

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."

W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

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Religious Department.

NEOS EPISCOPOS, Editor.

WE trust our friends and readers will excuse the absence of editorial matter in this issue, when we say that such is the state of religious interest amongst us, that we have little time or inclination to attend to any thing else. Since the 3d inst., Rev. Dr. TEASDALE, of Washington City, has been preaching in the Baptist Church in this Village with much acceptance and happy results. Day and night the house is crowded, and there is now apparent an increase rather than an abatement in the interest. Quite a number have been baptized and others waiting to do likewise. Everything has moved on quietly and orderly, with no undue excitement to detract from the dignity and character of a revival of "pure and undefiled religion." May God speed the good work.

OUR SAVIOUR.

There is something inexpressibly sweet in these words, and their sweetness arises from their meaning. Happy is that man who possesses that faith whose appropriate expression is, My Saviour. But who is this Saviour? He is God's eternal son—his only son—his well beloved son, whom he freely resigned, that he might die the accursed death of the cross for us. He is God man, possessing the sympathies of the human, and yet all the perfections of the divine nature, that he might be a suitable mediator between heaven and earth. His heart glows with the purest love that ever burned upon earth. His generous bosom heaves with compassion for perishing men. And what has he done? He has given his life a ransom for us. He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the cursed death of the cross. He wept—he bled—he submitted to insult and reproach; he wore a crown of thorns—he suffered the lash—he felt the hidings of his Father's face, his greatest trial; and all that we, ungrateful rebels, might have peace with God, and become the heirs of eternal life. And what does he promise? "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—all, all, without exception. "Look unto me, all the ends of earth, and be ye saved"—all, all, without exception. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." But where is this blessed Saviour? He is in heaven, where "he ever liveth to make intercession for us." He is there upon his throne, as a "Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins." But shall we ever see him again? Oh, yes, when he comes to judge the world, every eye shall see him—all his enemies shall see him, and shall quail before the majesty of his presence; while all his own redeemed shall rejoice in the brightness of his face. Reader, have you any love for this Saviour? Do you remain unmoved under the sweet invitation of his glorious Gospel? Have you never felt a soft emotion in contemplating the wonders of his love? He is the loveliest character in all the universe of God. The Father loves him—holy angels love him—and who, who has greater cause to love him than you and I, for whom he shed his precious blood, and poured out his soul unto death. My friend, I love to plead the cause of my great Redeemer. Will you not give him your heart, and help to plead his cause? Will you not approach him, and place yourself under his fond care and protection? Oh, do my friend and fill the temple of God with melody and praise, and your own soul with peace that floweth like a river. When our Saviour says, Come unto me, and the sinner and the sinner, Lord, I come, it is but the signal for a general scene of exultation among the inhabitants of heaven.—Due West Telescope.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The editor of the Knickerbocker attributes the following to Ike Marvel. Last evening we were walking leisurely along, the music of the choirs of the churches came floating out in the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one, and that one—it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories, that rose to us as they were, before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it. It was the sweet old "Corinth" they were singing—strains that we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanced: and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a summer afternoon, and the yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon, who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded the applications and "exhortation," and the village choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was "Corinth." It is years—we dare not think how many—since then, and the "prayers of David, the son of Jesse are ended," and the choir are scattered and gone. The girl with blue eyes that sang the air—the eyes of one were like a clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives, both mothers, and both died. Who shall say that we are not singing "Corinth" still, where Sabbaths never wane and congregations never break up? There they sat, Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square corner on the right of the leader, and to our young ears their tones were "the very soul of music." That column bears still their pencilled names as they wrote them in those life's June, 18—before dreams or change had overcome their spirits like a summer cloud. Alas! that with the old singers most of the sweeter tones had died upon the ear; but they still linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet reunion of song that shall take place in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light; whose ceiling in pearl, whose floors are gold, and whose hairs never grow silvery, and hearts never

grow old. Then she that sang alto and she that sang air will be in these places once more.

REST OF THE SABBATH.

The North British Review illustrates the importance of sufficient sleep, on a parallel with the natural history of the Sabbath, as follows:

"The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long continued, the over driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium and death come on. Nor can the natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief.

The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but, addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business, or the man of letters—finds his ideas coming turbid and slow! the equivoque of his faculties is upset, he grows moody, fitful, and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker—the artisan, the engineer, by toiling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intuition of his eyes gets blunted; and forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic touch mould dead matter, or wield mechanic power; but mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely gray, his general humor sour; and saving it till he has become a morose or reckless man, for an extra effort, or any blink of balmy feelings, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol.

AN ARAB LEGEND.—King Nimrod one day commanded his three sons to enter his presence, and caused to be placed before them by his slaves three sealed of the urns was of gold, the other of silver, and the last of clay.—The king desired son to choose among the urns appeared to contain the treasure. The eldest chose gold, on which was written *Empire*; he opened it and found it full of blood. The second chose the amber vase, on which was written *Glory*; he opened it, and found it filled with the ashes of men who had been famous on the earth. The third took the remaining vase of clay; he opened it, and found it empty; but in the bottom the potter had written one of the names of God. "Which of these vases weigh the most?" demanded the king of his court. The ambitious replied, the vase of gold; the poets and conquerors, the vase of amber; the sages answered said, the empty vase, because that a single letter in the name of God weighs more than the entire globe.

PRACTICAL PRAYER.—In the vicinity of B—lived a poor but industrious man, depending for support upon his daily labor. His wife fell sick, and not being able to hire a nurse he was obliged to confine himself to the sick bed and family. His means of support being thus cut off, he soon found himself in need. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay as soon as his wife became well enough to leave, that he could return to his work.—Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived while they were at family prayers.

As he sat on the door-stone he heard the man pray very earnestly that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the needy, and comfort all that mourn. The prayer concluded, the poor man stepped in, and made known his business, promising to pay with the avails of his first labors. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, but he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he presumed neighbor A—would let him have it.

With a tearful eye and a sad heart, the poor man turned away. As soon as he left the house the farmer's little son stepped up and said: "Father, did you not pray that God would clothe the naked, feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort the mourners?" "Yes—why?" "Because, father, if I had your wheat I would answer that prayer."

It is needless to add that the Christian farmer called back his suffering neighbor, and gave him as much wheat as he needed. Now, Christian readers, do you answer your own prayers. THE FIRST FALSEHOOD.—Never shall I forget the first falsehood told by my only son. The wealth of our first parental affection was lavished on that boy; and how great was my grief when I found that the purity and innocence of childhood had departed, and he had told his first untruth.—That I considered an epoch in his life; and laying all work aside, I took the child upon my knee, while mildly and gently but in strong language, I explained to him the meanness and cowardice of a lie, and the great sin he had committed against God and man. He was set apart and not allowed to associate with any one for a length of time. His little heart was almost breaking; and had I not felt that it was for his eternal welfare, I could not have left my child for the first time without a kiss. At night when I next saw my darling, he was asleep in his little bed; but oh! what tears I could have shed when I thought of the first sin that had entered into his heart!

On the second night after this occurrence,

as I leaned over my child and talked to him before he slept, I said—

"My precious child have you asked God to forgive you for the falsehood you told yesterday?"

"Yes, mamma; I forgot it when I said my prayers, but I asked him after I was in bed," he said.

Anxious to know what the child's feelings were I asked him what he had said. Putting his little arms around my neck, and drawing my face down close to his, he whispered—

"I said, please, Goodman, forgive me for that story I told yesterday."

Then I asked, "And so you think he has forgiven you?"

"Yes, mamma, I feel as if he has," he answered readily.

My tears of sorrow were turned into tears of joy. My child had sinned and been forgiven. He had offered his first voluntary prayer, and he felt that it was accepted.—Some time after, while at play, I noticed that he was inadvertently about to misrepresent something, but instantly checking himself, he remained silent a long time; and I saw that my lesson was remembered; the seed had "taken root, for it was sown upon good ground."

Choice Poetry.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

Be merry and wise—'tis a song for each season
The happy lark sings it in bright-beaming skies;
And whither we go with glad heart and reason,
If it will to teach us—be merry and wise!
'Tis the song of the season, the plants as they rise,
The chorus of nature, be merry and wise!

Be merry and wise in your moments of leisure,
On the evening's amusement the morrow will rise;
We oft sail to sorrow in light barks of pleasure,
And sing while repining—be merry and wise!
When facing the goblet or love-beaming eyes,
There's danger, there's magic—be merry and wise!

Be merry and wise, for, from reason's first dawning,
To the last parting hour time wasteth in sighs,
Your woes will depart like the mists of the morning,
If you will but brave them. Be merry and wise!
The cheerful heart surely is life's dearest prize,
Be up and be doing. Be merry and wise.

In the precious words of the poet,
And there's music in the voice of love,
In its first low murmuring.

There's music in the summer breeze,
And autumn's mournful sigh,
And stirring music in the winds,
When winter storms sweep by.

There's music in a pure, warm pray'r,
That makes the heart rejoice;
And there's music 'round the cheerful heart,
In another's low, sweet voice.

There is music all around us,
In the murmuring of streams,
In the gentle voices of our friends,
And in our golden dreams.

There's music in an old tom-cat,
Preparing for a fight;
And there's music in a quavering bird,
At any time of night.

There's music in a yelping cur—
In a pig with a corkscrew tail;
And solemn music in "Jim Crow,"
And "Sit on a Rail!"

There's music in a scolding wife,
That keeps her house in awe;
And there's music in a grating hinge,
And the filing of a saw.

There's music in a Chinese gong,
Of most peculiar tone,
And there's music in an old tin pan,
And in a cracked trombone.

But the sweetest music seems to be,
In these degenerate times,
The clattering of knives and forks,
Or the ringing sound of dimes.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SPEECH OF ZACHARIAH SPICER.

On the question, "Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?"

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man.—And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution, I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children, and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character of the married man tower above that of the bachelor. What is a bachelor?—What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor, shiftless, helpless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared with his afterlife, than a mill-dam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say it, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and the words of the poet.

"Confusion was monarch of all he surveyed." Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots; there, a play-bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming-table and bar room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to

reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?"

"I felt in my pocket-book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough."

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it. I haven't got the pence. I wish for your sake I had."

"There," said she promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I. "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold have I none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" said she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I.

"Then," says she, as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer.

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more we haven't reported it. No more antics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor, miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel.

Now I am as plump as a poker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor, ragged fellow, without a coat to your back, or a shoe to your foot; if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable, generally, as a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, (overpowering applause) and you may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down amid long-continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded, secured him five sons-in-law.

DON'T DEPEND ON "FATHER."

Stand up here, young man, and let us talk to you—you have trusted alone to the contents of "father's purse" or to his fair fame for your influence, or success in business. Think you that "father" has attained to eminence in his profession, but by unwearied industry? or that he has amassed a fortune, honestly, without energy and activity? You

slippery these fellows are. They drive fast teams without bit or curb; they can't pay and pay for as little as they can; they carry; make a smash; snap their fingers at their creditors; go to California or to grass—nobody knows which—and begin again. Good gracious, if some of these fellows had lived forty years ago, they'd have clapped them in prison and shaved their heads.

A Quakeress, being jealous of her husband, took occasion to watch his movements rather closely, and actually discovered the trunk hanging and kissing a pretty servant girl whilst seated on the sofa by her side. Influence and reputation, you might far better have been a poor canal boy, the son of a chimney sweep or boot black—and indeed we would not swap with you the situation of a poor, half-starved, motherless calf! Miserable objects you are that depend entirely on your parents, playing gentlemen, (alias duffers) What in the name of common sense, are you thinking of? Wake up there! Go to work with either your hands or your brains, or both, and be something! Don't merely have it to boast of that you have grown in "father's" house—that you have vegetated as other greenhorns! but let folks know that you count one. Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plow handles, the pick axe, the spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly round and tear your jacket, rather than be the passive recipient of the old gentleman's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potatoe patch, let yourself to stop hog holes, or watch the hare; and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, or a recreation, have it on your own hook. If you have no other means of having fun of your own, buy with your earnings, an empty barrel, and put your head into it and hollow, or get into it and roll down hill; don't for pity's sake don't make the old gentleman furnish every thing, and you live at your ease.

Look about you, you well-dressed, smooth faced, do-nothing drones! Who are they that have worth and influence in society? Are they those that have depended alone on the old gentleman's purse? or are they those that have climbed their way to their position by their own industry and energy? True, the old gentleman's funds, or personal influence, may secure you the forms of respect, but let him lose his property, or die, and what are you? A miserable fledgling—a bunch of flesh and bones that needs to be taken care of!

Again we say, wake up—get up in the morning—turn round, at least twice before breakfast—help the old man—give him now and then a generous lift in business—learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led; and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny—and you may then begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from your lily finger, break your cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head and, if all means, never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on father.

The Turks have a very simple method of making pantalons. They fasten two coffee bags to a vest and the work is done.—The bags answer for legs, and the vest for the waistbands.

MEN AND WOMEN NOW-A-DAYS.

Somebody is reporting for the Boston Journal certain speeches of "Father Langly, who is a very sensible old cove. The following is his opinion of the present generation:

"Failed has he? I wonder they don't all fail! For, what with the extravagance and good-for-nothingness of men and women now-a-days, where is it to end? Call themselves 'Sons of the Pilgrims' do they? I wish to mercy their old grandfathers could see them! They were true grit—real hearts of oak—but these popinjays are nothing in the world but veneering.

If we go on at this rate, the race will run out in another generation—we shan't have nothing left but a mixture of coxcomb and money! The women, too, are no better—it is just even. They are brought up for nothing under the sun, but to sit in a buff. When I was a boy, it wasn't so—the spinning wheel stood in the corner. They were set to work as soon as they could walk—they had no nursery maids to run after them—they mothers weren't ashamed to tend their own babies. They could sew on a patch and rock the cradle beside. The gals were good for something in those times; they could spin and weave wool and linens, linen wolsley, red and blue, and wear it too after it was done. They could eat bean porridge with a pewter spoon, and they were enough sight happier and better suited than the gals are now with their silk gowns, their French messes, and silver forks; yawning and moping about; silly, pale face things, with nothing to do. Set them to work—Put them at it early. Idleness is the devil's foreman; and no chain is so strong as the iron of habit. Watts was nobody's fool, I can tell you. He knew what was what—Folks don't stand still in this world; they are always going one way or t'other. If they ain't drawing the sled up hill, they'll be sliding down. Adam was a farmer, and Eve hadn't no 'Irish gal' nor 'nigger wench' to wait upon her. What do these popinjays say to that? Ashamed of the old folks, I'll warrant. Adam wasn't nobody—they know it all.

But they can't work, they're so delicate, so weakly. What has made them weakly? Send off your chamber maids, your cooks, your washerwomen, and set your own gals about it. It made smart women of their grandmothers, and the old blood ain't run out of them yet.

These women of the present generation are a queer set. They are always going one way or t'other. If they ain't drawing the sled up hill, they'll be sliding down. Adam was a farmer, and Eve hadn't no 'Irish gal' nor 'nigger wench' to wait upon her. What do these popinjays say to that? Ashamed of the old folks, I'll warrant. Adam wasn't nobody—they know it all.

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A boarding miss, deeming 'eat' a word too vulgar for refined ears, defines it thus: "To insert nutritious papulum into the denticular orifice below the nasal protuberance, which being masticated, perignates through the cartilaginous cavities of the larynx, and is finally domiciliated in the receptacle for digestible particles."

There is only one objection to people who 'mean well,' and that is they never can spare time to carry out their meaning.

It is said to have been satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a new wrinkle to her face! It is thought that the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles?

SPEAKING GRAMMATICALLY.—"Sal," exclaimed Ebenezer to his dearly beloved, when he arrived in Gotham with his bride, on a wedding tour, "Sal, get on yer Sunday go-to meetin' dressin' and things, and let's take a penicular promenade round the pre-junks of the principality."

"Well, Zeb," replied the fair one, "I'll do it and nothing shorter. But can't you say your say without talking grammar and college edification? If you want me to take a slater round, and take a trot with you, why in salted Jerusalem, don't you say so?"

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.—The editor of the Detroit Times says he heard, a day or two since, the following illustration of early piety: "Pray God bless father and mother, and Anna, and by jink I must scurble quick to get into bed before Mary does."

I TOLD YOU SO.—"Wife, wife, our cow's dead—choked with a turnip."

"I told you so. I always sed she'd choke herself with them turnips."

"But it was a pumpkin—"

"Wall, it's all the same. I know'd all along how it would be. Nobody but a ninny like you would ever feed a cow on pumpkins that wana's chooped."

"The pumpkins was chooped. And 'twant the pumpkins neither that choked her."

"Twas the tray—and the end on't is sticking out of her mouth now."

"Ugh! ugh! There goes my bread tray. No longer ago than yesterday, I told you that the cow would swallow that tray."

LAST WORDS OF NICHOLAS ABOUT THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The N. O. Bee publishes the following passage from a letter addressed to an eminent foreigner, now in that city, by a Russian friend, residing in St. Petersburg. The Bee says it may be regarded as entirely authentic. The views of the dying Czar, in regard to America and the future of England and France, will not fail to arrest the attention of the reader.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 1855.—Before my letter reaches you, you will probably have received intelligence of a loss that will spread a gloomy veil over all Russia; for the death of such a man is a blow that not only strikes his own country, but resounds from the shores of the whole world. In my last letter I did not dare openly declare what we were expecting from day to day, for we were unwilling to accustom our hearts to an idea which our minds were incapable of conceiving. The last days of our Czar are a whole century in the history of Russia, and will never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. Do not imagine that he was exasperated with his foes. Quite the contrary! Impartially, like a prophet, he gazed upon the present situation of the different European powers, and predicted the future with the accuracy of one who looks far beyond the present.

"England," said he, "has reached her culminating point either for life or death. There is no middle path for her to pursue. One thing alone may save her, and that is a free confession, not only by the government, but by the whole aristocracy, made to the people, that they have been absurd from first to last, that the Crown is unable any longer to maintain its power, and that the people must rise and unite together as one man, to save the honor and preserve the independence of the country. A candid acknowledgment of the truth may even now save England, if her corrupt aristocracy be brought to the stool of confession. France, on the contrary, can maintain herself only by falsehood and deception. The Emperor may proclaim to his subjects that he governs and influences the affairs of all Europe, that not a shot can be fired without his permission, and that France is the first power in Europe; but a single shock, one speech of a demagogue, may overthrow him and darken the star of Napoleon forever. I have offered him my hand, the hand of reconciliation, but he has refused it. I have offered him my hand, the hand of reconciliation, but he has refused it. I have offered him my hand, the hand of reconciliation, but he has refused it."

"Nineteen ladies, twelve of them less than fifteen years of age, could not, of course oppose any effectual obstacle to the entrance of twenty-four full grown men into a common house, even had the ladies known the rights guaranteed them by the constitution and laws of Massachusetts, and had they been disposed to maintain those rights by force. The 'gentlemen'—we presume we must call members of the Legislature by this title—routed over the whole house from attic to cellar. No chamber, no passage, no closet, no cupboard, escaped their vigilant search. No part of the house was enough protected by the respect for common courtesies of civilized life to be spared in the examination. The ladies' dresses hanging in their wardrobes were tossed over. Their party invaded the chapel, and showed their respect—as Protestants, we presume—for the one God whom all Christians worship, by talking loudly, with their hats on, while the ladies shrank in terror at the desecration of a spot which they believe hallowed."

"While in the chapel the ladies declined holding any conversation with their prosecutors; but in another part of the house the principal expressed her perfect willingness to answer any questions propounded by the committee." One of the "gentlemen" accordingly patted her affectionately on the back with one hand, turned over the rosary suspended round her neck with the other, and asked her if she is content with her situation, whether she can leave when she pleases.

The young ladies were, of course, subjected to questions even more rude—whether there are any boys boarding in the establishment—what punishment they suffer for misdemeanors, &c. It is scarcely necessary to describe such conversation in detail; the reader can readily imagine what the scene must have been.

"The examining party, of course, had everything their own way, and when their searches and their insults had been protracted to the extent of their pleasure they took their leave. It is scarcely necessary to say that they found—no matter what; it was the object of the visit was simply a 'lark' at the expense of the State, in which case the object was doubtless attained. There were no nuns immured alive in contracted cells, nor any evidences, of abuse of any sort calling for legislative interference or even inquiry."

MARTIN VAN BUREN, JR., died at Paris on Tuesday, the 20th ult. A large number of Americans accompanied his remains to their temporary resting place in the cemetery of Montmartre. He had seated himself at the dinner table when his head fell forward on his breast, and he expired without a word, without a groan.

Yesterday morning, about 4 o'clock P. M., a small man named Jones, or Brown, or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arson by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury, that the deceased came to his fatal end in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in midst of life.

Ir our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls.

NEW MODE OF ROBBERY.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer says a singular robbery was perpetrated on Saturday night upon a passenger on the train from Columbus. Mr. S. C. Moore, of New York, was offered by a neighboring passenger several sugar lozenges, which he ate. Soon after he became very drowsy and slept soundly till aroused by the conductor. Feeling very sick, and attributing his somnolence to the lozenges, he was advised to examine his pockets. He found them picked of his pocket-book, in which he had \$275.