

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."

SINKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., JULY 22, 1857.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 28.

Choice Poetry.

For the Advertiser.
THORNS AND ROSES.
Swiftly, fleetly glide the hours,
Dropping thro' your yore, Time,
Strewing o'er some paths with flowers,
While some with thorns you thickly line!

Holding to some lips the chalice,
Dregged with bitter drops of woe,
Tiring ne'er with seeming malice,
While life's burning trails will flow!

Then the bright eye wreathed with roses,
Culled from pleasure's flowery waste,
Ever near some lives repose,
Naught of sorrow do they taste!

Some upon life's breezy hill-top
Gaily singing in the light,
Fill up to the gilded tip-top
Life's glad measure warmly bright!

While in gloomy valleys lying,
Pressed down by the weight of care,
Thousands struggle, vainly trying,
Life's great load of woe to bear!

Some with sunshine on each feature
And life's canker at the heart,
Chasing Hope, that flying meteor,
That shines a moment to depart!

Go thro' life still singing, sighing,
As the sun or slings prevail,
Grieving, smiling, laughing, crying,
Thro' the sunshine or the gale!

Let's tread the thorny path of sorrow
Bowing necks to the rod,
Trusting that some glad to-morrow,
We'll wake to endless bliss with God.

And in meek submission bending,
Wearied hearts beneath the cross
Bear it until the ending
Tells us life's gain would be our loss!

Then life's thorns will bring us flowers
Roses wreathed 'round brows of light,
Where no warmth of darkness lowers,
Where glad morning brings no night!
DAISY.

This ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.
GEORGE P. MORRIS.

How could that stern old king deny
The angel pleading in her eye?
Which sheek the street, imploring grace
That breathe in life from her face,
And her kneeling action gave
A power to soothe and still subdue,
Until, though humble as a slave,
To more than queen, away she grew.
WILLIAM G. SIMMS.

The Emperor yielded to the maid, and the
captive was set free.
Two years after that event, Pocahontas again
became an angel of deliverance. She hastened to
Jamestown during a dark and stormy night,
informed the English of a conspiracy to exterminate
them, and was back to her couch before dawn.
Smith was grateful, and the whole
English colony regarded her as their deliverer.
But gratitude is often a plant of feeble root, and
the canker of selfishness will destroy it altogether.
Smith went to England; the morals
of the colonists became depraved; and Argall,
a rough, half-piratical navigator, unmindfully
of her character, bribed a savage, by the promise
of a copper kettle, to betray Pocahontas into
his hands, to be kept as a hostage while compelling
Powhatan to make restitution for injuries
inflicted. The Emperor loved his daughter
tenderly, agreed to the terms of ransom gladly,
and promised unbroken friendship for the English.

Pocahontas was now free to return to her
forest home. But other bonds, more holy than
those of Argall, detained her. While in the
custody of the rude buccannier, a mutual
attachment had budded and blossomed between
her and John Rolfe, and the fruit was a happy
marriage—"another knot to bind the peace"
with Powhatan much stronger.

April, in the Virginia peninsula, where the
English settlers first built a city, is one of the
loveliest months in the year. Then winter has
bitten a final adieu to the middle region of
America; the trees are robed in gay and fragrant
blossoms; the robin, the blue-bird, and the
oriole, are just giving the first opening pre-
ludes to the summer concert in the woods, and
wild flowers are laughing merrily in every hedge,
and upon the green banks of every stream.

It was a day in charming April, in 1613,
when Rolfe and Pocahontas stood at the marriage
altar in the new and pretty church, within a
mile from the city. The bride, in white,
and the groom, in red, were the center of
attention. The bridegroom was a young man
of noble bearing, and the bride was a young
Indian, who had been brought to the colony
by a trader, and was now about to be
baptized.

The ceremony was performed by a
minister, who had been brought to the colony
by a trader, and was now about to be
baptized.

Miscellaneous Reading

From the Home Journal.
MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS.
BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

During the lovely Indian summer time, in the
autumn of 1608, there was a marriage on the
banks of the Powhatan, where the English had
laid the corner-stone of the great fabric of Anglo
Saxon Empire in the New World. It was
celebrated in the second church which the
English settlers had erected there. Like their first,
which fire had devoured the previous winter, it
was a rude structure, whose roof rested upon
rough pine columns, fresh from the virgin forest,
and whose adorning were little indebted to the
hand of art. The officiating priest was "good
Master Hunter," who had lost all his books by
the conflagration. History, poetry, and song
have kept a dutiful silence respecting that first
English marriage in America, because John
Layne and Anna Burrows were common people.
The bridegroom was a carpenter, among
the first adventurers who ascended the Powhatan,
then named James in honor of a bad king;
and the bride was waiting-maid to
"Miss Forrest," wife of Thomas Forrest, gentleman.
These were the first white women ever seen
at the Jamestown settlement.

Almost five years later, there was another
marriage at Old Jamestown, in honor of which
history, poetry, and song have been employed.
The bridegroom was "Master John Rolfe," an
honest gentleman, and of good behavior;" from
the realm of England; and the bride was a
princess royal, named Matoe, or Pocahontas, the
well-beloved daughter of the Emperour of the
great Powhatan confederacy, on the Virginia
peninsula. The officiating priest was Master
Alexander Whitaker, a noble agent of Christianity,
who went to Virginia for the cure of
souls. Sir Thomas Dale, then Governor of the
colony, thus briefly tells his masters of the
company in London, the story of Pocahontas:—"Po-
cathatan's daughter I caused to be carefully in-
structed in the Christian religion, who, after
she had made a good progress therein, was
publicly her country's idolatry, openly confessed
her Christian faith, was, as she desired, bap-
tized, and is since married to an English gentle-
man of good understanding (as by his letter
unto me, containing the reason of his marriage
of her, you may perceive), another knot to bind
this peace the stronger. Her father and friends
gave approbation to it, and her uncle gave her
to him in the church. She lives civilly and
lovingly with him, and, I trust, will increase in
godliness, as the knowledge of God is increased
in her. She will go to England with me, and
will be the gaining of this one soul, I will
think my time, toil, and present stay, well spent."

So discoursed Sir Thomas Dale. Curiosity
would know more of the Princess and her mar-
riage, and curiosity may here be gratified to the
extent of the revelations of recorded history.

The finger of a special Providence, pointing
down the vista of ages, is seen in the character
and acts of Pocahontas. She was the daughter
of a pagan king who had never heard of Jesus
of Nazareth, yet her heart was overflowing with
the cardinal virtues of a Christian life.

"She was a landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm quiet,
Luxuriant in beauty."—Byron.

When Captain Smith, the boldest and
the best of the early adventurers in Virginia,
penetrated the dense forest, he was made a prisoner,
and held in captivity until the presence of Powhatan,
the supreme ruler, and was condemned to die!

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood;
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of his old day hears,
Like him of old his own hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air
The savage war-drum swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms around him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-bud—
Subdued by that heroic maid,
Whom breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" grasped the chief—
"And set the captive free."

The Lady Rebecca received great attention
from the court and all below it. "She accus-
tomed herself to civility, and carried herself as
the daughter of a king." Dr. King, the Lord Bishop
of London, entertained her "with festivals and
state and pomp" beyond what he had ever
given to other ladies; and at court she was re-
ceived with the courtesy due to her rank as a
princess. But the silly bigot on the throne
was highly incensed, because one of his subjects
had dared to marry a lady of royal blood
in the midst of his dream of prerogatives, he
absurdly apprehended that Rolfe might lay
claim "to the crown of Virginia!" Afraid of
the royal displeasure, Captain Smith, who was
then in England, would not allow her to call
him father, as she desired to do. She could not
comprehend the cause; and her tender, simple
heart was sorely grieved by what she considered
his want of affection for her. She remained in
England about a year; and when ready to em-
bark for America with her husband, she sickened
and died, at Gravesend, in the flowery
month of June, 1617, not quite twenty-two
years of age. She left one son, Thomas
Rolfe, who afterwards became quite a disting-
uished man in Virginia. He had but one child,
a daughter. From her some of the leading fam-
ilies in Virginia trace their lineage. Among
these are the Bollings, Murrays, Guds, Eldridges,
and Randolphs. But Pocahontas needs not
posterity to perpetuate her name—it is imperi-
ally preserved in the amber of history.

"I'LL WAIT TILL IT RUNS BY."
Thousands of years ago a story was told of a
stupid traveler, on coming to a river, sat
down under the bank, saying, "I will wait till it
runs by." A thousand times since people have
laughed at the simpleton, priding themselves on
their own greater wisdom. And yet tens of
thousands of times have these people, in refer-
ence to the general affairs of life, imitated the
lazy ignorance of the fool, and waited for the
river to run by.

How often do parents, for example, when
they witness exhibitions of anger, falsehood
and disobedience in their children, shut their
eyes wilfully to the consequence of letting the
evil go uncorrected, and say to themselves, "He
will outgrow it." What is this but waiting for
the river to run by? The first lesson which a
child learns should be that of self-discipline.
No man can succeed in life, or win the esteem
of his neighbors, or deserve the approbation of
his own conscience, who gives way to petulance,
duplicity or other vices; and it is as much easier
to check these natural infirmities in youth,
rather than in age, as it is to cross a river near
the fountain-head instead of where it widens
into an estuary of the sea. The parent who
hopes that such vices will run themselves out
in vain for the river to run by.

A merchant finds his trade declining, a me-
chanic his business falling off, a lawyer his
clients leaving him, a doctor his practice ceasing;
but instead of going to work resolutely to dis-
cover the cause and rectify the error, he sits
down, folds his hands, and says, "I will wait till
it runs by." Have such men ever succeeded? Life
is a battle, in which victory is with him who
fights the bravest, perseveres the longest, and
brings the most ability to bear on the campaign.
When the British marched on to Baltimore, did
our fathers lay in their beds and trust to chance
to save them? No! they went boldly forth to
meet the enemy, and in the field of battle re-
warded them with success. So, in the pursuits
of life, he triumphs who deserves it most. Wealth
and fame are the prizes of those who struggle
hardest for them. The only way is to plunge
boldly into the current of adverse fortune,
breathe its waves, and buffet your course man-
fully to the other shore. It will never do to
wait till the river runs by.

In friendship, if some unknown cause has
produced an alienation, don't say, as too many
do—"he may get pleased again as he can," but
find out the reason of the estrangement, apolo-
gize if you are in the wrong, and expostulate
amicably if otherwise. If you wait till the
river runs by you may wait forever, and de-
eply the longer you wait the current runs deeper.
In your own family, never wait till the
river runs by; but if a wife's feelings are hurt,
to explain or make reparation at once; for life is
short and happiness too precious to be wasted
in obstinacy, silliness or misunderstanding,
when a few words will remedy all. Never
stand on the shore, in cold and suffering, while
the given and sunny fields invite you across, in
the idle hope "that the river will run by."

EARLY RISING.
The subject proposed from PUTNAM is "down upon"
the old adage, early rising. Our lay-led
reader will enjoy the argument. It is given with
point and spirit. But we confess we are still on the
opposite side of the question. Poor's poet is evidently
a wit and knowledgable nothing about a summer's ear-
ly rise in the country, with its gray-streaked
its twittering birds, its glittering dewdrops, and, above
all, its pure and invigorating freshness. Cannot some
of our early-rising friends refute the philosophy these
verses embody. Where is S. A. L.? But for the present
hear PUTNAM's decidedly clever contributor:

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, ally, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep!
(I really can't avoid the iteration.)
But bless the man, with curses loud and deep,
Who first discovered that the nation's head
Upon his pillow should not rest!
Who first invented and went round advising,
That artificial out—early rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed!"
Observes some solemn sentimental owl—
Matters like these give very shabby sleep,
But ere you make yourself a fool or fall,
Pray just inquire about their rise—and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for best looks to be had."
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he, who can't sleep till the night,
Is a poor fellow, and a sorry sight,
Who sleeps so soundly, and so easily that in
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said,
It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But when the sun is up, and the dew is dry,
At ten o'clock, or later, the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching was sanctioned by his practice.

"It, doubtless, would be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, that sleepy review we take
Of our doings, and of our life in sooth,
The hours, that leave the slightest cause to weep,
Are those we passed in childhood, or—sleep!"

"It's beautiful to have the world a while
For the soft virtues of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live, as only good men do, in sight."
No man can succeed in life, or win the esteem
Of his neighbors, or deserve the approbation of
his own conscience, who gives way to petulance,
duplicity or other vices; and it is as much easier
to check these natural infirmities in youth,
rather than in age, as it is to cross a river near
the fountain-head instead of where it widens
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UP COUNTRY.
From the Lancaster Ledger.
U. S. SENATE.

We, without hesitation, endorse the views of
our correspondent, below, in reference to the
fitness of Gen. Pickens for the vacancy in the
United States Senate. It is not to be believed in
reference to Slavery, considered as a practical in-
stitution. As long as negroes rule at present high
prices, we have no faith in their introduction
into Oregon. But this statement goes far to
show the recognized advantages of the institu-
tion, and the sickly sentimentalism of its oppo-
sition. Northern men are not slow to see the
truth and recognize it, when their interest does
not lie in the opposite direction and their sec-
tional prejudice is not stirred up. Here is a
practical demonstration of their sagacity.

ASTORIA, O. T., April 20, 1857.

We shall have warm times in this Territory
until we are admitted into the Union as a State.
The slavery question will swallow up every other
Oregon question, and you need not be surprised if
consideration, and your need not be surprised if
the difficulty of obtaining laborers and family
servants, is working a great change in the
feelings of even Northern people settled here,
throughout the farming portions of the country,
and the mining regions are almost unani-
mously in favor of Slavery. There will be some
purchasing slaves, and some manufacturing
men, but the negro-slippers here, before we get
through the fight, I shall go for Slavery myself;
for I, together with my wife, have become tired of
doing the work for which negroes only are by
nature made and constituted. The present price of
labor here will keep us down for a generation,
and purchase slaves from the States and hold them
in such an event we will make Oregon shove
ahead, and soon have a better state of society
than we now have.

CHAMPAIGN—"THE BEST BRANDS" MADE IN
NEW YORK.—At the present time in New York
there are thirteen establishments manufacturing
precipitated calcium phosphate, or what is called
"white" phosphate, which is used for various
purposes, and in some cases for the manufacture
of fertilizer. This substance is a fine white
powder, and is obtained from the bones of
cattle and other animals. The process is as
follows: The bones are first washed with water,
and then broken into small pieces. They are
then placed in a boiler, and steam is introduced
under pressure. The result is a fine white
powder, which is then dried and packed in
barrels. This process is very simple, and the
product is of excellent quality. The manu-
facture of this substance is a very profitable
business, and is increasing rapidly in New
York. The following is a list of the manufac-
turers of this substance in New York:—
Messrs. J. & C. G. S. Co., New York;
Messrs. J. & C. G. S. Co., New York;
Messrs. J. & C. G. S. Co., New York.

From the Charleston Mercury.
THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN OREGON.
We have been kindly favored with a letter
containing the following extract, just received
from Oregon Territory. It is from a gentleman
of the highest respectability and position, and
exhibits the views of the settlers in general
reference to Slavery, considered as a practical in-
stitution. As long as negroes rule at present high
prices, we have no faith in their introduction
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COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Advertiser.
REVISION MOVEMENT EXPOSED.
Mr. EDWARDS.—Having in the preceding number
proved that the new version was designed from the
first to be a sectarian one, notwithstanding the de-
nial of many to the contrary, we now proceed to
show what "tactics" are being adopted to mis-
lead the public in reference to this point.
Mr. EDWARDS says, "every man is at liberty to
unite in the work whatever be his denominational
connections." Again, "scholars from seven dif-
ferent denominations are engaged in the work."
In the Bible Union Reporter for January 1854,
is the following statement: "Distinguished schol-
ars, holding their ecclesiastical connections with
eight different denominations, are engaged in the
work."

These statements are so made, as to make the
impression, that these Pedo-baptists revisors are
employed, not upon their individual responsibility,
but by the approval of the Churches to which they
belong; and this is done to show that the move-
ment is not sectarian. Ignatius Loyola himself
never countenanced or practiced a more unscrup-
ulous act of Jesuitism than this. It is well known
that one of the chief objections urged by the re-
visors against King James' Version is, that it
was made by Pedo-baptists. The Board of Man-
agers in their annual report say, "It is well known
that there was not one Baptist among the forty-
seven translators appointed by King James,—and
that we have never acknowledged that their version
of the Scriptures was in all respects faithful."
Dr. McCLEAY, says, "We (Baptists) had no hand
in making our English Version. It was made for us
by Episcopalians, and though we consider it the
main excellent version, yet, we believe that much
injury has been done to the word of God, by
keeping the true meaning of baptize from the un-
learned."

What refreshing consistency is this, complaining
that there were no Baptists among the forty-seven
translators, and that the word was translated incor-
rectly; but now, when engaged themselves in preparing
an immersionist version, they boast that these "un-
faithful" Pedo-baptists are doing the most of the
work!

There is very little discernment required to see
that the employment of these revisors from "seven
different denominations" need not, and will not do
away with the sectarianism of the movement. It
would be a very easy matter to commit that por-
tion to them not involved in the real issue, and to
give to immersionist translators the part that is to
be rendered "dip and nothing but dip." That
there is no mistake in this being the case, may be
seen by referring to the Fifth Annual Report of the
American Bible Union. "Every book of the New
Testament has been revised by scholars, and the
manuscripts are in the possession of the Board,
and still the work is by no means done. Your Board
has directed the Committee on versions to examine
carefully each manuscript, and to recommend non-
revision for the press, unless they are satisfied that the
revision possesses such a degree of merit, that its
publication will do honor to the Union." "Here
we have it," says a reviser "in language that ad-
mits of no mistake." The Scholars have done
their part, "the manuscripts are in the possession
of the Board, and still the work is by no means
done." The Board have yet to revise the revision,
and pass their judgment upon it. Now who is this
Board? What denomination do they belong to?
Is there a Pedo-baptist among them? We answer,
not one. Emotions of indignation, contempt, and
pity are called up by such a statement as this.
They make a boast that the best scholarship in the
country is employed to do the work—men in whom
they have the utmost confidence; and when it is
done, it has to be reviewed by a Committee on ver-
sions, who of course must be better scholars, than
the best scholars in the country; and if their
scholarship does not possess sufficient merit, "it
must be given to other revisors." If this is not
"humbugging" we should like to know what Mr.
EDWARDS will call it.

A TABLE.
I saw two lambs try many a time
To mount a pathway steep to climb,
To reach a grassy spot fresh and new
That smiled above in tempting view.
One gained, at length, the height so fair,
And cropp'd the flowery herbage there;
A wolf in ambush near that lay,
Leapt forth and seized it in his prey.
Then seemed the lamb that missed its aim,
In grateful accents to exclaim—
"O now I see, by Heaven's direction,
My want of power is my protection."

For lack of foresight, man denies
That Providence is just and wise,
And blames the hand, not understood,
That's working out his own best good;
At disappointments slight he grieves,
Unreconciled, till he perceives
That in the seeming evil lies
His greatest blessing in disguise.

FORTY-TWO YEARS' COURTESHIP.—We find in
the New York news, the following marriage no-
tice:
"At Wilmington, on the 29th Feb., Asael S.
Beers, of Albany, New York, and Miss Ann K.
Coster, their united ages are 124 years, and the
courtship commenced 42 years since."

A forty-two years courtship! Why during
that time we had concluded one war with Eng-
land, almost had two more; have invented rail-
roads and steam printing presses; had a war with
Mexico; invented the electric telegraph; brought
out spirit rappings, and discovered the north-
west passage; annexed Texas, and brought to
light the gold of California; have extended our
national area two or three thousand square miles,
arrived at such a point of civilization, as to appoint
special corruption committees in Congress—
What great results have been attained all about
us during the forty years it has taken the mod-
est Mr. Beers to "pop the question!"

SHEEP IN TEXAS.—G. W. Kendall, editor of
the New Orleans Picayune, who lives on his plan-
tation in Texas, and devotes his energies to the
raising of sheep and cattle, writes to his paper:
"Mentionable cattle in this particular section are
driving well enough, more especially such as can
get a year handy, and never has there been
such a year for sheep as the past. I can speak
from my own personal experience in relation to
this matter. During the last thirteen months
of my flock I have not lost one in every hundred
head—even old sheep, that should have
died by rights, have lived on and grown fat.
Fine French merinos that I purchased at Ram-
bouille, have "roughed it" during the past win-
ter, and with no other than the common grass of
the prairies, and have kept in good condition.
If we can have such just years as the past has
been until 1860, the stranger will see the hills
and valleys in this region whitened with sheep."

THE CLAY MONUMENT.—The monument to
Henry Clay, about to be erected at Lexington,
Ky., cemetery, is to be one hundred and eight
feet high, with a sub-base, after the style of the
proposed Washington Monument which it some-
times resembles. The foundation of solid masonry
forty feet square and fifteen feet deep,
has been laid in hydraulic cement, on three feet
of concrete or macadamized stone. Strutting
the whole is to be a bronze statue of Henry Clay,
eleven feet high. The material of which the
monument is to be composed is a magnesian
marble, and sustaining a brilliant polish.

On the foundation is first to be erected the
base of the monument, forty feet square and
thirty-five feet high, of neat work, Egyptian
order. The "stereobate" will contain, in the
front, a crypt of red brick, a vaulted cham-
ber, twenty-six feet across, and half feet deep,
on the bottom, and five feet ten inches in diame-
ter. The crypt is to be paved with polished
Italian marble, in which are to be deposited
the remains of Henry Clay, in a sarcophagus,
on one side his mother, and in good time, his
wife. Provision is made to light the crypt, in
which is a niche for a statue, by an upper sky-
light.

In the rear of the crypt, is to be the family
vault. The Clay family, thirty-one feet four
inches long, with two nine feet recesses, all six
feet eight inches wide. There will be a double
pedestal of bronze, on which may be inscribed
memorable words and emblematic representa-
tions, in honor of the American statesman and
Kentucky's favorite son, including the poet's re-
ference to him, and the words "rest in peace."
The monument, and the vault, will be in diam-
eter, at the bottom, and five feet ten inches in
the top, will be ninety feet high, surmounting
which is to be a capital, the fluting to be thin-
ner spliced spears; representing the original
States of the Union.—*Bull. Amer. An.*

IMPORTANT STATEMENTS.—The following impor-
tant statement appears in the Northern papers.
The National Intelligencer, a paper cautious in
giving its credence to rumors, has no doubt of
its correctness:

"A letter from Lord Clarendon has been re-
ceived in Washington, in which he remarks upon
the rumors, often repeated in the American press,
concerning arrangements impudently by the British
Government for obtaining a foothold in the Chin-
cha islands and island in the Bay of Panama, &c.
"He says, in regard to these rumors, that the
United States must be under no apprehension
that the Government of Great Britain intend to
add to their possessions on this continent; though
they would not wish, without concert, any
attempt to exclude Great Britain from the enjoy-
ment of a common highway between the Atlantic
and the Pacific Oceans.
"This statement is very important, as it will
tend to quiet the public mind on the subject,
and remove any obstacle to a final and satisfac-
tory adjustment of all questions pending between
the two Governments in regard to Central Amer-
ica."

THE BABE'S JOURNEY TO HEAVEN.
A fairy cottage nestled in a green and lovely
valley; around its white walls are clustered
flourishing vines and shrubs; in the front a
gay garden, and in the rear a smiling lullaby,
and the mother goes to meet the distant
cry.—In the distance, and tall mountains, tower-
ing to the sky, form a most beautiful feature in
the landscape. Upon their summits tall pines
and fir trees stand towards heaven.
It is a beautiful spot, fit place for a fairy's
paradise.

The inmates of that cottage happy? Surely,
in such a lovely spot they cannot fail of be-
ing so. But not the laughing babe, who, but a
few short months before, was given to bless
and cheer that heartbroken, life-tossing nun upon
a bed of sickness. He is very beautiful; like
snowy brood, shaded by raven ringlets, like mid-
night, and his hair is like the golden hair of
the angels in heaven, and he is now to be
placed in a coffin, and buried in a grave.
His ruffled cheeks have a feverish
flush; his dark, soul-like eyes, his pointing
lips, all conspire to add a strange, fascinat-
ing beauty to his baby features. The agonizing
mother bends over him, murmuring fond, en-
dearing words, which he hears not. But see!
even as we gaze, his eye loses some of its de-
lirious brightness, and a look of recognition
comes into his eyes. "Will not my baby live?"
passes over his face. "Will not my baby live?"
All dotting mother, even now this change
is death. "Hark! hear ye not the rustling of
the death-angel's wings. Yes! he is here, and
pressing his icy fingers on those coral lips; and
even while it frozes the rosy current in his veins,
they wreathed into a bright smile, and the
fringed lids closed over the black orbs."
Listen to strains of heavenly music; a
blessed halleluiah to meet his God. There, while
the grief-stricken parents wept over the beau-
tiful creature, the gem was being transferred to
a better place.

Together the angel and the babe floated on
over dewy valleys, shady groves and pleasant
lakes; over snow-capped mountains and the
cool breezes and statey mansions; over the
dusty, noisy city, upward, ever upward, through
the vast expanse of boundless ether, the wing
of the death-angel cleft the air. And now the
pearly gates are opened to receive them, and
gliding to our Father's side, he said—
"Holy Father, I found a tender and delicate
creature for earth's throne; therefore I have
brought it hither, that it might be better nour-
ished."

Then answered the Father, "Go place it
among the other little ones whom I have blessed."
And as the angel led to fulfill its mission,
a burst of heavenly music from those golden
harpes told that another one was given to Him
who lent it.

CLEMENTINE.
ARRIVAL OF RUNAWAY MORMONS AT OMAHA.
N. T.—We learn from one of the officers of a
steamer which arrived yesterday from the West
Missouri, that on reaching Omaha City he was
informed by some of the citizens that a party
of sixty Mormons had arrived on the 2d inst.
The party camped in the town, and stated
that they intended to start down the river by
boat in a few days. They were loud in
their denunciations of the ruling men of Utah,
and aver their firm belief that a large number
of the inhabitants of that State, as well as they
themselves, are in need of protection, by the arrival
of the U. S. troops, will gladly avail themselves
of the opportunity of withdrawing themselves from
the land of their oppressors. These persons
who have reached Omaha were a portion
of the dissatisfied citizens of Salt Lake City,
who had been expelled from that place, and who
the result of a well devised and cautious stratagem.
They left Salt Lake about April 25th.—*St. Louis
Democrat.*

The grasshoppers that have threatened to de-
stroy the crops in certain parts of Minnesota,
have been killed by the recent cold and wet
weather. It is said that bushes of grasshoppers,
in masses, may be seen in the prairies.

CHILDREN sometimes say wise things—for
instance, at an examination a little boy was
asked to explain his idea of "bearing false wit-
ness against your neighbor." After hesitating,
he said it was "telling lies," on which the worthy
and reverend examiner said,
"That is not exactly an answer. What do
you say?" addressing a little girl who stood
next, when she immediately replied,
"It was when somebody didn't do nothing, and
somebody went and told of it."

NEW YORK.—A man died in Heidelberg Co.,
Tenn, recently, named Miles Harden, who was
seventy six inches high. He weighed over
one thousand pounds. It required seventeen
men to put him in his coffin, and one hundred
feet of plank were required to make it. So says
the West Tennessee Whig. He could swallow
a common snipe whole. He ate habitually a bush-
el of potatoes for his breakfast. A half acre, for
one meal did not supply him with roasting ears.
He drank twenty-two cups of coffee, and ate one
hundred eggs when hungry. He could shoulder
two barrels of cotton, and break the thigh of a
horse with a single kick. Some other interesting
facts are promised the Whig.

A New York Lady has invented a unique
contrivance for applying to the present style of
female dress. She attaches a frame composed
of four circles of light India rubber tubes to
the circumference, at suitable distances, and connects
them with a perpendicular tube coming up in
front, and terminating in a delicate mouthpiece,
just at the opening of the skirt. When put on,
the skirt is in a collapsed state, but by applying
the lips to the mouth-piece, and blowing any
degree of expansion may be obtained. The
chief advantage claimed for this device is the
power to collapse partially upon an emergency,
as when entering the narrow pew of churches
and narrow doors; while, upon the street, the
circumference may be readily increased.

Once a knave, and never an honest man.

From the Lancaster Ledger.
U. S. SENATE.

We, without hesitation, endorse the views of
our correspondent, below, in reference to the
fitness of Gen. Pickens for the vacancy in the
United States Senate. It is not to be believed in
reference to Slavery, considered as a practical in-
stitution. As long as negroes rule at present high
prices, we have no faith in their introduction
into Oregon. But this statement goes far to
show the recognized advantages of the institu-
tion, and the sickly sentimentalism of its oppo-
sition. Northern men are not slow to see the
truth and recognize it, when their interest does
not lie in the opposite direction and their sec-
tional prejudice is not stirred up. Here is a
practical demonstration of their sagacity.

ASTORIA, O. T., April 20, 1857.

We shall have warm times in this Territory
until we are admitted into the Union as a State.
The slavery question will swallow up every other
Oregon question, and you need not be surprised if
consideration, and your need not be surprised if
the difficulty of obtaining laborers and family
servants, is working a great change in the
feelings of even Northern people settled here,
throughout the farming portions of the country,
and the mining regions are almost unani-
mously in favor of Slavery. There will be some
purchasing slaves, and some manufacturing
men, but the negro-slippers here, before we get
through the fight, I shall go for Slavery myself;
for I, together with my wife, have become tired of
doing the work for which negroes only are by
nature made and constituted. The present price of
labor here will keep us down for a generation,
and purchase slaves from the States and hold them
in such an event we will make Oregon shove
ahead, and soon have a better state of society
than we now have.

CHAMPAIGN—"THE BEST BRANDS" MADE IN
NEW YORK.—At the present time in New York
there are thirteen establishments manufacturing
precipitated calcium phosphate, or what is called
"white" phosphate, which is used for various
purposes, and in some cases for the manufacture
of fertilizer. This substance is a fine white
powder, and is obtained from the bones of
cattle and other animals. The process is as
follows: