

THE CAMDEN WEEKLY JOURNAL.

VOLUME XVI.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 19, 1855.

NUMBER 25.

Selected Poetry.

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Honored be woman! she beams on the right,
Grace and fair, like a being of light;
Scatters around her wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss on our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garden of love.

Man on passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Loudlier still it roars within,
Flashing lights of hope confound him,
Stones with life's incessant din.

Woman invites him with bliss in her smile
To cease from his toil and be happy a while;
Whispering wooingly—come to my bowers—
Go not in search of the phantom of power—
Honor and wealth are illusory—come!
Happiness dwells in the temples of home.

Man, with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man,
Reckless if he bless or ravage,
Action, action—still his plan.
Now creating, now destroying,
Ceaseless woe's tear his breast;
Ever seeking—ne'er enjoying,
Still to be, but never blest.

Woman; contented in silent repose,
Enjoys its beauty, each flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart,
Far richer than man with his treasure of art;
And wiser by far in the circles confined,
Than he with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentle arts,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly through his bosom stealing
Flows the genial current on,
Till by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with steady reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try,
And tear drops and smiles on her countenance play,
Like sunshine and showers of a morning in May.

Through the range of man's dominion
Terror is the ruling word—
And the standard of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Strife exalts and pity blushing,
From the scene departing flies,
Where the battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—
She rules by enchantment the realms of the soul;
As she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the passions is hushed for a while,
And discord, content from his fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the pillows of peace.

Miscellaneous.

From the New-York Herald.

The French Commanders-in-Chief in the Crimea.

GEN. PELISSIER THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

This officer, to whom the command in chief of the French army in the Crimea has just been transferred, in consequence of the resignation of General Canrobert, is one of those African chiefs who have won their way to high military rank by rather equivocal means. He acquired an infamous celebrity by the cruel exploit which he performed in the Dahr, in 1845, in suffocating 800 men, women and children of one of the Arab tribes, in a cave. We copy from the Pantheon Populaire, a well-edited Paris publication, the following rather apologetic account of this affair: The Kantara, the title of which signifies a bridge, is a vast thicket which connects two rocky eminences, situated on the borders of the Oued Frechich. Here are the vast grottoes called Dahr el Frechich. The Ouled-Rihis fancied that they had placed in these caves, in full security, their wives, children and valuables. Pressed closely by Colonel Pelissier, who had arrived to undertake a razzia against the Beni Zentes, and who was to be joined by Colonel St. Arnaud, who had taken the Eastern route, they themselves were compelled to crowd into these caverns for safety. Sixty of them posted themselves in advance to apprise the rest of the arrival of the French, and as soon as the latter were in sight, the Kabyles commenced a well sustained fire against the head of the column. Their fire became so harassing that a party of Arab gnomes, who followed the column, abandoned it in terror. After the fire was exchanged, however, the Ouled Rihis warriors fled to rejoin their brethren in defence and in martyrdom.

The cave had only two entrances—one above the other, to which an enclosed foot-path led. A company of grenadiers to follow this difficult route, and to arrive as soon as possible at the retreat of the Kabyles, but the latter had the advantage of firing with a certainty of killing the men engaged in this species of ravine. It was found necessary to abandon the attack in front. An investment of the place was then thought of. Famine would probably have compelled the Ouled Rihis to submit, but Colonel Pelissier was in a hurry to join his colleague. On the other hand there were not troops sufficient to take up a permanent encampment on these mountains, where an insurrection might annihilate the column; in short, a siege was not in conformity with the colonel's instructions. He had directions, at any price, to destroy the prestige attached to the retreat of the Kantara.

An infernal idea, borrowed, unfortunately, either from our civil wars or from the Spaniards in America, had been indicated as an extreme measure by the Governor General. It was to terrify the Kabyles by threatening to suffocate them in their caves by fire. It was thought that

in presence of such a menace all resistance would cease. After succeeding though not without a good deal of difficulty in placing himself in communication with the defenders of the cavern, Col. Pelissier threw out the threat suggested by Marshal Bugeaud. The Arabs laughed at it, and one of the French flags of truce was even killed by them.

A commencement of the project was made, in the idea that their indifference only arose from the certainty which they entertained that the threat would not be put in execution. Heaps of dry wood and straw were thrown from the tops of the Kantara in front of the caves. The Kabyles removed them, according as they were flung down, but the fire of the French having driven them back into the caves, these combustibles after a while made a vast heap, to which it now only remained to apply the fire. No signs of surrender on the part of the Arabs having been made, fire was at length thrown on the pile. As if it did not wish to associate itself with the horrors of this human butchery, it self refused to communicate itself to the combustible masses piled by the French at the entrance of the caverns. A few Arabs escaped, and went to a short distance to obtain water. It was expected that others would follow them, and that the whole body would then submit.—This was a vain hope. Just as the sun began to quit its zenith, a breeze arose, which blew directly in the direction of the entrances to the Dahr. The smoke began to whirl and curl in the air, the flames burst forth and were drawn by the current into the caverns. Many thought that the Arabs had fled by some secret issue, or at least that they had found a retreat where the fire could not reach them. This state of uncertainty lasted all night.

At daybreak a company, composed partly of artillery and partly of engineers, received orders to penetrate into the caves. A melancholy silence, broken by distant moans, prevailed there. At the entrance, the animals, whose heads had been covered over to prevent them from seeing or making a noise, lay reduced to cinders. There were beheld fearful groups which death had seized upon. Here a mother had been suffocated just as she was defending her child against the fury of a bull, whose horns she still held, and whom the fire had stifled at the same time. To add to the horror of the scene, the naked corpses poured forth their blood by the mouth, and by their attitudes attested the dreadful character of the death struggle. Here, two spouses, or two lovers, were locked in each other's arms. New born children lay amongst the chests and the provisions, and in other places were concealed in the garments of the mothers. In fine, scattered in every direction were to be seen mutilated masses of human flesh, trampled under foot during the struggle of the night, and forming altogether a sort of human ragout.

When all these horrors were related to the Colonel he did not seem to believe them. He sent his staff to assure themselves of the fact.—It was still more appalling when the caverns were emptied of the corpses and booty which they contained. There were more than six hundred dead bodies in them. The greatest consternation pervaded the column; it is said however, that the soldiers were not ashamed to profit by the spoils of the martyrs of Dahr-el-Frechich. We attach no credit to the statement. However this may be, Col. Pelissier has had fixed upon him by this deed a terrible name. It is certain that in giving orders to smoke the caverns he was far from expecting such a fearful result.

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ment, on the 31st of March, 1848; and kept possession of Bathna. Colonel Canrobert, surprised the enemy at the foot of the Djebel Cheloua, defeated them, and followed them closely to Kebeck, in the Amar Kraddou taking the Bey Ahmed prisoner. Returning to Bathna, he took command of the regiment of the Zouaves at Annale, and acted vigorously against the Kabyles and the tribes of Targura, which he brought into subjection. In recompense for his brave conduct at Algeria he was nominated Commander of the Legion of Honor, Dec. 11, 1846.

Having distinguished himself at the battle of Narah, he was elevated to the rank of General of Brigade on the 13th of January, 1850. He next took the command of a brigade of infantry and was attached as aid-de-camp to the Prince President of the Republic. On the 14th of January, 1853, he was appointed General of Division. Three months afterwards he was called to the command of a division of infantry at the camp of Helfaut. He was next placed at the head of the first division of the Army of the East, where he took an active part in the operation of the debarkation and in contributing powerfully to the success at Alma, where he received a wound. A few days after he succeeded to the command of the French Army, on the retirement of Marshal St. Arnaud, who survived his resignation only a few days. At the battle of Inkermann, November 5, he had a horse killed under him, and was slightly wounded. He retained the command of the French army up to the 16th instant and during that period he continued on the most cordial terms with Lord Raglan.

THOUGHTS FROM CHANNING.—When I place side by side the mighty works of Jesus and the prodigies of heathenism, I see that they can no more be compared with one another, than the machinery and mock thunder of the theatre can be likened to the awful and beneficial powers of the universe.

The Roman church is illustrated by great names. Her gloomy convents have often been brightened by fervent love to God and man. Her St. Louis and Fenelon, and Massillon, and Chereux, her missionaries, who have carried Christianity to the ends of the earth; her Sisters of Charity, who have carried relief and solace to the most hopeless want and pain, do not these teach us that in the Romish church the Spirit of God has found a home? How much, too, have her churches to boast? In the English church we meet the names of Latimer, Hooker, Barrow, Lexington, Berkeley, and Heber; in the dissenting Calvinistic church, Baxter, Howe Watts, Doddridge, and Robert Hall; among the Quakers, George Fox, William Penn, Robert Barclay, and our own Anthony Denezet and John Woolman; in the Anti-Trinitarian church, John Locke, Samuel Clarke, Price and Priestley. To repeat these names does the heart good. They breathe a fragrance through the common air. They lift up the whole race to which they belong. With the churches of which they were pillars or chief ornaments, I have many sympathies; nor do I condemn the union of ourselves to these or any other churches whose doctrines we approve provided that we do it without severing ourselves in the least from the universal Church. On this point we cannot be too earnest. We must shun the spirit of sectarianism as from hell. We must shudder at the thoughts of shutting up God in any denomination. We must think no man the better for belonging to our communion; no man the worse for belonging to another. We must look with undiminished joy on goodness, though it shine forth from the most adverse sect. Christ's Spirit must be equally dear and honored, no matter where manifested. To confine God's love or his good spirit to any party, sect, or name, is to sin against the fundamental law of the kingdom of God, to break that living bond with Christ's universal Church which is one of our chief helps to perfection.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—Dr. Johnson observes: "There is a sacredness in tears." They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief of deep contrition, of unexpressed love. If there were wanting any arguments to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly to the stricken one, weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps.—Despise not woman's tears—they are what made her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painted tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear, for me, I should be loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

METHODIST ACADEMIC INSTITUTION.—It is proposed to establish a seminary of learning of a high grade in Washington city, on the joint stock principle, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is desired that the capital stock shall be \$30,000, in six hundred shares of \$50 each, payable on each share as follows: \$6 on or before the first day of July next, and \$4 on the first day of each and every month thereafter until the whole is paid. Any person taking ten shares at one time shall be entitled to a perpetual scholarship, with the privilege of all the instruction given in the institution, except music, modern languages, and the ornamental branches. He shall also be entitled to any dividend accruing on the stock held by him.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.—The Tusculum North Alabamian comes out with an excuse to its readers for not presenting its usual array of telegraphic news the wires having been destroyed both north and south of that point, by persons who imagine that they caused the drought.

The Buffalo Courier says that fifty thousand dollars worth of the stock of the Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge company was sold a few days since at a premium of 60 per cent. This bridge is decidedly the greatest work of art in this country if not in the world.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S LAST MOMENTS.

Our readers will be interested in the following extract taken from the forthcoming fifth volume of D'Auzing's "History of the Reformation": "On Monday morning, being tormented with gloomy forebodings, Wolsey asked what was the time of day. 'Past eight o'clock,' replied Cavendish. 'That cannot be,' said the Cardinal; 'eight o'clock! No! for by eight o'clock you shall lose your master.' At six o'clock on Tuesday, Kingston having come to inquire about his health, Wolsey said to him, 'I shall not live long.' 'Be of good cheer,' rejoined the Governor of the Tower. 'Alas! Master Kingston!' exclaimed the Cardinal, 'if I had served God as diligently as I have served the King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs' and then he added, with downcast eyes, 'this is my last reward!' With a judgement upon his own life! On the very threshold of eternity, (for he had but a few more minutes to live,) the cardinal summoned up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. The persecution was too slow to please him. 'Master Kingston,' he said, 'attend to my last request; tell the King that I conjure him, in God's name, to destroy this pernicious sect of Lutherans; and then, with astonishing presence of mind in this, his last hour, Wolsey described the misfortune which the Hussites had, in his opinion, brought upon Bohemia; and then coming to England, he recalled the times of Wickliffe and Sir John Oldcastle. He grew animated; his dying eyes yet shot forth fiery glances. He trembled lest Henry VIII, unfaithful to the Pope, should hold out his hands to the Reformers. 'Master Kingston,' said he, in conclusion, 'the King should know, if he tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we shall then have mischief upon mischief—barrenness, scarcity, and disorder, to the utter destruction of this realm.' Wolsey was exhausted by the effort. After a momentary silence, he resumed, with a dying voice, 'Master Kingston, farewell! My time draweth on fast. Forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure, understand my words better!' It was with difficulty he uttered these words; his tongue began to falter, his eyes became fixed, his sight failed him. He breathed his last at the same minute the clock struck eight; and the attendants standing round his bed, looked at each other in affright. It was the 29th of November, 1530."

BLACK LAWS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—That remarkable body the Massachusetts Legislature, says the New York Herald, has been legislating pretty nearly all the present session for the benefit of the blacks. They have adopted an address to the Governor, requesting the removal of a judge acting as United States Commissioner in a fugitive slave case. A law disqualifying all persons who assist in the execution of the fugitive slave act from holding office under the State Constitution has passed the House, we believe, and a law placing negro children on the same footing in the public schools as white has been enacted. Now the blood of the Withropes, the Otises, the Lyman, the Endicotts and the Eliots is in a fair way to be amalgamated with the Sambos, the Catos and the Pompeys. The negroes have several times forced their children into the public schools, and been sustained, in one or two instances, by the Supreme Court of the State, but the present law settles the matter. The woolliest head and thickest lips had an equal chance for education previous to this time with the whitest skin and the strangest Saxon peculiarities; but now the niggers are really just as white folks. The North is to be Africanized. Amalgamation has commenced. New England heads the column. God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

The following amiable family picture may be interesting at this time when Russia is thrusting her uraine nose into the politics of Europe: Peter I, the founder, as he is called, of the present imperial family, was the murderer of the two daughters and the sons of his brother, Ivan, and the murderer, it is asserted, according to more than one of the annalists of his reign, by his own hand of Alexis. He was himself murdered by Menzikoff, (a name that has again risen up in history) the favorite of his wife Catherine, who, when united to Peter, was already the wife of a living husband, and their children were afterwards declared incapable of reigning born in sin. Anna the eldest daughter of Ivan, put fourteen thousand Russians to death and banished twice as many. A revolution displaced the young Ivan to put on the throne Elizabeth, daughter of Peter I, and her reign was remarkable for her drunkenness and debauchery. Peter III, her successor, notoriously the offspring of crime, and was dethroned and strangled by his wife, Catharine II, the same infamous woman who assassinated and dethroned Emperor Ivan, and whose own son, Paul, the father of the Emperor Nicholas, was strangled by courtiers.

THE BIBLE THE KEY TO THE HEART.

If I had a lock of very complicated construction, and there was only one key that would unlock it, I should feel very sure that the key was made by one who understood the construction of that lock. So when I find that notwithstanding all the winding and mysteries of iniquity in a human heart, the Bible, only is adapted to it throughout and is able to penetrate its most secret recesses—I am constrained to believe that the Bible was made by Him who "alone knoweth the hearts of the children of men."—American Messenger.

LAUREL HALL.—The largest room in the world under a single roof and unbroken by pillars or other obstructions is at St. Petersburg, Russia, and is 650 feet in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a battalion can conveniently manoeuvre in it. In the evening it is often converted into a vast ball room, when it is warmed by 18 prodigious stoves, and 20,000 wax tapers are required to light it properly. The roof of this structure is a single arch of iron, the bars also on which it rests weighing 12,880 pounds.

Non-Intercourse with Massachusetts.

The Mobile-Tribune, in copying from the Register an article recommending as a retaliatory measure non-intercourse with the people of Massachusetts says: "The sins of that commonwealth are now very weighty. It has deliberately nullified, as far as its legislative action goes, a fundamental law of the Union—a law which was essential to the consolidation of the States in the first instance, and which is here held to be essential to the existence of the Union. In other words, it has deliberately nullified the law for the rendition of fugitive slaves. The gravity of this offence will be seen potentially if the reader will suppose that all the other free States follow the example. That would be at once to light up a border warfare between the slave and free States, and it would be strange if it did not lead to a general warfare without termination, except in the utter prostration of one of the sections. The subject must be looked at from this point of view, and not individually, as it relates merely to Massachusetts, which is a remote point, and not at all hurtful, by contingency, to our section. If that State be suffered to give legislative sanction to its enmity against the South, by nullifying the federal laws, it will not be long before fanaticism shall have grown to a potency totally incompatible with the allegiance of the South to the Union. The question is what is to be done to stay the evil?"

When South Carolina put itself in opposition to the general government, it had some reason for its oppugnancy. The question was argued in Congress by great men, and it is to this day believed that the South had the better of the argument. There was, at the worst, even in the opinion of the Northern statesmen, enough of reason in the position of South Carolina to make its nullification plausible and respectable. But how is it with Massachusetts, which now undertakes to nullify a fundamental law? There is no argument within its miserable Legislature on the subject. The members of it do not deny that they are defying a federal law. They see that, and act with a full knowledge of the position they have assumed. It is, in fact, a deliberate, predetermined opposition to the South, which lies at the bottom of the movement—an offshoot of the "higher law" doctrine, which counsels every madman and vagabond to assume that his passions are the true counsellors of what is right and wrong in law and morals.

These miserable knaves never seem to think that the "higher law" has as much reason within the South as within the North—that here a man's conscience is as safe a guide as a man's conscience there. They act on the principle of some of Cromwell's troopers, who declared that: "The earth belongs to Saints; that we are the Saints, therefore, the earth belongs to us." The fanatics of the East declare that slavery is a great crime against the "humanitarian" principle; the slaveholder is in constant violation of this principle; therefore the slaveholder is a monster that ought to be destroyed legally or otherwise. But they have a higher argument than this, which may be thus stated. Every Northern man's conscience is the source of true inspiration for his actions, and if the Bible and human law be in opposition to that conscience, the Bible and the law are "humbugs" and of no manner of authority. The cunningest abolition papers, in effect, assume no defence but this, and it is charity to suppose that their conductors are rather fools than knaves.

But to return: something, it seems to us, ought to be done by the Southern cities in relation to Massachusetts; and we see no action except what lies within the rule of law. We have no means of giving expression to our aversion to the treason of that State, except in the way proposed in the article which we extract from the Register. That is feasible, proper, and we think, will be efficacious, and for reasons which are obvious. The essential element of the prosperity of Massachusetts is her trade with the South. It is this which employs her thousands of shoemakers—gives bread to her factory operatives—supplies the energies which find outlets in her potato and onion fields, and is the source of her chief mercantile operations through Boston. Once let it be understood that here her large and profitable credits shall have no legal force—that her ships shall find no collectable freights—that her shoes and clocks, and onions and potatoes, cotton fabrics and oil shall be without customers; or finding customers, there shall be no legal means of collecting their dues, and the dealers in these potent elements of wealth may be brought presently to believe that the higher law principle, which justifies a Massachusetts man in setting aside the lower law, is a principle which may be said by Southern men.

If Massachusetts were sunk forever out of sight, by an earthquake, it would not weigh a penny's worth in our progress. Without the South there is not one of her towns which would not presently become a desert; and yet there she now stands in deadly opposition to the very source of her prosperity—the customers of her shoes, her agricultural products, her cotton fabrics, her ships, her insurance offices—the source of business to her men and her women—the builders of her manufacturing towns—she, thus helped by us, now stands in deadly opposition to the very source which so greatly serves her interests!

The people of Massachusetts, beyond all question, may be taught to understand their dependency on the South. The skillful knaves who mislead them, under a false philosophy, may be covered with confusion and disgrace if we adopt the right means to accomplish it, and this means is nothing more or less, than to make every Massachusetts dupe of fanaticism feel within his pocket the fullness of his reliance upon our custom. And we are inclined to think that there is no better plan for the purpose than that proposed in the communication which we publish in another column. It lies with the lawyers to start it, and make it effective for the desired end.

A writer in the same paper, speaking of the recent action of the Massachusetts Legislature

says: "From the position she has taken she cannot expect to be represented in our national councils. If she should attempt it, the other States must for their own protection prevent it. Her members of Congress must be told that the voice of Massachusetts cannot be heard in the Federal Hall of Legislation, while she stands the open and flagrant violator of the federal compact. Let the people of the other States be heard in the election of members to Congress. Let the voice of the people, nor the Legislatures of any State elect any Representative or Senator who will not pledge himself to exclude Massachusetts from the Capitol of Confederation. If such a course be taken we presume the people of Massachusetts will soon demand their Executive to convene their Legislature to rescind the obnoxious law which has placed her beyond the pale of the Union."

Posthumous Influence.

It was a striking remark of a dying man, whose life had been alas! but poorly spent— "Oh that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me." It could not be. The man's influence survives him. It still lives—is still working on and will work for centuries to come. He could not when he came to die, and perceived how sad and deleterious his influence had been, put forth his dying hands and arrest that influence. It was too late. He had put in motion agencies which he was altogether powerless to arrest.—His body could be buried, and confined and buried out of sight, but not his influence. For that, alas! corrupt and deadly as it is, there is no burial. It walks the earth like a pestilence—like an angel of death, and will walk till the hand of God arrest and chain it. Let us be careful what influences we leave behind us. For good or for evil, we shall and must live and act, on the earth, after our bones have returned to dust. The grave, even so far as this world is concerned is not the end of us. In the nature of things it cannot be. We are every one of us, doing that every day, every hour, which will survive us, and which will affect, for good or for evil, those who come after us. There is nothing we are more prone to forget or disregard than our influence upon others, yet there is nothing for which we must hereafter give stricter or more solemn account.—Congregationalist.

WHAT CAN THE GIRLS DO?—Why they can play on the piano, curl their hair in papers, and lie in bed all day reading a novel while the process of curling and bleaching is going on. Wonderful. Can they do no more? Yes they can spend extravagant sums of money, in preparing parties and then assemble to spend the hours in silly coxcombies.—Disgraceful. Is there nothing else? We are proud to say yes, much that they may do which does honor to the sex. There are many noble examples of what girls often perform when poverty holds its meagre mantle over them, of which the following is an instance:

A Cincinnati press states that three years ago a poor orphan girl applied and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years during which time she earned besides her board about two hundred dollars; and availing herself of the facilities which the printing office afforded, acquired a good education. She is now an editress of a popular paper, and engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. Such a girl is bound to shine and eclipse tens of thousands who are educated in the lap of luxury, and taught all the accomplishments of the boarding school. Such a wife will be a jewel to her husband, and an ornament to society, and an honor to her sex and country.

A MISSING SERMON.—The following occurrence took place in the Old South Church, on Sunday last: The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher was supplying the pulpit, and in the afternoon placed his manuscript sermon in the Bible, and turned over the leaves to another part of a book to read the text. In the meantime he forgot where he had placed his sermon, and when he wished to begin its delivery, it was so nicely placed between the leaves that he did not discover it. He looked under the Bible and around the desk, and even peeped over the front of the pulpit to see if it had not perhaps fallen over; but all in vain and the doctor began to exhibit evident signs of anxiety. A man seated in the gallery, and who saw clearly the cause of his embarrassment, applied an effectual remedy by rising and saying, "Dr. Beecher, it's in the Bible—it's in the Bible." The doctor renewed his search, and in a moment was ready for the delivery of his sermon.—Boston Traveller.

THE RANGE OF PROSCRIBITION.—We asked the other day whether Agassiz would be expelled from his professorship in the Cambridge University by the constitutional amendment depriving the alien-born of Massachusetts from holding offices. Senator Wilson says that it will have this effect; and he cited this particular case. "He regretted to say that there were some members of the American party in favor of excluding by constitutional amendments, all adopted citizens from office." He deeply deplored the action of the Legislature of Massachusetts in proposing an amendment to the constitution embodying this doctrine. He hoped the gentlemen who had given their votes for this proposition that would not permit Prof. Agassiz, one of the first living scientific men of the age to fill under State appointment an office even of a scientific character, would see their error, and retreat at once from a position justly, reason and religion condemned.

BRUTALITY TO DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—The attempt to make Lady Flora Temple, a fast horse, to travel twelve miles in less than an hour, on the Long Island course, on Thursday, failed. The poor beast on the twelfth mile, burst a blood vessel, and became so weak that she was withdrawn. We are surprised that the authorities should have permitted this cruelty to a poor dumb beast to be carried out. It is all well enough to see two buffies pummel each other until one or the other falls hold enough. But the idea of driving a poor horse, who cannot make his necessary master understand his infirmities, until he dies in the harness, is so barbarous that we are surprised it is tolerated in a christian community. Albany Knickerbocker.