# EDGEEED)

# ABNERTSER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Catest News, Citerature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Diberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., APRIL 28, 1858.

VOL. XXIII .-- NO 16.

### Select Poetry.

#### BUILDING UPON THE SAND.

For so the world has done Since myrtles grew, and roses blew, And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair, Be sure ye pledge with truth; Be certain that your love will wear Beyond the days of youth.

As well as hand for hand, You'll find you've played the "unwise" par And " built upon the sand."

But place not all your hopes and trust In what the deep mine brings; We cannot live on vellow dust

Will often have to stand Beside his coffer chest and own 'Tis "built upon the sand."

Tis good to speak in kindly guise, And soothe whate'er we can; For speech should bind the human mind,

And love link man to man. But stay not at the gentle words, Let the deeds with language dwell;

The one who pities starving birds, Should scatter crumbs as well. The mercy that is warm and true,

Must lend a helping hand, For those who talk, yet fail to do, But "build upon the sand."

## An Original Story.

For the Edgefield Advertiser.

### THE DOMESTIC SERPENT.

CHAPTER I. "Alas! there are full many thorns

"Not heartless, Inez. My fancy paints glowing pictures of future happiness.

large. You will be stung on every side, Marcia Wilton; for in your silly confidence, you are

What do you think of Clara Ware?" "She is a clever, true hearted girl."

"The parlor serpent. Lizzie Clayton?" "O Lizzie is constancy itself. She is my

a traitor to his country. She is a traitor to everything that trusts in her. Oscar Rayton?",

"For heaven's sake never utter that odious syllable in my hearing. Friend! friend! I had rather be seized with deafness than hear that word again. I have lived in the world twenty-I have seen-gross counterfeits-plenty of them. even as I have seen miserable daubs, and heard them called 'exquisite paintings.' Oscar Rayton

you can see only the deformed leg."

is the serpent at large."

waiting for the arrival of the carriage which "the observed of all observers." There was a Wilton, attired in a pink silk of some light, delicate texture, with her soft, dark eyes, rosy lips and short, crispy curls, won a vast deal of adthe 'queen' of the throng. She was truly a magnificent woman. Her form was fully developed, her stature rather above the ordinary

She wore a heavy black velvet dress, which well suited her queen-like style of beauty. Her arms, and shoulders, white as Parian marble, were bare but covered with costly jewels. In her hair, which was black as ebon darkness, and wound in turban folds around a high, pale forehead, she wore crimson Dahlias, which formed a happy contrast to the jetty locks with which they were intertwined. Her face was colorless, but her lips-strange fact-were almost the color of the Dahlas she wore. Her man so much self-possession as to be paraded in eyes shamed the night for blackness, and out the public Journals as 'the gifted author of sparkled the diamonds in her bosom. Then that thrilling romance, so and so.' But what her step-her queen-like step, so full of dignity-her eyes beaming with the suppressed fires of her nature. Truly did young Maitland say, her works."

as he gazed upon her, perfectly dazzled by her The gentleman had read them, and the curl left thing to be loved by such a woman."

She seldom smiled, and when she did it was pacitated him to deliver an oration? a mockery of a smile; a stifled sneer of cona room, with her colorless face, and heavy black her pen had been dipped in gall." garments-an embodied queen of night-a sky no 'intimates'-nay perhaps as she said to recieve an introduction also. You see I am a Marcia, she had no friends, for a woman who commands universal admiration, and who stoops | ty." not to flatter, seldom has friends among her own sex, and perchance never a true one amid the piece of steel I have ever met with," thought other,-for who loves a celebrity?

And yet Inez Lowell had once been the slave of man; had once bowed that haughty neck to from Inez. recieve the caress of love; had once with those proud, jewelled, little fingers, parted the locks from a fair, pale forehead, and imprinted there the kiss of love. Did she look like it, as she stood near Harvey Maitland, sneering at his well-timed compliments, and assuring him in her clear, melodious voice that "Love was a humbug, fit only for 'bread and butter' misses, and eighteen year old College students?"

"Who is she, Ned?" asked a youth with a flashy neck-cloth, of a bird of like feather

"Oh! a second Hagar Withers. In short, my dark features, as she asked, unsophisticated friend, a deserted wife. "Name it not in Goth-publish it not in the streets of Askalon," but "pity 'tis, 'tis true." They say she has a devilish temper, and I guess Lowell concluded, with Solomon that "'tis better to live on the corner of a house-top than in a wide house with a contentious woman." I think he had a lucky escape, for she withered me to night with one of her lightning-like glances. Mrs. Nortons' Dream, was 'not all a dream' when she fingers which twitched so no-

"While the just world, beholding thee bereft; "But where is the 'Don,' Ned?"

"Oh! he, after obtaining a divorce, married

"So should I, egad! I guess the frost-work would melt away from yonder mountain of pride then. Here she is again. Harvey is in

Mark the metamorphosis. As soon as Inez appeared, both those young gents were ready to scale mountains for a single glance from her proud eyes. And Ned Bowers, forgetting how freely he had used her name ('fashionables' have treacherous memories) assured her he would make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem on barefoot, if she would only give him a single leaf from her bouquet.

"You shall have it all, Mr. Bowers," replied Inez with a smile that was positively bewitchsense with your next fine speech."

A titter went round the room at his discomfiture, for 'in society' one laughs alike at wit, or its opposite. But we are neglecting Marcia Wilton, so true

it is that in the presence of Inez Lowell all things else are forgotten. She had first been tory." introduced to a Senator, whom for convenience sake we will call Col. Lvnn.

"You are quiet to night, Miss Wilton." "I am studying society in one of its most scarcely touching his sleeve.

alluring, but deceptive phases."

"A sober study for one so young .-- Your

"That there is enough hypocrisy in this one room to make fifty Judas Iscariots, if it was she has captured Harvey at last." connected with that which alone can make a dangerous villian-talent." .

from my eyes."

The gentleman started. "And who is Inez?" voices remonstrated "Not so soon Mrs. Lowell Marcia stared at him in astonishment. "What! not know our reigning belle-the star, in whose presence we are but 'better lights.' I dare-say you are the only gentleman in the room, who would ask, with that nonchalant air, "Who is

"But I am a stranger-have just entered the room. Still I should like to hear more of your

"There she is standing near the Harp in that black velvet dress. Is she not brilliant?"

"She certainly does not lack self-possession. She would grace the boards. Tell me something

"I am not at liberty," said Marcia with dignity, "to make my friend's private history a eme of discussion with a stranger. Any body in the room can tell you about Mrs. Lowell."

" Mrs. Lowell-private history-there must be a bit of romance here. Pardon me, Miss Wilton, but where is the chieftain of this beau-

If Col. Lynn had not been the most polished gentleman in the world, and if his words, common place as they were, had not been uttered with persuasive eloquence, Marcia would have

been offended; as it was she only smiled. "I well tell you thus much of her-she is a celebrated authoress."

"Oh! a literary celebrity." He slightly neered, "I might have known it by the easy assurance of her manner. Nothing gives a wois her nom de plume."

"'Florine Sanders.' You have certainly read

of one of those seerching romances had inca- dress.

"And do I really breathe the same air with Marcia. tempt; a kind of fiendish exultation of superi- the gifted 'Florine?' I certainly would not have ority; a spark from the slumbering fire of a identified that gifted woman, whom I have volcano. And yet no woman ever had more vowed a hundred times to kneel to and worship, admirers than Inez Lowell. Her beauty; her with yonder ball-room belle. Yes, I have read hauteur: her eccentricities, and the veil of mys- her works, and I have often wondered if a wotery which enwrapped her as in an impenetra- man really wrote them. Not that I doubt the ble mantle, all conspired to excite curiosity and capacity of your sex, Miss Wilton, but she admiration. Yet she endured rather than ac- must be that rare thing, a creature with a mascepted the homage so freely paid her, and in culine mind, but a womanly heart-taking from return gave her admirers a bitter epigram, or each sex, its virtues. Yes, I admire Florine, one of her sneering smiles. When she entered but she is a rare anomaly, and writes as though

"Shall I present you?" asked the wonder of blackness covered with sparkling stars, all ing Marcia. "Not yet, wait until my wife (the conversation for the time was hushed. She had little lady yonder in white satin) is ready to perfect model of conjugal prudence, and fideli-

"You are a bitter satirist-the most polished Marcia as she excused herself, and hurried across the room to answer an eve summons

"With whom were you conversing, Marcia?" was her hurried question.

"Col. Lynn-the greatest curiosity." "Harvey, open those blinds if you pleace-

the room is stifling-Now fan me," said Incz "Harvey !" repeated Marcia to herself, "they are growing wondrous intimate." And she glanced at the flowers Harvey Maitland held-

flowers which Inez had worn in her hair,-then glanced down, and sighed. Inez saw it all with her searching eyes, and look of contemptuos pity shot athwart her

"And what was your oddity, Col. Lynn, saving of me?"

"Praising your genius, but he said your pen must have been dipped in gall." "Tell him that it was," answered Inez, while her eyes looked like half-sheathed daggers.

"Tell him that I dip it in my own heart's blood -and that is all bitterness-all gall !" Harvey Maitland siezed the little jewelled

sel of the fringed curtain, ar don't send such a message t "Stranger!" she laughed ing the half tender, half i.

Maitland, said in the same; F As Marcia delivered the and turned to Oscar Rayton,

if her pride does not suffer yet." She turned quickly but Col. Lynn had rejoined his wife: and so she set it down as fancy. In five minutes more, she was standing near

Inez, and Maitland. Poor Marcia! she did not know it herself, but everybody else did, that she always contrived to be near Harvey. Mrs. Rayton floated up the room, and presented to 'Mrs. Lowell,' 'Col. Lynn, and lady.' Yes, the introduction took place neath the

full blaze of chandeliers. And no one thought it at all singular, only some one remarked that 'Mrs. Lynn's eyes looked like beasalisks,' while Mrs. Lowell was perfectly composed, and seemed more grand, and dignified than ever.

"Mr. Maitland, shall we exchange companons?" asked Col. Lynn with a bow and smile. Harvey glanced at Inez, "Yes-certainly," said she, "I will show Col. Lynn the conserva-

"What a handsome match they would make," said half-a-dozen voices, as they walked proudly down the room-the tips of Inez' tiny fingers

"The only man I ever saw worthy to be the husband of such a woman."

"Hush-here comes his wife with Rayton. Ha! ha! Marcia Wilton has maneucred until

Inez soon returned but without Col. Lynn, with whom she parted at the door, and grasp-"A sweeping assertion, and it blows the dust | ing Harvey's arm said aloud, "See us to our carriage if you please." It was a command. "I shall believe that Inez is a true prophetess." but Harvey obeyed, although a number of

> But Mrs. Lowell never swerved from a purpose of hers; and leaning on the arm of Harvey Maitland she swept onward through the spacious rooms-her rich velvet robe trailing on the carpet, and her proud, well-set head. erect, and dignified. Marcia accepted somebody's arm-an heiress has plenty of atten-

Harvey accompanied them home, and as they alighted at the gate, and Marcia entered, while Inez lingered at the door to say 'good night.' intoxicated either with love, or wine, he attempted to kiss her hand. But Inez waived him

away, and said firmly, " Don't presume on my condescension, Harvey -you, and one other, are the only living things I do not despise-let me respect something that

#### CHAPTER II. "I could a tale unfold Whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul."

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale." They stood confronting each other in the dimly lighted sleeping-room of Inez-the belles Inez and Marcia. Both so beautiful-both so full of bitterness.

" And what do you think of the world now Marcia-is it still bright, and beautiful!" Marcia turned away-" Inez, don't ask me.

"I will tell vou :-- you think it a place where hearts are broken like playthings-not for wrong, but one who is fool enough to carry a heart in society deserves no better fate. Ere long, you will think it only 'a place to dig graves in,' and before you are as old as I am you will curse the hour that gave you birth as I

beauty, and magnificence, "It were a fearful his lip. Did he not remember that the perusal stream of blood trickled down her white night- divorce, and was married to that woman! Now was often on her lips.

"Pshaw! child, don't put on such a tragic air. Did you never see one's nose bleed before." "Inez, don't tell a falsehood-that blood came from your mouth."

"Well suppose it did-what then? Is that anything surprising ?" "Inez, you are dying-you will not live to

see your thirtieth birthday. "If I thought I should have to drag out my niserable existence five years longer, I should be tempted to-unclasp this bracelet Marcia.

people say-a brilliant woman ! "How did you like Col. Lynn ?" of wine-gulped down a portion of the fiery liquid, while Marcia stammered,

"Oh! Inez, I never saw you do that before." "And never will again-but would you have me go mad, girl; would you have me rave like a maniac, or dash my brains out on the pavement by a leap from this window. I tell you if my reason does not forsake me to night, it never will; and if it does, the asylum will have another inmate\_that is all." She clenched her nails in her flesh until the blood came, but not once did the muscles of her face move, or her voice rise above a suppressed murmur.

"Inez, you are mad now." "I am not mad, Marcia. I was never more sane than at this moment would I were mad. Oh! tell me that I am and I will bless you.' Marcia was silent, and began placing away her jewels. Inez came up to her, wound her white, tapering arm around her neck-an action so unusual that Marcia started-and said almost

"Marcia, dont learn to leate me like all the rest. I never saw you so cold before. But you are jealous, Marcia, and of me and that boy. Train yourself better child-

"I never saw the time my heart Looked freely from my brow." at least not for a long time; but your eyes Marcia are a mirror, where everybody can

and order

he knows my innocence, and her guilt, since experiment again. He loves me now-me the her the guilty creature, the past had painted.

him as a viper !"

She stood pale, and trembling, with her hands clenched, and her eyes fixed on the darksome street, but "too earnestly for seeing." Her whole form quivered with suppressed emotion. Marcia stole an arm around her waist, and was about to speak, but Inez interrupted her, "don't pity me Marcia-I could not bear that-give me love, admiration, hatred, envy, anything but circle, and a wife of the distinguished Senator I made an impression to night, I fancy. I am as pity. Do not even speak of it-let the past be a sealed book to be opened no more, until God shall unclasp it, and reveal the secrets of men Inez turned to the table poured out a glass to the gaze of millions. To night I am Inez past, and she thought how the domestic serpent apparition?" Lynn-to-morrow I shall be Mrs. Lowell again. But don't grow jealous of me, Marcia. Harvey I and with the slime of her nature blighted all you Inez." like, as one likes a petted, talented, but somewhat spoiled child. Let me tell you a secret. Harvey, like all the rest of his sex, is vain-he knows that you love him, for silly child that

> Poetess, when she says " Fate sets apart one common doom

You are feverish, and restless, when Harvey looks at any one else-you are jealous of your

you are, your eyes follow him, wherever he

goes. Learn a lesson from me, and believe the

Inez talked rapidly, like one who would fair forget, or would fain make Marcia forget that she, the frigid iceberg, had shown herself capable of human emotions. But Marcia could not forget that she had seen those proud eyes weep tears of fire-could not forget that she had seen her heart's blood, in a red current flow from those pallid lins!

It was late ere either of them arose in the norning-and when they met, Inez passed Marcia on the stair with a frigid "bon jour," thus thing! It was a cold, October day-the wind allowing her to see that the barrier was once more between them.

Morning callers dropped in as usual. Among

Col. Lynn and ike Col. Lynn ?" s always making

" nerable place. If one has a relation of whom

and so on. Incz replied calmly-with that arrow in he heart-Oh! what pride there must have been in the woman !- " A very distingue looking

man. Miss Ware,-my ideal of manly beauty. Miss Ware broke forth again. " And how did you enjoy the party last night, Marcia? Several times you looked as disconsolate as a homely woman who has just buried her husband, and has no hopes of getting another."

"You speak as though marriage were the

"And is it not, my love? What else do we dress for-for what other purpose do we anoint and rouge our faces, wear dresses we can't breath in, and shoes which pinch our feet? For what else do we promenade Broadway 'adorned like a bride to meet her bride-groom?' What else possesses us to leave our comfortable homes. and drag out several months at a miserable watering-place-but to make 'a good catch,' and

"Such may be your life-aim, Clara, but it is not mine. When I travel, I travel for health.

"No. Clara. You may be 'in search of a husband under difliculties,' but I am not. In fact I rather think you are, for you flirt desperately with every moustache you meet. rovided said moustache belongs to a biped who s the fortunate possessor of several millions.' "I admit it," said Clara laughingly. " Wealth is my object. I have the misfortune to be poor, and the folly to be proud. I have dressed and

"And not even love can live on flowers," It's just as easy to love a rich man as a poor one, and I must either catch a golden fish, or be dependant on my relatives."

Miss Ware prided herself on her candor. "If I were so thoroughly heartless I would not boast of it" said Marcia earnestly. "The calculating eye which measures the length of the purse, can never belong to one who has a

that consoled her for Miss Ware's sneer.

On the evening of the same day Mrs. Lowell gave her party. The rooms were decorated with all that taste and wealth could select. Every- deep groans issuing from her chamber! My first impulse was to kill the murderess—for body envied the graceful, dignified hostess. If they could have seen her heart!

she has almost forgotten it has ever been."

And Col. Lynn stood watching Inez-once see after his poor little wife." "What is it, Inez? what is it?" screamed she, growing tired of him, has tried her arsenic his Inez; and as he gazed he could not believe deserted wife, but, Marcia Wilton, were he kneel- Nay: in his soul he knew her to be pure. But

> CHAPTER III. "The wind is sweeping through the hall,

As though it felt the difference,
Its weary wing hath found."-LANDON.

In the fashionable Hotel at-Springs, the guests had been thrown into consternation by the sudden death of Mrs. Lynn, one of the gay of that name. Our old friend Marcia Wilton, now Mrs. Maitland, stood by the couch of death. Her thoughts were roving far away into the the speed of a locomotive-have you seen an had ingratiated herself into a happy family; its flowers of joy. She thought of Inez with her proud bleeding heart; and Col. Lynn, whose whole life had been rendered miserable by an early error. She dared not look at the future, of the decaying dust that lay before her. The \_ "It must be Harvey then," and Inez smiled woman who died, as she had lived, unrepentant; faintly. She descended the stairs with her slow, and who now stood at the dread tribunal to dignified step. Marcia heard the parlor-door answer for her long catalogue of crimes. There was a grand burial, and a host of mourners, for the deceased "had great possessions." Yet the wealth for which she had bartered her soul could not call her from the grave-could not erase one black spot from the past-could not keep the worms from holding their hideous revels over the body whose fairness had departed-could not purchase pardon from an offended God! The dance went on at night, and the song was as merry as befere, for the gay,

and giddy heed not the warnings of the grim One week more, and Marcia neared the home of her friend Inez. How changed was everyblighted oaks-the neglected creepers trailed ghosts were holding a revel within.

Yet Inez was there. Inez met her with the same stately caress, and her eagle eye was undimmed, and her bearing as proud as ever-

"Things are changed, are they not, Marcia? There are some I have dismissed all my servants but one quit tituted that their society forever, and devote all my attention to the pursuits I love. 'Florine Sanders' will live long after Inez Lowell is dead. You must stay one is ashamed they always ask after his health, with me, if you can endure my lonely castle, for although,

"I am misanthropos, and hate mankind." I hate not you. Jane will prepare a room for you; until then you can share mine, as the rest are unfit to be tenanted, in their present con-

She was not the Inez of old-Marcia felt that she was not the change was not discernible in

person, or manner, and yet it was there. Harvey came in the afternoon-he had forgotten his boyish love long ago; and he smiled end, and aim of life," said Marcia not heeding to himself as he thought how madly he had once sued for the hand of Inez. They all had a merry laugh over 'long ago,' but Inez soliloquised with some bitterness, "Thus one by one I have lost the love of all who loved me once. Oh! what a tangled web my life has

> She read them her poems-she even talked about her prospects as a writer, a something she had never before been known to do; and related, with forced gaity, some anecdotes of her child-

No! she was not the Inez of old.

Marcia remained with her-it would have been cruelty to refuse her request. And in one of their confidential conversations, Marcia disclosed to her the fact, that Col. Lynn was free again. She evinced no surprise-her countenance underwent no change, save that the thin upper-lip trembled convulsively.

Marcia felt that she was on forbidden ground and yet she ventured further.

"Inez, you loved him once." Inez started, and clasped her thin, pale hands

"Inez, I know that you sometimes recall those earlier hours, when he was all the world to you. I know that you dream over the days, when he pressed those little jewelled fingers, and fondly called you "mine." Do you not

Still no answer, but she trembled as in an ague-fit. "Inez you love Lionel Lynn even now. Were he kneeling at your feet now, what would you do ?"

" Spurn him as a ciper!" she hissed in a low. deep tone, which thrilled to Marcia's very heart. "You would not-your heart would not al-

Inez glared upon her for a moment like ar enraged tigress, and then walked calmly away. But all that long, long night, Marcia heard low,

It was a cold, rainy day, and Marcia Maitland sat in that dismal house, shuddering with like reply of Inez as they stood apart from the a vague presentiment of evil. She read Harvey's guests, and the boy told his mad love. "You last letter, and endeavored to derive some conare only self-deceived. The strong necessity of solation from the knowledge, that she would led you into an error. We are totally unlike Inez had been moody for several days, and Yonder stands your twin-spirit, the merry the being was pining for some one to talk to. in the family. I, like a dark shadow, crossed your path-you self as she sat embroidering a tiny slipper, love her still. She leaves to-morrow for her "and so uncommunicative. Dear me! I do distant home, and leaves believing that I blighted grow so weary of these interminable days. To be one shall that out her happiness. Harvey, recall your scattered be sure she has led a miserable life, poor thing! tinct, he is sober enough to deliver a temperance senses, love where you are loved, and seek not but I shouldn't be surprised if she brought some lecture, take our word for it. The words Nationone, whose youth lies so far behind her, that of it on herself by her strange, flighty manners.

Her teeth gnashed together, and a small out-old before my time-he had obtained a laugh rang merrily on the air, while the jest heaven I'm not a genius! Heigho! I hear wheels. I do hope it is my own precious Harvey come to

> She rushed to the door, and stood face to face with Col. Lynn!

"Rather an unexpected meeting, Mrs. Maiting at my feet, free once more, I would spurn they were parted forever-thus goes the world! land, and you seem startled to see me, but I am glad to find you here nevertheless.

"Walk in, Col. Lynn" stammered Marcia. They seated themselves, and sat for a few moments silent. "You can guess the nature of my business

Mrs. Maitland-I should like to see-Inez! Will you tell her for me that an old friend has called?" Marcia ran up stairs trembling all over, and found Inez with her head buried in her

"What's the matter Marcia? You come with " Not exactly, but an old friend has called for

"Can't help it. Tell him, or her, that I re

ceive no visitors. "'Tis not an ordinary visitor, Inez, but one, whom you, if I mistake not, will be glad to see." open, and close-then a faint shrick, and all was as silent as the grave!

The interview lasted more than an hour, but what passed between them Marcia never knew. One, two, three hours passed away, and Marcia stole noiselessly down. She opened the door softly, and found Inez, with her arms folded. gazing with hard, unblenching face, on the black.

black night! "She did not look up on her entrance, but hissed between her teeth, "Who suffers now?" "Inez, you have not rejected him."

"Marcia, I have. Think you, I would wed a second time with one who spurned me-one who poisoned my young life-made me a byword, and a thing of shame! Marcia Maitland whistled among the leafless branches of the I have not yet sunk so low. Much as I once loved Lionel Lynn I loathe-I despise him now! on the ground, and all spoke of desolation! To doubt me was sufficient-me, who worthe number Harvey Maitland, Oscar Rayton, Music no more floated through the spacious shipped him like a blind heathen as I was halls, but the wind howled like a restless spirit who was satisfied to crawl near him, but to through the deserted rooms, and slammed the breathe the air his presence made blessed. I window-shutters, until it seemed as though the said if he sought me again, I would spurn him

The night dragged by heavily. Early on the morrow Marcia sought the room of Inez. She found her still sleeping, and called several times, but received no answer.

She touched her face-it was cold, and colorless. She raised her softly-Inez was dead! A smile hovered around the beautiful mouth -strange visitant at such an hour! And next her heart lay a portrait. Marcia tried to remove it from those cold, clammy flagers in vain. She turned the face towards her own; and recognised

the handsome features of Lionel Lynn! "She loved him to the last," murmured Marcia gently, as she reverentially covered the face of the dead woman, who even in death, held closely to her heart the portrait of him she had loved always!

AUGUSTA, GA.

"KISS HIM, GIDDINGS !- KISS HIM, GID-DINGS!"—No one who heard the speech of Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina, (not yet published,) delivered on the day before yesterday, was surprised on finding him yesterday doing the work the Republican party managers so nervously desired him to do. Of the tenor of that speech, it is sufficient to say that it instantly drew s rush of congratulating Republican members—Abolitionists—around him, at its conclusion. As the venerable Joshua, who was at their head, bent over him and with outstretched hands and countenance beaming with delight, blessed him for the effort, as it were, Mr. George S. Houston. of Alabama, moved doubtless by the pregnant points of the passing scene, fixed the attention of all present upon it, by exclaiming, in a voice heard by all—"Kiss him, Giddings! Kiss him,

This exclamation, under the circumstances told, perhaps, with more force upon the mind of the House and the spectators in the galleries. than any hour's speech of the session.

"BELLE BRITTAIN," in a letter to the New Orleans Picayune, dated at Richmond, refers to Miss Cunningham, "the Southern Matron." and the lady who conceived the idea of purchasing Mount Vernon. "She is," remarks this correspondent, "a native of Charleston, and an invalid from infancy. Never having been married, the title of 'Matron' is, of course, a misnomer; unless, by a figure of spech, we may call her the Virgin Mother' of the great cause to which she is dedicating her feeble, yet most effective existence. \* \* I found Miss Cunningham confined to her bed; and marveled to see such strength coming out of weakness. It is the power of thought, or will, or rather of love, that creates and controls the world. There, pale and physically feeble, this chief apostle of Mount Ver nonism, has a patriotic fire in her eye that never fails to kindle a most contagious enthusiasm.

the Tower, after having inspected that fortress, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow, thus: How do you do, my Lord Duke? I believe your Grace and I have been in every jail in the kingdom." "I believe, friend," replied the Duke with surprise. "This is the only jail I have ever visited." "Very like," replied the fellow, "but I have been in all the rest." So saying, he touched his hat to the Duke and walked off, the greatest sang froid imaginable. Marlborough stared, as well he might.

The Duke of Marlborough, passing the gate of

RELIGION AT HOME.—" Let them learn first." begins in the family. aries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any other altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fire-side. The principle of love, which is to he carried through the universe, is first unfolded

How to TELL A DRUNKEN MAN .- If you wish How to Tell A DRENKEN man; to ascertain whether a man is really in liquor, al Intelligence are even harder to get over, and may be given to any one where the least suspi-These genuises seem destined to make them-cion is entertained that he is "how come you

## BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,

For if ye give not heart for heart,

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have, A goodly store of gold, And hold enough, of shining stuff For charity is cold.

Unmixed with purer things. And he who piles up wealth alone,

BY JENNY WOODBINE

"Oh! Inez, the world is bright, and beautiful."

"But Truth will discolor them. Once I too had such visions-now the mask has fallen from my eyes, as it will from yours. I have extinguished the lamp of romance, and view things by common daylight. Water seems clear, and beautiful when viewed by the naked eye-you thirst to taste it. Take a mycroscope-look at the same thing, and the filth and corruption will sicken you. Thus it is with life. Within the bed of roses which seems fairest a serpent lies hidden-a hideous thing coiled, and ready to strike. The world is but a den of serpents. We have the parlor serpent; the domestic serpent; the bosom serpent, and the serpent at | ing, "if you will only mix one grain of common

far more blind than the beggar who asked alms of you last evening. Let me prove it to you:

bosom friend." "Bosom serpent rather. Benedict Arnold was "Clever, witty, brilliant-another friend of

five years with my eyes wide open, and never yet discovered that article, friend. Imitations

"Inez, why are your eyes so constituted that "Tut! child, go to \_\_\_\_there's no other leg to The two ladies sat in a superb dressing room.

was to convey them to Mrs. Rayton's magnificent party. In ten minutes after the above conversation they were in that brilliant hall, strange resemblance between them, and yet they were very unlike in their beauty. Marcia miration; but Inez Lowell was emphatically

shan see I thousand priests, at a thousand altars, had proheard a voice behind her mutte

" Yes-I mean Col. Lynn! No, i am not again. Sit down, Marcia, let me 1 'l you alland when I have finished, ask me if I think the Lynn. I was a poor beggar-girl that he picked up somewhere in New York, and educated. He was as pleased with me as a child is with a new toy. I amused him-I interested him, and he married me. We lived in lordly style, and I, the beggar girl became a brilliant woman. I lived Poems. I dreamed Poems. But my inspiration was Lionel Lynn. He was my world my universe. I could have torn out my heart for him to walk upon. He was very fond of proteges-very. He took another in his family as governess. I always detested the milk and water concern, with her lac-lustre eyes, and vellow curls, and-but I did not know all then I was gay, and fashionable-giddy, and coquettish my enemies said-but she, the domestic

serpent said worse. Angela Mentfort would have killed me with a glance had it been in her power-as it was not, she busied herself to find a surer way, so anxious was she to become Mrs. Lynn. Shall I tell you how beautiful (?) the world seemed to me when he drove her out of evenings in his buggy, and I sat by my neglected fireside-a despised wife! Shall I tell you how bright the world was, when she sang to him at twilight-he hanging over her thus, while I stood grasping my throat with my slender fingers; and but for the memory of my dead mother, would have committed the inpardonable crime? I dared not speak to her save with politeness. Yes, I, Inez Lowell, in my own house, dared not! Oh! I was a pitiful slave-a woman has indeed sunk low, when she licks, like a hound, the hand that spurns her. And yet I loved Lionel Lynn-loved him even when he cursed me-kissed him while he slept, and wept over the idol that had proved itself to be but common clay. I was sitting alone one evening with my breaking heart-he had been upbraiding me with falsehood, when snow itself was not purer than I-but she could make him believe anything. I heard her, with her cat-like tread, enter the dining-room. Some thing tempted me to steal on tiptoe, and watch her, and there I saw-Listen Marcia-I saw her put arsenic in the tea destined for my use. I was mad-Marcia, mad! But I stood still-I held my breath. Presently he came in-how took up the identical cup prepared for me. She

blush for yourself." "Marcia, I went mad. No wonder I did. I

"Inez you are mad now-Do you mean Col. mad, but I have been mad, and I shall go mad world bright, and beautiful! I married Lionel

handsome he looked-and going up to the table urned pale-snatched it from him, and said,

"You should never drink anything, without loving which Nature implanted within us, has soon return to her own sunshiny little home. first examining it-particularly when you are in the house with a woman, who is anxious to in feeling, although our tastes are congenial. shunned her companionship; and the social litbe free. Try that tea on the cat. Of course the cat died, and he found out it was poisoned hearted, but gifted Marcia—you loved her, ere "Inez is a strange creature," she mused to her--of course they discovered my retreat. And that piece of injured innocence, Angela, held up her hands 'in pious horror,' and screamed. "What could have brought her here but mischief -she seldom leaves her room. Oh! Inez Lynn.

was carried to a mad house; and when I came | And Marcia stood near Oscar Rayton, and her selves, and everybody else wretched. Thank so."

marry well? I am perfectly candid."

pleasure, and improvement." "And to catch beaux-now don't denv it."

danced away what little fortune I had.

Harvey gave her an approving glance, and

"You do not love me Harvey," was the child-