

THE CAMDEN WEEKLY JOURNAL.

VOLUME 14

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA TUESDAY, MORNING JULY 12, 1853.

NUMBER 28.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square, (fourteen lines or less) seventy-five cents for the first and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions, one dollar per square; semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

Miscellaneous.

Rides About Camden. No. 1.

Many persons ride, from many motives. Some for pleasure, as that happy couple in the Sociable. Some, for recreation, as that pale mechanic, who, by dint of hard saving, has been able to hire a cab for himself and wife, and means to take a short excursion into the country, and see, once more God's green earth fresh from his own hand, and breathe the pure air of heaven, unadulterated by the myriad-breathed miasma of the city. Some for health, as that asthmatic old patient or consumptive young one, to whom the Doctor has ordered an airing, every morning and evening. Some for these things more, in the particular, perhaps all in the general. I confess to my propelling motive, a wider range for my eye, "no pent up Utopia," but "the whole unbounded" country or town, and how to get at this myriomania, ever changing ever new amplitude of prospect, but by a ride, a brisk ride in an open buggy, of a breezy summer morn or eve, with one, by one's side, to whom to exclaim, "Lo! what a goodly prospect swells around, of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires," with whom, to reciprocate the enthusiasm, at every springing up beauty of earth and sky and water: It has been my happy lot to enjoy such rides, in various places. I may go to a place an entire stranger, and yet, in a short time will have become much more familiar and imbued with its interesting localities than perchance that venerable referee, its oldest inhabitant, and observe and note down many things of importance, that for want of this bird's eye view, had likely remained unnoticed and unknown by the tenants of the soil.

Providence has given me, in lieu of what some utilitarian might deem a more profitable gift, an eye for the beautiful, natural and moral. If there is any, anywhere within my range, and it is never a circumscribed one, I am sure to find it out, and appropriate at least, with my eye and ear and heart. Who, then, can deny my great riches, despite the few pennies in my purse. No earthly principalities and powers could prevent me admiring and loving, which with the power of an autocrat and wealth of Croesus, they are not always competent to themselves, and as loving and admiring make my happiness, more than a sceptre, or many pieces of metal or shining stones, so I am not only as happy, but, far happier than a Queen, if she is, after all, a nil admirari, and lives not to love.

Reader, come, you were of yore, mine indulgent companion, in "Rides about Columbia." I would discourse you, now, about the classic shades of Camden, where, as usual I ride. "Quid rides?" why, do you, now? for Camden, though not with the reputation of possessing Venus's Cestus, like her younger and fairer sister, Columbia, yet, is she not without her charms, unobscured but attractive, as I shall, presently, prove to the satisfaction of her incredulous oldest inhabitant, or you. But I advertise you, to see Camden, you must first see Kirkwood, for I want to take you by coup de main, at once, and Kirkwood will do it. Well, then, Kirkwood, ho!

Camden proper becoming as was supposed, sickly, in the Southern end of the town, most exposed to malaria from the river, colonized a healthful sandhill region at the extreme North of the town, and extending out some miles in the country, which has within a few years, sprung up a blooming young Hebe of a daughter, in whose freshness did energy the old mother lives her youth over again, and rejuvenates, to her heart's content. Beautiful, indeed, and healthful is Kirkwood, the houses built with all the tasteful improvements of modern architecture, the style graceful and light and Grecian, to suit our Southern latitude. Some of the residences are really elegant. That of Mr. John M. DeSaussure, a palace. The retreat of Dr. Boykin, with mirrored lake and sparkling fountain and unobscured shades, fit haunt for nymph or naad, is a perfect romance, not like Scott's Abbotsford "in man's brick and mortar," but in God's trees and water. Miss McRae's cottage ornee is elaborately terraced, from the piazza to the road, some three hundred feet, and a ram brings, from a neighboring brook, an abundant supply of water for fountains, fishing ponds, and jets. Mr. W. E. Johnson's place is, perhaps the most picturesque of any of these beautiful homes. It has twelve acres, laid off in correct and elegant taste. Art and industry have done much for this lovely place, but nature more. In one part of these grounds we have a landscape soft and gentle enough for a Claude, in another part one rugged and wild enough for a Salvator. Go to the front and you are in Italy, go to the rear and you are in Switzerland. That placid lake below sleeping so quietly, unruffled, save by the pinions of the water fowl upon its bosom was once, an impetuous stream fed by a gushing spring. There in the war of the revolution the army of Green encamped, for the convenience of procuring water, and here all over the sand hills, was the sharp skirmishing between the two hostile powers. Many relics of the battle have been picked up on this classic ground, and on the very site of General Cantey's residence, on that neighboring hill, some of the trees felled to give place to the house, were found perforated with bullet holes. That is the veritable "Hobkirk's hill," so called from the old gentleman Hobkirk, who owned it at the time. Col. Kirkwood, the American officer in the battle of Hobkirk's hill, for whom

this beautiful new settlement is named, behaved with singular gallantry and firmness in this well-contested passage at arms. History tells us the attack of the British was made on the very quarter in which the American General was best prepared, that the pickets behaved with the utmost coolness, gathering in the videttes, and forming with great deliberation, under Colonel Kirkwood's Delaware command. His position formed the American advance, and met the first shock of the enemy's charge. Here the contest was maintained for a while, with great obstinacy, and this little squad retired slowly, fighting with resolute determination, step by step, as they receded before the accumulating pressure of the foe. Before we quit the scene of the battle, we would like to correct an impression made by some historians that it resulted in the entire defeat of the American army. After Rawdon had retired to Camden leaving Capt. Coffin, with his whole troop in charge, Col. Washington decamped and his troop into a well-concealed ambuscade, who were either cut to pieces or compelled to save themselves by flight. The field thus virtually, remained in possession of the Americans.

Time would fail me to enumerate all the striking and charming localities of Kirkwood. En passant, there has been pointed out a desirable tract of land, proposed as a site for the contemplated Methodist Female College, for which Camden means to make a handsome bid. This consists of some thirty acres well wooded, elevated, undulating, healthful as the mountains, and only about a mile from town, the neighboring sand-hills, thickly dotted with the homes of a virtuous, refined, and educated community. There is a peaceful serenity about these classic shades that seem to me as well-comporting with the academic groves of literature—the world's whirl of excitement comes not here; true refinement, unostentatious goodness characterize the society of the place. Such influence must prove salutary to the young. But I am not electioneering for the College at Kirkwood. I speak the truth in the love of it; I love the beautiful and true every where, and especially some of their developments at Kirkwood.

COMPAGNON DU VOYAGE.

Married Life.

"And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness on the brain."

COLLEGIATE.

Within a few years, cases of difficulty, misunderstanding, and separation in married life have, as it seems to us, greatly increased, and the alleged cause, in the majority of instances, has been "incompatibility of disposition." In other words the parties have not yet harmonized together, have not determined to make due allowances for the imperfections and infirmities of each other, have indulged in outbursts of temper, which increasing from day to day, have, in the end, been productive of the most deplorable consequences. Either they misunderstand each other at the commencement, or they forget in married life the rules of forbearance and indulgence which they practiced in the sunny days of courtship. All, it should be remembered, all have their faults and frailties; and while in early life, in the flush and buoyancy of youth and spring, these little spots on the sun of character and disposition may not be seen, or disregarded, if seen, we should be careful not to magnify them in after years, or to refer to them as if they had been discovered for the first time. The doctrine of mutual forbearance cannot be too sedulously cultivated and practiced, especially in married life. "Trifles light as air" sometimes annoy and irritate. A harsh word will excite distrust or produce pain, while an angry look will rouse in the sensitive breast, apprehensions of the keenest kind. How important, too, is the control of temper! And this language will apply as well to one sex as the other. It is unreasonable in the husband to suppose that he may indulge in violence of speech and harshness of manner, and yet meet with nothing but kindness and forbearance in return.

And so also is it absurd in the wife, to fancy that she may fret, fume and scold, hour by hour and day by day, and all with impunity. There must be reciprocity. There must be a disposition to give and to take. There must be a determination to bear and forbear—to conciliate and compromise. It often happens that tastes differ widely with reference to company, social amusements, modes of living, and worldly appearances. The husband, for example, may be a business man, actively and ardently engaged throughout the day, and exhausted in some degree by nightfall. Under such circumstances, it is unreasonable in the wife to expect him to enter into the giddy mazes of fashion, to keep up till midnight at a brilliant party, and to follow this system night after night, or even several times during each week. Either one of three things must give way under such a policy—the health, the business, or the social festival. The two former are among the essentials, and hence they should not be trifled with. A sensible woman will so understand the case, and govern herself accordingly. On the other hand, a gay and dashing belle, one perhaps who has been petted and spoiled, one who is in the enjoyment of high health and beauty, should, as a wife, not be deprived of all gay and cheerful society. She should not be compelled to sacrifice all her friends and companions, to gratify the disposition or satisfy the selfishness of her husband. Both, we repeat, should yield something. There should be a mutual understanding. The wife should consider the out-door world, and the anxieties to which all men of business are more or less liable. One of the first duties which a man owes to his wife, is to provide her with the comforts of social existence, and this can only be done by a prompt and faithful attendance to his business; and one of the first duties which a wife owes to her husband, is to make his home cheerful, sunny, sacred—the happiest spot on earth. Let her surround it with every possible temptation, let her always welcome him with a smile—let his wishes be the prominent thought in her heart and her mind, and she will win him away from a thousand fascinations of the out-door world.

But, we repeat, there should be a mutual effort to please. There are hours in the life

of every one, when a cheering voice, a consoling word, and an encouraging smile are absolutely essential. And where should these be sought for, if not at home? "Nothing," says a celebrated writer, could be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of the husband under misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blast of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant has been rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependent of a man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with dire and sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head and binding up his broken heart.

But is this ever the case, or are there too many exceptions? Alas! we fear that with the great multitude there are faults on both sides. There are few even of those who have entered the wedded state, who strive from the commencement to soften the ways of life the one to the other, to minister constantly to the comforts and happiness, to remember and discharge all their duties and responsibilities. And when, too, as it often happens, the demon spirit of an evil temper is constantly manifested, not only in little things but in great; when a shrill, harsh voice of complaint is perpetually ringing in the ears of one or the other—when a disposition to find fault without cause, and thus to annoy and irritate, is constantly apparent; when the husband is despotic, and treats his wife as a slave; or when the wife, on the other hand, is constantly exacting and never striving to discharge her part in the harmonious obligation, the effects are bitter, painful, and every way melancholy. And yet there is no relation on this side of the grave more sacred, more dignified, or more elevated, than that of husband and wife. The parties might be, and should be, to each other, perpetual sources of consolation and pleasure. There should be no distrust, nor suspicion, nor equivocation between beings so circumstanced. They should live as much as possible as if animated by one soul and aiming at one destiny. Neither should look for perfection in the other, and yet each should endeavor to excel the other in generous efforts of gentleness, kindness, and affection. It has been well said that in this world there is nothing of such value as affection, and the most trifling expression thereof, even though it be a single word of endearment, is in the ears that are properly attuned, a pleasanter sound than that of gold pieces. Think of these hints, gentle reader, apply them to your daily practices, and forthwith proceed to correct and amend your many errors of omission and commission.—*Pennsylvanian.*

A Broken Heart.

One of the most distressing and heart-rending events has recently occurred in the neighborhood of Bethel, Bethel township, Delaware co., Pa., near the Delaware line, that we ever recollect having heard, or read of, either in the pages of romance or the more startling incidents of real life. The consequence has been, that a young and lovely woman, a bride of only five months, died a few weeks ago of a broken heart.

A Mr. C., a highly respectable farmer living in the neighborhood, courted and married the daughter of another highly respected and wealthy farmer living, as we stated above, in Bethel township. He took her to his home, where his cousin, who kept house for him, received her with smiles, and bade her welcome. But she soon found that some other tie was drawing her husband's affections from her. He left her to sleep alone at night, which she often pressed in tears. She soon sought to confirm her suspicions that his cousin had withdrawn her husband's affections, and that with him she engaged in the enjoyment of illicit love. She immediately addressed him, telling him that she would leave the house for a week—that during that time he must send his cousin away, and that she would then come back and live with him, and forget all. He made her a promise that he would. She went home. The first, second and third week elapsed, and still no husband came. She then told her sister that it was time for her to go home. The carriage came, and her sister accompanied her. When she arrived at her husband's residence he was absent, engaged in the woods. She was coldly received by the cousin, who made no effort to get refreshments. She was placing a pie in the stove when she remarked rather insultingly, "this is for Tom." The wife replied that there was enough for him and others too, but the cousin retorted that none else could have any. Up to this time she had not told her grief to any member of her family. The sister soon after departed, and the husband arriving, she reminded him of his promise of sending the cousin away, when she was startled by his absolute refusal. She immediately walked up stairs, put a few things in a hand box, and started for her father's house on foot. She had not gone far before her husband overtook her in a carriage, and offered to take her home, but she refused and went the whole distance on foot. She then unburdened her grief to her family. The next day her father ordered his wagon, and went to the husband's residence for the purpose of taking away the furniture he had supplied his daughter with on her marriage. Upon arriving at the house, the husband was absent, the cousin alone being there. She had locked up all the doors and drawers, and refused their admittance. The father then addressed his daughter, telling her she was mistress, and to give orders to break open the doors. She did so. The doors were accordingly forced, and most of the furniture and clothes belonging to the deserted bride, were taken to her father's where, upon her arrival, she took to her bed and died, of broken heart.

This was a young and lovely being, whom "none knew but to love," or "named her but to praise,"—only five months a bride—through crushed and slighted affection, hurried to her

tomb. The violator of the holy marriage vow, will suffer the stings of a guilty conscience for the murder of which he has been instrumental. The funeral was attended by an unusual concourse of the people of the neighborhood.

Blue Hen's Chicken.

Faithfulness in Little Things.

BY ELIZA A. CLARK.

"Is Mr. Harris in?" inquired a plainly but neatly dressed boy of twelve or thirteen, to a clerk, as he stood by the counter of a large book store.

The well-paid clerk regarded the boy with a supercilious look, and answered, "Mr. Harris is in, but he is engaged."

The boy looked at the clerk hesitatingly, and then said, "If he is not particularly engaged, I should like much to see him."

"If you have any business to transact, I can attend to it," replied the clerk. "Mr. Harris cannot be troubled with children like you."

"What is this, Morley?" said a pleasant looking elderly man, stepping up to the clerk; "what does the boy want?"

"He insisted on seeing you, though I told him you were engaged," returned the clerk, a little abashed by the manner of his employer.

"And what would you have with me, my lad?" inquired Mr. Harris, kindly.

The boy raised his eyes, and meeting the half scornful glance of the clerk, said timidly, "I wish to look at the bill of some books which I bought here about three months since. There is a mistake in it which I wish to correct."

"Ah, my boy, I see," replied Mr. Harris, "you have overpaid us, I suppose."

"No, sir," answered the boy. "On the contrary, I purchased some books which are not charged on the bill, and I have called to pay you for them."

Mr. Harris folded his arms across his breast, regarded the boy earnestly for a moment, and then asked, "When did you discover this mistake?"

"Not until I reached home," replied the lad. "When I paid for the books I was in a great hurry, fearing that the boat would leave before I could reach it, and did not examine the bill."

"Why did you not return and rectify the mistake?" asked the gentleman in a tone slightly altered.

"Because, sir, I live at some distance from the city, and have not been able to return—until now."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Harris, "you have given me great pleasure. In a long life of mercantile business, I have never met with an instance of this kind before. You have acted nobly, and deserve a recompense."

"I ask no recompense," returned the boy proudly; "I have done nothing but my duty, a simple act of justice, and that deserves no reward but itself."

"May I ask you what you noble principles?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"My mother," answered the boy, bursting into tears.

"Blessed is the child who has such a mother," said Mr. Harris with much emotion, "and blessed is the mother of such a child. Be faithful to her teachings, my dear boy, and you will be the staff of her declining years."

"Alas, sir," sobbed the boy, "she is dead. It was her sickness and death which prevented me from coming here before."

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Harris.

"Edward Delong."

"Have you a father?"

"No, sir, father died when I was an infant."

"Where do you reside?"

"In the town of Linwood, about fifty miles from this city."

"Well, my boy, what were the books which were forgotten?"

"Tacitus, and a Latin Dictionary."

"Let me see the bill. Ha! signed by A. C. Morley. I will see to that. Here, Mr. Morley," called Mr. Harris, but that functionary was busily engaged in waiting on a customer, at the opposite side of the store, bowing and smiling in the most obsequious manner.

"Edward," continued the kind hearted Mr. Harris, "I am not going to reward you for what you have done, but I wish to manifest my approbation of your conduct in such a manner as to make you remember the wise and excellent precepts of your departed mother. Select from my store any ten books you choose, which, in addition to the ten you had before, shall be a present to you; and henceforth, as now, my boy, remember and not despise the day of little things." If ever you need a friend, call on me, and for your mother's sake I will assist you."

When the grateful boy left the store, through his own tears he saw the moistened eyes of his own benefactor.

Edward Delong wished for knowledge, and though the scanty means of his mother could hardly satisfy his desire, he had advanced far beyond most boys of his age. By working nights and mornings for a neighbor, he had amassed, what seemed to him, a large sum of money, and this was expended in books.

Scarcely was he in possession of his treasures, when his mother sickened and died. His home was now with a man who regarded money as the chief end and aim of his life, and severe and constant physical labor as the only means of obtaining that end.

For two years, Edward struggled with his hopeless condition. Toll, early and late, was his doom, and to his oft expressed wish of obtaining an education, his employer answered, "Learnin' never made corn grow, or tilled a field, and what was the use on it? I can only read and write, and there ain't a richer man in the place, not exceptin' Squire Morrison, with all his latin notions."

"Is Mr. Harris in?" inquired Edward, as he again entered the store of that gentleman.

"Will you wait a moment, and he will be at liberty?"

"Did you wish to see him?" asked Mr. Harris of the boy, whose thoughts were so intense that he had not noticed the approach of his friend.

"Mr. Harris!" exclaimed Edward, and it was all he could say.

"My noble Edward!" said the old man. "And you have needed a friend. Well, you shall have one."

Five years from that time Edward Delong was the confidential clerk of Mr. Harris, and in three years more a partner in the firm. The integrity of purpose which first won the regard of his ben-

efactor, was his guide in after life. Prosperity crowned his efforts, and happiness blessed his heart—the never-failing result of faithfulness in "little things."

Tremendous Hail Storm.

From the New York Herald, 2d instant.

Fatal and Disastrous Effects Near the Crystal Palace, &c.

Yesterday afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, our city was visited by one of the most tremendous hail storms that we ever remember to have seen. The wind, that during the early part of the day had been from the northeast, suddenly veered round to the northwest, and then again changed to the east, bringing with it a heavy thunder storm. The most peculiar phenomenon was the sudden hurricane, and the storm, not of hail, for that would be too unmeaning a term to describe it by, but of pieces of ice, which came clattering down upon the roofs of the houses like a shower of bricks. Extraordinary as it may appear, this is the nearest resemblance that can be given to the noise that the storm produced; but singular enough, this phenomenon was very local, not extending over the whole city, for in some parts, the fall of hail had become modified into rain, probably having melted in its passage to the earth.

In order that our readers may not suspect us of exaggeration, we have appended two instances of what this hail storm was:

The shipyard of Mr. Thos. Collyer, at the Dry Dock, was covered with irregularly shaped pieces of ice, or large clusters of hailstones. Several of them were measured, one of which was 6 1/4 inches in circumference, another 7 inches, and a third measured 3 inches long and 2 inches thick.

The inhabitants of a house in Waverly place were startled by a solid body falling in the front yard, and on proceeding there found a number of pieces of ice, which appeared to have been originally one piece broken by the fall. When together they would weigh about two pounds. The garden at the back of the house had also a large number of pieces of ice scattered over it, and a skylight at the top of the house was smashed by the hailstones.

The noise of the falling hail on the Crystal Palace was tremendous—the dome acting as an immense drum.

During the storm a most disastrous accident occurred up town, by which three persons lost their lives, and seven others were severely injured, some of whom it is expected will not recover. The scene of the accident was in Forty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, at a newly erected frame building opposite Latting's Observatory, which belongs to Dr. S. P. Townsend, and was not entirely completed. It is also opposite the Crystal Palace.

During the storm this building, which was two stories high, and roofed in, was overturned instantaneously by the hurricane that blew about five o'clock, and levelled in a moment to the ground.

At the time that the accident occurred there were six men employed on the ground floor in plastering the walls, three of them as plasterers, one of whom was the boss, named William McCracken, and who was killed, with two others. There were three other laborers on the floor. On the upper floor there were other workmen employed in fitting the pipes and other similar work, the building being intended, we believe, for a saloon, and in addition to these there was a large number of people who had sought temporary shelter when the storm came on. So sudden was the accident that no time was given for escape, the whole building being prostrated without even the shadow of a warning.

About two o'clock in the morning a fire broke out in a bakery in the Second avenue. One of the journeyman in the establishment was burned to death; a family in the building were compelled to escape by leaping from a fourth story window, in the performance of which hazardous feat a woman was instantly killed. Just as the steamer New World was about departing for Albany, at seven o'clock, one of her boiler flues collapsed, causing the death of six persons, and dreadfully scalding two others. In the afternoon a hail storm, accompanied by lightning and a violent wind, passed over the upper part of the city, during which a new three story frame dwelling, in progress of completion, in Forty-third street, near the Crystal Palace, was blown down, burying eight or ten workmen amid the ruins, three of whom were taken out lifeless. Several others were seriously wounded.

To conclude, a man lost his life by the fall of another building in Forty-third street, near the North river; a man was struck dead by a flash of lightning, and a child was scalded to death—making a total of fourteen persons killed, and as many others badly injured.

Many buildings were greatly damaged, and a large number of persons injured by the storm in Williamsburg.

A telegraphic despatch from Northumberland, Pa., states that the harvests and fruit crops in that vicinity, were greatly damaged by the hail storm yesterday afternoon. Many of the husbandmen, it was reported, would lose their entire harvests. The lumps of hail there, were of extraordinary size, and thousands of windows were broken. Despatches from Philadelphia and Baltimore complain of the intense heat. There has been no rain in Baltimore for a month.

The American Baptist publication Society published during the last year 1730 copies of the new issues; of older issues, 303,700; making the total number of publications for the year 476,700. These publications contained 4,508,000 octavo pages; 3,705,000 duodecimo; 15,233,000 18mo; 160,000 32mo; 1,072,000 48mo; making a total issue of 19,678,800 pages. Nearly 3,000,000 pages of tracts were also printed and distributed during the year.

Chicago is the lumber city of the Lakes. An immense country is furnished with lumber from that point, and the fine lumber regions along the lower end of Lake Michigan and Green Bay yield a liberal supply. The Tribune notices the arrival one day last week of seventeen vessels loaded with lumber from Grand River, Two Rivers, St. Joseph, &c., with over 900,000 feet of lumber, 2,675,000 shingles, two large masts and a deck load of timber.

General News.

From the New York Herald, 2d instant.

Tremendous Hail Storm.

Fatal and Disastrous Effects Near the Crystal Palace, &c.

Yesterday afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, our city was visited by one of the most tremendous hail storms that we ever remember to have seen. The wind, that during the early part of the day had been from the northeast, suddenly veered round to the northwest, and then again changed to the east, bringing with it a heavy thunder storm. The most peculiar phenomenon was the sudden hurricane, and the storm, not of hail, for that would be too unmeaning a term to describe it by, but of pieces of ice, which came clattering down upon the roofs of the houses like a shower of bricks. Extraordinary as it may appear, this is the nearest resemblance that can be given to the noise that the storm produced; but singular enough, this phenomenon was very local, not extending over the whole city, for in some parts, the fall of hail had become modified into rain, probably having melted in its passage to the earth.

In order that our readers may not suspect us of exaggeration, we have appended two instances of what this hail storm was:

The shipyard of Mr. Thos. Collyer, at the Dry Dock, was covered with irregularly shaped pieces of ice, or large clusters of hailstones. Several of them were measured, one of which was 6 1/4 inches in circumference, another 7 inches, and a third measured 3 inches long and 2 inches thick.

The inhabitants of a house in Waverly place were startled by a solid body falling in the front yard, and on proceeding there found a number of pieces of ice, which appeared to have been originally one piece broken by the fall. When together they would weigh about two pounds. The garden at the back of the house had also a large number of pieces of ice scattered over it, and a skylight at the top of the house was smashed by the hailstones.

The noise of the falling hail on the Crystal Palace was tremendous—the dome acting as an immense drum.

During the storm a most disastrous accident occurred up town, by which three persons lost their lives, and seven others were severely injured, some of whom it is expected will not recover. The scene of the accident was in Forty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, at a newly erected frame building opposite Latting's Observatory, which belongs to Dr. S. P. Townsend, and was not entirely completed. It is also opposite the Crystal Palace.

During the storm this building, which was two stories high, and roofed in, was overturned instantaneously by the hurricane that blew about five o'clock, and levelled in a moment to the ground.

At the time that the accident occurred there were six men employed on the ground floor in plastering the walls, three of them as plasterers, one of whom was the boss, named William McCracken, and who was killed, with two others. There were three other laborers on the floor. On the upper floor there were other workmen employed in fitting the pipes and other similar work, the building being intended, we believe, for a saloon, and in addition to these there was a large number of people who had sought temporary shelter when the storm came on. So sudden was the accident that no time was given for escape, the whole building being prostrated without even the shadow of a warning.

About two o'clock in the morning a fire broke out in a bakery in the Second avenue. One of the journeyman in the establishment was burned to death; a family in the building were compelled to escape by leaping from a fourth story window, in the performance of which hazardous feat a woman was instantly killed. Just as the steamer New World was about departing for Albany, at seven o'clock, one of her boiler flues collapsed, causing the death of six persons, and dreadfully scalding two others. In the afternoon a hail storm, accompanied by lightning and a violent wind, passed over the upper part of the city, during which a new three story frame dwelling, in progress of completion, in Forty-third street, near the Crystal Palace, was blown down, burying eight or ten workmen amid the ruins, three of whom were taken out lifeless. Several others were seriously wounded.

To conclude, a man lost his life by the fall of another building in Forty-third street, near the North river; a man was struck dead by a flash of lightning, and a child was scalded to death—making a total of fourteen persons killed, and as many others badly injured.

Many buildings were greatly damaged, and a large number of persons injured by the storm in Williamsburg.

A telegraphic despatch from Northumberland, Pa., states that the harvests and fruit crops in that vicinity, were greatly damaged by the hail storm yesterday afternoon. Many of the husbandmen, it was reported, would lose their entire harvests. The lumps of hail there, were of extraordinary size, and thousands of windows were broken. Despatches from Philadelphia and Baltimore complain of the intense heat. There has been no rain in Baltimore for a month.

The American Baptist publication Society published during the last year 1730 copies of the new issues; of older issues, 303,700; making the total number of publications for the year 476,700. These publications contained 4,508,000 octavo pages; 3,705,000 duodecimo; 15,233,000 18mo; 160,000 32mo; 1,072,000 48mo; making a total issue of 19,678,800 pages. Nearly 3,000,000 pages of tracts were also printed and distributed during the year.

Chicago is the lumber city of the Lakes. An immense country is furnished with lumber from that point, and the fine lumber regions along the lower end of Lake Michigan and Green Bay yield a liberal supply. The Tribune notices the arrival one day last week of seventeen vessels loaded with lumber from Grand River, Two Rivers, St. Joseph, &c., with over 900,000 feet of lumber, 2,675,000 shingles, two large masts and a deck load of timber.