

# 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., APRIL 25, 1855.

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W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

## Religious Department.

NEOS EPISCOPOS, Editor.

Many thanks to our friend and correspondent for her beautiful response to "Faith, Hope and Love." It will afford us, as it doubtless will our readers, much happiness to hear often the music that rings from the harp of "Rose Cottage."

### THE REVIVAL.

The meeting which has been in progress for some sixteen days, in the Baptist Church, in this village, closed on the night of the 20th inst., with a crowded house, and seemingly little, if any abatement in the interest which has been manifested during the last ten days of its continuance. The apparent results of this special effort, may be summed up in an addition to the church of some sixty whites and eight or ten colored persons; a decided increase in the zeal and piety of the membership, and more general good feeling among the different denominations, as well as throughout the entire community. May God grant that this state of things may long continue amongst us, and not pass away like the "morning cloud and the early dew." May the holy influence which we are satisfied now pervades so many hearts, abide with them, and may peace and joy in the Holy Spirit, be experienced by all who are seeking salvation, in a faithful obedience to God's commands, and may those who have not yet been reclaimed by the gospel's power, be even yet reclaimed, and be saved in the day of a coming judgment.

We also regard as one of the best indications of the character of the work, the raising in money and subscriptions, by the church and citizens, of an amount nearly, if not quite reaching \$1000, to aid in building up in Washington City, a large Baptist institution under the charge of the man, who, under God we trust, has labored so abundantly and successfully amongst us. And we also understand that something has been done as a mark of personal respect for him, and to assist in the maintenance of his family whilst he is engaged in his work. This is right and proper, and is especially commendable in the latter case, as it was done without solicitation. This is proving one's faith by his works. And now, having acted thus nobly, let attention be turned to things at home. Let arrangements be made for preaching to the destitute around us. Let the children of ignorance be hunted up and instructed in letters and religion. Let the church debt be paid, and let a good bell take the place of the little apology that now tinkles from the steeple. Breaking upon the morning and evening stillness of the "Lord's day," let it ring, in tones of rich melody, over the hills and dales far around it, invitations to come to the house of prayer. All this can be done, and done easily. The church itself can do it, and we are satisfied that the gentlemanly and lady-like feeling of our village, not surpassed by any community with which we are acquainted, would take pleasure in an opportunity to manifest itself by contributing to the work.

### THE DEATH OF LAZARUS.

It was midnight, calm, tranquil midnight—the hour in which nature seems to hold communion with her Maker. The stars had, hours before, hung their diamond lights in the clear blue heavens, and the moon looked down upon the secluded village of Bethany, sleeping in all its quietness and beauty. Far away in the distance, could be seen the lofty spires, and marble domes of the holy city—Jerusalem, bathed in the mellow light, and the placid waves of Jordan sparkled like silver in the moonbeams.

In an obscure house in that village, lay a dying youth; the dark, clustering curls were thrown back from a brow white as marble; the pallor of death had settled over his countenance; his breath came feebly up, and the immortal soul seemed to flutter upon the verge of eternity, eager to wing its way to the bright realms beyond.

The eye of the dying grew tearful as he gazed upon his two sisters, who knelt by his side, clasping the hand which was fast growing cold. At his request, his couch had been drawn to the open window, that he might, for the last time, gaze upon scenes familiar to him from childhood; and as the midnight breezes that fanned his throbbing brow, came laden with the perfume of flowers; as he beheld the sparkling heavens above, and earth in all her loveliness spread out before him—and gazed upon those who were near and dear, he felt it was hard to die. "Must I leave thee, dear sister," he murmured; "must I bid farewell to earth and its pleasures, and go down to the grave in the morn of youth;" his voice trembled, and his lips moved as if in prayer.

"Yes, I am willing;" and a heavenly light shone in his dark eye, and his tones grew stronger; "yes, I am willing to die; weep not, dear sisters, for Jesus of Nazareth in whom we all trust, hath said, that the righteous never die, and that there are mansions in the world of rest for those who believe."

In their grief exclaimed, "If Jesus had been here our brother would not have died." It was a wild, solitary spot; the lofty trees threw their shadows upon the green sward, and their drooping branches lay upon the tomb of Lazarus, as if to guard the sacred spot. No sound was heard save the chirp of a lone bird that had strayed from its bright, sunny abode, to the quiet resting-place of the dead. But suddenly the trampling of feet, and the hum of voices were heard. Could it be that the multitude were coming to this sacred nook, with the sounds of revelry and mirth, or would they come with flashing swords, and hate and envy ranking in their breasts? Ah! no; for at their head stood the "Prince of Peace," and by his side, the two sisters. The multitude paused before the tomb of Lazarus and all was quiet as the grave, when clearly and distinctly, rose the voice of Jesus in prayer; and as he beheld the bereaved sisters, who had three days before followed the remains of an only brother to the grave, and saw the anguish depicted upon their faces, his heart, ever ready to sympathize with others, melted, and the Son of God bowed his head and wept; then, lifting his eyes toward heaven in a loud voice he cried, "Lazarus, come forth." Death heard the voice and trembled, loosed his captive, and Lazarus came forth and stood among them.

The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the dark faces of the wonder-stricken Jews, and encircled the head of Jesus as he blessed the re-united family. From the softened hearts of the Jews ascended a hymn of praise, and as they left that spot, believing hearts exclaimed "This is, indeed, the Son of God—Jesus of Nazareth."

For the Advertiser.  
RESPONSE TO "FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE."  
Oh! yes! there's a spot in the world's dreary desert,  
An emerald vale, where the waters gush free;  
Where shadows lie soft 'neath the yew-forested bower,  
And the pilgrim foretaste of Canaan shall see.

There is an oasis all palm-crowned and swelling,  
With fruits the most luscious and sweet to the taste;  
And the heart's bright Aurora, in fitful rays gleaming,  
Dispels the dark clouds as they roll from the east.

And breezes as cool and as pure as from Eden,  
Lift softly the locks as they cling to the brow;  
And a faint flush of joy mounts upward, revealing,  
The tints there reflected from the o'er-spawning bow.

In that bow-prism blended, is hope's rosy pinion,  
And azure-eyed faith, looking upward to God;  
While love with her ever-green banner is speeding,  
To take to the uttermost nations His word.

Then droop not faint-hearted or earth-wearied mortal,  
Cast upward thine eyes to the pearl gates above;  
The pole-star, which points to the goal 'mid the ether,  
The watchword of Heaven, is "Faith, Hope and Love."

Oh! there 'mid the pastures all smiling in greenness,  
With the clear living streams from the fountain of bliss,  
An elysium we'll find from our sin-metted sorrows  
And in God's Holy City a full ransom from this.

ROSE COTTAGE.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.—The Boston Journal says that the following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus Christ commenced his ministry, by Publius Lentulus, the Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome—Caesar, Emperor.

It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write home any event of importance which transpired while he held office: "Conscript Fathers: There appeared in these our days a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted as a Prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He has raised the dead, cured all manner of diseases. He is a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very red countenance, such as the beholder may both love and fear. His hair is the color of the fibret when fully ripe, plain to his ears, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam of partition of long hair, after the manner of the Nazareans. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle beautified with comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is of the color of his hair and thick not of any great height but curled. In reproving, he is terrible; admonishing courteous; in speaking very modest and wise; in proportion of body well-shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man for his surpassing beauty, excelling the children of men."

THE FIRST PRAYER IN THE FAMILY.—On the banks of H— resided an interesting family, consisting of father and mother, two sons, and three daughters. It was a beautiful spot; the mansion was spacious and elegant; the grounds around it were ample and tastefully laid out. Everything without was enchanting, everything within was pleasant.

The church in that place was visited with an extensive work of grace, in the progress of which there is reason to believe that not less than two hundred were added to the Lord. After the work had commenced the two oldest daughters, who had been hopelessly converted at a boarding school a few

years before, were much exercised in mind about their parents, especially their father. One evening, as the family were gathered around a cheerful fire, they expressed their feelings, and proposed to their father to set up family prayer. He was taken by surprise, but gave his consent. One of them immediately opened the large Bible and read a chapter, the other led in prayer; it was a solemn time. This was the first prayer offered in the family. The effect was great. The father was powerfully awakened; and was at length brought to the feet of Jesus.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.—The spirit of the Lord's prayer is beautiful. That form of petition breathes a filial spirit—"Father."

A catholic spirit—"Our Father."  
A recessional spirit—"Hallowed be thy name."  
A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."  
An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done on earth."

A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our daily bread."  
A forgiving spirit—"And forgive our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us."  
A cautious spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."  
A confidential and adoring spirit—"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. AMEN."

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### PETER FRANCISCO, THE SAMSON OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

As late as the year 1836, there lived in Western Virginia, a man whose strength was so remarkable, as to win him the title of the "Virginia Samson." He knew nothing of his birth or parentage, but supposed he was born in Portugal, from whence he was stolen when a child, and carried to Ireland. His earliest recollections were those of boyhood in the latter country. While yet a lad, he apprenticed himself to a sea captain, for seven years, in pay for a passage to this country. On his arrival, his time and services were sold to a Mr. Winston, of Virginia, in whose services he remained until the breaking out of the Revolution. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he sought and obtained permission of his master to join the army, and was engaged in active service during the whole contest. Such was his strength and personal bravery, that no enemy could resist him. He wielded a sword, the blade of which was five feet in length, as though it had been a feather, and every one who came in contact with him paid the forfeit of his life. At Stony Point, he was one of the "forlorn hope" which was advanced to cut away the abutments; and, next to Major Gibson, was the first man to enter the works. At Brandywine and Monmouth he exhibited the most fearless bravery, and nothing but his inability to write, prevented his promotion to a commission. Transferred to the South, he took part in most of the engagements in that section; and towards the close of the war, he was engaged in a contest which exhibited in a striking manner, his remarkable self-confidence and courage.

One day, while reconnoitering, he stopped at the house of a man by the name of W—, to refresh himself. While at the table he was surprised by nine British troopers, who rode up to the house, and told him that they were his prisoners. Seeing that he was so greatly outnumbered, he pretended to surrender, and the dragoons seeing he was apparently very peacefully inclined, after disarming him, allowed him considerable freedom, while they sat down to partake of the food which he had left when disturbed. Wandering out to the door yard, he was accosted by the Paymaster, who demanded of him everything of value about him at the risk of his life, in case of refusal. "I have nothing to give," said Francisco, "so use your pleasure." "Give up those massive silver buckles in your shoes," said the dragoon. "They were the gift of a friend," replied Francisco, "and give them to you I never shall; take them if you will, you have the power, but I never will give them to any one." Putting his sabre under his arm, the soldier stepped down to take them. Francisco seeing the opportunity, which was too good to be lost, seized the sword, and drawing it with force from under the arm of the soldier, dealt him a severe blow across the skull. Although severely wounded, yet being a brave man, the dragoon drew a pistol and aimed it at his antagonist, who was too quick for him, however, and as he pulled the trigger a blow of the sword nearly severed his wrist and placed him hors d'combat. The report of the pistol drew the other dragoons into the yard as well as W—, who very ungenerously brought out a musket, which he handed to one of the soldiers, and told him to make use of it. Mounting the only horse they could get at, he presented the muzzle at the breast of Francisco and pulled the trigger. Fortunately it missed fire, and Francisco closed in upon him. A short struggle ensued, which ended in his disarming and wounding the soldier. Tarleton's troop of four hundred men were now in sight, and the other dragoons were about to attack him. Seeing his case was desperate, he turned toward an adjoining thicket, and as if cheering on a party of men, he cried out, "Come on, my brave boys; now's your time; we will soon dispatch the enemy, and then attack the main body!" at the same time rushing at the dragoons with the fury of an enraged tiger.

They did not wait to engage him, but fled precipitately to the troops, panic struck and dismayed. Seizing upon the traitorous villain W. Francisco was about to dispatch his life, but he forgave him, and told him to retire for him the eight horses which the soldiers had left behind them. Perceiving that Tarleton had dispatched two other dragoons in search of him, he made off into

the adjoining wood, and while they stopped at the house, he, like an old fox, doubled upon their rear, and successfully evaded their vigilance. The next day he went to W. for his horse; he demanded two of them for his service, and generous intentions.— Finding his situation dangerous, and surrounded by enemies, where he ought to have found friends, Francisco was compelled to make the best of it, and left with his six horses, intending to revenge himself upon W— at a future time, "but," as he said, "Providence ordained that I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses."

Many other anecdotes are told of Francisco, illustrative of his immense strength and personal prowess. At Camden, where Gates was defeated, he retreated, and after running along a road some distance, he sat down to rest himself. He was suddenly accosted by a British dragoon, who presented a pistol and demanded his immediate surrender. His gun being empty, he feigned submission, and said he would surrender, at the same time remarking, that his gun was no further use to him, he presented it sideways to the trooper, who, in reaching for it, threw himself off his guard; when Francisco, quick as thought, ran him through with the bayonet, and, as he fell from his horse, he mounted him and continued his retreat. Overtaking his commanding officer, Colonel Mayo, of Powhatan, he gave up the animal for which act of generosity the Colonel afterwards presented him with a thousand acres of land in Kentucky.

The following anecdote exemplifying his peaceful nature and his strength, is also told of Francisco. How true it is, we cannot say, but we tell it as it was told to us many years ago, while he was living in Buckingham county, Virginia:

One day while working in his garden, he was accosted by a stranger who rode up to the fence, and inquired of him if he knew "where a man by the name of Francisco lived?"

Raising himself from his work, and eyeing his interrogator, who appeared to be one of "half-horses, half-alligators" breed of Kentuckians, he replied, "Well, stranger, I don't know of any person by that name in these parts but myself!"

"Well, I reckon you ain't the man I want. I want to find the great fighting man I've heard tell so much about. The fellow they say can whip all creation, and Kentucky to boot."

"I can't tell you, stranger, where you'll find that man, I don't know such a man," said Francisco, "but I'll take you to a place where you can see him, if you like."

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peacefully disposed man, and never made use of his power, except in case of necessity about his usual vocations or in defense of the right. On occasions of outbreaks at public gatherings, he was better at rushing in and preserving the public peace than all the conservative authorities on the ground. Although uneducated, he was a man of strong natural sense, and of a kind, amiable disposition. He was withal a companionable man, and his anecdotes and stories of the war, of which he possessed a rich fund rendered him a welcome guest in the first families of the State. His industrious and temperate habits, together with his kind disposition, made him many friends, and through their influence he was appointed Sergeant-at-Arms of the Virginia House of Delegates in which service he died in 1836, and was buried with military honors in the public burying ground at Richmond.

### ASKING QUESTIONS.

"Can you direct me to the Hotel?" inquired a gentleman with a carpet bag of a burly Irishman, standing on the steps of the railroad station.

"Faith," was the reply, "it's just I that can do that same. You see you just go up this strait till you come to Thaddy O'Mulligan's shop. Then—"

"But I don't know where Thaddy O'Mulligan's shop is you call it."

"O faith, why didn't think of that. Well then your honor must kape on till ye get to the apple woman's stand, on the corner of the brick church it is and kape that on the right hand, go on till ye get to the sign of the wheel, and mind you don't fall into the cellar thereaway, then you kape on a little further till you come to a big tree and after that you turn to the right or left, but by the bones of Saint Patrick I don't know which."

The traveler turned in despair to a long, lank Jonathan, who was standing whittling, close by, and made the same enquiry of him.

"May-be you're going to put up there?" queried Jonathan.

"Yes I intend to."

"Did you come from far off?"

"Yes from Philadelphia," was the impatient reply. "But can you tell me where the—"

"Got any more baggage?" said the imperturbable Yankee.

"No, this is all," said the traveler convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit to the questioning.

"Going to stay long?"

"Couldn't say," was the reply, in rather a crusty manner. "But I am in a hurry, and would like to be directed."

## Choice Poetry.

### ABIDE WITH US, FOR IT IS EVENING.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
For the day is passing by;  
See! the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh!

Tarry with me! tarry with me!  
Pass me not unheeded by!  
Many friends were gathered round me,  
In the bright days of the past;  
But the grave has closed above them,  
And I linger here the last!

I am lonely: tarry with me  
Till the dreary night is past.  
Dimm'd for me is earthly beauty;  
Yet the spirit's eye would fain  
Rest upon thy lovely features:  
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain!

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Let me see thy smiles again!  
Dull my ear to earth-born music;  
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer;  
Feeble, tottering, my footsteps,  
Sink my heart with sudden fear:

Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me,  
Let me feel thy presence near.  
Faithful memory points before me  
Every deed and thought of sin;  
Open thou the blood-filled fountain,  
Cleanse my guilty soul within:

Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour!  
Wash me wholly from my sin!  
Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west;  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon thy breast!  
Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord! I cast myself on thee:  
Tarry with me through the darkness!  
While I sleep still watch by me,  
Till the morning, then awake me,  
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee.

THE VALLEY ROAD SURVEY.—The friends of the Valley enterprise will be gratified to hear that our accomplished Engineer, Mr. Arms, and his efficient corps, are upon the line, engaged in active operations. The compass was planted at Aiken, last week, and a survey commenced from that point to Dorn's Gold Mine. It may seem strange to some that it is easier to build 140 miles of railroad than it is to accomplish 100 miles, but it should be remembered that peculiar circumstances, operating on peculiar interests, produce peculiar effects; and that the furthest way round is often the nearest way to the end proposed. When this line shall have been completed, the location and estimates of the Hamburg branch will be commenced at this place, and it is thought that by the annual meeting of the stockholders in November next, the Board of Directors will be prepared to let or contract the entire line here to Anderson.

The work has been commenced, and it gives us pleasure to be able to assure the friends of the Road, that it will be carried on vigorously and without cessation to final completion.

Along the line, during the summer, meetings should, and no doubt will, be held for the purpose of securing the pockets of adjacent planters and increasing the Capital stock of the company. The principle of Gen. Harrison's favorite Partridge fable has been adopted by the Company, and its application will require the utmost tension and exertion of every muscle and sinew of the Savannah Valley. Therefore, let every man be prepared for regular steam power railroad meetings.—Valley Pioneer.

THE BRIDGE CASE.—The great apple of discord and vexation has been swallowed at last. The City Council of Augusta completed negotiations with Messrs. Jones & Kennedy, a few days ago, purchased their entire interest—whatever it was—in the Augusta Bridge; and also their charter interest, sealed and delivered; and thus has ended, we trust, quieted forever, the truly vexatious and celebrated "Bridge question"—It.

THE PRESENT RUSSIAN EMPEROR.—In a recent lecture on Russia, by Rev. Dr. Baird, the lecturer stated that the present emperor is thirty-seven years of age, and not quite so tall as his father, but somewhat stouter. He is said to be of a naturally amiable disposition, and possesses good talents, although not as much energy as Nicholas. He speaks English perfectly. Dr. Baird considers him as well trained in the science of government as any man in Russia. Notwithstanding his amiability and benevolence of character, he is a man of a great deal of spirit, and has the reputation of being the right sort of a man to continue the work of his father. The lecturer added, however, that in his opinion it makes no difference who is Czar of Russia, for that country has a destiny to accomplish which cannot be materially affected by her rulers. Dr. Baird gave it as his impression that Alexander is favorable to peace, and that before six months peace would be restored. Russia will not consent to make peace on condition of abandoning the Crimea and withdrawing her fleet from the Black sea.

TOOK HER WITH HIM.—It will be remembered that last fall the editor of the Green Bay Advocate, Wisconsin, during his absence, left his wife to edit the paper, and that she being a Whig, took the Democratic ticket down from his columns, and wrote some energetic Whig editorials. The editor, it seems, has been called again to the capitol, and through his substitute announces as follows, on March 22d:

"Our editor has gone to Madison, and in order to make a sure thing of it, and prevent the appearance of any more Whig editorials, has taken his wife with him."

HARD TIMES produce one good thing: they check gossiping. Mrs. Clacker has only had company once since last summer. The consequence is, that the neighbors' characters stand higher than they had done for the last five years.

DEFINING THEIR POSITION.—The Richmond Enquirer says:

"The Know Nothings of the North—and there the centre of power exists—have exhibited their acts. They have filled the next Congress with the deadliest enemies of Southern institutions. Their ultimate purpose is avowed by their accredited organs to be an 'anti-slavery organization,' in the 'Know Nothing and American Crusade,' of March 24, published at Boston, we have a most deliberate expression of the policy to be pursued by the Northern fusionists. That paper, speaking for its section, avows the policy of making use of the Know-Nothing organization for the purpose of accomplishing the traitorous objects of the abolitionists in these words: 'When it (the Know Nothing organization) has reformed the naturalization laws; when it has established a true and just standard of American citizenship; when it has taught political Romanism its republican duties; when it embodies the crowning sentiment that to Americans belongs America; then it may turn legitimately to the question of slavery, or, what would be the natural course, resolve itself into an anti-slavery organization.'"

COL. KINNEY ONCE MORE.—The New York Tribune says the Kinney expedition has not been given up but on the contrary his preparations have been urged forward with as much rapidity as the nature of the business and the difficulty of raising money would allow. The Tribune says:

We learn that a proper quantity of Sharp's rifles have been procured, and packed for safe and unsuspected dispatch to Greytown; while a considerable number of adventurous fellows have enrolled themselves for the undertaking, each paying \$25 towards his outfit and passage, besides providing himself with necessary utensils in the shape of a bowie-knife and revolver. A steamer has been engaged at Philadelphia for the use of the expedition; and what is equally important, arrangements have been completed with Mr. William A. Walker, filluster, late President of Lower California, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the same, by which a body of men he is to bring from San Francisco, will cooperate with the force under Kinney. The plan of this exemplary undertaking is to conquer Nicaragua and Costa Rica at once, and Honduras as soon as possible.

A law against concealed weapons has just been passed by the Legislature of Louisiana. It declares that whoever shall carry a weapon or weapons concealed on or about his person, such as pistols, bowie knives, dirks, or any other dangerous weapon, shall be liable to prosecution by indictment; and on conviction for the first offence, shall be liable to be fined not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, nor more than five hundred dollars or imprisoned for one month; and for the second offence, not less than five hundred dollars or more than one thousand dollars, or imprisoned in the parish prison at the discretion of the Court, not to exceed three months.

THE CIRCASSIAN SLAVE TRADE.—The intelligent correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says that the British consuls employed an armed steamer to intercept the slave trade between the Circassians and Turks, but despaired, for the beauties sighed for the harems, and neither vendors nor purchasers perceived the harm or crime when there was a common eagerness and benefit.

It is these people—the one buying slaves for the single purpose of gratifying their lusts, the other eager to be purchased for that purpose—in whose behalf England would array the sympathies of the world against Russia.

LAW SUITS.—Napoleon in a conversation with Las Cases at St. Helena, dwelt upon the evils arising from law suits, which, he said, were an absolute leprosy, a social cancer. My code, he said, had singularly diminished law suits, by placing numerous cases within the comprehension of every individual. But there remained much for the legislator to accomplish. Not that he could hope to prevent men from quarrelling; still they have done in all ages; but he might have prevented a third party in society from living upon the quarrels of the other two, and even stirring up disputes to promote their own interests. It was, therefore, my intention to establish the rule that lawyers should never receive fees except when they gained cases.

DEATH OF MRS. HASSEL.—We are deeply pained to inform our readers that Mrs. Marie Hassel, kindly and affectionately remembered by numerous friends in this community, departed this life, on April 11, in the city of New York. We do not yet know any particulars, having met with the simple notice of her death in a New York paper, which we have thought ourselves obliged to communicate at once to her many sympathizing friends.—Carolinian.

COMMODORE McCauley.—The recently appointed commander of the home squadron left Washington yesterday for Philadelphia, where the steam frigate San Jacinto awaits him. It is understood that, immediately on the arrival of the commodore, the San Jacinto will depart for the Gulf of Mexico, as she is ready to produce to sea. Commodore McCauley has received his instructions from the President.

A VENERABLE PREACHER.—The Rev. Andrew Marshall, the colored pastor of a Baptist church at Savannah, was 90 years of age on Christmas last, and on Sunday, the 8th instant, preached a sermon, having among his hearers ex-Postmaster General Granger, of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Choules, of Newport, Rhode Island.

THE GARDNER FRAUD.—Messrs. Corcoran and Riggs, of Washington, have paid into the Treasury about \$100,000—attached in their hands by Government—being about one-fourth the amount fraudulently obtained by Gardner under a decision of the Board of Mexican Commissioners.