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Choice Poetry.

THE HUSBAND'S APPEAL.
In my memory there dwelleth forms and faces
Most divine,
Which in boyhood's days I cherished, thinking I
Should make them mine:
Faces only seen in slumbers, or in fancy's golden
dreams,
Or on stained oriel windows, when the sunlight
Shed them from its gleams,
Faces such as Raphael painted; such as poets love
To weave
In their sweetest, best creations, over which we
Joy or grieve.

But of all these lovely pictures, there is none that
Will compare
With the living, mortal woman, who is good as
she is fair:
Lowly minded, pure and earnest, serving God with
all her heart,
And, like Mary of the Scripture, choosing well
the better part.
She is who sits beside me—she who, trusting,
Gave her hand to me;
With the promise that together we would journey
Through the land.

I have walked with haughty damsels, walked with
maids of low degree;
Spoken words of praise to beauty, and to goodness
bowed the knee.
Felt my heart grow warm from glances cast by
softest eyes of blue,
Felt my heart grow strong and earnest cheered
By eyes of darker hue:
Hoped and struggled—tossed and suffered for some
palmy gain in life,
But in nothing found contentment till I found my
blessed wife.

Wife! the world is full of beauty—full of purity
and truth—
Whether now 'tis present with us—whether still a
dream of youth,
Unfulfilled—'tis hope—a something which may never
come to pass;
Or, a memory sweet, though faded, like the old
year's faded grass,
Wife! it speaks of home—of children—joys too
near to be revealed:
One to love—to cherish—pray for, and from every
grief to shield.

You, who have a wife to love you with a love
that's unassuaged,
Treasure it as something precious, for you know
not if 'twill last.

Death may come within your dwelling, chase the
sunlight from each room,
Turn the blazing hearth to ashes—fill your onward
path with gloom,
Pray, then, that no word be spoken to her which
you may regret,
When the golden bowl is broken—when the light
of home is set.

If you carelessly have uttered words that bore a
bitter sting,
Ask yourself these simple questions, Can they break
the marriage ring?
Can they even dim the lustre which that marriage
ring should bear?
Can they lift her heart with sorrow, or enshroud
her brow with care?
If your cooler moments show you these or more
of your voice, in pleading accents, by the precious
one is heard!
Oh! 'tis something good and noble thus to set a
heart at rest,
Sending peace and sweet contentment back within
the fluttering breast.

alike incapable of being distinguished. It is the sheen of their spears' alone that glances to the earth.

Of the army of stars that stands guard around man's dwelling-place, some four or five thousand are visible to the naked eye; these are the nearer lines of the wonderful armament, resting within the scope of the short-sighted human organ of vision. But let it be imagined, that whilst man and his ponderous earth hangs upon nothing in the void, as they do—balanced by the Almighty hand—these four or five thousand stars are drifted away to join their companions in the milky zone; and next let it be further conceived that they do not stop even there, but that they and the milky zone then float onwards, deeper and deeper into the far-stretching realms; thus the entire form of light would be gathered up, as it was removed further and further, into smaller and narrower dimensions. From a wide and long stream, it would first be dwarfed into a narrow patch; then this patch would dwindle into a speck; and at last it would be a filmy something, seen and yet not seen, cheating the sharpest eye, and floating nevertheless as a dream of a vision hardly beyond its reach. If, however, a large telescope were now directed towards this "dream of a vision," it would again become a vision, as large perhaps as a fourpenny-piece, and as bright, on the dark field of the midnight sky, as the faintest whiff of curl-blue that the eye ever discerned on the blue canopy of a summer's day.—The stars would all have been absorbed into the "galaxy," and this galaxy would then be seen from without, instead of from within. It would be contemplated as a curious miniature, hung upon the black walls of space, instead of being surveyed as a glorious surrounding panorama. Such, then, is the remote and external aspect of a star-galaxy.

But how if the deep black walls of space are really hung by a series of such galactic miniatures? How, if the sable curtains that fold the earth are really the draperies of a picture-gallery, in which star-systems are exhibited by hundreds to telescopic gaze? Such really is the case. The magical telescope of the present day not only sees stars by myriads in the Milky-Way, but out far beyond, in other directions, it contemplates other wondrous star-groups, completely encompassed by the void, and cut off from each other, as from the star-firmament of man's nocturnal sky, by chasms of absolute desolate desolation and emptiness—lands number on the broad ocean of the infinite; archipelagos of the unfathomable depth, separated by intervals of all but inconceivable vastness. Not less than four thousand such galactic miniatures have now been marked and numbered in the catalogues of the star-exhibition; all of them forms that are familiarly known, and that can be identified at any instant by the zealous exhibitors who have constituted themselves their enumerators; and more are continually presenting, as telescopes of the highest power are directed to fresh regions of research.

But, although of almost inconceivable extent, the intervals that lie between these shining islands of the void are not immeasurable: an approximate idea of their vastness has been realized by science. The measure, however, that is used in the estimation is of a very novel kind; it starts with the circumference of the great earth as its standard unit; but it very soon finds that this unit is all too small for the work that is on hand, and so converts this into a term of a much higher order. The terrestrial sphere is 25,000 miles round; it would take a railway-carriage, traveling continuously at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, one month to encircle it. Such a material vehicle cannot be transported to the nearest star, as there are no railways laid down through space; but there is a messenger that habitually performs this journey, and that gives intelligible indications of the rate of its progress whilst doing so. Light-beams pass from star to star through the intervening chasms, and unite the whole by a network of connection. It is by means of such light-beams that information is brought to the earth of the existence of these surrounding bodies. These light-beams flash along in their progress so rapidly, that they give eight times as far again in a second as the railway-carriage does in a month. As far as mere speed is concerned, they are able to put a giraffe clock times round the earth, while a common clock makes a single beat. Can it be ascertained then, how long the light-beam that comes from the nearest star, to tell of its existence, has to spend upon the journey? because if it can, this may give an elementary expression that will prove to be manageable in yet higher computations. By converting twenty millions of units that are determined by periods of steam-speed, into one unit that is determined by light-speed, a new comprehensive span is obtained, that may certainly be used as a link in a very long chain indeed. Since light goes eight times as far in a second as steam-carriages do in thirty-one days, the speed of light is better than twenty millions of times as great as that of steam.

The sun is 3,800 times as far again from the earth as the earth is around. This distance, is so great, that it would take a railway-carriage, moving at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, 380 years to get through it; but the earth itself, travelling with a speed of better than 68,000 miles per hour, gets through a journey of a like extent—that is 95,000,000 miles—in something like two months. The earth sweeps through 55,000,000 miles in this interval. Suppose, then, some clever surveyor were to take advantage of this movement of the earth, and were to make an observation upon some one remarkable star on two different occasions, when he was in situations of space ninety-five millions of miles asunder, he would then, on the two occasions, look at the star along lines which converged together to meet at the star, but which were separated from each other at their further extremities by a line ninety-five millions of miles long. Now, if the sur-

veyor could find how great or how small the degree of convergence was by which these lines approached each other: or, in other words, if he could make out how far they had to go before they met at the star, he would obviously know how far the star is away. This clever piece of star-surveying has really been successfully performed. The nearest star is at least 200,000 times further away than the sun. In the triangle formed for the purposes of the survey, the two long lines run 200,000 times further than the length of the base separating them before they meet. The light-beam comes from the sun to the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, but it must consume three years and a quarter upon its journey before it can arrive from the nearest star.

But the nearest star is only on the inner confines of the vast star-galaxy; the space that it takes the flash of light three years and a quarter to traverse, is nevertheless but a little space, almost swallowed up in the immensity by which it is surrounded.—By the application of another principle, Sir William Herschel convinced himself that the most remote stars of the Milky-Way are 750 times as far again away as the nearest one. In making this estimate, he gave up surveying and its proceedings, as no longer of any avail in the task in hand, and he took to sounding the vast depths before him in its place. First, he ascertained, by experiments on the way in which light is weakened by increasing distance, that if the nearest star were withdrawn until ten times its present distance, it would appear like the faintest star that can be discerned by the naked eye. He next satisfied himself, that if the star were yet again withdrawn to seventy-five times that distance, it would still be seen by a telescope, with an aperture eighteen inches across, as a faint star.—Then, knowing that he could see myriads of such faint stars in the Milky-Way, when he employed a telescope of this dimension in seeking them, he at once arrived at the conclusion, those stars were seventy-five times ten times as far again as the star from which light-beams come in three years and a quarter. These stars consequently twinkle in a region so stupendously remote, that even the flashing light-beams cannot reach the earth from them—when sent upon its telescopic mission of revealing their existence to man—in a less period than 2,825 years. The astronomer, looking through his wonderful tube, now sees those stars by means of light that started off from them on its errand of revelation to his eye when Rome and Jerusalem were both in their early glories, and ruled by their kings.

By an extension of the same ingenious reasoning, it has been determined that the external galaxies are themselves many times more distant than the remotest stars of the Milky-Way. Sir William Herschel found that a star-group, consisting of 5,000 individuals, would have been discerned in the midnight heavens, by the help of his large four-foot wide telescope, as a faint speck of light, if 30,000 times as remote again as the nearest star in the firmament. As, therefore, numbers of such faint specks of light were visible to the glance of this noble instrument, he inferred that those specks were star-galaxies thus far away; that they were really star-groups, so far off that light beams could only flash from them by a passage of close upon a million of years. The recent discoveries of Lord Rosse have gone a long way to confirm the sagacious deductions of the illustrious astronomer of the eighteenth century. In his still more gigantic instrument, many of Sir William Herschel's faint specks are now seen as glorious masses of stars, clustering round each other as thick as bees in a dense swarm. The levitation progress of Lord Rosse, which has accomplished this interesting result, opens its enormous pupil with something like an 80,000 eye-penetrating power, and pierces as far again into remoteness as the great telescope of Sir William Herschel did. Still, it seems only to have carried human vision a comparatively trifling and unimportant step nearer to the bounds of universal space; for there, upon the new horizon which its penetrating glance brings into sight, fresh faint specks of star-like light loom, as intractable and irresolvable to its powers as the old ones were before. The veteran philosopher, Baron Humboldt, a very high authority in these matters, after a deliberate consideration of all the circumstances concerned, has placed his belief upon record in the pages of *Cosmos*, that some of these specks reveal themselves to the observer by means of light-beams which started from them millions of years ago. And so again, in all probability, still larger telescopes, that would discern stars in these specks, would still find other specks beyond them which have never yet presented themselves to human vision. Such is the universe which astronomical science now calls upon the intellect of mankind to recognize; a scheme in which star-systems, each composed of myriads of orbs, are as numerous as the stars themselves are in the glorious firmament of night, and in which these star-systems are distributed through an expanse that flashing light cannot cross in millions of years, although it can circle round the earth, seemingly so vast, eight times in a second! To an intelligence that has been made capable of fathoming these depths, and comprehending these results, the universe really presents itself as "unfinished" or "infinite." "Infinity" properly means that which is not finished or bounded (infinite) within the scope of human investigation or research.

To KEEP FURS.—Roll the furs (of any description) into compact, close bundles, and wrap around them two, three, or more wrappings of unbroken paper, in such manner as to prevent the ingress of insects. If this be properly done, they may be put where most convenient, in a dark place or in a light one, in a tight drawer, or on an open shelf, and may be left undisturbed until wanted, whether that be six months or six years, without danger. No need of camphor, tobacco, &c.

Select Miscellany.

SOUTHERN THOUGHT.

Centralization is the monster evil of the day. It tends to create a single centre of trade, credit, money, and wealth, and also one of thought, intellect, and fashion. The former centres in London, the latter at Paris. Neither the wealth nor the institutions of any country are safe, that come fully within the influence of those absorbing maelstroms. The evils of a single centre of thought are greater than those of a centre of trade, for it prevents originality, begets imitativeness, and gives to the world but one set of ideas. After the conquest of Greece by the Romans, the schools at Athens, and their branches at Alexandria and a few other cities, continued to be the centres of thought for the civilized world. These schools borrowed from the past, and the rest of the world borrowed from them. The human mind was chained down and imprisoned, and soon began to decline. We have always considered the schools of Athens as the most potent cause of the decline of civilization, and of the coming of the dark ages.

The South has strong and peculiar reasons for resisting the influence of this centralization of thought. She can import from abroad only such ideas as are at war with her institutions. Her sons had better observe and study the social phenomena that present themselves at home, or engage in the critical pursuit of Greek, Roman and Hebrew literature, than to go to Paris to learn socialism and infidelity, or to the North to imbibe Abolitionism. At least, before they travel abroad they should thoroughly understand the history, the theory, and the practical working of their own institutions.

The numerous Colleges and Universities that have been erected of late years in the South, have already checked the irradations of centralization, and given birth to original domestic thought. Professor Drew, of William and Mary was the first to write a really Southern book. His defence of slavery is bold, original and learned, and leaps over the fashionable morality, religion and philosophy of the day, to appeal to the practices, the history, the religion, the morality and the philosophy of mankind in general. Professor Holmes, of the same College, has also written many learned, profound and original essays in defence of our institutions. Professor Smith, of Randolph Macon, delivers a series of lectures annually, expounding and justifying slavery on principle; and now Professor Bledsoe, from our University, will soon become one of the centres of Southern thought, has given to the public an able scientific work vindicating our institutions. Southern thought has at length awakened. It will save the South, and nothing else can. For men must be first satisfied of the justice of their cause, ere they will embark heart and soul in its defence. Those Colleges, against which demagogues declaim, are worth all the rest of our institutions; for the salvation of all the rest depends on them.

Richmond Enquirer.

From the N. O. Crescent, April 26.

EDITORIAL LIFE.
One of the subjects frequently alluded to, but little known—of great importance, and of some, though not sufficient esteem, is that one which we have prefixed these remarks—the life of a editor.

In a country like our own, where the newspaper is, perhaps, the most omnipotent and omnipresent of all agencies—where it stands as preacher, chronicler, friend, politician, agent, king and judge; rewarding the good, punishing the bad; encouraging progress, and stating the path and the goal of that progress—it has the highest crown of any in the royal congress of labor. That it is without reproach, no one will assert.—There are bad men, who subvert it to the lowest purpose; ambitious men, who direct it to mere political or pecuniary objects; insane men, who direct it towards what is impracticable and unattainable, as well as what is undesirable. But the rule, by the verdict of that great jury which comprises our whole country and all of our countrymen here, even by the world at large—has been endorsed; so that now it is honorable, as well as responsible, and as influential as it is powerful. The very men who transform it from its true intents, and wrench it into wrong, pay the homage vice must ever render virtue, in so doing.

If an individual has made a grand discovery in mechanics, in philosophy, or in any other department of learning, what is his first step but to secure the herculean agency of the press? If a grand deed has been accomplished, or a high thought evolved—if progress has been made in any department soever, from abstract philosophy to a patent rat-trap—the world knows that the discoverer never content with his laurels, unless they are placed upon his brow by the press. It is, in our grand human democracy, a Nemesis to the sinner, but Minerva, with all her glories, to the good, and a great stay and so-ace to the suffering.

What an illimitable field of labor is opened to it; and with how much zeal, how much ability, honesty and fidelity—towards adversity, against opposition, without reward—does it march on towards the mark of its high calling; like an olden knight, panoplied all in steel, whose progress no power may prevent. There is suffering in the way for those by whom it is served—weak and weary in their everlasting work, to which that of Sisyphus was but a prologue and adumbration. There is more than weakened nerves, wearied brain and a down-letting of all the physical agencies; for a thousand lions, and dogs and hyenas lie in his path, watching the banner-man as he marches—ready at all times to besmear his golden standard, though they may not face his trenchant falchion.—There is the unending wrestler with the world, in all the mental and material shapes in which it can be presented, and with those

shapes subdivided into personal and antagonistic ones. Friends must be defended to the death, though their thanks are more than they will repay for the labor. Foes must be fought, who will come to the encounter, armed with every weapon, to win their cause; and when the terrible combat is ended, does the hero-fighter lie down to repose and rest? Now labors and other contests are waiting his taxed powers. He turns only to meet a fresh foe, as on a bitter field as the former, who must be hurled down by his arm—because the good, easy world, knows that he can do it, and gives no quarter if he yields once where he has conquered, a thousand times.

And more is demanded the more is done. A piece of unseasonable news—an erroneous chronicling of one man's infame name, or of one horse's best time—an givenance which, for want of exact knowledge concerning all the premises, happens to be wrong—is visited with reproach and severe censure. The impossibility of perfection below is forgotten, and the editor is expected to comprehend all the virtues, all the graces, all the heroisms and all the goodness of the world. A thousand merciless censors sit around with jagged sticks, to torture him for the slightest failure.

So onward—ever toiling, learning, striving and seeking to improve himself and others, the editor goes; crowded hard by importunities always—sometimes slipping, but leaping manfully to the front again, and marching resolutely, flag and sword in hand, into the coffin. And as the clouds rattle over him, the world says: 'Another editor's dead—a decent fellow—wonder who'll take his place?' Wonder away! Who can fill the vacant seat? Not you—nor you—nor you—unkind, uncharitable, ungenerous, on whom his life has been bestowed. For the true editor is not the thing of a day, but one who has been taught by time, by thought, by bitter pain and experience; and the crucible through which such go is so severe, that many perish in it where one lives—to die.

A NEW INVENTION.
Some years since hoop-iron was proposed as a substitute for rope in baling cotton, and to some extent it was brought into use; but in consequence of the difficulty in adjusting the rivets, and the time lost in securing them, most persons abandoned the use of iron and returned to the rope. We were shown yesterday a new invention for fastening the bands, which obviates all objections, and can be done by any one who has eyes and hands, in an instant—much sooner than a rope can be tied.

The fastening is made by binding over each end of the strap, so as to form two hooks and when one is placed in the other, a sliding-clasp over them, which confines them immovably. This simple contrivance is the invention of David McComb, of cotton press celebrity, and by a telegraphic dispatch received yesterday from Washington, we learn that he has obtained a patent for it.

The advantages of using hoop-iron for baling cotton are, with McComb's fastenings, obvious enough.

First, time is saved, as the straps can be put in and fastened more rapidly than ropes can be tied.

Second, the straps will hold the bale to within two inches of the size that the press makes it, while ropes stretch incoherently.

Third, in compression for shipment, the straps can be more readily re-clasped than ropes can be tied, and they will hold the compressed bale to its size, while with ropes it expands twenty-five to thirty per cent. after it leaves the press. This will make a gain of space to shippers that is important. To illustrate—A ship that has stowage for 4,000 bales, tied with ropes, can make room for 5,000 bales with iron straps.

Fourth, the weight of the straps to each bale is about eight and one-half to nine pounds, and can be furnished this year, already painted, with books and clasps, at about two cents per pound less than rope—of itself a very considerable item to the planting interest.

Finally, the iron hoops are a protection against fire, for though it may burn some on the outside, a bale of cotton cannot readily burn up until the ties are broken and the air allowed to get to the mass of cotton.—*Vicksburg Whip.*

PUNCTUALITY.

It should be remembered that punctuality in the fulfillment of engagements is a matter of the utmost importance with men of business; and yet it is quite difficult for them to be punctual under some of the circumstances that we have described. A day or two since a friend stopped in the street for only five minutes to hear a story that turned out of very little importance, and yet he lost his passage to New York. He arrived at the wharf just one minute too late! Another anecdote in point: In the year 1842, two of our most eminent physicians, Dr. R. and Dr. W. had an appointment together for the purpose of consultation. The hour was four o'clock in the afternoon. Dr. R. arrived at the designated time, and, with watch in hand walked up and down the parlor. Five minutes elapsed, and Dr. W. had not made his appearance. At the expiration of ten minutes he came. Dr. R. then complained bitterly, and said in consequence of the delay his entire business for the afternoon had been deranged. Dr. W. apologized, and promised to do better next time. The other shook his head with incredulity, and said that, unfortunately, the case was not the first of the kind. They then visited the patient and made another engagement for ten o'clock the next morning. Dr. W. was on this occasion five minutes in advance, whereas Dr. R. made his appearance exactly as the clock was striking ten. The other, as he saw his approach, exclaimed, with exultation, "ah! Doctor, who is the punctual man this time?" "I am," retorted Dr. R. with considerable spirit. "I am here at the appointed time, neither before nor after, and

that according to my view of the subject, is punctuality." And he was right.

Still another: A leading lawyer of this city, now among the departed, carried his notions of punctuality to a very remarkable extent. At the time designated for a meeting in his office he would remain five minutes to allow for any possible difference in watches, and then, should the other party fail to appear, he would invariably go out. At first, the plan was regarded novel and eccentric; but soon the effect was salutary, for all who made engagements with him knew that they must be punctual, or were prepared to take the consequences. The subject is one that might be followed up to almost any extent. How many members of our public bodies are in the constant habit of keeping their colleagues waiting, and thus delaying and postponing the transaction of important business! Such a course is not only discourteous and ungentlemanly, but is unjust and unfair. No man has a right to waste the time of his neighbor; while the individual who makes an engagement, not intending to fulfil it, exhibits a sad want of gentlemanly propriety, and is in fact guilty of a meanness as well as an insult.—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

THE "RIGHT" AND "LEFT" HAND.

It is really a physiological fact, that men naturally use the right hand in preference to the left? Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his *Psychological Inquiries*, p. 203, speaks of it as an instinct. He even suggests that it is probable it is "an original instinct," adding: "The reason of our being endowed with this particular instinct is sufficiently obvious. How much inconvenience would arise, where it is necessary for different individuals to cooperate in manual operations, if some were to use one hand and some the other!"

The truth of this remark is obvious enough; but unless medical men can show some anatomical difference between the hands (which of course would settle the doubt at once), we suspect that a jury of nurses and mothers would draw a very different conclusion from Sir Benjamin Brodie's. They would aver that the use of the right hand is a thing which has to be taught from babyhood; that if a rattle were offered to an infant, it would just as naturally take it in the left hand as in the right, and that it is only because nurses and mothers are perpetually counteracting the natural propensity to use both hands indifferently, that the use of the right by preference is ever acquired. Children of four or five years old, even, will constantly forget, and offer the left hand in shaking hands—a mistake which every kind friend of the family corrects with a joke. What, therefore, Sir Benjamin Brodie calls an "obvious reason" for the "instinct," may possibly be rather an obvious reason for the "teaching."

The etymology of the word "right" also, as applied to hand, would seem to imply that that is the hand ruled or ordered for more especial use.

None but a medical man can, however, pronounce positively as to any original difference in the hands. We therefore make the inquiry, as it is one certainly worth consideration. Moreover, we should like to know that Sir Benjamin Brodie is not putting off his readers with mere drawing-room philosophy—teaching pretty inferences of the cause of our being endowed by the author of all good with a "particular instinct," when there really seems to be doubt as to whether there is any instinct at all in the matter.—*Notes and Queries.*

BATHING IN THE RIVER JORDAN.

The river Jordan is annually visited by great numbers of pilgrims from all parts of the world, who are desirous of bathing their bodies in its sacred waters. An English traveller, in a recently published work on Syria and the Syrians, gives the following description of the scene upon the banks of the river during the time of the yearly pilgrimage:

"Here we saw the pilgrims had arrived, and were bathing pell-mell. The sight was now far more exciting than ever; hundreds of pilgrims, men, women and children, immersed in long white gowns, were being immersed in the river. This white gown is afterwards reserved by them as their death shroud. On gaining the water's edge, a strong man received the people and dashed them into the water two or three times, till the poor creatures were quite suffocated; but not content with those three dips, which are generally after the number of the Trinity, the pilgrim seeks again to dip himself in the water. They dipped themselves and rubbed themselves, as if they were enjoying a forestade of Paradise. Some who could swim were floating on the current, others holding by the banks of the river, and the pell-mell scene, was one of the most exciting of its nature. On coming out of the water, the pilgrims congratulated each other with these words—'An acceptable dip!'"

"May it be best to you," which means, May God accept your pilgrimage, and wash away your sins. Old and young, men and women, clergy and laity, rushed into the water, and buffeted with the rolling element."

PUBLIC APPROVAL OF MR BOOKS.—We were not mistaken in asserting, on Saturday last, that the Hon. Preston S. Brooks had not only the approval, but the hearty congratulations of the people of South Carolina for his summary chastisement of the Abolitionist Sumner.

Immediately upon the reception of the news on Saturday last, a most enthusiastic meeting was convened in the town of Newberry, at which Gen. Williams, the Intendant, presided. Complimentary resolutions were introduced by Gen. A. C. Garlington, and ardent speeches made by him, Col. S. Fair, Maj. Henry Sumner and others. The meeting voted him a handsome gold-headed cane, which we saw yesterday, on its way to Washington, entrusted to the care of Hon. R. F. Simpson. At Anderson, the same evening, a meeting was called, and com-

plimentary resolutions adopted. We heard one of Carolina's trust and most honored matrons from Mr. Brooks' district send a message to him by Maj. Simpson, saying 'that the ladies of the South would send him hickory sticks, with which to chastise Abolitionists and Red Republicans when ever he wanted them.'

Here in Columbia, a handsome sum, headed by the Governor of the State, has been subscribed, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Brooks with a splendid silver pitcher, goblet and stick, which will be conveyed to him in a few days by the hands of gentlemen delegated for that purpose. In Charleston similar testimonials have been ordered by the friends of Mr. Books.

And, to add the crowning glory to the good work, the slaves of Columbia have already a handsome subscription, and will present an appropriate token of their regard, to him who has made the first practical issue, for their preservation and protection in their rights and enjoyments as the happiest laborers on the face of the globe.

Meetings of approval and sanction will be held not only in Mr. Brooks' district, but throughout the State at large, and a general and hearty response of approval will re-echo the words "Well done," from Washington to the Rio-Grande.—*South Carolinian.*

SHUTTING DOORS.

"Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door; grandmother feels the cold wintry wind; and besides, you have got to spend all your life shutting doors, and might as well begin now."

"Do forgive, grandmother! I ought to be ashamed to cross you. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all this! I imagine Squire Edward C—— will have a good many doors to shut, if ever he makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandmother!"

"Sit down a minute, and I will give you a list. 'In the first place, the door of your ears must be closed against bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet with at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I will not give much for Edward C——'s future prospects."

"The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man; you will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the show windows, or you will never learn to save your money, or have any left to give away."

"The door of your lips will need especial care, for you guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears.—That door is very apt to blow open; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling or vulgar words. It will backbite, sometimes worse than the winter's wind; it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least till you have something valuable to say."

"The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the door-keeper grows very indifferent if you disregard his call; and sometimes drops asleep at his post, and when you may think you are doing very well, you see fast going down to ruin."

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes, ears, and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think."

"This shutting doors, you see, Eddy, will be a serious business; one on which your well-doing, in this life and the next, depends."

AN ENTHUSIASTIC COMPLIMENT.—The enthusiastic Kelter thus discourses upon the fair sex: "Woman! is indeed a bright and beautiful creature. Where she is, there is a paradise; where she is not, there is a desert. Her smile inspires love, and raises human nature nearer to the immortal source of its being. Her sweet and tender heart gives life and soul to dead and senseless things. She is the ladder by which we climb from earth to heaven. She is the practical teacher of mankind; and the world would be a void without her. She is more a celestial than a terrestrial being—charming and amiable as a girl, dutiful as a wife, and glorious as a mother. She is the bulwark of a man's life—his faithful counsellor and pillow. She can impart all the pleasures to his cares of friendship, all the enjoyment of sense and reason, and all the sweets of life."

Ivy.—By a little management you may have your ivy to cling perfectly. Whenever a branch grows without attaching itself to the wall, cut off the loose part close to a leaf beneath which the attachment is perfect. Continue this process till the wall is covered, and ever afterwards cut away all hanging branches, or by the force of the wind they will detach others besides themselves. When the ends of growing ivy once loose their hold, they are never self-sufficiently long to be able to attach themselves; but, by cutting away to the point of contact, they are enabled to proceed to the new growth and thus hold fast. Cut off the hanging branches as soon as seen; for, by swinging about in the wind, the injury is constantly increasing.

Mother, teach your child to wait upon itself—to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget you were once a child. The grief of little ones are too often neglected; they are great for them. Bear patiently with them, and never in any way rouse their anger, if it can be avoided.—Teach a child to be useful, whenever opportunity may offer.