

# 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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NO. 35

## EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

BY  
W. F. DURISOE, PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS.**  
Three Dollars per annum, if paid in advance—Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid before the expiration of Six Months from the date of Subscription—and Four Dollars if not paid within twelve Months. Subscribers out of the State are required to pay in advance. No subscription received for less than one year, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

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## Poetic Recess:

From the Knickerbocker for September.  
THE PRINTER.

"The printer, in his folio, heraldeth the world. Now come tidings of weddings, makings, mummies, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shipwrecks, piracies, sea fights, law-suits, pleas, proclamations, embassies, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again as in a new-shed scene, treasons, cheating-tricks, robberies, enormous villainies in all kinds, funerals, burials, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new offices created, to-morrow of great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, haggles, weeps, and so forth. Thus do we daily hear such like, both public and private news." OLD BUTROS.

He stood there alone at that shadowy hour,  
By the swinging lamp dimly burning;  
All still at within, save the ticking type,  
All without, save the night-walk turning;  
And heavily echoed the solemn sound,  
As slowly he paced o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the mansions so lately that  
shone,  
With the joy of festivity gleaming,  
And hearts that were beating in sympathy then,  
Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;  
Yet the PRINTER still worked at his lonely  
post,  
As slowly he waltzed his mighty host.

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in  
down,  
And building bright hopes for the morrow,  
Nor dreamed he that Fate was then weaving a  
wand  
That would bring to him fear and sorrow;  
Yet the PRINTER was there in his shadowy  
room,  
And he set in his framework that rich man's  
doom!

The young wife was sleeping, whom lately had  
bound  
The linc that death only can sever;  
And dreaming, she started, yet woke with a  
smile,  
For she thought they were parted for ever;  
But the PRINTER was clicking the types  
that would tell  
On the morrow the truth of that midnight  
spell!

And there lay the statesman whose feverish  
brow  
And restless, the pillow was pressing,  
For he felt through the shadowy mist of his  
dream  
His loftiest hopes now possessing;  
Yet the PRINTER worked on, and silence  
and gloom,  
And dug for Ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly that workman went gathering up  
His budget of grief and of gladness;  
A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,  
For the happy, a cup full of sadness;  
Strange stories of wonder, to enliven the  
ear,  
And dark ones of terror, to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host  
shall hear  
To palace and cot on the morrow;  
Oh welcome, thoue welcome, to many a heart,  
To many a bearer of sorrow;  
It shall go like the wild and wailing air,  
For life and its changes are impressed  
there.

Boston, Aug. 1843

MOBIS

## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Charleston Mercury.

### LIME-MARL-EXPERIMENTS

Messrs. Editors.—In the present awakened state of public attention to the subject of applying Lime and Marl to the improvement of our soils, I have thought a detail of the following experiments illustrative of some important principles, might not only be interesting, but profitable.

The system of culture put into practice on the Farm where they were made, was one extremely exhausting—the efforts be-

ing to obtain from the land its greatest product, and at the same time to increase its fertility. Manure was therefore liberally applied; but from the texture of the soil being (as all our sandy and poor soil are) light and porous, the strength of the manure was rapidly exhausted and lost, and it was obvious that unless a greater retentive power could be imparted to the soil, no permanent improvement would be effected in its quality. It was to solve this problem the experiments were instituted.

**First course—1st Experiment.** An acre of ground, most abundantly infested with Nut Grass, was divided into two equal parts, and the same quality of stable manure from the city scattered broad cast over it, and then ploughed in and thoroughly harrowed. On one half 50 bushels of Shell Lime in its burnt or middle state was evenly distributed, by placing like quantities at equal distances and then lightly harrowing in.

In November, 1810, a crop of Rye was planted, which proved a good one, and the growth was equal on the two divisions.

**2d Experiment.** In the Spring after being reaped, the stubble was ploughed under and the ground harrowed, and a one horse roller passed over, so as to press the stubble into the earth to promote its quicker decomposition; and in May a crop of Millet was planted, and the roller again passed over to promote an equal vegetation of the seed. The growth was now sensibly different to the eye; the Limed half, being of a dark luxuriant color, and rapid vegetation, stood three full cuttings with some indications of a fourth, while the unlimed was of a less healthy color and of inferior growth, and was exhausted by two cuttings.

**Second course 3d Experiment.** In December, 1811, the entire acre was again manured with stable manure—but a greater portion given to the unlimed half. The culture was the same—the crop, Oats—the product turned out a very good one, but the growth equal on both halves. **4th Experiment.**—It was cut, and in May following a crop of Flint Corn planted 3 feet drills, 18 inches in the drill, and yielded 35 bushels to the acre. The unlimed half again showing a decided superiority in the deeper color of the blade—the size of the stem—and largeness of the ears; the unlimed half indicating exhaustion of the manure and a failure in strength.

**Third course—5th Experiment.** For the third time, in December 1812, the same acre was again manured—but a still greater portion given to the unlimed half, and instead of stable manure, a compost of cow-pen, heavily littered in the summer, and fall with green silt marsh, was substituted. In January, 1813, a crop of the variety called Potato Oats, was planted, receiving the same mode of culture as formerly. The growth was uncommon and such as seldom witnessed in our country, both as to size of stem, and width of blade, but no different in the product of the two halves.

**6th Experiment.** It was cut green, in April, and the stubble was immediately ploughed in, &c., and in May a crop of Flint Corn planted, which turned out well but once more the limed half exhibited a decided superiority and of filling strength, while the unlimed gave signs of failure.

The foregoing experiments we think will show, decisively, that the end aimed at was attained—that Lime applied to our poor and sandy soils well manured, can give them a retentive strength, and impart a permanent fertility, nothing else will confer, and by means of it the vegetable matter of the manure is dissolved, and furnished to the wants of the plant, so as to stimulate it far more effectually than any accumulation, however great, of the mere manure.

In the first course of crops, we see with an equal quantity of manure—the unlimed half failing, while the limed exhibits increased fertility.

In the second course—the unlimed half with a greater portion of manure again comparatively failing, and the limed exhibiting undiminished vigor, and in the third course—the unlimed with a still greater portion of manure, not holding its own, while the limed shows no diminution of strength, but permanent fertility. That the Lime was the only cause of the difference cannot be doubted.

It doubtless acted too on the dead stubble—and by this increased its store of nutriment in the soil.

In the third course, or 5th experiment, it will be observed that a compost of cow-pen and silt marsh manure was substituted for stable manure, and this was the cause of the very great superiority of the crop. This is to be ascribed to an established principle of Agriculture, which the perfect development of a plant depends on the presence of all the, or all the, earths—if which substances are deficiently supplied, its growth will be retarded and imperfect.

The analysis of oats exhibits in the grain, and more largely in the straw, a large proportion of Potash, Soda, Lime, &c.—substances which compose of cow-pen and silt marsh possess in large proportions, and hence the peculiar adaptation of that species of manure to the nutrition and growth of this plant, and the abundant result in the particular case.

It might not be without use for me to detail another experiment with lime made upon a piece of salt marsh land. It had been dammed in and ditched, for the purpose of allowing it to freshen. After the lapse of four years, but little progress had been made in its improvement, for it continued sour; and produced only salt and brackish grasses. How to correct and

sweeten it, was the question? Two equal portions were laid off, and the same quantity of stable manure applied and well dug in; but on one, 20 bushels of shell lime (or at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre) was scattered and lightly raked in. In 1841 a crop of corn was planted, and the unlimed division failed altogether, while the limed produced a good crop, and a good growth of crab grass, a sure indication that the acidity was corrected.

In 1842 Irish Potatoes were planted—the unlimed portion failed, and the limed half a good crop. In 1843 a crop of okra was sown—the limed land brought an excellent crop, but the unlimed failed—was replanted, and failed totally. Here the experiment was most satisfactory—all the results aimed at were accomplished. The lime corrected the sourness of the soil, and exterminated all the salt grasses and weeds which had previously infested it—it acted on the dead inert vegetable matter which had been abundant, but useless and changed it into a magazine of food for the plants. It made that which was useless and barren at once productive and valuable.

It might here be asked—as these experiments were made with burnt shell lime, would Marl have a like effect? The effect of Marl is precisely the same as lime, provided it be laid on in equal quantity and in an equally minute state of division. The shell lime might be more immediate in its effect, but only from the circumstance of being more minutely divided, and thence becoming more intimately mixed with the whole soil. I shall be excused for thinking that the foregoing experiments give encouragement to our farmers to make a liberal use of Marl upon their lands. Why should there be any hesitation or doubt about it? The most valuable and extensively used mineral substance that has ever been made available is practical agriculture, that which is "the basis of all good husbandry" is our own hands—underneath our feet. We hesitate to apply to our exhausted and sterile soils, lime, to be of its effect, when it is a fact that the surface of the cropped land is being improved by calcareous substances, then by the aid of all other manures put together!

Our planters must be more experimental in their agriculture for it is their business, and by it only shall we be ever able to advance ours and make practically available the invaluable resources of our country. There is no occupation more able to stimulate the intellect, or which, if properly cultivated, opens a wider field for the exercise of the highest intellect, or for the cultivation of the best affections. But you can deal with another only in her operations, and there is but one way to obtain a knowledge of her, which is by questions—that is experiments. Her bright volume is always spread before you. "I've written," said Bacon, "in the only language which hath gone forth to the ends of the earth unobscured by the confusion of labels." B. R. S.

**The Apple Tree Borer.**—The pestiferous borer is the larva of a beetle, called *Saperda pinnata*, which is found more than a half on three quarters of an inch in length, the color brown and white spotted on the back, the under side white. It comes forth from the tree in a perfect state in June; and in the latter part of June and July it lays its eggs on the bark near the root of the tree. They hatch out in a short time. The grubs are whitish, and ready of a cylindrical form. The head is small and of a brown color. They have no legs. With strong jaws they eat through the bark, and bore upwards through the wood, reaching to the heart of the tree. This is their general course. The larva state continues two or three years, during which the borer will have gone upwards of nine or ten inches. It approaches the bark at the end of its passage, by which it is covered all its length into a beetle, when it comes out, and in due time lays its eggs.

They may be easily destroyed by cutting out or running a wire into the hole soon after they have commenced their operations. They now have just bored themselves to the bark and by examination in season may be discovered. Some have laid wood ashes around trees with good effect; others say that it is effectual in all cases. A few weeks since we saw on the farm of Mr. Barak Ireland, in Sherburne, two orchards that had been completely protected, by putting a small shovel full of good wood ashes around each tree, while another orchard between these two, and not protected in this way, was considerably injured by borers. Col. Daniel Reid, of the same town, and that he found better to use a different remedy.

It is best to have ashes from some hard wood, that they may be strong, and as they are a good manure and a remedy against other insects, it would be well to apply them early in the spring, and again in June or July. Wet the tree before applying the ashes, unless it be so at the time, and throw the ashes against the wet tree 10 or 15 inches from the ground.

In addition to the ashes put a piece of hard soap, about the size of a chestnut into the branches of the tree, in such a place that as it dissolves in the rains it will spread and run down over the whole trunk. This, says a gentleman who practices it, destroys insects, makes the bark smooth and healthy, and it is considered a remedy against borers, and they have not attacked any thus protected. It is worthy of trial. It should be applied early in the spring, and again in July or August. This borer

also attacks the quince, mountain ash and some kinds of thorn.—*Boston Cultivator.*

[It is said that when a tree is infested with caterpillars, if a hole is bored into the body of the tree and a small quantity of the flower of sulphur be poured in and the hole plugged, the caterpillars will speedily desert the tree. We have also heard of the peach tree worm being expelled by boring a gimlet hole in the body of the tree and inserting a small quantity of calomel, in the spring, taking care to close the hole. Might not the insertion of a small quantity of calomel or sulphur into the apple tree expel the borer? The experiment is easily made and is worth trying.]

**Preserved Citron Melons.**—Take some fine Citron Melons; pare, core and cut them into long slices. Then weigh them; and to every six pounds of melon allow six pounds of the best loaf-sugar, and the juice and yellow rind (pared off very thin) of four large fresh lemons, also half a pound of raw-ginger.

Put the slices of lemon into a preserving kettle; cover them with strong alum-water, and boil them half an hour—or longer, if they do not look quite clear. Then drain them, lay them in a broad vessel of cold water, cover them stand all night. In the morning tie the raw-ginger in a thin muslin cloth, and boil it in three pints of clear plum or spring water till the water is lightly flavored. Then take out the bag of ginger. Having broken up the sugar, put it in a clean preserving kettle, and pour the ginger-water over it. When the sugar is melted put it over the fire put in the yellow peel, of the lemons, and boil them and skim it till no more scum rises. Then remove the lemon peels put in the sliced citrons and the juice of the lemons, and boil them in the syrup till the slices are all quite transparent, but not till they break. When done, put the citrons and syrup into a large tureen, set it in a dry, cool, dark place, and leave it uncovered for two or three days till all the watery particles have exhaled. Afterward put the slices carefully into wide-mouthed glass jars, and gently pour in the syrup. Lay inside of each jar upon the surface of the syrup a double white tissue paper cut exactly to fit, and then close the lids of the jars. This will be found a delicious sweetmeat, equal to any brought from the West-Indies, and it is well worth doing. We recommend it highly.

**Agricultural Anecdote.**—A knowledge of the habits of animals is sometimes of great service, even in the saving of cities. James, in his recent history of the Black Prince, gives an amusing instance of this in the defence of Rennes, a town of Brittany, besieged by the Duke of Lancaster. In order to effect the surrender of the place, the Duke enforced a strict blockade, which soon reduced the garrison to great straits; but he knew they would hold out to the last extremity, and determined to try a stratagem. For this purpose, he drew his soldiers, as he had left the place, and ordered an ambuscade in some bushes behind the town. He then caused a number of hogs to be turned loose in the place, in the hope that the starving garrison would rush out for the prize. But they understood his trick, and turned it to their own advantage. They opened one of the sally ports, and hung up a young sow by the hind legs to the hotel. She of course made a great outcry, and the hogs came rushing up to the place from whence the noise proceeded; she was then cut down and driven through one of the streets, and forced to keep up her music. The soldiers sprang up from their ambuscade, in order to try, and if possible prevent this unlooked for termination of their experiment; but James says, the hogs, with that intuitive perception of the way their masters do not wish them to go, which has ever marked their nature, went rushing tumultuously into the town, and afforded the garrison very reasonable relief.

**The Farmers Life.**—Gentlemen, allow me to congratulate you of the happy situations in life in which those are placed, who are engaged in the cultivation of the earth. In independence, in healthfulness, in plenty, it exceeds every other, Prudence and economy, and a just estimate of his position in society, are requisite for a man in all situations; but to whom are the facilities to independence so great as to the farmer? Favorably situated for avoiding temptations to be surrounded with every thing necessary to comfortable existence. His life indeed, is a laborious one; but labor is no evil—it conduces to vigor of the body and certainly, it is not in idleness that happiness is ever found. The very place in which his labors are carried on is favorable to him. He lives not pent up in walls, and in a confined or insalubrious atmosphere, but in the free air of heaven, with the boundless sky for a roof and surrounded by every thing that lovely is nature, and calculated to lead the mind from nature to nature's God. The sentiment of love and admiration of the beautiful works of the Creator, leads us to see him, and to know him, and to adore him. He who can plod in his fields, insensible to these beauties, is truly of a cloddish heart. He is incapable of experiencing that sublime love of the Deity, which alone can elevate the soul above the miseries that envelope all worldly concerns, and give him as it were, a foretaste of the pure and exalted joys of a future state.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Works of Miss F. Bremer  
LITERARY GEMS.

**The Sick Chamber.**—Health and the Sun have been always sung and praised I will now celebrate Sickness and Shade I will celebrate thee, bodily sickness, when thou layest thy hand on the head and heart of man, and sayest to the sufferings of his spirit "Enough!" Thou art called upon earth an evil; ah! how often art thou a good, a healing balsam under whose benign influence the soul rests after its hard struggles, and its wild storms are still more than once hast thou prevented suicide, and preserved from madness. The terrible, the bitter words which destroy the heart are by degrees obliterated during the feverish dreams of illness; the terrors which lately seemed so near us are drawn away into the distance; we forget! and when at last we arise with exhausted strength from the sick bed, our souls often awake as out of a long night into a new morning. So many things, during the illness of the body, conspire to soften the feelings; the still room; the mild twilight through the window curtains; the low voices; and then, more than all, the kind words of those who surround us, their attention, their solicitude, perhaps a tear in their eyes; all this does us good, and when the wise Solomon enumerated all the good things which have their time upon the earth, he forgot to celebrate sickness among the rest.

**The Spirit of Love.**—Meanwhile the spring appeared. With an expression of God's love, the sun smiled down upon the earth; she felt it awake from her sleep, and breathed out her morning prayer, in the silent but delicious fragrance of the fresh flowers. I would gladly know what goes on within you, O Earth! when they begin to sing, thy waves to dance, when thou arrayest thyself in so beautiful a garment, that even under the shadow of night, the stars of heaven and the eyes of men look upon thee with love, when millions of small winged beings arise from thy flower beds, and fill the air with the harmonious murmur of their gay existence, when a thrill of joy goes through their veins, when the whole inspired nature is a look of love and a hymn of gladness; I would gladly know if thou feelst the gladness which goes on from thee the infinite delight which thou causest. What I know is, that thou givest new life to the heart of man; to his blood a quicker circulation; that thou deliverest his spirit from the oppressive gray winter of life, that, resting on the bosom of Nature, he can feel a joy independent of all things else, a pure feeling of love for life, a love of living.—O! that I could lead out who ever is sick, in body or mind, on a spring morning lay him among the young flowers; let him look to the dark blue sky, and on the bright and living splendor of the earth about him; let him feel the warmth of the sun beams, the healing coolness of the air, all the sweet influences of life and of nature, which speak to the heart like the voice of a friend like a smile from God! Certainly, the unhappy man would here forget for a time the ungrateful one who has injured him; forget the cares which are wasting away the threads of life even remorse would let her be stilled believing in forgiveness; the often deceived would before his death, have a few hours of undisturbed felicity; when the evening comes, he could still look back upon this spring say "I have been happy upon the earth!"

**Fame and Immortality.**—"The consequences which the actions of men bring after them commonly lie out of their power to compute. A small seed may grow up to a great tree, a blazing fire may be smothered in ashes. Whether the victories of heroes have done more for humanity, than the unobtrusive life of love of an unknown man, is only seen by the All-seeing Eye above us. Let each one do the good that is in his path and in his calling, and his work shall remain, even if it seem to pass away, and will bear fruit in its time. Honorable fame, my best Elda," he continued, turning towards her a full and affectionate glance, "must not be confounded with immortality on earth.—A name may be repeated by millions through centuries of years—that is fame. The good which you think and do, the spirit which goes from you, and which lives and perpetuates itself through endless generations, this is true immortality upon earth."

**Children.**—And children—children—O! ye small, lovely, beautiful, innocent beings, darlings of God and man, the spring seems made for you, and you for the spring; when I see you among the flowers, the brilliant butterflies hovering around you, I know not what more beautiful a higher life can give.

**Love.**—The genius of love comes into life before that of art. There are men who perform noble deeds, others who sing and immortalize their actions. Without the deep, powerful love, which causes relations and friends to act and to suffer for each other, without actions which show that love is stronger than death, pencil and chisel would not have created those masterpieces, song would have brought tears to no eyes, and music would have been but a play-thing. It is the aspiring glance of love which gives words of fire to the artist's lips—they can utter nothing beautiful which that has not first dictated.

**The Martyrs for Truth.**—"It is good lead of the noble hearts which have beat; which have held for eternal truths. One feels one's self near this ocean of power

and love, as a drop, a little drop. Humbly to know ones self is good. If the drop suffers, what is that to the great whole? Nations bleed; the lives of heroes pass away in letters; drop, complains not!"

**Admiration.**—Admiration—rich source of enjoyment! Why art thou not more sought! Thy pure streams will never scorch the thirsting; now upon this little earth he can be refreshed by thee, after thousands and thousands of years, in a higher unfolding of God's infinite creation, shall he drink of thy ever young, thy ever fresh waters. The pleasure which thou givest is pure, and followed by no pain. Happy those who early learn to admire what is worthy admiration!"

**Astonishing effect of Guano.**—At the recent exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in Boston, the Transcript says that a promising object of attention, was the produce of two seed of sweet corn, planted by J. E. Teschemacher, in the Public Garden, Charles street, on the 12th of May last, in poor sandy soil! One without any manure; product, one stalk, one ear, weight 1½ lb. The other, manured with Guano; produced eight good ears and four or five useless ones; weight eight pounds. Only two spoonfuls of Guano were used on the hill. These specimens were taken from a small piece planted with corn at the same time. Every other hill manured with Guano, and the effect is the same throughout the whole.

**A Wife's Revenge.**—"There's a bone for you to pick," a sweet tempered man was wont to say to his wife, after he had said to her something more than commonly crusty. She bore it meekly, (as wives invariably do,) but nursed within her heart a determination of eventual revenge. So, on her death bed, just when she was on the point of expiring, she whispered in his ear, that one of the two children he so fondly loved was not his own, and added "there's a bone for you to pick." He besought her to say which of the two children was his; she died in silence, with a smile of triumph on her lips.

We learn from the Cleveland, Ohio, Herald that the third elopement of the season took place there on the 23d ult., George Cross, keeper of a huckster's shop on the dock, after converting most of his traps into money and getting into debt what he could, eloped with the wife and child of a Mr. Harding, leaving his own wife and five small children to beg for bread. In the same town, during the week ending on the 20th August, a mob stormed a steamboat, on account of a difficulty with the mate, and seriously injured one of the passengers; a bully undertook to cowhide a doctor, and had the daylight let into him in several places, with a bowie knife, for his pains; several houses and shops were entered by robbers, some of them in the day time, and robbed of all the loose change left in bureaus and trunks. Cleveland is becoming quite a lively place.

**Rough and Tumble.**—The New Orleans Tropic tells the following story: A Frenchman, who knew a very little of our language, unfortunately got into a difficulty with a back countryman, and fight he must, and that, too, rough and tumble. But before he went at it, he was very anxious to know what he should cry out if he found himself whipped. After being informed that when he was satisfied, all that he would have to do would be to cry out enough at it they went; but poor Monsieur, in his difficulties, forgot the word, and finding his eyes were likely to be removed from their sockets, he began to cry out; but instead of saying what he was told, he commenced bawling lustily, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!!! To his astonishment, the countryman kept pounding and gouging the harder, when Monsieur finding there was no use in hallooing, turned and went to work in good earnest, and it was not long before the countryman sung out in a stentorian voice, enough! Say that again, said the Frenchman—enough; enough! cried he again; when the Frenchman, in his turn, broke out: "Begar da is de vara word I was try to say long time ago."

**How To be Loved.**—One evening Maria's father related in her presence an anecdote of a little daughter of Dr. Doddridge, which pleased Maria extremely.—When this child, about six years old, was asked what made every body love her? she replied, "I don't know indeed, papa, unless it is because I love everybody.—The beautiful simplicity of this reply struck Maria forcibly. "If this is all that is necessary to be loved," thought Maria, "I will soon make every body love me." Her father mentioned a remark of John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great masses, one of happiness and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery and add it to that of happiness.—"Now," thought Maria, "I will begin tomorrow to try to make everybody happy.—I can do for somebody else. Papa has often told me that this is the best way of being happy myself, and I am determined to try.—I astor's Daughter.

The Masonic Grand Lodge of England has voted £1,000 towards a monument to the memory of their Grand Master, the late Duke of Sussex.