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A Selected Cale.

THE FELONS DAUGHTER.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN. In the woods forming what remains of the

forest of Ardennes, about a mile from a small village called Solenthal, a narrow path leads from a highroad to a spot once occupied by charcoal burners, but now abandoned. It was a gloomy place. The ground for about an acre was black, where charcoal had been burned and stored, while a small fringe of green grass had perched itself forward from the forest, and commenced regaining the lost ground. In the centre was a deep hole, to be entered only on the side by a path of narrow dimensions. In this was a small hut, of wretched aspect, one of millions in France where glitter and glory hides misery worse than that of Ireland in her worst days, where sound and show conceal from us sixteen millions of paupers.

This hut had no window. It was curved in shape, and closely resembled a wigwam of the poorest class. It consisted of three poles stuck in the ground, meeting at the top, these tied together, and then, of course, thatch and mud. A hole was left in the top for the smoke to pass through. The floor was of mud. In one corner was a pile of straw, which, with two chairs and a table, formed the whole of the furniture. It was occupied by two women and a large dog. At the moment when our narrative commences, one only was at home. She was about fifty, poorly but neatly clad. She was clean, neat, and tidy, and she plied her needle with unceasing energy. She was sewing for a livelihood.

A short distance off, on the edge of the wood another woman, or rather a young girl, dressed in the same manner, was picking up wood and laying it in an outspread cloth on the ground. She, too, plied her work industriously, for until sufficient fuel had been collected, she could not cook their humble dinner. Presently she seemed satisfied with what she had done and was about to proceed when two horsemen issued from the wood, and came along, walking their horses slowly by them. One was a young man, about five and twenty, rosy-cheeked, handsome, and full of health the other was ten years older, and evidently an habitue of the Boulevards and the Cafe de Paris. His pale face, made paler by a thin black moustache and jet black hair, his hollow sunken eyes, spoke of the man of late hours and pleasure. His face was cold and repulsive, while that of the other was open and

"What a wretched occupation for so pretty a girl," said the young man, riding quickly on, so as to speak first, "surely, ma chere, you might put your taper fingers to a better use .-Here's what will buy you fire rood and food for mouths." And he cast a double Napoleon at her feet.

The girl raised her angelic face to his. sadly, and reproachfully. She was about eighteen. Her white skin, her blue eyes, her curly gold en hair, her simple, child-like manner, was something he had never seen before. Her expression was timid and yet proud, and looking into her eyes, the young man was not surprised at the reply he received.

"Monsieur, I have done nothing to give you a right to insult me. What you have done may have been meant kindly, but I ask alms of no one."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," exclaimed the other confused and stammering, "I meant no insult. Pardon me mademoseille, I pray you, I thought you poor, and my impulse was to aid

"Thank you, monsieur, for the first kind word I have heard these fifteen years, except from my own mother," said the young girl. "But go your way, or else the whole country

will shun you too." "About a year ago he fell ill, and the doctor at once intimated to him that he would not recover. Apart from the disease, it was a

general break of nature. "When he found there was no hope, he sent

"Versain," said he, "listen to a dying man, and interrupt me not. You see on this bed an assassin, a thief, a murderer. Fifteen years ago, sitting in an hotel, I saw two men dining, one of whom had just received sixteen or seventeen thousand francs. A dreadful thought came into my head. I was not poor, but I was wicked, I followed these two men. They walked on their way to the Solenthal together. I dared not attack both, and once or twice I thought of giving up my fearful design. But at the house of one De Pierrepont they parted, and my victim Dubois advanced alone

"I was monster enough to think that Heaven gave him up to me. I bounded after him, I gave myself no time for thought; I stabbed him in the neck; killed him; took his money, and fled. I spare you my thoughts, and my fifteen years suffering. I fled my country; I became a merchant-rich,-respected; but I had I murdered him, but Pierrepont was suspected, and sentenced for my crime, only not to death, because the jury hesitated. I thus ruined an honest man, and sent his family to

beg their bread." "He paused. I spoke not; too absorbed in

my horror. "De Versain, listen to me, my friend. Do not turn against me. I have left you my sole heir."

"Never will I." "Hark! you must and you will. Take my property, and think when you enjoy it with unto himself one bachelor friend.

make a public confession, pay the heirs of Dubois their 16,000 francs, and by proving my own guilt, obtain the pardon of the innocent De Pierrepont. Refuse and I will die impenitent, for my only friend will have deserted me." "I accepted."

"And may Heaven bless you!" said the weeping and sobbing mother, while Madeline hid her head in her mother's lap.

"An hour later, in presence of the French and English counsels-four Englishmen and four Frenchmen, two priests and the alcade-Gaillard, or rather Mesnard, made his solemn confession, which was signed by all present, sealed, and one or two copies given to me. That copy is now in the hand of the minister of justice, and here," drawing forth a letter, "is a copy of your father's free pardon."

A wild shriek from both women was his re-

ply. "And now, Madeline," said he taking the girl's hand, "before I have the chance of ri-

vals, may I renew my request for your hand and heart ?" "Monsieur, no man on earth can ever do for me what you have done. In an hour I have

This sudden resolution of the young girl, so be ultimately pardoned." natural under the circumstances, was approved of heartily by the mother.

Next morning there sat in a small inn in Solenthal, waiting for breakfast, a man, not old, but bowed by years of woe, grey-haired and pale. On each side of him sat a woman, one his wife, the other his daughter. They had been talking for hours, and were not wearied yet .- A young man satopposite, his face beam announced breakfast; but the young man had always bade him be quiet and wait a while.

young Edward Dubois entered. He started as f hit by a snake, and would have left the room. "Stop!" said Arthur sternly, as he caught him by the wrist. "Rather kneel and ask for pardon than fly. Read this man," and he put in his hand the princed bill proclaiming the of my uncle, are detestable wretches whom injustice of Pierrepont's sentence, his free par- must hate," said the other, in his usual cool don, and containing the certified confession of

Edward Dubois read it in silence. When he had finished, he turned and grasped the ex convict's hand.

"No apology can make up for my conduct." he said, "but what I can do, I will. This bill will satisfy the whole country."

" Monsieur," replied De Pierrepont, in husky tones, " you did but as the world did. Appearances were against me, and all condemned

"Edward, my friend," said Arthur, "you see the danger of judging from appearances. you are joiling." Had De Pierrepont been truly guilty, his wife As it is, a vile injustice has made these two pleasure, I this on business.' vomen, for fifteen years, outenst- and pariab-

Edward made no reply, as the breakfast came in. He, like all the country round, was inn, you know." horrified, now they found how unjust they had been; and never was a wedding more tumulhave not heard that one man, woman, or dinner and evening party. pearances, and visiting on the innocent the sins charcoal burner's hut. of the guilty.

"Begone wretch!" exclaimed the other, riding up and raising his whip menacingly; "begone, and dare not speak to an honest man." The young man listened in amazement.

"I did not speak to monsieur-monsieur spoke to me," said the girl, gently, with, however, a smile of pity and contempt. "Raise your accursed lips to me again," cried

with my whip.

"Monsieur is perhaps a coward," said the gentle girl, stung to anger for once, turning at the same time to face his insults.

"What! you dare answer me," and he raised his hand again.

"Nay, Edward, you would not strike a wo-"A woman! Do you call Madeline de Pier-

ed the usually calm dandy.
"Madeline de Pierrepoat!" replied the other,

staggering so that his friend had to turn his attention to him. "Madeline de Pierrepont! And this is Madeline de Pierrepont! Truly," he muttered as he remounted his horse "she is not a woman."

The other imitated him, and they rode off, leaving the young girl to weep alone. In a few minutes, however, she wiped her eyes, and then, fearful she might be suspected of appropriating the gold piece, she took it up, wrapped in a piece of paper, with the intention of returning it to its owner. She then lifted up solemnly. her bundle and walked slowly towards the hut.

young man gravely.

The other told it:-"Fifteen years before, was M. Dubois, a rich man, but somewhat of a to your filial heart." miser. It appeared that one afternoon Dubois asked Pierrepont to walk over to a small town at some distance to receive with him a large near the young stranger. remittance, with which he had to pay a body of workmen employed on public works, and

pity on its guilty present owner, and I will report, which was at the foot of a hill that led up to the village. All his money was gone, as well as his watch and rings.

"A search took place instantly; and De Pierrepont, as his companion, was visited by the police agent. De Pierrepont deposed that Dubois on his reaching his house bade him go in, for that he could go up the hill safely alone; but still he requested him to keep a bag of 1,000 francs in silver; because it was so heavy until the morning. This 1,000 francs he gave up to the police. Of 16,000 francs in notes, he solemnly declared he knew nothing. On this he was arrested as the assassin, tried, found guilty, and sent to the galleys for life .-His wife solemnly declared that she heard Dubois wish her husband good night, and say laughingly, 'I'll send a cart for the silver in the morning.' But instead of benefiting him in the eyes of the world she became his accomplice, To avoid being hooted at in the streets, she left the village, and every penny being spent ere her husband's trial was over, she obtained reluctant permission to dwell in the charcoal burner's deserted hut. But all shunned her and her child as they would lepers, and to live she was obliged to walk miles in search of work lived years of joy; that joy I owe to you. of the coarsest description. Leave the coun-Give me my father, and the love of my whole try she would not, because she was born there life, if you value it, shall be your poor reward." | and she felt convinced that her husband would

> His companion listened attentively and then exclaimed:

"And you join, Edward, in the infamou persecution. Supposing the father guilty (which to me is not clearly proven-and you know I am a lawyer,) why should this poor child suffer for the sins of her father? the savages of North America, where I have just come from, are more civilized than you .ing with delight. Several times the waiter had I see in this heroic couple, subject of wonder and admiration, but not of hate. Poor creature! Fifteen years of miscry have not sat-At length a hurried step was heard and the isfied you all, but you must still treat them as outcasts."

"My dear Arthur, you have just come from America, where it appears to me you pick up very singular notious. For my part, the wife and daughter of an assassin, and the assassin

"Injustice, infamous injustice! Poor girl! ! think I see her meek face now, looking at me so proudly and yet so sweetly. I never saw any thing so lovely in my life.'

"Why, the man's in love!" exclaimed Edward Dubois, the heir of the murdered man's

"Half; and what is more, Edward, do you know I'd marry that girl to-morrow, if she'd have me; but I know she wouldn't."

me; and I am not easily amazed. Of course "Time will show. But now, my dear fel-

and child should have been pitied, not scorned. low, adieu; you follow that path in search of

"Agreed, my philosopher. Adieu!"

tuously hailed and feled than that of Arthur row path leading to the chateau of a certain de Versain and Madeline de Pierrepont. Still Count de Jesson, who that day gave a grand child, in the forest of Ardennes, has been cured thur-saw that he was out of sight, he turned his of the evil habit of judging always from ap horse's steps and galloped hard towards the

> gan making a fire, she told her mother what had passed, and showed her the gold piece .-They were used to this kind of treatment, and the mother did not feel it much now. The scorn of fifteen years had made her despise the world. But Madeleine seemed hurt.

the other, furiously, "and I will scourge you am vexed that the good looking strange should have said that I was not a woman!

on foot and had heard a portion of their conversation.

young man, addressing the mother; "you will report, the child of the assassin of my uncle be still more so when I add that I have return-Dubois, a woman; say rather a fiend," scream- ed with the deliberate intention of imploring you to give me your daughter's hand in marriage; not now-instantly, but when you know me better."

daughter is still too good for insult."

haps your astonishment will cease when I add that your husband is innocent, and that I have come sixteen thousand miles to prove it."

"Oh joy! Oh joy!" shrieked the girl, clasp-"Tell me the story of this girl," said the ing the stranger round the neck; "the saviour

"Be calm, my dear young lady, and I will the father of Madaline de Pierrepont and a tell you my story in a few words. You will Monsieur Dubois, a rich proprietor, had been then understand my motives in coming here. intimate friends De Pierrepont was comfort- I scarcely expected to find you at Solenthal; ably off, from the fact of his having several oc- but at last determined to try. I came yester cupations. He was collector of the rents of a day night, and I soon heard of your heroic rerich member of his noble family; he was tax signation and courage. Be seated, dear girl, gatherer, and adjoint to the maire. The maire and listen to tidings that will be joyful indeed

coming, obeyed, and seated herself on a log

From the Charleston Mercury. Modern Spiritualism-A Popular De-Insion.

> "Rara avis in terris, nigroque Simillima cygno."-Ovid. "A rare bird on the earth, and very

own declarations.

Does not this, to every candid, sound and reflecting mind, bring a kind and degree of

way. His fit of anger was past.

"By my faith," said Edward, "you amaze

"Adies, a demain." "Yes. You breakfast with me as the little

And Edward Dubois galloped down a nar-

When Madeleine returned to the hut and be-

"I do not care," she exclaimed aloud at last, "for what young Monsieur Dubois said; but I

"You are not a woman, but an angel!" exclaimed Arthur solemnly; he had approached

The mother and daughter stood still in dumb amazement.

"You seem surprised madam," said the

"Monsieur," exclaimed the mother indignantly, "this is too much. Go. The felon's

"Madam," replied Arthur respectfully, "per-"You are-speaking-seriously," gasped the

poor old woman. "On my soul and conscience," said Arthur

has come at last."

Madeleine blushing, her color going and

"I am a young Frenchman, and about seven years ago I emigrated to Peru in search of forhave never had one happy moment. Not only other expenses incurred in the building of a tune. I started as a lawyer, and found busichurch and schoolroom. Dubois felt safer ness plentiful enough. I knew many Frenchwith a companion. It was afterwards proved men in the place, but a merchant of the name that they received the money, dined together of Gaillard was my most intimate friend. He at the Soleil d'Or, drank rather more than was twice my age, grave, even sullen and sathey were used to, and then, despite every returnine; but he had quaint ways, was very presentation, set out to walk home, though charitable, and I liked him. Besides, the oth-De Pierrepont wished to hire a gig. Next ers were married, had families, and he was morning the body of Dubois was found about alone. We used to meet of an evening at a a hundred yards beyond the house of De Pier- cafe, play piquet, drink sherbet, and then walk inclined to try the experiment again. He home together. He was rich, and lived in looked with alarm at the prospect of my set- great style, but not in any way up to his intling in life, and did all he could to preserve come. People wondered he never married; but he said he had been married, and was not man in a moment.

Miscellaneons.

Like a black swan."

The seeking of the dead, then, is nothing new; and we are disposed to think that if it can be done, it is no more lawful and right now, than it was in the days of King Saul. We have heard and read many statements of facts, made by witnesses, competent and credible, who had often taken part in, or been present at these strange revelations, but with all the information which we have been able to collect upon this subject, we are forced to conclude the communications given by the so called spiritual rappings, can establish no facts to prove any truth. The modern seekers of the derd amongst us, are known honestly and freely to admit, that the revelations thus given, are often false in part-and sometimes in the whole: and in fact, that the same spirit, in the course of a short interview about the well known affairs of this world, will contradict its

confusion much worse than that which grew out of the most ambiguous responses made by the ancient Heathen oracles? And where are those boasted oracles, and the superstitious faith which rested upon them? They are gone from the world, and the places which knew them, shall, we trust, know them no more forever. But to return to our own Northern Lights, the fleeting corruscations from the spirit world. It is attempted to explain errors of falsehood and contradiction, partly upon the ground that the media, (who are represented generally as ladies of frail and apparently feeble constitution) the necessary media, without whose agency, without the presence of whose familiar spirits the souls of the dead will not confer with the living, are not all perfect and equal, but differ in degrees of intensity or pow-er, (we presume like the common eye glasses through a medium of the right kind one sees more clearly, and another produces confusion or blindness,) hence, it is said uncertainty and falsehood sometimes arise. The question put, although the most simple, is not always perfectly understood. But this does not cover all the facts of the case before us. These intelligent beings answer questions which are only mentally propounded, that is such as are thought, without being spoken or written; in a word, they profess to know our ideas as soon as they are conceived, and before they can be telegraphed by the mind into the world where material bodies live. Yet, the questions to which they make false responses are very often so plain as to admit of no doubt or ambiguity for example, whether the person thought of at this moment is a victorious general or an absent lady love? Does not this explanation increase our uncertainty? It calls in question

the soundness of the unseen oracle, and leaves man to speculate and to judge the degree of Turning over a portfolio of engravings for our its power-and in such a case let each person decide which is superior, the spirit or the man? Does the oracle know (and if it does,) can it reveal to man, one-third, two thirds or the whole truth? When one set fact conflicts with another which is to be received-or shall neither? Hence, each new revelation may be involved in accumulating doubt and fail to establish any reasonable faith. It may be justly argued, therefore, that these are blind leaders of the blind, and are not able to speak with authority upon any subjects, but especially upon those which concern themselves and the mknown spirit world; and, surely, then they are not safe and proper witnesses to prove the real nature of their own form and character, nor their own agency with its object, duties and powers. And hence, we conclude. their own declaration, that it is a spiritual or a carnal body, an angel of light, or an evil demon who speaks, or raps, proves nothing. The voice of God has proclaimed divine truth, and with us nothing less than the same authority shall subvert it. Should an angel from heaven teach anything against it we would not believe. And yet these unknown intelligences, called spirits, come to revisit their native earth, not by the command of Jehovah, but at the call of man, to give him fruit from the tree of knowledge unrevealed, to present new ideas of the nature of Deity, and of the future state of being. This whole system seems to us to conflict in many ways with the only revelation which we receive as attested fully to be true and divine by miracle and prophecy. If the holy Bible is received as true, we know not how to avoid the belief that in any way, or for any purpose, to seek the dead, is either to fall into a mad delusion, or an actual sin. It is with pity and wonder, therefore, that the writer of this article, very recently heard of a minister, in America, so far renouncing his reasonable, religious, and holy faith, as to resign his sacred office, and sacrifice himself upon this altar of superstition. In conclusion, we must state, that as to the competency of the so-called spirits to act the part of witnesses for the inhabitants of earth, there is nothing which we know to prove it, and, with the facts before us, we gravely doubt and boldly challenge their credibility. The false statements which they often make result from ignorance, or from a wilful design to deceive, and in either case they are not credible witnesses. Their self-contradicting testimony cannot be received as evidence, it proves nothing but their own falsehood. "O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by heaven;

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar; Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore. What future bliss he gives not thee to know, But gives that hope to be thy blessing now. Hope springs eternal in the human breast: Man never is but always to be bless'd. The soul, uneasy and confined from home Rests and expatiates in a life to come."-Essay on Man

CIVIS MUNDI.

Gaming, like a quicksand, swallows up a

Recollections of Mr. Calhoun.

The following article is from the pen of a young lady of Alabama, whose reminiscence will be read with all the more pleasure for the scarcity of personal anecdotes of the great southerner:

It is a pleasant yet mournful occupation to

recall the hours spent in the society of this

great and pure statesman, and to dwell upon the impression made by his conversation and appearance. More particularly do I prize these memories since he is no longer among us, and I know the privilege of listening to him is never again to be enjoyed. Taught from childhood to admire, I might almost say worship, his character as a statesman, the first time l beheld him is indelibly impressed upon my mind. The fame of an eloquent minister of the Gospel had drawn together the inhabitants of the little village of P. and the surrounding country. Glancing carelessly over the church, I was attracted by the striking appearance of a gentleman just then entering a pew near the one I occupied. His hair silvered by age, form erect, the penetrating glance of his grey eye, together with the thoughtful expression of his face, "marked him as no ordinary man." Ascertaining who he was, I could scarcely repress an exclamation of delight and surprise. The man I admired more than any living one was now before me. The remainder of the services were lost on me; my attention was occupied in watching him. He joined in the services of the church with great devotion of manner, and paid undivided attention to the sermon. In a short time my desire of approaching him was gratified. I rode to Fort Hill with a friend to return a call. Mrs. Calhoun, with old fashioned hospitality insisted that we should spend the day. To approach Mr. C. in a crowd, to the appointment of architect for the general speak to him then, I had anticipated; but to know him for the first time in his own home, to see him alone with his family, was a pleasure as unexpected as it was agreeable. No young person draws near to a great man for the first time without a feeling of awe. I long ed for, yet dreaded Mr. C.'s appearance in the drawing room. When he entered, and I was presented to him, the simplicity of his manner, and pleasing, quiet conversation, soon assured tion of the fire-proof system, which has ever me, and I felt perfectly at my ease. He was since been acted upon as most important to very agreeable to young people, entering into their amusements and occupations as if he felt and enjoyed them. With his sons his intercourse and influence were very happy. He Mr. Mills, (whom we have known for a full tented their entering into the security of the public archives and the buildings generally.

Our admiration for, and entire confidence in Mr. Mills, (whom we have known for a full tented their entering into the security of the public archives and the buildings generally. treated their opinions with respect, at the same time correcting them when erroneous. One instance I remember. One of his sons, a thoughtless lad, who had already learned to of his professional career, furnished by an estipride himself upon belonging to the aristocracy of the State, where aristocracy of birth is prized more than in any other State in the Union, spoke of the impertment curiosity and inquisi-tiveness of the lower class. "My son," remarked Mr. C., "you must not commence life with such wrong impressions. If you can give information to those who have not your ad vantages, give it gladly, and learn from them in return. Some of the best lessons of my life I have learned from those beneath me. If they have less education, they observe more closely than we do. I never meet a laboring man who seems disposed for conversation, but I listen to his remarks and ask him questions."amusement, Mr. C. held up to our gaze the brated architect, B. H. Latrobe, esq., he was most miserable daub in the way of a portrait charged with the erection of the Bank of Penn-I ever beheld. It was the head of a man, with sylvania, a very intricate design of a bold confiery red hair, standing up as if each hair was struction and fire-proof character. He also electrified; eyes without expression, and mouth and nose unproportionate. "Do you think this House, Independent Hall; and a church of ima correct likeness?' he asked with a peculiar "I received this a few days since, with an

accompanying letter requesting a lock of my hair, from a young lady who admires my character, and has had so many descriptions of me that she thinks she can paint a correct likeness of me. This is the result of her experiment.' "Why did you not return it and inform her that it was unlike?" I asked.

"If this is her idea of beauty, and she attributes it to me, I prize it as such," he replied.

"I wrote, thanking her and sent the hair." In the afternoon Mr. C. conducted us through his garden and orchard. He took much interest in agriculture, and had the most productive orchard and best regulated farm in the country. The day soon drew to a close. I shall ever regard it as one of the most agreeable days of my life. I saw Mr. C. often afterwards, frequently in his own house, but never alone with his family. My admiration of him grew with my acquaintance. Never was man more beloved by those among whom he lived than he was. I visited them a short time after his death; a gloom pervaded every household, for all felt they had lost a friend .- N. Y. Times.

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.-Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infalliably take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and consequently will in general sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of Princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning. Nothing but the practical habit of overcoming our own selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. And therefore I am firmly persuaded that indulgence infalibly produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous Character."-Lord Jefferson.

RESIDENCES OF DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS .- The National Intelligencer states that the Secretaries of State, of War, and the Postmaster General either have already made, or certainly intend making their residence in Georgetown. The Hon, R. Toombs has leased the large and beautiful mansion and grounds on the heights, the residence of the late Col. Carter. For healthiness and picturesque beauty, the heights of news enough, advised him when news was Georgetown have few equals any where and su-perior nowhere.

Robert Mills, the Architect.

South Carolina may justly be proud of her Architects, who have reached, and are reaching distinction at home and abroad. Robert Mills was the first of them, and we are glad to see that his name, so identified with the public works of his native State, has become known throughout the Union. The following notice

of his career is from the Pottsville Emporium Public Buildings in Washington .- As a general thing, the appearance of the public buildings in Washington city is calculated to pro-duce in the mind of the stranger visiting them a most favorable impression, while to an American, at least, there are unpleasant and mortifying exceptions. The Smithsonian Institute building, a queer and incongruous combination of various orders of architecture, was so badly constructed that a portion of it fell, and other parts were considered unsafe, even before the completion of the building. In addition to this, the extension of the Capitol, now in course of construction, is deemed by many scientific and experienced gentlemen as very defective, particularly as regards the quality of the materials used, which certainly ought not to be in an edifice built for this great nation, and for the use of future ages far down in the lapse of time.

There are other buildings, however, of a very different character, among which are those chaste, elegant, and truly substantial edifices, the Treasury building, the Patent Office building, and that in which the General Post Office, with its numerous extensive departments, is so admirably accommodated. These were planned and erected by Robert Mills, esq., of that city, whose estimable character as a man, and widely acknowledged skill as an architect, induced President Jackson to confer upon him government. That he was not continued in that important position has been a misfortune to the country, as is shown by the defective

buildings since erected. Up to the time he entered the service of the government, the practice had prevailed of con-structing the public buildings irrespective of security from fire, and to him is the country indebted for the recommendation and introduc-

quarter of a century,) as a man of sound judgment and extraordinary skill in his profession, has been recently confirmed by a brief sketch mable friend, from which we learn that the evidence of his worth as an architect is by no

means confined to Washington city. He had charge of the construction of custom houses in Middletown and New London, in Connecticut, New Bedford and Newburyport, Massachusetts, all arched and made fire-proof. marine hospitals in Charleston, South Carolina,

and in New Orleans, besides other buildings. Previous to his connection with the general government, he had erected many public and private buildings in Pennsylvania, (including our chaste and handsome capitol at Harrisburg, of which Pennsylvanians are so justly proud,) Maryland, and South Carolina. In Philadelphia, when a student in the office of the celeerected the fire-proof wings to the old State mense dimensions-the admiration of all who saw it-for that celebrated and eccentric divine, Dr. Stoughton, being a circular room covered by a dome, capable of accommodating

four thousand persons.

To Mr. Mills was Philadelphia indebted for the plan of that wonderful structure, the single arched bridge of 340 feet, which spanned the Schuylkill river, built by Lewis Wernwag, the renowned bridge builder. In Baltimore he designed and erected the monument to Washington, a marble pillar the largest in the world .-He erected the Baptist Church, a circular structure of eighty feet diameter, crowned by a dome, and had charge of the water works.

Mr. Mills designed and erected the Monumental Church in Richmond, Virginia, the sad memento of an awful visitation in that city; of the Washington monument now being erected by Virginia he was appointed the architectwhile he designed and crected the splendid additions recently made to the University of Virginis.

there.

In South Carolina, his native State, he was appointed in 1820 engineer and architect of the State, where among other works of interest, he designed and erected many of the public buildiugs in that State, all of the fire-proof character. He enjoys the honor, too of giving to his native State the credit of being the first to introduce the railroad system in the construction of the Charleston and Hamburg railroad-the first of any extent erected anywhere, even before the construction of the experimental railroad in England, the Manchester and Liverpool. While in South-Carolina he executed a great work in the publication of an atlas of the State, on a grand scale, companied by a statistical history of the State.

Mr. Mills was the first American who studied architecture in this country, and his views are altogether American, having never travelled beyond the limits of his native country. His first studies were at Washington, during the first year of its being made the seat of the government. He possessed the friendship of Mr. Jefferson, at that time the President, and subsequently of President Jackson, by whom, as we have before said, he was appointed architect of the public buildings.

Without going further into the minutiæ of the honorable career by which Mr. Mills's life has been marked, we will say in conclusion that he designed and is now engaged, with all the vigor and energy of youth, in executing that greatest and proudest work modern times, the National Washington Monument.

Good Advice .- A western editor, in answer to a complaint of a patron, that he did not give