

Yorkville Enquirer.

JOHN L. MILLER,
SAM'L. W. MELTON, Proprietors.

An Independent Journal: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

LEWIS M. GRIST, Publisher.

VOL. 1.

YORKVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1855.

NO. 34.

Original Poetry.

For the Yorkville Enquirer.

TO A LOVED ONE FAR AWAY.

Why should you sigh for the vanished hours
Of your girlhood's rosy morn,
When your first fathered friend his lips
And you knew not his hidden thought?
The young bud of hope yields a passing delight,
But often there cometh a sorrowful night,
Which leaves a poor lover to mourn.

Say, why in youth is the morning sky
Bedimmed with a passing cloud,
When dark gray mists, as they hurry by,
With their shadows round it crowd?
And we are passing away to the tomb,
And life's sweet blossoms are scarce in their bloom,
When we cast by our robes for a shroud!

Why need we sigh for the faded dreams
Of our early youth again,
Since the past like a dreary isle seems
On a dark and heaving main?
Why watch we hope's transient and glimmering spark,
As the exile at midnight gaze on the bark,
That bounds over the billows, in vain?

Time can no light on the memory cast
Of thy dear and honored name,
Which to my heart in the far off past
Like a bird of Eden came.

For thou art the bright-beaming star to illumine
My pathway, and guide my steps down to the tomb,
And lighten my grief-trickling frame.

ERSKINE COLLEGE, S. C.

Miscellaneous Reading.

LOYALTY OR LOVE.

In the Autumn of 1674 the present site of Richmond was divided into two plantations, belonging to Col. Byrd and Nathaniel Bacon, the mansion of the latter standing upon what is now called Shoccoe's Hill. It was one of those fine old mansions patterned after the baronial halls of Old England, and since unequalled upon this Continent. A spacious hall, decked with portraits, large parlors with furniture of carved oak, a dining hall where a battalion could banquet, and a library with a book window commanding a prospect of picturesque maintenance, especially when Autumn had touched the foliage with his magic pencil.—The bright scarlet of the maple, the deep crimson of the dogwood, the mellow brown of the ash, and the lively yellow of the chestnut, contrasted strikingly with the deep evergreen of the cedar pine and hemlock, scattered thro' the forests. Below, the river foamed over its rocky bed, to spread out into a lake like sheet, and was dotted with small islands, whose shadows reach far down into the earth-tinted tide.

Nathaniel Bacon, the master of the establishment, was a hale and handsome man, with a thick black mustache, clear black eyes and a florid complexion. Educated in England during the convulsive struggles between the throne and the parliament, he believed that popular rights were equal, at least, to royal sway. Not so his sister Henrietta, who had passed a winter with the Governor's family at Jamestown, where she had learned to reverence "the right divine" of her sovereign. Her age at this time was about eighteen, and although her form was not what the voluptuary would have called perfect, or her face one that a sculptor would have selected as a model, yet there was a winning expression in her eyes, and a grace in her movements that enabled her to charm all who knew her.

At the time when our story commences she had just opened a letter, from which a printed packet fell to the floor.

"Here, brother Nat," said she "is one of his Excellency's letters to the privy council, sent back in good London point. Will you read it?"

Bacon took the document, but as he read it a flush came over his cheek. At length he exclaimed in an angry tone:

"Hear how Governor Berkeley closes his account of us."

"I thank God there are no free schools nor printing and, I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government; God keep us from both."

"Excellent, I declare," said the fair loyalist.

"Excellent! Do you call that excellent, girl? Why, I have had a mind to sell my plantation and remove to the North!"

"Ah, brother Nat, you would have your nose frozen off; even if you only go among the Manhattan Dutchmen, and—"

Here the laughing girl was interrupted by the entrance of a stranger, who presented a letter to Mr. Bacon. Glancing at the exterior, he introduced the new comer to his sister as Mr. Rupert Wytley, of Accomac, and breaking the seal read the contents.

"I am happy to see you," said he, when he had perused the epistle, "and regret much to hear of the course of the governor in disbanding the volunteers. (Can it be possible that at this time, when the yell of the savage resounds through our woods, Virginians must retire to their plantations, there to remain until they are scalped?")

"Ah, I am glad to hear you talk so," replied Rupert Wytley, "for I have come expressly to request your acceptance of the commission of general. Here it is, signed by over five hundred as brave men as there is on this continent."

"You surely are not asking my brother to take up arms against Governor Berkeley's will?" said Henrietta, with a smile.

"Nay, miss; but the country is in danger," said the young man who had already begun to admire the fair Henrietta.

"It is a grave question," remarked Mr. Bacon, "and I must ponder over it; meanwhile, my sister will escort you to the mills, and to the rock where Pocahontas preserved the life of Captain Smith. At dinner time I will give you my answer."

Rupert Wytley was a wealthy young planter near Jamestown, who, with a well proportioned person and a manly countenance, possessed a noble heart and cultivated intellect. His idea of female excellence had been formed upon an ideal model of perfection, in which he had blended the accomplishments of all the heroines of poetry and romance. Vain had been his search hitherto, but ere he had been long with Henrietta, he imagined, if her qualities of mind corresponded to her personal charms, he had, at length, found the ideal of female perfection.

Meanwhile, her brother had been sorely troubled at heart by the invitation to lead his fellow-citizens. Like every true Virginian, he felt that the country was in danger; for death was ravaging the land under the hideous forms of savage cruelty. The force out under Capt. John Washington had proved entirely insufficient, yet the Governor, instead of adding to it, had rebuked them for killing a party of chiefs because it injured the heavier trade, of which he held a monopoly. That an armed resistance to the Indians was necessary, he did not doubt, but the thought of rising in against the will of the King's Governor rather staggered him.

"At any rate," said he, to Wytley, as they sat enjoying their wine after dinner, "I will go to Jamestown and see how matters stand. Let the news reach me that a single white man has been harmed by the savages, and I lead you on to vengeance, commission or no commission."

A long storm, at the conclusion of which the fords were impassable, detained Rupert Wytley a week with the Bacons. He well improved the time, for, ere he left, Henrietta acknowledged that she was not disinclined to treasure up the rich harvest of affection which he laid at her feet. Nay, she was rather disposed to become more republican in her feelings, and to admit that Virginians might be capable of self-government.

Weeks passed, and in vain did Nathaniel Bacon urge Governor Berkeley to abandon his scheme of detached forts, and authorize a volunteer force of riflemen. At last he left Jamestown in despair, and, ere going home, paid a visit to Henrico, where the sharpshooters were encamped, unappalled by the edicts of the Governor commanding them to disperse. The men went on parade, under the command of Rupert Wytley; but ere he had heard the reports of sergeants, a horseman approached at full gallop. Riding up in front of the line, he checked his foaming steed, and shouted:

"The savages are at the falls of James River, killing and plundering. Turn out! Turn out!"

"Where are they?" asked Bacon, pale with apprehension.

"They first killed all at the mills, and then camped around Bacon's house on the hill.—They say it is Powhatan's council ground, and no white man shall pass it."

"And Miss Bacon?" eagerly inquired Wytley.

"I heard they'd got a white gal prisoner, and meant to torture her in a few days at a grand war dance."

"Bacon," exclaimed Wytley, "do you now hesitate?"

"No, no." Then raising his voice until it rung in trumpet tones the field, he continued; "Virginians, forgive my hesitation. Non erat my own home is desolate, can I ask you to follow me to the rescue of a loved sister?"

A loud shout of "Lead on!" made the hearts of Bacon and Wytley beat high again, nor was it many hours ere the force was in motion. A braver set of men never hastened to the fray.

The sun had set in clouds beyond the Blue Ridge, and the woods grew dim, as the Virginians approached the house of their general. Scouts, who had been sent in advance to reconnoiter, reported that there was an entrenchment around the house, within which a huge council fire had been lighted exactly at sunrise. It was evident no time was to be lost. The mounted cavaliers under the command of Wytley, were ordered to sweep around the right, while General Bacon led the bulk of the force directly up the hill, against the frowning, silent breastwork.

On they moved, with cautious tread, uncertain as to whether their coming was known to the entrenched foe. But when they were within about twenty paces of the breastwork, there came along from its whole front a cloud of arrows, making many a brave man bite the dust. The scene which followed is described as one of deadly warfare, for no sooner had the Virginians reached the breastwork than a yell was given, and the rude terrace swarmed with painted warriors, each bearing in his right hand a war club. Springing into the midst of their assaults, the savages dealt their murderous blows on all sides, often thrusting their burning torches into the faces of the whites, who could not use their fire-arms so close was the encounter.

"Sound a retreat!" should Gen. Bacon; and in obedience to the brazen trumpets, his men fell back. At that moment, the cavaliers under Wytley charged through the savages, and when they had passed, the infantry, hastily formed into line, poured in murderous volleys. Again the cavaliers moved off a swarth of the now discomfited savages, again a storm of iron had swept through their painted ranks, and then, with a cheer, the intrenchment was stormed. At the head of those who first entered the breastwork, fighting like a very demon, was Rupert Wytley, and at the door of the old mansion, as he rode up to it, with a heavy heart, he saw his own Henrietta.

"Safe! safe!" said God, she is safe!" he shouted, and in an instant he had reached her side, and she was clasped to his heart.

Our limits not permit us to portray the story of her imprisonment, as she narrated it that night around the family hearth-stone. Destined for a sacrifice, she had been carefully treated, and allowed the unobscured liberty of her own room. But that night was to have witnessed her immolation. A Divine Providence had nerved her heart, though escape appeared impossible, as she was already summoned to the burning pile when a scout gave the alarm cry. Then, by the light of the torches, she

painfully witnessed the fray, imploring, upon her knees before the window, that a heavenly arm would sustain those whom she loved so well.

Morning dawned and a horrible scene presented itself around the house. There—where St. John's Church now stands—lay mangled corpses in the stiff attitudes of death, and the stream near by was tinged with life-blood.—The wounded were cared for, the dead interred and by dinner time the horrors of "grim visaged war" no longer met the eye. The last council fire of the Indian race at James River Fall was extinguished, and the few surviving descendants of the tribe of Pocahontas began their march toward the setting sun.

Success insured success. Had Bacon been defeated, he would have been shot as a traitor to his King; but now the haughty governor rewarded him, and he was hailed by the Virginians as their defender. Marching to Jamestown, he forced the governor to adopt new laws, which code was completed July 4, 1676—one hundred years to day before the Congress of the United States, adopting the declaration framed by a state man of Virginia, which bore a new era in the history of man. The eighteenth century in Virginia was the child of the seventeenth; and Bacon's rebellion, with the corresponding scenes in Maryland and Carolina and New England, was the early harbinger of American Independence.

And where was Henrietta, that sturdy loyalist? Not in the stately saloons of the Governor, but with the sisters of her affianced lover, Rupert Wytley, who had a residence at Jamestown. Her dreams of royal protection and a noble husband had vanished during her terrible captivity, and she now bowed in homage before her heart's lord. Soon they were married, and returned to the plantation, which Nathaniel Bacon gave his sister as a dowry. Some clouds darkened their pathway of life at first, but they lived many years in as perfect happiness as mortals can enjoy; nor did she ever forget in after years, in narrating to her grand children the events of her rescue, to add: "For all that, my dear, your grandfather did not hold the king's commission. Virginians would not act for themselves."

Years rolled on. The Old Dominion became the leader in a great movement, and while the name of the Wytleys is remembered by many who visit the beautiful locality of their home—once the scene of deadly slaughter—history sounds the praise of Nathaniel Bacon, and inscribes his name, in golden letters, high upon the architecture of our National Faith.

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer.

FROM FORT MILL.

MISSOURI, Editors:—In appearing before the reading public as a newspaper correspondent, I hope that I will not be thought aspiring to the rank of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Antonette Brown, or other distinguished woman's rights combatants. My aspirations are not so lofty; I am content to fill a humble number sphere, that of chronicling a neighborhood affair, and passing a compliment upon a few special friends. The task is a new one to me, and I go about it with a consciousness of my incompetency to do it justice. But I feel as though it would be unpardonable neglect, as well as the grossest ingratitude in the ladies of our neighborhood, to suffer this occasion to pass unnoticed. I am aware that there are many others under equal obligations with myself, who are much better qualified to discharge this duty, but they all seem afraid to make the attempt, consequently it devolves upon me. Then here goes for my first attempt at a newspaper communication.

It seems that the bachelors of Fort Mill and surrounding vicinity, becoming inspired with the tender passion, thought to show their high regard for the fair sex, by getting up a first class picnic, for their especial amusement.—They called a meeting and counted noses, when all told they found that they numbered ten—by the way a goodly number. They organized by selecting a Prince, whose duty it was to preside over the occasion. The whole was constituted into a committee of arrangements, and then subdivided into three, to one of which was assigned the setting of the table, to another the conducting of the music and other amusements; to the other, the reception of the guests and attention to the ladies.—Thus arranged, they went to work and succeeded in getting up one of the most magnificent picnics it has ever been my lot to witness. The selection of the place was a very happy one; it was near the spring of one of their order. The grove which afforded a complete shade, was composed entirely of walnut of spontaneous growth; and were piled up in beautiful order, convenient seats with a stand for the music, and tables with a variety of amusing games. Some distance from this, stood the tables for dinner, under two majestic oaks, which it seemed to our "fanciful view," nature had formed for the occasion. Matters thus arranged, the twentieth of July, that eventful and anxiously expected day came. It was a bright beautiful morning. At 9 o'clock were to be seen in the distance, in all directions, trains of carriages laden with guests.—By ten the party had assembled, numbering about seventy-five ladies and some fifty gentlemen. The Chief Engineer of the Charlotte and South Carolina Rail Road, being one of the order, brought with him from Columbia, a company of ladies and gentlemen, who were a pleasant addition to the party. Now commenced the amusements of the day. The order of the day was reduced to system and seemed to work with the precision of a clock.—The different committees seemed to vie with each other whose particular department should be the most pleasing. The band, composed of bachelors, selected some beautiful pieces, and at intervals would break forth and make the grove resound with their bewitching melody. The ladies' committee dealt out in profusion, lemonade, ice-cream and watermelons. The Table Committee was not a whit behind, as soon shall be seen. At one o'clock, the Prince made his appearance and announced dinner ready and pronounced the order of the day.

Now might you have seen many anxious faces, and heard hearts beating in double quick time. The hour had arrived to confer the title of "Princess," and she to have the honor of leading the procession and being the first at the table. There were at least fifty aspirants for the preferment, and each hoped she would be the fortunate one; but alas! poor things, fortune had to submit to disappointment. After giving the order to form the procession, his Royal Highness surveyed the company with a scanning glance and made his way into the crowd. "Oh! mercy, if he wasn't looking right at me," said one lady who had stepped just one lady from me, and bowing said—"Miss K., can I have the honor of escorting you to dinner?" "Yes sir, if you please," was the ready response, and springing to her feet, she accepted the proffered arm, at the same time throwing one of those mischievous glances from her dancing eyes at me, as much as to say, "I am the victor!"—Oh, spirit of revenge; just then I could have crushed her, but a moment's reflection brought me to my senses, and I was ashamed for being so wicked; but one could receive the honor, and she was in every respect worthy of it.

The procession moved off to the table where was set in very tasteful style, one of the most delicious I have ever seen. There were two tables; one set with meats and substantial, and the other was a desert, and was loaded with such luxuries as the Columbia market afforded. This table alone, I was informed, cost one hundred dollars. After dinner was over, the company returned to the seats and resumed the amusements. At intervals, champagne, ice-cream and watermelons were served, and thus the day passed off pleasantly, many of us very much surprised, when informed that night was approaching, the time had seemed so short. There were many sweet things and probably some soft things," said one that day. The ladies are certainly under many and lasting obligations for this entertainment, and I hope that each and every one of them have profited by the occasion. Men that know so well how to cater for the taste and entertainment of the ladies, deserve a better fate than dragging out a miserable existence in back-slopes.

KIZZY.

LOSS OF LIFE IN GREAT BATTLES.

The waste of human life in the uncessant full attack on the Malakoff and Redan appears to have been nearly as great, though not quite so in the average of the most destructive modern battles. More than five thousand of the assailants were killed and wounded, a vast proportion, when we consider how small comparatively the storming column was. The French loss admits a loss of thirty-eight thousand, and it is to say every seventh man was rendered incapable, either by death or wounds.

There is, indeed, no modern siege, which was more bloody than this—not actually, however, when the numbers engaged are compared with those who fell. We allude to the second siege of Badajos, in the Peninsula War. That famous Spanish fortress was invested by Wellington, at the head of twenty-two thousand men, and finally carried by storm, after one of the most sanguinary assaults on record. In the attack on the great breach alone, not less than thirty-eight thousand men fell. Yet, Badajos was a smaller place, the fort not being larger, perhaps, than the Malakoff and its outworks. Whoever would realize half the horrors of war, should read Napier's account of the siege and fall of Badajos.

Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, Leipsic, Dresden, Borodino and Waterloo were among the most desperately contested battles of the first Napoleon. At Marengo the Austrians lost ten thousand, more than a third of their whole force, while the French lost seven thousand, or about the same proportion. A considerable portion of them were prisoners, however, while at the Redan and Malakoff, but few prisoners were taken. At Austerlitz the French lost twelve thousand, or nearly a sixth of their entire force; but the allies lost thirty thousand, or more than a third.—At Wagram the loss on either side was twenty-five thousand, or about one seventh of those engaged. At Leipsic the loss was forty-three thousand on the side of the allies, out of nearly three hundred thousand in the field and sixty thousand on the part of the French, out of one hundred and seventy-five thousand. At Dresden the allies lost twenty-five thousand, or one-sixth of their entire number, while the French lost but twelve thousand, or one tenth.

At Borodino, the bloodiest battle of all, fifty thousand fell on each side, a third of the force in the battle. At Waterloo the French lost forty thousand, or more than half; but a large proportion of these fell in the rout; yet the English lost nearly twenty thousand, or almost a third of their entire troops.

It is often said, in discussing military affairs, that our American battles have been too trifling to take into consideration. But if we consider, not numbering the actually killed and wounded, but the proportion which those numbers bear to the whole force engaged, we shall find that those actions, thus scorned, were as hotly contested as even the first Napoleon's battles. At Eutaw Springs, for example, in the Revolutionary war, one-third of both armies were left upon the field. At Chipewyan, in the war of 1812, nearly one-fifth of the British were disabled. At Landy's Lane, the loss of the Americans was about one-third, and that of the British equally great. At N. Orleans, where the British attempted, on a smaller scale, the same rash experiment the had just been defeated in before the Redan and Malakoff, the assailants lost two thousand out of their army of twelve thousand.

From these statistics it appears, that battles in the open field are generally very bloody, though not always, than assaults on entrenched positions. The reason is, that in the former case the entire army is usually engaged, while in the latter only the storming column. The loss by those actually occupied on the attack is always heavier, however, than the average loss of an army in the open field. It would seem, also, that the allies, in the latter repulse, suffered as severely as the English at N. Orleans—a defeat which has always been considered one of the most sanguinary on record.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER.

The New York Times of Wednesday publishes, under its editorial head, the following letter, containing a statement of "high and reliable" authority, of the views of the Emperor Napoleon upon the Crimean campaign. It is presumed that these views were expressed in conversation with the writer of the letter, but whether or not this be true they are considered sufficiently striking to be worth attention:

PARIS, July, 1855.

Public sentiment, generally, both in France and England, is inclined to look upon the siege of Sebastopol as substantially a failure, and the campaign in the Crimea as a mistake. The Emperor does not at all concur in this view of the subject. He expresses his opinion very freely in conversation with his intimate friends, and maintains that the Allies are marching steadily towards a complete victory over Russia. In one conversation with an English officer, held in my presence, the Emperor spoke substantially as follows:

"There never has been a siege of Sebastopol, for the first step to constitute a siege is investment. The Russian army has been posted in extended line between Simpheropol and Sebastopol, its centre being movable, at one time concentrated on Inkermann and at another on Balaclava. The right wing of the force rests on Sebastopol, as the right wing of the English troops at Waterloo rested on Hougoumont.

"The Anglo-French army has not been large enough to extend its lines so as to give face to the Russians, so we have occupied an entrenched position opposite their right wing at Sebastopol; and while we have been attacking, not besieging, this post, we have been constantly outflanked by the Russian left. If there has been a siege at all, it is the Anglo-French army that has been besieged.

"I acknowledge the tactics of the Crimean campaign to be my own projection, and I confess myself satisfied entirely by the results. The people of France and England want a feat of arms, and perhaps the people of America would applaud another Soleniski and Moskowa. No! France in 1813 crossed the arid steppes and deadly snows of Russia. I will now make Russia traverse her own wildernesses to meet us on her frontier. There is not a man who enters the Crimea that has not undergone all we suffered in the retreat from Moscow. There is not a regiment that arrives at Perkop that is not decimated. While battalions have been annihilated, the Russian loss according to their own estimate rendered to the Emperor Nicholas last December, amounted to two hundred and seventy thousand. The Allied troops at that time had not lost one tenth of that figure. I am content to protract the struggle in the Crimea on these terms."

On another occasion he observed:

"A Russian army is not recruited with facility. Men can be had, but no soldiers.—The Russian peasantry require from two to three years exercise at drill before they are fit for the ranks. We have nearly extirpated the best of their forces—those which the Czar has taken many years to create. England and France, on the contrary, grow stronger as the struggle proceeds; our peasantry in a few weeks become stanch troops, and the fire of war, which burns slowly at first among our population, increases with reverse."

Again, the Emperor observed:

"It would be folly to inflict merely a wound upon Russia, from which she would soon recover. Let us rather establish a running sore in her side, from which her strength will run out. Sebastopol is draining her system. The future will judge my tactics, but the people are too small to see far around them."

It is confidently stated that Louis Napoleon in person will command in the forthcoming campaign in Moldavia and Russian Poland.—The new levy of 140,000 is destined for this field of action and will supersede the Austrian army of occupation. The object of this campaign will be the creation of a Polish republic comprising Volhynia, Poland and Bessarabia. In case Prussia dissents, an advance made by an Anglo-French army upon her cis-Rhenish provinces and the Baltic fleet, will keep her in check; while Lombardy and Hungary are moved up to block the interference of Austria. The end of all this will be an empire of republics. Turkey will be obliterated from the map of Europe and form a nest of Byzantine States, into which Greece and perhaps Hungary may fall. The last great European war commenced with republicanism and ended with continued monarchy; this present struggle commences with a battle of the monarchs, and will end with confirmed republics.

CONVERSATION.

Among a large proportion of young women, and especially among those who are not remarkable for the strength of their understandings, and who have not been accustomed to estimate the worth of objects according to the standard of reason and religion, conversation loaded with fatteries, as silly as they are gross, too often finds welcome hearers. Hence, also, discourse is confined, in circles of this description, to scenes, topics, and incidents, which embrace little more than the amusements of the preceding or ensuing afternoon; or the looks and the dress of the present company, or of their acquaintance; petty anecdotes of the neighborhood, and local scandal. Is it not wonderful, then, that the wish prevalent in the younger men, to meet themselves acceptable in social intercourse to the female sex, should betray them into a mode of behavior which they perceive to be so generally wrong? It is wonderful that he who discovers trifling to be the way to success should become a trifler? That he who, in the casual introduction of a subject which seemed to call upon the reason to exert itself, has brought an ominous yawn over the countenance of his fair auditor, should guard against a repetition of the offence?

But it is not only to women of moderate capacity that hours of trifling and flippant conversation are found acceptable. To these of superior talents they are not unfrequently known to give a degree of entertainment, greater than, on slight consideration, we might have expected. The matter, however, may be ca-

sily explained. Some women, who are endowed with strong mental powers, are little inclined to the trouble of exerting them. They love to indulge a supine vanity of thought; listen to nonsense without dissatisfaction, because to listen to it requires no effort; neither search, nor prompt offers to search, deeper than the surface of the passing topic of discourse; and were it not for an occasional remark that indicates discernment, or a look of intelligence which gleams through the listlessness of sloth, would scarcely be suspected of judgment and penetration. While these persons rarely seen, in the common intercourse of life, to turn their abilities to the advantage either of themselves or of their friends; others, gifted with equal talents, are tempted to misapply them by the unconsciousness of possessing them. Vain of their powers, and of their dexterity in the use of them, they cannot resist the impulse which they feel to lead a pert exorbitant young man, whenever he falls in their way, to expose himself.

The prattle which they despise, they encourage because it amuses them by rendering the speaker ridiculous. They lead him on, unsuspecting of their design, and secretly pluming himself on his happy talents in rendering himself agreeable, and delighted the most when he is most the object of derision from one step of folly to another. By degrees they contract an habitual relish from the style of conversation which enables them at once to display their own wit, and to gratify their passion for mirth, and their taste for the ludicrous.—They become inwardly impatient when it flags and more impatient when it meets with interruption. And if a man of grave aspect and more wakeful reflection, presumes to step within the circle, they assail the unwelcome intruder with a volley of brilliant raillery and sparkling repartee, which bears down knowledge and learning before it, and convulses the delighted auditor with peals of laughter, while he labors in his heavy accoutrements, after his light-armed antagonist, and receives at every turn a shower of arrows, which he can neither parry nor withstand.—How Journal.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

The Boston Telegraph—the special organ of anti-slavery in Massachusetts—writes an article to show that the next President must be a slaveholder or a supporter of slavery, in case the election shall go to the House of Representatives, as is generally anticipated. The following is the language of the Constitution as providing for such an emergency:

"The House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President; but in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice."

There are, says the Telegraph, thirty-one States, sixteen being a majority. There are fifteen slave States, not one of which would vote for an Anti-Slavery man. In addition to these fifteen slave States, California has chosen two Slavery Democrats, who, in all probability, would vote with them. The State of Iowa has a divided delegation, one Anti-Slavery man and one Nebraska Democrat. Her vote will thus, probably, be lost. The other States, fourteen in number, would vote for an Anti-Slavery man. So, if the issue should be Nebraska and Anti-Slavery, the vote would stand thus:

Nebraska.	Anti-Slavery.
Arkansas,	Maine,
Missouri,	New Hampshire,
Florida,	Vermont,
California,	Massachusetts,
South Carolina,	Rhode Island,
North Carolina,	Connecticut,
Delaware,	New York,
Maryland,	New Jersey,
Virginia,	Pennsylvania,
Georgia,	Ohio,
Alabama,	Michigan,
Mississippi,	Wisconsin,
Texas,	Indiana,
Louisiana,	Illinois—14 States.
Tennessee,	Divided.
Kentucky—16 States,	Iowa—1 State.

It will be seen from the above that if the election goes to the House of Representatives, the slaveholders will again triumph.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

PARIS, Thursday, July 12, 1855.

A case of most romantic interest has lately been pending before one of the French civil tribunals—a case which will be read with avidity by those who believe in the endurance of deep-seated, sure-enough love. I think that the facts of the present case will well repay a perusal, and therefore give a condensation.

Sixty-five years ago, or in 1790, a young Englishman, named William Anderson, who was possessed of considerable fortune, made what was rare in those days—a continental tour—and in the course of his wanderings visited the old city of Nancy. There he became acquainted with a young Irish woman, blooming and beautiful as a matter of course, whose name was Catharine Burthe: she was the daughter of a game-keeper of the Prince de Conde, and the ardent young Anderson conceived such a violent passion for her that he vowed that he would never think of marrying any one else. These facts, it should be understood have been brought out in a cold court of justice, and have never been recorded on the warm pages of a novel.

The political disturbances which broke out about this period drove young Anderson home to England, but did not drive his love for Catharine Burthe from his head—far from it. He wrote numerous letters to the gamekeeper's daughter, all breathing the depth of his attachment; he did more—he sent her remittances of money; but war soon breaking out, all his epistles and drafts were intercepted, nor could he ever receive any tidings of his loved one.

On the establishment of peace in 1815, or twenty-five years afterwards, the more than middle-aged William Anderson, with the flame of love burning as fiercely as ever, hurried over to France, and proceeded post haste to Nancy; but there he could learn no tidings of Catharine Burthe: she had departed, but no one could tell when or where. For twenty years, or until 1835, he continued to seek her—he stuck to it with a pertinacity that would have tired out Japhet in search of a father—but without success. He employed the police, he set secret agents to work, he hunted upon and down himself, but the track of the lady no one could discover.

At length Mr. Anderson tried the benefits of advertising and this time he got on the right trail. A notice was inserted in the Journal de la Morthe, and to his inexpressible delight it was answered by Catharine herself. He hurried off to see her, he was burning to embrace his long lost Catharine—but when he reached her residence, he found that she was Catharine Burthe no more? She had been M^{me} Catharine de Tithan Lanouvelle for more than forty years, and was a grandmother!

Here was a blow, and a hard one, to a person who had lived and loved as long and as ardently as Mr. William Anderson, and in the brief sad moment of his cruel disappointment he started back for England. But there he found out that, notwithstanding, he had arrived at the mature and discreet age of seventy odd, his passion was unabated and in the extremity of his undying love he wrote and demanded permission to live near his ancient flame. This prayer was allowed, and from that period to his death, which occurred a few years since, he had the satisfaction of breathing the air of the same neighborhood, to look upon pretty much the same hills, valleys and trees, and to move about generally in the midst of the same surroundings, the sun total, as near as can be ascertained, of all the satisfaction or gratification the old man had.

It is difficult to conceive a more romantic case of enduring attachment; but how was it all brought to light? Through the law. It seems that on first ascertaining that his beloved Catharine was a grandmother, Mr. Anderson made a will giving all his property to a nephew of the same name: but after residing for a space in her vicinity, he changed his mind, revoked a former will, cut off his nephew, and bequeathed everything to his ancient flame. The nephew has made every attempt, through the proper courts, to have the last will broken; but it has been declared the claim of Madame de Tithan-Lanouvelle, Catharine Burthe, was perfectly valid. Such is love, at times, and such is law.—Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.

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MILITARY CAPACITY OF THE SOUTH.

From the flippant manner in which some of the Free Soil journals talk of an easy conquest of the South, in the event of civil war, we conclude that they have not studied very attentively the resources or the history of this section of the country. It does not follow that, because the free States have a majority of numbers, they can produce a majority of fighting men. Their numbers will be required to till their fields, whilst the South, in the event of war, need make no draft from its laboring population. Moreover, it will possess unlimited supplies of food, and have the additional advantage of fighting on its own ground. Even in an aggressive war, the South can in all probability bring a more numerous army into the North. These Free Soil braggarts have forgotten, if they ever studied, the annals of the Mexican war, which proved that the South, even in a war of invasion, and that of a distant land, could out-number the more populous North. To that war she gave not only her due proportion of money, but much more than her due proportion of men, as will appear by the following statement of the number of volunteers:

From the South—Regiments.....	33
Battalions.....	14
Companies.....	120
Total No. of volunteers from the South.....	45,650
From the North but 22 regiments were sent, and the whole number of volunteers was.....	23,048

Thus, in the Mexican war, the South furnished nearly two volunteers to the North's one. Bear in mind that the population of the North is nearly two-thirds greater than that of the South, and it will be seen that the South in the Mexican war furnished more than three times her due proportion of volunteers! What would she do in a war upon her own soil—in a war for all that man holds dear—in such a war as Abolition would force upon the South? Every man, from the boy of twelve to the man of seventy, would be a soldier; literally and truly, the whole population would be in arms. Can the Free Soilers promise themselves much from such a struggle?—Richmond Dispatch.

"I'm the intelligent correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, writes from Washington: During the present suspense of active operations in the Crimea, we may calmly contemplate the aspects and the results of this great war—a war that took the world by surprise—a war which no statesman can account for or justify. As to the results of this war, I wish to cite the opinion of an eminent German physician, who is in the Russian service, and has lately published in Berlin many curious and instructive observations on the subject. I give nothing more than his conclusion, to wit—that when Sebastopol shall be taken, the Allies will not be nearer to the realization of their hopes than before their conquest. It was more than a year. It is the first phase of an Historical epoch." It is in this light that we are to view the struggle