Civilian & Telegraph.

MINERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' JOURNAL.

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Civilian & Telegraph

IS PUBLISHED

Every Thursday Morning.

WILLIAM EVANS, Proprietor.

OFFICE in Second Story of McKaigs' Row, Baltimore Street.

[illegible]MS—One copy, one year $2—[illegible] advance.

[illegible]VERTISING PUBLIC this pa[illegible] advantages, as it is read [illegible] has a more exten[illegible] circulation than any other journal published in the county, advertisements would consequently reach a greater number of readers an object worthy of consideration by those wishing to advertise.

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☞Bear in mind that no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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Business Directory,
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WILLIAM LILGOUR, **Attorney and Solicitor,** ☞ *Office next door to Geo. A. Pearre's,* ☜ Cumberland, Maryland. REFERENCES *GEO. A. PEARRE, Esq., Cumberland, Md. Hon. WM. T. HAMILTON, Hagerstown, Md.*

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Jan. 27, 1859.—1y.

Poetical.

For the Civilian & Telegraph.

The Potomac.

BY REV. A. J. WEDDELL.

On the beautiful Potomac
In the centuries long ago,
Floated the Indian warrior's bark,
And the maiden's light canoe;
And the wood-crowned hills, stood bathing
Their dark shadows in the streams,
As they watched at eve, like sentinels,
The sun's departing beams.

The old and stately forests,
Raised their hoary branches high,
Like hands upraised in worship
To the silent, beauteous sky;
While within their lonely solitudes,
Gathered dark and stalwart men,
The ancient rulers of the soil,
Of river, rock and glen.

They sang their songs of war and love,
In wild notes loud and free,
Till the forests deep and the mountains high
Joined in their minstrelsy:
The wild deer started from his lair,
As if some hunter nigh—
And the panther answered echo back
With his long and plaintive cry.

But the forests proud are fa'ling
And the warrior tribes are gone,
They chant no more their battle songs
Nor hunt the timid fawn;
But where the council's watchfires burned
Is reared the stately dome,
And the mansions of the conquerors stand
Where stood the chieftain's home.

Beneath us lies the scattered dust
Of the mighty nations dead,
But their spirit bands, at midnight
Throng our streets with noiseless tread;
They gather on their ancient hills,
Float o'er their own loved streams,
Like the viewless tones of music
Or the images of dreams.

And the beautiful Potomac
Still flows in sweetness on,
As it bears its Northern treasures
To the children of the Sun:
Its waters sound a requiem
In Æolian harp notes low,
O'er the forest rulers of the land
In the centuries long ago.

Original.

For the Civilian & Telegraph.

"And in the Garden a New Sepulchre."

It is a distinguishing characteristic of the Bible, that it abounds in those terse expressions, which are ever the stimulants to *thought*. Perhaps there is *no* sentence in the inspired volume, which in some sense, may not be regarded as a centre, around which cluster many associations of an interesting, and instructive character. While the *leading* design of the sentence may be to fortify some truth already stated, or to act as a preventive against some future misconception or error, in its *subordinate* significance it may also suggest such thoughts, as are well adapted to verify the declaration of the apostle "that *all* scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—This rich fullness in thought-germs, has doubtless much contributed to the high estimation in which the Bible is held, as a literary treasure.

The *primary* design of the words quoted above, that in the garden there was a new sepulchre, seems to be to shew the fulfilment of the prophecy in Isaiah concerning Christ: "He made his grave with the wicked, and with the *rich* in his death (Isaiah liii—8). To build a tomb for a person was a mark of esteem and honor, and the fact that Jesus of Nazareth was buried in a *new* sepulchre is a striking fulfilment of the prophetic description of his burial. The fact, too, that this new sepulchre was in a *garden* also bears a confirmatory relation to the prophecy. There was a potters-field for the burial of strangers, and public cemeteries for the interment of the people generally, but none except the richer portion of the community were able to have their burial places in a garden. No one who could have seen the "man of sorrows," as at the close of day he toiled up the steeps of Olivet to spend the night on the mountain, would have thought that he, who was thus rejected and despised among men, would after an ignominious crucifixion as a common criminal, be laid in a *garden*; a place where only the rich, and noble, could "sleep their last sleep."

God in thus fulfilling a prophecy so contrary to human expectation, evinced, that His ways are not as our ways—that He it is, who disposes, and governs the minds of men, and that it is a principle of divine action, to accomplish great results in the face of great opposition.

But whilst it was the primary design of this seemingly unimportant expression to show the fulfillment of what has been foretold, the simple statement, that in the garden there was a sepulchre, suggests a mournful theme for contemplation.

The gardens mentioned in scripture took their names from the prevalence of certain trees in them; thus they were termed the "garden of nuts"—the "garden of pomegranates"—the "garden of olives." They were not located in the immediate vicinity of the residence of the owner, but were situated in the suburbs. Belonging almost exclusively to the wealthier classes, they were adorned with all that could render them attractive and delightful. In them nature and art combined, lent their aid to the enchantment of the senses. Pavilions, half hid in the luxuriant foliage, and tastefully decorated with the embellishments of fancy, invited the rambler to rest in their shady seclusion, while the music of the streams, as they glided rippling along their banks of bright verdure, and the dancing of the cascades, as they played in the sunshine, gave life and animation to the scene. Banquets also were sometimes given in these gardens—the merry laugh rang thro' their darkly shaded avenues, and the voice of mirth, mingled with the sound of music. But in this place of festive gayety—amid all the bloom and beauty—a sad memento of mortality rose—*the whited sepulchre.*

Thus in every garden there is a sepulchre—in every scene of life and joy there is some memorial of approaching decay—upon all with which we are acquainted, is impressed the stamp of dissolution. In the physical world, progress or growth is but the sure precursor to decay—the thousand forms around us in all their varied life and beauty, bear within themselves the elements of decomposition. Vegetation with its myriad forms of development, all eloquent with life, buds, blossoms, and fades—the flower loses its loveliness and withers away—the verdure of summer, grows russet and sere in the winds of autumn. Even the stern rock, battling for centuries against the tempest and storm, crumbles at length in the conflict of ages. "Passing away," is the minor strain in the sad song of nature.

History confirms the solemn fact, of death in the midst of life. Nations, luxuriating in their opulence—reposing in their splendor and arrogant in their power, have risen, culminated, and fallen. In the height of their pomp and power, the principles of death within them, warmed into life and activity by the vicious zeal of corrupt demagogues, worked their destruction. The Empires of the past exist only in name. Babylon the great—the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, is fallen. At the zenith of her grandeur, her citizens dreamed away the hours of her defence in the arms of licentiousness, while the Persian Monarch poured upon her a flood which extinguished forever the light of her Empire. Jerusalem, torn by internal violence and dissensions, is hurled down by the Roman army. Athens, enervated by the corrupting vices and effeminacy of her people, languished and decayed. Rome, throned on her seven hills, the mistress of the world, racked by injustice and paralyzed by immorality, is trodden under foot by the Vandal and Goth. Thus the glow of prosperity which mantled these nations ere they declined, was but the hectic flush concealing the insidious workings of a fatal disease. As with solemn footfall we tread among the graves of buried centuries, we see inscribed on *all* the mausoleums of departed greatness, the mournful requiem of the past:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Thus also with human life—in every garden there is a sepulchre. We gaze down the gay thoroughfares of our cities, teeming with life and bustling with commotion, and see the long procession bearing with solemn tread the "lost one" to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." We stroll into the country, and everywhere we go, the white tablet peering above the sod, reminds us of our mortality. We come nearer home—into our own loved circles, death has been there; the grim monster has invaded our own hearths, and taken from us a parent—a child—a brother—a sister—a friend.

There is within our own bodies a strong inherent tendency to dissolution. Beneath the flush of health and glow of life, the elements of corporeal disorganization are working our decay. How touchingly beautiful is the figure used by the prophet, to portray this sad fact of our mortality, "*we all do fade as a leaf.*" But though death is thus the destiny of man on earth—man was never *meant* to die. Death is not the child of God's love—it is the child of sin. The body, with all its parts so beautifully and perfectly adapted to each other, was never made to moulder in the tomb. The bloom which glows upon the cheek of health, was never made to pale or fade. The sparkling eye, kindling with the enthusiasm of the soul within, was never made to become dim and lustreless in the grave. The heart which sends the life-blood throbbing through the frame, was never made to be frozen by the chilling blasts of death. Oh no! death is an *unnatural* thing. God made his creature man to live *forever*. He made the casket which enshrines his image for a better destiny than this. But man *sinned*, and by *his* sin brought death into the world.

As we are thus continually reminded, by the decay in nature, by the fate of Empires, and by the evidences of mortality around us and within us, of the mournful effect of Adam's transgression, the burdened soul, shrinking from the thought of a last long day of nothingness, cries out, *is there no help?* Must nature ever die—must nations ever be consumed in the conflagration of their own wild passions—must this body once destined for perennial bloom, moulder in the grave forever? Reader, that sepulchre in the garden, witnessed the most glorious scene in the universe of God—*there*, the Lord of life and glory, burst the chains of mortal corruption and illumined the dark recesses of the tomb with the Shechinah of his presence—*there* was captivity led captive—*there* was the pledge given of a complete and glorious resurrection. Now, as we look on nature, and see springing from the mass of decay and death around us, *new* forms of light and beauty, we can anticipate with earnest hope that period, when "the whole creation, which groaneth and travaileth together in pain until *now*, waiting for the Redemption, shall *be* redeemed—when this earth cursed for man's transgression, purified by fire, shall be made again an Eden of peace and holiness. As also, amid the revolutions of time, we see emerging from the mouldering ruins of wicked dynasties, the elements of a purer and a nobler political faith, we can look forward with confidence to that glorious era predicted by the prophets," when the nations shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks, when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more, but all nations shall be given to Christ for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

Christian mourner, as you think over the ravages which death has made in your own heart, as you start back from the thought of the grave with all its gloomy associations, remember the sepulchre in the garden! then can you exultingly sing,

On the cold cheek of Death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

Miscellaneous.

A Genuine Negro Sermon.

Negro sermons are common, but they are chiefly simulations or imitations. A genuine one is a novelty; and therefore we give the following, which was taken down phonographically, as uttered by a "colored expounder" named "Daddy Jim," before a congregation of whites and blacks, in a cabin near the Seminary Buildings, Limestone Springs, S. C. It is not, perhaps, so racy as a fictitious production, but it has the merit of accuracy and reality, which is something in these degenerate days. It has been forwarded to us by a friend who resides in the vicinity, and commences with a prayer, thus:

"Dou dat dwellest way up among de bims and de cherubims. Dou has sed whar two or tree of dy childers are a gaddered togeder as techers, and a aiming at one ting, dare dou will come to bress. Be pleased to mount de white gospel steed, an take a gentle ride roun de territory, an stop awhile at Hell's gate, shorten Sattan's chain, an sink him one tousand fadams lower. Bress all de bond an de free-bond; bress our dear massa an our dear missus; may dey draw togeder like de match horses ob de ancient time, an may de springs ob de-body rise up an call em bressed."

Then comes the sermon!

"Gentlemen an ladies—My tex on dis ecasion mought be foun', if I mistake not, bout de 9th verse of 2d Peter, 3d chapter: "De Lord knoweth how to deliber de ongodly out ob temtation."

"Kindhearted an tender bredring, I'm agwine to speak a few words to you dis ebening, aud reskover to you how dat de Lord hab care ob all you ongodly ladies and gentlemen. Hence we receive how dat God Almighty told Noah to build a big ship, an he put into it a he an a she ob ebery kind. Den de big cap. an gen. come along, say, 'whar de ole man gwine to git enuf water to float his big ship?' Bym by, den Noah he go in de ark, an all de ongodly ladies an gentlemen kep on a singin an a dancin, a fiddlin an a cock-fitin, an a marigin an a givin in marage. Den de doors ob de ark wus shet an de doors ob heaben wus opined, an de rain gan to ascend an rescend up de earth. Den de waters dey come up to de first floor, dey say, 'Nebber mind, fiddle up;' an dey went to de second floor. Den de water it come dare, an dey put der heads out der winder an say:—'Noah! ain't you gwine to let us into your ark?' 'No, I'se full!' Den dey hold on to de eaves an dormer winders, and de water cum up ober em an take em down de stream. Hence we receive 'dat de Lord knoweth how,' etc."

"De Lord commanded Jonah to go prophesy gin Ninevah. Den Jonah went aboard ship, an a big hurricane cum, an Jonah, he an de captain, had a big talk, an dey trow Jonah oberboard. Den a big whale swallow him. Den Jonah he tink it all ober wid im, sure, but bym by he gan to pray, an de more he pray de more de whale gan to grow sick. Finally he trow up, an Jonah gits on dry groun. Hence we 'receive,' &c., &c."

"De great king, Nebuchednezzer, gin out word dat whom call on de name ob de Lord for tree day de lion shall hab im. Den Daniel he go strate home, an open all de winders, an pray to God Almighty. Den de ongodly men dey take him to de king an he put him in de lion's den. Next mornin' fore de crack ob day, de king go to de den an say, 'Ho Daniel! lion bite you?' Den Dan. say, 'No, O king! I feel I lib foreber. De Lord he shet de lion's mouf, so he no bite me.'—Hence we 'receive,' &c., &c."

"De Lord he say to de angel Gabriel, 'Go git your silver trumpit.' Den he blow to de Norf, an he blow to de Souf, an he blow to de East, an he blow to de West, an all de ongodly ladies and gentlemen go down to hell; but de righteous dey hab a golden crown on der head, silver slippers on der feet, an white robes comin down to der toes, an golden harp in der moufs, &c., &c."

A HAPPY HOME.—In a happy home there will be no fault-finding, no overbearing spirit—there will be no peevishness, no fretfulness. Unkindness will not dwell in the heart or be on the tongues. Oh, the tears, the wasting of life, and health, and strength, and time—of all that is most to be desired in a home, occasioned merely by unkind words. The celebrated Mr. Wesley remarked to this effect, namely, that freting and scolding seemed like tearing the flesh from the bone, and we have no more right to be guilty of this than we have to curse, or swear, or steal. In a perfectly happy home, all selfishness will be removed. Even as "Christ pleased not himself," so the members of a happy home will not seek first to please themselves but to please each other,

Cheerfulness is another ingredient in a happy home. How much does a sweetness emanating from a heart fraught with love and kindness, contribute to render a home happy. How attracting, how soothing is that sweet cheerfulness that is borne on the countenance of a wife and mother.

How the parent and child, the brother and sister, the mistress and servant, dwell with delight on those cheerful looks, those confiding smiles that beam from the eye, and burst from the inmost soul who are dear and near, How it hastens the return of the father—lightens the care of the mother—renders it more easy for both to resist temptation, and drawn by the cords of affection, how it induces them with loving hearts to return to the parental roof.

Oh, that parents would lay this subject to heart—that by untiring efforts they would so far render home happy, that their children and domestics shall not seek for happiness in forbidden paths.

☞"What has been your business?" said a Judge to a prisoner at the bar.

"Why your honor, I used to be a dentist, now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

Sut Lovengood's Dog.

When I wer a boy, and my legs not longer than John Wentworth's dad fotched home a daddrapped, wuthless, mangy, fleabitten, gray old fox houn, good for nuthing but to swaller up what orter lined the bowels ove us brats. Well I naturally tuck a distaste to him, and had a sorter hankerin arter hur his feelings and discumfertin ove him every time dad's back were turned. This sorter kept a big skeer alles before his eyes, and an orful yell in his throat reddy to pore out the fust moshun he seed me make. So he larnt to swaller things as he run, and allers kept his laigs well onder himself, for he never knowd how soon he mought want to use em in trotting his trifling carcus beyond the reach ove a grate flyin rock. He knowd the whiz of a rock in moshun as well, and he never stopped tu se who fiung hit, but jist let his head fly open to gin a howl—room to cum—and sot his laigs tu gwine the way his nose happened to be a pintin. He'd shy roun every rock he seed in the road, for he looked on hit as a calamity tu cum arter him some day.—Ef he left home sum nabor's dog tanned his hide, and if he stade at home, I was allers arter hit tu tan hit; so he dident see much more peace of mind nur a suckit rider dus in a Baptist naburhood at sacrament time when the river am up in good dippin order. And in all my born days I never seed him agwine the same way I wuz; he made that an onbrakabil ruil. I think I got my fust noledge ove gittin way frum imagunary trobul and common tribulashun, from him; and with the vantage of a holesum par ove laigs and the power ove usin em, I allers found his plan tu work well. I tell you Georgy, that runnin am the greatest invenshun on yearth when used carefully. Whar'd I been tu by this time ef I handt relyed ontu these yare laigs? D'ye see em? Dont they mind you ove a par ove cumpuses made to divide a mile into quarters? They'l do, I'll be circumstanshully dad-drapped ef they dont.

Well, one day I tuck a pig's bladder ni ontu the size ove a duck aig and filled it with powder and korked hit up with piece of spunk, rolled hit up in a thin sculp ove meet and sot the spunk afire, and flung it out; he swallered hit at one yerk, and sot tu gittin away for doin hit. I hearn a noise like sumthin bustin, and his tail lit atop ove my hat. His head were way down the hill and had tuck a deth holt outer a roof. His fore laigs were fifty feet up the road making runnin moshuns, and his hine ones a straddil ove the fence. His innerds wer hangin in links ontu the cabin chimly, sept about a yard in mam's bussum. As tu the dog hissel, as a dog, I never seed him agin. Well, dad flung five or six hundred onder my shurt with the dried skin ofen a bull's tail, and gin me the remaindur next day with a waggin whip what he borrowed frum a feller while he wer a watteren his hosses; the wagginer got sorry fur me and hollered tu me tu turn my beggin and squealin intu fust rate runnin, which I immejiutly did, and the last lick missed me bout ten fut.

☞The following poem from the San Francisco *Golden Era*, is not only Homeric in style, but complete in itself, for it ends in the total annihilation of the combatants:

"On a pine wood shed, in an alley dark, were scattered moonbeams, sifting through a row of tottering chimneys and an awning torn and drooping, fell, strode back and forth, with stiff and tense-drawn muscle and peculiar tread, a cat.

His name was Norval; on yonder neighboring shed his father fought the cats that came in squads from streets beyond Dupont, in search of food and strange adventure.

Grim war he courted; and his twisted tail, and spine upheaving in fantastic curve, and claws distended, and flatly pressed against a head thrown back defiantly, told of impending strife.

With eyes a-gleam, and screeching blasts of war, and steps as silent as the falling dew, young Norval crept along the splintered edge and gazed a moment through the darkness down, with tail a-wave triumphatly.

Then with an imprecation and a growl—perhaps an oath in direst vengeance hissed—he started back, and crooked in body like a letter S, or rather like a U inverted, stood in fierce expectancy.

'Twas well, With eye-balls glaring and ears all aslant, and open mouth, in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, slow up a post from out the dark below a head appeared.

A dreadful tocsin of eternal strife young Norval uttered; then, with a face unblanched, and moustache standing straight before his nose, and tail flung wildly to the passing breeze, stepped with incautious invitations to the foe.

Approaching the other, and, with preparations dire, each cat surveyed the vantage of the field. Around they walked, with tails uplifted and backs high in the air, while from their mouths, in accents hissing with consuming rage, dropped brief but awful sentences of hate.

Thrice around the roof they went in circle, each with eye upon the foe intently bent; then sidewise moving, as is wont with cats, gave one long-drawn terrific, savage yell, and buckled in.

The fur flew. A mist of hair hung over the battle field. High 'bove the din of passing wagons rose the dreadful tumult of the struggling cats. So gleamed their eyes in frenzy, that to me, who saw the conflict from a window near, nought else was visible but fiery stars that moved in orbits most eccentric,

An hour they struggled in tempestuous might, then faint and fainter grew the squall of war, until all sound was hushed. Then went I forth with lantern, and the field surveyed. What saw I?

Six claws—one ear—of teeth, perhaps a handful; and save fur, nought else, except a solitary tail. That tail was Norval's—by a ring I knew't. The ear was—but we'll let the matter pass. The tale will do without the ear.

It is said some babies are so small they can creep into quart measures. But the way some adults can walk into such a measure is astonishing.

The Long Ago.*

OH! a wonderful stream is the river TIME,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summer like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the LONG AGO,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

*We do not know who is the author of this gorgeous piece of poetic imagery. We have seen it credited to B. F. Taylor, to Mrs. Judson, and to others. But there can be but one opinion as to its merits.—ED.

MOURNING CUSTOMS.—A French writer gives a summary of the different observances among mankind, relative to mourning and funeral ceremonies, which we think will interest our readers. All the world, says he, are acquainted with the grandeur of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks also burnt the corpses of distinguished men, with funeral feasts, and the lamentation of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptuous grief, and better regulated piety. The Persians buried the bodies of the dead; the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them, for preservation's sake, in a sort of locker; the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festal days, placed them at the table among their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions, and loaned and borrowed money on these strange pledges. In our time the custom of dancing at funerals is only practised in India and among some savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in many European countries. Amongst others the ceremony of interment is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence. Their carriages follow them to the graves, and sometimes their horses are paraded, which having been made to fast seem to partake of the affliction of the occasion. The Orientals, from whom we borrow these custom, went further—they made the horses in funeral processions weep, by blowing a particular kind of powder up their nostrils.

In Italy the mourning was formerly white for women, and brown for men. In China it is white; in Turkey, Syria and Armenia it is blue: in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, grey. Each of these colors had, originally, its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after death; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of all human hopes, and man falling like the leaf of autumn; grey represents the color of the earth, our common mother; and black the funeral costume now adopted throughout Europe and America, is an allusion to the eternal night.

In England, the sovereign never wears black; he is clothed in dark purple as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII, white was the funeral garb in France. The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1705, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder during the whole period of mourning. In this he imitated the Jews. The dowager-empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black till their death.

The Chancellor of France is the only person who never wears mourning.

But the most remarkable of all these usages, is, perhaps, that of the people of those ancient nations, who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relatives, in order, it is said, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief.

STOOP SHOULDERS.—If ever a catalogue of our national failings be completed, it should embrace that of having round shoulders, so called. We are very largely a nation of stoopers, from the farmer in his shirt-sleeves to the advocate at his table. There is not the slightest necessity for this, and it is ungainly as it is unhealthy. Boys who have a tendency to 'Lop, should be made to straighten themselves, and if kind counsel will not bring them to their perpendicular, ridicule should be resorted to and persevered in until the thing is done. There is a probability that not more than one pair of stooping shoulders in a hundred stoops unavoidably. Free exercise of all the muscles of the chest, back and abdomen, in the erect position, will cure the evil. Walking has no tendency to do this.—*Life Ill.*

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PSALMS OF DAVID.—The following eloquent extract is from a late lecture by Henry Giles on the Psalms of David:

Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the court of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn space of the temple; they were sung with glory in the Halls of Zion; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babel.—And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the Church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that church, from the hymn which it first whispered in an upper chamber until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotions and ennobled its rituals. Chorused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled throughout God's own, the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valleys of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Waldenses; through the deeps and caves of the Scottish Highlands, in the rude chanting of the Scottish Covenanters; through the woods and wilds of primitive America, in the heroic hallelujahs of princely pilgrims.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—The Norfolk papers notice the death in that city on the 2d inst., of a colored female named Sarah Mallory, who at the time of her death, was in her hundred and twentieth year:

Her youngest child attended her funeral as the last of the family; his back is bent, and his locks frosted o'er with the snows of seventy-seven winters. She never used glasses, and to the day of her death could thread a needle as readily and easily as ever. Her remains were inclosed in a neat mahogany coffin, on the top of which were the initials "S. M. Æ. 120." They were followed to the grave by a large number of both colors. Around the hearse were venerable negro men, who with a white sash across their shoulders acted as pall bearers; behind were twenty-four old colored ladies; many of them possibly three score and ten years of age, who were attired in black dresses, black capes, with three rows of white ribbons around, and lead colored chip bonnets, with a white curtain trimmed with three rows of black tape; then followed several carriages; while crowds followed out to see the last of this old lady, who had lived out six score years.

WIDOW OF BURNS.—An English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some relic of the bard, as he called it; that is, some scrap of his handwriting, or any other little object which could be considered a memorial of the deceased.—Mrs. Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away everything of that kind that was remarkable, or that she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relic to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs. Burns declared her inability to satisfy him; at length driven to extremities by his good humored entreaties, she as good humouredly said—"Well, sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other relic (*relict*) of him that is in my power to give, or yours to receive." Of course, this closed the argument.

☞During the Revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came forward and made his bow.

"What is your objection?" said the captain.

"I ca-can't go," said the man, "because I st-st-st-stutter."

"Stutter!" said the captain, "you don't go there to talk, but to fight."

"Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on g-g-guard and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I say wh-wh-wh-who goes there!"

"Oh, that is no objection," replied the captain, "for they will place some other sentry with you; he can challenge, and you can fire."

"Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run through the b-b-b-body, before I can cry qu-qu-qu-quarter!"

This last plea prevailed; and the captain laughing heartily dismissed him.

WHAT reason have we to believe that Solomon was not so rich as he is supposed to have been? Because we have the highest authority for the fact that he slept with his forefathers; if he had been rich he would undoubtedly have had a bed of his own.

A genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in the world:

"First, the ordinary fool; second, the fool who is one, and don't know it; third, the fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool."

A Chinaman stepped into a jewelry shop in San Francisco, and inquired if they had any "consistencies?" On being asked to explain himself, he said he didn't know what consistency was, but had been told that it was a jewel.

A loafer took a fish in the market-house and slipped it under his vest. The tail hanging down so as to be seen, the first man he met suggested to him that he should either wear a longer jacket or steal a shorter fish.

A negro boy was driving a mule, when the animal suddenly stopped and refused to budge. "Won't go, hey?" he said. "Feel grand, do you? I suppose you forgot your father was a jackass!"

Tobacco leaves put round the b[illegible] peach trees, just beneath the surface [illegible] ground, are recommended as a prev[illegible] of the peach worm.

An old sea captain used to say, he [illegible] care how he dressed when abroad, [illegible] nobody knew him; and didn't care [illegible] dressed when at home, because ev[illegible] knew him him.

An exchange tells of a[illegible] wh[illegible] soldiering and was ch[illegible] Captain. 'One day at par[illegible], instead of giv[illegible] orders "Front [illegible]ce, three paces forward," exclaimed 'Cash, two dollars a year [illegible] vance.'