## EDGEFIELD)

# ABNERTSER.

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

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

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors.

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### Select Poetry.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL. Scatter the germs of the beautiful! By the way-side let them fall, That the rose may spring up by the cottage gate, And the vine on the garden wall;

Cover the rough and the rude of earth With a veil of leaves and flowers, And mark with the opening bud and cup The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the holy shrine of home; Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there In the loveliest lustre come. Leave not a trace of deformity In the temple of the heart,

But gather about its earth the gems Of Nature and of Art. Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the temples of our God-The God who starred the uplifted sky. And flowered the trampled sod. When he built a temple for himself,

And a home for his priestly race,

He reared each arch in symmetry, And curved each line in grace. Scatter the germs of the beautiful In the depth of the human soul:

They shall bud and blossom, and bear their fruit While the endless ages roll. Plant with the flowers of charity The portals of the tomb, And the fair and pure about thy path

In paradise shall bloom. WOMAN. Affection's tears, how bright it seems In woman's tender eye, When trembling in the angel gleams

That to the loved one fly. Proud man, with all his boasted sense And reason, never knows The feeling holy and intense,

That in her pure heart glows. Ten thousand things will lead him far From those he ought to love. But woman is a changeless star That ever beams above.

Her fond, brave heart beats hopefully Amid the deepest gloom, And in it flowers of sympathy,

Her love will stand both time and tide And co'd misfortune's blast, And through both poverty and pride 'Twill burn on to the last.

And in the closing scene of life, When death's dark curtains fall, A sister, mother, or a wife, Is seen, heard, last of all.

#### Miscellaneous Reading

From Parton's Life of Burr.

ARRON BURR'S TWO MARRIAGES.

HIS FIRST MARRIAGE, AT TWENTY SIX-MES. PREVOST .- That Colonel Burr, the most rising young man in the State of New York, handsome, fascinating, well born and famous, whose addresses few maidens in the country would have been inclined to repulse, should have chosen to marry a widow ten years older than himself, with two rollicking boys, (one of them eleven years old,) with precarious health and no great estate, was a circumstance which scems to have been incomprehensible to his friends at the time, as it has since proved a puzzle to the writers of biographical gossip. Upon the theory that Burr was the artful devil he has been said to be, all whose ends and aims were his own advancement, no man can explain such a marriage. Before the Revolution he had refused point-blank to address a young lady of fortune, whom his uncle, Thaddeus Burr, incessantly urged upon his attention. During the Revolution he was on terms of intimacy with all the great families of the State-the Clintons, the Livingstones, the Schuylers, the Van Rensselaers and the rest-alliance with either of whom gave a young man of only average abilities immense advantages in a state which was to a single extent under the domination of great families. But no considerations of this kind could break the spell which drew him with mysterious power to the cottage of remote and

The lady was not beautiful. Besides being past her prime, she was slightly distigured by a scar on her forehead. It was the graceful and winning manners of Mrs. Prevost that first indeed, in all respects, an estimable ladyaffectionate, accomplished, well versed in literature, and as much given to the practice as averse to the profession of piety. But it was in her character as a lady and woman of the lady, called frequently became over the lady. she was without a peer among all the women he had ever known, and that if his own manners were in any respect superior to those of men in general, it was owing to the insensible influence of hers. The reader may perhaps have observed that young men of spirit and intelligence, who have been brought up in the severe, ungracious way of the stricter Puritans, are sometimes too keenly susceptible of the charm of manner, and are apt to attach to it

rural Paramus.

But a more lasting charm of this lady was her cultivated mind. Burr was a lover of estate needed a vigilant guardian, and the old pictures, a lover of everything that distinguishes house was lonely. After much hesitation, she man from the Puritan, and it was rare, indeed, at length consented to be dressed, and to receive in those days to find a lady in America who her visitors. And she was married. The cerehad the kind of culture which sympathizes with | mony was witnessed only by the members of such tastes. In Europe, women were only be- Madame Jumel's family, and by the eight serginning to emerge from the gross ignorance vants of the household, who peered eagerly in which was thought to be their proper condition, at the doors and windows. The ceremony was and in America, if they were not ignorant, few over; Mrs. Burr ordered supper. Some bins had the knowledge interesting to a man like of M. Jumel's wine cellar, that had not been Burr. Among his own female, relatives, there opened for half a century, were laid under conwas penetrating and brilliant intellect enough; tribution. The little party was a very merry but how perverting, how repressed. Some of one. The parson in particular, it is remembered the most renowned ladies of the time, with a was in the highest spirits, overflowing with huthousand virtues, scarcely ever looked into a mor and anecdote. Except for Colonel Burr's book. Mrs. Putnam was mighty at the spin- great age, (which was not apparent,) the match ning-weel, Mrs. Washington (as we lately learn seemed not an unwise one. from Mrs. Kirkland's pleasant pages) was a devotee of the knitting needle, and the wife of another famous general was not a little proud of her patchwork quilts. Burr had met few ladies in his carlier life who, like Mrs. Prevost, were familiar with the most recent expressions of European intellect, who could talk intelligently with him about Voltaire, Rousseau and

Chesterfield, and could appreciate those authors without becoming their disciples. It was not mere compliment when Burr told Mrs. Prevost that it was from knowing her that he had first learned to believe in the understanding of wo-

On the 2d of July, 1782, by the Rev. David Bogart, of the Reformed Dutch Church, Aaron Burr and Theodosia Prevost were married. They were forthwith established in an ample residence at Albany, where Col. Burr relieved the monotomy of business by assisting in the educating of two boys. One of the first uses he made of his dignity of house-holder was to give a temporary home to a friend who was in love, and had a project of marriage which it was necessary for some reason to conceal. That friend was the well-known Major Popham who was married at Colonel Burr's house, and who, fifty-four years after, held the pall which covered Burr's remains as they were borne to the

Carlos made no more journeys to Paramus. The charm of the "Hermitage" had departed from it. It may interest some readers to learn that the traditions of the old house, and of the family who inherited it, still exist in the vicinity. Some of the walls of the house are standing, and serve as a part of its modern structure. Some relics of its elegant contents-a picture among other things-adorn a neighboring tavern. Stories of the grand company that used to assemble at the Hermitage are vaguely told by some of the older inhabitants, and descendants of Mrs. Prevost reside a few miles from the old estate, in an elegant abode, which contains interesting memorials of the olden time. At Albary, in the first year of his marriage was born Colonel Burr's only legitimate child, a daughter, whom he named Theodosia. She had a joyful welcome into the world, the beautiful child who was to have so terrible an exit from it. A father, ever fond, if not ever wise, received to his arms the infant who was to be to him so much more than a daughter, when her indomitable fidelity was all that liked him to the family of man.

HIS SECOND MARRIAGE, AT FOURSCORE-MAD-AME JUNEL.—There was talk of cholera in the city. Madame Jumel resolved upon taking a carriage tour in the country. Before setting out she wished to take legal advice respecting some real estate, and as Col. Burr's reputation in that department was pre-eminent, to his office in Reade street she drove. In other days he had known her well, and though many an eventful year had passed since he had seen her, he recognised her at once. He received her in his courtliest manner, complimented her with admirable tact, listened with soft deference to her statement. He was the ideal man of busihis client the flattering impression that the faculties of his whole soul were concentrated to him than any word could have been. upon the affair in hand. She was charmed, ret leared him. He took the papers, named the day when his opinion would be ready, and handed her to her carriage with winning grace. At seventy-eight years of age he was still

On the appointed day she sent to his office a relative, a student of law, to receive his opinion. This young gentleman, timid and inexperienced, had an immense opinion of Burr's tal-ents; had heard all good and all evil of him; supposed him to be, at least, the acutest of horrible men. He went. Burr behaved to him in a manner so exquisitely pleasing, that, to this hour, he has the liveliest recollection of the scene. No topics were introduced but such as were familiar and interesting to young men. His manners were such as this age of slangy familiarity cannot so much as imagine. The young gentleman went home to Madame Jumel only to extol and glorify him.

Madame and her party began their journey, revisiting Ballston, whither, in former times, she had been wont to go in a chariot drawn by eight horses; visiting Saratoga, then in the beginning of its celebrity, where, in exactly ten minutes after her arrival, the decisive lady bought a house and all it contained.

Returning to New York to find that her mansion had been dispoiled by robbers in her absence, she lived for a while in the city.

Colonel Burr called upon the young gentleman who had been Madame's messenger, and, after their acquaintance had ripened, said to him: a year than you can learn in ten in an ordinary Madame Jumel, she, anxious for the young placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they man's advancement, gladly and gratefully sented. He entered the office. Burr kept him close at his books. He did teach him more in a year than he could have learned in ten in an day that little beggar boy can stand on the old ordinary way. Burr lived then in Jersey City. place and say to you, though he's an humble His office (23 Nassau street) swarmed with applicants for aid, and he seemed now to have quite lost the power of refusing. In no other respect, bodily or mental, did he exhibit signs of decrepitude.

meeting with Madame Jumel. At the sugges- "God," said she, "put it into my child heart to tion of the student, who felt exceedingly grate- do that little deed of kindness, and see now full to Burr for the solicitude with which he how great is the reward he has given me." assisted his studies, Madame Jumel invited Colonel Burr to dinner. It was a grand banquet, at which he displayed all the charms of over the workman in his blue overhalls, over s manner, and shone to conspicuous advantage. captivated the mind of Col. Burr. She was, On handing to dinner the giver of the feast he said: "I give you my hand, Madame; my heart has long been yours." This was supposed to be merely a compliment, and was little remarked more than a picture there. lady; called frequently, became ever warmer world that she proved so irresistibly pleasing to in his attentions; proposed, at length, and was him on their first acquaintance. He used in refused. He still plied his suit, however, and after years to say that in style and manners obtained at last, not the lady's consent, but an undecided No. Improving his advantage on the instant, he said, in a jocular manner, that he would bring out a clergyman to Fort Washington on a certain day, and there he would once

more solicit her hand. He was as good as his word. At the time appointed, he drove out in his gig to the lady's residence, accompanied by Dr. Bogart, the very clergyman who, just fifty years before, married him to the mother of his Theodosia. The lady was embarrassed and still refused. But then the scandal! And, after all, why not? Her

To SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and minister unto them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—Howard.

There's the Rua.—"Plain faced girls should dress plainly," remarks Miss Leslie. Was their almost all Scotch clergymen, though the cate-oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this, and found it she had a plain face?

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"Get away with your, dirty old beggar boy.
I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at our flowers?" The speaker was a little boy not more than eleven years old, and though some people sometimes called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disa-

THE BEGGAR BOY.

greeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were opening themselves to the sunshine. O, it was a great joy to look at them as they bowed gracefully to the light with their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path that curved around a small arbor, where the young grape clusters that lay hidden among the large leaves, wrote a beautiful prophecy for the

on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, until his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing. And every thing in that long absorbed gaze! Ah! it was seldom the beggar boy saw anything that was either very good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awaking.

His blood rushes up to his face, and a glance

ull of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort a little girl sprang out from the arbor and looked eagerly from one child to the other. She was very fair with soft hazle eyes, over which drooped long shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her almost bare white shoulders; and her lips were the color of the crimson tulip blossoms.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton!" she asked, with a tone of reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. I'm sure it dosen't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers if he likes."

"Well Hellen," argued her brother, slightly molified and ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence, it looks so low."

"Now that's a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure if the flowers can do anybody any good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy," (and the child turned to the beggar boy and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince) "I'll pick you some of the tulips, if you'll wait a moment."
"Hellen I do believe you're the funniest girl

that ever lived !" ejaculated the child brother, as he turned away and with a low whistle ness—confidential, self possessed, polite—giving saunted down the path, feeling very uncomfortable; for her conduct was a stronger reproof Hellen plucked one of each specimen of th

tulips, and there was a great variety of these and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them and thanked her. O, the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great rice," into the black, turbid billows of the poys life, and the after years would bring it up beautiful and fair again.

Twelve years had passed. The little blueeyed girl had grown into a tall graceful woman. One bright June afternoon she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as they had twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's over-alls, leaning over the fence, his eyes following eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here Edward," said she, "I'll pluck some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them; and then releasing her husband's arm, she approached the pailing (and the smile round her lips was very like the old, child one.) saying, are you fond of flowers sir? It will give me great pleasure

to gather you some." The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair, sweet face.

"Twelve years ago this very month," he said their acquaintance had ripened, said to him: in a voice deep and yet tremulous with feeling, "Come into my office; I can teach you more in "I stood here leaning on this railing, a dirty ragged little beggar boy; and you asked me The proposition being submitted to this very question. Twelve years ago you made me a new boy, aye, and they made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light ma'am all along the dark hours of my life, and this and hard-working man, yet thank God, he's an honest one."

.Tear drops tremble like morning dew on the shining lashes of the lady as she turned to her husband, who had joined her and listened in Some months passed on without his again absorbed astonishment to the workman's words.

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there, the lady with her golden hair, and over the proud looking gentleman at her side. Although t was a picture for a painter, the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something

DIABOLICAL .- In a small town, in one of the counties of Ohio, a stranger rode up to the door of a tavern, and having dismounted, ordered a stall and some oats for his horse. A crowd of loafers-that class of independent citizens who are never equal to decent men except on election day-swarmed about the bar-room and steps, waiting to be "invited up to the counter." Among this crowd the stranger's business was at once the subject of impertinent speculation. One fellow, more impudent than the rest, made free to inquire of the traveller what vocation he followed; to which the latter replied that his business was a secret at present, but that he would probably make it known before leaving town.

Having spent a day or two looking around, visiting the place where whiskey was sold, and tailed, the number of habitual drunkards in persisted in exercising the same spiritual the place; the number of dogs kept by men diction over these new comers, which have whose children never went to school or had enough to eat-after, in short, making a complete moral inventory of the town, he concluded to leave, and having mounted his horse, was about to be off, when his inquisitive friend, urged on by his associates, stepped up and said: See here, Captain, you promised to tell us

our business before you left, and we'd like to hear from you on that point." "Well," said the stranger, "I am an agent for the devil-I'm hunting a location for h-Il,

"GOOD NIGHT." "GOOD NIGHT. PAPA!"

These are the words whose music has not left our ears since the gloaming, and now it is midnigh. "Good night, darling! God bless you; you will have pleasant dreams, though toss in fever, haunted by the demons of care that harass me through the day. Good night!" The clock on the mantel struck twelve, and no sound was heard in the house save the regular breathing of those little lungs in the next room, heard through the door ajar. We dropped our pen, folded our arms, and sat gazing on the lazy fire, while the whole panorama of life passed before us, with its many "good nights."
It is a great thing to be rich, but it is a rich thing to have a good memory—provided that memory bears no unpleasant fruit, bitter to the taste; and our memory carries us back to many a pleasant scene—to the little arm chair by the fireside; to the trundle bed at the foot of the A white pailing ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar boy so rudely addressed, was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid you would have tarned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved of childhood, to say nothing of the mysteries He was looking with all his soul in his eyes of the starry skies, and the weird gloom of the n the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to moaning forest. But, then, there were the good nights," and the little prayer, and the downy bed, on which slumber fell as lightly as a snow flake, only warmer, and such dreams as only visit perfect innocence! The household "Good night!" Somebody, in whose brain its rich music still lingers, has written this:

"Good night!" A loud clear voice from the

stairs said that it was Tommy, "Dood night!" nurmurs a little something from the trundle-bed—a little something that we call Jenny, that filled a large place in the centre of two pretty little hearts. "Good night!" lisps a lit-tle fellow in a plaid rifle dress, who was named Willie about six years old.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake"—

and the small bundle in the trundle-bed has dropped off to sleep, but the broken prayer may go up sooner than many long petitions that set out a great while before it.

And so it was "good night" all around the homestead; and very sweet music it made, too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melody it makes now, as we think of it; for it was not resterday nor the day before, but a long time go-so long that Tommy is Thomas Somebo ly, Esq., and has forgotten, that he ever was boy, and wore what the bravest and richest of us can never wear but once, if we try -the

first pair of boots.

And so it was "good night" all around the house; and the children had gone through the ivory gate, always left a little ajar for them brough into the land of dreams.

And then the lover's "Good night," and the parting kiss! They are as prodigal of the hours as the spendthrift of his coin, and the minutes depart in , golden showers, and fall in dying sparks at their feet. "Good night."—N. Y. Atlas.

THE RIGHTS OF SCHOOLMASTERS AND CARENTS.

A case of considerable interest was tried recently before Justice Ladd, of Cambridge Mass. A citizen of Newton was complained of for an assault upon the master of a school in that place. It appears that the master was in the habit, as is now the general custom, of keeping the child of the defendant, with other scholars after school hours, to learn her lesson, which had been imperfectly recited during school hours. The parent believing that the detention was illegal, went to the school-house and demanded his child. This was after regular school hours. The master said the child should go as soon as she had recited her lesson. The parent attempted to enter the school room to take his child, but his entrance was resisted by the master and the assault upon the master was the result. The court ruled that the keeping of a child until the lessons of the day had been perfected was legal; that the parent in attempting to enter the school room, in opposition to the child placed at school by the parents is under missed; and that a parent cannot withdraw the child from school during the day against the master's will, except through the intervention of an officer and the school committee. The lefendant was fined \$20 and costs .- Boston

THE LAW AND DUTY .- Some hold to the opinion, that " the authority of the Teacher ex-tends only during the usual hours of School." We do not take it upon ourselves to settle the interfere with the rules and regulations of conscientious teachers. Whatever has a tendency to lower the teacher in the estimation of a child undermines the authority of the parent; for the teacher is his representative for the time. The Teacher's failure is the parent's loss. If therefore communications of an unpleasant mature are to be made, do not make your child took off his hat to make his best bow. incurred your censure, and deserves to be called to an account, for your own sake, and on account of others, do not make his pupils the witnesses of his humiliation.

Teachers are responsible for the improvement and conduct of their pupils. The mode of instruction and the discipline

of the school, ought therefore to be subject to their judgment and selection. If they are not qualified to do their duty, children ought not to be entrusted to their charge. The conduct of the parent, whose action is related above, we consider in more than one respect highly unbecoming, even if it could be shown, that the detention of the child is illegal. The Educational Herald of New York, appears questions the legality of the usage.

#### CATECHISING JEFFREY, THE REVIEWER. From a late number of Fraser's Magazine,

we copy the following anecdote of Lord Jef-

I was amused by a story I heard of a simpleminded country parson, whose parish lay upon the Frith of Clyde, and so became gradually overspread with fashionable villas, to which families from Edinburgh and Glasgow resorted making various inquiries as to the amount re- in summer and autumn. This worthy man jurisdiction over these new comers, which he had been wont to exercise over his rustic parishioners before their arrival. And in particular, in his pastoral visitations, he insisted on examining the lady and gentleman of the house in the 'Shorter Catechism," in the presence of their children and servants. It happened, one autumn, that the late Lord Jeffrey, after the rising of the Court of Sessions, came to spend the long vacation in the parish of L\_\_\_. Soon after his arrival, the minister intimated from the pulpit that upon a certain day he would "hold a diet and am glad that I have found a place where of catechising" in the district which included and am glad that I have found a place which is the dwelling of the eminent judge. True to inhulitants."

his time, he appeared at Lord Jeffrey's house, and requested that the entire establishment

what was Lord Jeffrey's consternation, when the entire household being assembled in the drawing room, the worthy minister said, in a solemn voice, "My lord, I always begin my ex-

amination with the head of the family. Will you tell me, then, 'What is effectual calling.'" Never was an Edinburgh reviewer more thoroughly nonplused. After a pause, during which the servants looked on in horror at the thought that a judge should not know his catechism, his lordship recovered speech, and answered the question in terms which completely dumfounded the minister-

"Why, Mr. Smith, a man may be said to discharge the duties of his calling effectually when he performs them with ability and success."

SENSITIVE DEBTOR DRIVEN TO SUICIDE. The Cincinnatti Sunday Dispatch, of the 30th ult., has the following:—The daily journals yesterday told of a poor man by the name of Winter who committed suicide by drowning himself, and they added that embarrassed circumstances were supposed to have been the cause of the

rash act. And this was his obitnary, and he went down into the dark waters, and none, save some half dozen orphan children, who are cast have an immense superiority. The English ipon the broad, troubled surface of a selfish world, will give a passing thought upon the poor

And what were the "embarrassed circumstan-

ces" which could weigh so, heavily upon one conscious of an immortality beyond the grave, as to make him rush heedlessly into the dread unknown, and, peril his eternal welfare? Poor sonl it is said that he owed a hard-hearted cred-itor a paltry sum of \$35. With his scanty salapoor fellow was too honest to gainsay the debt, he attached the paltry sum left in the hand of his employees. This was tautamount to seeing his little ones turned into the street, for the money attached was intended to pay his rent, and provide other necessaries for his motherless children, and so, despair took possession of his soul, and feeling that the dear ones for whom he had toiled and struggled could not be worse off, even if he were no more, he took the fatal leap, and as the turbid waters closed over his head, there was registered by an invisible hand a damning record

Millionaires may swindle their creditors mpunity, and the law will not touch them. Capitalists and bankers may close their coffers, burs ting with yellow ore, to the demands of their creditors and starving victims, and still the world will take them by the hand and deem them marvelous proper men, and smart withal. But the law—we had almost said curses upon it—can take the paltry savings of a poor wretch who depends upon them to purchase food for his famiy. It can teach him to be honest, even at the nense of his temporal and spiritual life; thank Heaven, it cannot pursue him beyond the grave, and we take a vengeful pleasure in be-lieving that the balance sheet between the rich per ecutor and his victim will some time be struck.

of life sacrificed to avarice and cupidity.

We do not know who the relentless creditor is that drove poor John Winter to commit the last desperate act; we do not care to know him; but we do know that we would not exchange honest poverty for his conscience, with the

wealth of Crossus thrown in. INDUSTRY AND GENIUS .- There are many teachers who profess to show the nearest way to excellence; and many expedients have been invited by which the toil of study might be saved. But let no man be seduced to idleness by specious promises. Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be will of the master was in the wrong; that a opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. the control of the master until regularly dis- You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry vill improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deliciency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be obtained without it.

A Young Lady Killed .- On Saturday, 26th ult., a young man and woman, were to be married the following Monday, went out in the woods near Newago, Michigan, and sat down on question; but we do say, Parents should never a log. Meanwhile, a cockney sportsman, who was out after deer, seeing the flutter of the lady's dress, fired and shot her through the abdomen, causing her death in three hours.

of a man from the Emerald Isle called at the counting-house of a river-side merchant, and the bearer of the message, we mean a verbal message or unsealed note. If the teacher has been told ye're in want of help." "I've but lit- vals from Mobile, Florida and Texas.) since tle to do," replied the gentleman, with mercan- September 1st to July 3d, were 1,543,868 bales, tile gravity. "Then I'm the boy for ye's," says against 1,438,733 bales to same date last year;

BANK OF NEWBERRY .-- At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Newberry, S. C., held on Wednesday, 7th instant, the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz:

Rocius F. Atwood, B. D. Boyd, James M. Baxter, Joseph Caldwell, Jacob H. Wells, John L. Young, R. L. M'Caughrin, John W. Simpson, Samuel R. Todd, John S. Renwick, James A. Renwick, John P. Kinard, and Andrew Turner. At a meeting of the Directors elect, subsequently held, B. D., Boyd was unanimously reelected President .- Conservatist.

WEARING THE BREECHES .- In last week's New York Ledger, that audacious daughter of Eve, Fanny Fern, boldly confesses that in the recent rainy spell, which made walking in skirts im-practicable, she donned a full suit of the male Fern's habiliments and thus equipped, took a long evening walk, to her eminent comfort and delectation. Her husband, indeed, accompanied her, but whether in her cast-off integuments forth she will wear the breeches. So says the New York Times.

nen, and farmers less than those engaged in any other occupation. Editors, reporters, prinand thus keep out of mischief. Clergymen can the colonies of France. sleep twenty-four hours, and put their parish to sleep once a week.

AN INFALLIBLE CURE.-Many testify to the efficacy of the following remedy in all cases of flux, dysentery or cholera morbus : Take two heaping teaspoonful of flour of slin-

pery elm, and one tenspoonfo' of Henry's cal-

the family to listen to a fireside lecture. But FRENCH OPINION OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

"The Constitutionnel observes that the pre

sent difference has given rise to a remark which

We find the following article among the de-tails by the steamer Africa:

never before so forcibly struck public opinion, which is, that whenever any difference arises between these two powers, one gives proof of the most perfect moderation, and a condescen-sion which is not habitual to it, while the other, on the contrary affects a susceptibility and becomes exacting to a degree not justified by success. The Constitutionnel explains this fact by showing that, although the United States have developed their strength, and are increasing in a proportion hitherto unknown in the extent of their territory, the British nation is by no means intimidated, nor does she fear their army nor their fleet. The length of time the Government of the United States has been reducing the Mormons to submission is not calculated to give a grand idea of its military strength. The American navy appears large on paper, because the steamboats which convey passengers on the lakes and rivers are included in the effective force; but, in case of war, Great Britain would Government is conciliatory, because the United States supply the English manufacturers with cotton, which article provides employment for so large a proportion of the English people. But, as the Constitutionnel truly remarks, if the English people have need to purchase cotton, the American's feel an equal necessity to find purchasers. So that, although the English Government is over ready to make sacrifices for the maintenance of peace, the American peory, and large family of helpless children, he ple would suffer most by a war between the found himself unable to pay it. The creditor two countries. War would not deprive Engsued, and shark-like, hungry for the marrow of land of cotton, for the American planters would his victim, after obtaining judgement, for the send their produce to Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam and all the Northern ports. They would send their cotton into English ports in neutral bottoms, and the Americans would draw their spun cotton from England by a similar conveyance. The only inconvenience to England would be that the intervention of a third party between the buyer and seller would increase the price of the cotton to the English manufacturer,

> facturing the raw material at home. The Constitutionnel concludes thus; "'The manufacture of cotton is for England the occupation and the life of 1,000,000 or 2,-000,000 inhabitants. It feeds entire provinces. During the late crisis on that side of the channel-thousands of operatives were supported by public charity. What, then, would be the consequence when those cotton manufacturers, who work five days out of six to clothe foreigners, should lose that market? Who can tell what might happen? It is then that England might great, without a rival, and the demand for new see a terrible revolution break out at home. The cotton question would be converted into a | with the new uses of the staple and the new desituation which renders England so prudent and so moderate with regard to the United States and which, on the other hand, inspires the United States with an assurance which in case of necessity, she might carry to a degree of temer-

and the Americans would probably try every

expedient, and might finally succeed, in manu-

Said a young gentleman to a distinguished

medical practioner in Philadelphia: "Doctor, what do you do for yourself, you have a turn of headache, or slight attacks ?" Go without my dinner, was the reply." " And if that does not cure you, what then?" "Go without my supper." "But if that does not cure you, what then?" "Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves, or use them in our families, for we know that starving is better; but we cannot make our patients believe it."

LAGER BEER .- At the late German pic-nic held in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, fifteen hundred dollars worth of lager beer was consumed by the thirsty multitude. The demand exceeded the supply-nervous America and lympathic Germany could not obtain enough of the delightful beverage. A venerable gentle man from the Rhine, after drinking three score and ten glasses, complained bitterly of the limited supply, and insisted that on such occasions the sons and daughters of father land should be permited to indulge in their favorite drink to the top of their bent.

OUEEN VICTORIA A GRANDMOTHER .- Queen Victoria, it is hinted, will appear in the venerable character of a grandmother in the course of a few months, when a pledge of the loves of Prince Frederick William and his wife will be presented to the loyal people of Prussia. This title has not been a common one in the royal family of England for many years, there having been but two grandmothers in that family from the death of Queen Caroline, wife of George II, NOT TO BE PUT OFF .- An atheletic specimen in 1789, down to the birth of Queen Victoria's first child.

RECEIPTS AT NEW ORLEANS .- The receipts of and the increase in the receipts at all the ports, up to the latest dates as compared with last year, is 118,187 bales. In the exports from the United States to foreign countries, as compared with the same dates last year, there is an increase of 304,229 bales to Great Britain, and a decrease of 19,996 bales to France, and of 48, 321 to other foreign parts.

"WAR INEVITABLE .- Theodore Parker closed a 4th of July discourse in Boston last Sunday, as follows :

"Nothing could save slavery from its ruin. Once it might have been peaceful; but now he thought it must end in violence and blood. If the American people did their duty, ere the 100th anniversary of American Independence was celebrated. American slavery would be no more -and then what a glorious, happy future would be before us!"

The New York Times says that the cargo of African apprentices which had been recently taken from a French vessel and returned to Monrovia, are supposed to have been freed slaves the record saith not. Be this as it may, Fanny sent from this country to Liberia. The surgeon avows, in the face of a sneering world, that hence- of the French ship says they were shipped by consent of the President of Liberia, and could nearly all read and write. If this be so, the Colonization Society of this country should look SLEEP .- Women require more sleep than to it. It would be hardly worth while to go to the expense of sending freed slaves from this country to Liberia to have them immediately ters and telegraph operators need no sleep at shipped by consent of the agents of the society all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose, into a worse state of "apprentice" slavery in

> CHANCE FOR AN EDITOR .- The Petersburg Intelligencer wants an assistant editor, and says he must be "a gentleman constructed mainly of wrought iron, having a metallic skin, embossed with ferruginous warts, and a stomach adapted to the digestion of blazing lightwood knots and boiling water-in short, a steam man. Such a gentleman, or any person desirous of anticipa

BUILDING HOUSES WITH COTTON.

The uses to which cotton may be applied are numerous, and the demand for it is growing. We have now to chronicle another discovery, which, if it turns out to be what is claimed for it, will exercise no small influence upon the future value of the snowy staple of the South. A correspondent of the Charleston Courier notices, with much commendation, a new invention, by which immature or inferior cotton may be used for building purposes. The invention, we are told, was patented one year ago, and has had "successful trial." By this process "the soiled and water stained cotton of the fields, the wreck of fires, the scraps and bits scattered everywhere, even the sweepings of cotton factories, which, in many cases, are too bad to be purchased even

by paper mills and are cast out as rubbish, are

destined to form the material of our public as well as private buildings; the crude fibre first

losing its elasticity, yet remaining singularly te-nacious, becoming finally as hard and as durable perhaps as stone itself." From the description, says the Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer, we infer that the process is similar to that by which chairs and many orther articles of furniture are made of papier-mache. The paper pellets which children sometimes chew and throw about become very hard and strong when dry, capable of sustaining considerable pressure and of much durability and firmness. Their plasticity when wet is also great, and the furniture made of this material is at once very light and strong. The preparation of cotton waste for building purposes, we suppose, is by a similar process of reducing the fibre to a paste, with an

outside coating of some impervious substance to prevent the absorption of rain. The Courier's correspondent says that a roof thus formed is both fire and water-proof. He further says: On the whole, from what we ourselves once witnessed, a plastic cotton building should occupy, in completing it from roof to cellar, about one-half the time required for laying an equal measure of brick wall. When it is considered. too, that such houses will be as fire-proof, as brick. and as strong, if not much stronger, than houses of modern economy in material, and actually stand the contractor in for but one-third the average cost of bricks when laid, the belief seems fully justified that a few years will see our streets and those of other cities adorned with granite-like structures, or here and there a facsimile of brown or freestone, not erected by mil-lionaires, but by men whose fortunes might not have sufficed otherwise for even unadorned brick

and mortar. This invention, if successful, is certainly an important one for the cotton planter. When our cotton fields, instead of our forests and brick yards, furnish the cheapest and best building material, and Mr. Henry's invention enables the planter to send his cotton to market in the shape of spun yarn, the empire of King Cotton will be cotton territory and more laborers will keep pace

LIBERIA-AN AFRICAN CONGRESS. The Rock Island (Ill.) Argus, has an interesting lettler from Purser Danforth, U.S. N., who has visited Liberia recently. He went to see the Congress, now in session, and says:

O. Crescent

The Senate consists of eight "fust family" niggers and the House of Representatives of eleven. The ex-President, Roberts, is nearly white, and wears a white moustache. The present President, Benson, is a full blooded darkey, as is also the Vice President, Gates. I was also introduced to the Supreme Court, and to the Attorney General, Payne. They are all colonists i. e. persons born in the United States, and sent out here by the Colonization Society.

They had up a great question in the House of Representatives; viz: the propriety of increasing the salaries of the officers; and the speeches were highly amusing. One fellow, who did not seem to be in the secret, had ventured to assert that an addition of \$50 to the judge's salaries might break the colony. An honorable member replied with much spirit, as follows:-

Mr. Speaker and German :- De gemman last up says Liberia may broke. Gemman, you can't do it, Liberia can't broke—only rich folks broke. Yah! Yah! (Great applause.) They have four colonies, viz: Missurado, Bas-

sa, Sinoe and Cape Palmas, the last of which was for many years a colony in the State of Maryland, and was called the "State of Maryland in Liberia," and our State of Maryland has started the colony and paid annually \$10,000 for its support. Recently the State of Maryland in the United States concluded that she had paid money enough for that purpose, and sho stopped the supplies. The colony therefore annexed itself to Liberia.

The population of Liberia is estimated to be

about 200,000, nearly all of whom are native "bashmen." The colonists proper number about 12,000, and cast about 1,200 votes. Their counties answer to our states, and their government modelled after our own.

They have a jail, three churches and a "receptacle"—a house where emigrants are kept until they can take care of themselves. Their defence, are four small howitzers mounted on a hill near the town; four more which lay unmounted and half covered with sand on the beach, where they were first landed; and one more which is in the same condition, on an unslightly place they call a government square. Their navy consists of a little schooner, the Lark, which was presented to them by Great

The whole business of the colony seems to be controlled by a few families, who monopolize all the offices, control the funds and tax the people to the extent of their ability to pay. A fair op-portunity, forty years, and under the aid of the Home Colonization Society, has been given to see what the negro can do. What little evidence of civilization they do exhibit is only that reflected from the whites. I believe now, if the aid afforded them from abroad was withdrawn, that they would nearly all take to the bush in a very short time.

GOOD ADVICE .- The Musical Review says: "If our friends will omit to write the word 'Professor,' in their favors, as applying to a music teacher or conductor, they will save us the trouble of erasing it; certainly that word, as it is commonly used, shall not get into our columns

except by accident." Akin to this silly "Professor" business, is the abominable habit into which many people and newspapers have fallen, of giving a title, as Colonel, General, &c., &c., to every person who keeps a tavern or who provides eatables and drinkables for a crown, or who fills any two penny office which specially brings him before the

A young lady, who is well posted in all the fashionable literature of the day, quotes Byron and Tom Moore, and works blue-tailed dogs in sky-colored convulsions to perfection, innocently inquired of a young gentleman the other night who this Mr. Lecompton was who had occasioned so much trouble at Washington!

"The anothecaries of some of our neighboring cities are advertising a new perfumery called