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Selected Poetry.

HEED THY FOOTSTEPS.

BY LOTTIE LISWOOD.
Heed thy feet, oh, wearied wanderer,
Travelling down life's changeable vale!
Gird with strength thy trembling footsteps,
Lest at last thy courage fail;
Even now perhaps they falter,
On the brink of death's cold wave.
And the bright and hoped-for morrow,
Brings thee but a new-made grave.
Youthful dreamer, years are gathering
O'er thy heart's glad sunlight now,
And earth's cares will soon be tracing
Lines across thy placid brow!
Hast thou strength for earth's temptations?
Will they bind thy spirit fast?
Or will Hope and Faith eternal,
Lead thee safe to rest at last.

Miscellaneous.

From the American Organ. Pope's College.

The Baltimore Sun of Saturday, I believe, for I have not the paper before me, contained an extract from a recent letter of Pope Pío Nino to Archbishop Hughes, of the Archdiocese of New York, in which it is advised and recommended that the Roman Church in this country establish at the Vatican in Rome, a school for the education of American youth, to be dedicated for the ministry of the Catholic Church in America. The impression upon my mind at the present moment is, that the project invited no criticism from the Sun, unfavorable to the plan of the enterprise. I shall be somewhat surprised if it does not only invite and invoke a discussion when duly weighed, even from journals favorable to the Catholic Church in this country.

It is certainly a novel idea, and suggested at this particular time, when the public mind is deeply agitated upon the system of that Church which places at the head of it in this country bishops and priests of foreign birth and education. It becomes a matter of great moment to inquire whether the plan proposed is better than the present one, and whether it is calculated to meet the demands of the republican civilization of this country?

I was forcibly struck with it myself and without, indeed, going into any fanciful opposition to the Roman Church here, I cannot disengage my mind from the contemplation of serious and alarming results, from the adoption of such a project by the Church in the United States of America. The present struggle in the popular mind, I apprehend not to partake at all, fairly and candidly considered, of a religious character. Its issues are entirely different in aim and object. They propose to let every man worship as he pleases, and go to the fullest extent of the constitutional guarantee upon the subject of religious toleration. But between these and the direct influence of the Pope at Rome, who is also a tyrant King, upon the electors of this republic there is a marked and unmistakable difference. Americans have a right to say that no foreign prince or potentate can be allowed to act upon our ballot-boxes, whether the right to do so is claimed under the guise of either a temporal or spiritual authority. Of the two of these the latter is certainly the most to be apprehended. Whilst the one affects only the chattels, the property and person of a man the other claims to control the entire inner man. Clothe one with the latter power, and he can compel others, under his vows, if they stand true to them, noisily to go against right, duty, and liberty. It is not so with the temporal power. When it is used to guide or compel man against these high obligations, it is a failure.

So much for the issues of the present agitation in the public mind in this country, which promises to ignore the last remnant of Papal influence upon the institutions of this great republic. Now what strikes me as strong under this aspect of the times is this announcement from the Pope to our confessedly the leading and talented prelates of the church in this nation. It will be wise to allow history to instruct us a little upon the subject of the stratagems of a little upon the subject of the stratagems of the order of the Jesuits was first laid in the sixteenth century. It was just at the moment when the agitation in the public mind in Europe had given such a shock to Papal authority, and under the impending revolt of so many nations from the tyrannical power of the Roman Church that Loyola's mind gave birth to an organization that has almost successfully arrested the higher the truth, and more promising civilization which the spirit of the Reformation was producing upon the minds of men. To what extent it reversed the tide of light, and threw upon the nations its dark and umbrageous shad-ows, let those who are curious to know refer to the annals of history. It constitutes its darkest and bloodiest page, and its voice of warning instruction should come up to us of the present era consecrated by the centuries through which it speaks. This species this religious plan of the sixteenth century, was the Papal antidote to the Reformation. What shall we think of Pío Nino's plan of the nineteenth century?

It wears an apparently harmless, nay a religious aspect. It proposes simply that American youths should be transported to Rome, to be trained at the altars of the Vatican in order to qualify them for bishops and priests in the Roman Church here, in this land of Protestantism and liberal political and social institutions. Why, and wherefore? Does not the Church possess the means and theological resources, in this "land of the free, and home of the brave" to qualify the native born member to rise to clerical power and distinction? She has her colleges and universities of learning to qualify men for posts of honor, and preferment in the States and nation. Why not the Church also? Why go to Rome for these and be nursed in the cradle of Vatican theology. It is plain. The signs of the times suggest the solution.—The present agitation of the public mind in this country, which is but a fragmentary element of the incompleteness of our glorious

Revolutionary achievement, is becoming apparent to the masses of a free people. It has been recently discovered that a foreign potentate has a controlling power over the suffrages of our enfranchised citizens. That this is contrary to the spirit and genius of republican institutions, all perhaps will admit.

That this has been done many will gravely deny; but that the fact is a chief and important element in the issues of the present parties, few will deny.

To allay and quell the feverish excitability of our people upon this subject, the present suggestion from the Pope of Rome comes to one of its master spirits in this country. Native Americans look at it! Is there nothing starting in it. Is there nothing in it to humble the pride of the Church in this land, and, much more, excite a thrill of alarm from the heart of the nation? I confess, for myself, with every sentiment of Christian charity and toleration for the Church in this country, I regard it as a reproach to her, that she cannot here educate a ministry or priesthood, capable of promoting its growth, progress, and influence. If I was a member of that body, I should have, and perhaps express, keener sensibilities upon this subject. As I am not a Catholic, I shall not speak for them. But as an American citizen, I have a voice, and a constitutional right to utter it upon all occasions of need. I consider this an opportune occasion to break silence, and ask my countrymen, whether they are prepared to consent to a plan emanating from the Pope of Rome, who is also King and Tyrant of Italy—the effect of which will inevitably be to de-Americanize a portion of our youth. I have to be excited an opinion of the patriotism of native born Americans, either in or out of the Roman Church as also of our enfranchised foreign citizens, to believe that the task would be an easy one to destroy it as an active, living, controlling power in them; but I do not hesitate to say, that I do believe, that if such a thing can be done the Court of Rome with the literature and theology of the Vatican would constitute the most potent of all human measures to effect such a result which could be brought to bear upon a thing so steadily inexorable to the influences of alienation.

Let me warn the Catholic Church of this country that a compliance with this suggestion of the Pope will serve but to multiply the throbs of popular agitation, and array against it the more concentrated force of national American sentiment. Let the Catholic Church in this country elect or appoint its own bishops and priests; let its own church canons and regulations, separate itself from Rome and its king and potentate, and so far as it is concerned, separate itself from Rome and its king and potentate. This is but what it reasonably should do. Until it does this agitation will not cease, and public opinion upon this subject in this country must and will prevail.

JUNUS.

Louis Napoleon and Peace.

In judging of the probabilities of peace in Europe the speech of Louis Napoleon at the close of the Paris Exhibition is supposed to be of some significance. Having been delivered just previous to the rumors of renewed negotiations it is thought to afford some clue to his real opinions. This speech was certainly of a highly pacific aspect, in its general complexion. He eulogized the arts of peace. He spoke approvingly of the triumphs of peaceful industry, how peace provided the resources of war, and how war returned the obligation by securing the benefits of peace. All this was *color de rose* for the occasion. It was only in good taste and appropriate to deliver a panegyric on the arts of peace while assisting in the celebration of her performances, and presiding in a grand temple of industry, surrounded by its memorials. It was mentioned it was by way, if not of contrast, to show that war was the handmaid of peace—the means to an end.

This speech received a political interpretation. It was thought to prefigure the extension of the war rather than as the index to peace. The political allusions by indirection were thought to be a menace to these European States which still held a neutral position. But this is to look for a hidden meaning in what was a mere rhetorical contrast.

In speaking of the arts of peace it was natural to advert to the war by which their progress was impeded. And in alluding to the opinion of Europe in deciding the question of its continuance, there could have been no design to irritate feelings by which the present complication would be increased. It is not the purpose assiduously of Louis Napoleon to provoke a general war by which a dangerous fermentation would be given to the revolutionary elements throughout Europe.

But this Address was not intended, or only incidentally so, for the public mind of Europe. It was meant as a concession to popular opinion in France. This has always characterized the present French ruler. His government he professes to be founded on deference to the public sentiment of France. The general opinion of Europe, if found in consonance with that of the French people, would not only confirm the wisdom of his foreign policy, but afford a warrant for the continuance of the war.—Louis Napoleon, then, in making that declaration that peace or war depended on opinion in Europe, had nothing to lose. If in real or assumed deference to public sentiment in France, he is obliged to draft into his army a large proportion of the French population, and to come before the mounted classes for another loan, and there is no demerit to these measures, he can say with perfect propriety that he continues hostilities in compliance with French popular sentiment. He thus places his foreign policy on a democratic basis, the same on which he professes to rest his domestic rule. In this aspect his speech is highly significant. He wages war for no dynastic interest, no monarchical pretensions, but in conformity with public opinion.

Charlotte Evening News.

THE PUBLIC LANDS.—An erroneous impression prevails as to the right of foreigners to possess themselves of unincultivated public lands, in the territories. Not only is there no law of Congress making such lands a gratuity, but none except natives have the privilege of pre-emption.

Biddy Maloney's Cat.

Matthew Maloney, better known by the boys at the mill as 'Father Mat,' on returning from work one evening was met at the gate by Biddy, his better half, in a high state of excitement.

'Mat,' says she 'there's a strange cat in the cabin.'

'Cast her out, thin, an don't be botherin me about the baste.'

'Faix, an I've been thrivin to do that same far the matter of tin' minits past, but she's just beyond my rache, behind the big red chest in the corner. Will yez be after helpin me to drive her out, Mat?'

'To be sure I will; had luck to the constate she has for my house; show her to me, Biddy, till I take her the respict that's due a man in his own house—to be takin possession widout as much as by yer lave, the thafe o' the hull world?'

Now Mat had a special antipathy for cats, and never let pass an opportunity to kill one. This he resolved to do in the present case, and instantly formed a plan for the purpose. Perceiving but one mode of egress for the animal he says to Biddy—

'Have ye iver a male bag in the house me darlin?'

'Divil a wun, is there Mat. Yez tuk it to the mill wid yez to bring home clips wid, this mornin.'

'Faix, an I did, an there it is yit thin. Wal have yez nothin at all in the house that will tie up like a bag Biddy?'

'Troth, an I have, Mat; there's me Sunday petticoat—ye can draw the strings close at the top, and sure it will do better nor lettin the cat be lavin yez.'

Biddy, divilut, yez a jewel to be thinkin o' that ston; be after bringin it to me.

Biddy brought the garment and when the strings were drawn close it made a very good substitute for the meal bag and Mat declared it was 'fit-ginn.'

So holding it close against the edge of the chest, he took a look behind, and saw a pair of bright eyes glaring at him.

An is it there ye are, ye devil? Be out o' that now, had luck to all yer kin, ye thavin vagabone ye. Bedad, an ye wont lave my touseat all wid perite axin. Yer self-will bates a pig's innity. Biddy, have yez any hot water in the house?'

'Ye, I've a plinty, Mat; the tay kettle's full an it.'

Be after castin the matter of a quart thin behind the chest till I say how the shay divil likes it.'

'Hould him close, Mat, here goes the water.'

Dash went the water and out jumped the animal int' Mat's trap.

'Arach, be the holy poker, I have him in, Biddy,' says Mat, drawing close the folds of the garment; now had cess to yez, ye thafe, its nine lives ye lave is it. Be after axin me forgiveness for the thavin ye have been doin in me house, for I'm thinkin the nine lives ye have wont save ye now any way. Biddy, seize hold of the poker an whin I'll shoulder the haythen, ye'll beat the daylight out of him.

Mat threw the bundle over his shoulder, and told Biddy to play 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning on it. Biddy struck about three notes of that popular Irish air, and suddenly stopped, exclaiming—

'What smells so queer, Mat? Its takin my brith avay wid the power uv it. Och, murder, Mat, shure an ye lave the divil in the sack.'

'Bate the old haythen, than; yez 'ill never lave a better chance. Bate the horns off 'er; lather 'im like blazes, me darlin!'

'Augh, like Biddy, 'im faintin wid the power uv 'im. Cast 'im off yez, Mat.'

'How's St. Pater, says Mat, throwing down the sack. Biddy, the baste is a polecat! Lave the house, or yez 'll be kilt entirely. Murther an turf, how the haythen smells. Och, Biddy Maloney, a purty kittle uv fish yez made uv to be shure, to be mistakin that little devil for a harmless cat.'

'Mat, for the love uv God, if yez be comvin' to the door be after openin it, for I'm narely shocked wid 'im. Och, Biddy Maloney, had luck to yez for havin told Ireland, to be murthered in this way? How's Mary purtict me! Mat, 'im clane kilt intirely; tak' me out uv this!'

Mat drew her out of doors, and then broke for the pump like a quarter horse, clo'ly follow ed by Biddy.

'Shure, that little villain bates the divil intirely, he's narely in house an kilt Biddy an put me out of constate wid meself for a month to come. Och the desavin vagabonds, had luck to 'im,' and Mat plazed his head into the horse-trough up to his shoulders.

'Get out o' that Mat, 'im narely blind,' and Biddy went under water.

'Och, the murtherin baste,' says Biddy, spurtin' the water out of her mouth, 'me best petticoat is spoilt intirely. Mat Maloney, divil a trap will I iver help you tosit for a catagin.'

'Don't trouble yourself, Mistress Maloney, ye've play'd the divil as it is. Niver fear me axin a halp'orth of yer assistance. Its a natural fool ye are to be takin a baste uv a polecat for a house cat.'

Mat and Biddy went cautiously back to the cabin from which the offensive quadruped had taken his departure.

Things were turned out of doors, Biddy's petticoat buried, the bed, which fortunately escaped, moved to a near neighbors, the stove moved out-side, and for a week they kept house out of doors, by which time, by dint of scrubbing, washing and airing, the house was rendered once more habitable, but neither Mat or Biddy have forgotten the 'strange cat.'

A WOMAN SWIMMING THE MISSISSIPPI.—Lloyd's forthcoming Steamboat Directory gives a thrilling instance of the necessity for women knowing how to swim. When the ill-fated Ben Sherrod was in flames on the Mississippi river, and the lady passengers who had thrown themselves into the water were drowning around the boat the wife of Capt. Castleman jumped into the river, with her infant in her arms, and swam ashore, a distance of half a mile, being the only woman saved out of six teen. She had learned to swim when a girl.

From the London Punch.

Last Hours of a Single Gentleman.

This morning, November 11th, at half-past eleven o'clock, precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railings of St. Mary's-Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Jones' at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr Pinckney was there and then first introduced to Miss Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year; but there is no belief that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus became necessary to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his younger brother knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"Not yet." The question was then put to him, how he thought he would sleep? To which he answered, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything more that night. He said "Nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerably advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven, the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called according to his desire, he arose and promptly dressed himself. He had even the self-control to shave himself, without the slightest injury, for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trousers, with patent boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the corazon of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breast-pin, of conspicuous dimensions.

Being dressed in the usual manner with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and sister, and a few friends, awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present, and on being asked how he slept, answered, "very well." And to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy." One of the party happened suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through; he exclaimed with some emphasis—

"Decidedly!" Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round of toast, two sausages, and three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of persons present, he declared that he had never felt happier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him, when he said he would take a glass of ale. Having drunk this, he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distribute those little articles he no longer wanted. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco-stopper, and charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it, after all was over, with due solemnity, to the landlady. The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said—"I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his other friends following on behind, in others.

Arriving at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some moments took place, after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum; but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed necessary formalities gone through, the usual question was put—"Will thou have this woman to be thy wife?" "I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymeneal nouse was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into matrimony!

HOME MANNERS.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cool and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its fragments.—There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and glowing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, every body, and every thing that is lovely. Teach your children to love their God. Let it be the studied objects of their domestic culture, to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your family together by those strong chords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, to man.—Dr. Hall's Medical Journal.

Down With Those Hoop Skirts!

DURING ADVENTURE AMONG THEM. But the skirts! Oh, Venus de Medicis! how can we embrace them at all! Positively there is no getting round them in one effort! Skirts have swollen to that extent of fashion that no door is wide enough for them to pass through, without considerable squeezing. Real belles of the fashion now seem like moving bells, literally so that mullets and men have to steer well in the streets, else they will run against ropes, hoops, bag matting, crinoline and the deuce knows what, which completely take up the sidewalk and inhabit the dress. As for the girl, by Jove, she seems nowhere! The other day we happened to see two of the dumpy kind of moving "bells" of fashion going along the street, a la painter style—hands close and skirts out. At forty paces distant they seemed like miniature pyramids of silk; at twenty we smelt eucalypt water and other essences; at ten paces a little lump like a bonnet was discernible at the top of the skirt pyramid; at three paces distant we heard the imbedded voice of a female in the dress; at two paces we discovered four ringlets, of slim appearance, resembling cat tails dipped in molasses; two eyes, of weak and absurd expression, like boiled onions; lips like unto thin sandwiches with a bit of discolored meat sticking out, thin and dry and cheeks roused with *meafum* (Chinese coloring). Positively this was all that could create in us the impression or imagination that the above things, dry goods, &c. formed a woman. We moved aside and went on our way rejoicing that such was not our share, to say nothing of our future "better half."

DOWNS WITH THE SHAWLS TOO. The Mirror of fashion says: "The customer who calls at a tailor's to replenish his wardrobe, is too apt to think that all he lays out beyond sufficient to keep his body comfortable is so much wasted or thrown away. He will take his wife to Stewart's and buy her a shawl worth several hundred dollars, and other dresses to correspond, and very probably will buy a plain suit of clothes for himself and be none the wiser for it. In this contemptuous plight show himself beside his elegant wife in most ludicrous contrast. For the *gamins de Paris*, with glazed caps to adopt the shepherd's maid, and thus partly imitate the peasantry of Scotland, there may be found some excuse, but for a full-grown republican to so invade the rights of woman as to emasculate himself in appearance by wearing a shawl, we can find no just reason or cause for extension. They should be unrecognized by man and pointed at by boys as needles; for in this age of progress in commerce and the arts, whatever checks their regular onward tendency, should be rebuked and put down by a palpable manifestation of popular displeasure. If we are not to return to the Doges, nor adopt the costume of the Scottish peasantry of tunic and bare legs, and shawl, then for the sake of sacred taste and personal manliness, doff the shawl from your shoulders and use it merely in travelling to keep comfortable the nether extremities."

WEARING OF FLANNELS.—There is a very important matter connected with dress, which I cannot pass over in silence: I mean the wearing of flannel next the skin. In the minds of many persons there is a considerable prejudice against wearing it, though of late years there is a sounder public opinion than formerly. I will now state very briefly the advantages of flannel and give some striking examples in confirmation. In the first place it is a bad conductor of caloric, and tends, therefore, to prevent the escape of animal heat. Secondly it aids largely in protecting the body against the influences of sudden changes in the weather. By preventing the rapid escape of the animal heat and by the gentle friction of the skin and the slight irritation of the general surface, its tendency is to keep up an equal temperature. The gentle friction aids in maintaining the circulation in the antaneous vessels and at the same time imparts a healthful stimulus to the nerves. That it contributes so little to these ends may be readily perceived by observing the change of temperature and other effects produced on a part subjected to friction by the hand or in any other way. I know that the irritation produced by flannels is so great in some persons that they cannot wear it next to the skin. When it is worn loosely, as it should always be done, this friction must take place to a considerable extent in every movement of the body. I have to add, as another advantage, that there is no other material which absorbs so well the exhalations from the skin. This fact generally suggests a frequent change or its thorough ventilation at night; the former however, is to be preferred.

La Belle's Introduction to Physiology. RELIGION IS THE FAMILY.—We noticed lately an anecdote of a pious mother who expressed great anxiety for her son for whose conversion, she had long been praying. At her request, a friend conversed with that son; when it was found that he had apparently been led to the Saviour two years before! But the mother knew nothing of it.

We received some time ago an anonymous communication, containing the following statements: "I am a minister's son and am now a professor of religion. Ever since I can remember, I have heard my father preach from the pulpit the doctrine that he who believeth not shall be damned. But to the best of my recollection, I never received from him a single warning of my danger, nor a single invitation to come to the Saviour, except the general ones in his sermons upon the Sabbath." "I have a family of brothers growing up; but I have no reason to believe he has ever spoken a word to them upon the subject of religion, except from the pulpit."

As the writer has not given us his name, and this statement seems so improbable in itself, we do not publish it as a fact. It may be of use as a supposition.

A missionary recently ordained at Hallowell dated his most solemn and lasting impressions to a day which his mother invited him to spend with her, when he was yet but a little boy. In fasting and prayer for his conversion, she took him alone, read the Scriptures to him, talked with him, prayed for him, and God, faithful to his covenant, sealed these labors with the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit.

SMILES. How pleasant and refreshing are smiles.—After tuning from the tedium of this vain world, and at home we are met by a smiling wife, whose pleasant nature and gentle spirit, like the refreshing dew, adds new life to our system, and makes us long to bathe ever in the sun-line of her beautiful countenance. There is the smile of the lover, as he reads in the countenance of the object he loves, a reciprocity of feeling, and his heart bounds with elasticity, and hope springs anew in his heart. The father smiles with satisfaction, as he beholds his "Young America" making rapid strides up the ladder of learning, and his proud heart beats with anxiety, that in the Eagle flight of his boy, sight may not be lost of the duty he owes to God—and that his offspring may never err from the path of rectitude, or fall from the dizzy height to which his ambition leads him. And the mother—how pleasant is the smile which illumines her countenance, as she beholds the budding beauty, and the graceful mien of her own light hearted Mary. Oh! the mystery of a mother's smile—how it speaks of unbounded love—of motherly affection, and a thrilling of her heart as she clasps to her mother's bosom the object of her affection. Pen cannot tell, or thought fathom the depth of a mother's smile.

We know that it has been said, a man may "Smile and smile, and be a villain." Yet none the less pleasant is the smile of the pure—the noble of earth's children. The Church established by God on earth, often has concealed in its very vitals the base hypocrite, yet none the less holy is the Church. So is it with smiles—and when we speak of them, we would only be considered as eulogizing the true, the faithful smiles of the heart—such as illumine the countenance of the drunkard's wife, as she beholds the object of her maiden love, rending the shackles which have bound him, and proclaiming himself once more a man; such as brighten the face of the mourner by the couch of the sick, when the physician proclaims the invalid out of danger; such a smile as the christian smiles in the hour of affliction, which enables him to exclaim with joy—"thy rod and staff, they comfort me."

There is the smile of the coquet—the smile of the proud—and the bland smile of knavery, but I count them not as smiles. They are unwholy and hypocritical, and are not heaven-born. They manifest no delight, but are ghastly, vague, and meaningless. Unlike the sweet smile of childhood—the gleeful laugh of the school boy—they communicate no happiness to others, and are nothing more than "frowns in purple and fine linen."

Give me the smile of hope—the smile of love—and the joyous, happy smile of the parent, to cheer my pathway thro' life, and I at once have a clearer view of Heaven—a brighter hope and stronger faith.

The smiles of hope, love and sympathy, and the smiling face of nature—Oh! how pleasant they are to the weary earth pilgrim.

Spirit of the Age. The Bath Times states that a lot of ship timber has recently arrived in that city from the Saguenay river in Canada.

The steamer Etewan ran into a boat on the Waccamaw, last week. Eleven negroes, belonging to Estate of J. J. Ward were drowned.

Russian Storms.

A traveller in Russia says that the storms of that country are divided into three classes—the first and mildest is called the Maitzel; the second more severe, the Samjots; and the third, which is absolutely terrific, the Winga. In a conversation between himself and a priest the latter is thus described;

"What, then, cried I, 'is the Winga?'" "A prelude to the last day," answered the priest. "Fortunately, unmistakable indications announce its coming for some days before hand. Then nobody sets out upon a journey, not even to the next village though it be but a verst or two off. Precautions are taken for the safety of the house, by protecting it, on the north side with heavy cones and by propping it up, as well as barns and stables, on the south side. The *tabann* troops of wild horses) scamper in all haste to the nearest forest; droves of cattle and flocks of sheep seek shelter, wherever the storm overtakes upon the open pl in nbn or best, caravans drawn by oxen, or caravans drawn by horses, is lost, without a chance of rescue.

"An icy shower of snow is the forerunner of the terrible blast, it falls so thick and drives so horizontally through the air that to withstand it is impossible, whilst it avails little, to suffer one's self to be driven before it. For if one escapes for a while this prelude to the hurricane, he is infallibly overtaken by the formidable blasts and circling whirlwinds which succeed it, and which gather up from the earth like chaff from the threshing floor, the objects exposed to their violence and hurl them to and fro in the air. And yet the rage of the unfettered element is not here at its height; for when the storm seems to have exhausted its fury in the manner I have described—often raging thus during a period of several days—then first begins the real tempest a blast which nothing can resist. It uproots whole forests, tosses the loftiest fir trees into the air like blades of straw and often conveys them high above the earth whole versts away. It levels stables and barns, roofs houses and throws down church towers, so that the district it has visited, looks after its destructive passage for distances of several days' journey, like a land ravaged by fire and sword. On all sides are seen herds of dead cattle, trees uprooted, villages overthrown. In exposed situations this wind has been known to tear up isolated stables, to transport through the air their fragments and the cattle they contained, and far from the spot, to hurl these down shattered upon fields and roofs. With varying fury the monster rages for some days, leaving behind him on his departure, death, destruction, and lamentations. Happily, he comes but seldom his visits are not for every generation; but when he does come, all that his ice breath touches is devoted to annihilation."

That is the Russian Winga!"

SMILES. How pleasant and refreshing are smiles.—After tuning from the tedium of this vain world, and at home we are met by a smiling wife, whose pleasant nature and gentle spirit, like the refreshing dew, adds new life to our system, and makes us long to bathe ever in the sun-line of her beautiful countenance. There is the smile of the lover, as he reads in the countenance of the object he loves, a reciprocity of feeling, and his heart bounds with elasticity, and hope springs anew in his heart. The father smiles with satisfaction, as he beholds his "Young America" making rapid strides up the ladder of learning, and his proud heart beats with anxiety, that in the Eagle flight of his boy, sight may not be lost of the duty he owes to God—and that his offspring may never err from the path of rectitude, or fall from the dizzy height to which his ambition leads him. And the mother—how pleasant is the smile which illumines her countenance, as she beholds the budding beauty, and the graceful mien of her own light hearted Mary. Oh! the mystery of a mother's smile—how it speaks of unbounded love—of motherly affection, and a thrilling of her heart as she clasps to her mother's bosom the object of her affection. Pen cannot tell, or thought fathom the depth of a mother's smile.

We know that it has been said, a man may "Smile and smile, and be a villain." Yet none the less pleasant is the smile of the pure—the noble of earth's children. The Church established by God on earth, often has concealed in its very vitals the base hypocrite, yet none the less holy is the Church. So is it with smiles—and when we speak of them, we would only be considered as eulogizing the true, the faithful smiles of the heart—such as illumine the countenance of the drunkard's wife, as she beholds the object of her maiden love, rending the shackles which have bound him, and proclaiming himself once more a man; such as brighten the face of the mourner by the couch of the sick, when the physician proclaims the invalid out of danger; such a smile as the christian smiles in the hour of affliction, which enables him to exclaim with joy—"thy rod and staff, they comfort me."

There is the smile of the coquet—the smile of the proud—and the bland smile of knavery, but I count them not as smiles. They are unwholy and hypocritical, and are not heaven-born. They manifest no delight, but are ghastly, vague, and meaningless. Unlike the sweet smile of childhood—the gleeful laugh of the school boy—they communicate no happiness to others, and are nothing more than "frowns in purple and fine linen."

Give me the smile of hope—the smile of love—and the joyous, happy smile of the parent, to cheer my pathway thro' life, and I at once have a clearer view of Heaven—a brighter hope and stronger faith.

The smiles of hope, love and sympathy, and the smiling face of nature—Oh! how pleasant they are to the weary earth pilgrim.

Spirit of the Age. The Bath Times states that a lot of ship timber has recently arrived in that city from the Saguenay river in Canada.

The steamer Etewan ran into a boat on the Waccamaw, last week. Eleven negroes, belonging to Estate of J. J. Ward were drowned.