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## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Written for the Carolina Spartan.

"SHE KICKED HIM." BY J. F. G.

[CONCLUSION.] Ah! what is life, when the broken heart Feels desolate and lone? When the spirit's lot is a gilded woe, And the heart's sweet hope is gone?

Notwithstanding the temporary excitement into which our afternoon's adventure had thrown the entire company at the major's, we had no idea of postponing our par-

ty for the evening.

The rumbling of carriage-wheels ever and anon was heard by me, as I busily made my toilet in my little room.

What a man for tea parties is Major B." I thought, "and how unfortunate it is for me, that I feel in so little humor to appreciate them just now."

Not wishing to enter the room in which the guests were assembling until I could

get rid of my bad humor, I amused myself by promenading the piazza.

Bless me! how very amusing it is just to witness the actions and appearance of some

Mr. Gass, with his French bows, and fearful shirt collar, and fancy "tights," looked as if he had just escaped from some bandbox.

Mr. Hifalutin looked most tremendously foreign, and foolish, and ferocious; while Miss Zephyr, who leaned upon his arm, ap peared to have fed on nothing but slate pencils, novels, and German flutes for the last month.

"Oh that some power the gift would gie us,

But there were others beside thesechildren of nature, and partakers of all her

beauty, life, and loveliness.

Maidens were there, whose mothers had been their teachers, guides, and guardians, and who were not abandoned to the lessons of Dumas, James, and Sue for the perform ance of their parts in life.

And these-oh! these were beautiful! Not as is the gaudy sun flower; but as is the lowly, sweet breath violet beneath its leafy ject."

Having partially regained my usual cheerfulness, I proceeded to the hall, and

was rather surprised on beholding so large "Mr. F.!" exclaimed the major, as I en-

tered the room. Mr. F. bowed-took a seat-felt like a

fool-and wondered why the major introduced him in such a strange, and perhaps unbecoming manner.

My readers will want to know why I felt thus embarrassed, and I must, in justice to myself, state just here, that when the major mentioned my name as I entered the room, he made a most uncommonly low bow, as if I was some distinguished importation. The major was very much inclined at times to be witty, at others' expense; and upon this occasion, I must be pardoned for saying, that he made a fool of himself. Alice had observed my embarrassment, and in the kindness of her heart took a seat beside me, merely to make me feel at ease. She certainly was the most beautiful girl

at the party, and as beauty always attracts, I soon found myself in the midst of an agreeable circle of ladies and gentlemen, who had gradually gathered around Alice. "Richard is himself again," I thought, as I began to recover from the effects of the ing villain." major's untimely joke, and felt my embarrassment growing

"Small by degrees,

"Miss Alice will please favor us with one of her songs?" I asked. "Excuse me, Mr. F., I really must de-

"Now, Miss W.," said a conceited little fop, coming towards our circle, "it would be ah a great pleas aw to the ah to a company to ah he ah one of your songs."

"I regret that I feel unable to afford that pleasure, sir," replied Alice. "Allow me to conduct you to the piano, Miss Alice," said I, rising and offering my

assent to my proposition, and then accept-

She had scarcely seated herself, before the major announced "Mr. Edward M-n." His bow was cold, haughty, and dignified; his countenance pallid, his glance that of a

"Alice," said the major, "come, play us something, dear."

"Really, uncle," she replied, "I must beg to decline, for I have practiced very little of

"Practiced?-why, Alice, you are no school girl to require practice-please play

us something."
"I hope I have not intruded, Miss W.," said Edward, coming towards the piano. "O no, sir, not at all; and, to prove the of such an insulting epistle, both to Edward truth of my remarks, I will play a piece and yourself, major?"

especially for you." reply to Edward I cannot imagine, for it ing 'already acted the villain towards an

towards him, "it affords me much --."

you," bitterly replied Edward; "but your presence and silence are as much as I can ask or desire just now."

Bradsford fairly staggered at this galling repulse, and turned pale with mortification; for the whole company had heard Edward's

He seated himself without even a reply to Edward; but I trembled as I thought what would be the consequences of this

scathing insult.

Alice looked much excited and pale, and cnowing the unpleasantness of her position conducted her back to her seat in silence.

I was sorry that Edward had come, and exceedingly angry that he should have so far forgotten himself as to insult a guest of the major's, and that, too, without the slightest provocation.

"I must speak with the major," I thought as I seated myself beside Alice.

An opportunity soon offered itself for speaking to the major, and I availed my-

"It is morally impossible, major," said I "that we can derive any pleasure from the party while Edward is present; for it is quite certain that he means to be both insulting and dangerous towards Bradsford." "You would not have me expel him from acter?"

the house-would you?" "No, not by any means; but do you not think that he would be quiet if you could ak to him on the subject.'

Perhaps so, but I think it rather doubtful, for he does really appear to be beside

About an hour or two after our conversation we managed to get Edward out upon the piazza, where the major kindly chid him for the impropriety of his conduct, and requested him to avoid using such severe language towards Bradsford, as it tended not only to irritate him, but to make matters generally unpleasant and disagreeable

to the entire party.
"Edward, my dear fellow," continued the major; "you are mistaken in supposing Bradsford to be your enemy; for I assure her change." you that he is enthusiastically anxious to ecome your friend."

"My friend!" exclaimed Edward, "and do you know so little of me, major, as to think me capable of calling that man my friend, who has basely trampled upon my very heart, and deprived me of that without which life is barren, sere, and wretched? "Does Bradsford think me such a frozen-

hearted coward and low-thoughted fool as meant." to accept the offer of his friends ip for the loss of the love of early life? - NEVER!" "It is noble to forgive," I ventured to

"Oh! Mr. F.," replied Edward, "you are too cold for me, and make no allowances for a man's passions and affections; but it's all reason, no feeling; all head, no heart."

"You wrong me, Edward," said I; "in deed you do, for I have been almost alto gether influenced by feeling in all that I have said at any time to you on this sub-

Pardon me, Mr. F.," warmly replied Edward, "for I scarcely know what I am speaking about; but you, at least, might understand how more than impossible it would be to accept Bradsford's offers of friendship. What would the world say?"

"The world? You are, or ought to be, far above the influences of its maxims and "Ah! point me out the man that is, and

will show you millions who are not." "Well, well," said the major, "all these things are foreign to the purpose for which

I wished to speak to you, Edward. "I ask only this, that for my sake you endeavor to restrain your feelings while among

the company and in Bradsford's presencenay, for Alice's sake I ask it!" Then for her sake your request shall be granted," replied Edward, folding his arms,

and entering the room. "Come into my office just a few moments,

Mr. F., while the company are dancing; I have something to show you," said the major, as soon as Edward had left us. We proceeded together to the office, and

the major, first locking the door, turned abruptly towards me and said: I tell you what, Mr. F., Edward is wronged man, and Bradsford is a design-

I agree with you, major, as regards Edward; but I am somehow inclined to differ with you about Bradsford's character. I

think him quite a high toned gentleman. "So thought I," replied the major; "but stop." So saying, be unlocked a small box on the table, and taking therefrom a letter.

he handed it to me, exclaiming: "Read that!"

Judge of my surprise, dear reader, when the stairs. I perused the following:

"J.— D. B.—, Esq.:
"Esteemed Sir: I have learned that Mr. Edward M-n is an almost continual visitor at your house since my daughter has have passed through such scenes before will whom he loved as a son. been your guest. I have my reasons for readily understand how it may have taken desiring, either that you forbid him to con- place. Alice glanced at Bradsford, who nodded tinue his presumptuous visits, or (if more

home by the next stage. "Edward has already acted the villain towards an unsuspecting girl, and, under male portion of the little town of Sthese ci-cumstances, I not only wonder at your condescension in receiving his visits, most entirely enveloped in one living sheet but positively demand an instantaneous dis- of flame. continuation of them while my daughter

letter, and will answer it in person in a manner unlooked for by a certain villain "Trusting that you will not miscontrue by the multitude, and a cry for a ladder remy motives in the premises, I remain,

"Respectfully, yours, "Well!" I exclaimed, "did you ever know

"I do not understand what Mr. W. means How Alice managed to get out such a by 'presumptuous visits' and Edward hav- and a dozen stout-hearted firemen ran up was very evident that his presence was unsuspecting girl, wondering at my 'condescension' and alluding to 'a certain vil-

"After an introduction, sir, I may hear letter should be shown to Edward, as it the ground, except Alice, who now clung tributed so much to his unhappiness. Ah! contains a serious charge against him, which I do not hesitate to pronounce false. "Mr. F.," said the major, much excited,

"if I were a betting man, I would venture to wager my entire fortune that this story about 'an unsuspecting girl' was gotten up by Bradsford, and was the main reason of

Alice's sudden change toward Edward."
"Then, major, I think that he should be allowed an opportunity of defending him-self from so foul a stain upon his fair character at once."

"I dare not show him the letter, Mr. F. in his present state of mind; it would do more harm than good." "Then, sir, I shall inform Edward myself. and abide the consequences, be they what

"What!" exclaimed the major, rising from his seat and looking me full in the face, "do you mean to labor thus for bloodshed-and-pshaw! don't be rash, boy! What possible good can you accomplish by telling this to Edward?"

"Why, major," said I, "you surprise me You certainly would not allow Alice to entertain such an opinion of Edward, and know it to be false, and yet not undeceive her, or allow Edward to vindicate his char-

"Mr. F., I will tell you how I shall act in this matter: I shall speak to Alice about it to-morrow, and endeavor to ascertain if this cruel charge against Edward was the cause of her mysterious change towards him. If find that it is, I shall write to her father for particulars, which will enable me to investigate the matter myself, and vindicate Edward's name. If Mr. W. refuses to give me the necessary particulars, I shall show this letter to Edward, and abide all conse-

"Major," said I, "do you think Edward knows anything of this matter?"

"I do not," replied the major, "for in al his conversations with me about Alice, he appears exceedingly anxious to know if she has ever mentioned any good reason for

"True! such a man deserves pity, for he has been wronged most outrageously." "Can we no nothing for him, major! Suppose we make the attempt."

No, Mr. F.," replied the major, "that would be the height of folly on our part; for, take my word for it, these interferences do more harm than good, however well-I was much surprised on my return to

the party to find Edward apparently enjoying a conversation with one of the ladies It was very evident, however, to a close ob server, that he was merely playing a part It will not be of any particular interest to my readers, or I would dwell upon the events of the evening; but they were mere-

y such as generally take place at a large and fashionable party. About midnight the company dispersed, and by the time the old town clock struck one all was silent. by the time we reached it. was busily engaged in packing my trunk. ing the next day.

"What an adventure have I passed through in S-," I said to myself, as I took a seat beside the opened window and looked out upon the stars-

"Which are the poetry of Heav'n" Then I thought of Edward and Alice, and wondered, until heart grew weary, how I could bring them together once more and

Suddenly there broke upon the silent night a piercing shriek of unutterable horror, which reverberated throughout the old mansion like that of a lost spirit. I sprang to my feet, the heart's blood chilled. he sound of confused voices, with alternate that really occurred.

shrieks of several female voices. I opened my door just in time to hear several voices exclaim: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" Quick as thought I rushed out of my room into the passage way, and, almost sufmy way down the stairs into the dining room. I had scarcely put my feet upon yard at Sthe last step when the flames burst out behind me, and completely wrapped the en-

tire stairway in fire. The old major threw his arms around me as I entered the din- died a painful death. ing room, and exclaimed: 'Thank God! you are safe." Then, Oh! then arose a heart chilling

shriek from the story above us, which horrified our very souls. "Tis Alice!" exclaimed Bradsford, rushing from the room, and making his way for

It may seem strange to those of my read- Alice, ers who have never been under the influences of such circumstances, that we should have forgotten Alice so long; but those who

The alarm of fire now became general, convenient) that you send my daughter and the tinkling of the engine bells, and the quick strokes from the surrounding church steeples, soon drew out the entire The old major's fine mansion was now al-

The house had been vacated by all but "Say to Mr. Bradsford that I received his major and myself trembled as we stood on the opposite side of the street.

Suddenly a deafening shout was raised peated by a thousand voices.

The old major suddenly exclaimed aloud: "See!-there they are!" and upon looking up I discovered Alice and Bradsford upon the roof, his arms around her, and his clothes nearly burnt from his body. A did all he could to injure him. its quivering bars like so many squirrels, Bradsford placed his feet upon the topmost bar, and was just about opening his arms to receive Alice, when the over-tasked lad- band, and a devoted father. He, too, often beat the world at any game." That will

alone to the smoking roof.

The fall of the ladder created much excitement, and drew off the attention of the firemen from poor Alice. Several firemen were injured by the fall from the ladder, but Bradsford was taken up and borne off, with a broken arm and leg, and a severe fracture of the skull, perfectly insensible. Another ladder was reared up against the house, and hearing poor Alice call my name, I rushed upon it, but what with the flames bursting from the lower story, and floods of water with which the firemen drenched me, I was soon brought to the ground.

"ALICE!" exclaimed a voice from the crowd, and the next moment Edward rush ed upon the ladder, and plunged even into the intervening flame. The firemen drench ed him in a moment, and barely saved him from the devouring flame that seemed eager for its prey. He had now reached the last story, and instead of continuing climbing to the roof, as all expected, he leaped into window and disappeared from our view. Then came the breathless silence of suspense -not a sound was heard but the rise and fall of the engine breaks, not a word was heard, except in hollow whispers.

A few moments elapsed before Edward made his appearance on the roof, but Oh' what a shout was raised when his manly form appeared beside Alice.

"Another ladder :- quick!" exclaimed

Edward-"and wet blankets!" Several blankets were drenched in water. a rope attached to them, and a fireman as cended to the roof of an adjoining house, and by a fortunate throw succeeded in letting the end of the rope fall within reach

He grasped it, and succeeded in drawing up the blankets, with which he completely covered Alice.

A ladder was then reared up where the flames were not so fierce, and amid the huzzas of the multitude Edward bore his precious charge in safety to the street.

A carriage was immediately ordered, and the major, Alice, and myself were driven in silence to Edward's home. The dear old lady received us with marked kindness and hospitality, and embraced Alice with all the fondness of a

Edward was very much burned, and though calm and unmurmuring, it was but too evident that he suffered much

"Are you burned any, my poor child," asked Mrs. M-n, as she put her arms around Alice's neck. "No, not at all, Mrs. M ---- n," replied Alice, "your noble hearted son took particular care that I should not be; but I fear

he has been severely injured." Edward was not present when Alice made that remark, or perhaps she would not have thus spoken. Myself and the major returned to the

fire, but all was but a mass of smoking ruins How the fire originated I n but very probably accidentally.

The next morning Alice was, as might be expected, dangerously ill. Edward was almost continually by her bed side, minis tering to her wants, and doing all within

his power to make her comfortable. Bradsford also was ill, and it was feared by his physician that he would not recover. It was affecting to listen to poor Alice in her delirium; and Edward ever and anon would tu:n aside to weep when she smiled upon him and musically whispered-"dear

But I must lower the curtain over me story, by observing that I left S- that afternoon, with the determination of writing, at some future day, a story entitled "She when louder still arose that shriek. Then Kicked Him." You have read that story, with me to his valuable services, and to the I heard the slamming of doors, and the dear reader, and may depend upon it as a patter of feet in the hall, accompanied by simple and unvarnished statement of facts

And now, as is customary and proper, let me bring all the characters before you

ere the curtain falls. I have been asked by many readers of the "SPARTAN," "Did Edward finally marry focated by the smoke, I endeavored to find Alice?" To such, and to all, I reply, that poor Edward now lies in the little church-

> He became ill as Alice began to recover, was confined to a sick bed for many long weary months, lost his reason, and at last

> His conduct, in twice saving the life of Alice, reached the ears of her father, who caused a beautiful monument to be erected over his grave, bearing the simple inscrip-

> Bradsford, contrary to all expectations, recovered his health, and is now the father of two beautiful children, whose mother is

The major lives with them now, and though still cheerful and happy, he is not what he was before the death of Edward. I will venture to add just here a portion of a letter received from the good-hearted

old man about two weeks before the first part of this story appeared: "Mr. J .... F .... G ..... "MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: I write you this under very peculiar circumstancessuch as recall the past-with its mingled associations of happiness and sadness-light

Alice and Bradsford, for whose safety the vanity of all which is earthly, and the importance of everything which is heavenly and eternal

"I went last week to see the monument which Mr. W. erected over the grave of my poor young friend Edward. It is a beautiful thing, but I question the propriety of Day Saints at Great Salt Lake City, and doing so much for the poor boy now, when acting Governor of Utah Territory, thus dehe is beyond the reach of the influences of kindness, since during his lifetime Mr. W. brethren: "We can pick out elders in Israel

creature as ever. She often speaks of Ed- shuffle them with the smartest rogue on ward, and of her early life in connection God's fooistool. I can produce elders here

From a report of Judge O'Neali's late lecture, as furnished by the South Carolinian, we take some extracts of general interest. The lecture itself was most interesting and for his exchanges, and lays them obligingly Turning to the report before us, we have

F., these are but vain regrets now! The

world may say what it pleases, but I tell

you honestly, that love is no trifle, and

should never be looked upon or thought of

"Dear F., never triffe with the human

but as a holy, sacred, and heaven sanction

"I have no parting sigh to give— So take my parting smile."

Judge O'Neall's Reminiscences

heart-it is a tender thing."

Reader, farewell-

the South Carolina College. On the 19th of December, 1801, was passed the act to establish a College at Columbia, which has scattered light and knowledge like the ray of the morning sun all over the State. To it I, and most of the others known to the history of the State since 1806, owe much of what we have been or still are. I first tells him he is green; editor pockets the insaw and entered its walls in 1811. Like Columbia, the South Carolina College was then in its infancy. Two college buildings, president's house, and a tenement house for two professors, and a students' hall. were all which were provided for education. Look now upon the campus, filled with buildings, and the magnificent College Hall looming up in the street-and ask, has education kept pace with the princely expen diture on the part of the State? I hope so

In February, 1811, I first saw the President, Dr. Maxcy-the Professors, Brown, Park, Perrault-and the Tutor, Gregg. This Faculty would now seem to be a slen der provision for a college, yet they were ripe scholars, good men, faithful teachers, and many a grateful heart has turned and still turns to them, acknowledging the bene fit conferred.

May I be indulged a moment in recall ing the friends and preceptors of my youth. Dr. Maxey was first in the college and first in the affections of his pupils. When seen in repose there was nothing remarkable in his appearance; but when he began to speak, even in common conversation, genius flashed from his eyes, and every lineament of his face unfolded the man among men. In his lecture room he was the light of science and knowledge; difficulties in metaphysics all mistakes. Editor says "certainly," and vanished at his touch, and belles lettres was shown to be the handmaid of criticism, eloquence and grace. In the pulpit he was ineed the preacher of righteousness-he might have spoken hour upon hour, and none would have perceived the flight of time. As the President, none ever commanded more respect from even thoughtless boys, and at Commencement grave Senators admired this graceful, venerable preceptor, as he delivered the diplomas and pronounced his vos gerelis, and finally hung, with address. He is, however, gone-forever

gone-from earth; few remain who can say I knew Jonathan Maxey." The Rev. John Brown was Profe-sor of Logic and Moral Philosophy. He was one of the original Trustees of the South Caro- thus busy, he divides his attention bet seen some hundred yards further, and again we the Lord's day in the College Chapel for a short time after I entered the College, and then became the President of Franklin Uni-

versity of Georgia. He was a clear head-Thomas Park was Professor of Greek and Latin Languages. Kind old friend, who does not honor thy name! None, I am sure, who ever were within the College walls. Your President will bear witness almost idolatrous affection with which he watched over it. He will remember how earnestly and affectionately he besought us to end our rebellion, in 1812, against Profes sor Blackburn, and how, at last, at his en treaty, it was compromised in the lecture room by that remarkable treaty, "let me

alone and I'll let you alone!" Professor Perrault few here remember he was the Professor of Mathematics, a lively Frenchman, and I presume a good math ematician. But my acquaintance with him was slight, very slight; for his place was soon vacated, and my much esteemed friend Col. James Gregg, then a tutor in the Col lege, filled his chair temporarily. Col. Gregg has so recently passed from among rou has so lately ascended to his Father and our Father to claim the reward of a life without reproach, that I need do no

than I fear you will ever pay.

The chair of Chemistry was first filled luring my collegiate course. Charles Dewar Simons entered upon its duties, and never did any beginning argue so much prospective usefulness. His lectures and experiments filled the students with enthusiasm. Chemistry was the theme on every ongue-his lecture room was constantly filled, and Professor Simons was for the time the idol of the College, But, alas, how vain are human expectations. In February, 1812, he was drowned in attempting to cross Haughabook's swamp. The members of the Clariosophic Society erect ed a monument to his memory in St. Phi lip's church, Charleston. It perished in the fire which consumed that building in 1833.

----SHARPERS IN UTAH.-If Utah has its saints, it also has its sharpers. Brother Brigham Young, high priest and first pre nounces some of the carnal minded of the right here who can beat the world at gam-"Alice is the same sweet and affectionate bling, who can handle the cards, can cut and who can shave their smartest shavers, and "Bradsford is a kind and indulgent hus-"I really think, major, said I, "that this der gave way, precipitating all upon it to speaks of Edward, and regrets that he con- do. We give in to the Saints at Utah.

## The Model Editor.

Gets up at 5 o'clock in the morning; kisses his wife and the babies all round; and seats himself at the table, after washing and shaving in cold water, with a smiling countenance-unless his lips are chapped. Complains that the bread is too light and delicious, and the coffee is so delectable that it shall have a puff in his paper. Eats every-thing with a good relish, and compliments his wife several times during the meal. Bids her an affectionate good-bye, with another kiss all round, goes with a light heart to his office. Apologizes to his office boy because there is no fire—likewise smilingly informs him that the office has not been swept. Takes it very kind of the office boy not to be saucy in reply. Sends open on a table, for the use of his friends and the public generally. His clerk tells him he has made a little mistake, by which the office will lose a hundred dollars. Edi tor blandly requests him not to do it again. as it is inconvenient to lose money. Devil calls for copy; editor hands him the pack age of "model contributor," tied up with blue ribbon; devil pockets the ribbon, and sult. Musical director calls to know if the editor will transfer a puff of six columns, and accept a ticket at half price. Editor obligingly remarks that he shall be happy to do so. Musical director wants to know if he will write a puff of the concert beforehand; editor intimates that he will be hap py to so. Musical director would like him to furnish one hundred and sixty copies of the paper; editor says he shall be happy to do so. Musical director wishes to know i he will loan him his desk, pen, ink and paper, and a postage stamp; polite editor inti mates that he shall be happy to do so, (by standing up three quarters of an hour, while musical director writes six letters,) and endeavoring to read a paper up side down. Musical director takes his leave with three bows, the last one nearly overturning a lady who is entering the door. Lady blushes and looks very interesting; sits down and takes out her handkerchief. Lady prepares to cry, and editor becomes sympathetic. Lady says she has lost her all, and has six children besides, dependent on her exer-tions. Elitor feels fatherly. Lady declares that she can work at nothing else but writing, and takes out manuscript five yards long, (good measurement,) letting fall a few tears, as she asks if the editor will correct tries to read, but cannot, because there is not a capital letter in MS. In fact, he sees at first it is not a capital thing, but can't bear to hurt her feelings, Lady relieves herself by a few more tears, and asks the editor if he can advance a few dollars for her immediate wants. Editor says he shall be happy to do so, and pays the money

over. Lady dissolves in tears, and editor places MS. on the fire. The model editor reads his exchangesscribers, sixteen stoppages, three moral reformers, six Irish women who want to wash same sickness I had experienced was now the windows, four candy girls, three apple felt by others; the oppression was extreme. men, three beggars, six applicants for work, fifieen contributors, forty six letters, thirteen calls for more copy, five visits from the fore man to find out a doubtful word, one complimentary visit from country cousins, one call from a lecturer, two applicants for husbands, three agents of a new pictorial, the publisher of the directory, nine boys with new music, and sixteen volumes, besides any

number of acquaintances requesting the loan of an exchange. Model editor feels hungry three hours after dinner time, and concludes to eat something. Goes to an eating house, calls for turtle soup, and after he had finished, discovers a brass thimble at the bottom. Concludes to go home and call it half a

THE PROFITS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.-The New York Herald has a habit, annoy- reach my guide, I fell exhausted, and for ing enough to the psalm singing, hypocritical anti-slavery philanthropists of New England, of diving to the bottom of the the frozen snow, I rallied and clambered ocean of Northern trade and traffic, and on. My guide, more inured to such trips, dragging to the surface unwelcome information. It made a plunge into the subject sensation I had at first experienced returned of the slave trade, not long since, and with redo bled force. As I again sank exmore than say, that he was one of your city brought up an array of figures anything but hausted on the snow, a heavy weight seemty of that class of worthies.

annually fitted out in New York, and the standing high above me, he shouted, "the same number in Boston and Baltimore, crater! the crater!" Up, up, again I climbeach. Those furnished by other Northern ed, clinging to his footprints; one long, ports will bring the number up to forty; so painful struggle more, and I sank exhaus; hat forty vessels, most of them from the ed upon its brink. Northern States, are annually engaged in I looked around me, and the world the profitable business of carrying slaves seemed stretched beneath my feet. The from Africa to the West Indies and Brazil. lovely valley of Mexico, with its lakes and Each of these vessels will transport 600 mountains, lay like a map beneath me; to slaves, or the whole of them 24,000. One- the south and west lay the Tierra Caliente, sixth of these, or four thousand, will its hills red in the setting sun. A misty be smothered in the middle passage, leav- rim of silver showed the Gulf of Mexico for ing 20,000 fit for market. The cost per to the eastward, and the frosty top of Oriend of these victims on the coast of zaba rose grandly from the purple lands-Africa is about \$15, and the average price cape. Though conversant with nature, I for which they are sold about \$500. From had never before beheld her in such magthis data, it may be calculated that the an- nificence. To remember that sight must nual profits cleared by the forty slavers will ever be a glory-to forget it can only occur reach the enormous amount of \$17,000,000 with a general decay of the faculties. -four-fifths of which goes into the pockets The Doctor is now in Mexico, preparing of Northern merchants. It is easy to im- for another ascent, in order to make a thoagine that if the question of the abolition of slavery were to be voted on, no persons cano. would give a heartier vote against it than those thriving traders who are in the habit

Punch says that every family ought to

The Ascent of Popocatepetl. Dr. S. W. Crawford, U. S. Army, has ucceeded in reaching the summit of Mount Popocatepeti. He was one of a party of eighteen, who set out for that purpose from the city of Mexico, on the 12th inst. The following is from his own account of the

We arrived at Amecameca on the evening of the 11th inst. Four of our number and been obliged to return, and another with servants left us at Amecameca. At this point, through the kindness of our hospitable friends, we procured our guides and made the necessary arrangements for the ascent of the mountain. When our object became known, we were at once joined by a number of volunteers, all anxious

to accompany us to the summit.

While some spoke of the season of the year, and of the intense cold we might anticipate, others told us of a path to the crater, made by the Indians going up and returning with the sulphur; but we found that but few of our friends had been beyoud the snow line, and that the mountain had not been ascended by even an Indian for months, the working of the sulphur ceasing with the commencement of the

rainy season. At noon, on the 18th, we took leave of our kind host and turned our horses' heads towards the mountains. We soon reached Tomacoca. We were here joined by a party, among whom was Don Pablo Perez, a gentleman who had been engaged in extracting the sulphur from the volcano, and who had pursued the occupation for three years. His ascent had been frequent, and we felt reas ured by his resolution to accompany us. Our road now was up, over steep ascents, through the cedars and pines; wild flowers of every hue grew through the tangled shrubbery. By sundown we arrived, much fatigued from our day's journey, at Tlamacas.

Our party numbered twenty, including guides and peons. We set out from Tiamacas next morning, on horseback as far as La Cruz, some thousand feet above. Here, with two of my companions, I set out on foot, the remainder rode on some distance. At the same time we all joined, and after the final arrangements of our packs, &c., we grasped our spears, and protecting our eyes from the reflection, set out upon the snow, our guides ahead-the Indians with our packs followed. Our first start out was steep and amid frozen snow. The guides and Indians struck boldly out, without spear or staff; the rest of us, clinging to our snow spears, slowly followed. Up we went some eight hundred feet, when, getting in advance of the party, we halted to take breath -respiration had become labored and difficult-and as I sat exhausted on the snow, a dead-feeling, akin to sea sickness, came over me. Rallying, however, I looked around me for my companions, and of all those who had joined us at Amecameca, not one remained. Two of my friends, w f any are left by noon-patiently. Like a guides, were above me, shouting to us to man diving down through the ocean to find follow. On we went, slowly and tediously, a solitary pearl; so he dives into the sea of The difficulty of travelling increased with ink, to find a solitary idea; and when found, he—adopts it. Nobody is going to hunt us had all given out, and taking the baromethrough five hundred exchanges, to see if terfrom one who had sunk exhausted, I joinhe has ever read it before. While he is ed my companions above. On we toiled two politicians, four duns, twenty new sub- stopped to rest. Our number was now reduced to four and our two guides. The

was the suffering of one of them, that I persuaded him to return. One only accompanied me for a short distance, when he returned with one guide to follow his descending companions. I was now alone with one guide and but half way to the summit. The ascent became more and more difficult, as breaking the ice at every step we progressed slowly and tediously. Once more I turned to look back from my dizzy height. One mis step, and inevitable destruction awaited us in the abyss below. The stillness of the grave was over everything, and recoiling from the sight, I looked down no more. To go on for more than eight or ten paces without stopping to take rest was impossi-ble, so rarefied had the air become. At one time, after an extraordinary exertion to some moments was unconscious. The blood gushed from my nostrils. Checking it with complimentary to the honesty and sincerised pressing upon me, and everything apof that class of worthies.

It appears that about twelve slavers are aroused by load shouts from my guide, as,

The cold was intense. My companions complained loudly of their feet, and so great

rough examination of the crater of the vol-'I say, old boy !' cried Paul Pry, to an

of pretentiously prating about the evils of slavery and the inhumanity-of the slave a yawning gulf, what are you digging there?' 'A big bole,' the old boy replied Paul was not to be put off in this fashion. What are you going to do with the hole!" keep a kitten to amuse the children. They he asked. Going to cut it up into small should also keep children to amuse the kitholes, rejoined the old boy, and retail them to farmers for gate posts,"