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A Selected Tale.

From the Illustrated Family Friend.
WINNING A BRIDE,
OR
THE FORAGING PARTY.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

Edward Ogilvie was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country, both in the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant homestead facing the waters of Boston Bay. Large elms overshadowed the roof, and the broad fields interspersed with woodlands extended away on the right, till they met the fields and woodlands of the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter of eighteen, who was a belle and an heiress. The road from the homestead of widow Ogilvie wound along the sea-beach, with a hedge and green fields on one side bordering it, and the white sparkling sand and the blue waves on the other. The distance between the two mountains was little less than a mile; about half-way between was a bridge of stone, spanning a small rivulet, that had a course of a half dozen miles from the interior.

It was about an hour before sunset near the close of the war, in the month of October, that Edward Ogilvie was crossing this bridge, on his way to visit Annette Harwood, the beauty and heiress; for the charms of the rustic belle had taken captive the young student's heart; and every evening, for the last month, he had directed his walk in the direction of her abode. Edward was in his twentieth year, of good figure, of a pleasing but somewhat diffident address, and with that calm meditative aspect peculiar to a student; for such was the young man. Annette was not loved without giving her heart in return; but the Squire, although he had observed with apparent indifference this mutual attachment, had a mind of his own touching a matter so interesting to the lovers themselves.

Edward had got upon the bridge, where he used to linger for a few moments as he crossed, to watch the flowing sea rush through the arch of the creek, and gaze upon its expanse of waters; for from the opposite side of the bridge contemplate the dark inlet, as it lost itself amid overhanging trees in a dell where stood a mill belonging equally to the two manors.

Edward had paused a moment upon the bridge to watch the effects of the purple light of the western sky, reflected upon its mottled bosom, when his eyes were arrested by a sail in the offing. He continued to watch it for a few moments, and then went on his way, and from time to time glancing seaward to admire the stately and slow motion of its trackless passage over the ocean. As he came near the dwelling of Squire Harwood, he discovered that her course was towards the land; but seeing Annette on the piazza, he forgot the vessel to hasten to her. The meeting was more like that of brother and sister than that of lovers; that is, it was affectionate, frank, and free from restraint.

"We shall have a lovely evening to walk, the sunset will be so pleasant," said Annette, whom "we would stop to describe, if our pen could do justice to her beauty." "We will, however, say the color of her eyes was a deep sea-blue, and they sparkled like waves dancing in the sunlight; her lips had doubtless been a pair of cherries, stolen by Cupid, to make her month the prettiest mouth imaginable. Her smile was sunshine, her form sylph like and blooming with youth, her voice full of music, and every motion as graceful as a fawn's. She was good humored, intelligent and suitably grave, was just the maiden to ensnare a student like Edward Ogilvie.

"Yes, Annette; the air is rich with golden tints and soft as a June evening. Suppose we ramble towards the village and listen to the martial music of the soldiers as they march from the ground."

"I should like it of all things. My father says our company, the Blues, made the finest show of any on parade to-day."

"He was at the review, then?"

"Yes, and acted as a Major or Colonel, I believe, at any rate, he has just come home on horseback, in full uniform, with a sword by his side, and looks as brave, I tell him, as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have, for a full minute."

"And the longest time you ever held it?" "Netty," said the Squire, coming out of the house, his chapeau in hand and his sword unbelted and beneath his arm. "Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we have had for the general muster."

"Yes, sir! are the troops dismissed yet?"

"Not all."

"We were going up the road to the hill-top to listen to the music, father," said Annette.

"No, no! stay at home child," said the Squire gravely. "I suppose master Edward has asked you to go?"

"I did, Mr. Harwood; I thought the walk might be pleasant."

"Humph! Look you, young man," said Squire Harwood, bluntly, "military music is not made for the amusement of studious youths, after idling the day over musty books, nor merely to please a lassie's ear. It is the voice of the spirit of liberty, and calls the young men of the land to fight her battles, and the maidens to make them clothes to fight in, and colors to fight under. You, I see, like my Annette, and so far as I can see, she likes you

back again. Now, Edward, you are a very correct, excellent young man, that I know; but you see I haven't but one daughter, and I don't mean that she shall marry any man who, excellent as he may be, through all this war has never drawn a blade or pulled a trigger for the love of his country. Your brothers are all brave fellows, and serving her with honor.—You stay at home to pore over dictionaries in the day-time, and come and make love to Annette by moonlight. Now, I have nothing against you, as I said before; but I've made up my mind Annette shan't marry a man that hasn't had a hand in this war against the English. If you are a mind to follow the example of your brothers, and let me hear something you have done I can tell my neighbors of with pride, then you shall have my consent to marry Annette; for here, I dare say, she has given you long ago. A text, you know, is as good as a sermon, Master Edward. So if you want my daughter you know how she is to be won."

Thus speaking, Squire Harwood took Annette under his arm, and bowing very kindly but firmly, to the astonished lover, disappeared within the house.

Edward remained standing a moment upon the spot where they had left him, as if trying to realize what had passed. He then turned away in silence, his cheek burning with the glow of a mortified and sensitive spirit.

The profession he had in view was that of a clergyman; and although not deficient in courage or patriotism, he had suffered his brothers to take the field and the deck while he remained at home. The words of the Squire sank deep into his spirit. He walked slowly homeward, very sad, and filled with painful ideas of losing her who was so very dear to him. As he came upon the bridge, he had made up his mind. He stopped, and speaking aloud said firmly:

"If Annette is only to be won by taking up arms, I will enlist to-morrow! It is honorable to serve one's country. I am not yet a clergyman, and I can therefore act freely. This is the last day the reproach shall be thrown upon me, that I remain dallying at home while my brothers are abroad, exposing their bosoms to the weapons of their country's foes!"

While he was speaking, he saw that the ship, which he had noticed half an hour before at a distance, had drawn close in with the land, and had dropped anchor about abreast of the inlet. The sun had already set, yet he could see her distinctly, and discover that she was a merchant ship. He remained for sometime watching her, and listening to the distant drum of a detachment of militia of the neighborhood, which was retiring homeward from the muster-field. The sound of the drum died away in the distance beyond the mill, and the low dashing of waves against the bridge fell upon his ear.

"Well, to-morrow, I too, shall march to the measure of the life and drum! I will enlist as a private and make my way up. Annette shall be won!"

He paused, thinking he heard the sound of oars. He looked seaward, but the twilight rendered objects too obscure to detect any boat approaching. Yet each moment the fall of the sweeps came clearer and nearer, and he was soon able to discover a barge pulling in towards the bridge. His position in the shadow of an overhanging limb shrouded him from observation. He saw that the boat contained at least twenty men. It moved slower as it drew nearer the land, and a person standing up in the stern directing its landing. It struck the shore close by the bridge within the inlet; and almost beneath where he stood, the party embarked. He now saw that half of them were seamen and half marines, and that all were armed. They were commanded by a young midshipman, who, forming them into a column marched them up the bank and on to the bridge. Edward, as they came near, drew himself up into the limb, and was concealed in the foliage while he observed with surprise their stealthy movements.

"How far is the grist-mill hence, Sambo?" asked the young officer, looking about him after he had got on the bridge, save a man to guard the boat.

"The first mill am 'bout a third of a mile up de creek, and de t'other one whar de most grist be am a mile. There is a good path 'long de creek shore," answered a man in the true Yankee negro intonation, but speaking with manifest reluctance.

"If you deceiv me darkie, you are a dead man!" said middy, very positively.

"I knows dat well 'nuff, so I tells you de truth, tho' I hates it mightily! I knows all 'bout dis place, coz I used to lib here once.—Ober dar whar Squire Harwood lib, and ober dar way am widdur Ogilvie, and I wish dis nigger was safe in dar kitchen! Inebber go cook agin in Boston ship, nor no oder one 'ter bein' took prisoner by de British as I dis time?"

"Hist with your noise! each of you march forward in silence. We are in an enemy's country and must be cautious."

"Yes, I guess you better," said the negro. "If de country people knowed you was skulkin' here 'ter corn, flour, and sheep and oxes to keep from starvin' to death, as we have been a week past, dey be round as thick as snake in de grass, an' deybbe one ob you git back to our boat. So I vise you, massa, to keep sharp look out to de windward! Guy! how mad all them be in de mornin' when dey find out you land here in a prize ship, wid only two guns and thirty men, and carry off clear to Halifax de grist from dere two mills, and sheep and turkey too, for de lieutenant's dinner! Dey swear den, and 'peet de Squire swear 'nuff for a whole regiment!"

"Forward," cried middy. "Silence all of you, and advance swiftly and with caution."

They filed off the bridge, and taking the path, along which the negro led the way, they were soon lost to Edward in the gloom of the overhanging banks of the creek.

"These men, then, are English," he reflected, as he let himself down upon the bridge; "the vessel is a prize bound to Halifax, with a midshipman and thirty men—twenty here and ten remaining on board. My course is decided! It will take them an entire hour to visit both mills. Half of that time will do for me. I shall know where to seek the militia party with the life and drum; and if I can find twenty

brave men among them, to put themselves under my orders, I will win Annette before to-morrow's sun-rise!"

As he spoke, he glided noiselessly away from the bridge, and after getting beyond hearing of the man at the boat, he flew like the wind across a meadow in the direction of what was called "the Cross Roads," a cluster of village habitations, the principal of which was a large country tavern, where he knew he could find assembled many of the militia men who had borne part in the review in the neighboring town. This inn was about a mile distant from the bridge, on the road in the rear of Squire Harwood's farm, across which, leaping fence after fence, Edward Ogilvie was now flying with the speed of a deer.

The tavern, as he came near, was so quiet, he feared that the men he sought had left for their respective homes. Seeing a light in the tap, however, he hoped yet to find some persons assembled there. Through the windows, as he approached the door, he saw the bar-room was nearly filled with men. The next moment, he was in their presence. His manner was divested of all excitement, and a spirit calm and resolute beamed from his eye.—"There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with knapsacks and bayonet belts upon their persons, and some leaning upon their muskets; while the guns of the rest of the party were stacked in the corner of the room. Some of them were smoking, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn told by one of the party, of certain exploits of himself personally performed at the battle of Plattsburgh."

On Edward's entrance, the landlord first noticed him—

"Ah! so you can enter a tavern on a training day, Mr. Ogilvie; glad to see you. Though you are not much of a fighting man. I like you for your brothers' sake, who are all serving their country. But there must be parsons as well as soldiers, and every man his trade."

All eyes were now turned upon the young man. Advancing a little way into the floor, he said with a firm tone—

"I am glad to find so many of you here assembled. If the brave men among you are willing to place yourselves under my direction for the next two hours, I will lead you where you can win both honor and prize money!"

"Spoken with spirit!" exclaimed several.

"That rings like your brother George!" said the landlord.

"But what is it?" cried all, crowding round.

"Will you be led by me? There is danger to both life and person; but I ask no man to follow me where I fear to lead!"

"The man has courage if he is a student," remarked one to the other with surprise.

"What have you discovered?" demanded two or three of the most forward of the men.

"Will you follow me and obey my orders, if I can place into your hands as prisoners, twenty English seamen and officers, who have just landed?"

"Yes! lead on!" was the general response, and the men commenced arming themselves.

Briefly, Edward told them what he had witnessed. All was enthusiasm. Among the military men was a young man whom he despatched to Squire Harwood. In twenty minutes the Squire was on the spot, mounted on his horse and armed with his broad sword.—Five of his farm men had followed him. Others came in from all sides.

Edward, with great coolness and skill took upon himself the conduct of the whole affair. He suggested that the Squire, with thirty men should cut off the retreat of the foraging party, and take them prisoners.

"And what will you do?" asked the Squire.

"You are not going to keep out of the danger?"

"No, sir! If there are twenty brave men here who will volunteer to go with me, I will proceed to the boat, take possession of it, and embark for the ship. In the night we can board her without difficulty, as we shall be taken for their own party. Once on board, the ship will easily fall into our hands; for most of her prize crew are ashore! Who will volunteer?"

The bold proposition at first startled the boldest among them. But in less than five minutes twenty of them had volunteered; and in two minutes more he was at their head, leading them to the bridge, while the Squire with his detachment, proceeded to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The result was in all respects successful. The English party at the mill, surrendered after a brief skirmish, and were taken to the tavern as prisoners within an hour after the Squire had left it. Edward and his brave band boarded the ship without suspicion, and after a short conflict he was master of her. He took her, by the aid of the released American crew, into Boston harbor the next day; and we need not add that in less than three months, he was rewarded with the hand of the beautiful Annette Harwood!

An old fogey in New Hampshire was recently overtaken by a train of thought. "Through skillful medical treatment it is hoped he may survive the shock."

Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.

"I have a great ear, a wonderful ear," said a conceited musician, in the course of a conversation. "So has a jackass," replied a bystander.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride: of birth, of riches, and of talents, I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it, take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly anything will annoy you.—*Guesses of Truth.*

The daughter of Themistocles had two lovers, the one a coxcomb, the other an honest man. The first was rich, the second poor. He took the honest man for a son-in-law; for I had rather, said he, have a man that wants wealth than wealth that wants a man!

Miscellaneous.

From the Due West Telescope.

The Bible a Civil Blessing.

Our earliest recollections have been associated with the Bible. To venerate its Author, and bow to its holy precepts, has been the lesson of our lives. Under its counsels and teachings, we have lived and prospered, and to-day, as a Christian people, we treasure the Bible as the Book of all our hopes.

But gratefully as we receive, and cordially as we embrace this sacred volume, in its bearing upon the soul and eternity, may we not prize it too lightly in connexion with the common blessings of life? As citizens of this world, how often are we disposed to live under the light of the gospel, and enjoy the temporal advantages of religion, without recognizing our obligation to the Bible and its Author?

How much the citizens of our land is indebted to the Bible for all that endears his home to him, we cannot tell. What the condition of that man is, whose path has never been illumined by the light of the Gospel and whose heart has never been made glad under the civilizing influence of Christianity, we cannot tell.

Where Religion, even in its influence upon man as a citizen of this world, rises to our view, we are presented with interests which none can fully appreciate; but, when, on the other hand, our sympathies are enlisted in behalf of those who know no religion but that of Nature, we are wrapped in darkness of which none can give an adequate description, and bow in silence beneath a misery that falls with the blight of death upon the entire man. No songs of sacred melody are ever heard—no flowers of heavenly loveliness are ever seen—and from peace and joy such as meet the heart and hopes of rational beings they are forever estranged.

To know how much we are indebted to the Bible for all that endears life to us, we have, in strange contrast with this gloomy picture, but to look out upon our own happy home.

Behold a people, if not bowing to the Word of God as a rule of life, yet giving a cordial assent to its heavenly origin. Under its divine light, they devise and enforce those wholesome laws and regulations that have ever been found necessary to the well-being of society. Under its great principles, they erect temples of Literature and Science, and subject their time and day to the influence of lightened mind.

Its influence is even in the conduct of those who exhibit an ever expanding regard for man, as he rises in the scale of true greatness, but *commiseration*, as he seeks his happiness amid the mean and beggary elements of infamy and crime. Every wholesome law of our land, is but an embodiment of its spirit; and every high engagement of life, but a willing subjection to its heavenly restraints.

Its blessings are not confined to the heart or home of the *Christian*, but are dispensed with boundless munificence among those who scorn the communion of the Church, and resist the authority of Him who holds their souls in being.

As citizens of this world, our existence is under an angry cloud, and amid fearful elements; but with the Bible in our hands those elements may be hushed into harmless repose, and that cloud is even now spanned with the bow of promise and hope.

Pictures of Home.

DRAWN BY THE PENCIL OF LOVE.

"Home thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no strangers heart can tell."

What a claim rests upon the endearing name! Consecrated by domestic love—the golden key of earthly happiness. Without this, hope would be like a temple stripped of its garlands; there a father welcomes, with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assists in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant to lip the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly if there is ought that is lovely here below, it is home—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful; our path was checked with sorrow and care; unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears, yet when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place where it delights to linger, as the loved scenes of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence. What cheers the mariner, far away from his native land in a foreign port, or tossed upon the bounding billows, as he paces the deck at midnight alone—what thought fills his breast? He is thinking of the loved far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fireside. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land, to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow as he seats himself amid the family circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford, happy faces gather around him and strive in vain to win a smile. Ah, he is thinking of his own home; of the loved ones assembled within his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan; she too, had a happy home; but that house is now forsaken and desolate; its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gentle mother who watched over her infancy, and hushed her to sleep with a lullaby, which a mother only can sing; who in girlhood days taught her of her Saviour, and turned her youthful voice to sing the praise of his name, has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her songs, and tuning her golden harp with bright angels in heaven. Poor one! She is now left to tread the golden path of life, a lonely homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world.—The objects most dear to us are snatched away. We are deprived of the friends we most love, and our cherished home is rendered desolate. "Passing away" is engraven on all things earthly. But there is a home that knows no changes, where separations never take place, where the sorrowing of this world may obtain relief for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears of

earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. This home is found in Heaven.

In the shadowy past, there is one sweet reminiscence which the storms of life can never wither, it is the recollection of home. In the visioned future, there is one bright star whose lustre never fades; it is the hope of home—of a heavenly home.

A lady in the West has been kind enough to send us a copy of Andrew Jackson's Epitaph on his wife. It is known to have been his own composition, yet although it has been read by hundreds on her tomb in Tennessee, it has never appeared in print before. This singular inscription reads thus:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure, by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament; her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor—even death when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God."

Few persons will read this noble epitaph without emotion. It appears to us the very best specimen of such composition we have ever seen—at least for the tomb of a private person and a woman. It is perfectly simple, perfectly sincere, and yet is full of elegance and energy.

Good epitaphs are rare in private movements. Insincerity and fulsome praise are the most general defects. "He lies like a tombstone," is a proverb in many languages. But another common defect is conceit. This is the result of a wish to be fine, and a desire to imitate certain epitaphs on great men, which have been celebrated in books. These celebrated epitaphs are epigrams. They are not unsuitable to public tombs of public individuals; because a lively sense of personal grief is not expected in the minds of those who erect them,—but rather a sentiment of calm and elevated admiration, which leaves the intellect free for a formal effort, in composition. But the tomb of a private man or woman is built by his or her nearest friend. The only thing that renders it interesting is the sacred grief of that friend. Now, grief does not find an utterance in epigram. Its form of expression is simple, direct, earnest and rational. Such expression, therefore, only is becoming to the tomb of one who is publicly unknown. Epigram is affluence there, and consequently disgusting.

Richmond Examiner.

MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.—Gen. Greene, in his dispatches, after the battle of Eutaw, says: "Hundreds of my men were naked as they were born." Judge Johnson, in his life of Greene, says: "Posterity will scarcely believe that the bare loins of many men who carried death into the enemy's ranks, at the Eutaw, were galled by their cartouch boxes, while a fold of a rag or a tuft of moss protected the shoulder from the same injury from the musket." Gen. Greene says, in his letters to the Secretary of war: "We have three hundred men without arms, and more than one hundred so naked that they can be put on duty only on cases of a desperate nature. Our difficulties are so numerous, and our want so pressing, that I have not a moment's relief from the most painful anxieties. I have more embarrassments than it is proper to disclose to the world."

CATHEDRAL IN CHARLESTON.—The Charleston Standard announces the early completion of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in that city. It will cost about \$80,000, and will be a structure of rare beauty and grandeur. The following are its dimensions: length 254 feet, breadth 75 feet, height of steeple 216 feet, width of nave 30 feet, distance from door to chancel 100 feet, from floor to apex of ceiling 54 feet, chancel 22 feet deep; width of aisles 15 feet, chancel window 13 by 16 feet. The building is capable of seating from 950 to 1000 persons.

INTEMPERANCE AND TAXES.—Tax payers! when will you awake to the enormous burdens that the liquor traffic is imposing on you?—Look and see what a number of commitments are made to the jail of your county, from one Court to another, the costs of which are from \$15 to \$30 each, besides board at two or three dollars a week, and then ask yourself, "Who has to foot the bill? Why pays all these expenses? And if, after all, you remain an advocate for dram drinking, do be consistent, will you, and cease prating about high taxes!"

The young ladies in Vermont it is said, though we do not believe it, still continue to kiss the lips of young temperance men, to see whether they have been tampering with toddy.

Prudent men lock up motives; letting familiar have a key to their hearts, as to their garden.

The cash value of the real and personal estate in Tennessee, according to the last census is 201,246,656.

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very great paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price and made more to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all other blessings the earth can give.

A good book is like a guardian angel, suggesting good purposes, and prompting to a right course of action."

The sugar crop of Louisiana, it is said, will be larger for 1852 than ever before. It will fully reach 290,000 hogsheds.

The Aztec children are in New York again, and are about to visit Europe. The *Journal of Commerce* says they have so much improved in health, that the Life Insurance Companies now offer to take them at four per cent, where as twenty per cent was refused by them one year ago. There is no perceptible increase in their stature, though they show an increased intellectual development, and use a few English words in expression of their ideas. The boy is about sixteen years of age, and the girl ten.

SAD ACCIDENT.—We are pained to learn that on last Saturday, at the parade of the 10th or 11th battalion of the Saluda Regiment, known as "Chalk Level," Mr. William Griffin, a worthy citizen of our District, and a resident of Cambridge, met with an accident of a most distressing character.

So far as we have been able to gather the facts, they are substantially as follows:—Mr. G. left home upon the morning in question with a double-barrel percussion-lock gun, heavily loaded. In order to prevent accident, he states that he pulled the caps off before going on parade.

After the close of the exercises of the day, and just as the senior officer, Capt. Irwin, gave the command of "order arms," so as to allow a short time to rest, preparatory to dismissal, Mr. Griffin, after bringing his gun to the position of order, doubtless being fatigued, and in order to make his position as comfortable as possible, threw his left hand upon the muzzle of the gun, and rested his right arm upon the hand of the left. He without sufficient prudence placed his foot upon one of the rocks, and forced it back which time his foot slipped, and the gun went off—the whole load passing through the left hand, making a hole about two inches in diameter, and then striking his right arm so as to render amputation necessary. He has our heartfelt sympathy.

Abbeville Banner.

SEAMEN'S HOME.—We have just returned from a visit to this establishment, which is now ready for the reception of lodgers. The house is pleasantly situated on the extreme West end of Britain Street, (the water coming up to the very door), and commands a fine view of the Harbor, Partridge Island, Carleton and the heights about the Falls. The interior is well fitted up and so arranged as to accommodate about one hundred boarders. The appearance of the chambers, beds, kitchen, cooking apparatus, denote an intention to render the boarders as comfortable and happy while on shore as the inmates of the best boarding houses in the City can possibly be. Mr. Joshua Tenthull has become the Proprietor of the house on his own responsibility, and his charges are extremely moderate, being only 12c. per week.

Any one desirous of looking through the establishment will receive polite attention from the Rev. Mr. Harris, the Chaplain and Superintendent.—*St. John (N. B.) Telegraph.*

NOVEL MARRIAGES.—The Liberty (Md.) News states that Mr. John Clampton, Dr. G. R. Snappington and Mr. Stephen D. Lawrence, all respectable citizens, have within a month been re-married to their wives according to the Catholic formula. The first couple were first married some thirty years ago, and each of the others quite a number of years. The cause of the re-performance of the ceremony is the late union of one of each of the couples to the Catholic Church.

At the late exhibition of the New-York Deaf and Dumb Asylum the question was asked: "What are the benefits of silence? or, in other words what are the benefits of being deaf and dumb?" To which several answers were written upon the blackboards. The following was written by Miss Mary Tolson: "By being deaf and dumb we are prevented from hearing many things which would make us unhappy, and speaking things which we should not; and I have often thought that our reward in heaven would be even greater; for, will not the full tide of glorious melody sound ever more beautiful to those ears which never wake to the discord of earth?"

There is a difference between seeing a good book and reading it—between reading it and remembering it—between remembering it and understanding it—and between understanding it and applying it to practice.

A tax of twenty-five cents on every barrel or cask of ardent spirits containing over twenty gallons, sold in Wheeling, has been levied by the authorities.

PAINFUL TO REFLECT UPON.—The New York papers state, that of the one thousand men who formed the New York Regiment in the Mexican War, only sixty are alive, and but forty of these are able to earn their living.

The human heart is like a mill stone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns, and grinds and bruises the wheat into flour; if you put no wheat in, it still grinds on; but then it is itself it grinds, and slowly wears away.—*Luther.*

A wicked wag of a lawyer, in a country court, recently scandalized the bench by putting the following query to his professional brethren: "Why is Judge—like necessarily? The members of the bar present quickly answered,—"Because he knows no law."

"Hello, Isay, what did you say your medicine would cure?"
"O, it'll cure everything—heat any thing."
"Ah, well, I'll take a bottle. May be it'll heal my boots; they need it bad enough!"

It may not be generally known that editors get one important item of subsistence at a low price—they get bored for nothing.

What makes the lawyer's position so perilous? Because he has other men's deeds to answer for as well as his own.