

EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, 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.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., APRIL 9, 1856.

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Choice Poetry.

OPERA.
O! I love, I love the beautiful Spring,
When leaves and plants are growing;
And the joyous birds in the green wood sing,
And gales o'er the hills are blowing.
And I love, I love the musical note
Of waters that swift through the valleys float,
Their way to the far sea taking;
My spirit it thrills with a holy thought,
And my heart with a gentle love is fraught,
Amid the young years waking.

O! I love, I love the beautiful Spring,
When morn is newly breaking,
And the lark aloft on their missions wing,
Their praise through the ether straining.
And I love, I love the refreshing breeze,
The lowing herds, and the green trees,
The sun rejoices o'er valley and stream,
The mountains he tips with a golden beam,
And lights the budding bowers.

O! I love, I love the beautiful Spring,
When day is calmly closing,
And the flowers abroad their fragrance fling,
On the twilight air reposing.
And I love, I love from the hawthorn tree,
The gush of the nightingale's melody,
While the moonbeams quiet are sleeping;
When peace like a veil o'er the landscape lies,
And the earth smells sweet as the balmy skies,
Their dew-drop tears are weeping.

"ROSE OUT YOUR BOW."
One lazy day a farmer's boy
Was looting out the corn,
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But Goodman shouted in his ear,
Hoe out your row—O,
Hoe out your row!

Altho' a 'hard one' was the row,
To use a ploughman phrase,
And the lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to 'haze'—
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his hoe;
And Goodman smiled to see the boy
Hoe out his row—O,
Hoe out your row.

The lad the text remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow,
In life's great field of varied toil
Hoe out your row—O,
Hoe out your row.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE SOLDIER'S VOW.

A TRUE TALE.

One beautiful Indian Summer day, in the autumn of 1844, a stranger appeared in the streets of Hanover, N. H., whose garb bespoke the utmost poverty and destitution. As he staggered along he was surrounded by a crowd of village boys, who amused themselves by insulting him with coarse jests and personal indignities. He bore their abuse with exemplary patience, and begged them to wait till he felt a little better, and he would sing them a fine song. His voice was thick with unstarved excess, and he was too weak to protect himself from the rude jostlings of the crowd, yet he smiled on the tormentors, and exhibited no other sense of his helpless and forlorn condition than a look of grief and shame, which despite his efforts and smiles, would occasionally spread his countenance.

Late in the afternoon, the writer, then a student, passed him in company with a friend, when our attention was arrested, by a voice of unusual power and beauty, singing the favorite national air of France, *La Patrie*.

As he proceeded a great number of students from the college gathered around him, and at the conclusion an involuntary expression of delight broke from the entire mass. He was enthusiastically encircled and afterward *Marseillaise* called for. "The same rich, clear voice rang out that wild melody, in the very words which are wont to arouse the spirit of the French soldier to frenzy. The admiration of the poor inebriate's auditory was now raised to the highest pitch. Despite his tattered and filthy garments, his squalid beard and bristling hair, now that the fume of liquor had subsided, his form appeared symmetrical and manly; and his face glowing with the sentiments of the patriotic song, and flushed with excitement at the unexpected praise he was winning, assumed an expression of intelligence and joy that beautifully set off his really fine features. "What, and who is this stranger?" was the universal inquiry. "His singing is incomparable, and his English and French are faultless."

"Yes," said he, dropping his eyes, "I can give you German, Spanish, or Italian, as well as Latin and Greek either," he added, carelessly.

In reply to the many questions that were showered upon him with the coin he so much needed, he at length said, in a sad tone, and slowly endeavoring to push his way through the crowd: "Gentlemen, I am a poor vagabond, entirely unworthy your kind sympathy. Leave me to rage and wretchedness, to go on my way."
Our curiosity was too much excited to allow this, and amid loud cheers, we escorted him to a room, where he was furnished with water and good clothes, and the barber's art put in requisition, and after an incredibly short time, he re-appeared upon the college steps, smiling and bowing gracefully, a man of as fine appearance and nobility as eyes ever beheld. The delight of the crowd at this transformation was intense, and repeated shouts rent the air: "Give us *La Patrie*!" echoed from all sides,

and as soon as silence could be obtained again, that clear, rich voice uttered these inspiring words:

*Peuple Francais, peuple de braves,
La Liberté ou la mort!*
He was then conducted to the spacious chapel, and there he held an audience of one thousand persons spell-bound for two hours, by one of the most interesting autobiographies that it was ever our lot to hear. Born in Paris, of wealthy parents, he had in early life been thoroughly educated at the university of Wirtenberg, and received the Master's degree. He soon after joined the fortunes of Napoleon, and with the rank of lieutenant, he was with him during all his campaigns in Egypt, in Italy, in Austria, in Russia, and at Waterloo.

His account of scenes in these battles, and his description of places and cities were expressed in choice and graphic terms; and, on being compared with history, were found to correspond in every particular. He related many unwritten and curious incidents in the life of Napoleon, which had come under his observation, and finally closed with a touching account of his own career after the battle of Waterloo. In the terrible route that followed that memorable event, his detachment was chased by a body of Prussian hussars, and, becoming scattered in the night, he wandered for three days and nights in the woods and by-places without food or drink.

The chase being at length given over, the poor Frenchman sat down weary and sick with his wounds, and ready to die by the roadside. A humane Dutch girl, discovering him in this situation, brought him refreshments and cordials, and, among the latter, a flask of brandy. "Here," said the old soldier, "was the beginning of my woes. That angel of mercy, with the best of motives, brought me that flask a deadly foe, which was to prove more potent for evil to me than all the burning toils of the Egyptian campaign, and in the use of it, survived the horrors of the Egyptian Campaign."

"But, as I lay in anguish, longing for death, and momentarily expecting his approach, a sweet face appeared to me, wearing an expression of deep pity and sympathy for my sufferings, and I could but accept without inquiry whatever she gave. She gently raised my head and wiped with her handkerchief the dampness off my brow, and administered the cordial to my lips. It relieved me; I looked around, my courage, my love of life returned. I pursued forth my gratitude in burning words, and called down the blessings of Heaven. Ignorant of what it was that so suddenly inspired me, as soon as my spirit flagged, I called for more. I drank again and again; for three weeks her loved voice soothed me, and her kind hand administered to my wants."

As soon as my strength was sufficiently recovered, fearing that some enemy might still be lurking near, I had her affianced with many thanks and tears, sought the seaside, and embarked as a common sailor on the first vessel that offered, and have followed the sea ever since. My fatal thirst has ever accompanied and cursed me, in port and on deck this foe has debased me, and kept me from all chance of promotion. Oh, how often have I, in the depth of my heart, wished I had died on the field of Waterloo, or breathed out my life in the arms of my gentle preserver. Six weeks ago, I was wrecked in the packet ship *Clyde*, off the coast of New Brunswick. I have wandered on foot through Canada and New Hampshire, singing for a few pennies, or begging for bread, till I met your sympathy to-day. How do these college walls and the noble hand of students recall to recollection the scenes of former years?"

The emotion of the stranger for a moment overcame his voice, and when he resumed, the tears were still coursing each other down his cheeks. "I know not why God should direct my steps hither; but, gentlemen, this shall be the beginning of a new life in me, and here in His presence, and in that of these witnesses, I swear, as I hope to meet you in Heaven, never to taste a drop of alcohol in my life again." Prolonged and deafening cheers followed these words, and I noticed many a moist eye. A collection was immediately made, and more than fifty dollars was put in his hands. As he ascended to the coach to take his departure, he turned to the excited multitude that surrounded him and said: "It is but justice that you should know my name. I am Lieutenant Lannes, a nephew of the great Marshal Lannes. May God bless you all—farewell!" As these words thoughtfully returned to their accustomed pursuits, not a few resolved in their deepest souls that temperance and virtue should ever mark their character, and that the soldier's vow should be theirs.

From the Home Gazette.

TAKE HIGH AIM.
Ah who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steps where Fame's proud temple shines afar.
Man, with his pride, his hopes, and ambition,
Is at best a frail being. Physical infirmity, as well as a fatal, clogs the springs of action amidst the adversities, temptations and trials, as also, the pleasures of life. He finds, occasionally, the rose by the wayside, but he seldom escapes the thorn. Disappointments, calamity and varied griefs are incident to his brief career, whatever may be his lot. True wisdom, thus, incites to purity of life and loftiness of purpose. The first fortifies the soul, and the second gives success and dignity to effort. Patience and perseverance, as handmaids to virtuous and exalted aims, secure the utmost that it is in the power of man to accomplish. Apelles was not a master painter the first day. The artist, who aims at a moderate success, will shrink from effort by met with severe criticism, and a grand picture, natural, intellectual,

spiritual, perfect in its execution, would cause him to abandon his pencil in despair.

It is the high purpose of soul, the invincible spirit, which gazes far in the future that bids defiance to early difficulties and failure, and raises itself by degrees, to the summit of triumph and fame.

"He never is crowned
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead."
It is related of some celebrated musician that in early life he went lethargically upon hearing the sweet and melodious strains of some distinguished artist. His emotions were the combined effect of temporary fears, lest he might not be able to produce such strains, and of sublime enthusiasm and inspiration under their soul subduing influence. His fear was of short duration, for time revealed him one of the most accomplished masters of his delightful art.

The same principle holds good in every branch of human knowledge, in Science, Literature, Mechanics, and all the refined and elegant arts.

The man who shrinks from labor, who looks up and faints at the height to which he must ascend to win the prize, will never succeed. Hope will fade from his heart and he will gaze and wonder at the brilliant trophies of others. The Amaranthine flower gives its bloom and fragrance to him, whose soul is worthy of its decoration. God has given reason to man, he bestows upon him marvels to be crowned with wreaths of immortality, unless he looks up and aims at the highest perfection of which his faculties are susceptible.

If man is weak by nature and folds his arms in indolence because he is weak, he will sink rapidly into imbecility. It is because he is weak that he should exert himself. It is for that reason he should strive with all the virtuous means in his power, to break the ignominious fetters of indolence and ignorance, defy difficulty within the bounds of discretion, cast despondency to the winds, and toil on and upward with never failing zeal. If he will do this, though he may not pluck the fruit sought with so much avidity, he will secure enough, of a rich quality, too, to gratify any reasonable ambition. The spirit grows with the expansion of mind. That which was a rich nutriment yesterday is insipid to-day. The soul pants for new and purer water. It rises higher and higher in the regions of intellectual enjoyment, growing and ripening for an immortality in the eternal heavens.

"Great truths are portions of the soul of man,
Great souls are portions of eternity."
These lofty aspirations should not be confined merely to mental wants. They apply with greater propriety and force, to the moral sensibilities. A lofty virtue, a constant and enlarging exercise of all the sacred affections, gifts the heart with its purest light, and most captivating warmth and enjoyment. It sustains it in misfortune, cheers it in prosperity, and lights it on, with unflinching hope, to the tomb.

A man may be great in intellect, immortal in acts, and yet profligate in morals. It is mental greatness and moral goodness combined which bestow upon man that pure and true fame which qualifies him properly to appreciate and receive the applause of his fellow beings, and composedly to encounter the king of terrors in the hour of dissolution. True happiness and enviable fame can only be secured by pure purposes and lofty aims.

"Honor to him, who, self-complete and brave,
In scorn can carve his pathway to the grave;
And heeding naught of what men think or say,
Makes his own heart his world upon the way."

IDLENESS AND VICE.
Young men beware of idleness. Accustom the mind to habits of regular labor. Fix the attention upon a course of usefulness to yourself and others. Awaken within yourself an interest for the accomplishment of a purpose. Cultivate a habit of patient endurance. Let it be your desire to secure the approbation of the wise and good. Link yourself to those who are doing something in the world, and who compose the framework of society; and let your motto be determination, activity and perseverance. Set down calmly, while you are young, and look over the ground, and get a clear view of what is before you. Then lay your foundation and go to your work.

ought to do. Let it not be said that you are, "Fixed, like a plat, to one peculiar spot,
To draw nutritious, propague, and rot."

If you have been dreaming away your life wake up and take a new start. It is not too late. You can yet make your mark indelible upon the world. These are stirring times, and though we do not, with some, think, the world on the high road to perfection, yet we know that this is an age of wonders, and offers an opportunity, for every man who wants to work, which has never been offered before.

See! how that fellow works! No obstacles are too great for him to surmount: no ocean too wide for him to leap; no mountain too high for him to scale. He will make a stir in the world and no mistake. Such are the men who build our railroads, dig up the mountains in California and enrich the world. There is nothing gained by idleness and sloth. This is the world of action and to make money, gain a reputation and exert a happy influence, men must be active, persevering, and energetic. They must not quail at shadows—run from lions, or attempt to dodge the lightning. Go forward zealously, in whatever you undertake, and we will risk you anywhere and through life. Men who faint and quail, are a laughing stock to angels, devils, and true men.

DEATH PENALTY IN TURKEY.
What we are about to point, says the N. Y. Observer, is not our own language. It is the noble but indignant declaration of the British Banner, a leading religious London journal, edited by the Rev. Dr. Campbell. He is speaking of the importance of securing the abolition of the death penalty now inflicted in Turkey upon those who renounce the Moslem faith, and he says:

"The question is one of an importance all but incalculable, and if it is to be dealt with at all, successfully, now is the time. For our own part, such is the weight we attach to the principle, that unless the peace shall be accompanied by the abolition of this most atrocious law, we shall deem all the blood and treasure expended on behalf of the Turk as little more than a contribution in support of a system the most inhuman, the most infernal, now existing among mankind!"

"That the most Protestant State on the face of the Earth, a land, by way of eminence, Evangelical, the source of light to the nations, a mother of missions, should be a party to the preservation of power, of whose constitution *murder is an element in the case of every man, woman, and child* that shall obey the command of the Eternal God, by receiving the 'record which He hath given of His Son,' is an idea which makes the blood run cold! It would be a deed sufficient to call down the wrath of Heaven for the destruction of our country! Bad, supremely bad, as is the ambitious Russ, he is a thousand times preferable to the bloody Turk! Englishmen, English Christians, of every sect and party, should now see to it, that the Government be kept up to its duty on this all-important question. It matters not a straw what amelioration be stipulated for and secured as to the existing Christians in Turkey, so long as the door of Conversion is bolted and barred, and guarded by the Angel of Death,—so long as murder is the price of obeying Heaven's high command of 'repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"We take our stand upon a principle,—the right of every man in matters pertaining to conscience, to be governed by his own judgment. We contend for the right alike for men called Christians, if they think proper, to become Mahomedans without incurring the slightest penalty touching life, liberty, property, or privilege."

SCENE ON A NEW YORK FERRY BOAT.
The ferry boat between New York and Jersey City, a few days ago, was the scene of an occurrence not very often witnessed. On Friday week, at noon, the day being particularly pleasant, and the lady passengers, who by the way, comprised only about a dozen, were seated on the benches enjoying the scenery. Pretty soon a shout was heard:

"Mine Cot! Mine Cot! wife is going to be sick!"
Instantly the ladies all rushed into the ladies' cabin, and sure enough, there sat a fine specimen of a Swedish woman, endeavoring to suppress her nausea with great patience. The husband was speedily turned out of the cabin by the ladies, one of whom kept watch at the door, while the other made preparations to receive the expected stranger. Of course we cannot enter into the details of the subject, for we were on the outside observing the husband, who begged lustily for admission.

"Oh, mine Cot!" he shouted through the door, "Keep a stiff upper lip, Katrina; ton't be schart. Oh, mine Cot!" and he danced around the deck in a perfect fever of excitement.

From the Charleston Mercury.

STATE EQUALITY.
The following letter from an honored correspondent in Virginia defines the question between the North and South faithfully. We believe that our institutions are in themselves just and provident—that they insure us a whole people who are industrious, social, and well affected; and that they secure us against the evils of pauperism, thievery, and out-lawry. They also establish lasting peace between labor and capital—the point prominently brought forward by our correspondent.

VIRGINIA, March 27th, 1856.
Messrs. Editors: I am sure you will be pleased to learn that the slavery doctrines, held and promulgated by the statesmen and the press of South Carolina thirty years ago, have become the doctrine of all parties in Virginia. I am acquainted with no native Virginian who does not consider domestic slavery a natural, rightful, and legitimate institution—with but few, who, looking to the families and revolutions of Western Europe, and the isms, forbidding like events in our North, do not consider it normal and necessary. Within twenty years, a distinguished Virginian declared from his seat in the Senate of the United States, "that the held slavery to be a moral, social, and political evil." The sentiment did not then get harshly on Southern ears, and the Senator continued to rise in public estimation. He is still admired and esteemed by the South; for no one suspects that he entertains such opinions now. I suppose he would be the last man in America to countenance them; for he had the best opportunities of witnessing the insurrections of Labor against Capital in Europe in 1848, and the intolerable sufferings of the laboring classes that proceeded, and justified, those insurrections. He well knows that slavery is a good, because it relieves the laboring class from the greatest of all evils—the heartless, grinding, and exacting, despotism of Capital; a despotism which even our Abolitionists have pronounced to be intolerable;—for I know no Abolitionist who is not a Socialist, and prepared to modify or destroy the right to private property.

But I do not mean to congratulate your State for mere originality of thought and speculative acumen. She has a much higher claim to National regard and admiration. The ensuing Presidential canvass, which will probably determine the fate of the Union, will turn almost solely on the question of State equality. None can consistently or effectively contend for State equality, who do not hold that the institutions of the South, and the social forms of the South, are equally rightful, legitimate, moral, and promotive of human happiness and well-being, with those of the North. If slave society be inferior in these respects to free society, we of the South are wrong and criminal in proposing to extend it to new territory, and the North right in exerting itself to the utmost to prevent such extension. Nay, more; if slave society be an inferior social organization, we should all become at least gradual emancipationists. But I go farther with the South Carolina politicians. We must contend that ours is the best form of society: for social organisms, so opposite as those of the North and the South, cannot be equally well suited to people in all other respects so exactly alike. We must surrender the doctrine of State equality and of slavery extension, unless we are prepared to meet the attacks of Black Republicanism on our institutions, by making equally vigorous assaults on theirs.

The President, in his annual message, has clearly indicated this as the proper mode of defence, the true answer to Abolition.

Let not the South rely on the half-way, apologetic grounds of negro slavery, or of constitutional slavery. We may thus excuse or extenuate the temporary continuance of slavery, but cannot justify its extension. If all other forms of slavery by negro slavery be wrong, then is the Bible untrue, and the history and experience of mankind worth nothing. Besides, by such admission we offer a premium to amalgamation that in a few generations might change the Ethiopian's skin. We condemn, too, our own laws, which retain in slavery men whose skins are whiter than the Spaniard's or Italian's, simply because they are of distant negro extraction. Far worse will it be for us to rely on the Constitution—thereby admitting that all slavery is immoral, unjust, and inexpedient, but contending that the Constitution is a bargain or contract between the North and South, which, although it violates the laws of God and the ordinary notions of right and wrong, justifies us not only in holding our slaves, but in inflicting the institution on new societies. The Constitution will not be respected when those who invoke its protection admit that it is the guarantee of iniquity and crime. We have abundant materials in the history of all emancipated slaves, or serfs, in the families and revolutions of Western Europe—in the prevalence of Socialism and infidelity in Europe, and of all kinds of isms in our North, and in the better moral and physical condition of the South, as exhibited by the census, to enable us to vindicate and justify our institutions. The North will be sure to continue to denounce slavery, and hold up theirs as model and pattern social forms, although their politicians, their clergy, their philanthropers, their mobs, and their women, are equally busy with "assiduous wedges" in knocking those forms to pieces.

If our common agent, the Federal Government, finds the North thus hostiling to its institutions, and the South admitting slavery to be a "moral, social, and political evil," another Missouri Compromise is the best we can expect for the present; with certain Abolition in the not distant future. The worst enemies of the South are its half-way friends; for their admissions furnish unanswerable arguments to the North. A people who do not consider their institutions and government better than those of any other State, invite and justify aggression, and should be ashamed to propose to inflict on others what they cannot recommend.

If the press of the South will do its duty—compare and weigh the evils of Northern

and Southern Society—of slavery and the so-called universal liberty—of the dominion of human masters and the despotism of Capital—they will easily convince all honest conservatives at the North that Southern slave property has equal right to protection and extension in the new territories and unoccupied domain of the Union with all other kinds of property. The issue in the ensuing Presidential canvass must be, we repeat, State equality. None can consistently contend for such equality but those who deem their own laws and government equally good with those of other States.

BIRTH-PLACE OF WASHINGTON.
We find in the Richmond Enquirer, of the 10th ult., the following interesting correspondence, laid before the legislature of Virginia, by Governor Wise, in relation to the birth place of George Washington:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, Feb. 9, 1856.
"To the Senate and House of Delegates of the General Assembly of the State of Virginia:
"Gentlemen: I take pleasure in communicating to you the accompanying correspondence of the Executive with Mr. L. W. Washington. Through me he presents the sites of the birth place of the father of his country, and of the home and the graves of his progenitors in America, "to the State of Virginia, in perpetuity, on condition solely that the State shall cause these places to be permanently enclosed by an iron fence, based on stone foundation, and shall mark the same by suitable and modest (though substantial) tablets, to commemorate for a rising generation these notable spots."
"I recommend that provision be made, by law, to accept the grant on the condition it prescribed. The vault is decayed and needs repairs; the birth place will require a porter's lodge; the house having been burnt many years ago; and the grounds will require for the enclosure about three hundred and fifty feet of fence, as proposed, which will cost about \$5 per foot. An appropriation of \$2000 will ultimately be required to comply with the condition. With the highest respect,
HENRY A. WISE.

The following is the correspondence referred to in the above:
Richmond, Feb. 8th 1856.
"Sir: As heir at law of the late George C. Washington, formerly of Westmoreland county, Virginia, (late of Maryland) who sold the Wakefield estate, in said Westmoreland county, to a certain John Gray, October 13, 1813, making a reservation in condition of sale (as per record of Westmoreland county court of same date) of sixty feet square of the ground on which formerly stood the house in which General Washington was born, together with the family burying ground and vault, containing about twenty feet square, and which are interred the remains of the father, grandfather, and great grandfather of General Washington, I now feel deeply impressed with the propriety and assurance that the State of Virginia should be the conservator of the spot on which the son of liberty first inhaled the breath of freedom, and also the guardian of the ashes of the father of the same, together with his progenitors, even to him who was the first of the name who sought this happy country for freedom's cause.

"And I now propose, through your instrumentality, my dear Sir, to present these reservations to the mother State of Virginia, in perpetuity, on condition solely that the State require the said places to be permanently enclosed with an iron fence, based on stone foundation, together with suitable and modest (though substantial) tablets to commemorate for the rising generation these notable spots. I have the honor to remain,
"Very truly, yours &c.,
"LEWIS W. WASHINGTON,
"To the Hon. HENRY A. WISE,
Governor of Virginia.

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Richmond, Va. Feb. 8, 1856.
"Dear Sir: I have received yours of this day, and made due acknowledgment to the heir of the birth-place of the Father of his Country, and of the home and the graves of his progenitors in America.
"This precious present to the State of the childhood's play ground of him whose theatre of action was the continent, and whose deeds of manhood were, in peace and in war, the highest examples of human wisdom and virtue to all mankind, cannot but be affecting to every Virginian. No eulogy can measure the merit of his life, the duration of his fame; but we may keep sacred the earthly spot where his existence began, and point our children to the place of his birth. Virginia will follow the spot; and as far as her Executive can act, he accepts and the noble tender as one worthy of a Washington; and he will inform the two houses of the General Assembly, in order that they may make provisions by law for accepting the grant on its own pious condition.
"I am proud, Sir, to be the instrument of this gift to the Commonwealth, and am most gratefully yours,
"HENRY A. WISE,
"To LEWIS W. WASHINGTON, Esq."

The communication of the Governor and the accompanying correspondence were referred to a special committee.

PUS IN A BOOT.—In clearing up one of the rooms at Stanwix Hall, says the Albany Knickerbocker, a waiter discovered a cat so crowded into a boot, that it was with difficulty that she could be extricated. Having got her out, the next question in order, "How did she get in?" This was leading to a long-winded dispute, when one of the bystanders took up the boot, gave it a shake, and tumbled a half-grown rat upon the floor. The discovery of the rat solved the riddle. The rat to escape the cat rushed into the boot; the cat to secure a game dinner rushed after him, and with such force that she could not back out again. Learn wisdom from pussy and never "go it blind," even in a good cause.

Mount Vernon not for sale.—The following letter, says the Spirit, addressed by the owner, John A. Washington, to Mr. M. S. Wofford of our village, brings out the startling fact, after all that has been done by the ladies of the South, and the greater labor and means they are willing to bestow upon the movement, that Mount Vernon is not for sale. How is this? What is the explanation? At the instance of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of Richmond, Mount Everett delivered his great oration on Washington in the capitol of Virginia, realizing for the funds of the organization over \$800; and it is to be repeated at various points in Virginia and elsewhere, for the same purpose. In addition, stimulated by the advent of Everett in the Old Dominion, the Legislature of Virginia passed a bill incorporating the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the United States; and yet patriotic ladies, ready and able to simulate the sacred purpose, are told that Mount Vernon is not for sale.

To Mrs. Maria S. Wofford:
Madam—I have received your letter of March 6th, respecting the purchase of Mount Vernon by the ladies of different parts of the United States.
In reply, I respectfully inform you that Mount Vernon is not for sale.
I am, most respectfully, your obt. servt.
JOHN A. WASHINGTON.

EMERGENCY CALL TO PAY UP.—Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, concludes an earnest appeal to delinquent subscribers to pay up, with the following unmistakable expressions:—"Those of you who can't pay, and will write to us, acknowledging your indebtedness, we will record as clever fellows, and those of you who will not do either we will publish this spring in an extra sheet, as a set of graceless rascals, willing to have a poor man labor for you for years for nothing, and pay for paper, ink, and the hire of hands to serve you, without pay."
"Come to Knoxville; you look much on a pilgrimage, and see our little ones, 'chips of the old block,' looking daggers at us, and crying for bread. Come and see us with our elbows out, and the officers of the law leading us about for debts created to furnish you a paper, and you will fork over at once."
"And you hypocrites, who are members of different churches, owing us for our paper, how dare you, around your family alters, night and morning, pray to God—'pay us this day our debts, as we pay to others.' He knows you owe us and won't pay, and until you do pay you may pray yourselves out of breath and you will never be heard of here. You get to heaven without paying us up—never!"

Knoxville is not the only place where patrons of newspapers are slow in paying their debts.

GUILTY.—The Barwell Sentinel of the 29th ult., says:
"That the Jury in the case of Jasper McMillan, who it will be recollected killed Madison King, in December last, have returned a verdict of Murder, and the sentence of death was passed yesterday. He is to be hanged on the 25th day of July next."

MANSLAUGHTER.—The case of Gunsey, for the killing of Randall, came up this week, and was pronounced Manslaughter. He is sentenced for 11 months imprisonment for the first offence, (the killing of Foreman) and to a fine of three Hundred Dollars;—for killing Randall he is to be imprisoned one month and pay a fine of One Hundred Dollars.—Barwell Sentinel, 29th ult.

DEATH OF THE CLERK OF THE COURT.—The Camden Journal of the 25th ult., says, We regret to announce the death of M. Naudin, Esq., for several years the obliging and attentive Clerk of our Court, who died in this town on Tuesday morning last. Mr. Naudin had been for many years in the Clerk's Office, as a Deputy, and for the past five years as the Clerk, during which time he conducted the business of the office with care and particularity, fulfilling its duties, we believe, to the satisfaction of the community.
"The Ordinary of the District, John R. Joy, Esq., by virtue of his office, will discharge the duties of Clerk, until the vacancy is filled by election."

COUNTERFEIT GOLD COIN.—Look out for spurious quarter eagles, which have made their appearance in Philadelphia; Baltimore, and this City. They are dated "1854," and in point of execution are calculated to deceive, though in color they are as light as brass, and as well deficient in weight. The various shades of color of the genuine coin, will assist in the passing of the spurious, but when compared with the genuine the weight is easily perceived. An examination and comparison will cost but little trouble, while it may prevent considerable loss.—Washington Star.

GOLD IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The American Eagle, published in the county of N. Carolina, states that the slaves at the Port of K. Thomas, in that county, now the property of T. K. Thomas, Esq., found a few days ago several nuggets of gold, making \$4,650, one piece was worth between \$800 and \$900, and as well as gold. Another piece worth \$120—intermixed with quartz—with several others worth from \$10 to \$35.

A HORSE BURST.—The Abbeville Banner of the 3rd inst. says, "The house occupied by Mr. Martin, in this place, and belonging to Dr. W. C. Norwood, took fire on last Friday, supposed to have caught from the heat of the stove pipe passing through the ceiling and roof. The house stood some distance from any other building, otherwise the town might have burnt up, and the citizens would have had nothing more with which to arrest the flames, than claw members and club axes."

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The whole community was pained to learn, on Wednesday last, of the almost instant death, by accident, of a lovely young lady of our village. It appears that the Misses Alexander, alighting from Col. M. M. Norton's carriage, at Mr. Sanl' Redd's, in the afternoon of the day above stated, the horses became frightened and ran away. One of the ladies had just been handed from the carriage and, when Miss Sue Alexander was in the act of alighting, the horses started. They were a pair of full speed, when she jumped from the carriage, receiving injuries about the head and neck thereby, which caused her death in a few minutes.—Knoxville Courier, March 26.

A brother of Gen. Santa Anna is in Louisville, Kentucky, and contemplates building a saw-mill on the Beargrass river, near that city.