

Edgefield Advertiser.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME VIII.

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EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

BY
W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the Planter.

"When Doctors disagree,
Disciples tend to free."

Old Adage.

Talking is one thing, and doing, is another. If every man could make his crop on paper, there would be some wondrous planters in the world, and soon would there be a glut in the market.—But to my experience.

In my second year of farming—I planted some cotton. In fact, every body said, "Farming would never do in the world, that cotton was the only thing which would bring the money"—if every body grew corn, corn would be worth nothing—that we could not make wheat here, and hence, our only chance was cotton. Well, what every body said, I thought must be true, and cotton I resolved to try. I said to one of my neighbors, one day, how shall I plant this cotton of mine? He said "the best way he thought, in such land and a dry season, was to run one furrow, drop therein the seed, and then ridge up on it, and when it began to sprout, then run a board over to knock off the top of the ridge." I thought it would never do in the world, so I asked another. He told me "to burn off all the grass, weeds and corn stalks, then bed up at 3 feet or 3 1/2 feet distance, with a Twister, very high, as early as possible, so as to let the beds settle well before planting, as this would ensure a better stand—open with a small plough, put in about 3 bushels to the acre, and cover with a board. And when my cotton came up, not to be a fool and chop up the whole of it like some folks, for if cotton was not thick upon the ground it could not cotton."

Another told me, "this was all a mistaken notion about bedding up soon, that if I did not bed up until I was ready to plant, I would thereby kill the first crop of young grass as it came up, which was equal to one working—I might not get so good a stand, but put on 4 or 5 bushels of seed and there was not much danger—to cover with a harrow, and when my cotton came up, chop it out to the proper distance at once, and as soon as possible, to thin down to one stalk, about 18 inches distance." Another thought it would be best to bed up my cotton as close as possible, to spot it, and give greater distance in the drill. As I had always heard, that in the multitude of counsellors there was wisdom, I resolved to try a little of each plan, and decide for myself, by the best of all tests—experience. My cotton came up—fine stand—I ordered my overseer to chop it out to the proper distance forthwith. Mr. So-and-so said "it would ruin it, I would not have half a stand—that it was all nonsense to talk about young cotton being injured by standing so close." My overseer said, "that the spring was so late, that cotton never could grow much over knee high, no how, and he thought it ought to be left thick, to cotton it all well."

It is useless to enumerate the great variety of "ways to work my crop," which the good people suggested. Every body, nearly, had some peculiar notion—some way of their own, which their neighbors knew nothing about, but which they had learned by experience. I soon found out that, like most people who plant cotton, I had planted more than I could do justice to. My corn often needed work, but "must wait for the cotton—that could not wait." My wheat was cut and shocked in the field, "it was impossible to get time to haul it in, the grass was coming it so strong on the cotton." A rainy spell caught it there, and when it was brought home, I had the satisfaction of seeing the straw ruined, and the grain sprouted. Some two or three days were now lost, to save what remained, while the grass was growing none the slower.

My oats and rye were allowed to stand in the field, till they were dead ripe, my peas were not planted till June, and all this, owing to the fact, that cotton is our staple. My second year's experience then, hath taught me this—that a man should never plant just as much as he can calculate, for if a hand fall sick, he must overlook the others, or be swamped, sure, if the season be a bad one, at all events, something will be neglected.

And if the season be a good one, and all

remain well, the extra labor spent in manuring, improving, &c., will tell more in the profits, than any other labor on the farm. That where a man plants cotton as the main crop, every thing will be neglected for it.

That as long as a planter's reputation depends upon the number of cotton bales he rolls out every year, he and his overseer will think or care for little else. That it is not the true policy of the planter, to plant any one thing to the exclusion of another, of equal usefulness on the farm.

That the eternal cry of "if every body make corn or wheat, why, it will be worth nothing," is a Humbug, for every body, is not so sensible a body, as people think. That is a poor policy to make eight bags of cotton to the hand, and spend four of them for meat and bread. And that two thirds of those planters who make such enormous crops, are Humbugs, having either light crops or empty corn cribs.

HUMBUG, JR.

Early sown Wheat.—In our excursions in different parts of the country the present season, we have invariably found that those fields which were latest sown in wheat last fall, have suffered the most from the fly and winter-kill. Now is this generally the case throughout different sections of the country? If so, it becomes an important matter to sow earlier, and instead of leaving it till the last of September, or the fore part of October, as is frequently done here at the north, it should invariably be got in as early as the first ten days of September.

The only objection which we have heard to early sowing is, that it produced too rank a growth the following spring; but this is easily obviated by pasturing it for a week or two with sheep or young cattle, the last of April, or early in May. We have been informed that pasturing wheat in the spring on rich soils, not only renders it less likely to be struck with the rust, but it also thickens the crop, and operates as a preventive to the grain being lodged. When stock is turned out to wheat fields, great care should be taken to see that the ground be sufficiently dry to prevent poaching, otherwise it might cause serious injury to the crop. The advantages of early sowing now, if our observations prove correct as to the fly, would be very great; the disadvantages we are yet to learn. Wheat being the principal money crop in large sections of the northern and middle States, too much attention cannot be paid to an improved culture of this great staple product.—American Agriculturist.

Sowing Clover in Autumn.—Messrs. Editors:—You may perhaps recollect that in August, 1841, I made some inquiries with regard to sowing clover in the fall of the year, on the dry sandy soils, and mentioned I had a field containing 22 acres, sandy soil, which I intended to try by way of experiment. I applied 100 loads of barn-yard manure, and plowed it in the spring of 1840, and planted it with corn; yielded from 30 to 40 bushels per acre. Next spring sowed it with oats; had a middling crop. I applied 100 loads more of barn-yard manure after our harvest, and plowed it under, and sowed the field with wheat and rye; after harrowing in the grain, I sowed clover and timothy seed, and went over the field with a bush and I have now a fine field of clover and timothy, large enough to mow. I think it will do well to sow clover seed early in the fall, on dry sandy soil, if a little manure is applied previous to sowing, as I have frequently known it to fail when sown in the spring.—Ibid.

Clover.—The impression in this region is general that Clover cannot be successfully cultivated. The secret of cultivating this crop consists in deep ploughing, careful sowing, at the proper season and the judicious shading of the tender plant from the early heat of the summer sun, until its tap root has struck so deeply into the earth as to reach the point of perpetual moisture. The soil must have a clay foundation, so as to retain water—it must be well cultivated, loose and free from other grasses. It must be productive and well limed, or plastered. It ought to be sowed 20 lbs. to the acre, on a wheat crop, after that grain is fairly set, and during the winter months. Thus it will be protected until the month of June, after which it should by no means be pastured until the second year.—Augusta Wash.

Fruit Garden, Orchard, and Flower Garden.—August is the most suitable time for budding apricots, pears, plums, cherries, nectarines, almonds, &c. Keep the ground entirely clear among the seedlings and small trees. Transplant from the seedling beds the various kinds of annual, biennial, and perennial flowers; that were not transplanted last month. Plant your bulbs which may be out of the ground, such as crocuses, colicuchens, narcissus, amaryllis, fritillarias, crown imperials, snow-drops, lilies, irises, and martagons. Also take up, separate, and transplant the roots of pæonia, Agrostis, and other tuberous-rooted flowers, whose leaves are decayed. Suckers that have been thrown up from fibrous rooted plants can be taken off and transplanted. Collect and transplant flowering plants from the woods and fields, removing them with a ball of earth, and cutting off the flowering stems, if there are any. Water freely all newly-planted flower-roots; cut down the stems of those that have bloomed; loosen the earth about potted plants. Trim and tie up straggling plants, and

inoculate all you wish to propagate in that way. Gather flower seeds as they ripen but let them remain in the pods until the season for sowing.—American Agriculturist.

Tan Bark for Apple Trees.—A correspondent from Sherburne, who has a tan yard, recommends covering the soil under apple trees with tan bark, to keep away worms. He says he has tried this for several years, and he is satisfied it has a very good effect on his trees. The canker worms prevailed to a very great extent but lately they have disappeared. He covered the soil at first for the purpose of destroying the grass under his trees, and he finds that in about three years the bark began to turn to earth, and he found that the roots of his trees were creeping up to the surface of the decaying tan bark.

We should like to have more of our readers try tan bark under their trees, where it is not convenient to run a plow, it will at least convert the natural sward to manure, if there is no other virtue in it.—Mass. Ploughman.

Value of Plaster and Ashes.—Mr. Enoch Hunt, a farmer upon Horse Hill in this town, informs us that in the summer of 1841 four acres of pasture land upon his farm were ploughed for potatoes—two acres for himself and two by one of his neighbors. Both parts were planted with manure. At the time of planting his own, a very small quantity of ground plaster was thrown in each hill; and after planting, less than a gill of ashes was thrown upon the hill as the potatoes came out of the ground. His neighbor made use of neither plaster or ashes. In all other respects the two parts were treated alike. In the course of the season the difference in the potato tops was very plain upon opposite high ground more than half a mile distant. Two rows of each part, side by side, were dug at the same time; when the hills where the plaster and ashes were used produced two bushels for one, of the ground where neither was used.—Hill's N. H. Visitor.

Signs of Rain.—When the moon is of a pure silvery color, good weather is indicated; but when it has a brown or chestnut colored tint, rain may be expected. This is owing to the effect of the vapor in the atmosphere in refracting the moon's light. An erect moon is generally threatening and unfavorable, but particularly denotes wind though it she appear with short and blunted horns, rain is rather to be expected. One of the surest indications of approaching rain, is the appearance of a halo around the sun or moon; (if in summer, rain; in winter, snow.) A red color of the western sky, at sunset, especially when it has somewhat of a purple hue, is a sign of good weather. The absence of vapors from the tops of lofty eminences is a very favorable omen, while the contrary is almost an invariable prognostic of rain. When the stars look dim, rain may be expected; and the rain which falls under such circumstances is gentle, and of long continuance, and often extends over a large tract of country.

Cure for Rheumatism.—We saw a young man of our acquaintance to day limping along the streets half dead with the rheumatism, (rather an unusual thing, at this season of the year,) and we thought of us of a remedy that we had tried with signal success, when similarly afflicted two winters ago; 'tis this.

"Swallow a piece of *Asafetida* about as big as a pea, three times a day just before meals, and in a week or less you will be well; it don't "smell like apples," but never mind—it's a sovereign cure. We used to wash it down with "a drink o' summat," but if you have any scruples about a dram it is not important.—Albany (Ga.) Courier, 6th inst.

Macassar Oil.—Messrs. Rowland and Sou, the makers and principal vendors of this far famed ointment for the hair—"thine incomparable oil, Macassar," as Byron calls it—brought an action against another perfumer, for selling a counterfeit article, which action was tried last month in London. Mr. Talfourd was of counsel for the defence, and he undertook to prove, and did prove, if we may judge from the verdict, that the said incomparable oil is nothing but common olive oil is colored with acetate root and scented with otto of roses! Here's a revelation for such as have been in the habit of paying six shillings for a little bottle. The verdict was for the plaintiff, damages one shilling.—N. Y. Courier.

Woads and Bruises on Horses.—Take one quart of a pound of saltpetre, half a pint of vinegar, half a pint of spirits of turpentine; put them together in a bottle, and shake up before using. Apply it to the wound with a feather, three times a day.

She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclines on from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

Odd.—At Birdbrook, in May, 1841, was buried Martha Blewit, who was successively the wife of nine husbands. The text of the funeral sermon was—"Last of all the women died also."

Why is a drunkard like a bull? Because he takes his horns wherever he goes.

TEMPERANCE.

From the Washingtonian.
Anecdote of a Drunkard.—A certain man in the State of South Carolina, who was in the habit of drinking very hard, and very long, had become so besotted, that he was thought by all who knew him to be irreversibly lost. He became at last a very beast in human shape, and slept frequently in a ditch, or some filthy sewer. His friends would talk to him; but all to no purpose. At length they resolved to try an experiment. Very soon an opportunity offered for carrying it into execution. The old fellow was found "dead drunk."—His friends stripped of him of his clothing, procured a glue kettle and brush, gave him a good coat of glue, and then applied cow-hair very plentifully—they fixed claws on his hands and a cow's tail in his rear, and left him alone. When he awoke he felt very queer—there was a tightness of the skin and some constraint in his movements. He looked at his arms, and became alarmed. His friends now approached, and carried him to a large looking-glass; his alarm increased, and he exclaimed, "O! I am like old Nebuchadnezzar, who took up his abode among the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air." The experiment was eminently successful he signed the Washingtonian Pledge, and continues to adhere to it. J. G.***.

Moderate Drinking.—When a man becomes a notorious drunkard he is to be pitied. The sight of a man drunk is a deplorable one; but when we see a man turning a glass of brandy down his throat in what is called genteel style, and in genteel company, the sight is ridiculous in the extreme, for the very reason for this folly. Often times when we say a word about moderate drinking, we are told that the business of Washingtonians is to pick up drunkards; be it so—how often is it that moderate drinkers in the day time become genteel drunkards at night.—Many is the man, and we regret to say it, that passes off as a moderate drinker by day, and is led home drunk under nightfall. There is no excuse for moderate drinking. If a man has not the appetite, why in the name of all that is good does he commence to drink moderately, to create a thirst for the infernal poison, that is sure to throw its victim, if it once gets the better of him? One or two things is true of moderate drinkers—that they either drink to create a love for the liquor that they may now and then get fuddled, and just in proportion as a man is fuddled, he is drunk. We care not which horn of the dilemma the moderate drinker takes. If he drinks his little because he already loves it and the stimulating effects it produces, he is a drunkard—he may not be a staggering gutter drunkard, but he is a genteel-moderate-drinking drunkard. And if he is the latter, he is a subject for the Washingtonians to work on. Moderate drinker, our advice to you is—"Tough not, taste not, handle not."—Aug. Wash.

Turkeys vs. Tipplers.—There is a veteran turkey in Fairfield, Vt., that has been shot at in various shooting matches, 224 times, and has never been killed. He has yielded his owner nearly fourteen dollars, at four pence a shot.—[Logan's paper.

There is a veteran tippler in this State who has been half shot more than a thousand times; he is not dead yet. He has yielded the grocery keeper a fine farm, six likely negroes, and a merchant mill, at four pence a drink.—[Mills Point (Ky.) Herald.

Man's Immortality.—"I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off, and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory. And finally why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts! We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth.—There is a realm where rainbows never fade where the stars will be out before us like islets that slumber on the ocean, and where beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!"

Female Patriot.—Mrs. King, a patriot of the Revolutionary war, died in New Jersey, at the age of 90 years. The Jersey Eagle says, she was an uncompromising whig of the Revolution, and positively refused to marry any one but a true hearted friend of freedom and a brave soldier.—Her husband, who has been dead eight or nine years, was a person of that description, and was actively engaged in many of the important battles of the revolution. She was in the reception of the widow's pension, which no one ever more richly merited; she retained all the fervor of the revolutionary spirit to the day of her death.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Decidedly the very best thing in the didactic line we have seen this year, is the following from the Tallahassee, Fla. Sentinel, and it may suffice for the education and correction of more people than those of Middle Florida.

That Terrible Old Schoolmaster.—If after the first failure old Time would but consent to a second trial under the same circumstances, few would be unsuccessful. But, alas! his car rolls on, driving us before it, carrying us upon it, dimly pulling us after it, or at once, for a finishing stroke, fatally running over us. His lessons are of use only in future life. When (as often) he takes upon himself to give us a punch in the ribs or a knock over the cranium, instead of twisting, writhing, or groaning with the pain, it is our proper business to take care that we get out of his way as far as possible the next time. Experience is a hard old schoolmaster—one that about as frequently kills his incautious pupils as contents himself with a mild and fatherly correction. For the last two years or more he has taken the people of Middle Florida fairly in hand, and, as the veritable Slick says, he is "lamming it into us like blazes!" At every stroke of his cudgel—hear the old villain, how he taunts us in our misery. "There, take that!—run in debt again will you? (whack!) spend money, be extravagant, prodigal, ride in carriages, cavort about, (whack, whack,) care nothing about economy and frugality. (those homely virtues,) buy fine furniture for cabins, drive a coach and four out of a rotten low stable, give parties and balls, keep race nags, drink wine and frolic, (whack, whack, whack!) send to Virginia for negroes, to Kentucky for mules, to New Orleans for bacon, flour, rice, sugar, corn, and molasses, to New York for fine silks, laces, jewelry, and gew-gaws; depend on others; raise nothing to eat, drink, or wear yourself; borrow money from Holland; charter large banks, get money from them, endorse, mortgage and mortgage again; speculate, neglect business, morals, education, will you? (Whack!) Oh, yes! I'll teach you a thing or two that's worth knowing. I'll never lay by myself till you strip off your coats, go to work, and earn your porridge, (whack!) Off with them! I say; toil, dig, learn to take care of yourselves, earn money and save it, raise what you eat, pay for what you buy; give no long credits, take none; be sober, prudent circumspect; attend to your business and don't speculate; work, work, and let your boys and girls do likewise!" says the terrible old schoolmaster.

A Point of Order.—During the late called session of our Legislature, the Speaker of the House of Representatives having become wearied in his seat, called Mr. Mitchell, of Hinds, to the chair. That functionary ascended to the throne of Mississippi's disgrace with his usual bombastic flourish, and seating himself in a comfortable posture, threw one of his legs across the arm of the chair which he dangled as if keeping time to a negro Banjo, the other leg he perched upon the Speakers desk at an angle of 45 degrees above his head. A member commenced a speech upon some local matter, when Mr. Cooper of Wilkinson rose, and in a calm and firm tone said, "Mr Speaker I rise to a point of order." The gentleman who was speaking stopped suddenly and seemed somewhat surprised, when Mr. Cooper continued, "I merely rise for information sir, and wish to know if it is in order for the Speaker to sit with his heels higher than his head." The gentleman in the chair pretended not to understand the motion, but changed the position of his feet with as much rapidity as a French dancing master. This settled the point of order without further discussion, and from that time forth, the Speakers desk was not decorated with a thirteen inch "stitch down" suspended over its margin.—Ficksburg Whig.

The four Ages of Maids.—A German writer, M. G. Saphir, says, maids have four ages, viz: the golden from 16 to 21, the silver age from 21 to 28, the plated from 28 to 35, and the iron age from 35 to the end. In the golden age everything is golden—golden locks, golden dreams, golden hopes, golden thoughts, &c. The voice sounds like virgin gold, the heart is pure gold, and the affections are gold. The fact is they have bars of splendid gold, No. 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20; but alas! but few of them carry them to the mint of reason to have them coined.

When a girl is once three times seven years the glittering gold is gone. Her early youth, the *dejeuner a la foychette* of nature, is past; girls of that age, are no longer kept like gold medals in Morocco boxes, but commence like silver, to circulate among the people. The seven years from 21 to 28, are employed in an incessant war upon the brutes who but too frequently imitate the example of Fredrick the Great, and await the assaults behind entrenchments.—Girls are most interesting at that age. Instead of imitating the larks, in soaring so high that but few may hear them, they take their flight nearer the earth, like swallows in rainy weather. In that age they are most amiable, and have the best opinions of men; of course they are on that account most easily coaxed.

The plated age is from 28 to 35. Gold and silver are gone, and they resort to the various processes of gilding, silvering and plating. They are less piquant and more

piqued. They look upon men with a considerable mixture of contempt and hatred. They become again reserved and prudent. If they have affections, they are at best platted; they may endure, if good workmanship; but they have not the value of either gold or silver.

The iron age is the universal death of sentiment. The thirty-fifth year is the equator of human life, which divides it into the Southern and Northern hemisphere. On the Northern there is no Paradise for girls. They now write their farewell letters to all hopes and wishes. They conform to iron necessity, and resign themselves to the iron tooth of time awaiting the day when gold, silver and iron, will have no sound, and nought but the soul—ever young and fresh—shall arise from its iron casement.

The Rich Worshipping.—How apt are many, at the sight of a rich worldling to envy him for what he hath; but for my part, I rather pity him for what he wants. He hath a talent, but it wants improvement; he hath a lamp, but it wants oil; he hath soul, but it wants grace; he hath the creature, but wants the creator. In his life he floateth upon a torrent of vanity, which empties itself into an ocean of vexation; and after death, then "hand this unprofitable servant, bind him naked and foot and cast him into outer darkness. Where now is the object of your envy? It is not his silver that will now anchor him, nor his gold that shall land him. If he be worth envying, who is worth pitying? If this be happiness then give me misery. Rather may I be poor, with a good conscience, than rich with a bad one.

The use of Riches.—The good which is in riches, lieth altogether in their use; like the woman's box of ointment, if it be not broken and poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ in his distressed members, they lose their worth. The covetous man may truly write upon his rusting hoards, these are good for nothing." He is not rich, who lays up much, but lays out much; for it is all one, not to have, as not to use. I will therefore be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be poorer, by his covetous hoarding up.—Old Author.

Independence of the Press.—The press, with bling, unreflecting ignorance, they rally under the banner of some political demagogue, and then proscribe all who presume to have an honest opinion of their own. The editor may advocate the same great cardinal principles of their political creed, may maintain with his utmost ability the very measures in which they are most deeply interested—yet, if he happens to have an honest preference for a different man for office from these self-constituted dictators the cry is raised,—"stop my paper." And yet people wonder why it is that in the United States, the press is not free!

Tyranny.—Americans, says the Utica Democrat, are always shocked when they hear of the Government of France, Austria, Russia, or any other Tyrannical Government suppressing a newspaper or imprisoning an editor for publishing an article contrary to their views. And yet Americans will discontinue their subscriptions to a newspaper for the very same cause. What is the difference. Both equally refuse to tolerate differences of opinion, or allow the freedom press. Put an American who will discontinue his paper, for difference of opinion, in the place of the Monarchs of Europe, and he would fine and imprison editors, suppress newspapers, and in the spirit of the worst tyranny overturn the liberty of the press.

Menzer Earnest, who died lately in Egypt, was the greatest pedestrian in the world. He was born at Bergen, in Norway and for several years astonished the world with his extraordinary feats. The most famous of his trips, in a kind of running walk, were: 1st from Paris to Moscow in 12 days. 2d, from Munich, the capital of Bavaria, to Nauplion, a city in Greece, a distance of 956 leagues, in 24 days. 3d, from Constantinople to Calcutta, 1,124 leagues, and back again, making 2,248 leagues in 59 days, or about 38 leagues in 24 hours.

A Needy Man.—A man without money is a body without a soul—a walking death—a specter that frightens every one. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth to speak he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not have a chance to finish his discourse, which it is feared, will end with his asking for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him up in the morning, and misery accompanies him to bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby, landlords believe that he lives upon air, and if he wants anything of a tradesman he is asked for the cash before delivery.

A few cases of the yellow fever have appeared this season in New Orleans, which have caused considerable apprehensions among the citizens of the Crescent City. Fears are entertained that it will come in the form of an epidemic.—Sci. Magazine.