

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Citerature, 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."

W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

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ेट्ट छाउट व्याका Two Dollars per year, if paid in advance-Two 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 refer-

ence 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 374 cents for each subsequent insertion. When only published Monthly or Quarterly \$1 per square will be charged. All Advertisements not having fallen speechles, in front of the scavenger's the desired number of insertions marked on the margin, will be continued until forbid and charged ac- er had taken him in-laid him on his bed-

Those desiring to advertise by the year can do so on Those desiring to advertise by the year can do so on This was the story of the rough man. liberal terms-it being distinctly understood that contracts for yearly advertising are confined to the immediate, legitimate business of the firm or individual contracting. Transient Advertisements must be paid For announcing a Candidate, Three Dollars, IN

For Advertising Estrays Tolled, Two Dollars, to be

aid by the Magistrate advertising. Law Notice.

MESSRS. SPANN & MAGRATH, in partner-hip, will practice in LA 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.
GEORGE W. LANDRUM,

ABNER PERRIN. Edgefield C. H., Sept 21, 1854.

DENTAL SURGERY! DR. H. PARKER, respectfully inform the cit.zens of Edgefield District, that he may be found during sale day 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, when in the country, as heretofore, Sleepy Creek, P. O.

Dec 27

tf 50

Practice of Surgery! DR. JURIAH HARRIS Augusta, and Nursing, such patients as may be directed to himfor SURGICAL OPERATIONS or Treatment. Masters may be assured that their Servants will have every necessary attention. Augusta, May 26,

FRESH ARRIVALS.

DR. A. G. TEAGUE respectfully informs his friends and catizens 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 that are found worthless, rejected; and those that are approved may be relied on as efficient and

of uniform action.

ALL of his Medicinal Compounds, Tinetures.

Pills, Ointments, &c., &c., are put up under his own supervision and in strict accordance with the United States Dispensatory.

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 Dispensatory, viz:-A Preparation for the CROUP, which he has used extensively for eighteen years, and reme has used extensively for eighteen years, and re-commends with confidence; a VERMIFUGE, safe and efficient; and many other Compounds which he makes extemporaneously to fulfil the indications in each particular case for which it is used. It would require more space than could be ob tained 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 Physick and Furniture. He has added to his former Stock some of the He has added to his former Stock some of the most reliable Vegetable extracts, viz: PODOPHIL LIN, STILLINGINE, LEPTANDRIN, &c. 17 Planters and families can be supplied with all Medicines necessary in a family—and when desired, directions put up with each article.

All of the most reputable NOSTRUMS may be send in his Establishment.

found in his Establishment. Also, Candies, Kisses, Sugar Plums and

Sands. ALSO, FINE WINES AND BRANDY.

for Medicinal purposes. FINE TOBACCO & SECARS

Perfumery of his own and Northern make bard to heat.

SOAPS.—A large and extensive variety.

Way Sperm and Adamar CANDLES,-Wax, Sperm and Adamantine

Paints, Oils and Dve Stuffs. WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, VARNISHES, &c. BRUSHES .- Marking, Sash, Tool, Paint, Grain-

ing, Tooth, Nail, Flesh, Crumb, Shoe, Horse and Tanners Brushes.

PENCILS—Camel's and Sable Hair, large size. And last though not least, the finest HAIR BRUST-

ES ever offered in the place, of various patrons

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 Calours. Gum Elastic Balls-Solid, Hollow and and a ghastly smile come over his face-Fine,-Parlor Balls for the Ladies, inviting them to exercise within doors, when the weather is too inclemment to be out.

May 18

For the Planters! 150,000 Lbs. Peruvian Guano, 100 bbls. Kettlewell's GUANO

and SALTS.
70 Bbls. Kettlewell's CHEMICAL SALTS,
30 " Pure ground PLASTER.

The above celebrated Manuers for sale by
J. SIBLEY & SON. Hamburg, Nov 14, The Laurensville Herald, Independent Press

and Anderson Gazette will copy the above four times, and forward bills to J. S. & SOM. Saddlery and Harness. A FINE assortment to be found, and at low pri-ces, at ROBINSON& JACKSON'S.

Sell Your Cotton and Pay Your to strike a blow against that King-here am Debts!

S Cotton is now bringing a good price, I think A S Cotton is new oringing a gersons indebted to me, to sell their Cotton and pay up promptly. What say you gentlemen? M. W. CLARY. say you gentlemen? CLARYTON. Nov 2

Brilliant Sketch.

THE RIGHT ARM.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook the Two Dollars per year, it paid in advance and paid within six the city of London. At the dead of night victory or death! Hist! silence, my men, months-and THREE DOLLARS if not paid before the when the storm was at its highest, an aged minister, living near the darkest suburbs of rocks! Now on my boys, now on! Men the city, was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Looking from his window, he beheld a rude man clad in the coarse attire of the sweeper of the public streets. In a few moments, while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm growled above, that preacher there in the blue uniform. With his clenchleaning on the arm of the scavenger treaded ed hands waiving in the air-" now, now ! his way to the dark suburb.

That very day, a stranger old man had he had not once spoken-and now he was

And now through dark alleys, among miserable tenements, that seems to topple gy-a sublimity of despair. down upon their heads, into the loneliest and dreariest suburbs of the city they passthat white haired minister and his guide. At last into a narrow court and up stairs that cracked beneath their tread, and then into the death-room.

It was in truth a miserable place.

A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There were the rough walls, there the solitary garret window with the rain beating through the rags and straw, which stuffed the broken panes-and there, amid a stars. heap of cold ashes the small valise, which it seems the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed lay the dying man. He was but half-dressed; his legs were concealed in military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked upon him. And he looked-throb-throbthrob-you might hear the death watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man old with care more than age. There was a face that you might look

upon once, and yet wear it in your memory Let us bend over the bed and look on

deep wrinkle between the brows-long arm yonder, beneath the snow-white mountain, locks of dark hair, sprinkled with greyunnatural in their steady glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in aged minister started back in horror.

But look! Those strong arms are clutch-

watch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christain!" faltered the preacher, as he knelt | floated over the solitudes of the Dead River. there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death stricken man

Then with the agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time, he spoke: "Christian!" he echoed in that doen tone.

which thrilled the preacher to the hear, will that faith give me back my honor! water. Hah! we are there !-- This is my together. native town. Youder is the church in which I knelt in childhood-yonder the green on said my friend, at length. which I sported when a boy. But another flag that waved when I was a child. And listen, old man, were I to pass along this Mr. M-, I wish you had been along mannerly and vulgar, and regard him with street, as I passed when but a child, the with us. We had several fights with the very babes in their cradles would raise their Indians, and in one of them I received a the chameleon; he would live upon air; tiny hands and curse me. The graves in bullet in the arm. Unfortunately for my and tailors that, like our first parents, he vonder churchyard would shrink from my friends the gamblers, it is nearly healed, footsteps, and yonder flag would sain a bap- and a terrible look passed over his features. tism of blood upon my heart!"

That was an awful death bed. The minister has watched the "last night" with a hundred convicts in their cells and yet never beheld a scene so terrible as this.

tered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails are blue with the deathhis military coat, trimmed with silver, an like the wreck of a battle-flag.

"Look ye, priest, this faded coat is spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old mem- laugh. ories seemed stirring at his heart. "This is the coat I were when I first heard the news B. On hearing this, the gambler thrust the of Lexington; this coat I wore, when I knife into its sheath, and approached us. planted the banner of the stars on Ticoude-roga!—That bullet hole was pierced in the said. "Any of you gentlemen wish to play fight at Quebeck; now-I am a-let me cards?"

whisper it in your ear !---He hissed that single burning word into Bowie.

the minister's ear. " Now help me, priest," he said in a voice grown suddenly tremulous; "help me put on the person with whom I am playing may be this coat of blue and silver. For you see." " there is none to wipe the cold drops from around us. my brow; no wife no child-I must meet

death alone; but I will meet him, as I met him in battle, without fear!" And while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm eaten coat of blue and silver, the good preacher spoke to him of faith in to do so," said the gambler, sneeringly. "Is Jesus. Yes of that great faith which pierced this gentleman your friend?"

the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God. "Faith!" echoed the strange man who stood there, erect, with the deathlight in his eye. "Faith can it give me back my honor? Mr. M-Look, ye priest, there over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades, the pleasant story of the eight years' war-

there in his royal hails sit George of Engiand bewailing in his idiotic voice the loss of his Colonies. And here am I-I-who was delight; "are you any relation to the duelist the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first that slew Joe Wingo a year ago?" I dying like a dog!"

The awe stricken preacher started back

from the look of the dying man while throb -throb-throb-beat the death watch in not know that Wingo was my cousin." the shattered wall.

muttered in that wild absent tone, as though the same way." the same way. speaking to the dead; "silence along the centre of the town! We will meet there in | death?" not a whisper as you move up those steep like a man," said the gambler. of the Wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars-up is Col. James sowie?"

shrieked the death stricken man, towering One blow more and Quebec is ours!" And look! His eyes grow glasy. With that word on his lips, he stands there-ah

what a hideous picture of despair, erect,

livid ghastly! There for a moment and then he falls! He is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold arms shall be the Bowie-knife." and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye, there lingers, even yet, horrible ener-

Who is this strange man, dying here alone in this rude garret-this man, who in all his crimes still treasured up that blue uniform

and faded flag? Who is this being of horrible remorse? This man whose memories link something ing tone.

Let us look at that parchment, and that The aged minister unrolls that faded flag,

of Heaven and more of hell?

it was a blue banner, gleaming with thirteen

He unrolls that parchment. It is a Colonel's commission in the Continental Army addressed to-BENEDICT ARNOLD. And there in that rude hut, while the death watch throbbed like a heart in the

shattered wall-there unknown, unwept, in

of the Patriot and Traitor. O, that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonored body rot. release his hold. Again they rolled over, not a "horn."

memories of the Past. that face. A bold forehead, seamed by one at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga-that sprang towards Bowie. Bowie met him

-and then two large eyes, vivid, burning, through the Wilderness to Quebec, that Ar- by step, still plunging his knife into his bothe River of the dead near a snow-white, that face-something so full of unuterable mountain, which arose, in lovely grandeur loneliness, unspeakable despair-that the over all other mountains, into the autumnal sky. A single soldier ascended the mountain with the hope of beholding from its umng at the vacant air-the death sweat starts mit the rocks and spires of Quebec. When in drops upon the cold brow-the man is he came down, Arnold took from his breast, out." where for days in privation, and danger he bad carried it, a blue banner, gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it into light and for the first time the Continental banner

roborated by tradition.

A Mississippi Fight. "Can it be possible that this handsome looking man is the far-famed Col Bowie?" whispered Mr. M-, in my ear.

I his is a fact attested by history, and cor-

"It is so," I replied; and before I could add more, Bowie was by us. My friend Come with me, - come with me far over the introduced us, and soon we were conversing

"I have not seen you for some time.

"I am just returning from a trip to the Rocky Mountains," said Bowie. "Really, to bed at night. The women find he is un-"Our party had a most desperate fight with a party of Indians near Coons Hollowthere were twelve to one-but we beat them

At this moment a loud shout caused us Suddenly the dying man arose. He tot- to turn our heads; almost immediately the cry of " A man stabbed!" reached our ears. Soon the crowd opened, and the gambler chill, he threw open the valise. He showed came forth. His hands were covered with blood, and in the right hand he bore a huge old parchment, a piece of cloth that looked knife, dropping with blood. Suddenly, he as that which is saved by getting through a the gun hooks was. turned, wiped his knife on the coat of a man, who stood near him, and burst into a loud

" What's all this about?" exclaimed Col.

"I never play cards with strangers," said

"Why not?" asked the gambler. "Because, for all I know to the contrary. a gambler," was the instant reply. On hearing this a large crowd collected

"Do you mean to insult me?" "Insult you!" said Bowie, surveying the other with a lock of contempt-"I insult

no man, sir." " Because you are too much of a coward

"Well, Linsulted him a few minutes ago," said the gambler. "Is this true?" asked Bowie, turning to

Mr. M- replied in the affirmative. "What is your name?" asked Bowie. "My name is McMullen," replied the

"Yes; it was I that slew him," replied the gambler.

A terrible look passed over Bowie's face. "Ha!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps you do

"I don't care who he was," retugged the

"Hush! silence along the line there!" he gambler. "If you wish, I will serve you

lines! Not a word on peril of your lives. Hark you, Montgomery, we will meet in the you do not know that I swore to avenge his "Then step out this way, and fight me

"Grant me one moment," said Bowie: perhaps you do not know that my name On hearing this dreaded name the gamwith the flag of freedom, though the night is

dark and the snow falls! Now-now- bler staggered back, and gaizing Bowie vacantly in the face, he drew his hand across " Bowie! Bowie!" he murmured faintly. "Aye, James Bowie!" returned the other Come, come, you wanted to fight me two minutes ago. I now comply with your request. I am the challenged party, and

> Our meeting will take place here, and our " Have it as you wish," said the gambler as he threw off his coat.

> therefore, I choose the weapons and place.

Bowie placed his hand behind the back of his neck, and drew forth a huge Bowieknife. Placing it between his teeth, he threw off his coat and rolled up his shirt

leeves.
"I am ready," he said, in a clear, ring

"So am I," exclaimed the gambler. Three cheers for Bowie were given by the crowd. Bowie smiled, while the gam-

bler bit his lips with rage. "Make room here," suid Bowie: "I can't fight without a clear field. Come, Mr. Mc-Mullen, are you ready ?"

"Yes!" cried the gambler. Bowie raised his knife high above his head, and sprang upon him. Both struggled for an instant, and then fell to the floor .-They rolled over the deck, the crowd makall the bitterness of desolation, lay the corps | ing way for them until they reached the railing. Suddenly, a stream of blood flowed from the gambler's right arm, and he uttered ted into the dust, to bring home that good and again Bowie plunged his knife into his right arm, and embalm it among the holiest arm. Suddenly each released his hold of the other, and sprang to his feet. With the For that right arm struck many a gallant blow for freedom, youder at Ticonderoga, his knife from his right hand to his left, and half way, and drawing back his arm, he But honest men never fear, though there comes in the deep silence of the dead, first raised in | pluged his knife into his body; the gambler lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life separate from the life of the man lt was during the renowned expedition lt was during the renowned expedition staggered back. Bowie followed him step At the fifth blow the gambler fell dead.

> "It is over," I said, drawing a long breath. "Gentlemen," said Bowie, placing his right foot upon the gambler's breast, and Though money is a hard thing to borrow. half extending his right hand, "this man insulted me, and I slew him. If any one wishes to avenge his death, let him step

A MAN WITHOUT MONEY .- A man without money is a body without life-a walking shadow-la spectre that affrights. His look is doleful, his conversation is languid and heavy. If he wishes to pay a visit, he never finds any body at home and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is interrupted every moment in order that he may not finish the sentence, lest he should end it by asking for money. He is avoided as a pestilence, and is considered a useless clog upon the earth. If he have wit he cannot display it, and if he has none he is looked upon as the most frightful biped that Nature can create. When in ill humor his enemies say he is fit for nothing, and those best inclined towards him preface their eulogy by a shrug of the shoulders. Necessity awaits him in the morning, and misery attends him suspicion. Tavern keepers wish that like would clothe himself with fig leaves. If he wishes to argue, he is not listened to; and if he sneezes, he is not heard; if he wants any thing from a tradesmen, he is asked to pay beforehand, and if in debt, he is consid-

ered a rogue. measure the value of study by the insight wanted to see for myself, so I slid out of you get into subjects, not by the power of bed sitting flat like a tailor on the floor, desaying you have read many books, you will termined to hitch up just as I sot, inch at a first steep, but afterward the road is rathsoon perceive that no time is so badly saved time, to the opening over the hearth where er level, offering no other obstacle than the

book in a hurry. been fixed on your mind and the whole time what ain't right. Well, jest as I had gainprofitably employed: whereas, upon your ed the right pint to look over at 'em, just til- or beast. The Commissariat is managed present arrangement, because you would ted the floor-down I went, tow shirt, fas- in a manner quite incomprehensible, and ficial readers-that the way of reading books over my rival and sweetheart-ready for with rapidity is to acquire that habit of se- bathing. vere attention to what they contain, that I was taken down by Jerusha's father, and no other food than dry biscuit, raw pork, \$6,200, which advance has been refused to

When you have read enough to acquire the habit of reading without suffering your mind to wander, and when you can bring to bear upon your subject a great share of previous knowledge, you may then read with rapidity; before that as you have taken the wrong road, the faster you proceed the more you will be sure to err .- Sidney

THE eminent Dr. Rush says that the exercise of the organs of the breast in singing, contributes to defend them very much from those diseases to which the cilmate and other causes expose them. The Ger- able laborer, "how can you ask this? In mans are seldom afflicted with consumption, my youth you sert me to the ant; I saw among them—a fact attributed by Dr. Rush, to be industrious and to gather.—What I in part to the strength which their lungs then learned I have followed on to this hour.' acquire by exerting them so frequently in vocal music, which constitutes an essential

A mechanic in Cincinnati is wasting his talents in trying to construct a flying machine, and thinks he can succeed if he can only raise the wind. There will he full as some of em has more than a hundred hands, school for their army; and there they have

Select Poetry.

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser. MONEY IS A HARD THING TO BORROW.

Tune-Same as " Jordan." The times are so " tight," for the cash is hard to get Though all hope they'll have some to-morrow; And every one looks blue, and are in such a fret, For money is a hard thing to borrow.

So take down your " shingle" and shut up your shop, For money is a hard thing to borrow.

The banker looks quite brave when you ask him for the " chink," But he pays out the " ready" with sorrow, For he cannot stand a "run," and he now begins

to think

in view.

For money is a hard thing to borrow.

That money is a hard thing to borrow. Let him take down his "shingle" and shut up his

The politicians stares, office costs a mighty lump, And the mouth of his purse is so narrow; is just to get some cash that he got upon the stump Finding money was a hard thing to borrow. Let him take down his "shingle" and shut up his

For money is a hard thing to borrow. The merchant is cast down with his loaded shelve

And no eastomer buys-to his sorrow For soon, from Europe, he will get a billet-due, And money is a hard thing to borrow. Lot him take down his "shingle" and shut up his

The whiskey maker sighs, for the drouth has killed

the corn, And he looks on the prospect with sorrow.

And money is a hard thing to borrow. Let him take down his "shingle" and shut up his

mighty crash,

Though money is a hard thing to borrow. You can keep up your "shingle" and open your shop,

Just His Luck. Jedekiah Slocum was in love with Jerusha Simmons. Jedekiah was slightly given to jealously, and now and then had reason for

Listen to him: One Sunday night I cum hum from mill after a three days ride, and Jerusha had a beau, dressed as smart as a dancing master. My heart jumped into my gullet the very

minute I saw him. I felt down in the mouth, for I knew I was a gone fellow. He had on broadcloth. Talk of your new fangled Gossop and Greshon houses now, but folks in them days didn't have but one room down stairs, and a ladder to go up stairs; a puncheon floor was good enough below, and oak shanker sulit out by hand, kivered the chamber floor. It was so in boss's house, and I slept over the chamber. I want you to remember, my tow shirt, and I want you to imagine my feelings that night after I went to bed, for Jerusha and the dandy chap had the hull room below to themselves, with a rousing bright fire to spark. I couldn't stand the temptation to want to hear what they had to say for themselves. Whisper! whisper!

whisper! You may laugh at it, but it is the naked truth I am going to tell. I have laughed myself at the same thing. When I heard something pop like a kiss, by ginger I could stand my heart thumps no longer. Curiosi-GOOD ADVICE TO READERS .- If you ty and jealousy got the upper hand of me; 1

A cat couldn't been no stiller arter a For if to the time you have given you mouse, but my heart thumped louder every added a little more, the subject would have hitch, just as it will when a man goes to do

perpetually confines the mind to the single next day morning came to the conclusion to object it has in view.

| Add that the single next day morning came to the conclusion to court a fresh gal—in a new locality.—N. Y. Dutchman.

HOARDING AND ENJOYING,-An old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hand, and depositing the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of the yielding earth.— Suddenly there stood before him under the shade of a huge linden tree, la divine vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in friendly voice. "What are you doing a friendly voice. here, old man?" "If you are Solomon," replied the vener-

"You have only learned half your lesson, resumed the spirit. "Go again to the ant, branch in their education, from their earliest and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."

see them, but I'm thankful I never went." them so far superior to the English.

aggeration. The letter says: No sooner had news of the acceptance of the four points reached this place than it

Miserable Condition of the English

Troops in the Crimea.

The correspondent of the New York Tri-

bune, in a letter dated Jan. 4, at Constanti-

nople, increases the sufferings of the Eng-

lish army to a degree not yet ventured upon

by the Times itself. The Tribune has the

utmost confidence that the report is no ex-

was bruted that a peace would positively ensue. It is also said that a dispatch was sent to Lord Raglan, stating that an armistice might be expected soon, and I have heard it said that the news was quite a balm and a cordial to the poor suffering British soldiers in the ditches before Sebastopol. Of these sufferings, no one at a distance can form any correct view. When I tell you that after the battle of Inkermann there were but 12,000 fighting men left out of some 30,000; that, although 10,000 men have ng men still continues the same; that the British hospital at Scutari at this moment

been added since then, the number of fight- Bank not a hundred miles from Wall street, contains six thousand invalids, and that some about to be examined. He consulted an two thousand men are at Balaklava waiting attorney friend, who discovered that he had to come down here to die, you may form no property available to convert to cash to some estimate of things. Friends of mine, cover the deficit, and advised him to take both English and American, who have re- two hundred thousands dollars more, then, cently visited Sebastopol, tell me that the when the discovery took place, he would miserable condition of the British camp forms have something to negotiate with the Direca striking contrast with that of the French. tors and induce them to refrain from a pub-Lord Raglan is despised, by his own officers | lic expose. The Cashier took the advice, as well as men, to a degree almost amounting to insubordination. He is an old and feeble man; his own dwelling in the camp is thousand dollars, and neither the stockhola comfortable house, abundantly supplied with furniture, and appearing to be the museum for all the knick-knacks stolen from the Russian country-seats which once stood on the locality of the camp, but which has been burned by the freezing men for fuel. He is never known to visit the troops, nor to look at the trenches; he never orders, war, pestilence and famine. Hate it with a or superintends a review of them; nor is he ever known to give any order showing an absolute abhorence. Dig potatoes, break interest in their destitute condition and im- stones, peddle in tinware, do anything that mense sufferings. When the news of his is honest and useful, rather than run in debt.

elevation to the grade of Field Marshal came As you value comfort, quiet, independence. out from England, it elicited a universal keep out of debt. As you value good digroan among all of the British troops, and gestion, a healthy appetite, a placed temper, even from the officers, at the reckless and a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy unjust manner in which the Queen's govern- wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the ment had thrown it away upon an incompe- hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of tent, unworthy object. This, however, is an all oppressors. It is a millstone about the act of unjust policy, done with the view of neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It securing for England, in future history, all spreads a cloud over the whole firamament he credit of the landing in the Crimea, the battles of Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman, out the stars it dims and defaces the beautiand the of Sebastopol. The French ful blue sky. It breaks up the harmony of have long since said that the English were nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices an incumbrance to them, and that it pained of its melody. It furrows the forehead with them thus to behold wretched and suffering humanity without possessing the power to rescue. They freely say that the English are brave men, but not soldiers; that they are totally destitute of any knowledge of the administration of an army; and, indeed, they not under its accursed dominion. now look upon them as no longer the nation which they were in the time of Napoleon I. The position of the British forces is the more exposed of the two, while their num- do you contrive to amuse yourself?"hers are too few for the task assigned to "Amuse?" said the other, starting; "do

them. There are not enough men to afford a proper relief to those in the trenches .-The soil of the Crimea is a mixture of clay stone in layers, but the soil is soft, and when your time." wet, becomes extremely miery. This is peculiarly the case in the trenches, where the ground is heavy, and the water always from one to three feet deep. Notwithstanding this, they must be occupied to save their own lives and that of their octogenarian and semi-imbecile Field-Marshall. Imagine a thousand men standing a long night in winter-perhaps under a continuous fall of rain in these ditches, denied the right to sleen. and required to be ready at a moment's notice to rise, rush forward and repel the attack of their never tiring, never-sleeping foes. How arduous must be this service, will be seen from the fact, that, in the face of certain death, these men often fall asleep and are bayoneted by the sorties, of which you now and then read garbled accounts in the

Balaklava is some six or seven miles from the British camp; the ascent is at want of a good road-bed. The British every official duty with credit to himself commander has foreseen nothing, and con- and benefit of the country. sequently prepared nothing, for winter,-Rains have thoroughly soaked the road, and rendered it perfectly impracticable for man racks here, with feet mortified from long and continued exposure to the wet of the change, and without the means of drying it again. their shoes or boots, the men give up in uttheir comrades, in pulling off their soaked boots, pull off the toes in them! Incredible as it may appear, I have heard that the large steamer Jason contains a great number of boxes full of shoes and boots for these same men-that they have been on board for some five months, and that each visit to Balaklava, the Captain and Purser begged the English Commissaries to take them, and

will not, because it requires an order from

ed is the case with many other objects of

general utility to the poor, suffering English

dered a musket. The French must, and do,

comrades of "perfidious Albion," are engaged in making a road for them from their camp toward Balaklava, and passing their provisions from the Chersonese port to the British depots. There are materials for building a railroad from Balaklava to the British camp, en route from - England, but these cannot be used until the wet has been succeeded by ice and cold weather. If, then, heavy snows set in, God protect the English army! It will be frozen for want of covering and fuel, and be daily and night-

The French, in pity for their suffering

y attacked by the Cossacks. The Turks here ask, with consternation n their countenances, how all this is theend. The seem to think already that their own days are numbered," and that neither French, English nor Russians will ever leave this country again.

How a New York Defaulter Squares up .- The New York evening Post narrates a singular circumstance. A Cashier of a found his funds two hundred thousand dollars short at a time, when his accounts were and the money. The discovery occurred he compromised with them for one hundred ders nor the public knew anything of the matter. Resigning his situation, he lived, respected by all, on his fortune, the other \$300,000, and died during the current year.

A SHORT SERMON-Owe no man anything. Keep out of debt, Avoid it as you would perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and of man's being. It eclipses the sun, it premature wrinkles; it plucks the eye of its light; it drags 'all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. - It takes the soul of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come

A plain spoken women recently visited a married women, and said to her. "How you know that I have my house work to do? Yes, was the answer, "I see you have it to do, but as it is never done, I conclude and lime; there is, however, abundance of you must have some other way of passing

> A few days since the editor of the Columbia, (Texas) Democrat, found a snake four feet in length coiled up among the exchanges on his table. We never supposed that editors could be

> so near the devil, or rather that the devil was so closely watching editors. A young gentleman was one day arrange ing music for a young lady to whom he was

> paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss D."

said he, "what time do you prefer?" "O,"

she replied carelessly, "any time will dobut the quicker the better." STEPHEN PLEASANTON, Esq., the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury Department of the United States, died in New York city, on Wednesday night, after an illness of ten days. He was in the seventy-ninth year of his age. For more than half a century, under twelve administrations, he was in the employ of the government, and discharged

RENTS IN WALL STREET, N. Y -The N. Y. Evening Post, of yesterday says:-

As much as fifty per cent advance is asking for Wall street rents; the consequence is, that many offices are to be let. Two. several of its chiefs should be hung for their offices adjoining Jauncey Court, which let utter indifference and negligence. Imagine severally for \$2,500 and \$3,200 last year, the fact that the men in the trenches have are now raised respectively to \$5,000 and

Any man or woman may chance to tumble into a gutter, but it is only a drunkard trenches.—After weeks of wet, with no or idiot who makes no effort to get out of

ETOWAH BRIDGE BURNT .- We regret to learn that vesterday, about noon, the Etowah bridge caught fire from a passing train and notwithstanding the exertions made to save it, was entirely consumed. We understand that this bridge was the largest and most expensive one on the Road and its destruction will be a severe loss to the State and seriously embarrass the shipment of freight until it is replaced by another. The bridge watchman is seriously censured for neglect of duty in the matter, he having been absent from his post at the time the bridge was discovered to be on fire .- Atlansome superior authority. This, I am assur- ta Intel,

> An English so dier writes from the Crimea that the sheet of paper forming his letter cost him \$1.25!

feel perfect contempt for the British army. HENRY WYRD BEECHER, in a sermon de-"WHAT monsters these ootton factors The superior French officers say that Louis livered a few weeks ago, said, speaking of the ballot hox: "Put it at the of gates of must be," said Mrs. Partington; "I'm told Philippe was right when he made Algiers a much difficulty, we apprehend, in getting My poor Paul often wanted me to go and learned and practiced what now renders perdition, and I would go through legions of imps to deposite my vote in it.