[PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

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Around its head there gleams, A Italo pure and bright. İts dazzling brilliancy seems.

Not earth : but Heaven's light. Like opening bud it shows. Beauties about to expand, With heavenly radiance glows Just from its maker's hand.

A sweet and child like smils, Lights up the lovely countenance, Its innocence is shown ere while Its loveliness doth enhance.

Clustering curls oling so close, Shed round the half-hid head, Like little leaves, an opening rose Hides the sweets o'er spread.

The dimpled cheek so smooth and soft. . Invites the long drawn kiss, We cannot quench our thirst too oft At this sweet fount of bliss. GREENWOOD S C.

From the Olive Branch. OUR VILLAGE RELLE. BY E. PHELPS.

Lillien is our village belle, Merry as the fountains, In the valley where she dwells, Crudled in the mountains.

Lillien's breast is free from guile: Parents kind have taught her What she owes to God and them-She, their only daughter.

Lillien looks the lady born, In her rustic beauty, Tripping o'er the dewy lawn, Smiling in her duty.

Lillien has a happy heart, Full of joy and gladness; And her sunny face imparts Light to those in sadness.

With some sweet remembered lay, Taught her in her childhood, Lillien carols time away, Joyous as the wild bird

Gold and power attract in vain; Peelings pure and holy Bind her with a mystic chain, To the poor and lowly.

Lillien loves her humble lot, Where Aurora's blushes Kiss at first the mountain's top, Where the cascade rushes-

Where the deer is roaming free, Through his leafy dwelling-Where the wild birds minstrelsy On the breeze is swelling.

HIGHLAND MARY.—This sweet was but the humble dairy maid of Colonel Montgomery. But what queen will live as warmly in the memory of men, or in the your wishes, without fail. envy of woman, as she who inspires those lines of sad devotion, that will be snng in

"O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft has kiesed one foundly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on meso kindly! And mould'ring now in silent dust The heart that lo'ed me dearly But within my bosom's core, Shall live my Highland Mory!"

A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW .- A POO peasant on his death-bed made his will. He called his wife to him, and told her of its provisions. 'I have left,' he said, 'my horse to my parents: sell it, and hand over to of a considerable party of a borough in Cornthem the money you receive. I leave to wall were roused by the death of a superviyou my dog; take care of him, and he will serve you faithfully? The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out to the neighboring market, with the horse and How much do you want for yout borse ?' inquired a farmer. 'I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have both at a reasonable rate. Give me ten pounds for the dog, and five shillings for the horse." The farmer laughed, but as the terms were low," he willingly accepted them. Then the worthy woman gave to her husband's parents the five shillings received for the horse, and kept the ten pounds for herself.

On doulty hot summer day, an hones old man was plowing his own field, when suddenly he beheld a godlike figure, slowly approaching him. The man started back. Tam Solomon, said the phantom, in a confiding roice. What art thou doing here. old man! - If thou art Solomon, was the reply, how danst thou ask me ! . When I was a youth thou didst send me to the ant; I saw its method of living, and it taught me to be diligent, industrious, and gather the superfluous for a stormy day. What I then learnt, I still confinue to de.'-Thou hast studied the lesson but half, replied the appristing once more to the ant, and learn from it also how to find rest and quiet in the winter of thy years, and how to enjoy that which thou hast hoarded up.'

An advertisement appears in a western peper, waren wands as follows: 'Run away--a hired man banned John, with his nose turned up five test eight inches high, and

LINES SURGESTED UPON SEEING AN IN- TAKING A PRIME MINISTER AT HIS WORD. as well, as other folks, but I can't always

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the second Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister in the reign of George III. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet as almost eaten up by his zeal for the House of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words and the wants of the various persons who attend his lovees, before they uttered a syllable. This weakness sometimes led him into ridiculous mistakes and absurd embarrassments.

At the election for a certain borough is Cornwall, where the ministerial and oppsition interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object the Duke, by certain well-applied arguments, by the force of urgent perseverance and personal application at length attained, and the gentleman recommended by the treasury gained his election:

In the warmth of gratitude for a signal triumph, and in a quarter where the minister had generally experienced defeat and disappointment, his grace poured forth acknowledgements and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the easting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as forever indebted to him that he could never do enough for him; that he would serve him by night and by Gay.

The Cornish, voter in the main an hones fellow, "as things went," and already sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgements, thanked the Dake for his kindness, and told him, "that the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in law to the the commissioner, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and family bound to render government every assistance in his power on any future occasion."

"My dear friend," exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it the moment it is vacant."

"But how shall I get to see my lord? for in London, I understand' it is a very difficult thing to get to you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."

"The instant the man dies," replied the girl, who has been made immortal by the premier (used to, and prepared for the freepoet's song, around whose fair brow he has dome of a contested election.) "the moment thrown the bright aureole of love, consecrat- he dies, set out post-haste for London; drive Love's first devotion in the hearts of men, sleeping or waking, dead or alive -thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you up stairs directly, and the fong in history; what beauty will dwell as situation shall be disposed of according to

The parties separated ; the duke drove to a friend's in the neighborhood, where he was tears as long as human bearts can feel, and visiting, without a thought of seeing his human tongues can utter the tender sorrows new acquaintances till that day seven years : but the memory of the Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a varietty of objects. was yet more retentive. The supervisor died a few months afterwards, and the ministerial partisan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London by the mail, and ascended the steps of a large house, now divided into three' in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the corner of Great Queen street.

> The reader should be informed that precisely at the moment when the expectations sor, no less a person than the king of Spain was hourly expected to depart; an event in which all Europe, and particularly Great Britain, was concerned.

> The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door had sat up, anxiously expecting dispatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shown up tairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep, for with housand singularities and absurdities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, the best solace, in a solitary hour; the porter, settled for the night in his chair, had hardly ommenced a sonorous nap, when the vigor ous arm of the Cornish voter roused him effectually from his slumbers.

To his first question, "Is the duke at nome !" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed but he left me particular orders that come when you will, you are to go up to him directly."

"God for ever bless him! a worthy and

ponest gentleman," said our applicant for the vacant post to himself, as he smiled with approbation at a prime minister's so accurately keeping bin promise; "how thoughtful his grace is! I knew he wouldn't deceive me: let me hear no more of lords bad on a pair of cordaroy paots much and dukes not keeping their words: I believe verily, they are as honest, and mean

av the same of those who are about them." Repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of---was ushered into the duke's bedchamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain; "is be

"Yes, my lord replied the eager expectant delighted to find that the election prome, all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory.

"When did he die ?"

"The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff, and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my sonrlaw succeed him."

The duke, by this time perfectly awakwas staggered at the imposibility of receiving inteligence from Madrid in so short a ime, and he was perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son in-law to succeed the King of Spain. 'Is the the man drunk or mad? Where are your despatches?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing the curtain, when instead of royal courier, his eager eye recognised at the bed-side the well known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows with bet in hand, and hoping "my lord would not forget the gracious promise be was so good as to make in favor of his sonin-law at the last election-"Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointment of news from Spain, he frowned or a few moments; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a ombination of opposite circumstances, and from which he dismissed his visitor, with the assurance that his son-in-law should certainly have the deceased supervisor's

THE SINGING STUDENT BOY.

Many years ago a student boy was seen and heard in the streets of an ancient town singing. He was a stoot, plainly dressed boy, but his face was pale, and his eyes were sad and tearful. His voice was most nusical, and the songs he sang were in beautiful words and about sacred things. it was opened, he said in gentle tones:

of bread.

was the rough reply that met his ear as the poor child shrank from the steps.

Thus driven from door to door, he sand his sweet songs until his body was weary and his heart sad. Scarcely able to stand. he at last turned his steps homeward. Striking his noble forehead with his hand, he

'I must go home to my father's house and be content to live by the sweat of my brow. Providence has no loftier destiny for me. I have trodden out its paths by aiming higher.'

Just at that moment, Ursula Cotta, a burgher's wife, who had heard his songs and seen him driven from a neighbor's door. felt her heart yearn with pity towards the helpless boy. She opened her door, beckoned to the young singer, smiled sweetly upon him, and in tones that sounded like heavenly melodies to his ears said :

'Come in, poor boy, and refresh thyself

Happy little singer? How he enjoyed that delicious meal. And when the good dame and her husband told him to make their house his home, his heart melted. With eyes half blinded with tears, he looked in the face of his friends and said :

'I shall now pursue my studies without being obliged to beg my bread from grudging hands. I shall have you sir for a father and you sweet Ursula for a mother. My heart will once more learn to love. I shall be happier that I can express."

After that day the singing boy studied pard and well. Years afterwards the world heard of him, for it was he who uttered his voice against popery and became the chief of that Reformation which gave an open Bible to the world. His name was Martin

A BRAUTIFUL GIRL-beautiful in youth and health and purity-who wakes from sleep, at touch of morning light, as the flowers do, with a cheerful face; whose first tones, like those of the birds, are the most musical of the day from whose brow every trace of yesterday's wear and last night's care is swept away, even as the face of nature is renewed and brightened by the summer dew-such a girl is worth the

'O for an idea!' said the poet, grasping his hair, 'I don't know what others may think, said Dr. Spooner, but my suspleion s, that you have owed for too many of your ideas already!' The doctor can be cynical

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CAMPAIGN. Let us consider by the light of history

the preparations which are now being made by Fr e and Austria for the conduct of of Congress, he remarked as follows to the Paul Morphy by the New York chess club, greatest men of this age, or of any other the present war. The campaign which began by the entry of French troops into Piedmont, and by the passage of the Ticino by the Austrians, is on a scale which very far exceeds any former struggle is these countries. In the long wars of the first Napoleon it may be observed that the armies continually increased in number, while, it is said, the genius of the comnumber and the prowess of the individual soldier diminished. The brilliant eampaigns of Napoleon's youth were made at the head of a few thousand men. Marengo itself was gained by 28,000, but the wars of 1805 actively employed about 150,000 French, large chucklehead of his opponent) is a while in the campaign of Wagram, Moscow, and Leipsie we have incomparably larger armies brought into the field on both sides. Now, the war of 1859 begins on the collossal scale of the later Empire, and the armies employed may attain dimensions such as no single State has hitherto been capable of producing. Presuming the strug-gle to be confined to France and Austria. and to the field of Northern Italy, we shall have the spectacle of combat in closed listsuch as the world has never before witness sed. If both the antagonists fight well and stubbornly, the conflict will be an interesting to the military critic as grievous to the philanthropist. Both France and Austria will be able to march almost all their enormous forces to the seat of war. Germany will, while the wars is confined to Italy, be sufficiently the ally of Austria to guarantee her from any attack in the rear from Russiabut not sufficiently to disturb France by any demonstration on the Rhine. It may yielding to the irritation, he sank on the be said that, for some time to come at least bed in a violent fit laughter on recovering the influence of Germany will have the effeet of leaving both sides free to use all their strength against each other. That they will use it there is no doubt. The seat of war adjoins territory of each, railways and steamers transport their troops easily, and most of the long marches which enfectively and diminished armies in the days of Napoleon will be avoided. Enormous marses of armed men men can be taken to the country they are to fight in as comfortably as if they were merely making a change of quarters. With this facility of transport, and Every time he finished a song, he stepped this power of using the whole of their great to a house and gave a gentle tap. When standing armies, we must expect to see two hosts gathered togather on the plains of Please give a poor student boy a morsel Italy such as no two single States ever vet opposed to each other. The numbers we French are pushing troops over the Alps. and loading their ships of war with soldiers tion; and you can answer it as well as I for Genoa. The supply of food will be the kin, and better tew!" And so they did, only limit to the number which can thus and quickly by a verdict in favor of pettibe brought into the field. The French logger's client. probably bave their information about the Austrian army, as the Court of Vienna has its own about French proceedings. But Englishmen are allowed to know little abou the matter. There is, however, no doubt that the Power which sent a quarter of million of men to Sebastopol within eight teen months will be able to send that num ber into Northern Italy. Considering tha the whole of Italy, with 27,000,000 people may shortly be in insurrection, and that Sardinia has some 80,000 troops of her own already, it may be reckoned without exaggeration that more than 300,000 men may in the next two months be put in line to drive the Austrians from their carefully

that they must fight now for the very existence of their empire. Veny intellectual woman we find, by observation, are seldom beautiful. The formation of the features, and particularly their forelead, is more or less masculine Miss Landon was rather pretty and feminine in the face, but Miss Sedgewick, Miss Pardoe, Misa Leslie, and the celebrated ate An na Maria and Jane Porter, the con trary. One of the Miss Porters had a fore head as high as that of an intellectual man I never knew a very talented man who was admired for his personal beauty. Pope was was awful ugly. Dr. Johnson was no better and Mirabeau was the ugliest man in all France, and yet he was the greatest favorite with the ladies. Women more frequently orize then for sterling qualities of the mind han men do women. Dr. Johnson chose woman for a wife who had scarcely an idea above an ovster. He thought her the loveliest creature in existence, if we judge by Let honesty he your predominant traits, the inseription he left on her fomb.

chosen and now famous positions in Lom

bardy. On the other hand, Austria can

and will, no doubt, bring an equal force in

to the field. She does not want men, for

the empire contains 33,000,000 souls, with

out counting the Italian Provinces. If the

Finance Minister can find the money to

keep 300,000 men, on foot in Italy

General Gyulai will find work for them all

They will not be men to fight with the

spirit and death of Frenchmen, but they

will be fine steady troops, superior in phy

sique to their enemies; they will have all

that science has achieved in the way of

perfect weapons of destruction, and they

will be commanded by officers who know

that the eyes of Europe are upon them, and

LEGAL WITTICISM.

A celebrated lawyer in Missouri, Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearing. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S----'s head (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the squash! I, on the other hand should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that is a head. Now here would a difference-undoabtedly an honest differenceof opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as impty and trifling as this? But a third person coming in and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be." All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly And this reminds us of a similar

hit" once made upon the eloquent Elisha Williams of Columbia county on the Hudson. He was "powerful" before a jury; and one day in the circuit court of hat ilk, he had made a most profound impression, alike upon the jury and upon he "court." His legal opponent was a mere pettifogger, but "smart;" and he said : "Gentlemen of the jury, and your honors. I should despair of the triumph of my client in this case, after the eloquent up eals of the learned counsel, but for the fact that common law is common sense. No man lengthy comments upon the game of ches could like better the piece which the learned gentleman has spoken, than what I like that piece. He spoke it good. I've heered him give it three times afore; once at Schodack, in a burglary case; once at Kiak, on a suspicion o' steelin'; once to catched a counterfeiting. Wail he always spoke it good; but this time, he's re-ally beat himself. But what does it all amoun to, gentlemen of the jury? That's the ques-

THE REMEIE EVE Those only when on the stage with Mrs. Siddons, or whilst playing a part with her, could have any idea of the power of her eye. In lady Macbeth it really seemed to possess all the awful majesty of a queen in the days of unscrupulous deeds, when "ruin eaped from the glance of the fearful." It made the persons on whom it was levelled, almost blink and drop their own eyes. She east such a look upon me once, when a lad that I have never forgotten it. The Kemble eye was indeed peculiar. John had "an eye like Mars, to threaten and command." His glance when he looked "in angry parle," was dreadful. Then, indeed, could be turn to his adversary "an eye of death."-Who that beheld it can ever forget his look of countenance when King John, upbraids Hubert with Arthur's death? The glance of Charles, the chivalous Charles, was equally fine in the parts he played. The bright, joyous, flashing, gallant, daring eye-the glance which, when suited to the voice, sent a thrill through every heart, as he spoke the glorious words of Faulconbridge, cannot ever be surpassed, or perhaps equalled on the stage. His conception and representation of Faulconbridge, was, indeed, the most perfect performance, in my opinion, ever seen. In every look, gesture, movementeven in the minutest derails-it was altogether such an identification that it always seemed to me a reality. I can imagine no other Fankonbridge to have lived. It was one of those rare instances in which we could say, this is, indeed, the man Shakspeare drew. Perhaps one of the finest stage effects ever witnessed was the sudden sound of the approach of John's army, and the beautiful march, when Chatillon apnounces the coming of the Euglish power -

This interuption of their churlish drums more circumstances; they are at hand The fileing-in of the English forces, in Chatillon's description of them, and the gallant look and bearing of each man, as I remember it in the days of John Kemble, was indeed a dramatic treat. And then such a description is the preceeding speech of an invading army. What a glowing, glorious picture has Shakepeare drawn of warlike England of the Normal period. Nothing in English dan surpass it. Every word seems to strike diamay into the French thep stand there. - Curling

PAUL MOPRHY.

once opposed to Mr. S-, late member of the splendid chess board and men and to death of Baron Hamboldt; "One of the jury, upon a disagreement between them : took place at the chapel of the university in age, has paid the debt to nature which all "Here, my brother S-and I differ, that city before a very large crowd which must yield at last. The telegraphic intelliassembled on the occasion to witness the novel and interesting ceremony. John Van the illustrious Alexander Von Humboldt. Buren, in delivering to the invincible known also as Baron Humboldt. To the American champion of this noblest of games, last he retained the brightness and vigor of this beautiful testimonial of regard of his his intellect, and the cheerful Luoyancy of countrymen addressed him in an appropri- his spirits. He has seen two ages-the ate and elegant speech.

py and becoming that we cannot resist the and he has witnessed the greatest discoveries insertion of what he said.

MR. MORPHY'S REPLY TO MR. VAN BUREN. Mr. President, Ludies and gentlemen : Twelve months have elapsed since bidding adieu to my Western home. I sought beyond the blue waters the foreign skies of another hemisphere, and again have I returned to the land of my birth and affection. Another year has glided by, and once more do find inviself surrounded by the friends whose good wishes and approbation cheered my wandering course. I thank them -- I most sincerely thank them for the more than cordial welcome which has greeted my return to the Empire city. Well was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769. city the verdant spot in my sandy paththe green and ever-blooming oasis of repos where, like the way-worn traveler, I forgot the fatigue and exposure of the journey, and gather renewed life and energy for its completion. Not satisfied, however, with show ering innumerable attentions upon me, they this night cap the climax of their favors by presenting me, in conjunction with a large number number of the citizens of New York this beautiful piece of wokmanship as a su perb testimonial of their regard and sympathy. How thankfully received - how dear ly prized-mere words cannot portray. shall proudly take it to my Southern home and preserve it as a precious memento of my friends in New York.

I fear, ladies and gentlemen, the

might prove uninteresting to a large portion

of the highly intellectual audience before me

Of my European tour I will only say that is has been pleasant in almost every respect Of the adversaries encountered in the peace ful jousts of the checkered field, I retain : Poughkeepsie, on a murder case; and the lively and agreeable recollection. I found next time at Kakiak, about a man who was them gallant, chivalrons and gentlemanly as well became true votaries of the kingly pastime. A word now on the game itself. aught but a recreation. It should not be indulged in to the detriment of other and more serious avocations-should not absorb the mind or engross the thoughts of those who worship at its shrine; but should be kept in the back ground and are restrained within its proper province. A mere game, a relaxation from the severer pursuits of life, it is deserving of high commendation. It is not only the most delightful and scientific, but the most moral of amusements, Unlike other games in which lucre is the end and aim of contestants, it recommends itself to the wise, by the fact that its mimic battles are fought for no prize, but honor. It is eminently and emphatically the philosopher's game. Let the chess-board supersede the card table, and a great improvement will be visible in the morals of the community. [Great applause.] But, ladies and gentlemen, I need not expatiate on the fields so ably traversed by the eloquent gentleman who has just addressed you. I thank you from my heart for the very flattering manner in which you have been pleased to receive his too complimen. tary remarks, and for the numerous attentions recieved at your hands. I shall leave New York with melancholy sorrow, for 1 part from friends than whom no truer can be found. Let them rest assured that along with the memory of the chess-board I possess the memory of the heart. And, now, with a renewal of my sincere thanks for the splendid token of your regard with which you have presented me to night, and the assurance that I shall cherish in unfield ing memory the remembrance of my sojourn here, I bid you, ladies and gentleman, a farewell, which I fondly hope will not prove

A GOOD ONE .- When O. S. Fowler-s. the story runs—first commenced the examination of humps, some of the students in the New York University were disposed to quiz him. A peculiar-shaped squash was found in the college yard, and a plaster cast taken of one end of it, it quite closely resembled the cast of a human skull. This was take to Fewler's rooms, and he was given to understand that the original was closely connected with a literary institution. The phrenologist took the cast in his hand and examined it with some care, when a bright thought struck him. "You need not think, young men, to catch me!" said he to the students; "do you think that I don't know the head of Horace Greely."

A chinaman went into a dry goods store Had beard that consistency was a fewel' and be wanted a specimen.

BARON HUMBOLDT.

The Herald, of May 10' thus notices the

gence from Euroe announces the death of last part of the eighteenth , and more than Mr. Morphy responded in terms so hap- the first half of the nineteenth century; and changes that have taken place in the history of the world for many hundred years. Born in the same year with Napoleon, he knew the Great Frederick; his youth was coeval with the North American contest for liberty; be admired the great Washington; the drama of the French revolution, that convulsed the world, he saw pass before him, with its martial feats and its giants : and the German empire of a thousand years tumble into rains beneath the strokes of the mighty Corsican, while the philosopher wandered over the table-lands of the Andes. His foll name was Frederick Henry He died, therefore, in Lis ninetieth year. Perhaps there is not in the annals of mankind the name of another man who has lived to the same age and produced such an amount of intellectual work, and that, tor, of the highest order. He had a sound body as well as a sound mind, and the torrid zone appeared to have as little injurious effect upon him as the frozen regions of the north. He had a gigantic intellect, from which nothing in nature or in science appeared to be hid. He could grasp all subjects, and he appeared to know everything. What a man ! exclaimed the great poet Goethe, the Sinkspeare of Germany, after receiveing a visit from the philosopher; 'I know of no man to compare him to; he resembles a spring of ever-gushing sweet waters; he knows everything, and knowa thoroughly what he does know.' But it was in natural history that he most distinguished himself, and his 'Cosmos' is his imperishable monument, which will endure as long as the earth which it describes. Cosmos is a Greek word, and means the world'; yet, perhaps, his grand work on America, over which he travelled for five years, is that which will keep his memory forever green in the minds of the inhabitints of the New World. The following letter, which is the last published production of Humboldt, and only two months old. (dated Berlin, March 15, 1859.) presents a curious example of the troubles of celebri-

v. It was sent to the Gazette of Voss;-·Laboring under extreme depression of spirits, the result of a correspondence which daily increases, and which makes a yearly average of from sixteen hundred to two thousand letters and pamphlets on things entirely foreign to me-manuscripts on which my advice is demanded, schemes of emigration and colonization, invoices of models, machinery and objects of natural history, inquiries on balloons, demands of autographs, offer to nurse or amuse me-I once-more publicly invite all those who desire my wellfare to try and persuade the people of the two continents not to be so busy about me, and not to take my house for the office of a directory, in order that, with the decay of my physical and intellectual strength, I may enjoy some leisure and have time to work. Let not this appeal, to which only resort with reluctance, be interpreted with malevolence.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLT

THE HEIGHT OF PELICITY .- A friend who has been engaged on the United States Survey, relates to us the following neidents :

"It has been well said that all ideas of human happiness are comparative. Some vears ago a countryman visited our enampment, and made many inquiries as to the purpose and execution of the work : and, among other questions, inquired how we employed our time in the winter, when out-of door surveying was impossible!-

We told him that during the winter wa were engaged in office-work in Washington City, in constructing maps of our summer's surveys.

" you ever see the President?' asked our interrogator.

"'Oh, yes,' replied we' 'frequently; he rides out on horseback nearly every day, '(it was during Mr. Van Buren's administra-

"At this appoundement the countryman seemed lost in thought, and lapsed into profound silence, which he broke, after an interval of some minutes, the exclamation-"Wa'al naow, I s'pose that chap has shicken pie for dinner every day of his

Loore.-No cat has two tails. Granted. Then, a cat has one tail more than no cat, True. Well, then, we have proved that a oat has three tails!