

THE HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
At Newberry C. H.,
By Thos. F. & R. H. Greneker,
Editors and Proprietors.
TERMS, \$3 PER ANNUM,
Invariably in Advance.
The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.
The X mark denotes expiration of subscription.

The Newberry Herald.

Vol. VII.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1871.

No. 41.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1 per square—one inch—for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.
Notices of meetings, obituaries and notices of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.
Special notices in local column 30 cents per line.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till full rates are charged accordingly.
Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.
JOB PRINTING
Done with neatness and dispatch.
Terms Cash.

GEORGE JOHNSTONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NEWBERRY, S. C.

S. FURMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND
TRIAL JUSTICE.
OFFICE ON LAW RANGE.
May 3, 18-19.

GRAESER & HARMON,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE Undersigned have formed a Co-Partnership for the transaction of a COTTON FACTORY, OR, AND GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS. They tender their services to their friends and the public, and shall be pleased to receive a call from them at their office on BROWN & CO'S WHARF.
CLARENCE A. GRAESER.
THOMAS F. HARMON.
Sept. 6, 30-31m.

WM. J. LAKE,
Insurance Agent,
NEWBERRY, S. C.

AGENT FOR THE
Piedmont & Arlington Life Insurance Company.

Assets : : : : \$2,000,000
Annual Income : : : : 1,300,000
Insures against death from all causes.
WM. J. LAKE,
Newberry, S. C.
Feb. 22, 8-11.

MOORMAN & SCHUMPERT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
NEWBERRY, S. C.

The undersigned have formed a Co-partnership in the practice of the Law, and can be found at their office in the building of the "Newberry Bank," front room, up stairs.
THOMAS S. MOORMAN,
OSBORNE L. SCHUMPERT.
Feb. 22, 8-11.

DR. H. BAER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DRUGGIST,
NO. 181 MEETING STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
May 3, 18-11.

R. A. PRINGLE,
COTTON SELLER AND
PRODUCE BROKER,
Central Wharf, Charleston, S. C.

C. R. HOLMES,
COTTON FACTOR

AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Aug. 23, 31-3m.

Kinsman & Howell,
Factors and Commission Merchants.

Liberal Advances made on
Cotton and Naval Stores
Charleston, S. C.
Sept. 6, 28-4mos.

C. D. EBERHARDT,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
MAIN STREET,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Invites the attention of the citizens of Newberry, and up-country generally, to examine his stock of Piece Goods for suits, which consists of a handsome and large assortment of the finest Cassimeres, Cloths and Vestings ever offered in the city of Columbia.
Suits made on short notice, fits guaranteed and prices reasonable.
Orders solicited.
Sept. 27, 30-31m.


DR. E. C. JONES,
SURGEON DENTIST,
NEWBERRY, S. C.
Rooms over Mr. Mower's store, and in front of Herald office.
I take pleasure in informing my friends and the public generally, that my dental rooms are now open, and that I am prepared to execute all work in my profession in the most approved manner.
I am determined to devote my entire time and energy to my professional duties.
Jan. 12 21.

MRS. A. SILL,
Formerly of Columbia.
Fashionable Dress Maker,
Respectfully informs the ladies of Newberry, and the surrounding country, that she is located in the house immediately opposite the residence of Mr. M. Foot, where she will be happy to receive all orders in her line.
Dresses cut and made in latest styles, and any kind of sewing, all promptly attended to.
She hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of the patronage of the ladies of Newberry.
Oct. 4, 40-1m.

GRAHAM & BUTLER,
COTTON FACTORS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
OFFICE NO. 6 M'INTOSH STREET,
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

Will give their strict attention to the Storage and Sale of Cotton and other produce on Commission.
Will furnish planters with Groceries, Bagging, Ties, &c., at market rates, and will make the usual advances on Produce consigned.
Oct. 4, 40-2m.

I. R. THOMPSON, D. D. S.



(Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery.)
Office over McCall & Pool's Store.
My patients receive the benefit of all the latest improvements in the profession.
Special attention given to correction of Irregularities in Children's Teeth.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Terms very moderate.
Sep. 27, 30-11.

C. F. JACKSON'S
LARGE, BEAUTIFUL AND CHEAP STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER

DRY GOODS,
ALSO,
FANCY GOODS,
Are now ready FOR SALE. And all CUSTOMERS will be SURE OF BARGAINS as the Stock will be sold at
VERY SMALL PROFITS.
NO HUMBUG.

C. F. JACKSON,
Main Street, COLUMBIA, S. C.
Apr. 5, 14-11.

PAT. H. DUCKETT,
GUN AND LOCKSMITH,

CAN be found at Carolina Manufacturing Company's Tin and Stove Shop, with a complete stock of
GUNS, PISTOLS & MATERIAL
in his line, and will REPAIR Guns, Pistols, all kinds of Locks, Umbrellas, Firearms, Cutlery, &c.
By doing good work at moderate prices, and being punctual to my business, I hope to receive a liberal patronage.
PAT. H. DUCKETT.
Mar. 1, 9-11.

NEWBERRY FEMALE ACADEMY.

A. P. PIPER, M. A. : : : Principal.
Miss FANNIE LEAVELL : : : Assistant.
Prof. F. WEBBER : : : Musical Dept.

This School will resume its exercises on the 21st September next.

Due West Female College.
THIRTIETH year will open Oct. 2d, and close middle of next July.
Past prosperity most encouraging. Location pleasant and healthy. Faculty full and complete. Eight teachers. Course of instruction thorough. Government, that of a well ordered family.
Expenses for the year, (2 sessions, 40 weeks), for board, (including fuel and washing), and tuition in all literary studies, including Latin, French, Music, Drawing, Painting, &c., at very reasonable rates. \$184.50
For Catalogue address the President, J. I. BONNER,
Due West, Abbeville Co., S. C.
Sep. 6, 26-2m.

PAUL B. LALANE & CO.,
AUCTION,
General Commission
AND
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
171 EAST BAY,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
Business—Messrs. Hart & Co., McLoy & Rice, Messrs. Winger & Monroes, Mr. J. Combs, Mr. F. A. Roberts, Discount Clerk, People's National Bank.
May 3, 18-11m.

NEWBERRY HOTEL

THIS eligible, commodious and well furnished HOUSE, recently kept by Mr. Jordan P. Pool, is now under the management of Mr. S. B. Calcutt, who will spare neither time nor means to make it a first class Hotel. Terms moderate.
Sept. 6, 1871.

Free Delivery.
All goods SOLD BY US will be delivered free of Drayage to any one in Town, or any one in 2 miles of the Court House, and at the Depot. Also to any one at Helena; and we guarantee to sell goods as cheap as any other house.
LOVELACE & WHEELER.
May 31, 22-11.

The Celestial Country.

"They desire a better Country, that is, an heavenly."

The following beautiful poem is translated from the Latin rhythm of St. Bernard De Morlas of Cluni, (who lived during the first half of the 12th century.) by Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D. The reprint from which we quote, follows the seventh English edition—The poem is universally admired, and we regret that we cannot publish it entire. The learned author says:
"But more thankful still am I," writes Dr. Neale, "that the Cluniac verses should have soothed the dying hours of many of God's trusting servants. The most striking instance of which I know is related in the memoir published by Mr. Brownlow, under the title, A Little Child shall lead them; where he says that the child of whom he writes, when suffering agonies which the medical attendants declared to be almost unparalleled, would lie without a murmur or motion, while the whole four hundred lines were read."
The world is very evil.
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil.
The Judge is at the gate—
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might.
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
Arise, arise, good Christian.
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening.
That knows not noon nor sun.
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The Kingdom to the FATHER,
Whom thou to be before—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its rays,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.

Yes, peace! for war is needless—
Yes, calm! for storm is past—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say;
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be too, for earth;
The palace that reaches
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautiful to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy,
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrust!

Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Brief life is here our portion;
Of that eternal hymn:
The tearless life is *Thine*.
O happy tribulation!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'ers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all our happy garrison
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all who mourn their fall.
Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground!
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure:
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of fall and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away:
And none shall there be jealous;
And none shall there be out;
Fraud, clamor, guile—what say I?
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
Jerusalem, exulting

And Leah into Rachel
Forever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete;
And in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.
For thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks:
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine agates walls are bound
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not for my day;
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For these perennial gurgles
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defflement,
And from defflement saved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all my love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lover! far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victories fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His hand and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, theysing;
The never-fading Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of his Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feelest in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl, thine own;
The LAMB is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone:
The Crown is he to guardon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents-sings,
The ill that was thy merit—
The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the Golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and eye oppressed:
I know not, (I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fail would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.

O holy, placid, harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn:
O sacred, sweet reflection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision:
Of God omnipotent!
Ye know my many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee faint,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.

New mention of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite,
Thou city of the Angels!
Thou city of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious deanthod!
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The eshort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below,
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Loos'd in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lyon,
He, Lamm' Immaculate,
O fields that know no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O Realm and Home of Life!

And what compensation has
a woman for all this drudgery?
Nothing but her daily bread and
comfortable clothing for herself
and children. Her husband owns
a fine, well-stocked farm, but the
more he has the harder she has to
work.
When they were poor, he had
more time to devote to her.
When his mind was less taken
up with stock, lands, and taxes, he
seemed to love her more, to think
more about her comfort.
Why, many a household drudge,
whom no one now seems to think
ever gets tired, can remember
when her young husband was as
tender of her as if she were a little
flower.
That was long ago, before the
love of gain absorbed the finer
feelings of the husband.
All the profits of the farm go
for buying more land and paying
taxes, so that the wife must often
earn her necessary clothing by
selling eggs, geese feathers, or
making an extra firkin of butter
to sell.

Few changes of clothing for the
children make more work for the
mother, who must wash, iron and
patch the oftener, if she is proud,
and wishes her little ones to ap-
pear clean and tidy at school.
For four or five years a farmer's
wife may coax him to buy her a
sewing machine, using all her wo-
man's wit to eloquently point out
the advantages of having in the
house such an economizer of time
and strength. But every year the
farmer spends his profits on
more land, or increasing and im-
proving his stock.
The husband forgets all about
the sewing machine.
Each year his wife grows paler,
thinner, and a shade more fretful,
a sad contrast to her robust hus-
band, who shows no hard lines of
time or fortune in his full face and
stout figure. Well-to-do beams
from his eyes, and he feels good
because he is getting along in the
world.
It is very true that he works
hard and patiently year after year,
and turns every cent to a good
account on his place. Whenever
a desirable lot was for sale border-
ing on his farm, he worked and
saved money to buy it, if possible,
until he has more land than he
can well manage without making
drudges of himself and family.
Farm work is hard, and a poor
man who gets much ahead by the
profits of his farm must work
hard. But an hour or two after
sundown he may rest and gain
strength for the morrow, with
nothing to disturb his slumber.
Not so his poor tired wife. In
the midst of this struggle after
money, she is raising a family of
little children.
Year after year she seldom
knows an undisturbed night's rest.
In the morning she is tired
when she commences her day's
labor. Yet she is the first one
stirring, so that breakfast shall
not detain the men from treading
upon the dew in the fields at their
work.
The last one to bed and the first
up in the morning, mother's work
is never done until her hands are
folded forever, and her ears can
not hear the calls of her family, or
her eyes see the work to be done
to make them comfortable and
happy.
But when she is dead and gone,
who can take her place? Is it
not better to help her "favor her-
self" now rather than wear her
out as a household drudge?—*Elm*
Orlou.

HOUSEHOLD DRUDGES.
"Favor yourself, wife, let some
of the work go until to-morrow,"
says many a farmer who does not
realize what he is talking about.
To-morrow brings its full list of
duties for farmers' wives, and
there will be no time to-morrow
to attend to work left over to-
day.
With a flock of little children
around her, varying in ages and
numbers from three to ten or
twelve, including a nursing babe,
housework to do, butter to make,
washing, ironing and scrubbing to
be done, children and husband's
clothes to make and mend, and
three meals a day to cook for hun-
gry men working on the farm,
how can a woman "favor herself"
unless she has plenty of help?
Too many farmers think they
can not afford to keep hired girls
in the house, while they are work-
ing to get a little ahead to increase
the size of their farms.
If a man wants his wife to "fa-
vor herself," would it not be well
for him to lend her an occasional
helping hand?
Let one of the "farm hands" do
chores for the house an hour
morning and evening. If he filled
the wood-box, brought in plenty
of hard and soft water, scrubbed
off the porch, and fetched the veg-
etables for dinner, it would help
along wonderfully.
His services would not be mis-
sed in the field or barn hall as
much as they would be appreciated
in the house.
And, perhaps, wife could "favor
herself" a little if she had this
little to encourage her in the morning
when her day's work loomed up
like a mountain before her, and in
the evening when aching feet al-
most refuse farther service.—
Somebody will find fault if any
thing is left undone.
There is baking to do, a crying
baby to nurse, and husband said,
just before going out to work,
"Wife, I wish you would find time
to take a stitch or two in my
coat."
A stitch or two, indeed. The
poor work-driven wife has a good
two hours' job on hand, taking
that "stitch or two," and must
jump around all the faster to have
dinner ready when the men come
in expecting to find it steaming
on the table.
And what compensation has
a woman for all this drudgery?
Nothing but her daily bread and
comfortable clothing for herself
and children. Her husband owns
a fine, well-stocked farm, but the
more he has the harder she has to
work.
When they were poor, he had
more time to devote to her.
When his mind was less taken
up with stock, lands, and taxes, he
seemed to love her more, to think
more about her comfort.
Why, many a household drudge,
whom no one now seems to think
ever gets tired, can remember
when her young husband was as
tender of her as if she were a little
flower.
That was long ago, before the
love of gain absorbed the finer
feelings of the husband.
All the profits of the farm go
for buying more land and paying
taxes, so that the wife must often
earn her necessary clothing by
selling eggs, geese feathers, or
making an extra firkin of butter
to sell.

On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not for my day;
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For these perennial gurgles
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defflement,
And from defflement saved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all my love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lover! far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victories fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not for my day;
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For these perennial gurgles
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defflement,
And from defflement saved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all my love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lover! far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victories fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not for my day;
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For these perennial gurgles
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defflement,
And from defflement saved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all my love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lover! far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victories fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not for my day;
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For these perennial gurgles
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defflement,
And from defflement saved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all my love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lover! far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victories fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not for my day;
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For these perennial gurgles
I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defflement,
And from defflement saved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all my love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Syon!
O lover! far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victories fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me,
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His for ever.
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

The People of the Azores, and
their Peculiarities.

Consul Monson, in his report to
the British Government on the
trade and commerce of the Azores
during the past year, makes some
severe remarks on the upper clas-
ses of those islands. They are
generally wanting both in energy
and in the desire to encourage
progress. Traveling seldom, and
isolated by their position in the
mid-Atlantic, they possess but little
of the advances of civilization in
Europe and America. The Moor-
ish blood in their veins tinges
their habits and customs with a
quasi-oriental exclusiveness sur-
prising and even ridiculous to stran-
gers, who find it hard to enter into
the exaggerated notions entertain-
ed by the Azorians of their own
importance and intelligence. At-
taching an excessive value to the
prestige of rank, and sensible
that under the existing system
prestige can be purchased by hard
cash, they venerate wealth, and,
as a natural consequence, they
despise poverty. "This disposition
not only keeps them aloof from
the poorer classes, but induces a
love of hoarding and an intense
desire to make and retain money,
very prejudicial in their effects
both moral and social.
On the one hand, it is the gen-
eral custom to promote and en-
courage intermarriages between
the closest relatives, such as be-
tween uncle and niece, nephew
and aunt, sisters-in-law and bro-
thers-in-law, to such an extent
that idiosyncrasy and enfeebled
constitution are unaturally frequent;
and this solely to keep money or
landed property "in the family."
On the other hand, a mean and
parsimonious style of living, a
gross disinclination to lay out
money for any charitable purpose,
and a consequential and disdain-
ful demeanor toward less prospe-
rious individuals, are blots in the
character of the insular grandees
which cannot fail to attract the
attention of even the most super-
ficial observer. The number of
large fortunes, which would any-
where be considerable, but which
are really large in so small a com-
munity, to be found in the Azores
seem almost out of proportion to
the population.

A Berlin correspondent of the
New York Nation relates the fol-
lowing: "On the entry of one of
the Muntz regiments (the Eighty-
seventh which is recruited in Nas-
sau), I witnessed a little incident
which is worthy of being narrated
here. The regiment was on its
way to the Schlossplatz, when
a stout, resolute woman broke
through the ranks, put away the
officer at the head of the squad,
and embraced her husband, loudly
crying: "He has belonged to you
long enough, now he is mine once
more, and you will never get hold
of him again!" When the other
women standing along the street,
and eagerly waiting for their
turn, noticed this unceremonious
procedure, there was no longer
any restraint; they all broke into
the lines, and each of them seized
her son, husband or sweetheart.
The captain could not defend him-
self against this invasion, good
naturally suffered to pass what
he could not stop, and led his men
and women to the Schlossplatz,
where amid the cheering of the
people the women assisted the
soldiers in unstrapping their knap-
sacks, or held their needle kits,
while in the other hand each car-
ried a bundle of modest citizens'