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., SEPTEMBER 3, 1856. VOL. XXI.—NO. 34.

Choice Poetry.

EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

Within her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled;
A strife arose among them—a loving holy strife—
Which should shed the richest blessing over the newborn life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew,
With a cheek like morning's blushes, and an eye of azure hue;
Till every one who saw her, were thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird's joyous carol, or a rippling stream-let's fall;
Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish grace,
Loved as much to listen to her as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket the precious gem enshrined;
Till all who knew her wondered that God should be so good
As to bless with such a spirit our desert world and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth;
And to our hearts yet dearer every moment than before
She became, though we fondly thought heart could not love her more.

Then out-spake another angel, nobler, brighter than the rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his breast;
"Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her face.

"Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be wrung;
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know the taint of sin.

"Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin nor anguish, nor sorrow, nor decay;
And mine a boon more glorious than all your gifts shall be—
Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality!"
Then on his heart our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best, was DEATH!

Temperance Story.

THE LOST FOUND AND RESTORED.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"You have just returned, friend Manson, have you not," said Livingston, "from your Western Journey?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have, and there was a circumstance attending it which will make it the most memorable event in my whole life."

"Indeed, what is that, my friend?"

"Ah, it would take more time than either you or I could now spare," said Manson, "for me to relate, and you to listen to the particulars; but I will attempt a very brief sketch of the substance:

When I went to school in Connecticut, I had a very dear friend and schoolmate, named John McL—d. He was one of the brightest and most beloved pupils in the school. He grew up, paid his addresses to a beautiful and excellent young lady, a member of the church. At length he was married to his Mary; and they prepared immediately after that event, in pursurance of a previous plan, to emigrate to a Western State. The evening before the day we were to separate, perhaps forever, I had a tender interview with by bosom friend and his lovely wife; it was deeply affecting to us all.

The next morning they departed, with the affectionate farewells of many old friends and neighbors in the town where they were born and reared, with a handsome provision made by the parents of both, who were in competent circumstances. Ten years elapsed, during which I was in the Methodist ministry in distant places, as my lot happened to be cast. Not a word concerning them reached my ears in all that time. The course of duty called me then to the vicinity of the place where my friend had settled, and I resolved to go out of my way considerably to give John and Mary a call. Arriving at the town, and inquiring for their residence, I was told they lived some distance from the centre village. At length I found the place. At the first glance my mind misgave me. The sight of the miserable cabin made me sick; and after hitching my horse I scarcely dared to enter. Knock I could not; there was no door—nothing but a blanket stretched across the passage. Removing this, alas! what did I behold! There was Mary sitting on a stool with an infant on her lap, and another child in the corner on the ground; for the cabin had no floor.

Oh, sight of woe! How altered was the lovely Mary T——n!

"Do you remember me, dear Mary?" I said.

"O, Mr. Manson, is it indeed you? We are ruined; John is lost, and I and the children are starving here. We have not had a morsel to eat since yesterday morning."

"Great heavens!" said I, "and where is John?"

"He is at the store; he has not been here for several days."

"I must see him," I replied.

"Better not, sir, he is a savage now, and will illtreat you."

"I must and will see John," I replied, and started immediately for the store, according to her direction. There was no time to lose, for I was to be at conference, whither I was bound, at a certain time appointed. I readily found the store and entered. The first sight disclosed four men playing cards at a table. The next glance discovered a man stretched out along a whisky hogshead. The landlord was sitting by, but instantly hopped up and ran behind the counter to wait upon me, supposing I was a customer. Says I, "is John McL——d here."

They all looked at me on hearing the question, as if I had been the old one or a Sheriff.

"What is that to you," he sullenly replied.

"I want to see him," I answered. While I was speaking I took another sweep of the room with my eye, and saw something like a man asleep in the corner. "Is that John," I asked.

"None of your business," answered the surly bar-keeper.

"If it is that unhappy man, you will find it some of my business," I replied. So I went to him, recognized him, though in this snocking, beastly plight, and began to wake him. This was no easy job, and while I was about it, the rumseller and his guests remonstrated, telling me to go away, threatening chastisement and showing violence. I had in my hand a loaded whip, am not inferior, you know, in point of wiry, muscular power; and though a man of peace, I confess that in the twenty-sexen years I have been in the ministry, I never felt so strong a disposition as at that moment, to give four or five men a thrashing. They were intimidated, and I succeeded at length in getting John upon his legs, and trotting him off homeward. My presence and the exercise sobered him, so that when he reached his hovel he was in his right mind.

I forgot to mention that when I first went into the house, the child upon the ground started up affrighted, running to her mother, crying, "Is he going to carry us to jail, mother, where father was?" And that poor mother sobbed upon my hand, as if her heart would break. Well, I conversed with them an hour, talked of old times in Connecticut, the old village, and school days. He was softened; his heart was touched. Then I urged the pledge; his wife put in her profoundly earnest, almost frantic plea. She felt this, indeed, to be the hour of destiny.

"Do you think I can keep it?" said, at length, the miserable man, once so promising, now so fallen, "do it possible for me to be saved?"

"It is," said I, with confidence and hope: "you can keep it. I know you can. In the name of humanity and religion, try it, dear John and God will help you." At last he consented. We knelt down on the earth—there was no chair, no table in the house—I took out the pledge, which I always carry in my pocket, placed it on the stool where Mary had been sitting, and handed him my pencil. He wrote his name, thank God! Notwithstanding his condition, it was beautifully written, as I afterwards observed, for he was an excellent scholar. We did not rise till I had relieved my overburdened heart in prayer, and I prayed with all my struggling soul, and his despairing wife joined me in the solemn invocation, that the Father of mercies would receive the returning prodigal to his arms, and that he might never go astray again. It was now quite time for me to go and resume my journey; but I could not leave the town before I called upon the class leader, left him some money for the family, and enjoined upon him to look after them, and throw around John the seed of all good influences, to prevent his suffering a relapse. Whatever further charges he should incur on their account, I promised to pay as soon as informed of them.

Another decade rolled by, during which no tidings came to me at the East from this interesting couple. At length I was called again to visit those Western regions, and to pass near the residence of this unfortunate brother. On reaching the town, my disappointment was extreme to learn that he had removed to a distant country. I anticipated misfortune; but as the place designated was not far from my intended route, I resolved to go and see him. When I entered the town of——, where John was said to live, I made enquiry for his dwelling, and was told it was the second house on the left hand side of the road. Being now so near, I hastened onward eagerly, and presently a nice frame building painted white appeared. I could not help putting up a prayer, that my dear friend migh be so happy as to occupy any house half as respectable as this. Expectation now became painfully intense. What in mercy was I sent to see? A scene like that or worse, which ten years before left such awful traces on the memory, never to be obliterated? I could not tell. At a sudden turn in the road, I thought I discerned another white house in the distance among the trees; yes, it is so, with green blinds; and as I went nearer, graveled walks were seen, a handsome paling, and ornamental trees and shrubbery. Surely there is some mistake in the direction; this can't be John's home! yet it is the second on the left.

Fastening my beast to a hook, I went to the door and knocked. A girl, just on the verge of womanhood, opened it.

"Does Mr. McL——d live here?" I asked with trembling.

"He does, sir?"

"Is he or his wife at home?"

"Mother is within, sir; but father is in the field. Please to walk in, sir."

My eye glanced through the open parlor door. A find carpet covered the floor. There were handsome chairs and other furniture; but I saw no more, for Mrs. McL——d by this time was informed of a gentleman's arrival and lost no time in making her appearance. "Good God!" was all I remember to have heard from her, as she rushed forward on seeing me, and clasped me by the neck. She almost fainted and shed a flood of tears, and my own condition was not much more composed. Recovering a little, she informed me that her husband was at home, but out upon the farm. Too impatient to wait, I hurried away to see him. He met me as he was coming home. As soon as he knew who it was, he ran forward and grasped me in his arms, saying as he strained me to his bosom—

"Thank God! thank God! you are my savior under heaven. This is all your work," looking around. "O, I am rejoiced to see you are here to see it."

When we had returned to the house, the ten year's history of struggle, repentance and reformation was recounted. Prosperity was the consequence. The dwelling was his, the farm and all. His wife was happy. The beautiful young girl, almost a young lady now, was the dirty child that was crawling on the ground on my first visit. There were three more children now. To crown the whole, he said:

"After I had persevered a year in abstinence according to that blessed pledge, taken on that awful day, on the stool in the log hut, which rises to me sometimes with spectral horror—after keeping it sacredly a year, I committed myself to the church, of which my wife, who has been an angel helping me, was a member. Prosperity attended my worldly business; but this was not a complete satisfaction. I wanted to be more; and commenced study for the ministry. My dear friend and brother, I am now a minister of the everlasting gospel. How much, what an inexpressible debt do I owe to you!"

We knelt down together on the rich carpet, instead of the cold earth, and prayed as fervently as I prayed before in the log cabin; but in what a different strain! Instead of the almost despairing supplication, and entreaty of forlorn hearts, crushed to the earth with sorrow—thanksgiving, praises and gratitude now rose spontaneously from our tongues and hearts—O, the heart of Cæsar never swelled with such triumphant joy at any of his conquests, as mine does for my agency in the salvation of this one man, and the happiness of his family.

THE WORST OF CRIMES.

How much a word or a passing sentence sometimes reveals. One day last week, a lady, past middle age, came into the office to buy a paper. As we handed it to her, she spoke with tremulous earnestness—"O, it makes my heart ache to see the rum-holes springing up. It is worse than highway robbery to sell a man rum—that only takes his money, and leaves his reason." Aye—he true. The highwayman takes money, b he does not debase, degrade, and rob reason. No home is broken up—no heart-broken—no children pauperized. victim is robbed of so many dollars cents, but the wealth of manhood is Strong in his integrity, he can meet the world face to face. His honor is unsullied. No black shadow rests by his hearthside. The loss of mere money brings no scathing blight there. The wife and children feel not the utter desolation which fall upon a home where the rum traffic climes.

Piracy on the high seas is more honorable than rumselling. The pirate's black flag rolls out an open proclamation of the calling of those on board. They rob and murder; but they do their work up at once. They do not rob their victim of manliness, decency—sink him into the lowest depths of shame and degradation—desolate his home and beggar his children—and then slowly and surely drain his life-blood. No—with all their cruelty, pirates are more compassionate than rumsellers. Far better to die by their hands, and lie in the great cemetery with the ever-beating requiem of the wild waves sweeping past, than to die the lingering death of a drunkard, and fill that loathsome spot—a drunkard's grave.

The woman's heart ached in view of the rumshops in this christian city. No wonder. On either side they rear their hydra-heads. The foul stench of drunkenness comes up, and like the malaria, withers and blasts the brightest influence. There was no mistaking why she felt the wrong so keenly. The very tones of her voice revealed the bitterness and anguish which encompassed her. And for that bitterness there is no relief. Unscrupulous and corrupt Judges swept away the barriers which protected her.—Like every other home in this great State, hers is now free for the black waves to surge in with their damning freight of drunkenness, poverty, and misery.

God pity the sorrowing woman. While the hands were busy with stick and rule, that afternoon, the thoughts were of her and the foul traffic which blasts and destroys. That traffic—how we hate and loathe it! and so long as we live, we will war against it.—Cayuga Chief.

VALUE OF ONE LEAF.

There was once a caravan crossing I think, the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devout missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labors of the journey, and sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side, when the rest had passed along, whispered into his ear, "Brother what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort succeeded in answering, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins;" and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured he had died in Christ. How or where, he thought, could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope? And as he thought of it he observed a peice of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. What do you suppose was his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first Epistle of John, in which these words occur, On that page the man had found the Gospel.

John S. McDonald was shot and killed by Dr. Devine, Mayor of San Antonio, Texas, on the 29th ult. McDonald was cowhiding his antagonist.

From the New York Day Book.

A CIVIL WAR—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

The abolitionists have at last accomplished their designs. They have brought about a civil war in this country, and by the next steamer across the Atlantic, can send word to their allies and friends in England that the long sought end is accomplished! What the old tories of Britain, by sword and bayonet, could not do, their descendants and tools in New England, by newspapers and songs, have done, to wit:—divided this Union! No one, looking back to the past history of the abolition and Seward faction of this country, can fail to see that their whole aim has been, as Mr. Greely once expressed it, to rear and educate a generation to "hate the South." In recording the news of the battles in Kansas, the Tribune calls one party the "northern" and the other the "southern," and talks of "the enemy," as if the southern people were citizens of another country, and our natural enemies.

War now actually exists in this country; the North is arrayed against the South, and men are fighting, shooting and killing each other in the territory of the United States, with the same ferocity that characterised Frank and Hun last year in the Crimea. There is no denying this—no getting over it with the slu that it is only a "party" or "strife"—it is actual war, and nothing else, and a war that is growing more furious and sanguinary every day. And now the question arises, what is it for? What is all this strife and bloodshed about? Why, simply to keep our southern brethren out of the common territories of this Union! Sift the whole question down to its real merits, brush off all the dust and garbage that have gathered on it, free it from all the abolition claptrap and nonsense about "freedom and Fremont," strip it of all the kites, straws and election nonsense, and we find it a plain, simple assumption of power and authority of the North to govern the South.

The men and families of the South have gone into the Territory of Kansas with their property under no disguise, but simply to inhabit it as citizens and common owners of our common country. They have not sought to drive nor to keep any one out of the territory. They have not passed any laws to prevent any other citizens coming into and livin[illegible] they [illegible] n[illegible]

[illegible] of the North be it said, they have [illegible] to this call, and from the purlieus of their cities and the low dens of their villages has gone forth an army of the lowest vagabonds and hireling traitors that ever infested any country. The Greeleys and Giddings and Beechers have joined hands with debauchees like Lane and Cole, and sent fourth a bandit of plunderers to ravish the fair plains of Kansas. There is no denying this, no getting over it.

The whole operation, the whole design is to drive the South out of Kansas. They do not, they cannot pretend to say that the South tries or wants to drive them out, or that it asks anything but that its people shall be permitted to settle peaceably and quietly in the territory the same as the people of the North, but this the Beechers, and Greeleys, and Giddings declare they shall not do. They are determined there shall be no South, but that the North shall be the government, and have all the territory and all that belongs to the Union.

And now, since it has come to this—since war against the South is openly declared by the formation of a "northern party," and has been actually commenced for the subjugation of the South, let every citizen take his stand and his position. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to enroll our names against the men and party that have declared this war, we do not hesitate to join the ranks of those who are fighting for their rights as citizens of one common country; and if it becomes necessary, we will cheerfully give not only our money but our services in the field to sustain them.

That there are thousands and tens of thousands of others in this city who will do the same, we have no doubt, and we trust that immediate measures will be taken by our conservative and Union-loving citizens to sustain, by common effort, those pioneers in Kansas who are fighting for their rights as citizens against the northern hordes who have been sent there to drive them out.

HARD ROWING.

A better story than the following which comes from North Carolina, we have not found in the drawer for many months:

About thirty miles above Wilmington, N. C., lived three fellows, named respectively Barham, Stone and Gray, on the banks of the North East River. They came down to Wilmington in a small row-boat, and made fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city, but for fear they would get dry before getting home, they procured a jug of Whiskey, and after dark, of a black night too, they embarked in a boat expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all the energy that three half tipsy fellows could muster, keeping up their spirits in the darkness by pouring spirits down. At break of day they thought they must be near home, and seeing through the dim gray of the morning a house on the river side, Stone said:

"Well, Barham, we've got to your place at last."

"If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of outhouses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll heave too."

Barham disembarks, takes observation, and says—

"Well, I'll be whipped if we ain't at Wilmington here yet—and whats more the boat has been hitched to the wharf all night!"

It was a fact, and the drunkards had been rowing away for dear life, without knowing it.—*Harpers Magazine.*

THE WAR IN KANSAS—FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The Missouri papers bring us fuller details of the news from Kansas than the telegraph has furnished, and although they are evidently exaggerated, we lay them before our readers:

From the Western Dispatch of August 14.

KANSAS NEWS—Reports from the Territory are of a lamentable character. The Abolitionists, under the command of Brown, the assassin, are reported to have attacked the New Georgia colony and burned the place. At the time only six men were in the town, all of whom it is feared have been murdered. It is also reported that Col. Treadwell's men, about thirty in number, have been taken prisoners by the same outlaws. These particulars we learn from an extra from the Border Times. Many vague and unsatisfactory reports have reached this place, and it is difficult to say what is transpiring. Lane's men are said to be on the march to Topeka.

A letter from S. L. Bradford, of Franklin, K. T., to Mr. J. C. Rogers, of this city, gives us further and reliable information. Mr. B. states that on the 10th inst. he and his brother were disarmed by a party of abolitionists, twenty in number. At night the same party went to the house of Mr. B. and stole everything they could lay hands on. Large parties of abolitionists were going into Lawrence, and active preparations for war were going forward.

From the evidence before us, we believe that Lane's men have gained a footing in the Territory without molestation.

The same paper confirms the telegraphic statement in relation to the attack upon the town of Frankling, during which six abolitionists are said to have been killed and four pro-slavery men wounded. It adds:

"On yesterday, a Mr. Williams, (who is well known in this place,) a pro-slavery man residing near St. Bernard, K. T., was shot by an abolitionist, who sneaked upon him Indian fashion, whilst he was making rails on his claim. Drs. Earl and Morris went to see him this morning. He has seven back-shot in his body. He is probably dead now."

[illegible] Lecompton the [illegible] night. In these outrages it is apparent that the tools of the Black Republican party began them; and it is equally apparent that they were dictated by the Black Republicans of the North, who found that the work of agitation was dying out for want of exciting materials. Hence, the risk of the lives of parties on both sides, and with a full knowledge that it would be productive of general civil war in the Territory, they have chosen their course. It will be time enough, when full details are received, to comment on this conduct as it deserves, but in the eyes of the nation it will be visited with the severest condemnation.

The Lecompton Journal of the 9th takes the following notice of recent occurrences in that quarter:

We learn that the outlaws are again at work, carrying on their villanies to a great extent.—Peace, they have determined, shall not be in Kansas.

At Hickory Point they made an attempt to drive off the law and order settlers, but they found that their metal was not of the right kind to succeed.

One night last week a party of the scoundrels made another descent upon the town of St. Bernard, broke open the post office, put the postmaster out of the house, and then destroyed numerous letters and papers pelonging to the office.

Last week the outlaws of Lawrence held a meeting, and resolved not to let the county assessor make any assessments in that place, and threatening him with violence if he attempted it.

ECHO ANSWERING.—What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write. What is necessary for a farmer, to assist him?—System.—What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light. What's the best counsel given by a Justice of the Peace?—Peace. Who commit the greatest abominations?—Nations. What cry is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.

☞ The Chicago Times says:

"A day or two since a real estate operator in this city telegraphed to Washington to know if a party there would sell him a piece of property for $6,000, upon a credit of sixty and ninety days. The answer was.—"You can have it." The afternoon of the same day the operator telegraphed to another city that he would sell the same property for $8,500, upon thirty and sixty days times, and the reply was—"We will take it." Here was a clean profit of $2,500 made without the investment of a dollar, and all within twelve hours.

SURGICAL OPERATION.—Mr. E. E. McGolrick, late of Augusta, Ga., who was shot in the mouth at a distance of six hundred yards, with an ounce ball, from a Sharp's rifle, in June last, in Kansas territory, has been remaining at the City Hotel for more than a month, under medical treatment. Although suffering intensely, the ball having entered the mouth, ranging back and carrying several teeth from the lower jaw and lodging in the side of the neck, yet the noble young hero bore the pain without a murmur. On Tuesday last, Dr. W. T. Shortridge, assisted by Dr. Stiles, succeeded in extracting the ball, to the great relief of the patient, who was partially insensible from the effects of chloroform. The young man will soon be well, and will return to the territory, and we hope yet, enjoy a long and useful life.—*Weston (Mo.) Argus, Aug. 1.*

THE DIFFICULTY BETWEEN MESSRS. McMULLEN AND GRANGER.

Many inquiries have been made of us as to the origin of the difficulty at Washington, on Monday last, between the Hon. Fayette McMullen, of Virginia, and one Amos P. Granger, an extreme negro worshipping member from the twenty-fourth Congressional District of New York. An eye-witness states that the two were proceeding to the Capitol in an omnibus. Granger, who is an Abolitionist of the deepest dye, soon commenced his vulgar tirade against the South her institutions, and all connected with them, and stated that if the "Republicans" succeeded in electing Frement they would force measures upon the South that would compel her to relinquish her present system of servitude, and if they could not do it in any other way, it should be brought about (shaking his finger in McMullen's face) by the force of arms, and concluded by calling him a puppy Of course this was enough to raise the ire of any man; but McMullen, not forgetting his position as a Southern member of Congress, restrained himself more than it seems possible for human nature to do, and informed the negro worshipper in cool, but decided tones, that his age alone prevented him from putting him out of the stage. "I'll waive my age, sir, I'll waive my age, you dirty puppy," responded Granger. Thereupon, a fracas ensued as a matter of course, and resulted, as we have already stated, much to the damage of the insolent Granger. He appeared in the House, not exactly with the mark of *cane* upon his forehead, for Mr. McMullen, unfortunately, carried none—and although a small man, there was such palpable evidence of a compound pressure of the flesh bones of his hand upon the countenance of Granger, that he might carry the evidences of "hostile aggression" upon his front for a long time.

It will be seen from the foregoing, that Granger was clearly the aggressor, and the only regret with all men who love right and justice will be, that McMullen did not give him a more severe drubbing.—*Petersburg Express.*

From the Charleston Mercury.

A FOUL SLANDER.

MESSRS. EDITORS: A few days ago, there appeared in the columns of a Southern pa[illegible] an extract from a letter, to the effect [illegible] that cause. And, in that event, the information possibly may be as much at fault as his judgement.

When we reached the Territory, in the latter part of last April, my company was disbanded, and dispersed all over the Territory, wherever they chose to go. Some two weeks afterwards, when the Lawrence troubles broke out, a part of my emigrants reassembled in the Marshal's posse. After these difficulties were over, I again disbanded and dispersed them as before.

With the exception of some half dozen, that I was told had returned, my information in respect to them is, that they still remain in the Territory. It is true, that some on account of business being interrupted in the Territory, and the season being too far advanced to select and plant claims, took temporary employment in the border counties of Missouri, and perhaps some in the Santa Fe trade; all, however, still regarding the Territory as their place of residence.

I do not believe that any one possesses any truer or more definite information of their whereabouts than I have above stated.

Respectfully, &c. J. BUFORD.

White Sulpher Springs, August 18, 1856.

THE BIG FIGURES OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS HOTEL.—The proprietors of the Saint Nicholas Hotel have published a description of their immense establishment, from which we quote a few statistics: The Saint Nicholas has a front of two hundred and seventy-five feet on Broadway, and a depth of two hundred feet, thus covering an area of one acre and three quarters in the most valuable part of the city. The building cost $1,200,000 and the entire cost of building, furniture, &c, was $1,900,000. The area of the front wall, which is of marble, is 18,000 feet. The building will accommodate 900 guests, and has frequently contained over a thousand.—It was completely finished on the 1st March, 1854. The number of rooms in the house is six hundred, all well lighted, and provided with hot or cold water. These include one hundred complete suites of rooms, with baths, water-closets, &c., attached. The three largest dining-rooms in the house aggregate 9,000 superficial feet, and can accomodate six hundred guests. The cost of the mirrors distributed about the house was $40,005, and of the silver ware and plate $50,000. The proprietors are Messrs. J. P. Treadwell, J. P. Acker, Peter Acker, and Virgil Whitcomb. The number of servants average during the year about three hundred and twenty. The hours for meals range through nearly the whole twenty-four, except from midnight to 5 o'clock A. M. There is a regularly organized fire department in the building, with steam power for forcing water to any portion of it. Eighteen plugs, with two hundred feet of hose to each, enable the engineers to flood the building six minutes from the time the alarm is sounded. The house consumes 18,000 to 30,000 feet of gas nightly, from 2,500 burners. The gas is made on the premises. The laundry employs 75 laundresses, and can wash and iron 6,000 pieces per day. Steam is the great agent in this process, and is extensively used in the St. Nicholas for boiling, washing, mangling, drying, turning spits, heating water, &c.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

☞ REAR up your lads like nails, and then they'll not only go through the world, but you may clinch 'em on t'other side.

PERSONAL.

Under the above caption the New York *Post* informs us that a correspondent of the Sandusky *Herald*, who has recently visited the dishonored Mr. Sumner, writes:

"I enjoyed last evening, a very interesting conversation with him, and regret to say that I was too fully confirmed in the apprehension, everywhere entertained, that the injury he received from the blow in the Senate, which struck down alike freedom of speech and the sovereignty of Massachusetts, will be permanent and fatal. Every remedy which medical skill could suggest, a resort to the most healthy localities, to the most healing waters, to the invigorating sea coast at Cape May and elsewhere, have wholly failed to restore strength to his shattered frame.

"His general health seems partially restored, his appetite reasonably good, and his mind, ever glowing with the fires of genius and eloquence, still sits enthroned within, unclouded by the shock. But his entire nervous and muscular system seems irrecoverably prostrated. If he essays to walk, his lower limbs refuse their office, at least so much so as to render the attempt hazardous, without a helping hand. He receives no encouragement from his best medical advisers that he can be restored to health for years, if ever; and his regret is keen that he cannot, at this trying crisis of our country, occupy his place of duty in the Senate."

We hope that the opinion expressed by the *Herald* is correct, for it would be a great pity for such a breed of curs to be allowed to bark in the United States Senate. Our only regret is that every Southern Senator and Representative is not a Preston S. Brooks; ready, willing and able to punish those who essay to slander and abuse the South and her institutions. He (Col. Brooks,) has done more to unite the South and secure from Northern Representatives respect for Southern gentlemen than all the speeches delivered by a Calhoun, a McDuffie and a Hayne. The rod has proven in this case more powerful than the pen.—Times.

PAY OF MEMBERS.—The Baltimore *American* says:—Congress has acted with liberality to itself in voting $6,000 as the compensation of the two sessions of Congress exclusive of mileage; or really about $6,000 per annum, inasmuch as the long and short sessions combined, are less than a single year. They cut off the bribes, and put in a clause providing for deductions in [illegible] Consequently will not add much to the real expenses of Congress. The mileage system is one, however, that should have been revised and modified. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says;

As the system of mileage remains at present, there is considerable unfairness among the members.—For instance, the members from Philadelphia receive as mileage only one hundred and twenty dollars per session, while those from California and the territories west of the Rocky Mountains, are entitled to seven thousand dollars. Therefore the one receives six thousand two hundred and twenty-four dollars for his two years' services, while the other receives about twenty thousand dollars. This is pretty good pay for fifteen months' services, and there is no man sent here who cannot certainly live handsomely (if so disposed) on the amount provided by this bill. There is some thought that the President may veto the bill on the ground that it is an *ex post facto* law, as it increases the pay of the present Congress, but I imagine it is not more so than the one whereby the members voted themselves books. This having been an unusually long session, the members will not derive so much benefit from the bill as they will hereafter, but they will each be entitled, I understand, to some eight or nine hundred dollars more than they could have claimed under the old law.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.—At the late camp meeting of the Methodist denomination at Mount Prospect in this District, we understand that 26 whites and about 70 colored persons joined the Church; at Ebenezer (M. E.) Church, near Rossville, on the occasion of a Quarterly Meeting, which began last Friday and ended on Sabbath, 13 whites and several blacks joined the Church at that place. The misters in attendance at the latter place were Revds. Messrs, Crook, (Presiding Elder) Murchison and McLeod. We hope that to the above, the Lord may add daily such as he will have to be saved.—Chester Standard.

ANECDOTE OF MR. ASTOR.—On one occasion John Jacob Astor was importuned for a charity subscription, and finally gave ten dollars.

"Why, sir," exclaimed the astonished collector, "your son William gave twenty dollars!"

"Very good, sir," said Astor, "but you must remember that the rascal has a rich father."

"Sonny, who is your father?"

"Mr. Jenkins!"

"What Jenkins?"

"The Jenkins that kicked you yesterday for 'sassing' our servant girl."

It is unnecessary to say that the examination stopped here.

CROPS IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—In England, out of 50,000,000 acres cultivated, 10,000,000 are sown to wheat or other cereal crops, while in France 50,000,000 are cultivated for that purpose. The average growth of wheat per acre in England, is thirty-two bushels, and in France only twelve bushels, while the produce of English land is about sixteen dollars per acre, and that of France eight dollars per acre.

☞ The Columbus (Ohio) Statesman says that two colored men, named Jenkins and Langston, are stumping that State for Fremont.