

# THE SPARTAN.

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"BE OURS THE TASK OF FAIR, DELIGHTFUL PRIZE, UNWARD BY PART'S NAME, 'TIS LIKE BROTHERS."

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## COMETS.

**SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S OPINION OF COMETS.**—In the efforts by which the human mind labors after truth, it is curious to observe how often that desired object is stumbled upon by accident. One of Newton's conjectures, respecting Comets was that they are the elements by which the suns are sustained; and therefore concluded, that these bodies were in a state of progressive decline upon the suns round which they progressively swept; and that into these suns they from time to time fell. This opinion appears to have been cherished by Newton to the latest hours of his life; he not only consigned it to his immortal writings, but at the age of eighty-three a conversation took place between him and his nephew on the subject, which has come down to us. "I cannot say," said Newton, "when the comet of 1680 will fall into the sun; possibly after five or six revolutions; but whenever that time shall arrive, the heat of the sun will be raised by it to such a point, that our globe will be burned, and all the animals upon it will perish. The new stars observed by Hipparchus, Tycho and Kepler, must have proceeded from such a cause, for it is impossible otherwise to explain their sudden splendor." His nephew upon this asked him, "Why, when he had stated in his writings that comets would fall into the sun, did he not also state that those vast fires which they must produce, as he supposed they had done in the stars?" "Because," replied the old man, "the conflagrations of the sun concern us a little more directly. I have said however," added he, smiling, "enough to enable the world to collect my opinion."

**THE FORMATION OF COMETS.**—By far the greater number of Comets appear to be mere masses of vapour, totally divested of all concrete or solid matter. So prevalent is this character, that some observers hold it to be universal. Seneca mentions the fact of stars having been distinctly seen through comets. A star of the sixth magnitude was seen through the centre of the head of the comet of 1795, by Sir William Herschel; and in September 1832, Sir John Herschel, when observing Biela's comet, saw that body pass directly between his eye and a small cluster or knot of minute telescopic stars of the sixteenth or seventeenth magnitude. This little constellation occupied a space in the heavens the breadth of which did not exceed the twentieth part of the breadth of the moon; yet the whole of the cluster was distinctly visible through the comet. "A more striking proof," says Sir John Herschel, "could not have been offered of the extreme transparency of the matter of which this comet consists."

## DETERMINATION.

We never knew a man who determined to be something, who did not prosper in whatever he engaged. Those who feel the almost omnipotent power within them, and act as if they felt it, never stop by the way—never linger to doubt in fear and dismay. With an energy that knows no abatement, and a zeal which nothing can quench, they push on and up, until they see the full accomplishment of their hopes. There are many minds, equally as gifted as Newton's or Locke's or Franklin's; but they neglect the means to bring out their powers; they too lazily exert themselves, and therefore die, benefitting the world as little as the brute.

There is every thing to encourage young men to be studious, industrious, energetic, and persevering. The world is before you. There is much to do for yourself and for others. You can become useful and distinguished, and secure a name that will never die. You lack nothing but a determined spirit and a well-trained mind. If half the time that many squander in idleness, were applied to the real objects of life, we would behold an entirely different state of society. Upward and onward would be the march of mind, and its healthy action would be felt in every department of life.

Instead of the growing inclination for exciting scenes and grovelling pursuits, mankind would study the real objects of life, and each individual would strive to make his neighbor better, happier, and more intelligent.

Commence then, young men, to live as well as stay—to work and not lounge—to study your own character and elevate your mind, instead of degrading it in the dust. A little perseverance—a strong effort—a determined spirit, are all you need. With these you will succeed and become in a few years what you have not dared to hope for.

**MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.**—Persevere against discouragements.—Keep your temper.—Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate.—Never be in a hurry.—Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction.—Rise early, and be an economist of time.—Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak.—Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.—Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent.—Rather set than follow examples.—Practice strict temperance; and in all your transactions, remember the final account.

**OLD MAIDS.**—Spare, oh, spare the feelings of this much injured class, among whom are minds richly endowed with every feminine virtue. This unoffending class can scarcely peruse a periodical through but their sensibility recoils from insult.—They are repeatedly assailed with sarcasms, which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.—Eccentricity, foibles and acrimony are abundantly ascribed to them, and these exaggerated and held forth to the view of the world in the most glaring forms, of whom all classes seem to feel a privilege to say any thing but that which would be congenial to the feelings of a social, intelligent being.—And how have they incurred this weight of calumny, that they have long borne with silent contempt or christian forbearance.

Methods I see one in the morning of life, bending beneath a weight of woe, over the envious earth, whilst it is embracing the last remains of the object of her early and fond affections.

Here her brightest, fondest hopes have gone down, never more to rise, in the zenith of earthly bliss, as the anguish of her heart subsides, her mind settles in resignation, and her hopes aspire to realms of endless bliss.

Methods I see another, whose early blossom of hope, and happiness have been blighted by the foul breath of hypocrisy, beneath the profession of refined friendship. She finds, too late, that her confidence has been placed in an unworthy object; sensibility is wounded, and pride mortified, thus she becomes timid, and distrustful, the result is, she never confides in another. Others perhaps have never met with those, whose affections they could reciprocate, (that is such as they would choose for companions,) and there may be those who never have had an opportunity of changing their situation, and this may not have been owing to any deficiency relative to intrinsic worth; but capricious nature may have withheld exterior charms, and fortune her golden attraction. Are those sufficient offences to merit the various reproaches that are heaped upon us? We do not deny having faults, and foibles in common with all others of the human family.

However, let the world say what it will; let it exhaust all its rude remarks, and acrimonious aspersions upon us; though they may give frequent momentary shocks to sensibility, yet we are content with the situation in which Providence has placed us, believing that it has been dispensed to us, in best wisdom, and we are not unmindful of the many blessings conferred upon us, by a divine benefactor. If we have less of the friends and fewer of the pleasures of this world than others, we have also less of its cares and fewer of its shackles, consequently, the mind is freer to soar above the earth's surface; and perhaps when we shall be called hence, to be seen of men no more, we may be favored to experience the happy result of an unfettered mind. This is not an idle theme of fancy; but the time is swiftly approaching when the call will be realized.

**PRINTERS.**—No trade sends into the world smarter and more active men than that of printing. Look to cities of iron and honor—where talent and energy are required—and you will be most likely to find them filled by printers. Who make our best editors, lawyers, preachers, mayors and congressmen. Printing is a glorious business, thus to fit a man for honor and usefulness. A college education is not to be compared with an education at the case. One of the greatest lawyers England ever produced was a printer. The greatest philosopher of America was a printer. Who is the mayor of London? A printer. Who are the mayors of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Perth? Printers. So also are the mayors of New-York, Washington and Savannah, printers by trade. There are something like a dozen printers in congress—all of them honors to their profession. Printers are looking up. To the young apprentices at the case, or the roller stand, with smutty faces or dirty fingers, we would say, don't be discouraged. A few years ago, all the distinguished men we have named above, were similarly employed. Stick to your business, and every leisure hour you have, employ in the perusal of useful books, and in the cultivation of your minds. Then the day will not be far distant, when, if you are true to yourselves and contract no bad habits, you will become useful and honorable citizens—exerting a wide and healthful influence.

**THE RULING PASSION.**—An instance of the strength of the "ruling passion," even in death, was given a few days ago at Cape May. A young man, who seems to have been framed in that happy mould which gives a guarantee against dying of grief, and yet forces the mind to look to consequences in every situation of life, was nearly drowned while bathing, and was only rescued by his friends after he had lost all consciousness of this world and its joys and troubles. When restored so far as to be spoken with, he was asked what his thoughts were after he had given up every hope of being saved. As it was a matter of much speculation what the cogitation of such a good natured soul could be in such a serious, not to say a grave situation, his answer was looked for with much earnestness and curiosity. "Why," said he, "the last thing I remember thinking of was, what a terrible fuss the newspapers would make about my being drowned, and how pathetically they would describe my agonies." The reply, we need not say, was received with a shout of laughter.

**A WORD OF ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.**—Love so that you may be feared; rule so that you may be honored; be not diffident, lest you teach her to abuse you. If you see a fault, let your love hide it; if she continues in it, let your wisdom reprove it; reprove her not openly lest she grow bold; rebuke her not tauntingly, lest she grow spiteful; proclaim not her beauty lest she grow proud; boast not her wisdom lest you be thought foolish; let her see your imperfections lest she disdain you; profane not her ears with loose communications, lest you defile the sanctity of her modesty.—An understanding husband will make a discreet wife, and she will make a happy husband.

**CURIOSITY OF WOMEN.**—Nothing ever stops a woman when her curiosity is up, especially if she be curious to know something about herself. Only hold a secret in your hand, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump and frisk, and frolic around like every thing, and never give over purring and coaxing of you till she gets it.

**VERY SENSIBLE.**—A little paper published at Columbus, Ohio, called the Budget of Fun, has the following sensible remarks: "Those who owe us will do us a favor by calling offener; and those to whom we may be indebted, will save time and money, by waiting till we call on them!"

## LACONICS.

Who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Hypocrisy is very common—it being easy to acquire it—but hypocrisy is totally different from dissimulation; hypocrisy is the attribute of low and evil minds.

To place others at our implicit disposal, puts them in love with themselves, by exciting their vanity.

Never make a promise when the power of performing that promise shall depend in another.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill nature of every one he converses with.

A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

A modest assurance is the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

There is a wide difference between the confidence which becomes a man and the simplicity which disgraces a fool.

That man is guilty of impertinence who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

Calumnies are like the brands flying from a large fire, which quickly go out if you do not blow them.

To be despised or blamed by an incompetent or un candid judge, may give a momentary pain, but ought not to make us unhappy.

Fear never was a friend to the love of God or man, to duty or to conscience, to truth, probity or honor.

A wise man thinks all that he says, a fool says all that he thinks.

**MARRIAGE OUTRIGHT.**—In one of the upper counties of the State of North Carolina, a young fellow named Ben. Sykes, had courted a fair one for some years, but either was not ready or willing to put the question; she was fully willing—perhaps too willing—but he never came to the scratch. At last she got mad, and said she would marry Bill Patterson, if he ever courted her again. Bill, on hearing of this determination, went once more and put his claim; he was a scurvy fellow in some things, and neither 'ma'am' nor 'dad' was willing to it. So he secretly goes to R—, gets a license, and that night made off for a Gretna squire. In their road to happiness, however, who should they meet but Ben Sykes! He had got an inkling of what was going on, and when he met them, he understood how the case lay.

"Sally," says he, "I have fooled you, that's a fact, and I am sorry for it. But if you still prefer me to Bill Patterson, just say so, and I will give him a thrashing, take his license, and old Moody marry us to-night!" The old lady was too strong for her husband, she hated Bill's license, which cost him 75 cents, and was off with his plunder to Moody's. The old squire did not so well understand how one man could be married of a license granted to another. Ben said he did not himself understand law quibbles, but this he did know, that unless he did it, (the squire) would "ketch it" too. This hint was enough for Moody, who, without more ado, pronounced them man and wife.

That was the man who struck Bill Patterson!

**STRAWS AND PHASMA.**—The "Fields" of the St. Louis Reveille are as fruitful and as productive of good things as ever. We give the following samples of their crops:—

"There is one way to laugh without opening the mouth, and that is to do it in the sieve."

"Time was made as a sort of railroad to eternity; money was made to make a mare go; umbrellas were made to be lent; cold water was made for pumps; imperial Caesar was made to form the bung of a beer barrel, and Jim Crow was made to jump."

"It is an exceedingly fortunate thing for public defaulters, that 'to be suspended' don't mean 'to be hung.'"

"If you have ever seen a fly in a honey pot, take warning, and never fall in love."

"Hope only takes wings for flight upon the last breath of man, and then it mounts to Heaven."

**OPINION.**—Strange, that one whose opinion we neither respect nor admit, should yet have power to wound!—not stranger though than that it should have power to please. One may live to be indifferent to every thing but opinion. We may reject friendship which has often deceived us; renounce love, whose belief once found false, leaves us atheists of the heart; we may turn from pleasures which have palled—from employments which have become wearisome; but the opinion of our kind, whether for good or for evil, still retains its hold; that once broken, every social and moral tie is broken too—the prisoner then way go to his solitary cell—the anchorite to his hermitage—the last link with life and society is rent in twain.

**COUSINS' KISS.**—Hear what Corporal Streeter says about kissing cousins:

"The lips of a pretty cousin are a sort of neutral ground between a sister's and a stranger's. If you sip, it is not because you love, nor exactly because you have the right, nor upon grounds Platonic, nor with the calm satisfaction that you kiss a favorite sister. It is a sort of hocus pocus commingling of all, into which each feeling throws its part, until the concatenation is thrilling, peculiar, exciting, delicious, and emphatically slick. This is as near a philosophical analization as we can well come." That's near enough.

**AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.**—A fellow, as the story goes, crowded himself into company where he was not wanted, and when requested to withdraw, he refused. Whereupon, a "huge paw" took him by the collar, and, with a terrific kick, lifted him on to the side-walk. The ejected stranger riz, and, scratching his bruised spot, said— "Mister, who tapped your boots?"

He did this so coolly, that he was voted in a life member of the "Dry Jokers."

**A SET OF GEES.**—An astrologer having assured Charles the Ninth of France, that he would live as many days as he should turn about on his heels in an hour, standing on one leg; his majesty every morning performed that solemn gyration; the principal officers of the court, the judges, the chancellors, and generals likewise, in compliment, standing on one leg and turning round.

## [COMMUNICATED.]

PALMYRA, (N. C.) Sept. 2, 1844.

Your suggestion, Messrs. Editors, that during my few weeks' trip to this section of North Carolina, I should correspond with the Spartan, necessarily implied that I should see something or hear something worthy of the public ear. Now I much doubt if I have materials for a single letter, so as to save it from the imputation of "stale, flat and unprofitable."

The crops of grain, I was pleased to find, were very promising. The cane creek bottoms were better, I believe, than I ever saw them; and the Yadkin bottom will turn out a full average. In fact, whilst we in the upper parts of South Carolina were suffering from drought, our neighbors of this State had an abundance of rain—rather too much, as the planters say, for their bottoms. For the first time in my life, I am accidentally interested in the sale of my own corn. I have no hope of corn's selling for a twelve month's credit, from over 20 cents to 25 cents per bushel. The nominal price of old corn is 30 cents; but there is very little demand for it at any price, and there is an immense amount of it on hand in this most fruitful valley of the Yadkin.

We reached Rutherford the first day; and as it was only two days before the election, found the folks all "agog" on the "Division" and "anti-division" question. I did not hear much said about Whiggery and Democracy; the local question apparently swallowing up the general one. The result you heard much sooner than I did.—That Rutherford, as well as the congressional district, of which Rutherford is an important portion, is most decidedly of the Whig party, I have no doubt; but the present member of Congress, the honorable Mr. Clingman, will not, on that account, be permitted to retain his seat without a very warm contest. I have heard several gentlemen spoken of for the rival candidate; one of whom, I presume will ultimately be selected for that purpose.

Our second day's journey was up hill and down hill the greater part of the way, and was about as fatiguing and disagreeable as we could well endure in warm weather.

Our third day was "lection day," and my young folks being in a singing humor, attracted the attention of a large gang of black people going to Morganton to the "lection." It was in vain that we tried to leave our numerous escort behind, by "whipping up" whenever the road would permit. The charn was irresistible, and men and women ran like quarter nags, till the girls, fairly beaten, had to quit it.

The practice of making the "Election Day" a gala day for the negroes, still continues in this State. You are aware, that until the adoption of the present Constitution, confining the right of suffrage to white men—the free negroes were entitled to vote. From the exercise of this important right arose the practice, I presume, of allowing even slaves to attend the general election.

It is in vain to talk of the good democrats may be of the "good old North State," there is no hope of her. Mr. Clay will carry the State, sans doubt, by a greatly increased majority over that obtained by Mr. Graham for Governor. Even the Texas question, in this part of the State at least, has operated against the democratic party. The truth is, that nearly all the trained speakers of the State, as well as the great majority of the newspapers, are attached to the Whig party, I have not found the first man yet who seemed to be familiar with the arguments by which the Texas Annexationists sustain their views. All seem inclined to consider the "question" a mere democratic trick, and are ready to condemn without examination. I do not doubt that the political leaders understand the question; but the last thing the people expect from their stump orators, is truth, undisguised—unvarnished truth.

This valley is greatly blessed in its religious services during this summer. In addition to the regular circuit preaching by the Methodists—the stated preaching by the Baptists, the Rev. Mr. Motte, of the Episcopal Church preaches semi-monthly.

There are a considerable number of Episcopalians in this neighborhood and that of the new and thriving village of Lenoir, a few miles distant, and the Bishop of North Carolina visits those two points in his annual pastoral visitations to the Church under his spiritual direction.

I had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished Prelate, and of twice hearing him preach. Pulpit eloquence for me has always had a charm far beyond that of the Bar—of the halls of Legislation; or of popular assemblies,—and certainly Bishop Ives has all the attributes of a great orator. I need not say I was highly gratified, and I trust was strengthened, in my faith, in the sublime truths of Christianity.

The Episcopal Church under the supervision of the Bishop of North Carolina, is about establishing a normal Classical and Theological School in the Watauga Valley in Ashe county. Considerable progress has already been made in this most praiseworthy object, and during the next year, the school will probably be in full operation, and in possession of a most liberal patronage.

I spent a week very pleasantly and agreeably at Wilksborough, the county seat of the adjoining county. During our visit we had the opportunity of attending a three days' meeting under the direction of the Rev. Messrs. Adams and Rockwell, of the Presbyterian Church. The elections being over, I heard very little political discussion amongst the villagers. The county being nearly unanimously Whig, it was no easy matter to find a brother Democrat, if I had specially desired it. But as I have quit talking politics,—and declined being a politician, I did not find it necessary to battle it over any absurdity, however glaring.

You may be aware that some few years since, the Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, retired from the public gaze, and settled down in this county (Wilks) as farmers. You will also recollect, that during last year it was published in some of the newspapers that they had married two sisters.—This notice was treated as a hoax by some of the journals, and I incline to think that public opinion settled that the Twins were still living in single blessedness. To my surprise I find that the supposed hoax is a literal fact; and that these distinguished characters are married men! Mrs. Chang and Mrs. Eng are well known to several of my personal acquaintances, and are said to be very amiable and industrious. Each of the Ladies have presented their particular "lord" with an heir, in the person of a fine, fat bouncing daughter! Had one of them chanced to have been a son, doubtless the happy Twins would have been made highly gratified, as they then could have made the necessary arrangements to "keep the property

in the family." I have been assured on the most conclusive authority, that a twin birth of the same character as that of the Siamese Twins had taken place in the county—the rival twins however were born dead.

It is said that Chang and Eng, with their wives and children contemplate making a tour through this country in the course of a year or two. The twins enjoy excellent health—are very lively, talkative, and apparently happy; and will doubtless prove more interesting and attractive in their second tour than they did in their first, over the civilized world. Having families to provide for, as prudent husbands and fathers, they may think their bachelor fortune insufficient for all the little Changs and Engs of which they now have the promise.

I see by the Spartan, (which I am happy to say I receive regularly,) that you have plenty of Candidates for the Legislature. I am glad your gloomy anticipations of our danger, that our district would not have candidates enough to represent her, is not at all realized, and that we are to have an opportunity of full choice.

From indications at home and abroad, it seems that the Democracy are moving, and that the people are likely to hear a good deal of good speaking, and to get a good deal of good eating. I have had the honor, in several instances, to be invited to attend democratic and personal meetings, and help eat the good dinners in honor of the men or the cause; but had the misfortune, in every instance, to receive my letter of invitation after the dinner was eat up and the assemblage dispersed. Of course I would have been very grateful for the dinner could I have got it, and am for the invitations, which I flatter myself were not intended to be received "the day after the feast." Perhaps, as I intend to return by the 15th inst., I may be in time for a great dinner in Spartanburg, should the Politicians conclude to give one to "we the people."

I find by the Charleston Mercury, certainly the accredited organ of the democratic party, that the question of State Interposition is to be made and discussed, and if possible, acted upon, during the next session of the Legislature.—This question is certainly one of vast importance, and merits the profoundest investigation on the part of the people of the State. I have been surprised to find nothing said about it in the Spartan; because the question, so far as the great majority are concerned seems to be one of time, rather than of right and principle.

I don't mean to express an opinion upon the expediency or in expediency of separate State action; that I leave for the politicians—with which class I don't now rank myself. Certainly, for myself, I should much prefer the judgment of a Southern Convention; but I should think it very strange that the important proposition of "State Interposition" should be zealously made and urged in one portion of the State, and that the General Election should be suffered to pass and nothing said about it in the upper county. The People would hardly be willing, I should suppose, to trust the call or rejection of a State Convention to uninstructed delegates. However, I am ignorant of public opinion, and perhaps should not have ventured the few remarks I have made. We shall see, I suppose what we do see: and so good by. J. E. H.

**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.**—Our attention has been especially drawn to some late developments in England, which we find detailed in professor Wright's letters from London. Wood it seems is now converted into stone and rendered equally as indurate. The process is extremely simple. The professor observes that "the pieces, after having been fitted, by the carpenter or joiner, for their places, are introduced into an immense iron cylinder, which is then exhausted by an air pump. A solution of sulphate of iron is then injected, which immediately enters into the exhausted pores of the wood. The wood is then withdrawn, and again placed in a similar vacuum in a solution of muriate of lime, which, coming into contact with the sulphate of iron within the wood, decomposes it, and forms an insoluble sulphate of lime, or gypsum, within the wood: and the muriate of iron, the other new compound, goes about its business. This wood in every respect possesses the qualities of rock or stone, with great tenacity of grain, and like iron in gravity. The various uses to which wood thus prepared may be advantageously applied, will be found probably much greater in the south and southwest of our country than in any portion of Europe; owing principally to the great abundance of timber, and the vast body of swamp and low lands. In all our internal improvements, it could be employed with a saving of many thousand per cent. The professor informs us that two thousand sleepers of the prepared wood, or sufficient for one mile of railway, cost in England but four hundred dollars. We think these facts recommend the experiment to the serious consideration of the south.—Many eminent engineers have recorded their testimony in its favor; and the wood is now used in important works of the British government.—Southern Reform.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF POETRY.**—The Rev. John Todd has the annexed observation upon the results of a taste for poetry. They are, we think, as true as beautiful. A love of poesy is like the love of every thing that is pure and elevating—it refines the character, and adds sweetness to the passage of life: There is in the life of almost every man, a period when he reads and loves and quotes poetry. At first all that comes within his reach is food, but as he advances, his taste leads him to select with greater care and admit but little as worthy his lasting admiration. It is to be regretted that poetry is not read more through life, especially by professional men. Poetry is a child of the skies. Non tetigit quod non ornavit. The appropriate quotation is not the only thing that is beautiful. The mind through which poetry passes like the clear channel in which the mountain brook runs, seems to be beautified by the waters that pass through it. The young then in admitting and cultivating a taste for poetry, are becoming their own benefactors, and they are putting the soul under the guidance of a teacher, whose voice will evoke as sweet as the silver trumpet, and whose robes like those of the angel, and will reflect the purity and drop the odors of heaven.

**FOOTE AND DR. JOHNSON.**—The English Aristophanes was no favorite with the Doctor; that the dislike was mutual, the following passage from a letter written by Foote, to a friend in Dublin, will prove: "He (Dr. Johnson) has all the qualities of a bear, but its absence, all its awkwardness without its agility;—in fact, he grows better, but dances worse."