

# THE ABBEVILLE BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

BY DAVIS & CREWS.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1857.

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## DEATH OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

The morning of the Ides of March, the day on which the conspiracy was to be executed, arrived, and there was yet no suspicion. The conspirators had been already together at the house of one of the prætors. Cassius was to present his son that morning to the people, with the ceremony usual in assuming the habit of manhood; and he was, upon this account, to be attended by his friends into the place of assembly. He was afterwards, together with Brutus, in their capacity of magistrates, employed as usual, in giving judgment on the causes that were brought before them. As they sat in the prætor's chair, they received information that Cæsar, having been indisposed over night, was not to be abroad; and that he had commissioned Antony, in his name, to adjourn the senate to another day.—Up to this report, they suspected a discovery; and while they were deliberating what should be done, Popilius Lænas, a senator whom they had not entrusted with their design, whispered to them as he passed, "I pray that God may prosper what you have in view. Above all things despatch." Their suspicions of a discovery being thus still further confirmed, the intention soon after appeared to be public. An acquaintance told Cæsar, "You have concealed this business from me, but Brutus told me of it." They were struck with surprise; but Brutus presently recollected that he had mentioned to this person no more than Cæsar's intention of standing for ædile, and that the words which he spoke probably referred only to that business; they accordingly determined to wait the issue of these alarms.

In the meantime Cæsar, at the persuasion of Decimus Brutus, though once determined to remain at home, had changed his mind, and was already in the streets, being carried to the senate in his litter.—Soon after he had left his own house, a slave came thither in haste, desired protection, and said he had a secret to impart.—He had probably overheard the conspirators, or had observed that they were armed; but not being aware how pressing the time was, he suffered himself to be detained till Cæsar's return. Others, probably, had observed circumstances which led to a discovery of the plot, and Cæsar had a billet to this effect, given to him as he passed in the streets; he was interested by the person who gave it instantly to read it; and he endeavored to do so, but was prevented by the multitudes who crowded around him with numberless applications; and he still carried this paper in his hand when he entered the senate.

Brutus and most of the conspirators had taken their places a little while before the arrival of Cæsar, and continued to be alarmed by many circumstances which tended to shake their resolution. Porcia, in the same moments, being in great agitation, exposed herself to public notice. She listened with anxiety to every noise in the streets; she despatched, without any pretence of business, continual messages towards the place where the senate was assembled; she asked every person who came from that quarter if they observed what her husband was doing. Her spirit at last sunk under the effect of such violent emotions; she fainted away, and was carried for dead into her apartment. A message came to Brutus in the senate with this account. He was much affected, but kept his place. Popilius Lænas, who a little before seemed, from the expression he had dropped, to have got notice of their design, appeared to be in earnest conversation with Cæsar, as he lighted from his carriage.—This left the conspirators no longer in doubt that they were discovered; and they made signs to each other, that it would be better to die by their own hands than to fall in the hands of their enemy. But they saw of a sudden the countenance of Lænas change into a smile, and perceived that his conversation with Cæsar could not relate to such a business as theirs.

Cæsar's chair of state had been placed near to the pedestal of Pompey's statue. Numbers of the conspirators had seated themselves around it. Trebonius, under pretence of business, had taken Antony aside at the entrance of the theatre. Cimber, who, with others of the conspirators, met Cæsar in the portico, presented him with a petition in favor of his brother, who had been excepted from the late indemnity; and in urging the prayer of this petition, attended the dictator to his place. Having there received a denial from Cæsar, uttered with some expressions of impatience at being so much importuned, he took hold of his robe, as if to press the intreaty. Nay, said Cæsar, this is violence. While he spoke these words, Cimber flung back the gown from his shoulders; and this being the signal agreed upon, called out to strike. Cæsar struck the blow. Cæsar started from his place, in the first moment of surprise, pushed Cimber with one arm, and laid hold of Cæsar with the other. But he soon perceived that resistance was vain; and while the swords of the conspirators clashed with each other, in their way to his body, he wrapped himself up in his gown and fell without any further struggle. It was observed, in the superabundance of the times, that in falling, the blood which sprung from his wounds sprinkled the pedestal of Pompey's statue. And thus having employed the

greatest abilities to subdue his fellow-citizens, with whom it would have been a much greater honor to have been able to live on terms of equality, he fell the height of his security, a sacrifice to their just indignation; a striking example of what the arrogant have to fear in trifling with the feelings of a free people, and at the same time a lesson of jealousy and of cruelty to tyrants, or an admonition not to spare, in the exercise of their power, those whom they may have insulted by usurping it.

When the body lay breathless on the ground, Cassius called out, that there lay the worst of men. Brutus called upon the senate to judge of the transaction which had passed before them, and was proceeding to state the motives of those who were concerned in it, when the members, who had for a moment stood in silent amazement, rose on a sudden, and began to separate in great consternation. All those who had come to the senate in the train of Cæsar, his lieutenants, the ordinary officers of state, citizens, and foreigners, with many servants and dependants of every sort, had been instantly seized with a panic; and as if the swords of the conspirators were drawn against themselves, had rushed into the streets, and carried terror and confusion wherever they went. The senators themselves now followed. No man had presence of mind to give any account of what had happened, but repeated the cry that was usual on great alarms, for all persons to withdraw, and to shut up their habitations and shops. This cry was communicated from one to another in the streets. The people, imagining that a general massacre was somewhere begun, shut up, and barred all their doors as in the dead of night, and every one prepared to defend his own habitation.

Antony, upon the first alarm, had changed his dress, and retired to a place of safety. He believed that the conspirators must have intended to take his life, together with that of Cæsar; and he fled in the apprehension of being instantly pursued.

Lepidus repaired to the suburbs, where the legion he commanded was quartered; and uncertain whether Cæsar's death was the act of the whole senate, or of a private party, waited for an explanation, or an order from the surviving consul, to determine in what manner he should act. In these circumstances a general pause, and an interval of suspense and silence took place over the whole city.

## YOUNG GENIUS.

Mr. Disraeli has in his Coningsby, this striking passage: "Genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at twenty-five! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire." Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern time; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritani. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plains of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains—that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Baner himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five.—Cortez was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson and Clive; but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not. I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III, the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Meici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Græciardini tells us, buffed with his craft Ferdinand de Aragon himself. He was Pope as Leo X at thirty-seven. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the Spiritual Exercises. Pascal (the greatest of Frenchmen) wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven. Ah, that fatal thirty-seven! which reminds me of Byron—greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was General of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America, before he was thirty-seven.—What a career! the secret away of Europe! That was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.

At a political meeting an orator mounted a brandy cask and opened his speech by exclaiming, "I stand upon the platform of my party!"

The advice given by an Irishman to his English friend, on introducing him to a regular Tipperary row, was "Whatever you see a head, hit it."

## SLAVERY IN THE TIME OF CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES.

Gibbon says: "There still remained in the centre of every province, and of every family, an unhappy condition of men who endured the weight, without sharing the benefits, of society. In the free states of antiquity, the domestic slaves were exposed to the wanton rigor of despotism. The slaves consisted, for the most part of barbarian captives, taken in thousands by the chance of war, and purchased at a vile price. In the camp of Lucullus, an ox sold for a drachma, and a slave for four drachmas (about seventy-five cents.) But when the principal nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa, were united under the laws of one sovereign, the source of foreign supplies flowed with much less abundance, and the Romans were reduced to the milder but more tedious method of propagation. The existence of a slave became of greater value, and though his happiness still depended on the temper and circumstances of the master, the humanity of the latter, instead of being restrained by fear, was encouraged by a sense of his own interest. The progress of manners was accelerated by the virtue or policy of the emperors. The jurisdiction of life and death over the slaves, a power long exercised and often abused, was taken out of private hands, and reserved to the magistrates alone. It was once proposed to discriminate the slaves by a peculiar habit; but it was justly apprehended that there might be some danger in acquainting them with their own numbers. The youths of a promising genius were instructed in the arts and sciences, and their price was ascertained by the degree of their skill and talents. Almost every profession, either liberal or mechanical, might be found in the household of an opulent senator. The ministers of pomp and sensuality were multiplied beyond the conception of modern luxury. It was more for the interest of the merchant or manufacturer to purchase, than to hire his workmen; and in the country, slaves were employed as the cheapest and most laborious instruments of agriculture. To confirm the general observation, and to display the multitude of slaves, we might allege a variety of particular instances. It was discovered on a very melancholy occasion (they were all executed for not preventing their master's murder) that four hundred slaves were maintained in a single palace of Rome. The same number of four hundred belonged to an estate which a Carthaginian widow, of very private condition, resigned to her son, while she reserved for herself a much larger share of her property. A man, under the reign of Augustus, though his fortune had suffered great losses in the civil wars, left behind him three thousand six hundred yokes of oxen, two hundred and fifty thousand head of smaller cattle, and what was almost included in the description of cattle, four thousand one hundred and sixteen slaves."

The historian transcribed and translated the above from the works of such writers as Cicero, Pliny, and Tacitus, who were eye witnesses, and whose statements are as well authenticated as anything recorded in history. No man living or dead ever disputed their testimony. Well, these things existed at the time, precisely, when the Saviour of the World and his apostles and disciples walked the earth. Slavery was all around them everywhere, and in their very midst. They lived in the Roman Union, under Cæsar, and they could nowhere turn their eyes without beholding the "institution." Moreover, slave property then was not confined to the Ethiopian. Thousands, and hundreds of thousands, were as white as their masters—and yet they were merely "chattels," both during the Roman Republic, and the Empire under Cæsar.—And yet neither Christ nor any of his apostles uttered one word in condemnation of the "iniquity." Let the New Testament be searched. But if Mr. Kallouch, or Mr. Cheever, or Mr. Beecher, will study the Decalogue, they will find out exactly what the Saviour did forbid them to practice.—And if Christ himself submitted without a murmur to the political jurisdiction of Cæsar, and if the apostle Paul appealed to him for the benefit of the rights of the citizen, we do not see wherein the preachers of the present day have found either an example or an authority for their partisan opposition to the Supreme Government of their country. And if the pious and inoffensive apostles and disciples of that day were the true and righteous followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, of whom, in the name of Heaven and Christianity, are our modern political barons the followers!—Southern Monitor.

Two country attorneys, overtaking a wagoner, and thinking to crack a joke on him, asked why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean. The wagoner knowing them to be "limbs of the law," replied, that the fore horse was a lawyer and the rest were his clients.

An absent wife is thus called upon to return to bed and board: "Jane, your absence ruins all. Think of your husband; your parents; and your children. Return; all may be well; happy. At any rate, enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

A young lady said to her gallant, "Please, please my dear!" "Certainly," said the gallant, "I am at your service." "And the gentleman also."

## SHE IS DYING.

The following is a sublimely beautiful and pathetic, and could only have been dictated by a heart that has experienced all the bitterness that is therein expressed. Who the author is we know not, but suspect it is an extract from some book. If anybody can read it without moisture in the eyes and stones in the throat, they are worthy of marble:

"Hush! she is dying! The sun light streams through the plate-glass windows—the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the Southern flowers—large milkwhite African lilies—roses a nightingale would stoop to worship; Cape jessamines and camomiles with their large glossy leaves.

Through the open casement steals the faint, musical tinkle of playing fountains; and the light, tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty.

The canary sings in his gilded cage—her canary; and the mocking-bird raises his clear notes higher and higher on the perfumed air.

Why do you clench your hands until the nails draw the rich, rosy blood through the thin quivering skin? Why do you grind your teeth together, and hiss between, that one word, hush? It's a beautiful home, I am sure, and that lady with her hand upon her bosom, is fair as any dream vision of the painter.

Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than these golden curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah! yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it: your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar and placed her hand in yours.

For twelve long golden sunny months an angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom.

You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine!

No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory beyond the stars; no earthly smile ever shone so unchangingly above all noisome things as you earthly worms call care and trouble. She is an angel, and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of this pleasant June time.

"Hush," you say, but you can't shut the anthem notes of heaven from those unsealed ears!—Louder, lighter, swell the hymns of the seraphs; brighter grows the smile on your young wife's lips.

She whispers, "Dearest, I'm almost home, and you will come by and by, and I am going to ask God to bless you!" But you cannot hear it—you turn away, and the big tears gather in the violet eyes. You had held her there on your bosom all day—all night; are you tired? But you can't answer. Closer—closer you clasp the slight, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow—Carrie is dead!

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright; what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad lands—our lands? What is it—now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—her death? Few people knew her: no vice-president must be chosen to fill her place; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours; great God of ours—your all!

No—yours, and God's; and your year of joy is over, and she rests on His bosom now in heaven.

They have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with daisies and violets. You go there, and sigh and pray, and ask God if you, too, may come home! and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, and with the bold, wicked words upon your tongue, you pause, for your guardian angel looks down from heaven, and whispers—"Hush."

Don't Drink Brandy.—Porter's Spirit of Times warns the good people of New York, who occasionally take a little "for the stomach's sake," not to drink brandy, or rather the red liquid which is handed out to them at tavern counters, under that name. The author says, it is well known fact that there is scarcely a bar room in that city, however extensive, elegant or pretentious, that contains a drop of the genuine article. Indeed, very little of it comes into the country from France, and what does come, commands an almost fabulous price—a price so great, many rate, as to exclude it almost entirely from the retail trade.

"Ma' said a little girl to her mother, 'do the men want to get married as much as the women?' 'Pshaw, child, what are you talking about?' 'Why, ma', the women who come here are always getting married—the men are getting old.'"

A young lady said to her gallant, "Please, please my dear!" "Certainly," said the gallant, "I am at your service." "And the gentleman also."

## PHILOPENA.

We believe this pleasant amusement originated in Germany, where it is called *viel liebekes*, which, as it is spoken, has the sound of *philipkin*—which may have been the origin of our word, to which we have given a Latin termination—*pena*—because it infers a penalty or forfeiture exacted or won by the tact of management of the winning party. With us the thing is managed, however, excessively clumsy, and quite without skill. A person in company chances to find a double-meated almond, and hands half the meat to another, and says, or rather should say: "Will you eat a philopena with me?" The other may say, "I am afraid," and refuse, or may accept one of the nuts, and eat it at the same time the challenging party eats the other. Thus they separate; and when they meet again, the one who can think to say "philopena" first to the other wins the forfeit, and has a right to name what it shall be—generally among children, some trifles; or among young folks, some little present, suitable to the condition of the parties.—Thus a young lady, who wins a philopena of a gentleman may immediately add, "I wear No. 6-1-4 kids." If the parties meet in the street, the lady may say, "Oh, yes; I see you notice that my parasol is getting old. Well, then, I accept." But the gentleman must never allude to her want of an article, but exercise his judgment as to what would be acceptable. Generally in our hot haste to win a philopena, we forget propriety, and become rude, in this land of thrift and hurry.

The thing is far better and more pleasantly managed in Germany, and calls into exercise some of the most useful faculties of the mind. When a couple meets the next time after having eaten a philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other until one of them pronounces the word "philopena." This is the warning that now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady; she invites him to walk in, but at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer, she is lost, unless he removes the ban by telling him to go away. If she asks him to take off his hat, he must respectfully keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or if at table she should hand him any article which he accepts, she wins the forfeit. At the same time, he is watching to catch her off her guard—for the first acceptance of any offer from the other ends the game. Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport often goes on all the evening. Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present, and says: "Knowing that I should lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is." If she is caught off her guard by this smooth speech, she loses, for he immediately claims the forfeit. If neither wins at the first meeting, the sport is continued to the second; and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partner—so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing. How preferable is this German play to our own! And as the sport derived from philopena is very innocent and pretty, we commend it to the "young folks" of all America.—Tribune.

Interesting Statistics.—The United States are composed of thirty-one States and nine Territories. They contain a population of 27,000,000, of whom 23,000,000 are white. The extent of sea coast is 12,350 miles. The length of the top principal rivers, is 20,000 miles. The surface of the five great lakes is 90,000 square miles. The number of miles of railroad in operation is 20,000, which cost \$78,000,000. The lengths of canals is 5,000 miles. It contains the longest railroad on the globe—the Illinois Central—which is 784 miles. The annual value of its agricultural productions is \$200,000,000. Its most valuable production is Indian corn, which yields annually 40,000,000 bushels. The amount of registered and enrolled tonnage is 4,407,010. The amount of capital invested in manufacture is \$400,000,000. The annual amount of its internal trade is \$600,000,000. The annual value of its products of labor other than agricultural is \$1,500,000. The annual value of the income of the inhabitants is \$1,600,000. The value of farms and live stock is \$500,000,000. Its mines of gold, copper, lead, and iron are among the richest in the world. The value of gold produced is \$100,000,000. The surface of its coal fields is 138,131 square acres. Within her borders are 80,000 schools, 5,000 academies, 224 colleges and 2,600 churches.

A person looking at some skeletons in a museum, asked a young doctor present what he thought of them. He replied, "We must get them!"

Two different men, indeed! We shall take off our hat the next time we meet Mr. —, on the sidewalk. Long may he live and carry bundles to make people happy.—Congregationalist.

Customs Derived from the Instincts of Immortality.—The Indian buries the hunting implements of his friend with him that he may not want for the means of pursuing the chase in the unknown land where he has taken his final flight. The ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead, under the notion that the soul would return after a cycle of ages, and that it would be an infinite misfortune to find its organic existence dissolved. Their burying ground was situated beyond a beautiful sheet of water called Acherusia, or last state of man over which the dead were ferried from, which the Grecian myth of Charon and his boat was, no doubt, derived. Beyond this lake, grounds were laid out to receive the dead. They were planted with trees and intersected by canals, to render them, as their name imported, a literal Elysium. Indeed a provision for the dead occupied more of their attention, than that for the living, and while no vestige of their abodes in life remain, the mounds, tombs, catacombs and pyramids still survive, in grandeur, the wrecks of forty-nine centuries. The exquisite tones of Grecian art converted the Parian and Pentelicon marble into the form of men and gods, to obedience to the instincts within, by which the mortal is associated with the immortal, and the earthly destiny of man with the things and scenes of a higher world. How much of the genius, industry, and wealth of the human race is expended in the vain endeavor to secure a future life!—Herald of Truth.

O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast than permit it to prevail beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful.—Asop.

There is no better end of hating. The sentiment should not exist on a moment; and if the hater gives a kiss on being ordered to do it, open to a tree or a stone, that tree or stone becomes the monument of a fault extinct.—Epicurus.

"Why don't you take a seat with the bar?" asked one gentleman of another at the court-room. "For the best reason in the world," replied the other, "my mother always told me to keep out of bad company."

A clergyman asked of his scripture pupils whether "the leopard could change his spots?" "To be sure," replied Billy, "when he's got tired of one spot he goes to another."

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage looking person.

"That's not true," said a young lady who heard the remark, "I once lost my nightgown."

A gentleman being asked, "how many dog days there are in a year," answered for answer, that it was impossible to number them—"as every dog has his day!"

Why is the letter H like a sign for Jesus?—Because it stands for Holy Spirit.

What gives tea time its name?—A strange thing!

## THE MAN WITH THE BUNDLE.

You have met him? Burly, broad-shouldered, a little careless both in dress and gait, as if conscientiously opposed to precision of any kind; and his face—from the shining curve of the smooth shaven chin to the gleam of gold spectacles that sit astride his nose—beamed with unalloyed good humor. About five P. M., in his hour, when you can generally see him heading as if homeward, and carrying hitherward a brown paper enveloped parcel. From long familiarity with this feature of his personality, we had come to designate his otherwise anonymousness, as "the man with the bundle."

It may have been imagination on our part, but as we met him the other cold afternoon, his face seemed so absolutely radiant with the heat of genial benevolence, that we thought the thermometer at the corner of Milk street went up two degrees as he passed. We determined to make an effort to know more about him.

To-day our desire was gratified. Turning into Marsh's to purchase the goose quill now between our fingers—we can't abide mineral pens—who should be standing at the counter, closing, at the same instant, the lid of a magnificent writing case and a bargain for its purchase but our radiant friend.

"To what address shall we send this?" said the clerk, with a tone indicating extreme respect.

"Nowhere," responded the purchaser, "I always carry my own bundles."

"Yes, sir, but this is heavy, and it will be a pleasure to us to send it,"

"Young man," replied the other, "I always love to take something home at night to show my wife and children that I haven't forgotten them while at my business, and I wouldn't give a pin to make any body a present without I carried it into the house myself. I want to see 'em take it. Besides, sir, I never allow anybody to be bothered by sending things home for me, that I can carry myself. I began life by lugging about parcels as a dry good's man's boy, and many's the weary mile of sidewalk I've trudged to carry a yard of ribbon, or a paper of pins to somebody too proud or too lazy to carry it for themselves. I haven't forgot my old thoughts, and what's more, though times have changed with me since then, I ain't ashamed to be seen in the streets with a bundle."

"Yes, sir, but this is heavy."

"No matter, I'm strong," and out he went, with such a glow in his face, that one could imagine it lighted up the now dim sidewalk, rods ahead, as a locomotive-burner illuminates its track.

Another well known street face passed him in the door coming in. Purchasing a congress knife, the new comer said in a sharp and dictatorial tone, "send it to my house, (No. fifteen hundred and something, Washington street) immediately; I shall want it as soon as I get home."

"Two different men," suggested we, as the clerk closed the door after him.

"Very," was the reply. "The man with the bundle is Mr. —, the honest owner of hundred of thousands, and there never was a subscription paper yet that didn't get his name for something handsome.—The other man failed last week—all three were of him to fail—and isn't worth his salt, but he had rather take the commercial disgrace of failure at any time, than the social disgrace of being seen in the streets with a bundle."

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As, from the signal now made, it appeared to Brutus and the small company who attended him, that the camp was still in possession of their own people, they thought of making their way thither; but recollecting that the greater part of the army were dispersed, they doubted whether the lines could be defended until they could reach them, or even if they should be maintained so long, whether they could furnish any safe retreat. While they reasoned in this manner, one of their number, who went to the brook for water, returned with the alarm that the enemy were upon the opposite bank; and saying, with some agitation, "We must fly." "Yes," replied Brutus, "but with our hands, not with our feet."—He was then said to have repeated, from some poet, a tragic exclamation in the character of Hercules: "O Virtue! I thought thee a substance, but find thee no more than an empty name, or the slave of Fortune." The vulgar, in their traditions, willingly lend their own thoughts to eminent men in distress; those of Brutus are expressed in his letter to Atticus: "I have done my part, and wait for the issue, in which death or freedom is to follow." If he had ever thought that a more honorable intention was to ensure him success, it is not surprising he was not sooner undeceived. Being now to and his life, and taking his leave of the company then present one by one, he said aloud, "That he was happy in never having been betrayed by any one he had trusted as a friend." Some of them, to whom he afterwards whispered apart, were observed to burst into tears; and it appeared that he requested their assistance in killing himself; for he soon afterwards executed this purpose, in company with one Sratro and some others, whom he had taken aside.

This catastrophe, as usual, set the imaginations of men to work; and many prodigies and presages were believed to have preceded it. A specter, it was said, had presented itself in the night to Brutus, when he was about to pass the Hellespont, told him it was his evil genius, and was to meet him again at Philippi; that here it accordingly again appeared on the eve of the late action.

Brutus was then about thirty-seven or forty years of age. Next to Cato, he, of all the Romans, was supposed to have acted from the purest motives of public virtue.

## PUNCTUATION.

Do you wish to understand what you read, and make others understand you? If so, notice the pauses. Do you ask us what is a pause? Well, it is a mark of punctuation. Here is a comma, and here a semicolon; and here a colon: not far from a period. Do you see it? Pshaw! look sharper! Can you see it? Try again.

When you see this mark (,)—called a comma,—do you make a little pause, about as long as you could count one. If you come to this (:)—a semicolon,—know you that you must pause as long again as at the comma. If this come in the sentence (:)—a colon,—pause as long again as at a semicolon. At a period (.)—do you see it?—pause as long again as at a colon. Or, it will do very well, to pause while you could count one, at the comma; two, or even one and a half, at the semicolon; three at the colon; and four at the period.

When you see this mark (!)—an interrogation mark,—it shows that a question is asked; as, What do you see? If the question be direct, as, Who art thou? let the voice be raised at the close; but, if rather indirect, as, Which way did he go? let the voice fall at the close, though it should be raised at the start. If you meet with (!)—an exclamation,—it denotes surprise, or deep emotion, and the voice should be suited thereto, in reading. Oh! how I suffer!—Alas!—Alas!—Herald of Truth.

O weakness above all fortitude! Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast than permit it to prevail beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful.—Asop.

There is no better end of hating. The sentiment should not exist on a moment; and if the hater gives a kiss on being ordered to do it, open to a tree or a stone, that tree or stone becomes the monument of a fault extinct.—Epicurus.

"Why don't you take a seat with the bar?" asked one gentleman of another at the court-room. "For the best reason in the world," replied the other, "my mother always told me to keep out of bad company."

A clergyman asked of his scripture pupils whether "the leopard could change his spots?" "To be sure," replied Billy, "when he's got tired of one spot he goes to another."

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage looking person.

"That's not true," said a young lady who heard the remark, "I once lost my nightgown."

A gentleman being asked, "how many dog days there are in a year," answered for answer, that it was impossible to number them—"as every dog has his day!"

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