

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

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

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JANUARY 31, 1855.

VOL. XX.—NO. 3.

W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors. ARTHUR SIMKINS, Editor.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, if paid in advance—Two Dollars and Fifty CENTS if not paid within six months—and THREE DOLLARS if not paid before the expiration of the year. All subscriptions not distinctly limited at the time of subscribing, will be considered as made for an indefinite period, and will be continued until all arrearages are paid, or at the option of the Publisher. Subscriptions from other States must invariably be accompanied with the cash or reference to some one known to us.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at 75 cents per Square (12 lines or less) for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. When only published Monthly or Quarterly \$1 per square will be charged. All Advertisements not having the desired number of insertions marked on the margin, will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.

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For announcing a Candidate, Three Dollars, in ADVANCE. For Advertising Estrays Titled, Two Dollars, to be paid by the Magistrate advertising.

Law Notice.

MESSRS. SPANN & MAGRATH, in partnership, will practice in LAW AND EQUITY. Office opposite the residence of Mr. G. Addison. One or the other will always be in office. Jan 3 3m

Law Notice.

THE Undersigned have formed a Partnership, and will practice LAW in Edgefield, Abbeville and Lexington Counties, S. C. GEORGE W. LANDRUM, ABERN PERRIN. Edgefield C. H., Sept 21, 1854. 36

DENTAL SURGERY!

DR. H. PARKER, respectfully informs the citizens of Edgefield District, that he may be found during the week at the Planter's Hotel, Edgefield, C. H., and at his residence on the Anderson road, eighteen miles north-east of the village, on every Friday and Saturday following. Specimens of his work, put up on the latest and most improved principles, can be seen at his Office. His address, where in the country, as heretofore, Sleepy Creek, P. O. Dec 27 50

Practice of Surgery!

DR. J. HARRIS Augustus, Ga., is prepared to accommodate with Lodging and Nursing, such patients as may be directed to him for SURGICAL OPERATIONS or Treatment. His Masters may be assured that their Servants will have every necessary attention. Augustus, May 25, 19

FRESH ARRIVALS.

DR. A. G. TEAGUE respectfully informs his friends and citizens of Edgefield generally, that he has just received a LARGE ADDITION to his already extensive Stock of fresh and genuine

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c. His Drugs are carefully examined by himself, and all are found to be pure, and of those that are approved may be relied on as efficient and of uniform action.

ALL of his Medicinal Compounds, Tinctures, Pills, Ointments, &c., &c., are put up under own supervision and in strict accordance with the United States Dispensary.

From his long and extensive experience in the practice of Medicine, he has made several Compounds of his own, not to be found in the Dispensary, viz:—A Preparation for the CROUP, which he has used extensively for eighteen years, and recommends with confidence; a VERMIFUGE, safe and efficient; and many other Compounds which he makes extemporaneously to fulfill the indications in each particular case for which it is used.

It would require more space than could be obtained in a Newspaper to give a Catalogue of the Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals kept and sold by him—suffice it to say, he can furnish a Physician's Office COMPLETE, with Physic and Furniture.

He has added to his former Stock some of the most reliable Vegetable extracts, viz: PODOPHILIN, STILLINGIA, LEPTANDRIN, &c.

Planters and families can be supplied with all Medicines necessary in a family—and when desired, directions put up in the most plain and intelligible manner.

All of the most reputable NOSTRUMS may be found in his Establishment. Also,

Candies, Kisses, Sugar Plums and Sausages.

ALSO, FINE WINES AND BRANDY, for medicinal purposes.

FINE TOBACCO & SEGARS.

Perfumery of his own and Northern make, hard to beat.

SOAPS.—A large and extensive variety.

CANDLES.—Wax, Sperm and Adamantine.

Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs.

WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, VARNISHES, &c.

BRUSHES.—Marking, Sash, Tool, Paint, Graining, Tooth, Nail, Flesh, Crumb, Shoe, Horse and Tenons Brushes.

PENCILS.—Camel's and Sable Hair, large size. And last though not the least, the finest HAIR BRUSHES ever offered in the field, of various patterns and qualities.

Dressing and extra fine COMBS.

DUSTING BRUSHES.—An excellent article.

PAPER.—Fools Cap and Letter Paper, common and fine.

NOTE PAPER.—Various sizes and fancy styles.

ENVELOPES.—Common Buff, Plain White and Fancy Note Envelopes.

INK, PENS, PENCILS AND CRAYONS, Osborne's American Water Colours.

Gum Elastic Balls.—Solid, Hollow and Fine.—Parlor Balls for the Ladies, inviting them to exercise within doors, when the weather is too inclement to be out.

Max 18

For the Planters!

150,000 Lbs. Peruvian Guano and SALTS. 70 Bbls. Kettelwell's CHEMICAL SALTS, 30 " Pure GONN PLASTER. The above celebrated Manures for sale by J. SIBBLEY & SON, Hamburg, Nov 14, 44

The Laurensville Herald, Independent Press and Anderson Gazette will carry the above four times, and forward bills to J. S. & S. O.

Saddlery and Harness.

A FINE assortment to be found, and at low prices, at ROBINSON & JACKSON'S. Hamburg, Dec 4, 47

Sell Your Cotton and Pay Your Debts!

AS Cotton is now bringing a good price, I think it is the proper time for all persons indebted to me, to sell their Cotton and pay up promptly. What say you gentlemen? M. W. CLARY, Charleston, May 2, 50

Select Poetry.

THE CONTENTED MAN.
Why need I strive or sigh for wealth?
It is enough for me
That Heaven hath sent me strength and health,
A spirit glad and free;
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow;
House, herds and gold have they;
Yet life's best joys they never know,
But fret their hours away.
The more they have they seek increase,
Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
To me it seems so fair;
It counts pleasures hath for all,
And none denied a share.
The little birds on new-fledged wing,
And insects level in the spring.

For love of us, hills, woods and plains,
In beauteous trim are clad;
And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
Caught up by echoes glad.
"Rise," sings the lark, "thy tasks to ply"
The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
And all like gold appears;
When bloom o'er spreads the glowing earth,
And fields have ripened ears;
I think these glories that I see
My kind Creator made for me.

Then lo! I thank the Lord above,
And say, in joyful mood,
His love, indeed, is Father's love,
He wills to all men good.
Then let me ever grateful live,
Enjoying all He designs to give.

DUTCH MARRIAGE CEREMONY.
You brush now, you groom man dear,
You stand upon the floor,
To bid adieu to your dear wife,
And bid her adieu to me.
To feed her well with your sweet bread,
Pans, patterned and sewed,
And in all things to lend your aid,
That will promote her ease.

Yes, and you man, standing dare,
Do budge your word, dish day,
Dat you will take vor your husband,
Dis man, and him opy;
Dat you will wed and poard mit him,
Vash, iron and mend his clothes,
Laugh ven he smiles, vee ven he sighs,
Dis share his shoyts and voes.

Well den, I now viden dese valls,
Mit shoy, and mit mit kirk,
Bromounce you poth to pe va mint,
Vone name, vone van, vone peef;
I pooblish now, dese sacred pants,
Dese matrimonial ties,
Pefore mine wife, Got, Kate and Poll,
And all dese gazin eyes.

And, as de sacred Scripture says,
Vot Got unvers topder,
Let no man dare assunder put,
Let no man dare dem sever;
And you priedgeform, you shoyt,
I will not let you collar,
Pefore you answer me dish ting,
Dat ish—vare is mine tollar?

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BOARD OUT WEST.—Traveller dismounts at a tavern; "Hello, landlord—can I get lodgings here to night?" "Hello, No, sir; every room in the house is engaged."

"Traveller."—Can't you even give me a blanket and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?" "Landlord."—No, sir; there's not a square foot of space unoccupied anywhere in the house."

"Traveller."—Then I'll thank you, sir, to have a pole out of your second-floor window, and I'll roost on that."

"Boy," said a visitor to the house of a friend to his little son, "step over the way and see how old Mrs. Brown is."

"How, comes it, my friend, that I never get to see you of late—that you try to keep out of my way?"

"Why, the fact is," he replied, "I haven't been sick for so long, that I am ashamed to meet a doctor."

"The victory is not always to the strong" as the boy said when he killed a skunk with a brickbat.

A YANKEE, describing an opponent says: "I tell you what, Sir, that man don't amount to a tun in Arithmetic; add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

PROOF OF INSANITY.—One of our courts decided, the other day, that a man was insane, because he paid money to a lawyer without taking a receipt.

HONOLY men are accompanied with a very great drawback. They are always jealous. Show us a gentleman with "yellow" hair and a pug nose, and we will show a gentleman who is ready to stab himself with a brick bat, every time he sees you looking at his chimney top.

The Painsman's Banner wants to know what there is in a name, when George Washington Fleetwood, Andrew Jackson Fleetwood and Napoleon Bonaparte Fleetwood were all whipped in Monroe county a short time since for house burning, counterfeiting, sheep stealing, &c.

A FACETIOUS boy asked one of his playmates "Why is a hardware dealer like a boot maker?" "The latter somewhat puzzled gave it up."

"Why," said the other because one sold nails and the other nailed the soles."

Select Story.
"AN O'ER TRUE TALE."

The scene where the incidents I am about to detail took place is a charming one. I wish I could describe it—the quiet cottage, with its shade trees and its vine-covered porch, just large enough for the accommodation of a young and newly married couple, with moderate views and still more moderate means, but with hearts of capacity to feel contented, because they seemed filled with each other's love.

It was in the bright and joyous time of spring. Nature looked all smiles, just full of green leaves and fragrant blossoms, as if rejoicing in the coming of two happy beings to the place. I wish I could describe the two beings I speak of—the young man full of the ardent aspirations of one who enters upon the practice of a profession, in which the promises of fame are only exceeded by the hopes of usefulness, and the voice of holy sympathies crowding and swelling up in the heart—the young and exceedingly lovely woman, wearing the bright blushes of a new-made bride, and rejoicing in the prospect of opening years of happiness—I wish I could describe all this, but I cannot. Let the reader then imagine, if he can, a quiet village, sleeping on the bank of a river, and the cottage we could wish to paint for him, just on the outskirts, and overlooking a broad and beautiful bay, and then fill up the scenery with all he pleases of beauty and grace, and he will see nothing more pleasant than the place I have in my eye.

Perhaps he has been to England, and has had some experience of how glorious nature is in some places. Perhaps he knew the very individuals I am speaking of. If he knew them at the time I write of, he knew two beings who, under an exterior of the most profound happiness, bore about in their bosoms each a heart corroded and tortured, and harrowed up with unutterable anguish.

Such things there are in this world, and who has not known them? It is a mystery how they smile with such heavy hearts—how they wear a face beaming with joy and happiness, while care sits in their breast, and lays its red-hot hand on every thought, and feeling, and hope. But life is full of mysteries, and the strangest of all, perhaps, is that we can smile at all in this world of sin and sorrow—that the spirit is not always covered with a gloomy pall—that the heart is ever light.

It always appeared to me a strange affair that I learned their history, how these two beings, apparently formed for each other, could wear, as they did wear for years, the semblance of happiness, and show in their conduct to one another all the outward tokens of ardent affection, so as to live for all that time mutually deceived and deceiving others—how they could smile upon each other, and twine themselves together in loving embraces, and press together their lips in the kisses—how they could lie in each other's bosom and feign all that did feign year after year, and yet be utterly indifferent to each other, nay, worse—while they each loved with a deep and passionate idolatry another, and loathed and reviled the other in their hearts.

Yet such was the truth; and I say it was wonderful how they lived as they did—how they wore always the same cheerful face and smiles, and spoke their words in tones of affection. But who can read the human heart? Who follows it through all its windings and tortuous ways? Who knows all about the trust and folds of his own with ardent love, while the eyes answer to every look of tenderness, may not be turned at that very moment in earnest longings to another? Who knows that his own heart, now clinging with intense love to some vision of his youth, some fair and beautiful being, may not yet learn to look upon that very object with coldness, and contempt, and scorn? But let me tell my story.

Early in the spring a young man came to the village, and after looking around for a few days, and seeing that the cottage I have mentioned was to be let, called upon the owner and rented it. He was just through his studies as a medical student, and had determined to commence business there; and as he was to bring his young wife with him, he had fixed upon the cottage as a desirable residence, and one which he thought would please her. The grounds were arranged by him in advance of her arrival, with exquisite taste. Everything was

done to beautify the place and make it smile in joy and gladness to welcome the happy bride, who was to outshine all the attractions around her. Then she came, and the villagers gazed at her admiringly, for such beauty and grace were rarely seen. The quiet smile that sat upon her face, was a welcome to every one, and every lip was ready to bless the fair and happy young bride, even when they knew her.

For a few days for them to become domesticated in their new residence, and to become acquainted with the kind and hospitable neighbors; and their manners won for them at once the affection and regard of all around them. It was pleasant to see them on the first Sunday after their arrival, as they issued from the little archway gate, and arm in arm passed on to the village church, how all met them with a smile of welcome, and many an old and gray-headed man and woman, finding their hearts drawn to the strangers, grasped their hands with warm affection, and gave them promises, which, from the mouth of age, seemed like prophecies of success and happiness.

And in the bosoms of the young arose no thought of envy, for they loved them as their own hearts' pledges of their kindness and sympathy. I say it was pleasant to see these two, strangers to all they met, gathering at once around them good wishes and hearty love, and finding so soon their way into the very hearts of their new friends. But it could not be otherwise.

There was much, very much to tell, in the short space allotted me. I must compress the joys and sorrows of four years in a few pages, and I hardly know how to do it. If I could take you on from day to day, and month to month, I could show you the constantly accumulating sources of pleasure and happiness that gathered around our young friends, and opened to their promises of enduring bliss. But can only say that as business increased upon the young physician, he only seemed to court it and rejoice in it, because of the wider sphere which it opened for his beautiful wife to find enjoyment, and he seemed entirely absorbed in her, and she in him; yet they entered into society with all the zest of those who find in it their only comfort, and all around them loved them.

But I must best show the apparent feelings which filled their hearts, by showing them in the solitude of their cottage home. I say the apparent feelings for I would have my readers remember what I have said above, that deep sorrow, and cankering care, and mutual loathing and contempt sat continually in both their hearts, and made them, under all the joys and happy moments that they enjoyed, as well as themselves, the most miserable of beings. And it is this I wish to make distinctly appear—that the fact is no criterion of the heart, but is often the very opposite, wreathing itself into smiles, when tears of anguish are ready to start from the eye, and being checked and smothered down, and not allowed to fill the bosom. He is seated on the bank of a river, and she, almost at his feet, on a low ottoman, leans fondly upon his knee. If they love not, and trust not in each other, who do? Aye, there is the fault. They each believe the other loves, and trusts and believes, and thus they deceive themselves and each other.

"How very beautiful it is," says Amy. "To a heart like yours, Henry, filled with high and glorious thoughts of nature, nothing can be more lovely than this?"

"And why not to yours, my sweet wife? Is not your heart tuned to the same feeling of beauty as mine? Have we not always, since we have known each other, loved the same things, books, and songs, and scenery, and flowers? Do we not think alike and feel alike in everything? Then why should not this be to you as it is to me?"

"It is," said she; "and I could almost wish it would last forever. But it is all passing away, just as the joys of earth pass."

"Only to be succeeded by others as bright," said her husband.

"Do you believe, Henry, that there are any to whom life is always happy, and who never see the clouds that darken the path of so many?"

He looked in her face a moment, as if he expected to see there the very clouds she spoke of. But there was a singular tone of sadness in her voice, there was nothing there but the same happy and contented smile she ever wore, and she returned his gaze with a still warmer smile.

"Why do you ask, Amy?" he inquired.

"Because I sometimes fear, that happy as we are, it may all be false and by and by fade away."

"Dreams, Amy—all dreams. This earth is not a shadow where we are to look for nothing but a transient and empty life. The inelastic content of the bird's nest, and the insect's power. Not my own one, of that one only presence, and our restless hearts would wander out, anxious and dissatisfied, and longing for communion with others like ourselves."

"Were I inclined to be jealous, Henry, I should fear for the future. But I am not. I am too sure that I am the one uppermost in your love, and I rejoice in seeing you loved and honored by others."

"And loving others; is it not so, dear Amy? You yourself would not be so happy, did you not love me, and put me other than about her neck, which caused a deep blush to mantle her face and neck. I then commenced and eyed her hold gizzard to her; telling how beautiful she was and everything else that I could think of, and wound up by telling her how I loved her. She heaved a deep sigh when I had finished which caused me to think all was right, when she looked sorrowfully at me and said, 'Was your taken suddenly by did it come on you by degrees?' We could not tell which, and left immediately."

Saw dust pills would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind are afflicted, if every individual would make his own saw dust.

THE GROWING WHEAT CROD.—The Rockville (Md.) Journal of the 13th says: "We have never seen the wheat in this (Montgomery) county look so well at this season as it now does. The warm and wet weather has acted upon it most favorably."

they could forget. From this moment life to them became a constant struggle to deceive. Every power of their minds was tasked, and the utmost to play the hypocrite successfully, and from their heavy and overburdened hearts were forced up smiles, to repay the love each believed the other to feel. Yet during all this, they were ever looking back with anxious regrets to what they had lost, and in their solitude they sighed for the past and mourned bitterly over the step they had taken. And thus wore on month after month of this life of terrible struggle—a life in which every advancing day, covered and filled as it was with joyous smiles and the honeyed words of affection, only made them loathe more and more the presence of each other, because they were continually compelled to strive against the real feelings of their hearts, and show in their outward acts a love which they were utterly ignorant and destitute of.

It must have been terrible to live thus, and yet for years they to maintain the same undiminished appearance of affection, and to cheat themselves, and all who knew them. But it could not last forever. The time drew on slowly and gradually, when they began to discern the truth, or rather, at first, to suspect it. I know not what first revealed to them the true condition of their hearts. It might have been the muttering of a name in sleep; or the discovery of some toy or little keepsake, treasured in secret through long and solitary years of bitterness, and almost worshipped for the memories it brought back of the past; or perhaps, a letter written years ago, in the young man's first love, and cherished since, and read and read again when the other was absent, till it had become soiled, and worn, and faded, and blotted with tears, and now left by accident in some place where it had been seen and read unsuspectingly by the very one who ought to have been the last one to see it. There are a thousand ways in which the truth may be made known. That is nothing strange. The only wonder is, that though there had been nothing to reveal it—no toy, no memento, nor letter, nor anything else—they should have been able to retrace up and keep their mutual secret so long. I only know that he discovered it first, and some months before she did, and in his many and noble heart must have been the same feeling. That he was not to himself again, knowing as he did the agony of spirit it would awaken. Still he was tender and kind, and full of affectionate attention to her. Perhaps he thought he might yet win her love, or that he might even now have no mean share in her heart, obscured as he knew he was by the image of one who evidently had long been his true love, and who now was now clinging in memory with wonderful consistency.

It is singular that he did, feeling at the same time that he did not love her, and never had, that she had been deceiving him, as he had himself for so many years; and knowing now that all their mutual protestations of affection had been the strained and forced exhibition of feelings which were not in their hearts. It must have been a life of terrible agony to him, for the subsequent months during which he suffered her to live on under the impression that she was still loved—no receive from her some caresses he had received for years, and know they were the fondlings of a hypocritical hand, and that while she bestowed his mutual caresses, she was inwardly cursing him, and his conduct. The consciousness of his own want of love for her, struggling with his high sense of honor and his sincere wish to make her happy, would have made any man inconsistent.

Any would often ride with him, in his visits into the country, to see his patients. It was on one of these occasions that he had taken her into his confidence, and she had been so unfortunate in business, and had recently taken up his residence on a farm, and whose wife was in feeble health. It was his first visit to the house. The gentleman was absent, and they were shown into the parlor, where they were shortly joined by the lady of the house. I cannot describe the scene which took upon her entrance, for she was the loved of Henry. For a moment all was forgotten; the presence of his wife—the misery of all the past years of deception—all was swallowed up in the bitterness of that one instant. What hours of agony followed! But afterward the calmness of their former life returned to them, and they revealed to each other all their thoughts and feelings for years past, their mutual deception, and then then what was left for them to do? To live as they had done? That they could not. They were no longer ignorant. They had tasted of the tree of knowledge. Henceforth life was a barren waste, leafless, flowerless, hopeless. They knew each other's hearts, and now they hated. They could no longer look in each other's face and wear even the semblance of hypocritical affection.

It was after midnight, that night when they parted. She left the house, but he did not know it. He sat in his chair, and hour after hour passed on. He did not slumber, neither did he take any heed of passing time. It was long after sunrise when he was aroused by the voice of his neighbor's approaching the door, and he entered bearing the dead body of his wife. Some fishermen had found her in the river below.

It might have been entirely accidental that she was drowned. Let us believe so. But Henry never believed it, and a few weeks afterwards, when he was leaving the place, he told me the story which I have repeated in my own words, he was prematurely old and gray.

BABY KICKS.—Sir—if you see fit you can give this a place in your paper. I have several times felt the effect of my square toes applied to the skirts of my coat, but was never smothered as flat as when the following occurred:

Not long since I happened in company with a tolerably looking gal with dark complexion and black eyes, and I thought just to pass away the time as I drew up my stool, took hold of her hand with mine, and put my other fin about her neck, which caused a deep blush to mantle her face and neck. I then commenced and eyed her hold gizzard to her; telling how beautiful she was and everything else that I could think of, and wound up by telling her how I loved her. She heaved a deep sigh when I had finished which caused me to think all was right, when she looked sorrowfully at me and said, 'Was your taken suddenly by did it come on you by degrees?' We could not tell which, and left immediately."

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SPEECH OF HON. W. W. BOYCE,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mr. BOYCE. Mr. Chairman, I propose to make some observations on the annexation of Cuba. I consider it the great question in our foreign relations.

A feverish impatience seems to be seizing upon our people for territorial extension. In some quarters the cry is for the Canada. Upon this point, however, I have been informed by a leading member from Ohio (Mr. Campbell) that the people upon the northern frontier look with deep feeling to the annexation of the British Provinces of North America. In other quarters the cry is for the Sandwich Islands; some are wishing for another portion of Mexico; others are looking to the region watered by the mighty Amazon; more are bent upon the acquisition of Cuba, and some have such inordinate stomachs that they are willing to swallow up the entire continent. These are all but various phases of the manifest destiny idea. I must confess, I do not sympathize with this idea. I think our true mission is conservatism, not indefinite extension.

Why do we desire further extension? Do we need any more territory? On the north we lose ourselves upon the verge of eternal snows; on the south we penetrate to the fierce heat of the equator; upon the east and the west we pause only on the beach of the two great oceans of the world. If we apply the instruments, we find that the United States are ten times as large as Great Britain, Ireland, and France combined; three times as large as the whole of Europe, and nearly equal to the whole of Europe; as large as the Roman Empire when its eagle dominated from the Euphrates to the pillars of Hercules. If it be possible for a nation to have territory enough, we certainly have it, and whatever else we may need, we do not need any more space. It may be said that we are not a nation. That is not a good reason. The only reason is, that we are not a nation. If we had the same density of population over our entire surface as in Massachusetts, our population would be four hundred and twenty millions; and if we increase for the next century in the same ratio we have for the last sixty years, our population will be within a fraction of five hundred millions. What a prospect for the future! For what a hundred and twenty millions—there are noble families in England who date back the lustre of their houses four hundred years. A century to a nation is not more than a year to an individual. When we look beyond the present, and pierce the future, the prospect of our population presents a great problem. When the vast surface of our territory shall be in a blaze with the fires of civilization; when the living tides of human beings flowing from the shores of the Atlantic shall be met by the returning tides from the Pacific; when the very gorges of the Alleghanies and the Rocky mountain shall be full of people; when population shall be crowding upon population, what will become of the Republic, what will be the fate of liberty itself? Instead of desiring more population, we would be most fortunate if we could remain at what we are. A nation has sufficient population when it is able to protect itself from external violence. We have already fully reached this point.

A Republic, like a Republic, is a Republic, and