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TERMS.

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Miscellaneous.

Pestilence and their Effects.

The awful mortality produced by the epidemic at New Orleans has given occasion to the remark, in various quarters, that its ravages are unparalleled. The history of the pest, however, furnishes many instances of more terrible destruction of human life by various pestilences. The Philadelphia Ledger notices the following, among the many that in a measure have desolated the cities of the earth:

The first of which we have a detailed account is that recorded by Thucydides, and which visited Athens about four hundred and thirty years before the Christian era. It appears to have been identical in kind with the great plague of London in 1666, the accounts written of the one applying almost exactly to the other. The mortality which attended it seems almost incredible. It was followed, at uneven periods, by other visitations of pestilence, which swept off millions of the human race, at Rome, Egypt, Syria, and finally Constantinople. Gibbon relates that in the reign of Justinian, A. D. 527, a plague devastated the empire for fifty-two years. During a portion of this time, when Constantinople was visited by the epidemic, ten thousand persons died daily. Two centuries later, two hundred thousand persons were carried off, in that capital, by another visitation of the plague. In the earlier visitation many smaller cities were depopulated by it. Whole districts, devoted to agriculture, were abandoned, the harvest being left to wither on the ground. Gibbon computes the entire mortality, during the fifty-two years of plague, at one hundred millions.

During the dark ages, the plague swept over Europe several times with frightful violence.—Boccaccio has left a vivid narrative of its appearance at Florence, about the middle of the fourteenth century. It bore the name of the "Black Death," and closely resembled the old plague of Athens. Visiting England, it swept off fifty thousand inhabitants of London alone, though the British capital had not at that time probably more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. Fifty years later, the plague appeared again in London, when thirty thousand persons perished of it within a twelvemonth. In 1517, an epidemic called the "Sweating Sickness" broke out in Europe, and extending to England, deprived the principal towns, according to Stowe, of half their inhabitants. In 1603, nearly forty thousand persons died of plague in London. About the same period, Constantinople is said to have lost two hundred thousand of its inhabitants by the same disease. As the age of official statistics had not yet arisen, these numbers may have been occasionally exaggerated; but the very vastness of the estimates, even if but approximations, proves the frightful rate of mortality. It is to be regretted that we have not more exact accounts of these epidemics, so as to be able to determine whether they were identical in character, as the best medical writers concur, or really different, as their names imply.

We come now to the pestilence which devastated London in 1665, and which is commonly known as "The Great Plague." It does not appear, after all, to have been as fatal as many which preceded it; and really owes its pre-eminence to the vivid descriptions left of it. This epidemic appeared in September, 1664, and after lingering all winter, began to rage violently as early as May. The summer set in unusually hot. In the week ending the 13th June, 112 had died of the disease; the next week the number rose to 165; the next to 207; and the next to 470. Macculey computes the population of London at this time at about half a million. By the middle of July, however, two hundred thousand had fled to the country. The pestilence now began to increase with appalling rapidity. The deaths for the week ending with the 1st of August were 2010, and they rose steadily in numbers till the 5th of September, having reached, for the week ending at that date, 6988. The week following there were 6344; the week after that 6165; and the next week 5533. The pestilence now rapidly abated. The mortality for the ensuing five weeks was, respectively, 4529, 4327, 2663, 1421, and 1031. By the 5th of December, the weekly deaths from the plague had fallen to 210. This, after the awful mortality which had preceded it, was considered a trifle; the fugitives consequently returned to town, and business was generally resumed.

Other pestilences, since the London one, have been very fatal. In 1720, 60,000 persons perished at Marseilles, or quite half of the population. In Egypt, Syria and Barbary, the mortality of the plague has frequently trebled, and even quadrupled, the present mortality at New Orleans. In the "Great Plague," London lost 100,000 of her inhabitants, or one-third of those who stayed to encounter the pestilence. New Orleans must lose 27,000 to attain a like mortality; but God forbid that she should!

Good Manners.

The good sound sense of the subjoined extract, should recommend it to the attention of all who are in any way entrusted with the care of youth:—"It is a matter of sound policy to cultivate the manners of our children. For gentlemen manners, and a kind and obliging address, will do more to gather around one a firm and enduring friendship, than strength of mind and superiority of attainments. The manners to which we refer are the fruit of the cultivation of the mind and heart, the outpourings of benevolence, sincerity, and inward purity. In all the departments and professions of life, we prefer, other things being equal, to avail ourselves of the services of persons of agreeable and obliging manners. Good man-

ners are a passport to favour with all men. They are coin of great intrinsic value, and every where current. We may be allowed to glance at some of the features of good manners, such as we desire to have taught and practised in our schools, and such as all persons in well ordered society are bound to observe. The conventional rules of society are not arbitrary enactments, which any who choose have a right to set at defiance. They are essential to the maintenance and enjoyment of social intercourse, and the furtherance of its highest ends. Every person who enjoys the privileges and benefits of society, is morally bound to observe its wholesome rules. Ill breeding is a sin against good morals, as well as a breach of social laws. No person has any right to act the clown in well ordered society, or to be unkind and offensive, setting at defiance the laws made for its convenience and comfort by common consent. The leading feature of good manners is a scrupulous observance of all the rules that regulate social intercourse. Let the pupils of our schools be required to observe them in their intercourse with each other and their teachers, and upon all other occasions. Many of these rules, abstractly considered, are little things; and yet in their influence upon the convenience and pleasure of social intercourse, they are great things. A particle of dust is a small thing, yet in the eye which it irritates, it becomes a great thing in its influence. So infringement of the rules of good breeding may be in itself a small matter, but it often becomes important in the friction and irritation which it produces in social intercourse."

Temper—Its Perils and its Penalties.

"Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath, Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife, Unonly murder and untimely scathe, Litter despite, with rancorous rusty knife, And treading grief, the enemy of life."

A large portion of the misery of mankind may be attributed to the infirmities of temper. The cases are rare indeed in which an individual can pass through life, even for a single week, without discovering at the close that the annoyance and pain have been caused by the indulgence of a hasty or petulant spirit, or the utterance of some harsh or uncalculated remark. We are all more or less the creatures of temper, while the peace of many a family is constantly disturbed, and the lives of many innocent persons are frequently embittered by the improper indulgence of temper. The slightest cause is sufficient to induce irascibility, the merest trifle will sometimes produce a domestic whirlwind. And then, too, when the fiend of an ungovernable temper is fully aroused, who may measure the bounds of its violence, or venture to predict the consequences? How many hearts may be pained, and what scenes of anxiety may be produced at home? At this moment it is probable there are thousands of individual sufferers in Philadelphia from the effects of temper. There are few indeed, who can command and control themselves at all times. The anxieties of life are calculated to disturb and irritate; sickness is apt to make one fretful; misfortune often saddens and sours the disposition, while selfishness and obstinacy exercise a sad influence upon temper. The trials and triumphs of human nature in this respect would, could they be detailed, abound with useful lessons; while on the other hand, the fearful consequences of a violent temper, consequences that have often involved the shedding of blood, would, could they be depicted in vivid language, and condensed within reasonable limits, at once admonish and appal. We some days since heard of a case in which two individuals who had sworn to be faithful to each other for life, became so excited and inflamed, that each subsequently confessed that the demon of temper had so mastered them for a time, that fearful acts of violence were contemplated. And yet they both admitted that anything of the kind would have been a source of regret and anguish to them for the rest of their days. Nay, how many awful scenes have taken place under precisely the same circumstances! How much sorrow and remorse has been experienced because of the deeds done and language uttered under the influence of temper—deeds never to be forgotten, and language never to be effaced from the memory. In all the relations of domestic life, a command of temper is absolutely indispensable. Let the head of the household forget himself in this respect, and all the blessings of calm, of peace, of tranquility and decorum, will speedily disappear.

It is indeed impossible to imagine the extent to which an ungovernable temper may carry its unfortunate victim, or the deplorable consequences that may ensue.

Doubtless there are many at this moment who are groaning in penitentiaries, who, could they have governed themselves, and kept a check upon their temper, would have been mingling in society as useful and honorable citizens. They now discover the error, but, alas, too late! How important then, that in the education of children, the temper should be looked to as well as the morals, the manners and the mind. Of late years, incompatibility of disposition has been alleged in many cases as the chief ground for divorce. In other words, the parties could not agree, the one or the other, or perhaps both, being touchy, impatient, irascible—that is to say, high tempered. Others again live on in misery for years, ever and anon annoying themselves and others by bursts of passion, fits of violence, and gusts of temper. Converse with them upon the subject, and they will admit the infirmity, and at the same time contend that it is impossible to control it. If this indeed be the case—if they cannot command themselves, but are liable at any moment to indulge in some fearful outbreak, they are among the most unfortunate of mankind. A sleeping devil may be said to occupy their hearts, whose slumbers may be disturbed and fury roused at any moment, may, sometimes by a word or a mere look. The victim thereof is constantly at the mercy of his fiend. He may sometimes be prompted to violence, may, to murder—and, indeed, many of the homicides that take place in civilized society, are perpetrated when reason is mastered by temper, and when the whirlwind of passions rages without thought or regard to consequences. Alas! for the poor wretch who is constantly giving way to bursts of temper, who not only renders himself unhappy, but annoys, pains and makes miserable all over whom he can exercise authority, and many who, under other circumstances, would look up to him with respect and admiration.

"Is there fellers alive now?" said an urehlin to his teacher. "What fellers do you mean, my dear?" "Why, Paul and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them."

FEMALE SOCIETY.—No society is more profitable, because none more refining and provocative of virtue, than that of a refined and sensible woman. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favor persuade men's souls to leave the path of sinful strife for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when woman falls from her blessed eminence, and sinks the guardian and the cherisher of pure and rational enjoyments into the vain coquette and flattered idolator of fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's admiration. Beauty is then but a pest:

"A pretty plaything;
Dear deceit!"

We honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to woman. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and that our women are worthy of such respect. Yet women should be something more than mere women to win us to their society. To be our companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts, they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are not more is rather the fault of our own sex than their own; and despite all the unwomanly scandals that have been thrown upon them, in prose and verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense, than listen to the silly compliments of fools; and a man dishonors them, as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle past-time, and not the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart.

THE TOMB OF MR. WEBSTER.—A marble tomb has been placed in front of Mr. Webster's tomb at Marshfield—similar to those which he erected in memory of his wife, son and daughters—which bears the following inscription:

DANIEL WEBSTER,
BORN JANUARY 18, 1782,
DIED OCTOBER 24, 1852.

Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.

Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the Universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The sermon on the mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it.

It seems to me that all times of life are alike adapted for happiness, and that if we grow old, as one should grow old, the last days of life must be the happiest of all. Every stage of life is but the preparation for the next one. It is the treasure-house in which are collected all the pleasures that are to make the future time happy. The child has, indeed, but few troubles, but they are as great to him as larger ones prove to his parents. I asked a friend once, speaking of the happy cloudless days of his childhood, if he would like to be always a child? He stopped for a moment, and then said, "No." I think he was right. There is progress in everything—in our means of happiness, and in our capacity for enjoyment. Then let us not look back upon the time-wrinkled face of the past, only with regret. Give me the present, glowing and full of life, and the future glorious with bright visions. I would rather look forward than to look back; rather spend the golden hours in working out present happiness than in vain regrets for the past. It is but the helm with which to steer our onward course. The future lies before us. It is the steep and rugged mountain up which lies our way. It is not genius nor fortune that solves the way to eminence, but earnestness—self-control—wisdom. These are in our hands—let us use them, and when, at the sunset of life we turn to look back on our path and see it stretching far down before us, peacefully, happily we may lay ourselves down to rest.

CURE OF FOXGLOVE IN HORSES.—Having had a little experience in curing the founder in horses, I take this method to give you a fact, that you may give it to others through the columns of your valuable "Journal." It may be of great service to some, and save many a fine horse from premature death and much suffering.

The fact I shall give you, is of a horse worth three hundred dollars, because of his fleetness. He came to my hand in August, about eight o'clock in the evening, after being driven only twenty-nine miles, with only two persons in a very light and easy buggy. The horse for some time had been fed all the grain he would eat. For two or three days he had not liked his grain, but the night before he came to my hand he had eaten to the full of all he had liked; and when he came he was so stiff he could not step over a six inch pole, and when he attempted to turn round would nearly fall. I put him into water nearly knee deep, and kept a wet blanket on him all the time for four hours; then put him into stable, and put another blanket over him and left him for the night. The next morning I found him sweating; took him from the stable and rode him a mile, led him back, and put him in the brook again for an hour. During the day I exercised him about five miles, and about sun set let him stand an hour in the water, and again in the next morning.

About nine o'clock he was started on his journey of forty-two miles, and performed it with ease before sunset; he laid over one day, and went home the next, forty-five miles, and was returned to his owner, and he being a farmer, sold him in a few days, perfectly unable to describe any difficulty or damage done to his horse, being ignorant of what had happened. The horse was allowed all the food and water he wanted as usual. He was not bled in any part, neither was there anything given to him except his usual food. The second day he was as limber as he ever was, and has shown no injury fr. in his four day since.

If you think this worthy of your notice, and wish it, I will give you my opinion of the founder and its cure.—*Water-Cure Journal.*

"Is there fellers alive now?" said an urehlin to his teacher. "What fellers do you mean, my dear?" "Why, Paul and Luke, and Deuteronomy, and them."

CURIOUS MENTAL PHENOMENA.—Dr. Carpenter is delivering a course of lectures, at Manchester, on the Physiology of the nervous system. In his fifth lecture the doctor related some curious instances of mind. He spoke of a very learned professor, some years ago, at Aberdeen, Dr. Robert Hamilton, whose essay on the national debt largely contributed to the abolition of the sinking fund.—In public this man was a shadow. He pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance. He went to one of his classes early in the morning, with one of his wife's white stockings on one leg, and a black one on the other.—He often spent the whole time of the class in moving from the table the hats, which his students as constantly returned. He sometimes invited the students to call upon him, and then he fined them for insulting him, if they called. He ran against a cow, and begged her pardon, called her madam, hoped she had not been hurt.—He would run against posts, and elide them for not getting out of the way. Yet if any one was with him at the time, his conversation would be perfectly logical. Another instance of absence of mind was quoted in the case of a Scotch clergyman, who was invited to a party in Edinburgh, at a time when it was usual to mix devotion with social intercourse. He was requested to conduct the services before the company broke up; and he, therefore knelt down and began to pray in an appropriate manner. But soon he apparently entirely forgot where he was, and he continued his prayer as if in the quietude of his own chamber. He made reflections, in the prayer, on the mode in which he had spent the evening, and on the individuals present with him at the party.—when he had concluded his prayer, he rose up, took off his coat and waistcoat, and was about to proceed to further extremes, when his friends stopped him.—More familiar instances of absence of mind were mentioned as occurring to more than one gentleman, who have been known to go up stairs to dress for an evening party, and actually undressed, and got into bed, while their wives, perhaps, were waiting for them below.—*Flag.*

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of initiating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in the head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty-four muscles.—His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore three thousand eight hundred and forty in an hour, ninety-two thousand one hundred and sixty in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another, is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady bird can fly twenty millions times its own length in an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour, and a canary falcon can even reach two hundred and fifty leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound, eleven hundred and forty-two English feet in a second.—*Bucke.*

TROUBLING INCIDENT.—We learn says the Memphis Whig, from a reliable source, that a married couple were travelling on a steamboat bound to New Orleans to an upstream port, the man sickened and died. When the boat touched at Memphis, the bereaved and distressed widow landed there with the corpse, an undertaker was sent for, who came and took the measure for a coffin. The coffin was prepared, the body deposited therein, and all was in readiness to take the mortal remains of that dear husband to its last, final resting place. The lady, with all the fond affection and deep love of a wife, begged the privilege of taking one more look, a last parting kiss on him who was more dear to her than all others upon earth. The lid was taken off, and she laid upon that cold, icy brow, bathing it in tears, and smothering those cold lips with warm kisses, a sort of consciousness and symptoms of life became apparent; the body was taken from the coffin, and a physician sent for. Our tale is soon told. The man soon became convalescent, and but a few days since the happy couple took passage from Memphis on an upstream boat; and are now en route for their place of destination. But for that fond loving wife, the husband might now be lying in a cold damp grave.

ALWAYS BEGIN RIGHT.—The following extract is from the Philadelphia Ledger. We sincerely commend it to our young readers; it contains the words of truth and soberness:—"Above all things, life should be begun right. Young men rarely know how much their conduct, during their first few years, affects their subsequent success. It is not only that older persons at the same business form their opinions of them at this time, but that every beginner acquires, during these years, habits for good or ill—high color his whole future career. We have seen some of the ablest young men, with every advantage of fortune and friends, sow the seeds of ruin and early death by indulging too freely in the first years of manhood. We have seen others, with far less capacity, and without any backing but industry and energy, rise gradually to fortune and influence. Franklin is a familiar illustration of what a man can do who begins right. If he had been too proud to eat rats in the street when he was a poor boy, he would never have been minister plenipotentiary to the court of France.

Always begin right! Survey the whole ground before you commence any undertaking and you will then be prepared to go forward successfully. Neglect this, however, and you are almost sure to fail. In other words, begin

right. A good commencement is half the battle. A false first step is almost certain defeat. BEGIN RIGHT."

Terrible Hurricane.

The steamer Georgia Capt. Budd, from New York bound for Navy Bay, with 300 passengers, arrived here in distress on Sunday evening, having encountered a terrible hurricane off Cape Hatteras, on Wednesday last, which none on board thought the steamer could survive. We are indebted to one of her passengers for the following thrilling account of the storm:

The Georgia left New York on the 5th inst., and had pleasant weather until Wednesday, 7th, about 10 a. m., on which day a severe storm suddenly arose, and continued until 1 p. m., when it abated somewhat. During this time the steamer behaved tolerably well. The storm, which was from SE, having continued to abate for perhaps an hour, suddenly changed into a perfect hurricane of wind and rain from NE, attended by as boisterous a sea as perhaps was ever witnessed.

The ship then ceased to be under the control of her machinery, and the water rushed into her engine rooms, in the course of a few hours entirely extinguished her fires and submerged a large portion of her machinery. Of the 408 souls on board not one seemed to have the faintest hope of escaping a watery grave. The pumps having failed to perform their office, windlasses and casks were put in requisition, and all hands labored incessantly to free the ship up to 9 p. m., Thursday night, when the violence of the sea had sufficiently abated to allow the fires to be rekindled. For some hours after this, they were unable to make the engines work, and they again commenced the work of bailing with renewed vigor, and never did men labor harder—a more heroic set cannot be found. The last prayer was fervently offered to Him who controls the destinies of men; friends and the loved ones at home were remembered and a tear silently dropped to their memory—and then the horrors of their situation were faced with the calm courage of despair. Not a wail went up from that large assemblage of souls on the verge of eternity; with no hope of escape from the raging billows, not a cheek was bleached with fear, but all struggled on with arms nerved for the occasion, determined to yield to death alone. And success at last crowned their efforts. In the course of Thursday night the machinery was got to work, and having continued their work of bailing up to Saturday morning, their safety was assured by a cessation of the storm. During all this time not a soul on board had slept, and not a meal had been cooked. As we said before, they arrived here in the afternoon of Saturday and we trust that they will find in our city all those comforts and luxuries which can serve to make them amends for their severe privations.—*Norfolk Beacon, Sept. 12.*

NEGRO KILLED BY ANOTHER.—A rencounter took place between two negroes on last Sunday at Providence Church, in this county, in which one was killed by blows inflicted by the other. The negro killed belonged to James D. Craig, Esq., of this place, the other to a Mr. Day, living near Bouze Chitto Creek. The fight was caused by liquor sold on the ground by negroes, who of course obtained it from some of the low white men in the community, who make their living by trafficking with slaves, contrary to law. This case should, and we hope will, arouse our citizens to a greater degree of diligence in ferreting out and bringing to punishment those whose only business among us appears to be to corrupt and destroy our servile population.—*Cahaba (Ala.) Gazette.*

THE MOTHER OF VICTORIA.—The Duchess of Kent is at Frogmore, which is an extensive cottage on the Windsor Park, once inhabited by Queen Charlotte, of snuffy memory, who has been immortalized by Byron, as—"An ugly, bad old woman."

The Duchess, as mother to our Queen, is provided for by the public. She has an annual allowance of £22,000, besides sundry residences rent free. The curious part of the matter is that, while her daughter was heiress-presumptive to the crown, (which was a position involving some expense,) the Duchess had £20,000 a year; but when Victoria became Queen, lessening her mamma's outlay, the obsequious Melbourne ministry got parliament to raise it to £2,000—thus showing that the less she had to spend, the more she must receive! It was whispered, at the time, that Lord Melbourne wished to become third husband to the Duchess, who was then aged 51. Nothing came of it, and the lady, now in her 68th year, is not likely to change her condition. She has been a fine woman, with dark eyes and hair, but is now very stout and flabby—known, wherever she drives, by the immense quantity of rouge with which she bedaubes her cheeks.

London Cor. of N. Y. Sunday Times.

There are but three cities in the world containing a greater population than New York; they are London, 2,363,141; Paris, 1,597,262; and Constantinople, 786,990. New York has 522,768. But if the world stands until New York shall become as old a city as London now is, and its population continues at the present annual increase, who can compute the number of its inhabitants, or measure its territorial extent! London dates back to the generation that saw the Saviour. In the reign of Nero, less than half a century after Christ, it was a place of considerable importance.

Paris, the next largest city in the world, was spoken of by Caesar, who reigned half a century before Christ, and when taken by the Franks 500 years after, was a large and beautiful city.

Constantinople is still older than either of the above. It was founded by Byzas, 656 years before Christ, and was rebuilt by Constantine, A. D. 328.

The foundation of New York, on the other hand, is of quite recent date. It received its name, given in honor of John, Duke of York, in 1664, at which time it was captured of the Dutch, by the English. It then contained a population of about 3,000. The first permanent settlement made on Manhattan Island was

by the Dutch, in 1615, and the first public wharf was built as late as 1658.

But little more than 200 years have passed since the first permanent occupancy of the spot on which now stands New York, and in less than two centuries her population has increased from 3,000 to more than half a million.

[Poughkeepsie Telegraph.]

The Men over the Niagara Falls.

The Press has teemed, with various concocted paragraphs respecting the melancholy and fearful catastrophe, which lately happened at the Niagara Falls, and from the evidence subsequently adduced, appears to have been occasioned by intemperance.

Numerous schemes have been suggested, to prevent any similar fatal occurrence, although such events do not take place twice in a century.

Hundreds, aye and thousands, are annually hurled over the cataclysts of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and yet their fate elicits but little remark and less commiseration.

Millions are at this moment gliding down the current of intemperance, having started from the treacherous stream of moderate indulgence, until day after day numbers are suddenly engulfed in the vortex of a drunkard's grave.

Who offers a thousand dollars to save any of these victims, or to stretch a wire across the traffic's torrent, as was proposed at the Niagara Falls? Who will put in execution some certain preventive against their almost inevitable doom?

Men are rarely so rash as to risk their lives in the currents above the Falls of Niagara, although they constantly rush into the rapids of indulgence in the social glass, with a full knowledge that their doom is as certain, but perhaps not as sudden in the one case as in the other.

In death by drowning a man only sacrifices life, but in death by intoxication, reputation, family, and friends, are irretrievably injured by the conduct of the inebriate, during his existence, as well as by the ignoble termination of it.

The individuals who were lost over the Falls only destroyed themselves, but drinking men not merely kill themselves, but injure their offspring, who inherit their parents' ruinous habits, as every writer from Plutarch to the present time has asserted that *Ebrii gignunt ebrios*, and Dr. Darwin thus expresses himself—"It is remarkable that all the diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors, are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, until the family becomes extinct."

In evidence brought before the British Parliament, in 1834, the report alludes in strong terms to this fact:—"The diminution of the physical power and longevity of a large portion of the British population, the loss of personal beauty, the decline of health and progressive decay of the bodily and mental powers" are enumerated as among the effects of intemperance, "which evils," it goes on to say, "are accumulative in the amount of injury they inflict."

With all these undeniable physiological facts before the people, is it not their duty to protect themselves and their offspring by returning members to represent them, who will pass a Prohibitory Law, which will prevent the community not from going over the Falls of Niagara by three in a century, but to finally obstruct them from rushing in crowds over the Cataract of certain death by Drunkenness.

Canada West Spirit of the Age.

A FREE FIGHT.—The following is a description of a free fight in Western Virginia, as related by one of the eye witnesses thereof. Premising that there was but one man struck, in answer to an interrogatory as to who he was, the narrator replies:

"I reckon he was from low down on Guy an, somewhere. Jes as they war jawin, a chap rode up on a clay-bank hoss—'I reckon he w a Messinger stock, a scrowgin anemil, a liddle mite blind of both eyes—a peert looking chap enough, an' when he got ferment the place, see he, 'Is this a free fight?' and they tole him it wor. 'Well, says he, 'gitting off an' hatching his ole clay bank to a swinging limb, count me in!' He hadn't more'n got it out, afore some one fetched him a flick, an' he drapt. He rz dreckly with some debefulty, an' se he, 'Is this a free fight?' an' they tole it arr. 'Well, se he, unhehnt his boss, and puttin his left leg over the back leather, 'count me out!' an' then he marvelled."

A young lady once hinted to a gentleman, that her thimble was worn out, and asked what she should receive for her industry. He sent her a new thimble, with the following lines:—
I send you a thimble for fingers so nimble,
Which I hope will fit you when you try it,
It will last you long, if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it.

Mother, you musn't whip me for running away from school any more!

"Why?"
"Because my school book says that ants are the most industrious beings in the world, ain't it a true ant?"
"Polly! Box his ears!"

ANXIOUS DOMESTIC.—"Father did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Ann Domini, in 1835, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as busy as our own, have been swallowed up by Time, and there remains no record of them any more. Yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and Pleiades, are still shining in their courses—clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar!—*Carlyle.*

LYING.—One lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through.—*Owen.*