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Selected Poetry.

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That frays the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost: the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered they are not all forgot;
They leave the influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not!
So with our deeds; for good or ill
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rise with good!

Miscellaneous.

From the Columbia Carolinian.

Revolutionary Incidents.

PLEASANT MOUNT, (Mass.) Aug. 26.—Dear Sir: Seeing from your excellent paper that you are collecting Revolutionary Incidents, I have a few that have never been recorded that I know of, and if they are acceptable, they are at your service.

The first is one of the bloodiest tragedies that I have ever heard. It took place in Newberry district, S. C., on Indian creek, on the road leading from Columbia by Mount Bethel about six miles above that place. The land belonged to William J. Taylor now, I believe, immediately after the battle of Cowpens, three brothers, William, Jas. and Robert Dugan with their neighbor, Ford, returned home to the place above mentioned. After dark, William Dugan said he would not sleep in the house, as the Tories might be after them. He took his wife, and told James and Robert to come on, and went to the woods; but they would not go but stayed in the house with the child of William, a daughter six years old—afterwards Mrs. Murray, of Green river, Buncombe county N. C., from whom this narrative is obtained. About midnight they were aroused by a knocking at the door. James and Robert Dugan got up and seized their guns. They were told to surrender, and they should have good quarters. James was willing, but Robert wanted to fight as there were but five Tories. He (Robert) said they could kill two at the first shot and then load before they could get in, and shoot again. But James said no. They had a scuffle about opening the door. James threw up the bar, and the door flew open. The Tories presented their pistols, and told them to surrender, which they did. They tied their hands behind their backs; then searched the house. They found a sword, and asked where they got it. James told them he got it at the battle of Cowpens, from a British officer that he had killed. That was enough. They took them out to a tree in the yard, and hung them until they were nearly dead then chopped off their heads on a root of the tree, quartered them up and piled the pieces against the tree, and left. They went to Ford's and shot him as he attempted to escape. The report of the gun alarmed Wm. Dugan. He ran to the house. His little daughter saw him coming and ran to meet him. He asked for his brothers. She took him to the tree. His only exclamation was "great God!" He caught his horse and fled to Capt. Casey's, afterwards Gen. Casey. The neighborhood was aroused; they met at the Dugan's and buried them. Casey preached their funeral: they then knelt down around the grave and swore to revenge their deaths. Ten started in pursuit. They killed two and caught two. One had the same sword, all bloody with the butchery of the Dugans. They brought them back to the same tree, hung them, quartered them in the same manner, and piled them up at the root of the tree as food for the birds of the air. The other party escaped. I know his name, but as his descendants are now living, and as a veil has been thrown over this deed, let it rest.

William Dugan was the father of Colonel Thomas Dugan of Sumter District, and represented them as Senator for several years. The sword is in the possession of the Murrays of Buncombe county, North Carolina. Mrs. Murray was an eye-witness to the whole affair, and gave the names of all; but I have forgotten them. She is dead now; but as a duty, I thought perhaps, you might perpetuate this to show what a desperate struggle it took to obtain our liberty and how little we appreciate it.

If this is worthy of your notice, I have others as to "Who were Sumter's scouts before the battle of Blackstocks and how they brought Tarleton into trouble"—names unknown and unsung, yet true Whigs; who shall record their deeds? I will give you their names, and you can record them. Yours, truly,
S. L.
R. W. GIBBS, M. D.

In Dr. Franklin's time, when the King of England sent some of his convicts over to this country, Dr. F. sent a box of rattlesnakes to his Majesty's Prime Minister, advising that they should be introduced into his Majesty's gardens at Kew, and expressing the hope that they would propagate and increase until they should become as beneficial to Great Britain as the British convicts were to this country.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity; but the worst of it is it has no friends.

What are we to do?

The first great desideratum in shaping the future action of South Carolina with respect to her Federal Relations, is the preservation of her unity as an independent commonwealth. All will agree, upon reflection, that this proposition is undeniably correct. Our State is small and numerically weak; and if we are to exercise any influence in the affairs of the nation it must be by presenting a solid front in whatever line of march we may adopt.

But there is cause to apprehend that in the hands of our present political leader, this unity may soon be seriously impaired. The Hon. Mr. Orr, on one side of the States, is using the power of his position to lead us into the ranks of the National Democracy, and to enlist the State in the approaching sweepstakes for Presidency of the Union; while the Hon. Mr. Keitt, from a similar pedestal of official elevation, is declaiming vehemently and eloquently against the suggested policy of his elder colleague. The tendency of this schism between two of our most prominent and influential men is to distract the people of South Carolina, and deprive them of all manner of strength before the country.

May there not be a compromise between these gentlemen and their respective adherents which shall set aside this danger? It is not at all probable that Mr. Orr will come to the views of Mr. Keitt; neither is there any ground for supposing that Mr. Keitt will come to the views of Mr. Orr. Between them the State will stand hampered and ineffectual for any good. What are we to do?

Suppose Mr. Keitt, and those who think with him agree to go into the National Democratic Convention as an experiment, with the stipulation (on the part of Mr. Orr and his friends) that if our principles are compromised in the least for the purpose of securing the election of any given candidate, our delegation shall instantly leave the body! Suppose we unitedly offer to Virginia, and the other Southern States, or any one of them, our faithful cooperation in this business, upon a like stipulation to be observed by them with like promptitude: could or could not our State, thus guarded and thus forearmed, go into the Cincinnati meeting without infringing her consistency, or in reality lowering her tone?

The suggestion is respectfully thrown out for the consideration of our public men. We are far from being an advocate of National Conventions in the general; nor is it our preference that South Carolina should even now be carried into one. But it may be that our refusal to do anything in that direction will at the present juncture give offence to our Southern confederates; and this should be avoided, if possible. Our suggestion, under the circumstances, is, whether or not (if the State can act unanimously) it would be advisable to send a delegation to the Cincinnati Convention, under express checks, and with the clearest understanding as to the course they and the other delegations are to pursue conjointly.

If the idea be worth anything, our action should be as the case will admit. We should elect delegates for the State at large during the approaching session of our Legislature; and preparations should then be made for having district delegates elected at an early day. If the thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing thoroughly and handsomely.

Edgfield Advertiser.

Hon. Joseph A. Woodward.

A speech of this distinguished Carolinian on the American question appears today in our columns. It is by one who for years represented this State in Congress, and stood among the foremost as a State Rights man and Democrat. Mr. Woodward acquired high reputation for calm analytical logic, broad views, and purity and independence of course. This speech should be read by every South Carolinian. It is dispassionate, unprejudiced searching and suggestive. More than any other production on the subject it meets our views. In fact it gives the very reasons which lead us into the American party, and which constitute our conviction that its necessity and principle will make it permanent until the necessity is removed and the principle consummated.

Let every man looking for truth and right read it! It comes from an experienced, observing and disinterested retired statesman of our own—a South Carolinian who has honored his name.

Every paper in the State should give currency to this impartial argument. We repeat, let our people have light. He brushes away the minor points of objection—molehills which our small and interested politicians have sought to make mountains—and advances over and through them to the great questions and their merit, and debates Americanism as it deserved to be discussed.—Charleston News.

THE TRADE IN HUMAN FLESH.—The following statement is calculated to produce a thrill of horror in every feeling heart. Where is Wilberforce!

ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER DETACHMENT OF SCOTCH FACTORY GIRLS.—Among the passengers by the ship Star of Empire, which arrived at this port on Wednesday, from Liverpool, were about sixty Scotch girls, engaged to work in the factories here. They were mostly young neatly dressed and some of them are quite good looking. They were forwarded to Holyoke, their place of destination, last evening, via the Boston and Worcester railroad.

Boston Traveller, Oct. 23.

These poor children, torn from the paternal roof and from all the endearments of native land and home, and sold to New-England cotton-spinners, without benefit of the *babes in arms* or the Hiss Committee, are "forwarded to their destination" without the special wonder of a single philanthropist in Boston. If they had only been destined to raise cotton instead of spinning it: what an uproar there would have been in Faneuil Hall and the Fish Market!

Charleston Mercury.

The object of all true education is to vitalize knowledge. Some teachers instruct their scholars very thoroughly, who never educate them at all. They teach them to commit the rules of their arithmetic or grammar by heart, but never lead them to comprehend a single principle, make them learn thousands of names of places, without giving them an idea of geography.

An Arkansas Legislator.

A member elect of the lower chamber of the Legislature of Arkansas was persuaded by some wags of his neighborhood that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of assembling he could not be sworn, and would lose his seat. He immediately mounted with hunting-frock, rifle and bow-knife, and spurred till he got to the door of the capital, where he hitched his nag. A crowd were in the chamber of the lower house, on the ground floor, walking about with their hats on and smoking cigars. Those he passed, ran upstairs into the Senate Chamber, set his rifle against the wall and bawled out.

"Strangers, whars the man that swars me in! at the same time taking out his credentials.

"Walk this way," said the Clerk, who was at the moment igniting a real Principe' and he was sworn without inquiry.

When the teller came to count noses he found that there was one Senator too many present. The mistake was soon discovered, and the huntsman was informed that he did not belong there.

"Fool whol with your corn bread!" he roared, "you can't funk this child no how you can fix it—I'm elected to this here Legislature and I'll go agin all banks and eternal improvements; and if there's any of you oratory gentlemen wants to get skinned, jest say the word and I'll light upon you like a nigger on a woodchuck. My constituents sent me here, and if you want to floor this two legged animal, hop on jest as soon as you like, for though I'm from the back country, I'm a little smarter than any other quadruped you can turn out of this drove."

After this admirable harangue, he put his bow-knife between his teeth and took up his rifle with "Come here, old Suke, stand by me!" at the same time pointing it at the chairman, who however had seen such people before. After some expostulation, the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which he sheathed his knife, flung his gun on his shoulder, and with a profound congee, remarked, "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. But if I didn't think that lower room was a groggery may I be shot?"

THE BAREFOOTED PRINTER BOY.—The Pittsburgh Morning Ariel, under this caption, gives a short story of a distinguished citizen of Pennsylvania, as follows:

Some thirty years ago a barefooted boy floated down the Susquehanna river on a humble raft and arrived at Harrisburg, Pa. He came from the North and belonged to a large family, with all his worldly goods tied up in a little pocket handkerchief. He sought and obtained employment in a printing office as an apprentice. From an apprentice to a journeyman, from a journeyman to a reporter, then to an editor the barefooted printer boy worked his way against obstacles which the struggling poor only know.

The persevering follower in Franklin's steps began to realize the fruits of his patient toil and privation.—The young aspirant-became Printer to the State and by frugal management was soon enabled to accomplish the object dearest to his heart—the establishment of his mother in a home above want—in the possession of every other comfort she could desire.

His brothers were next his care and like Napoleon, he had a strong arm with which to aid them—an indomitable perseverance that nothing could long successfully obstruct. In a few years they too, with his sisters, were independent of the world, the once barefooted printer-boy was in the possession of affluence, surrounded by a young and affectionate family. He did not stop here. He was the friend of the friendless, the patron of merit, and the encourager of industry. He rose in honor and office, until the poor barefooted boy, who entered a printing office in Harrisburg hungry and weary, laid down his little bundle on a pile of wet paper and asked to become a printer's apprentice, was elected Senator in Congress! That man is Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania.

An amusing scene occurred in one of the public schools of Detroit last week, which resulted rather seriously for the teacher in charge. Some little rogue had managed most ingeniously to insert a quantity of tar between another boy's pants and his bench. Soon after he attempted to rise, when, greatly to his mortification he discovered that he had become a fixture to the fresco'd. The whole school discovered his dilemma, and all the fear of teacher and flagellations could not restrain a general guffaw. One boy, whose sense of the ridiculous overcame his judgment entirely, found laughing remarkably easy, and the more he tried to restrain his mirth the louder grew his merriment. The teacher, doubtless thinking this a horrid breach of the rules gave him a severe castigation with a rod, altogether too heavy for the purpose. The result was that he had some heavy marks. The father made complaint before the Police Court and the teacher was fined ten dollars.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—An article is going the rounds of the press stating that the whole concern of the Rothschilds is worth \$7000,000,000 in money capital, besides \$300,000,000 more in real estate, mines, &c. So far from this being the fact, we understand that the general estimate in Europe as to the aggregate wealth of the whole concern is 200,000,000 francs, or about \$40,000,000. The idea is purely absurd that their wealth should amount to such an enormous sum as \$1,000,000,000, equal at six per cent. to an annual income of \$60,000,000—a sum which in comparatively a few years, accumulating in a compound ratio, and doubling it every twelve years, would concentrate in their hands a large portion of the wealth and property of all Europe.

National Intelligencer.

A NEW STATE.—A new State is likely soon to be added to the American confederation. The Legislature of Michigan has passed an act providing for the formation of the new State or Territory of Superior. Michigan gives part and Wisconsin another part to form the new Commonwealth, which is the great mineral wealth of the nation. Its mines of copper and iron are unsurpassed by any in the world, and it is destined to be one of the most interesting, wealthy, and important portions of the Union.

The Balloon Ascension at Cincinnati—A Live Horse Carried through the Air.

Mons. Godard made his third ascension from this city yesterday afternoon. The announcement that he would take a live horse with him served to increase the anxiety to witness the ascension. At 4 o'clock the immense enclosure recently used by the Horticultural Society, on Vine street, above Fourth and the adjoining streets and surrounding houses for a great distance, were crowded with people. Full twenty thousand people must have been assembled in the vicinity presenting of itself, a magnificent spectacle. At 5 o'clock the monster balloon was fully inflated when the car was attached and the horse suspended, by means of belts, below the car. The weather was delightfully clear and calm and Mons. Godard and his daring lady being seated in the car the balloon was cut loose and glided beautifully upwards amid the cheers of the thousands. The horse kept his legs perfectly still but kept constantly throwing his head first to the one and then to the other side as if considerably astonished at his predicament.

It had been previously arranged that Mons G. should be followed by the gentlemen who had engaged passage in a carriage, and would descend as soon as possible cut loose the horse and take them aboard. He commenced descending while over the 10th ward and finally very gently and without the least trouble, landed on the hill side north of Hamilton Road and near Vine street. As soon as the horse touched the earth he commenced eating grass, as unconcernedly as if he had been wandering in a pasture. Within two minutes the balloon was surrounded by several thousand people, among whom were the Rover Dragoons who had galloped to the spot.

The horse was unbuckled and Messrs. Rocky Thompson, mail agent, John Sharp, City Councilman, and of the Enquirer office and Mr. Bellman, of the Gazette, seated themselves in the car, with Mons. and Mad. G., and the balloon again glided beautifully upward, and sailed directly North.

The horse was returned to the city, surrounded by a large crowd of men and boys. He is a small animal, rather on the mulish order, as a number of persons who crowded too closely upon him and received his heels into their stomachs, can testify. He was quite a "lion" during the evening.

We learn this morning that the aeronauts, after proceeding on their voyage until about 8 o'clock arrived in the vicinity of Westchester, about sixteen miles from the city. There, as they were hovering in mid air they were asked if they would not stop and take tea—taking the lady who had the kindness to extend the invitation at her word, they descended to the ground, and enjoyed a pleasant repast after their aerial voyage.—Cincinnati Times, Oct. 19.

COMMON SENSE.—We find the following common sense paragraph under the caption of "How to treat a wife," going the rounds: "First, get a wife, secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world; but do not therefore carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But oh! bear with her; she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as a matter of course and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy her heart, which watered by kindness, would, to the latest day of your existence, throbb with sincere and constant affection. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to yield her choice as to you. Do you think it hard to yield sometimes? Think you it is difficult for her to give up always? If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will think you are selfish and care only for yourself; and with such feelings she cannot love as she might—Again, show yourself manly so that your wife can look up to you and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

HOW TO DRIVE A NAIL.—In driving a cut nail into hard wood, its entrance will be much facilitated by dipping it into oil, or what will answer nearly as well, wet it with water. Experienced carpenters are in the habit of putting a nail into the mouth to wet it, before attempting to drive it into hard wood. When a nail is to remain permanently, salt water is preferable to oil, as the former will rust the nail and cause it to take a firmer hold. In all cases it is better to insert a nail so that its widest diameter shall stand parallel with the grain of the wood. This is generally done in thin boards where there is danger of splitting, but it should always be done, even if nailing into a solid piece of timber, for where a rupture does not take place by setting the wide part of the nail across the grain, yet a slight opening is produced near the nail, which admits air and moisture and hastens decay around it.—Boston Post.

SLAVES IN KANSAS.—The Squatter Sovereign (Stringfellow's paper) of the 2nd inst. says:

Within a month past there have been a large accession to the slave population of Kansas.—In this immediate neighborhood several new comers have settled and in most instances brought several slaves with them. This is what we like to see. They cannot be brought into the Territories in too large numbers, for our rich hemp lands will give sufficient employment to the slave and apply remunerate the owner. Come on with your slaves. Our rich lands invite settlers from all sections of the South.

King's Mountain Letter from Hon. D. R. Atchison.

The Yorkville Enquirer is publishing letters received from eminent gentlemen in answer to invitations to attend the recent celebration of the Battle of King's Mountain! From among them we select the following—

PLATTE CITY, Missouri, Sept. 12, 1855.
Gentlemen:—Your letter of invitation requesting my attendance at the celebration of the Battle of King's Mountain, has been received. It will be altogether inconvenient for me to be present on that occasion. I have certain duties, both private and public, to discharge at home. The Battle of King's Mountain was fought by the Williams' against the Tories under the gallant Ferguson. We have a similar foe to encounter in Kansas, the first Monday in October next. The border ruffians, such as fought with McDowell, Shelby, &c., on the one hand, and the abolitionists—such men as fought with Ferguson, on the other. We, (the border ruffians,) have the whole power of the Northern States to contend with, single-handed and alone, without assistance and almost without sympathy from any quarter, yet we are undismayed. Thus far we have been victorious and with the help of God, we will still continue to conquer.

Gentlemen, I thank you for the kind expression in the concluding paragraph of your letter—"three cheers for Atchison and Kansas!" I have read this paragraph to sundry of the "border ruffians," and their eyes sparkle; their arms are nerved. We have been acting on the defensive altogether; the contest with us is one of life and death, and it will be so with you and your institutions if we fail. Atchison, Stringfellow and the "border ruffians," of Missouri, fills a column of each abolition paper published in the North; abuse most foul and falsehood unblushing is poured out upon us and yet we have no avocation in the Southern press; and yet we have received no assistance from the Southern States. But the time will shortly come when that assistance must and will be rendered; the stake the "border ruffians" are playing for is a mighty one. If Kansas is abolitionized Missouri ceases to be a slave State and New Mexico becomes a free State; California remains a free State; but if we secure Kansas as a slave State Missouri is secure; New Mexico and Southern California if not all of it becomes a slave State; in a word, the prosperity or the ruin of the whole South depends on the Kansas struggle.

Your obedient servant,
D. R. ATCHISON.

Messrs. W. B. Wilson, Jno. L. Miller and Sam'l W. Melton, Committee of Invitation.

Mike Walsh.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, in a late speech at Griffin, Ga., called for three cheers for Mike Walsh; and they were given from four thousand throats.

Mike has certainly been true to the South and with all his errors, we believe him to be an honest man and a patriot. We first saw him nearly twenty years ago, when he wasn't more than twenty-one years old. He came into our office in an old suit of clothes, muddy from head to foot, took a dollar from his pocket, which he said was all the money he had in the world, and offered it to us to pay for advertising a stowaway, who, on his way up the river, had stolen everything belonging to him. We couldn't take the poor fellow's dollar, but we published his advertisement. We had forgotten the circumstance until he recalled it to our mind, in the presence of some of his Congressional colleagues last Winter.

It seems Mike was coming up the river with a few hard earned dollars in his job, when a fellow who claimed to be the son of a minister got into the young man's good graces by representing himself sick and utterly destitute. Mike put him into his own stateroom and gave him part of his money and took care of him.

When the boat stopped at a landing, the invalid professed a terrible desire for some milk, and begged Mike to go to a house half a mile off to obtain some. Mike demurred, saying that the boat would leave him. But the fellow made such piteous appeals to him that he actually went, and the boat left him sure enough, whereupon the invalid, recovering suddenly, took possession of Mike's trunk and all his worldly possessions except what he carried upon his back in his excursion after the milk. Mike went to chopping wood till he got enough to take him to Louisville, and on arriving here found, as he expected, that his customer was unknown in these parts.

Without a farthing about him, he went to shovelling in the canal, and the first dollar he made there was the one he brought to us. He toiled in the mud until he made enough to go to Cleveland on his way home, and there met in the street the man who had swindled him. The swindler ran like a deer, but Mike pursued him like a greyhound, caught him, and thrashed him nearly to death in the street before any one could interfere. Mike was sent to jail for assault and battery, and his victim was sent to the penitentiary. Mike is true hearted possesses very considerable talent, and is an utter stranger to either personal or political fear. We say with Mr. Stephens, "three cheers for Mike Walsh."—Louisville Journal, 3d inst.

General Huger.

At the battle at Guilford C. H., a remarkable instance of the personal intrepidity of General Huger is related. It is said that an officer called out to him, "General Huger, I plainly see one of the enemy's riflemen taking deliberate aim to destroy you." "That is no concern of mine," said the general. "If you think proper order one of your men to take the fellow off." "Lodge, or change your position," rejoined the officer, "or you are a dead man." "I will neither dodge, nor quit my post," replied the General. "be the consequences what they may." He had scarcely finished speaking, when the enemy's soldier fired and General Huger received a severe and dangerous though not a mortal wound. At Hobbkirk's hill the command of the right wing of the army was given to General Huger, and we read that the exertions that he made in endeavoring to inspire courage by example and to restore the order that had been lost brought him so frequently to the muzzle of the enemy's muskets that it was considered by all miraculous that he escaped without injury.

The Wife's Influence.

A woman, in many instances, has her husband's fortune in her power, because she may not conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought to tempt her for a moment to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it. Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin.

Nothing can be more miserable than to struggle to keep up appearances. If it could succeed, it would cost more than it is worth; as never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth to want.

Then a man's fortunes are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel, her aid. She can aid him immensely by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His own employments are usually such as to require his whole time and his whole mind.

A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirits are borne down and overwhelmed, she, of all human beings, can best minister to his needs. For the sick soul her nursing is quite as sovereign as it is for corporeal ills.

If it be weary, in her assiduity it finds repose and refreshment. If it be harassed and worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, her patience and fortitude have the power to re-kinde them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of life.

PUT THIS IN YOUR POCKET BOOKS.—Young men, you do, to dress well, eat well, drink well, and ride well, run in debt for these enjoyments, can apply this to themselves. Richelieu was a great Cardinal, and Dulver occasionally speaks the truth:

"You have outrun your fortune;
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar
Each to his taste! But I do charge you, sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would coin false money
Out of that crucible called debt. To live
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces—
Gallant in steed—splendid in banquets—all
Not yours—ungiven—uninherited—unpaid for.
This is to be a tricker, and to fish
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread—quitting all scores with 'Friend
You're troublesome!' Why this—forgive me—
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call—theft!"

NO IMITATION.—A frenchman went into an eating house to warm his hands. The proprietor asked him what he would like to take.

"Any thing you please," was the reply.
"Would you like to take roast goose?"
"If you please."
The frenchman made a good dinner, and was about to go, when the eating-house keeper asked for payment.

"What for?" exclaimed the Frenchman;
"I have called for nothing. You ask me if I will take this and if I will take that, and I say, 'if you please.'"

The landlord, pleased with his address, let him off. He told a friend of his good fortune, who tried to "come the same game," but with very different success, for he was kicked out of doors.

"The first man was an original," said the landlord, "but you are an imitator."

RATHER SEVERE.—An eminent Ju.ist, who was said to have had rather long shanks, was one day practicing at the bar, and having occasion to cross-examine a sailor who had spoken of a hand-spike in the course of his evidence, he asked with some asperity—

"Well, sir, how large was this handspike which you tell of?"

"About as large as usual," said Jack.

"But how large? As large as a man's leg!"

"Well," replied Jack, looking at the thinsupporters of the Jurist; "well, it wasn't as large as a man's leg; but it might be as big as yourn, maybe."

THE BACK TRACK.—Four wagons loaded with cotton left Anderson for Hamburg during the last week. This resort to primitive usages, we learn by the Anderson Advocate has been occasioned by the extortionate charges of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad. A public meeting has also been called at Anderson, with a view of invoking Legislative interference with the subject.

PORK.—A letter from Pittsburg to the Cincinnati Gazette says:

"Arrangements are making for pork packing on a larger scale than usual. There will be three or four packers this year, and I hear that 20,000 hogs are already engaged by them."

War and Love.

War and Love are strange compeers—
War sheds blood, and Love sheds tears;
War has spears, and Love has darts;
War breaks hearts, and Love breaks hearts.

The population of Buffalo is 74,000, against 42,261, ten years ago, showing a greater ratio of increase, than any other city in the Union, with the single exception of New York.

The young lady who "jumped at an offer" dislocated her ankle and threw her heart out of place. At last accounts, she was receiving.

The corn crop is superabundant in Scott county Kentucky, the present year, and contracts, it is said are making at *seven cents* per bushel.