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Selected Poetry.

A NEW POEM BY FANNY FORRESTER.

N. P. Willis sends the following surpassingly beautiful poem, by Fanny Forrester, to the Home Journal. He is not sure it has ever been published. He adds: "The widowed heart of the gifted one—with her apostle husband just gone before her to heaven—the exquisitely tells the story of their earthly love, and its still lingering 'hold of hands.'"

I gazed down life's labyrinth,
A wandering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
And as we gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men—
By his deep spirit's loveliness,
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the perihelion wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were above.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw prepared
The peopled gates of day.

So hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky,
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I groped my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky,
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly in my tangled path
The sharp bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far,
And ever, through the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star—
For when my guide went up he left
The peopled gates ajar.

Miscellaneous.

A Leisurely Walk Through Sebastopol.

The Bath, England, *Chronicle* has been favored with the following extracts from a letter written by a gentleman on board one of her Majesty's ships in the Black Sea—to his friends in Bath:

"Yesterday we went to inspect the ruins of Sebastopol. We went over all the Russian lines, and such a scene of destruction I never saw. I do not believe that in a circuit of 15 miles there is a square yard of ground without a splinter or shot or shell upon it. The first place we went to was the Quarantine Fort where a tremendous explosion took place during the fight; the whole interior of the place is covered with the debris of the walls. It was evacuated in great haste, the guns having been left unspiked and the magazines were full of powder. In one place where a sentry had been posted, the man had left his musket leaning against the wall having most probably taken to his heels. We then entered the town by the famous loopholed wall, and Sebastopol was before us. It was at once apparent why our seaward batteries had made so little impression on the place. The high buildings and houses of the town, which had appeared so close to the walls, were more than a mile distant, separated by a deep ravine. Shot and shell from various quarters had left their marks on every shattered wall and perforated roof. We then, by virtue of a pass, went to Fort Alexander, containing 163 casemates, looking seaward each casemate armed with a heavy gun, and affording lodging for 15 or 20 men. A long open gallery connects every part of this work in the basement story of this enormous fort we observed several cuttings which at the time of the bombardment were being driven under supporting walls for the purpose of exploding the whole. The workman were interrupted and had left their work their tools being in the same state and condition as when dropped by them.

"From this spot we ascended to the highest part of the town, to visit what had been a club house. This is a fine building, with a basso relieve slab of some Russian historical subject which we could not understand. This structure is a copy of the Museum at Kertch. Near it is a copy of the Temple of the Winds, at Athens. We were generally disappointed with the town of Sebastopol; it is irregular, and of course, now very dirty. From the town we descended to the waterside and entered the dockyard. Little was left here the destruction having been complete; a few boats riddled with shot and the charred remains of ships, being all that were visible, except guns; these were in very perfect order and in large numbers; we counted 1900 and then left. Walking around the edge of Dockeyard Creek, we soon came to the dock. We arrived suddenly among the wonders of Sebastopol and where all that we had heard of the glories of the place faded away before the magnificent reality. First of all, we inspected a dock where ships of the largest size are hauled up out of the water, or launched again, by means of a crane, placed on a tramroad. This is the work of the Englishman Upton. Then we came to the intended government foundry, whose walls were rising to the height of ten feet, over a space of nearly twelve acres; part of this was obtained by cutting away the spur of a mountain. The remainder of the hill was upheld by a freestone wall, every stone beautifully squared and fitted to the height of three hundred and fifty feet. This wall cost 60,000,000 roubles about £100,000 sterling. We had the advantages here of joining two English engineers who had been employed for many years in Sebastopol; these became our guides, and gave us a great

deal of information. We then went to see the famous docks. These consist of a series of locks like canal locks, the upper end being twenty feet higher than the entrance lock, which is even with the level of the sea. The upper end has three locks abreast. Then comes a compartment equally in the area to three, then again three more the middle one of which is entered by three other locks from the harbor making altogether nine chambers as it were and the large space in the middle. These are all dry but can be filled by water pumped into them by two steam engines. Each chamber is 270 feet long, 60 feet wide and contains from 25 to 37 feet of water at pleasure. A large ship may be floated into an upper lock, all the water can then be let off, and the ship left in her cradle as if on shore. The docks, with their magnificent masonry casings of gigantic granite blocks, steam engines and iron aqueducts for bringing down water from the Tchernava, cost £29,000,000 sterling. In one of the docks a steamer had been burnt; all her machinery was standing complete but not one bit of wood remained. The docks are all to be destroyed; in fact, Sebastopol is to be made a desert. From this point we skirted the harbor, and passing through the suburbs made our way towards Careening Bay, passing within cannon shot of the Russians on the north side, who are working vigorously there in raising forts for our repulse.

"We have passed some time in looking at them and crossed over to the Little Redoubt, the Central Bastion, until we reached the Malakoff which the French so successfully surprised, and so won Sebastopol. Its enormous strength has not been overrated at all. We then went to the Redoubt and skirting all the fortifications, returned to our ships on the opposite side of the town to which we had entered, having made a circuit of fifty miles. One sight I saw filled me with horror. In a ruined house, fifty or sixty bodies were thrown in a heap, all swollen and disfigured in every stage of decomposition, exposed to the gaze of every passer-by. It was too bad to leave them so for an hour. Nearly 500 bodies were found in this state in a cellar the day before yesterday, and as they were removing the bodies for burial a wretched wounded Russian, from the midst of the horrible group, staggered to his feet, and implored protection. It was instantly accorded to him. At Fort Paul, which was blown into the air, crowds of wounded are said to have perished in the ruins. It was reported that the Russians have 40,000 sick, and the French and ourselves being unable to take care of them, we are obliged to leave the Russians unmolested lest these and more should be thrown upon our hands.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.—It is remarkable that Dr. Beattie can give no account of the origin of "Gertrude," the most elaborate and the most beautiful of Campbell's works. His biographer tells a very agreeable anecdote in connection with the notice of this poem. An American friend, who was visiting him, spoke of a girl named Gertrude who had been led to make to the valley of the Wyoming from her admiration of Campbell's genius. "It was autumn, and the quiet shores of the lake were bathed in the yellow light of Indian summer. Every day we wandered through the primeval forests, and when tired we used to sit down under their solemn shade, among the falling leaves, and read 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sound but the song of the wild birds or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I felt the power of Campbell's genius.

"Campbell took his hand pressed it, and said 'God bless you, sir, you make me happy, although you make me weep; it is more than I can bear. It is dearer to me than all the praise I have had before. To think that in that wild American scenery I have had such readers. I will go to America yet.'

"When they parted, Campbell gave him a copy of the illustrated edition of his poems. 'Take it with you,' were his words, 'and if with your Gertrude, you ever go again to the valley of the Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, Campbell gave me this.'

DOMESTIC DUTIES.—A crusty old bachelor who can see no good in anything, not foreign, pitches into our American maids and matrons in the following rather curt manner for not attending to their home duties.—"In this neglect of household cares, American females stand alone. A German lady, no matter how high her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of body and mind alike. An English lady whether she be only a gentleman's wife or a duke's does not despise the household; and even though she has a house-keeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her happiest sphere. It is reserved for our ruffian females to be more choice than even their monarchical and aristocratic sisters. The result is a lassitude of mind often as fatal to the health as neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her servant pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either withers away from want or is driven to all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for the mind."

CAUTION.—An individual calling himself Charles Muller, doctor of philosophy, who pretends to have been deprived of his situation as teacher of languages during the election riot at St. Louis, and who has been sojourning for a short time in Winchester, Virginia, has during my absence deprived me of clothes, etc., to the value of \$60, and has taken possession of my certificate of ordination signed by Rev. Messrs. J. Davis and A. Rude, of the Synod of Virginia. It is feared that this Muller may by means of this certificate collect moneys for my church, and impose upon the Christian community of our country. I therefore warn every Lutheran minister and layman not to trust said Charles Muller, but to help me in exposing his fraud.

Charles Muller is about five feet high, sunburnt, with black whiskers and speaks the English language with a strong German accent.

ERNEST CH. U. LUBKERT,
Pastor of Evangelical Lutheran Church,
Richmond, Virginia.

Fossil Remains.—The Charleston *Mercury* gives an interesting account of the fossil remains of a *Mastodon* found near Charleston, on the Eastern Branch of Cooper River, and says:

"Some of the bones are in a good state of preservation, and have been presented to Professor Holmes for the Museum of the College of Charleston, by their discoverer, Wm. Harleston, esq., of the Hut plantation, St. John's Berkeley. A large tooth of the same animal has also been received from John Harleston, esq., of the Bluff plantation.

"From the character of the earth adhering to the bones, Professor Holmes concludes they must have been taken from the stratum known to geologists as the Post Pleiocene of Lyell, or perhaps from a deposit of a more recent date. It consists of a concretion of loose sand and gravel, consolidated by ferruginous infiltrations. With these bones are fragments of the shell or carapace of a fresh water Terrapin.

A few years since we received from the late Dr. Muldrow, of Sumter district, a number of bones of *Mastodon*, found on his place; and a large tooth was found in Darlington, on the plantation of Chan. Dargan, which is now in the Cabinet of the South Carolina College. Teeth and bones have also been found on Edisto Island, of which we have several specimens. The *Mercury* also says:

"The *Mastodon* was not unlike the Elephant in form and size, but somewhat larger and thicker. Dr. John C. Warren of Boston, possesses the most perfect skeleton yet found; it is seventeen feet long, twelve feet high, and sixteen feet five inches in circumference around the ribs. The entire length of the tusks is ten feet eleven inches, and length of tail six feet eight inches. One tusk weighs four pounds.

"No living instance of this creature is on record; its race has long been extinct, and these colossal bones have evidently been buried in the earth for ages—long before man, and the animals which are his contemporaries, were created.

"The Indians believe that men of similar proportions were coeval with the *Mastodon*, and that the Great Spirit destroyed both with his thunder."

Dr. Warren's skeleton for which he paid \$4,000, was found near Newburgh, New York and is almost perfect. A singular fact is worthy of record in connection with it: Several years ago the great Elephant *Columbus* was drowned in the Delaware, and Dr. Warren became the purchaser of the skeleton, and had it cleaned and mounted. Although every precaution was taken to preserve all the small bones, still the *Mastodon* skeleton is the most perfect—preserved by nature for ages unknown—while that by man's carelessness is imperfect. This we have seen.

The venerable Dr. Warren has identified himself with the history of this extraordinary animal, by publishing a *Memoir* of all that is known of it in the United States. It is the most magnificent volume of Natural History ever issued from the American press, and is at once a monument of his science and liberality.

Of this extraordinary animal several species are found in Europe, but only two on this continent—of these only one is satisfactorily settled in the United States. Hundreds of specimens of teeth have been found in the Western States, and one is just reported in Oregon, but they all belong to the same species.

Of the *Mammoth*, a kindred animal, a true Elephant, two species have been found in the United States—one is very common; of the other two specimens only are known. In 1847 one was discovered in Vermont, and in the same year it was our good fortune to find the other at Wilmington, North Carolina, from the banks of Deep River, in that State. The former specimen is in the Boston Society of Natural History's collection, the latter we placed in the Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia, as the most prominent position for it to be seen by naturalists. Of the *Mammoth*, no living specimen has been seen within the period of history. To-morrow we will give an account of one having been found frozen in Polar ice.

South Carolina.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—The memory of the departed is a precious boon to surviving friends. Though it is melancholy in its associations, yet it is nearly allied to a pleasure, and at the same time so profitable in its moral influences on the heart, that we cling to it with an instinctive attachment, and are unwilling to relinquish it though the long lapse of years may strive to blot it out. It is the triumph of mind over matter—of intelligence over death—it is the only window through which we can gain glimpses of the spirit land, and commune with those we loved in life who now dwell in Eternity. The voice of affection we loved so well to hear may be hushed to our mortal ears forever and the form we loved to gaze upon may long since have gone to dust; but the sacred memory of the beloved dead calls back the hours of pleasurable association with them; it not only crowds into the Present the forms, the actions, the words, the hopes, the loves, the blessings and sympathies of the Past; but by uniting us in thought and feeling with the departed, causes us to feel that there is a sympathy—a feeling of common brotherhood between the living and the dead and bows the soul with humility and thankfulness that—"this is not our continuing city!"

Lieutenant Herndon, United States Navy, who has explored the valley of the Amazon, and determined the heights of various places above the level of the sea both by barometric pressure and by the boiling point of water, says that at the eastern base of the Andes he found the pressure of the atmosphere, as measured by the temperature of boiling water, to be nearly as great as it is usually at the sea-level; and after having descended the river for nearly 1,000 miles below this place of great pressure, he found that judging by the boiling point of water, he has ascended nearly one thousand six hundred feet. The explanation of this curious anomaly is supposed to be that the trade winds blowing against the Andes are obstructed by them, and being thus obstructed there is a breaking up of air against these mountains.

The Graveyard at Cathcart's Hill.

It times to come it will be a chosen terminus of Saxon pilgrimage, this Cathcart's Hill.—Whether the traveller beholds from its humble parapet the fair aspect of the imperial city, guarded by threefold mightier batteries than now, or sits upon the broken wall to gaze upon the ruins of Sebastopol, he must, if he has any British blood in his veins, regard with emotion that little spot which encloses all that was mortal of some of the noblest soldiers who ever sprung from our warrior race. He will see the site of those tedious trenches where the strong man waxed weak day after day, and the sanguine became hopeless, and where the British soldier fought through a terrible winter with privation, cold, frost, snow, and rain, more terrible and deadly than the fire of the enemy. With the Bedan, the Malakoff, the Quarries, the Mamelon, Gordon's attack, Chapman's attack, under his eyes, he will revive with the aspect of the places where they stood the memories of this great struggle, and renew the incidents of its history. How many more of our gallant officers this cemetery may hold it is impossible to say; it is too full already. It is a parallelogram of about 40 yards long by 30 yards broad, formed by the base of a ruined wall which might, in former days have marked the lines of a Tartar fort, or have been the first Russian redoubt to watch over the infancy of Sebastopol. Although many a humble tumulus indicates to the eye of affection the place where some beloved comrade rests till the last requiem, the care and love of friends here and at home have left memorials in solid stone of those whose remains are resting here.

The first of the graves, towards the front and west of the cemetery, consists of a simple mound of earth. I know not who lies below. The second is marked by a simple slab, with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant H. Tryon, Rifle Brigade, killed in action on the 20th November, 1854." He was a thorough soldier, brave, cool and resolute, and in the terrible crisis of Inkermann, he used a rifle with more deadly certainty and success than any of his men. In the struggles for the "Ovens" or "Quarries" on the 20th November, in which a small body of the Rifle Brigade dislodged a force of the enemy much greater than their own, he displayed such gallantry as he felt that General Caubert paid him the rare honor of a special mention in the next "general order of the day" for the French army. Next to him repose the remains of a lamented officer. The stone records his name: "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier General Thomas Leigh Goldie, commanding the first brigade of the fourth division of the British army, Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifty-seventh regiment, who fell at Inkermann, November 5, 1854." No. 4 is a rude cross of stone without mark or name. The fifth grave is distinguished by a stone cross at the feet, and at the head is a slab with an ornamental top beneath which is written, "Sacred to the memory of Brigadier General Fox Strangways, killed in action November 5, 1854." A few lines in Russian ask the Christian forbearance of our enemies after we have gone, for the bones of one whom they would have admired and loved had they known him. No. 6 is conspicuous by a large tombstone, with an ornamental cross at top, and some simple efforts of the chisel at the sides and base. Come here and read! "Here lie the mortal remains of Captain Edward Stanley, 67th regiment, killed at the battle of Inkermann, November 5, 1854, to whose memory this stone is erected by the men of his company—'Cast down but not destroyed,' 2 Corinthians iv, 9." Who does not look with respect on these poor soldiers, and who does not feel envy for the lot of one so honored? There are fourteen other graves in the same row, of which only one is identified.

Sir George Cathcart's resting place, is marked by a very fine monument, for which his widow has expressed her thanks to those who raised it to the memory of their beloved commander.—There is an inscription upon it commemorating the General's services, and the fact that he served with the Russian armies in one of their most memorable campaigns—the date of his untimely and glorious death, and an inscription in the Russian language stating who and what he was who reposes beneath. In the second row to the East there are two graves without any inscriptions on stones; the third is marked by a very handsome circular pillar of hewn stone, surmounted by a cross, and placed upon two horizontal slabs. On the pillar below the cross in front is this inscription: "To Lieut. Colonel C. F. Seymour, Scots Fusilier Guards, killed in action, Nov. 5, 1854," beneath these words are a cross sculptured in the stone, and the letters, "I. H. S.;" and there is a Russian inscription on the back to save the tomb from desecration.—At the foot of the tomb there is an elaborately carved stone lozenge, surmounting a slab, and on the lozenge is engraved the crest of the deceased, with some heraldic bird springing from the base of a coronet, with the legend, "Foi pur d'ivoir, C. F. S. Et. 36." How many an absent friend would have mourned around this tomb? "Close at hand is a handsome monument to Sir John Campbell, than whom no soldier was ever more beloved by those who served under him, and not far apart, in another row, is a magnificent sarcophagus in black Devonshire marble, to the memory of Sir R. Newman, of the Grenadier Guards, who also fell at Inkermann. With all these memorials of death behind us, the front wall at Cathcart's Hill has ever been a favorite spot for gossips and spectators, and sayers of jokes, and *raconteurs de bon mots*, or such *jeux d'esprit* as find favor in circles military. It has now lost the attraction of position, and retains only its graver, more melancholy and more natural interest.

TURNIP SEED.—One of the most respectable farmers in Montgomery county called upon us a short time since, and gave us the following directions for preparing turnip seed for sowing—mix the seed with *four of sulphur*, then put in a bottle and cork up perfectly tight for six or eight weeks previously to planting. He has pursued this plan for several years, and has never known it to fail to protect the crop effectually against the fly. This is an important hint to our farmers, and we commend it to their attention.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

Dip paper into strong alum water, and it will resist the action of fire.

Life of the West Point Cadet.

He sleeps in the barracks, in a room with one other; at half past five in the winter the reveille awakens him; the immediately arises, doubles up his blanket and mattress, places them on the head of his iron bedstead; he studies until seven o'clock; at that hour the drum beats for breakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and proceed to the mess hall. Twenty minutes is the usual time spent at breakfast. Guard mounting takes place half past seven, and twenty-four men are placed on guard every day. At eight o'clock the bugle sounds, and recitations commence. At one o'clock the professors dismiss their respective stations, the cadets form ranks opposite the barracks, and march to dinner. Between eleven and one a part of the cadets are occupied in riding and others in fencing, daily. After dinner they have until two o'clock for recreation and from two to four they are employed in recitations. At four o'clock the bugle sounds and they go either to battalion or light artillery drill.

This exercise lasts an hour and a half. After that they devote the same to recreation until parade, which takes place at sunset. After parade they form into rank in front of the barracks, and the names of the delinquents are read by an officer of the cadets. Supper comes next and after supper recreation till eight o'clock when the bugle sounds to call to quarters, and every cadet must be found in his room within a few minutes at study, and must remain there thus employed until half-past nine. At half past nine the bugle sounds; this is called tattoo and at ten the drum taps, and at ten every cadet must be in bed, having his light extinguished, and must remain there till morning. If during the night the cadet is found to be absent from his room more than thirty minutes and does not give satisfactory account of himself, charges are preferred against him and he is court-martialed.

The use of intoxicating drink and tobacco is strongly repudiated, so are playing at chess, wearing whiskers, and a great many other things. The punishment to which the cadets are liable are privation of recreation, etc., extra hours of duty, reprimands, arrests, confinement to his room or tent; confinement in light prison, confinement in dark prison, dismissal with the privilege of resigning, and public dismissal.

A Silent People.

The Philadelphia Bulletin complains that the people of that city do not show sufficient inclination to take part in the public meetings, and that most of them exhibit too much reluctance and hesitation in addressing their fellow citizens. We rejoice to hear that there is such a people in America. Let them retain their taciturnity by all means. The great and crying evil of the times is the excess of gab. Every man fancies himself an orator, and thinks himself born for the express purpose of edifying his fellowmen, either from the rostrum, the bar or the pulpit. Surely the Bulletin has not been perverted and mingled as others have been by the immense boring machines which may be found in various parts of the country, or it would not be anxious to endow its Philadelphians with the gift of tongues. Let them abide in peace. Happy, excellent people, who have no desire to shine in public assemblies, but are content to mind their own business! Corrupt not, oh Bulletin, their primitive simplicity. Visit not the only quiet spot in the United States with the confusion of Babel.

Richmond Dispatch.

SHUN NOT YOUR DESTINY.—Dean, in his "Ottoman Empire," says the doctrine of Islamism teach that no man may be above his destiny; that every one may learn a vocation whereby he may earn his bread if predestined to do so. A curious list is given in *Meradja* of the occupations of patriarchs, caliphs, and sultans, which commences with the first man. Adam tilled the ground; Noah was a carpenter; Abraham a weaver; David made coats of mail; Solomon made baskets of the date tree; the Caliph Omar manufactured skins; Othman sold estates; Ali, the cousin of the Prophet, hired himself to a master for a salary. The Ottoman sovereigns did not think it beneath them to submit to this law in imitation of so many eminent examples. Thus Mohammed II. sold flowers; Soliman the Great made slippers; Achmet I. made ebony case and boxes; Achmet III. excelled in writing, and in elaborating the canonical books; Selim II. printed missives.

ARREST OF JUDGE KANE.—The abolitionists have given another evidence of their want of confidence in the justice of their actions, by their recent arrest of Judge Kane, while on a visit to his Wards in Delaware County. The Judge, we believe, is the administrator of the estate of the late Samuel Deeper of Delaware county, and guardian of his children. A day or two since he paid a visit to the family in that country, in reference to matters connected with the estate. While sitting at the breakfast table, he was arrested by a Deputy Sheriff of Delaware county, at the suit of Passmore Williamson. He had probably been tracked from Philadelphia by some of the underground railroad committee whose business hitherto has been to steal negroes in a clandestine manner, and after working them nearly to death on their own, or their friends' farms, chasing them away penniless, when they asked for money, with the cry that their masters were in the neighborhood looking after them."

A NEWSPAPER.—It was Bishop Horner's opinion that there was no better moralist than the newspaper. He says, "The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes displayed in a newspaper are so many benevolent continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerfully dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy than the mournful relation of an execution or the fate of a despairing suicide. What finer lecture on the necessity of economy than the auctions of estates, houses, and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well, pay for it and it will instruct thee."

Later from Texas.—The steamship Louisiana, Capt. W. H. Talbot, from Indianola and Galveston, arrived at New Orleans on the 31st ult.

The San Antonio Herald, of the 23d, furnishes the following intelligence:

"We learn with pleasure from a letter received from Austin last evening that Gov. Pease, has come out unequivocally in favor of Captain Callahan's course and of the contemplated expedition against the Indians on the part of the people, and has refused to issue a proclamation against it at the request of Gen. Smith, on the ground that the General Government has failed to protect the people on the frontier, and that the present movement is a spontaneous expression of popular will based upon the right of self defence.

Capt. Tom's company of Rangers, from Seguin, numbering about sixty men, left this city on Saturday last for the frontier. This company is well mounted and armed, and should they come across the Indians or any other robbers, they will give a good account of themselves. A few more such companies would soon give peace to our frontier.

The Herald, referring to a suggestion that an effort will be made to prevent the Rangers from following the Indians into Mexico, remarks, that if the Rangers determine to cross the Rio Grande it will take more force to stop them, than it would to whip the Indians.

The same paper, in an article on "General Smith and the Frontier," says:

Many condemn Gen. Smith for the unprotected condition of our frontier, and are disposed to hold him morally responsible for the many murders and robberies committed by the Indians. We do not intend to offer any apology for Gen. Smith or the officers of his command; but this much we will say, they have not the force to protect the frontier; if they had the will. The troops are not here and if they were, they are not the right kind for frontier defence.

A MURDER CURIOUSLY DISCOVERED.—From the "Romance of the Forum," a new book just published in England, the following singular affair is extracted. It is said to have been a actual occurrence which took place in 1770: A woman who lived at St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, on returning thither from Elsworth, where she had been to receive a legacy of seventeen pounds that was left her, tied the sun up in her hair for fear of being robbed. As she was going home she overtook her next door neighbor, a butcher by trade, who also kept an inn, and who lived in good repute. The woman was glad to see him, and told him what she had been about. He asked her where she had concealed her money? She told him in her hair. The butcher finding a convenient opportunity, took her from her horse, cut off her head, put it in his pack, and rode off. A gentleman and his servant coming directly by, found, to their horror, the headless body still warm on the ground. The gentleman, perceiving the crime to have been just committed, ordered the servant to ride at full speed forward, and the first man he overtook to show him wherever he went. The servant came up with the butcher not a mile of the place, and asked him what town that was before them? The butcher told St. Neots. "My master," says the servant, "is just behind, and sent me forward to inquire for a good inn for a gentleman and his domestic." The murderer made answer that he kept a good inn, where they should be well used. The gentleman overtook them, and went to with them and dismounted. He then bid his servant attend to the horse, whilst he would take a walk in the town and be back presently. Once out of the inn, he hastened to a constable, and told him the whole affair. The constable said that the butcher was a very honest man, and had lived there a great many years in good reputation; yet he yielded to the gentleman's urgency and went back; they searched the pack, and the constable, to his great surprise, found it was the head of his own wife! The murderer was sent to Huntingdon jail, and shortly after tried and executed.

GEORGIA.—The position of this State is in the highest degree interesting. By general consent, she is made the standard bearer of the South. No-trusted in her strength, her position, and our confidence in the fidelity of her people. The last elections have confirmed our hopes.—There were some who thought that the popular manifestations of Georgia were not to be taken as the deliberate determinations of her opinion, and they accordingly looked for other evidences of public sentiment. It seems to us that they now have them. The men who have been sustained by the recent election have declared their understanding of the meaning of its results.—The Message of the Governor, all of which relating to Federal Affairs we copy, is strong and clear on this subject, and the proceedings of a meeting at the Capitol, in which all the first men of the State took part, are equally significant. We must take them as in good faith, or we must wrap ourselves up in a covering of selfishness. For ourselves, we have faith in this declaration of the Governor of Georgia, seconded as it is by the resolves of a body of men who combine an amount of ability not found in the leadership of any part of a State.—*Charleston Mercury.*

THE RIGHT SORT OF MOVEMENT.—The citizens of Barbour county held the right sort of a Kansas meeting at Clayton, last week. The substance of the work done was to appoint large and influential committees to seek aid in money, from the Legislature of the State, and from private citizens. Col. Jeff Buford is at the head of the committee to memorialize the Legislature, for a donation of \$100,000, to send men to Kansas, and to charter a Kansas Emigration Society.

The Barbour meeting also urge the formation of Kansas associations in every county in the State. We hope the suggestion will be immediately adopted. "Now is the appointed time" for the South; it will soon have passed; shall we fail to improve it!

The South is beginning to awaken. Every true heart will strive to quicken and strengthen the impulse that begins to swell her veins.

Montgomery Mail.

The Cheraw and Darlington Rail Road is completed to within a mile and a quarter of Cheraw.