

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JERROLD.

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THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES EYSSILL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands, And piles of brick, and stone, and gold, And he inherits soft white hands,

The rich man's son inherits cares; The bank may break, the factory burn, Some breath may burst his bubble shares,

What doth the poor man's son inherit? Stout muscled and a sinewy heart, A hordier frame, a hardier spirit;

What doth the poor man's son inherit? Wishes enjoyed with humble things, A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,

What doth the poor man's son inherit? A patience learned by being poor, Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,

O' rich man's son, there is a toil That with all others level stands, Large charity doth never soil,

O' poor man's son scorn not thy state, There is worse weariness than thine, In merely being rich and great;

Both heirs to some six feet of soil, Are equal to the soil at last; Both children of the same dear God,

No diamond is known to exist as large as that of the King of Portugal, found in the river A ante, about ninety two leagues to N. W. of Serro do Frio.

Three Brazilians, Antonio de Souza, Jose Felix Gomes, and Thomas de Souza, were sentenced to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the interior.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau:—"Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the Preacher, his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their genius;

It is said that a lazy woman is always a deceitful one. That is true, for she deceives herself, if she expects to get along in that way.

The earth is our work-house, but Heaven is our store-house. Our chief business here should be to lay up treasure there.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

It was Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear what the Preacher of such a wilderness could say, was not the least of my motives.

On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of palsy, and in a few moments I ascertained that he was blind.

The first emotions which touched the breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! the lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man!

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold and my frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent on Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected; so arranged; so colored—it was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life, his blessed eyes streaming to Heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies.

The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was a long time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the Preacher.

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hand which holds it, begins the sentence—"Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together, with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his sightless balls to Heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremendous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which just before rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe: a kind of shuddering delicious horror! the proxym of blended pity and indignation to which I had been transported, subsided into deep self-abasement, humility, and adoration.

A Wonderful Musician. Willis, in his last letter to the Intelligencer, has this passage:—"We are indebted for many beautiful things not so much to accident, as to the quickness of genius to appreciate and appropriate accident."

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Boston Before and After the Battle of Bunker Hill.

On the 25th of April, 1775, Dr. Eliot writes:

"This town, which by the late cruel and oppressive measures gone into by the British Parliament, is now almost depopulated, or will be in a few days. Filled with the troops of Britain, and surrounded by a Provincial army, all communication with the country is cut off, and we wholly deprived of the necessities of life; and this principal part of America, is become a poor garriçon town."

Willis, in his last letter to the Intelligencer, has this passage:—"We are indebted for many beautiful things not so much to accident, as to the quickness of genius to appreciate and appropriate accident."

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Bye's turned into barracks without any appearance of necessity. Mr. Moorehead's filled with hay, Mr. Stillman's made a Hospital. Such conduct would disgrace barbarians. I am quite sick of armies, and am determined, if possible, never to live in the same place with any considerable body of forces.

The Library and apparatus are safe at Andover. The soldiers are all gone from Cambridge to the southward, where they expect the seat of action will be. Dr. Warren's body hath been brought from Bunker's Hill, and was buried yesterday with all military honors and those of masonry.

"No Church without a Bishop."—The celebrated controversy between Dr. Potts and Dr. Wainwright, through the columns of the New York Advertiser, is likely to terminate before the parties have begun to touch the question.

DECIPHERING POWER OF PRINTERS: You tax me with my illegible writing; but I fear I cannot amend it, for I must not stay to shape my letters; and I have, I believe, got a bad habit from the facility with which the printers make it out.

The Boston Transcript, in speaking of the Theological controversy now going on in New York, says, with justice: "In sober verity, however, we do not believe that the 'pith and marrow' of the whole controversy can more forcibly illustrate a true orthodox doctrine, than does the following neat epigram, which we have just received from a valued correspondent:—

Epigram. "A church without a bishop" seems, To Doctor This, a thing of dreams; While Doctor That, his reverend brother, Counts it as good as any other.

Etiquette.—The following is decidedly the best joke of the season: A lady entered a dry good store the other day, and after inquiring for a variety of articles, she requested the clerk to show her some cambric of a hay color.

The "Dark Ages."—The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Jones, can't you tell us what the dark ages were?" Boy—I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented. "Go to your seat."

A Yankee's Idea of a Conveyance Office. About 1 o'clock yesterday, when the rain came thickest and heaviest, an individual wearing a very high-crowned, narrow-leaved hat, a short skirted, faded, sky-blue colored coat, a striped vest, pants to match, that reached to the calves of his legs, and a pair horse skin boots, entered the Conveyancer's Office in St. Philip street.

Jonathan—"That ere's considerable of a shower, I guess, Squire." Conveyancer—"Yes, it rains rather freely."

Jonathan—"No wonder you haint got no inguns here; this rain would make them so soft that they'd run right spang up to seed." Conveyancer—"I dare say."

Jonathan—"But 'ed rat the inguns, I wish I'd never brought any here. I wish I'd took Aunt Prudence's advice; Jonathan, said she, 'you take my advice and never go to Luzyaner. If you aint killed off by the yaller fever, you'll be swallerd whole by the alligators—it's an orful country,' says she, and so it is. But that aint nothin, no way.—Let us come to the pint, as the fellers said that were a going to fight with small swords."

Jonathan—"Then you be a conveyancer— you keep this conveyance office!" Conveyancer—"I do."

Jonathan—"Then how'll you trade for conveyin' me up to where my sloop lies, opposit Julia street! Jest hitch on a good horse to a cab, and convey me right alongside of the May-flower, and I'll give you two stuns of as good inguns as ever drew a tear from a widder's eye."

Dr. Watts.—It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even when he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his throat into execution, the child burst out into tears, and on his knees, said: "Pray father, do some pity take, And I will no more verses make."

Some caution is requisite in passing our opinion upon strangers—a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At the public levee of this Court of St. James, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield:

"Pray, my lord, who is that tall, awkward woman yonder?" "That lady, sir," replied Lord Chesterfield, "is my sister."

The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out. "No, no, my lord—I beg your pardon—I meant that ugly woman who stands next to the Queen!" "That lady, sir," answered Lord Chesterfield, calmly, "that lady, sir, is my wife."

The Insolvent Negro.—A negro of one of the kingdoms on the African coast, who had become insolvent, surrendered himself to his creditor, who, according to the established custom of his country, sold him to the Danes. This affected his soul so much, that he came and reproached his father for not rather selling his children to pay his debts, and after much earnestly, he prevailed on the captain to accept him and liberate his father. The son was put in chains, and on the point of sailing to the West Indies; when the circumstances coming to the knowledge of the Governor, through the means of Mr. Isert, he sent for the owner of the slaves, paid the money that he had given for the old man, and restored the son to his father.

Percy Anecdotes. The "Dark Ages."—The boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world." Boy hesitates. "Next—Master Jones, can't you tell us what the dark ages were?" Boy—I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented. "Go to your seat."