as it draws towards the close, it be-ranged; the air of symbols and mystery is gins to be expressive of the desolation of invoked; and not without a deep effect. the man of sorrows. All the parts are now The piece has been acted well. And if gradually blended into one, and proceed in the spectator be a religious man, he will unison, in a simple modulation repeated have felt his religious sensibilities quickened, over and over, with little variety; the time and his heart purified, by the vivid presenis accelerated, and the strain grows louder tation of the most solemn and eventful and londer still, swelling into a monotonous, transaction of which this earth has been wailing cry of agony, thrilling and almost the theatre, or which will ever be seen unon it till its days are numbered and finished. Here the music breaks off abruptly, and But profitable as it may be to a devout silence and darkness reign, the last taper heart, it will scarcely leave any durable receiving a just interpretation only in the

Such are among the experiences I find

HUMILITY ONE SIGN OF GREATNESS .man is his humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his own opinion, but a right | understanding of the relations between what he can say and do and the rest of the world's doings and sayings. All great men not only know their own business, but know usually that they know it : and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account.

The have a curious under-sense of of powerlessness, feeling that the great ness is not in them, but through them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them : and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful. The slightest manifestation of jealousy or self-complacency is enough to mark a second-rate character in intellect - Ruskin.

A GOOD NAME.—A good name is above all price. Have you not found it so, young man; you whose well known virtues have placed you in a position which you occupy with feelings of commendable pride ! And you whose fame has been the target of envious tongues, have not you seen a good name to be the only breast-plate that, is impervious to the poisoned shafts of calumny? Gold and talent, are these without a character? A light to render darkness visible; a gilding, which by contrast, makes the substance more revolting! Cherish it. then, all ve who possess it; guard it carefully; for, depend upon this, its purity once tarnished, the most unwearying effort will hardly restore it to its prime lustre. Let it attend you through the journey of life, crown ing your days with peace and happiness. from Georgia, and upon investigation, Da-The rectitude which won it will engrave it upon your face a letter of thor. and tongue; and when the treasure is no Give a man brains and riches, and he is

slave; give him riches without motion- brains and being and being rober all sitente and motion- brains, and being a tool man and the variety of the course and the course an

one tone through the Course Statues. Die harget was sentle " set winders.

From the North British Review.

THE HORSE OF THE ARAB. General Daumas' book upon the horses of the Sahara is, without his having meant it and is a specimen of the eloquence which, to be so, the most successful attempt yet within a year or two, has made his name made at a relation of the teut-life of the familiar in both hemispheres;

From what General Daumas reports, it was? Years ago we thought the beginis impossible that the horse and his rider ing of this world was when Adam came upon should not be one in the social habits of the it; but we have discovered that thousands desret. For the first few months of his life, of years before, God was forming chaotic the foal is given up to the care of women, matter to make it a fit abode for man and and at a year and a half old he is mounted putting a race of creatures upon it that they

bly doeile," says General Daumas, "is, ac- on man ! But this was no beginning for cording to the Arabs, to give them riders revelation points us to a period long ere this of a weight corresponding to their strength, world was fashioned, to the days when the at the very earliest age. The existence of morning stars and constellations fell thick-Arab horses is perpetual movement; he is ly from the hand of God; when, by his own never at rest; he goes far and wide for his lips, he launched forth nanderous orbs; when rider's purposes, for and wide even to fetch with his own hand, he sent comets, like his own food; farther and wider still, very thunderbolts, wandering through the sky often to fetch his drink. But this makes him, to find one day their proper sphere. Wo like his master, abstemious and indefatigation back to those days when worlds were ble; and this is the kind of apprenticeship made and systems were fashioned, and wo which makes him, in moments of emergen- have not approached the beginning yet. ev, capable of incredible efforts." * * "Until we go back to the time when all

leads the foal to grass, or to the water, yet unborn-until we enter into eternity, wherever that may be, or mounts him with where God the Creator dwells alone, every suits both; the horse grows gentle and the thoughts, we have not guessed the Leginchild grows up to know how to ride. This ming. We may go back, back, back, ages is the principal cause of the posibility which upon ages. We may go back, if we may the Arab possesses of assuring you with use such a word, whole eternities, and yet truth that he has to learn what is the mean-never arrive at the beginning. But God ing of a restive horse."

on it in the pages of General Daumas. The shortness, or else unborn; when universal the fabled Centaur of the ancients, never himself alone in his eternity; without the admits of the practice known in all other attendance of even a cherubin, long ere the parts of the world under the denomination living creatures were born, or the wheels of of "horse-breaking," The Arab "breaks in" the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned; no horses, nor would dream of such a pro- even then, "in the beginning was the word," ceeding. He "educates" the animal, so that and in the beginning God's people were; he shall never stand in need of being "bro- in the beginning he chose them all unto ken in ;" and he lays down as a principal, eternal life." never to be violated, the "voidance of any of these struggles between the horse and his rider which, supposing even the latter to be victorious, make the man's victory possible piling his Harmony, he was so struck with only at the expense of the horse's best qual- admiration of the excellent discourse of ities." At two years and a half a grown man Jesus, and so inflamed with the love of his mounts the young horse. But for a consid- most holy doctrine, that he thought he had erable time he never goes beyond a foot's then but just begun to be acquainted with pace and he is only required to be gentle. His what he had searcely ever laid out of his bit is the lightest imaginable; his rider has hands from his infancy. no spurs; under his hand is only a mere | Queen Elizabeth, who spent much of her twig, which he tries never to use.

"In this way," says the General, "he goes to market, visits his friends, inspects his pasture lands and flocks, and sees to his his affairs, requiring only from his companion obedience and docilty, both of which by pruning, eat them by reading, digest I believe the first test of a truly great he usually obtains by speaking to the them by musing, and lay them up at length horse in a loud, kind tone but never showing anger, and never provoking resistance. * * At the age of three, and a half or four years, somewhat more is demanded from the horse, whose food is now very abundant. Spurs are then used for the first

time-and to docility it is necessary he should add boldness. This is easy too; for the numerous beasts of all kinds that, in the Douar, have been life-long his companions in the day, have used him to every species of noise; besides which, he has heard the hootings and howlings of the wild animals that prowl round the tents at night, and that ceaseless firing of pistols and guns that is inseperable from his master's every-day existence; all of which makes it hard to frighten or take a horse by sur-

BUCKET LETTERS .- The Augusta Constitutionalist, under the head of 'Historical Question Settled,' contains a communica- the awkward disturbance which occurs in tion in explanation of the origin of the term so commonly used -Bucket Letter.

The author of the first Bucket Letter. was a young, talented, and facetious lawyer, residing in Clinton, Jones county, and well known to the people of Middle Georgia as David I. Holt. Holt was a warm Troup attack by the Indians, they might be ready man, in the memorable contest of 1825, for action. In many instances this marchand was in the habit of writing long and ing out and in, like a parcel of soldiers, is a frequent letters to the then President of the perfect nuisance, and the custom, might United States, John Quincy Adams, signed | well be changed." Edward Bucket.

The letters evinced so much talent, and displayed such thorough and accurate knowledge of the questions discussed, that Jews, that the sun should not go down the President's curiosity was greatly exoi- upon our wrath; but had Solomon penetrated to know the author. The correspondence was shown to members of Congress he would have additionally interdicted a vio I. Holt was ascertained to be the au- brief endurance, and soon raves itself to

The sell was such a good one, that the nembers of Congress, let out the whole story, and from that day to this the word Bucket Letter is always used to describe a letter signed by a name other than that of its author,

summer, "out their poses off."

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD. The following is an extract from a ser mon of Spurgeon, the English preacher,

"Can any man tell when the beginning might die and leave traces of his handiwork The only method of making horses infalli- and marvellons skill before he tried his hand

At eighteen months old, a child the universe slept in the mind of God, as from the beginning chose his people, when By the way, Mr Rarey's much-vaunted unnavigated ethor was yet unfanned by the exstem of horse-training has light thrown wing of a single angle; when space was "Cavalier-type," as the French call him, the silence regained, and not a voice or whisper ider who indubitably, in modern times, as shocked the solemnity of silence; when there nearly as possible, realizes the existence of was no beginning, no motion, naughtbut God

> FRESHNESS OF THE BIBLE.-The learn-Le Clere tells us that while he was com-

time in reading the best writings of her own and former ages, has left on record the following: "I walk many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I plack the good isome herbs of sentences in the high seat of memory by gathering them together, so that, having tasted their sweetness, I may less perceive the bitternesa

During the time that Dr. Kennicott was employed on his Polyglott Bible, it was the constant office of his wife in their daily airings to read to him those different portions to which his immediate attention was called. When preparing for their ride, the day after this great work was completed, upon her asking him what book she should take, "O," said he, "let us begin the Bible."

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.—The Home Journal thinks there is good sense in a suggestion made by an American who thus writes from London !

"In the churches, whoever comes first, whether gentleman or lady, takes the further seat in the slip, and those that follow fill up the remaining seats, and thus prevent our churches here in the process of filing out and in by men, in order to isolate women at the further end of the pew. It is said the habit so universal among us originated with the early settlers, who sat near the doors the news, so that, in case of an

ADVICE TO LADIES .- We have been admonished by the royal philosopher of the ted half the mysteries of the female breast. sunset upon our coolness ! Anger is of rest; but coolness is as long lived as other. cold-blooded animals; it is as the toad which exists for a thousand years in the heart of a rock! Were I, like Dr. Gregory and other moral taoticians, to bequeath a legacy of counsel to my daughters, I would say: "Never sleep upon a misunderstanding with those you love ; if you feel less kindly To prevent fish from smelling in the towards them than usual, the chances run that you are in the wrong."- Empson.