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TERMS.

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the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered discontinued and charged ac-

Miscellaneons.

. From the Southern Christian Advocate. Rides About Camden.-No. 2.

MULBERRY.

When you pay your visit to Mulberry, you must take my carriage, which is larger than yours, so that you can take all the children. said to me a kind friend and neighbor. Accordingly, her capacious carriage well packed, one bright and beautiful spring-morning, was seen wending its way to Mulberry, the rural-residence of Col. C. Mulberry, so called, we presume from the tree of that name so common in this section of country, and prized, more for its fine shade, than its fruit, of which

persons generally, are not very fond. As we left the town, for our drive of about three miles to Mulberry, we were struck with the wealth of forest trees, pertaining to this region. The environs of Camden, we think remarkable for their prodigious and magnificent trees. Our road was rich with them. The Birch, with plenty of switches to help " moralsuasion" in making the "young uns" better, and the Juniper with berries not used in helping any one, to make "old uns" worse. No! trees, noble trees like these; should have "leaves only for the healing of the nation." They do always carry my eyes up, and then my heart right up, to God. Flowers are pretty, but, in comparison, they are too diminutive. Said the great Bascom once to me, "Give me a tree, none of your cut and carved and neatly trimmed trees, but one just as nature made it, free, wild, spreading, shading, waving, rustling, floating, just as Heaven pleases." When introduced to our new home in Camden, said one, can you be happy here, away from familiar friends and places? O, I cannot be unhappy, replied I, with that verdurous grove right be fore my door, to refresh, and cheer, and bless me. That tallest pine seems to be standing there my sential from harm. "Honor'd and blest be the ever green Pine;" who wantonly fells one write him down Goth or Vandal.

How I have been led out of my path by the trees, instead of by them into it, like the forest's obildren .- But here is a bridge waross the road completely canopied by over-arching trees, and along the road, we have an aromatic avenue of the Crab nearly all the remainder of our way. The yellow jessamine and Cherokee rose also, entwining round every twig and shrub, and post and pillar within their reach, lend an oriental luxuriance of beauty and sweetness that one seems almost, as it were, to bathe in with de light. As we approach the house through an extensive lawn, we are greeted with the of that glory of our Southern woods, the live oak-" so darkly, deeply, beautifuly green." But here is the house-a substantial brick one, handsome, capacious, massive, a house that is a house, a home for a large family, one of the homesteads of the olden time, where home he is seldom at home-but the idea of a man comforts and blessings cluster sacred alike, for sitting forever by the chimney corner-ridicu its joys and for its sorrows, a nucleus still for the children of it goue off to themselves, who however far removed and separated, still send back their heart's affections to that home of childhood-that home blessing them in infancy, things-only a few faults. After marriage, and now, in blessing, following them in age, by refreshing, preserving, influence. The birth-days, wedding days, "merry Christmasses," the pastimes beneath those venerable shades, the leaving home for school or college, the re turnings home again, the tears at parting, the smiles at meeting, all come up. O the blessed memories of such a home, sanitary to the pilgrim, however far removed from it! That home we entered. The furniture was in keeping with the appearance of things without, useful, substantial, good, nothing tawdry, no ginger bread gilding about it. There is "the old arm chair," sat the venerable mother, (the father had taken his usual ride to the plantations, but would be in presently,)-a beautiful old age is that mother's calm, serone, as a soft mellow day of our own lovely autumn. She had come to the South from her native North, a heanteous young bride. We beheld her portrait as taken then, how bright, how blooming, that carnation cheek, that cherry lip, those au burn curls. You can scarcely realize, said the dear old lady, that I ever looked that way; indeed we could, there was as much beauty, though of a different kind, now; the difference between Spring and Autamn. For my part, I have always been an admirer of old age, there is something so subdued, and meek, and chastened about it, so unworldly, so spiritual, as if its beauty owed more to heaven than earth, and I look upon the time when it, so soon, shall have put off this mortal to put on immortality, that, when it is christian old age, as in this case it was, it seems to me I already behold some of the celestial investiture about it, and I feel a hely reverence, for one so soon to be an angel. The angelic sweetness of temper of this lovely old lady has been a beautiful lesson to her large family. Said her daughter-in law to me : Never, in all the domestic trials of a numerous family, in all her different relations unto it, never have I seen her temper even rufled. She was one of the young ladies selected to welcome Washington to Trenton; and to send him a written address on the occasion, which he answered in a very complimentary manner. We walked through the rooms to examine the many fine portraits on the walls. That is General Washington's, said Mr. M.; No, it was replied, but your mistake is one that was very form the truest judgment of men. The two sexto be frequently mistaken for him, or thought inspection .- Goldsmith.

to be his brother; they were very intimate and much together, but on comparing it with this portrait-a fine one of the General himself,

taken by the celebrated Stuart-you will find the likeness not so striking as you at first esteemed it. Col. C. was a boy at school, in Philadelphia, when Gen. Washington passed through to enter upon his duties as President of these United States, and saw him then. Here, then, are a couple still living, who have both seen the father of our country. Soon those who can say this will have passed away. Col. C. is full of interesting revolutionary incidents. He told Mr. M., on learning that his grand-father was Capt. M., of Sumter's cavalry, that he had often heard of him, and of his being a large, stalwart, active man, that could jump over his own horse. How interesting become these items of those times from those who are living eye and ear witnesses to their truth. Col. C. is over eighty, hale, hearty, active, in the full possession of all his faculties. He bears himself erect, walks at a brisk gait, and needs not the assistance of spectacles. He has been from the beginning, one of the most intelligent and liberal patrons of the Wateree Mission to the blacks, taking a personal interest in the matter, attending the Mission Church, and worshipping in the midst of his people. May his children's children continue to see to it, that this holy charity be continued to their servants forever. So shall they ever rise up, as they do now, and call them blessed.

COMPAGNON DU VOYAGE.

THE HOMES OF CAROLINA. The homes of Carolina, They bless the eye and heart, With beauty and with comfort, Beyond the reach of art, No castle, with its turrets, No princely palace fair, Can with our plain, good homesteads In any wise compare.

The homes of Carolina Stand hospitality free, A shelter for the homeless," Whoever he may be; They're not too coarse for comfort, They're not too fine for use,-And a warm and hearty welcome

They know not to refuse. The homes of Carolina Refreshingly they stand, Like cases of verdure, They're dotting all the land. O, how their blessed influence. Keeps the affections green, Or wand'ring, brings them back again, At thought of some home scene. The homes of Carolina In simplicity they stand. Tell not of the palazzos, So gaudy and so grand, Pompous pride inhabits In lands beyond the sca, Health, happiness, and comfort Make home enough for me. The homes of Carolina they are, Tho' far our feet may wander, Our hearts can never, far; For to them they are fasten'd By many a sacred tie, Tho' from them we are call'd to live, Yet at them may we die. Camden, S. C.

A WARNING TO GIRLS .- " He has only w faults !" How many fair young girls are deceived, or deceive themselves by this specious reasoning ! - He only smokes a little, and chews a little, and drinks a little-never passes the bounds of sobriety. He is rather fond of amusements, what man of spirit is not ? True, lous! He is fond of dress-but then he is so handsome. All these little straws that point the way the wind or rain blows, are regarded as trivial when the smoking, the chewing, and drinking have become confirmed habits, the foolish wife sings a sadder strain. Then her children want for shoes, but her husband never for cigars and drink. Her own clothes are patched and mended-not so the broken windows and his wretched habits. The few faults, like grains of mustard seed, have grown and increased a hundred fold-due bills come in-the rent is unpaidfriends torsake the drunkard's family. Then comes the miserable expediency of moving into a miserable house, minus all conveniences where the rain pours into the garrets, and the rats tramp, tramp all night-where the children get cold-grow sick and die with fever, and the heart-broken woman sits up till morning gray, to stitch her ill-paid work, turning ever and anon, with a stifled sigh, to gaze through tears upon the stiffened corpse. Sometimes she starts. The fitful winds drumming upon the blinds-was it his step ! And soon she is childless, and sick and dying -and she does breathe her last, while he who had once "only a few faults." sings and shouts in drunken brawls at the post-tavern or the rum-cellar. This true picture has been a thousand times painted, and its duplicates hang up in the sad chambers of how many thousand hearts? And yet the thoughtless girl, blinded by passion. heedless of consequences, reiterates : "He has only a few faults," and gives herself up to corruption more noisome than the grave, and to a fate the horrors of which no pen can portray.

From the Mobile Register. Letter from Rev. Dr. Hamilton. HEBRON, Pal., March 25, 1853.

My dear Sir-Here I am in quaratine, lodged in a cold stone vault, and surrounded by lofty stone walls-in full view of the Mosque built over the cave of Machpelah, the grave of the patriarch Abraham, and of Sarai his wife, and around this Mosque spreads-on the sides of the limestone hill on which it is built--the town of Hebron, where David reigned seven years before he made Jerusalem his capital. After thirty days of camel-riding, through the dreary deserts of Suez, and of the peninsula of Sinai-after the rade gigantic rocky mountains of Sinai and Ho-reb, and then of Mt. Hor, on which Aaron died, and of Patre, the ancient city of the Edomites, the city whose habitations, temples and tombs, hern out of the solid mountain, most of them still open to the inspection of the curious traveller, (this whole rock city lies under the shadow of the gigantic Mount Hor) after crossing once more the Wady Arabah, which extends from the Gulf of Akaba on the Red Sea, to the very shores of the Dead Sea-after crossing over Mount Saffa, (one of the most difficult mountains I ever scaled)-it was indeed a relief to the eve and to the feelings, to come upon tracts of land embosomed among the stony mountains.on the south border of Palestine, exhibiting a scanty herbage, and now and then even tracts of culivation, improving in appearance every mile, but still without shrub or tree-to come suddenly, on rounding a projecting point of one of these limestone hills, upon a small, amphitheatre-like alley, green with springing grain, divided by stone fences, and diversified by olive groves and groups of fig trees ; just bursting into life ; another turn in the rocky path, and from my left seat on the back of a very tall. camel, I had a full view of the ancient city of Horeb-its fine large Mosque, with lofty minarets built over Abraham's tomb, its numerous substantial and clean looking houses, all built of limestone, and relieved by contrast with the rocky sides of the hilltop beyond it-and with the olive groves, and the patches of grain of a deep verdure here and there around it. Were we permitted to en-ter the town and walk or ride through its streets, I dare say we shall see dirt enough ... But at this distance, and especially as contrasted with the dreariness of the desert, the town of Hebron, lying on the hillside, and showing olive groves and greengrowing grain around it, looks beautiful; and as compared with the dirty appearance of the miserable mud hovels, constituting the towns and villages of Egypt and Nubia, Hebron seeins peculiarly clean and bright looking. Tomorrow morning our quarantine ends, and we hope, by sunrise, to be mounted and on our way to Jerusalem-the place where our Lord was crucified. To-day, is what our Episcopal friends call Good Friday, and next Sunday is the Easter of the Latin or Popish church ; and as most of the gentlemen of our large caravan (thirteen travellers, with their servants, &c., and we travelled with upward of fifty any tidn hat a dishuan to have our quarantine over, and to be in Jerusalem next Sunday-the Latin Easter. The Easter of the Greek Church, a much more imposing celebration at Jerusalem, occurs some where about a month later. At a future day, I hope M M to send you some account of Jerusalem, and the places of interest in and around it.

Thus far our journey has been prosperous, safe and pleasant. We have met with no accident ; with no nunoyance from any of the numerous tribes of wild Arabs, through whose territories we have been journeying; and as to the weather, we have been peculiarly favored. Since February 22d, when we left Cairo, we have had no storm-not a shower has fallen upon us, for thirty-three days; although twice, heavy showers poured down but a few miles ahead of us-but they had completely passed away, by the time we came to the ground on which they had poured. One day only in the desert-the day after we had left Suez-we were annoyed by the Khampsin wind, filling everything with sand and nearly blinding and half-stifling us; a few hours only, it lasted. This desert travelling is curious enough. The camel is a huge unsightly animal, travelling with long strides, by which, even at a walk, it passes rapidly over the ground; they are trong and enduring, but exceedingly disagreeable to ride, not only from the uneasy jerking pace, but also from the ugly growl in which they often indulge, and from the sickening odor of their breath, especially at certain seasons-and more particularly while they feed on the strong scented prickly herbage found occasionally in the desert. Usually we were astir before 5 o'clock in the morning, the duties of the toilet done, and reakfast over, and we mounted in our lofty seats for the day's journey, before 7 o'clock. In my tent I have a curtain arranged so that I have been able to take a cold water bath every morning, even in the worst part of the desert. About noon we generally rested for half an hour or threequarters, and took lunch, under the shadow of a ock, or of a desert mimosa if we could find one. The baggage camels generally passed us while at lunch. About half-past 4, or towards 5 o'clock, our Sheikh would call a halt, and in a few minutes every camel was lying down to be unloaded -the tents were crected-our beds and tables urrayed-and in half an hour after stopping we were at home in our own little apartment, the tent. By 7 o'clock, dinner was on the tableafter it our journals all written up-then a single cup of tea followed, and before 10 o'clock we were all abed, and probably sound asleep .--Though often excessively fatigued at night, yet usually a night's sound sleep thoroughly refreshhauled. ed us, and we arose in the morning ready, cheerfully to renew the toils of the journey. It would be impossible to convey to you an idea of the lively interest with which I have passed over the ground trodden by the Israelites under Moses, noticing the point where they must have crossed-judging from the sacred narrative, and differing from both Robinson and Wilkinson on that point. I sailed across the Red Sea and back again, where, I judge, the Israelites must have passed; but the Sirocco was blowing too strong for us to pass as far down the sea as I had intended. I drank from the fountain of Moses ; from the well Marah, (still bitter and brackish.) I stopped a night at Elam, where are still several wells and palm trees, and at Mount Sinai I ascended the lofty peak from which it seems most as Mrs. Perkins said when she buried her seventh probable the law was given-uttered audibly in er, who so greatly resembled Washington, as nished with different abilities adapted to mutual the awful tone of Jehovah's own voice; and from husband, and looked anxiously among the funerthat sacred spot, I looked abroad over the wide al crowd for another.

ong plains stretching out from the foot of mountain, and where millions of people could readily encamp, all in full view of the mountain and of its summit.

From Sinai, I passed among the wonderful defiles of these mountain masses, down to the coast of the eastern arm of the Red Sea: reached Akaba, at its northern extremity, and there saw and conversed in my tent with the renowned Arab Sheikh, Hassien, who was polite and attentive, and whose son, Mehemet, magnificently attired in scarlet silks, head our Arab escort to Petra and to Hebron. He left us only two days since. For wo or three years past, as it was formerly, but few have been able to penetrate to Petra. Year before last, Rev. Dr. Scott, of New Orleans, attempted it, but did not succeed. Our party this year was numerous, and we met with no difficulty, and truly it is a wonderful place ; a vast amhitheatre of sandstone, rocks, most beautifully colored and veined like a mixture of rosewood. and curled maple, with veins of ivory white .---These mountains are everywhere hewn out and excavated; exhibiting huge halls for apartments, for tombs, or for temples. In some places, for a long distance, the whole face of the mountain is so hewn and sculptured as to present the front of a temple, strongly resembling the Grecian architecture, with its columns, its ornamented capi-tals, its cornices, &c. &c. The temple called El Derri, plainly discernable from the summit of Mount Hor, and especially another temple called the Changa or the treasure hewn in a rocky mountain defile, to the north east of the amphitheatre, are peculiarly beautiful. The last named is one of the most exquisitely finished pieces of unnecessary for us to waste words in giving architecture I ever beheld. Beyond Petra on any reasons additional to that mentioned by the east rises the lofty range of Mount Seir, while to the west is Mount Hor, with its vast base and its numerous spires, some of granite, some of one truly worthy of the name does contain the imestone, separate the mountains of Petra from particulars, as to Petra and Sinai both, I must refer to Stephens' Arabia Petræ, (by the way, Stephens' dragoman Paulo Nutzio, is one of the dragomen attending our caravan, and talks much and well about Stephens and his adventures in these regions and in Syria.) I refer you, also, further to Wilson's Lands of the Bible, and to Robinson's Biblical Researcher, but especially to the Bible itself.

This whole region is well described in the sacred narrative; and the appearance of Petra, at this day, accessible only by passing through a long succession of mourning defiles, very steep, very dangerous, and capable of being defended. by a small force of resolute men against large armies; all agree well with the representations given in the Jewish history, and in the Jewish prophets of the stronghold of Edom, who made his habitation among the rocks, and sat himself high as the stars. I am glad and thankful, that have been permitted to visit and explore these wilnernesses so full of interest to every believer in revelation. Many passages of holy writ I shall be able now to understand, and to appreciate in a way that, otherwise, I could not have I have borne this fatigueing journey well, and

am at present in good health and fine spirits. In Syria we may expect bad roads, and occasionally bad weather; but I hope that He who has so signally prospered our journey thus far, will still mercifully guide our footsteps.

We hear this morning that fresh disturbances have broken out in Syria. Should this prove our credit in the eyes of other nations, if such a true, it may deprive us of the pleasure of seeing course should seem necessary to the advance-Damascus and Balbeck, and fender it difficult

A Good Newspaper. The Rev. Mr. Burnap in his "Lecture to

ung Men," says : of Prhaps I ought to beg pardon of the shade yearly dotus, when I avow, that I consider the that its greatest importance consist.

Apart from these uses, the persual of the history of the past is no better than novel reading, but viewed as an aid in shaping present conduct studied in connection with current hisfory it appears to us not only important but indispensable to both the Statesman and Moralist-to all whose position and abilities enable them to affect the public mind and the public interests, for weal or woe. And we have no doubt, that the reverend author himself is of the same opinion: while we agree fully with him, that historical reading "should begin not with the men of our own times." Here then we are brought back to the newspaper. It were unnecessary for us to waste words in giving the author, for agreeing in his opinion relative to the value-of a "newspaper." Such a onecurrent history of its own-times. To deserve the great great valley, of Arabah. For fuller the character, it must be impartial, industrious seeking truth, and that only, through every ac cessible avenue. It must have no partial purpose to serve re-

quiring the aid of sophistry in argument, or the perversion of occurring facts for its advancement. It must consider itself as lighting its lamp not alone for the present time ; the minds formed under its guidance now, will be called item. The price will probably range from 75 to to act not for themselves alone, but for poster- 90 cents. Good crops for several years have to act not for themselves alone, but for poster-ty; the future historian will look to it for illu-mination, to aid in directing the conduct of his own times, by the lesson it may afford, and other lands will search by its aid for our pres-ent conduct and character; how important to act not for soveral years have had an effect upon the price of land LEXINGTON, July 9.—The best crop of wheat ever grown in Kentucky has just been housed. The season has been exactly suited to that crop. Some Australian wheat grown by John L. The does it not appear, that its light should not be false ! To one holding such views the condition of the newspaper press in the country must bring reflections anything but agreeable. He sees both the past and current history of his own country daily falsified, while the passing events of other lands are given with all fidelity to truth, which is afforded by the means of obtaining information; and while ample justice is done to the eminent men of other nations, the benefactors of his own are treated as if or the penitentiary. He is condemned to pain of bearing the odium character abroad by those who deduce the characters of the people at large from that given to our most eminent public men by partial historians of the present time, by men here who would traduce our national faith, injure domestic business and ruin; ment of a particulyr purpose, such as the obtainment of political power by one party or set of men, or the retaining of it by another.-The public taste has been, and is fast becoming improved; and the time is not distant when a good newspaper," deemed by one scholar or gentlemen at least more valuable than all the writings at present. People are increasing in the desire and rapacity to exercise their own judgment; and they cannot long continue to purchase falsehood and dictation at a dear rate, while truth and freedom in mind can be had cheap.

General Uems,

The Wheat Crops, THE CROPS IN VIBGINIA The wheat harvest yearly yotus when I avow, that I consider the more valuents of one good newspaper, as reason for thithan all he ever wrote." His that the history's compliment to the press is that the history's complement to the press is in the transmission of the solution of the press is that the history's complement to the press is in the transmission of the press is the found the press of some farms by the being now over, we are enabled to say that the that the history on compliment to the press is in the journals of me's own times, to be found to him than history day, is more important fer is not without its S re of importance. for mills and there are the wheat ripened very ratervis not without its since of importance, for though the history of the st, no matter how remote, may be accounted curious reading, yet it is not merely so. As a scientific of the mind alone it is useful; but it is the lessons which it teaches, the revelations of the guidance or tates, showing the havens to be sought, and the st, it pidly, and those who had a large breadth to get in will, of course, lose something by shattering. In Shenandozh, the Tenth Legion says. "The crop is a much heavier one than was an-ticipated a few weeks ago. It is true, in many instances, the late sown wheat, and particularly showing the havens to be sought, and the should the smooth that whole, taking into considera-rocks, whirpools and quicksands to be avoided tion the superior quality of the grain, will not

tion the superior quadry of the grand, which the solid far short of an average one." "The Martinsburg Republican states that "the crop & the county is a full average, and the wheat is of superior quality." The Martinsburg Gazette says : "The wheat harvest is ended, and the expecta-tions of the husbandmen are more than realized. The quantity is, we are glad to learn, fully equal-to that of last year and the quality first rate. The prospect for a good crop of corn is fair. The Romney Intelligencer thus speaks for

Hampshire: "Along the Branch, in this county, the wheat crop is remarkably good, and in the other por-tions of the county, we believe, a much more plentiful crop has been reaped than was hoped ior early in the spring. "The corn, though it has suffered severely for the want of rain; is very capable of resuccitation. Several showers on Sunday last, and a very use one during the same night, have broken np-we hope finally-the long drought." DETROIT, July 8-I arrived there last night

from the interior. Farmers are busy now cuthe wheat. They have had cool, comfortable weath er to begin with. The crop will tarn out fine from the threshing machine. The straw is short, but that is of no value here. With your Jersey and Long Island farmers it forms an important item. The price will probably range from 75 to

bert, is much talked of. CHICAGO, July 8,-Such agood crop of wheat never grew before in this great wheat region.-The yield per acre is great and quality exc Corp is everywhere backward, and Hay short ; Onts do.

OTTAWA, Ill., July 9,-This is a year of abundance among farmers. They are now busy cut-ting Wheat. The crop is better than it has been in years. Oats are just heading—the straw in short. Recent rains have improved Corn and

over; the yield is beyond precedent; the ber good and uninjured by flies. Corn never looked better. Oats are short but head well. Grass light.

HORRIBLE !- Two men in Illinois, near Lecon, came to a terrible death last week. A com-panion had stolen a bottle of liquor, as he sup-posed, which he handed them for a treat. They both drank of it in such haste that its pungency and deadly power were not discovered until too late to avert the evil. It turned out to be nitric acid, diluted in rain water, said to have been procured for the purposes of galvanizing. But a moment elapsed before they fell to the earth overwhelmed with the most intense and exeruciating pain. They rolled and tumbled, and lawed their faces and the earth with both hands. indicating, by the contortions of their bodies and groaning, all that agony which would ensue if hey had swallowed red hot coals. Death soon ensued. DEATH OF A BEGGAR. On Monday morning, says the Perthshire Advertiser, a miserable old man named Wilson, who earned a livelihood by public begging, expired at his residence in South Street, at the ripe age of 95. Although he sub-sisted entirely on the alms of the charitable, and had a sufficiency of wretchedness in his appear-ance to stir up the sympathies of the benevolent, he whining age stricken mendicant was in a sense, no proper object of commiseration. For ears his nearest neighbors knew that he was the proprietor of the house in which he lived, and some of his more confidential acquaintances were even aware that, besides being a laird, he had "lying money;" and now that he has thrown off life's "mortal coil" the extent of his accumulations has been in some measure ascertained. We are not properly aware how the fact has been come at, nor can we youch for all that has been said about the matter; but report has itand we believe pretty accurately-that the chest which contains his stores is too heavy for the strength of a single man, that he has left no less than 35s. in farthings, npwards of £30 in pence and half pence, about £40 in silver money. and bank checks to nearly £400. Wilson was not a native of Perth, and nobody knows where he came from, nor can any one say whether that is his proper name or not. In other places he had borne other names, while, not being communicative, all knowledge of his original habitation had died away long ago. Occasionally, however, he was vain enough to tell that he once had a 19 years' lease of a grazing farm near Dunoon ; but beyond that, or whether he was fortunate or otherwise in his speculation, no one ever heard. He never claimed kindred with any; he spoke of no old friendships, or even tried to conjure up the memory of early days. To him the past never appeared worth thinking of, and the only, charm of the present was the hoarding up of the pittances he whined out of the pockts of the kind hearted.

If there be a class of human beings on earth who may properly be denominated low, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without bringing anything in of themselves.

"Dick, I say, why don't you turn that buffalo robe t'other side out?-hair side in is the warmest."

"Bah, Tom, you git cout. Do you s'pose the animal himself didn't know how to wear his hide? I follow his plan."

MEN AND WOMEN .- Men are the most capable of distinguishing merit in women, and ladies for us to reach even Beyrout-still we hope for the best.

Please to assure all kind Mobile friends of my frequent remembrance of them, and of my desire, now growing daily stronger to return, and to find myself once more among them.

JERUSALEM, March 27.

Arrived safe in Jerusalem to-day. I spent three days at Hebron, visited the oak of Abra-ham on the plains of Mamre; visited Bethlehem, the city of our Lord's nativity. This morning I attended to see high mass in the Latin Church of the Holy Sepulchie, the Bishop of Jerusalem officiating in person. He is a fine looking man, about 40, and wears one of the finest beards I ever saw. The ceremy was one of the most splendid characters, the costumes and sacred vessels were gorgeous to excess.

This evening I ascended the Mount of Olives, west of Jerusalem, and from its summit had Jerusalem in full view on the east, and the Dead Sea and the River Jordan, for a vast extent, full before me. The mountains cast of the Dead Sea rise abruptly from the water's edge, and are very high. The same runs down east of Wady Arabah, all the way to Akaba on the Arabian Gulf of the Red Sea. Adicu.

W. T. HAMILTON.

A SUCCESSFUL DOMESTIC SEARCH .- Mr. H. affronted his wife, who, to punish him, resolved to be dumb whenever he was present; and so well did she maintain her resolution, that nearly a week passed away, during which not a word did she utter in his presence. She performed her household duties as usual; but speak she would not. He tried to coax her out of her whim, but in vain. At last he tried the following plan to overcome her resolution by working on her curiosity-the most ungovernable of female propensities. Returning one evening from his employment, his lady sat there as usual, mute. He immediately commenced a vigorous search throughout the room. The closet was examined, the bed room, the drawers, boxes, shelves-every thing that could possibly be thought of was over-

His wife was struck with astonishment at his unaccountable behavior; and so he proceeds in his search. She became very nervously anxious to find out what he was looking for. What could it be ? She looked in his face, to glean, if possible, from his expression, the object of his search; but no go, he was as soler as a judge .-He lifted the edge of the carpet, looked under the table cover, and finally, approaching her chair, looked under it, and even going so far as to brush her dress partially aside, as if what he sought might be hid there. She could stand it no longer. She burst out, "Bob, what are you looking for?" He smiled, and answered, "Your tongue, and I've found it."

"If it was not for hope the heart would break."

A witty clergyman had been lecturing in a country village on the subject of Temperance, and as usual after the lecture the pledge was passed round for signatures. "Pass it along that way," said the lecturer,

pointing towards a gang of bloated, red nose loafers near the door. "Pass it along, perhaps some of those gentlemen would like to join our cause."

"We don't bite at a large hook," gruffly mutered one of the runmies.

"Well," replied the clergyman, "I believe there is a kind of fish called suckers that do not bite."

A NEW WAY TO QUENCH THIRST .-- In a cervillage lived a very honest farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in a field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the spirit." "Grog, you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also, 'hoe ! every one that thirsteth.'

FORCE OF HABIT. - The following amusing story is a striking illustration of the force of habit.

A blooming Irish lass entered the service of a lady who was ill with consumption. A friend of the invalid sent twice a day to inquire how she was-Ellen regularly brought down the answer-

"My missus's compliments, and she had a very indifferent night;" or, "my missus's comliments, and she feels very weak to day."

This went on for six weeks, and Ellen seemed more and more sensible of the kindness and attention every time the messenger came. The compliments were sent back as usual, but the intelligence became sadder and sadder. At length, one day when the friendly inquiry after the health of her mistress came as before, poor Ellen crept to the door, with swollen eyes streaming with tears, and sobbed out the melancholy answer-

"My missus's compliment, and she died this morning at eight o'clock."

A RECLINATION.

A correspondent, something new Transmitting, signed himself "X Q;" The Editor his letter read, And begged he might be X Q Z.

A young boy of Marietta, about four years of age, we are informed by a gentleman of that place, who had been in the habit for some time past of procuring bread from his grandmother to feed his "long tailed monkey," was recently dis-covered petting a snake, holding its head in one hand, and dropping crumbs of bread into its mouth. Of course his pet was destroyed, but he alleges that he has "another long-tailed monkey which they shan't find out."