

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY J. B. HARRIS.

CLINTON, LA., JANUARY 3, 1855.

VOL. 1—NO. 2.

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

WILL BE PUBLISHED REGULARLY EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Office at the southwest Corner of the Public Square.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION. Three Dollars, when paid in advance, or Five Dollars if not paid at the time of subscribing, or at the close of the year. Subscriptions will not be received for a less period than six months, which will be Two Dollars, in advance. No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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Light at Home.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shade around us falls;
And from the lattice far it glimmers,
To love, to rest, to comfort call.
When tired with the toils of day,
The strife for glory, gold, or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way
Where loving lips will lip our name!

Around the light at home!

When, through the dark and stormy night,
The weary wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light of home; he feels—
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And softly through his bosom steals
The joy and love that vanish care!

Around the light at home!

The light at home! where'er at last
It greets the seaman through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled,
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,
But the sad tears which then she shed,
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss.

Around the light at home!

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
So it is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest hour!

Around the light at home!

THE REBELS OF THE CEVENNES.

A FRENCH STORY.

It was in the year 1793, while Louis XIVth was engaged in hostilities with foreign powers, that a domestic war of singular character was balling the skill of one of his bravest generals in the south of France. The persecuted Huguenots had been scattered abroad, carrying with them to other climes their indomitable valor and all-enduring faith—and much, too, that France might have been glad to retain, for the sake of her own best interests—their industrious habits, their skill in useful arts, and their correct morals. A few of their expelled clergy had had the courage to return; but deprived of the wisest and best of the Protestant party, the untamed mountaineers of the Cevennes had become the prey of designing or deluded fanatics. A strange madness had broken out among them; prophets and prophetesses had appeared, and the people listened to the voices of women and children, as to oracles. When the army of military discipline was raised to lash or crush them into submission, the undaunted spirit of mountain liberty blazed up, and heroes sprung forth from the fastnesses of the Cevennes, and the Vivarez to defy the power of their sovereign. It was a fierce and protracted contest; and, at the time when our tale opens, the Sieur de Montrevil, an officer of high repute, had been sent against the rebels. The severity with which he treated those who fell into his hands, struck no terror into the survivors; they seized every opportunity of making reprisals; and, as he advanced farther into the heart of their territory, carrying devastation among their humble cottages, and the fields which they had almost created on the bare rocks, they fought him at every pass with frenzied courage.

He arrived one morning at a defile, which led down into a green valley, whose peaceful hamlet was to be reduced to ashes. Not a human being appeared along the gray cliffs above, not a living thing stirred in the silent village; a few smokes rose from the cottages, but no children sported on the green, no old men sat before their doors, no dogs barked at the stranger's approach. On marched the well-trained soldiers into the scene of the work; and in a few minutes, brands, snatched from the lately deserted hearths, kindled a crackling conflagration; the red flames and black smoke rushed up, and the soldi'rs, again forwarding into ranks on a green slope where the rising breeze drove the smoke from them, sent forth a shout of triumph to the surrounding rocks. The rocks echoed it back again and again, and as the last reverberation died away among the hills, another and yet wilder sound answered it from the depths of their forests. A yell of mingled voices, arising from unseen spectators, which might have thrilled stouter hearts than those of the armed ruffians of power. The march was again resumed; there appeared to be no further passage through the everlasting barrier that rose beyond the village, and the Sieur de Montrevil led his men back through the defile he had descended so quietly an hour before. But at a sudden turn in the road, his quick eye discerned the figures of several mountaineers, vanishing behind the trees and rocks; and he halted, that his men, already panting from the fatigue of climbing the steep, might take breath before encountering the next and still more precipitous ascent. It was a sudden and fortunate pause; the next minute a fearful sound was heard breaking the solemn stillness; his men's eyes turned wildly in every direction, not knowing at first whence it proceeded; but presently a tremendous rock came thundering and crashing down the precipice on their right, bearing earth, stones, and trees before it; and dashing into the centre of the road, with a weight and fury which would have crushed to the dust the leader and front rank of the party, had they not halted at the moment they did.

Disappointed in their purpose, the peasants now appeared armed with rude weapons of every description, and fast and heavy came down showers of stones upon the soldiers; they obeyed their commander, and hastened to scramble over the fallen rocks and rubbish. Not a shot was fired till Montrevil espied two figures, which might arrest his attention, even in such a moment as this. On a cliff which overlooked the scene, and from whose rugged side it was plain that the rock had been hurled, he saw a female in an attitude of earnest and almost frantic supplication; her hair was thrown wildly up—her hands clasped—her hair and scarlet drapery streaming on the wind—her eyes fixed on the blue sky. She was apparently heedless of the confusion below; and above all the din, her shrill but unintelligible accents could be plainly distinguished. By her side stood a slight but graceful young man leaning with perfect composure on his hunting spear, and occasionally giving orders with his voice and gestures to his rude followers. He was clad, like many of them, in a white tunic; but a single eagle-feather in his cap marked him as the youthful leader of the Camisards, the celebrated Cavalier. No sooner did Montrevil behold this apparition, than a cry burst from his lips: "They are there! to the chase!" and in a moment the soldiers were climbing the rough sides of the pass, driving the peasants before them in the sudden onset; firing and reloading continually. The prophetess—La Grande Marie, as she was termed—was dimly seen through the smoke, on her knees and immovable, while the sounds of the musket shots came nearer and nearer. Cavalier, confident that more than earthly power would defend the being he thought supernaturally gifted, and rushed to direct the operations of his scattered followers. To his amusement, however, she remained in her ecstatic trance, till a ball whizzed by her; and then, rising slowly, she looked around with an eye from which gleamed the light of insanity. It seemed as if a consciousness of her danger then crossed her mind, for she glanced with some eagerness to the right and left, as if examining her means of escape—and, as two French soldiers sprang upon the ledge she occupied, she made an effort to throw herself down to a yet more narrow and hazardous spot. But their motions were too quick for the poor lunatic; and, as the infuriated peasant saw their prophetic rudely seized, her powerless hands bound with leathern belts, while her head sunk desparingly on her breast, they again sent forth a howl, which startled the wolves in their dens. It was in vain that Cavalier now strove to rally the undisciplined insurgents; astounded, panic-stricken at an event so unexpected as the capture of La Grande Marie, they lifted not a hand against the triumphant soldiery, but hovered along the precipices above the road, and gazed in stupid amazement at their progress. When Cavalier reminded them that she had the power to save herself yet from the hands of the destroyer, and would undoubtedly put it forth in some unlooked-for miracle, a gleam of hope brightened their rugged faces; but they only watched the more intently for the anticipated exhibition of her perihuman power. Montrevil and his party at length disengaged themselves in safety from the passes where alone their enemies could annoy them, and marched down with shouting banners and gay music upon the green plains. The mountaineers still kept them in view from the heights, striving with sad and wishful eyes to distinguish the form of the prophetess. Instead of proceeding with rapid steps to the white town, which glittered in the sunshine at a few miles distance, Montrevil no sooner found himself on level ground, safe from the assaults of hill warfare, than he halted near a solitary tall tree, which stretched its branches abroad, as if to invite the heated traveler to its shadow. There was a pause; the soldiers were taking breath after their hurried march; there was a bustle; but they did not disperse, nor sit down on the grass to rest their weary limbs; and in a few minutes more, their march was resumed with increased speed. As they cleared the ground under the large tree, the distant spectators caught sight of a fearful object. It was the well-known scarlet drapery—it was the body of their prophetess—suspended from one of the lower branches of the oak. No cry burst now from their lips; not daring to believe their own eyes, they strained their gaze, then looked on each other's faces with blank and speechless horror. Still doubting—still hoping—Cavalier was the first to rush down to the place of execution, while the sound of martial music yet came on the breeze, and the cloud of dust raised by the troops who had now reached a high road, was still in view. La Grande Marie was dead. Her body was yet warm, but the spirit had forsaken it; and never more should the bold accents of her prophecies kindle the souls of the Camisards against their oppressors. With reverent hands they bore her remains away to a cavern among their remote fastnesses; for in the minds of some there lingered even now the hope of a miracle more stupendous than any hitherto performed by their departed friend. Upon the brow of Cavalier, however, a cloud had settled, such as that open placid countenance had never yet worn. It was not despair which brooded on his heart; but a profound sorrow, and a feeling that all now depended on his own unaided and desperate efforts. It is only on the reflecting that a sense of increased responsibility falls lightly.

It was scarce high noon, when the party of royals encamped in safety near the town of N—, after their merry morning's work. Before nightfall, Cavalier had scoured the mountains in the neighborhood, and either in person or by his emissaries, had drawn together a large and furious body of peasants. As the sun sunk towards the west, black clouds gathered round his couch, and glowing like fire at his approach, soon shrouded the blazing orb in premature twilight. The wind howled among the hills with those portentous sounds which, to the profane ear forebode a sudden and violent storm; and Cavalier smiled triumphantly as he looked at the gloomy heavens, and hurried over the rocks to the place of rendezvous. A voice calling him by name arrested him on his way, and ere he had time to answer the call, a boy scarce fifteen, clad in the ordinary dress of a shepherd sprang into his arms. "My brother! my Philip!" exclaimed the young leader, "why are you here? why have you left the upper mountains?"

"I have come to fight, with you," cried the lad. "My child," returned Cavalier, "you know not what you say. With that beardless cheek and feeble hand, what should you do in these fierce battles?"

"I have fought with the wolves, and I can fight a soldier," said the boy; "let me go with you; I cannot stay here among the women and children."

"But you must—till you are a man," said Cavalier; "who will tend our flocks, if our boys neglect their charge?"

"Let the women watch sheep, or let the wolves eat them," answered the lad; "I am old enough, and strong enough, and bold enough to fight these robber-soldiers; and if you will not let me go with you, brother, I will fight them alone. People say they have taken La Grande Marie; they have hung her on a tree! Is it true?"

Cavalier's countenance, which had brightened as he looked on his brave young brother, grew sad as he whispered, "It is too true; God and his angels left her—we know not why—unless that we might revenge her murder."

"Then let me go, let me go, let me go!" cried Philip vehemently, as the blood rushed into his face, and he strove to drag his brother forward.

"Nay," returned Cavalier, calmly, "hear me, Philip. You and I are alone in the world. We have no parents to love us, no brothers or sisters. This day they have taken away the only other earthly being for whom I cared, and have cut deep into my heart. If I lose you too—you are but a child, Philip; a noble but feeble boy, and your arm could not ward off the death-stroke aimed against you. I should behold some ruthless sword striking your life-blood, and the sight would pay my own right arm. Go back, dear Philip; you are too young and weak for these bloody encounters."

"But you are scarce twenty," rejoined the boy, "and you have not the stout limbs of a mountaineer; yet men say God has given you such a head and bold heart, that you can lead them to battle. I only ask to follow after you."

"In time, Philip, in time! Do you love me, my dear brother?"

The younger Cavalier looked up in the speaker's face with amazement, and then throwing his arm about his neck, exclaimed, "You know I do, Louis!"

"Then go back to the heights, and take care of your precious days, Philip; for I tell you that, if you are in this conflict to-night, my thoughts will not be my own. I have more need of the clear head than of the strong hand, to guide younder brave but undisciplined men—and will you add to my perplexities, Philip?"

The boy's bright color faded, and his head drooped, as he said dejectedly, "I will do as you bid me, brother."

Cavalier pressed him to his heart: "That is well, my noble boy! I love you all the better for your bold purpose, and better still that you can submit to disappointment. God knows if I do not love you too well, for I feel that to lose you would almost break my heart. Away then to the upper hills! it grows late."

So saying, he disengaged himself hastily from the lad, and rushed down the rocks. As he looked back now and then through the deepening twilight, he discerned Philip still standing in a melancholy attitude, and repeatedly waved his hand to him to depart. But it was not until Louis had entirely vanished from his sight that the gallant boy turned, with a heavy sigh, and with lingering steps began to ascend the mountain.

Cavalier's plans had been wisely laid. He was aware that a blow must be immediately struck, to revive the drooping spirits of the insurgents. He knew that reinforcements for Montrevil's party were on the march, and would probably arrive the next day; and that no time was to be lost.

Before midnight, the storm commenced, as if in league with the oppressor; it was accompanied by a violent wind, and in the midst of its fury, his followers, divided into parties, approached the camp of Montrevil unperceived, from three quarters, and burst upon the bewildered soldiers, while the thunder roared over their heads, and the lightning whirled their light tents into the air.

Flushed with success, the assailants piled their victims without mercy, and pursued them to the outskirts of the town.

Cavalier alone was cool in the midst of the general confusion. He retained the same presence of mind which had marked him throughout the night. But while he was engaged in superintending the motions of his troops, he suddenly perceived a conflict going on, upon the edge of a cliff at no great distance, which made his blood run cold. It was a boy—a sword in hand—fighting most gallantly with a young royalist officer. His cap was off—the moon shone full on his face—it was Philip! Cavalier sprang towards him, but at the same moment he was himself set upon by two soldiers, and compelled to fight for his own life. Still he glanced continually at the rock beyond, he saw that Philip was weary of the precipice behind—that the boy was yielding, retreating, but still parrying the thrusts aimed at his body. Cavalier uttered a warning cry, but it was unheard, and in an instant more, as Philip again stepped back to avoid the desperate lunge of his foe—he disappeared!

A mist came over the eyes of Cavalier; he fought like a blind man; and had not some of his own friends come to his rescue, that night would have seen one of the boldest spirits of the Cevennes forever distinguished. As it was, his faculties seemed benumbed, and deprived of his wise command, the mountaineers suffered the soldiers to extricate themselves from their perilous position, and march back with some show of order to their quarters, under the gray dawn.

For weeks and months the weary contest went on. The valor and cool judgment of Cavalier had exalted him to supremacy above the other leaders of the Camisards; his fame had spread far and wide; and when he had succeeded in cutting off a large detachment of the royal troops near Martignac, Montrevil was recalled, and a general of no less reputation than Marshal Villars was sent against the once despised rebels of the Cevennes.

In a few months more, Villars himself came to the conclusion that the warfare must be interminable; it was possible to harass and distress, but not to conquer. So indomitable was the spirit of the enemy, so impracticable the fastnesses of their mountains, that all hope of putting an end to the war by force of arms was abandoned by this able leader.

An interview took place between Cavalier and LaLande, an officer of high rank under Marshal Villars. LaLande surveyed the worn garments and pale cheeks of the young hero, whose deeds had reached the ear and troubled the mind of Louis XIV. In the midst of his mighty foreign wars, he looked upon the body guard of the rebel chief, and saw there, too, signs of poverty and extreme physical suffering; and believed that he understood how to deal with men in such a condition. After a few words of courtesy, he drew forth a large and heavy purse of gold, and extended it towards Cavalier. The mild eye of the youth rested on it a moment with surprise; he looked in the officer's face, as if unable to comprehend his meaning; then, composedly folding his arms and stepping back, he shook his head, with an expression of countenance so cold, resolute, and dignified, that LaLande blushed at his own proffer. Glancing at the poor fellows who stood behind Cavalier, with ready address he intimated that the sum was but intended for a free gift to relieve their distress, and scattered the glittering coin on the turf before them. Their eyes rested on it wishfully, as they thought of their half-famished wives and children; but, so perfect was the subordination into which they had been brought by their extraordinary chief, that not a man stirred hand or foot, till, after a brief conference, Cavalier signified his pleasure that they should accept the donation. That was not till he had made satisfactory preliminary arrangements with LaLande, and a final interview had appointed between LaLande and himself.

It was on the 6th of May, 1704, that the renowned French marshal, the antagonist of Marlborough, descended into the Garden of the Re-collets, at St. Germain, near Nantes, to discuss peace and war with the son of a mountain peasant. His first remark, the appointed spot, a grass-plot surrounded by formal gravel-walks and trim hedges, bright with the verdure of spring. He stood musing by a fountain, careless of the songs of a thousand birds, for the interests of his master were at his heart; and he was eager to terminate a contest, most annoying in the present crisis of the monarch's affairs. Cavalier approached him with a brow equally perturbed; for, though the sufferings of his countrymen had made him resolve on peace, if it could be honorably obtained, yet the forms of his departed friend and brother had haunted his dreams through the past night. His own wrongs swelled in his bosom; and he felt, that Peace, with her sweetest smiles, could not bring back the murdered to cheer the loneliness of his lot. Sad, therefore, were the tones of his voice, and melancholy the aspect of his countenance, as the conference opened between him and his noble adversary; and Villars looked on him with a deep admiration and sympathy. He knew, from common report, what had been the keenest trials Cavalier had ever experienced; and judged rightly, that, as the season of the year returned, which had been marked by events of pain, the joyful voices of spring could bring no gaiety to a heart so full of bitter associations. For a time, he spoke of the objects for which they had met, but with a military frankness, calculated to place the unworldly Cavalier at his ease, questioned him of himself and his cause, questioned him of himself and his career; and gave just prizes to the troops he had formed from raw mountaineers. At last the feelings uppermost in the heart of Cavalier could no longer be suppressed, and he broke forth: "My countrymen are born free and fearless, and from their tenderest years can defend themselves against oppression. I had a brother, General—"

He could not go on, but Villars did not wait. "I know you had a hero of fifteen; the tale of that gallant boy's fate has reached me since I came into these parts. You might well be proud of him."

Cavalier's eyes were swimming in tears, as he repeated, in a stifled voice, "Proud of him? I prized him while he was mine, and when he was gone I thought I had never prized him enough—noble, loving, beloved Philip!"

"Were you satisfied, perfectly satisfied, that he perished in the pass of Montluçon?"

"Alas! he disappeared; I saw him pressed over the brink of a precipice; I knew it was not possible for flesh and bones to be dashed on the rocks below without destruction."

"Yet, if you remember, torrents of rain had fallen scarce an hour before; at least, so they tell me; and a deep basin of water had been formed under the cliff whence he fell."

Cavalier looked wildly in the Marshal's face, but spoke not. "He," continued Villars, "should have escaped death, should have fallen into the hands of our troops, which ransom would you pay for such a prisoner?"

"Myself—my liberty—my life! I have naught else," cried the young man.

Villars turned away, a benevolent smile lighting up his worn features, and raised his sword; the party of soldiers, who were drawn up at a little distance in a hollow square, opened, and there stood the slender stripling, Philip, in another moment, he had bounded like a mountain deer into the arms of his astonished brother, whispering, as he clung round his neck, "Will you forgive me, Louis?"

"He is yours," rejoined the Marshal, dashing the tears from his eyes; "we demand no ransom for those that wear no beads, even though taken sword in hand, as this young goose was, ten minutes after he came dripping and dizzy out of the water. The swords of our dead Frenchmen were scattered low plentifully about him. Carry him off, or I shall strangle him, and teach him loyalty. I pray you; for five years hence he will match us all. And now for business."

Briskly indeed the business went on. The cloud had vanished from the brow of Cavalier, the lad had been lifted from his heart, and both parties having the same object honorably in view, a friendly arrangement was speedily concluded, in which the interest of the monarch and of the long-oppressed subject were alike consulted.

It was not till many years after, that the Governor of Jersey, the veteran of Almanza—the trusted servant of the English crown—quietly departed this life of shambles in the ordinary course of nature, leaving behind a high and unblemished reputation. That honored officer was Louis Cavalier, once the rebel peasant of the Cevennes.

BAGASSE FOR PAPER.—The National Intelligencer has a report of a meeting of the National Institute in Washington on the 18th inst., from which we extract as follows:

Dr. Gale read a report on the specimens of bagasse, from M. Deblieux, of Plaquemine, La., presented at a former meeting by Mr. Swan, with a letter from M. Deblieux, requesting that the specimens be put into the hands of a paper manufacturer, and offering to furnish a quantity of the material for trial.

The report stated that a part of the specimens had been sent to Lavender & Lowe, patentees of a new process for reducing cane to paper pulp, asking them to correspond directly with M. Deblieux for the purpose of carrying out the design and request contained in his letter.

The report also embraced a history of the processes of paper-making from that of the papyrus down to the present time, including a brief account of the recent processes for converting raw vegetable fibre into paper pulp.

The estimates of the expenses of the city of New York for the coming year, as stated by the Comptroller, is \$5,250,000, which is an increase of more than half a million upon the expenditures of the past year. Of this immense sum \$312,500 is needed for police affairs; lamps and gas \$323,000; Croton Aqueduct \$720,105; street department \$1,498,300; almshouse \$542,450, &c.

"You look like death on a pale horse," said a gentleman to a lover, who was pale and emaciated. "I don't know anything about that," said the lover, "but I'm death on pale brandy!"

Did you ever know a pretty young lady who had not a pretty cousin to wait up in her to lectures and parties?

Daughter, Sister, Wife and Mother.

Woman, in the nobler acceptation of the word, is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Whether as a Daughter, Sister, Wife or Mother, she invites admiration. As a Daughter, she refines the atmosphere of the household, checking the impetuosity of Brothers, and forming an invisible but chastening link between husband and wife. Look at a home in which there is no Daughter! Where is the music, the fragrance, the sweet confidence, and the softening influences of a virgin's toilette, neatly arranged hair, and the modest seclusion which even the roughest boys during holiday time rigidly respect? Depend upon it, Daughters are a powerful element in civilization. They tame the rough asperities of fathers, impose a restraint on the volatility of angry wives, and in a matter-of-course, instinctively understood kind of way, enforce the maintenance of a pure kind of discipline and regularity, and a decorum which keeps some of the angel-light always shining by the domestic fire-side.

As a Sister, how supreme is her lightest word; how potent her authority over the most unruly, unlicked cub of a brother! And then look at a brother in after life, who has enjoyed the blessing of having had a sister! How polished his demeanor—how gentle his courtesies to the opposite sex! Habitual respect for his sister has drilled him into a legitimate appreciation of all women. He neither disparages, nor does he suffer disparagement of women in his presence. As a lover he is manly—for, having had a Sister to guard and cherish, his courtship is tinged with a chivalrous respect for the honor of the lady to whose hand he aspires. Indeed, we might almost indefinitely multiply instances of the power a Sister exercises over the future life of a brother; but will content ourselves with the observation, that we have always found greater contentment, more genial temper, a larger amount of urbanity, polish and talent in families graced by daughters than in those which had none.

But the influence of Daughter and Sister, life-tempering though they be with all sweetness and gentleness, must yield in value to that of a Wife. Man is a wreck without a Wife—a mere peripatetic, feeding on thistles and treading on thorns. His daily existence is a walking shadow of humanity. He is scarcely conscious of the dignity of his nature—his soul is fallow; and the few scattered daisies on its surface only make him the more conscious of his self-resolution. When held down by the polypos embrace of his many passions, his only consolation is a fierce self-idolatry, which in time consumes all that is good and noble in his disposition. Man owes an infinite debt to Marriage, and language is too feeble for the eulogy of a Wife. She is the cornerstone of society, the guardian angel of every earthly bliss, every earthly virtue and happiness. She it is who makes the strong man feeble, the savage one tame, and the great one human. Where she is, there is a paradise; where she is not, there is a howling desert. Her smile, like the glow of early summer's morn, glids everything around her with a radiance that quickens all the ennobling impulses, and lifts human nature nearer and nearer to the immortal source of its being.

Nothing beneath the stars is more lovely than marriage; and, as the purity and dignity of marriage rests chiefly with the Wife, to her be all the honor and glory. As the oldest living English poet has finely expressed it: "She is a light shining within, when all without is dark." And if we travel from the Wife to the Mother, how glorious, yet how touching, is the transition from the devotion of the one to the self-sacrificing, worshipping fervor of the other. The Mother is the next step in the ladder by which we climb from Earth to Heaven. Her usefulness, watchfulness, and hope in her offspring, are as beautiful as solemn.

Look Around You and Sing.

"Think not that your mercies lie wholly either in the past, or in the future. Look around you. Even to the suffering saint, the present is fragrant with love, and he can sing in the house of his pilgrimage."

"The hill of Zion yield
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

In respect to earthly things, have you not, day by day, food and raiment? This was St. Paul's standard of sufficiency and content. "What!" said the poor aged saint, with her crust of bread, "what! all this and Christ beside?"

And when once set upon the junk, the ingenuity of a grateful heart finds manifold tokens, besides a bare subsistence; the alleviations of medical skill in suffering, the affectionate attendance of friends who are near, the prayerful remembrance of those far away, the welcome ministrations of fellow-Christians, who remember the word "Sick and he visited me."

These things, the gifts of Jesus, himself beside! For the gospel treasures you possess are not only the title-deeds of a future inheritance, but precious and present realities.

You daily feed on Christ by faith; you live upon his dying love; you now lean upon him and find rest; you look to him, and are comforted. Thus it was that the prophet Jeremiah, in his pious lamentation, broke out into praise: "His compassions fail not; they are new every morning."

The fresh, unfeeling mercies are yours. It was after the patriarch Jacob had seen in a vision the close connexion between heaven and earth that he made that vow of singular sobriety and faith, "If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my Father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God."

The Christian needs no more, if only he have God for his friend, a sufficiency for his wants, and a safe arrival at his Father's house in peace.

AS EVE TO BUSINESS.—The following is a verbatim copy of the proclamation with which a Deputy Sheriff of Colusa county, California, closed a District Court awhile since:

Oyez! Oyez!! Oyez!!! The honorable the Ninth District Court is and for the County of Colusa is now adjourned until the next regular term; the races will commence over the Colusa course on the 19th, and any gentleman who flatters himself that he has an animal that can beat my horse for a single dash of a mile, may then and there, on the day aforesaid, by trotting out the aforesaid animal, have an opportunity to win all and singular the several seeds now in my pocket!

A GOOD REASON.—There was once a clergyman in New Hampshire, noted for his long sermons and indolent habits. "How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that Parson —, the laziest man living, writes these interminable sermons?" "Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing, and is too lazy to stop."

Did you ever know a pretty young lady who had not a pretty cousin to wait up in her to lectures and parties?