

shouting "Viva Masaniello!" so that, in approaching the palace, he seemed like a conqueror returning to his home after some brilliant exploit.

As soon as Masaniello reached the square in front of the palace, the captain of the guards of the viceroy appeared at the door to receive him; Masaniello then turned to the crowd which accompanied him.

"My friends," said he, "I do not know what is about to take place between myself and my lord, the duke; but, whatever may happen, I beg you to remember that I never have, and never will propose anything which will not have in view the public happiness. As soon as this public happiness is assured, and you are all free, I shall again become the poor fisherman I have known, and all the expression of gratitude I ask of you is, that each of you shall say an *Ave Maria* for me at the hour of my death."

The people then perceived that Masaniello dreaded being drawn into some snare, and saw that he entered the palace against his will. Thousand of voices begged permission to accompany him as a guard.

"No," said Masaniello, "no—the business between my lord and myself should be discussed in private. Allow me to go in alone; but if I am too long in returning to you, rush into the palace, and leave not one stone on another until you have found my corpse."

All swore obedience; the soldiers extending menacingly their arms, and the people their clenched hands towards the palace. Masaniello then dismounted, traversed the remaining part of the square on foot, and disappeared from the crowd in the great doorway of the palace. At the moment he passed the doorway, so great a murmur arose from the crowd, that the viceroy trembling with alarm, asked if a new outbreak was about to take place.

[To be concluded.]

From Graham's Magazine.

THE SENTIMENT OF SELF SACRIFICE. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Author of "The Sinless Child."

"Bear each other's burdens."

"It is so easy to make sacrifices for those we love," said one of the most gifted and noble minded women of the country, the other day. I heard her with amazement. It isn't easy, it isn't desirable; it is a foolish fraud upon one's self; a cruel injustice to those we love, making them the occasions of our virtue; placing them as stumbling blocks before us, that we may ambitiously jump at a good.

Are not those that we love a part of ourselves, and by rejecting what we would regard as good, do we not in effect cause a dismemberment, or, at best, put a part of ourselves to do penance for the other; reviving a monkish sentiment of self denial, and self inflicted torture? Is it not always painful to those who love to feel that a sacrifice has been made? Would it not be more in accordance with the true affinity of soul to know that there could be no contrariety of feeling? that no good could be resigned, because none would be desired other than what is mutual, and hence there would be no sacrifice?

Besides, every act of self sacrifice, I have observed (such is the weakness of humanity) to be succeeded by an exceedingly meek, much enduring sort of aspect, which operates as a tacit reproach to the other party, and which never fails to produce a reaction; and thus the real virtue slips away, leaving nothing but a flimsy garment in place of the stern ascetic intended to be grasped.

For myself, I feel a certain remorse of conscience in making such sacrifices; the complacent sense of resignation resulting therefrom seems wrongfully obtained. I have, for the time being, separated myself from those I love and made them a part of my discipline, in view whereof, I yearn over them with redoubled tenderness; the step thus taken upon the symbolic ladder of the Patriarch has been at their expense; and I would fain return that we may mount side by side. I blush at my superior virtue; I blush that I should have availed myself of a weakness or a perversity on their part to make myself a shade better.

We have no right to discover ourselves in this wise; it is selfishness, it is cruelty. It is leaving our friends behind us, from a heartless ambition to excel them in perfection. It is appalling them with a sense of inferiority. It is challenging them to admiration. It is triumphant self assertion under the garb of humility.

I reverence the virtue itself. I reverence the beauty and the holiness of the sentiment of self sacrifice. It is a part of the duty of life. But love is spontaneous and instinctive. Such as love do the "will" of duty, "and know it not." Its perfect oneness precludes the idea of a sacrifice. We say, "it is my duty to do this and so," because love has ceased to be the high priest at the altar, and we cling for protection to the form, though, alas! the divine spirit has departed.

No, it isn't those we love for whom we make sacrifices, or ought to make them; otherwise the good so attained would become evil in the eye of our tenderness. We heap kindness upon the froward, and, without hesitation, appropriate the healthfulness of spirit that ensues as having been legitimately secured. We deny ourselves pleasures, and gratifications of all kinds, in behalf of those who are indifferent to us, because we feel these become an atonement for that indifference.

We sacrifice our own desires, pursuits and expectations to those with whom we have little sympathy, because it does not vex us that they should exact it; we do not claim their recognition of our nature; and we take without remorse, the good our sacrifices may bring to our spirits, albeit a meek compassion ming-

leth therewith, in that "they know not what they do" in dooming us to bear the cross that is to lift us above the earth.

We quietly yield that which in justice might be our own, to those who have never sat in the sanctuary of our hearts, because we will not indulge them by contention. They cannot understand us, we do not desire that they should. We were not made to "hold sweet council together," we were not made to plough as it were, "in the same furrow" in the great husbandry of life, any more than the "ox and the ass" prohibited by the Jewish lawgiver.

To such we are scrupulously just; to such we are dignified, and properly sustained; to such we are, if need be, self sacrificing; for these are they whom we meet only upon the broad highway of humanity, not turn aside to the "delectable gardens" of love and congeniality. These are they whom we may rightfully use as the occasions of our virtue. We may grow weaned from the world through their instrumentality. We may learn that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, for they were designed to teach us the truth. We may grow meek through their frowardness; gentle and forbearing, earnest, and truthful, and loving, in that they suggest the need of these things.

But, ah, not to those who are life of our life must we look for these things. Not to those with whom we have a spiritual assimilation; for these are fellow passengers with whom we divide the scrip, leaning upon the same staff, and our eyes instinctively resting upon the same objects; others are but guides, or monuments of warning erected for our security along a path that to us is forever brightening.

As we build up the temple of God in our own souls, we do not use the things of the altar like the tools of the craftsman, to joint mortice and balance arch, to rear column and adorn capital; no more should we put to unallowed purposes the priest-offering of sympathy.

It is those that love us most that have need to pardon most in us; and a new love is born by the very process of forgiveness. "To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much," saith the blessed Savior, recognizing the tenderness springing from weakness, the purity of the well springs of sympathy, even, although embittered and turned astray in the progress of life.

Those who love us most endure most from our infirmities, our waywardness, and perversities, simply because they do love us, and we them. We are revealed to them heart and life. We sit side by side with them in the very sanctuary of truth, and they "know our thoughts afar off," for, present or absent, we are revealed to them. Self-sacrifice is unheard of here. The cloaking of a thought, the evasion of a desire would assume the nature of a falsity in the light of this openness of spirit.

We have a right to the forbearance of those who love us; "for love suffereth long and is kind." We have a right to their faith, for "love hopeth all things." We throw ourselves defenceless upon the armor of their mercy. We effect no perfectionism, we lead nothing but the love which ever "covereth a multitude of faults." We may weep and lament over our weaknesses, but it is always with the sweet assurance of pardon clinging like a balm to the heart.

In this way it is that the little peculiarities, the foibles, and weaknesses of true friends become sources of endearment. The virtues are for public admiration, for the good of society at large, and the individual in particular; but the dear little faults are the exclusives; they are the sweet, coy things that shun general observation, and, "leaning to the side of virtue," still nestle away in the cozy corner entirely our own, and often subtle and mutually endear by the contrast of weakness and strength, folly and wisdom; shades of waywardness and gleams of magnanimity; tenderness and meekness linked with perversity; flashes of sentiment galloping with the whimsical and grotesque—these are for us, and for us only, and go to make up the sum of the creatures of our affection.

With these we lay aside the mask and domino with which we masquerade the world, and in simple vestments, and with unvoiced brow, and eyes that read the soul, we wander along the stream of life, in sportful seriousness, watching the bubbles that rise upon its surface, sometimes perversely breaking a pet bubble of the other, yet only to mingle tears at its bursting, and to smile again as others arise of larger size and more radiantly colored.

We must make sacrifices in life, it is necessary from the nature of things; it is a part of our discipline and duty so to do; such being the fact, let us make them where the greatest is achieved shall not shame us; where the glory will not approach us. Let us yield the way to the indifferent, the unsympathizing and repulsive; but keep our little perversities, our whimsicalities, our self assertions, for those only who have a right to them; who are dear enough to us to be quarreled with; who love us well enough to take us as we are; who do not expect to always find us prepared for reception; "at home" to stilted proprieties, dignities, virtues in costume, and duly labelled; but who see our true selves, neither through a microscope nor magnifying lens; but relying upon our intrinsic worthiness, love us because we are ourselves.

From the Same.

TO LIVE TOO LONG.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

It is sad to lie down in the cold, cold grave,
When the mind is strong, and the heart is brave;

It is sad to leave all that is lovely and fair
And go to the tomb, to be mouldering there.

But oh! it is better to leave the world's throng
It is sadder, far sadder, to live too long.

To see all we had once doted upon
Before us to rest and to happiness gone,

And to stand, like a wither'd oak, blighted and weak,
The sole tree that survives the mad hurricane's wreck,

O talk not of life, earth's bright dwellings at-mong,
For nothing can sooth him who lives too long.

To know that the once echoing trumpet of Fame
Shall never more mention that valueless name;

To know that none care for his bliss or his doom;
O rather I'd ask the cold rest of the tomb.

When glory has died, and the spirit of song
Has vanished, 'tis better to live too long.

And I would lie down in my deep repose
Ere my bosom no longer with posy glows;

And I would rise to the mansions on high,
Ere the thoughts that now live in my spirit shall die;

Ere the moments have fled, that to manhood belong,
And I feel that 'tis bitter to live too long.

DON'T BE PROUD.

Don't be proud! We will not say, says Neal, that abject humility is desirable; for a man must have some notion of his own importance, or else every one, finding him ready, will give him a kick. But then, don't run into the other extreme, especially if you are poor. Pride has starved more men than famine. Never be too good to do anything that is honest; saw wood if you can't drive a trade, and break stones on a turnpike if you can't saw wood. There is no greater farce than the cant about respectable pursuits. Many a bad lawyer might have made a good clerk, and we know indifferently merchants who would have grown rich as mechanics. Proud people start in life with more show than they can afford; and so insure for themselves a constant struggle with poverty. They ruin their fortunes and shipwreck their happiness, to dress as well as their neighbours, or give parties to people who quiz them for it. Pride is ballast to bankruptcy. Go to our almshouses: they are full of your proud people, who have always spent their incomes and are now, in old age, come to beggary. Go to the wretched alleys of our great cities, and look into that rickety old frame, from which the legs stuffed in the broken pane cannot keep out the winter snow;—nine chances to one, you will find there some decayed mechanic, who spent all he could make while he had work, and who now eats the bitter bread of dependence, or trusts to a stranger's charity. Take our advice! Seek some honest pursuit where you are sure of a living; and content yourself with a little, if that little is a certainty. Better have a dollar in the pocket than a gold piece at the top of a pole. Be prudent and contented, and you will be out of debt and happy. Then you can walk the streets feeling that no man is your superior. Old age will find you with a comfortable home, the result of a life's savings; and you can shake hands with death contentedly, satisfied that no pauper hearse will hurry you to your grave.

From the New York Evening Gazette.

PRINTERS.

As excellent author, whom we now quote perhaps correctly says, that no trade sends in to the world smarter and more active men than that of printing. Look to officers of trust and honor—where talent and energy are required—and you will be most likely to find them filled with printers. Who make our best editors, lawyers, preachers, mayors and Congressmen? Printers. Printing is a glorious business, thus to fit 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. The recent mayor of Boston was a printer. There are something like a dozen printers in Congress—all of them honors to their profession. Printers are looking up. Who would not be a printer? To the young apprentice at the case, or the roller-stand, with smutty face, and 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 that you have, employ in the pursuit of useful books, and in the cultivation of your mind. 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. Think often of the example of Franklin.

Narrative of a Mission to India.

SERPENTS OF ARABIA.

There are several species of serpents at Basora, and they are very numerous in consequence of the humidity of the soil; they live in the canals where they find other reptiles on which they feed. Here are found the water snakes, of a yellow color, with brown spots

and white belly; the two-headed snake, the head of which appears to differ from the extremity of the tail only in having two small black eyes, which are scarcely perceptible. But the most common is a gray viper, about half a yard long, which glides with extreme rapidity, between the bricks in walls, in search of sparrows' nests. It is very curious sight to watch these birds assembling in hundreds, and shrieking when they perceive their enemy. I never at such times observed the power of fascination which is attributed to the serpent; on the contrary, I have seen the sparrows flutter round their foe and endeavor to seize and drive them away. Others flew violently at him, pecked him with their bills, wounded him and made him fall. Some become victims to their courage; but very often they are successful. I ascertained that this serpent is venomous, although it has no fangs, for I saw one enter a nest, where it instantly killed five young sparrows. It was caught immediately, and I examined the jaws, and can, therefore, bear witness to the fact.

INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

Few persons have independence enough to disregard even the opinions of those who are infinitely beneath them; for there is, in despite of all our efforts to conceal it, a lurking vanity of feeling abiding in the minds of most individuals, which prompts them to court popular applause, and which oft unconsciously to ourselves, directs our conduct, where we might have chosen a wiser and a better course, by listening only to the voice of nature in our own hearts. Even the strongest of us will at times think more of the light in which our best actions are liable to be viewed by the censorious and the harsh-judging, than of the propriety of the virtue of the actions themselves. This want of independence is perhaps the reason why, so little sincerity and truth, so little real greatness, is to be found in the world. If we could accustom ourselves to think our own thoughts, to feel only as nature and reason prompted, instead of fettering all originality with the artificial restraints which the desire to please all tastes imposes, we would be more worthy of the applause we seek, and perhaps surer of obtaining as much as we could desire. The self-sustained man, sincere in his errors, commands more respect than the one who submits himself to the guidance of opinions more sound in his estimation only because of their popularity and his own want of personal reliability. God made us responsible agents—the welfare of our immortal being to depend upon a strength sufficient for its own support and preservation. How then can we conscientiously and safely surrender ourselves to the guidance of minds even though stronger than our own—for may not the very inferiority which disposes us to look to others for the support we want, so far remove us from their true sympathy, as to preclude the possibility of receiving any of the advantages, benevolence might be desirous of showering upon us. To profit by all experience is the part of wisdom. But free, unbiassed opinion should determine the moral course of each individual, where he has reached the age of responsibility, and every one's conscience will acquit him of blame, if he has faithfully followed the direction of the inward light. But we must not make the ignorance, the darkness of our minds, an excuse for error, for such a state is not natural to those rightly constituted human beings, who have been content to answer the ends of Providence by progressing through means of the light, destined for their safe conduct. The benighted soul is wanderer from its self, for as there is truth in all nature, we could never have become involved in moral darkness, except by departure from her laws. Ignorance is not natural to us; it is our destined fate to progress constantly towards the high and the mighty.

BEGINNING OF THE YEAR IN VARIOUS NATIONS.

THE Chaldeans' and Egyptians' years were dated from the autumnal equinox. The ecclesiastical year of the Jews began in the spring; but in civil affairs they retain the epoch of the Egyptian year. The ancient Chinese reckoned from the new moon nearest the middle of Acquarius. The year of Romulus commenced in March, and that of Numa in January. The Turks and Arabs dated their year from the 16th of July. Dremaschid, or Gremaschid, king of Persia, observed on the day of his entrance into Persepolis, that the sun entered into Aries; and in commemoration of this fortunate event he ordered the beginning of the year to be removed from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. The Brachman begin their year which the new moon in April. The Mexicans begin it in February, when the leaves begin to grow green. Their year consists of 18 months, having twenty days each; the last five days are spent in mirth, and no business is suffered to be done, nor even any service at the temples. The Abyssinians have five idle days at the end of the year, which commences on the 26th of August.

The American Indians reckon from the first appearance of the new moon at the vernal equinox. The Mahometans begin their year the minute the sun enters Aries. The Venetians, Florentines, and the Pisans, in Italy, begin the year at the vernal equinox. The French year, during the reign of the Merovingian race, began on the day on which the troops were reviewed which was the first day of March. Under the Carlovingians it began on Christmas day, and under the Capetians on Easter day. The ecclesiastical year begins on the first Sunday in Advent. Charles IX, appointed, in 1554, that for the future the civil year should commence on the 1st of January. The Julian calendar, which was so called from Julius