Select Poetry.

From the Southern Literary Messenger. " Willie .-- Meet me in Heaven!"

The flowers were dressed in all their brightest bloom Shedding their fragrance through the darkened room Where Death stood lingering.

A young disciple lay With folded arms upon her dying bed, And friends drewnear with light and noiseless tre To hear the sufferer pray.

"Saviour!" she whispered low, "Let me thy blessed will, in faith obey, And guard my spirit, as it soars away, But heal his fearful woe !

"Soothe all his grief and pain-Let him with Faith's consoling hopes be blest, And guide him to thy house of blissful rest, Where we may meet again." Then turning to those near,

She asked that she might now be left alone With the chief mourner, there. And as, with anguish bowed He knelt beside her bed, and heard her speak

She waved her hand-and with beseeching tone,

Her last farewell, and kissed her fading check, Calmly, she said aloud,-

And now I am to leave this earthly sphere-This world of sin and sorrow, pain and care-My work on earth is done. " Meet me in that bright land Where grief no more shall come, and troubles ce

Where dwelleth holiness, and love, and peace, And joy at God's right hand. " May grace to thee be given To follow me, to purer worlds away-My Saviour calls me home-I cannot stay

WILLIE! MEET ME IN HEAVEN!" .

An Interesting Story

The Sunday Times has lately given a sort red in Southwestern Missouri not many years ago. The facts are gleaned from a report of the trial of Mary Silmore for murder. The counsel for the heroine, on her trial, and the principal events related are on record in the archives of the Circuit Court of Jasper Coun-

of Jasper were all in motion. The captain whole force, and, accordingly, full two hundred, completely armed and equipped, assembled at the court house as the point of departure on their desperate expedition. They serviceable horses, and might be termed a respectable looking set of men for the back-woods. Their captain, John Mays, in par-ticular, was a splendid fellow, at least in physical appearance. Tall, graceful and commanding, he was fitted to adorn the drawing room as well as the battle field. One of those changeable beings so numerous in the far west, where any profession may be assumed at will without preliminary training. He had been first a bee hunter, then a Methodist | peril affected the inmates of the log cabin in preacher, then a doctor, then a lawyer. He He was now "a fighter" and, on account of his astonishing prowess in this new occupation, had recently been elected to the captaincy of the lynchers, in the place of a pre-

decessor killed. The company left the court house, which, on the frontier, is the public hall for all sorts of meetings, and set out on their campaign you." sight to see them skimming away over the gate. They alighted, hitched their horses to the palings, and were in the act of entering. at ten o'clock in the morning. It was a fine ing shirts streaming in the wind, and their guns glittering in the sunshine. Many spectators, collected to celebrate the glorious day, witnessed their departure, and many predict- and calm voice. ed that they would not return as they went .-

wards in open court) will show: Tom Barker .- Well, captain, do you think

son! (His favorite oath.) Have we not screamed outright with terror. whipped him three times already, until there is not an inch of his hide, from the neck to down, quaking on the floor.

the hills, that does not bear the deep scars Barker .- Very true, captain; but then they say that he now keeps twelve loaded door.

guns, and as many pistols, always by his head, and swears he will never be taken any more Captain .- I don't care if he had fifty can-

Barker .- Yes; but they also say that prot ty Mary, his younger daughter, has been practicing lately, and can shoot nearly as well as her father. May be she will take it into her head to give a pop of powder and lead.

At this singular intelligence Captain Mays turned pale, and drawing a long breath which in a softer and sadder tone—" What a pity be the child of a thief and counterfeiter." Barker (with a smile.)-I am told that

Captain .- I loved her as my own soul, and am satisfied that she loved me until I joined the lynchers, and then she never would speak to me again. But that must have been the work of her infernal father, and I'll have his

Barker .- They say that she can cut off the head of a hawk with a pistol at ten paces. Captain .- That may all be as they say, man being. She is the most tender-hearted woman God ever created. I wish you could have seen her weep at the death of her little

spotted fawn, torn to pieces by the dogs, through mistake. Barker .- That's no sign. Parson Brady. you remember, cried one day over his dead horse, and the next day killed Jack Coulter for calling him "Old Snuffler." Tears are as great a humbug as smiles, and I would'nt trust either farther than I could throw a blacksmith's antil. But tell me, captain, what shall we do with Silmore if we catch

him this time? We have ordered him off and he won't go; we have whipped him till he has no skin on his back, and yet he budges not. What are we to do?

Captain.—Hang him to a limb of the magnolia in his own yard.

While the lynchers were on their way, let us anticipate their goal, and view the position

Ways turned pale and glanced his eyes towards the cabin. No one, however, was to

Immediately on the Southern bank of shut. Spring River, embowered in the shade of a clump of grand magnolis's—the only speck ing into the tree above him.

"Are you ready?" inquired the chief looking into the tree above him.

"Mercy!" feebly whispered the counter-

spot was surrounded by palings, enclosing some half an acre or more, to which the approach led through a whitewashed gate. Both above and below, by the rich bottom along the stream, bloomed fields and gardens, with other evidences of comparative wealth, and, among the number, half a dozen African slaves, who were bu-ily employed with the

plough and weeding-hoe. all events such was the general belief. He had emigrated three years previously, was poor at the period of his arrival, and acquired his property since by dishonest practices. In fine he was a counterfeiter, whose ingenuity and caution were alike remarkable, that it was impossible to procure his conviction in a court of justice. A striking example may

serve to illustrate his extraordinary cunning.

Silmore was arrested about a year before the date of the visit by the lynchers soon to be described, and brought to trial for passing spurious money to the amount of five thousand dollars, which he had given in payment for a drove of slaves. The proofs on the part of the State were positive against him, and there seemed no chance for his escupe. to the astonishment of everybody, he introduced as a witness of his innocence one of the most reputable men in the county, who swore "that some months anterior, the prisoner at the bar had staid over night at his house, and that in the morning, when they both walked out to the gate, Silmore exclaimed, looking towards the public road, "Yonder some traveler has lost his pocket book," and running to the place, picked it up, when it was found to contain five thousand dollars in bank bills the same then produced in Court. That the numbers were taken down by witness, at prisoner's request, and an advertisement inserted in the Springfield newspaper, with an accurate account of This was conclusive, and the accused accordingly received an acquittal. What a rogue's ruse was here !- what fertili-

ty of invention !- to lose his own counterfeit

money, and then find it in the presence of a credible witness, so as to have proof for any The log cabin of Silmore, on that bright 4th of July before specified, presented indubitable tokens of preparation for some exdanger. The door was shut and fastened with strong wooden bars on the inside. Several port holes, with the black muzzles of guns bristling through their apertures, might be noticed in the walls as well as doors. Within, the scene was worthy of a painter. Intently watching towards the South, through a small crevice left between the logs, sat the counterfeiter-a slight, well favored, greyhaired man, with restless, rolling, and very bright black eyes, and a disagrecable puckmouth. elder daughter, Eliza, both in tears. But that creature of grace and beauty, the sylphlike Mary, whose charms formed the topic of wonder and admiration for the whole country around, although not yet sixteen, neither trembled nor wept but constantly examined the guns-saw that there breeches were prorectly at the gate. She looked at the prim-

All this was proven on the subsequent trial. And yet still there was no appearance of unusual emotion perceptible on her countenance, which was mild, calm, and sweet as visible in the South, moving rapidly forward over the even prairie. The vision of ominous different ways. The features of the counterfeiter grew pale as marble. The mother and Eliza uttered suppressed cries, and entreated him to seek safety in flight across the river.

"Never!" exclaimed the lovely Mary. Never run from such a band of murderers. No, dear father, defend your own house or die! I will help you defend it, and die with

The gate was fifty paces from the house. " Now, father, is the time to fire. Let us shoot sure and quick," said Mary, in a low

As for the lynchers themselves, they seemed | heed such excellent advice. His courage had to labor under no gloomy apprehensions, as vanished in the exact ratio of the enemy's apthe following conversation (sworn to after- proach, until he stood pale, trembling, and powerless as an infant. "Why do you not shoot, father?" asked

old Silmore will stand up to the sticking Mary, with flashing eyes as the lynchers rushed through the gate and hurried on towards the cabin, and the mother and eldest daughter The father could not even answer, but sunk

"Then let me shoot," cried the young heroine, springing to a gun, as the savage men advanced half way from the gate to the

"No! no!" ar.iculated Silmore in tremulous tones, so faint as to be scarcely an audible whisper; and at the same instant the mother and Eliza caught Mary, and by main nons. The old rogue is a coward, and a cow-ard would not fight if he could be armed ted her from firing—an act that, under the circumstances, would have looked like madness; for what might the despairing bravery of a girl avail against two hundred of the most desperate lynchers in all the backwoods?

Little time, however, was allowed for ninges. The avengers entered and dragged sounded very similar to a love sigh, answered in a softer and sadder tone—" What a pity | Eliza following after, and calling out in the that such a beautiful creature as Mary should most piteous tones for mercy. The prayer was offered in vain-offered to ears as deaf to entreaty as the adders to the charms of music. "Let us hang the wretch to the first limb!"

shouted Captain Mays. "Hang him to the first limb!" echoed two andred voices.
"Here is a rope," said the captain, drawing strong cord from his pocket.

"Mercy! mercy!" "Climb up into that magnolia, and tie one end of this to yonder swinging limb, while I fasten the other in a noose round the villain's neck; and then when I give the word, pull him up six feet. Let him go off high and dry," ordered the chief lyncher.

Bob Mays, a brother of the captain, and another man ascended the old tree in the vard, as directed, one of them holding the rope between his teeth, while their leader proceeded to adjust the noose on the fainting

" Mercy! mercy!" Still arose that wailing ery, in shricks dreadfully loud and shrill. "Take away these yelling women!" said the captain, as the two females fell on their faces before him, and clasped their arms closeabout his knees.

The command was executed, and as the rude murderers bore them off, they both still screamed "mercy!" and Eliza added, "Com.,

be seen there, and the door itself was again

of speech.
"Mercy!" cried the mother and Eliza several rods distant from the awful spot. "All ready!" said the executioners pe in the magnolia, tightening the fatal cord.
"Then-" But the captain's voice was drowned in those screams for "mercy," and by a sudden shock of air, more terrible still,

and far more difficult to withstand. "Boom! boom!" loud and heavy, two reports, that roared almost together pealed from the door of the log cabin. The girl Mary had

begun her work.
The commencing sentence died on the cap tain's livid lip. He fell to the earth a ghastly corpse, his head torn to pieces with bulletts and buck-shot, for the heroine had taken aim with a double-barrel gun, and had given the enemy both loads at once.

"Boom! boom!" sounded two others, the panic-stricken lynchers fled away in the most hopeless consternation, leaving on the bloody field, besides their dead captain, several others badly wounded, and many of their weapons cast behind them in their flight. Indeed, so thorough was their alarm, that they dared not return to their horses, or to bear of committee of neighboring females to crave

permission in the humblest of terms. In the meantime, the short, sharp cracks of several rifles were heard. Mary was endeavoring to bring down the two lynchers in er up, and hidden deeper in the thick foliage -themselves now crying for "mercy" in their

feiter, his wife and the elder daughter, the backwoods "Minerva" was finally induced to

The news of this tragedy created, as may well be conceived, a tremendous excitement, and led to the abolition of lynching forever in the prairie land of Jasper; for the people everywhere, are always certain to take sides with extraordinary bravery, and, although the friends of the old regime of violence managed to have an indictment returned by the grand ury against Mary Silmore for the murder of Mays, she was acquitted afterwards on trial, amidst the acclamations of five hundred spec tators. Much greater interest was manifested in her favor, owing to the general belief that she was not apprised of her father's fellonious practices. The female members of the famiy had been popular all the while, even when

anadorned truth, proven and sworn in a court of justice we cannot gratify the reader's curiosity by any additional particulars as to the subsequent history of Mary Silmore. The their members for getting drunk like we do, writer shortly afterwards emigrated to Texas,

of memory. Why is "truth stranger than fiction?" Because truth is from the wild, passionate, living heart, while fiction is forged in the cold crafty intellect. The one is wrought in figures of fire; the other in embroidery of frost-work.

A New Game.

"Pool" is a game extravagantly indulged in at Buffalo. The game is played on a bil-liard table, with twenty or thirty balls, each ing in the pans, fixed fresh caps on the tubes of the pistols, and laid bowie-knife and ball numbered, the numbers running from hatchet in places to be handy for sudden use. one up. A dozen or more can join the game. A certain number is fixed upon, and the play-er who shall first pocket enough balls whose numbers will amount to it, wins the pile, which is made up by the players staking a certain amount each before the game commences. Previous to the commencement, each player draws a marble from a box and puts it out of sight in his pocket. These marbles are all numbered to correspond with numbers on the table. The player, after receiving his marble, recollects the number, and his game is to pocket balls enough, the numbers of which added to that of the marble in his pocket will make the number which wins

The Republic tells a good story of an adyears-ever since I used to play for keeps with Bill —." "Indeed!" incredulously asked his wife—but what are these figures on here for? what does 17 mean?" "17 mean?" said he hesitatingly—"Oh! 17?—why that was the number of marbles Bill owed me when we quit playing, he marked it on there so I wouldn't forget it." The old fellow had a narrow escape, and hasn't played any more

"Pick up de Stobe."

A correspondent, writing from Washington "Like most other small towns, we have here a "cullered church," where a great many amusing things are said, exhilarating to the spirits of a few who occasionally visit our "Hayti" meeting houses. "Hayti" is the name given to that part of the town where "p ssons of color" reside. One winter evening, when the "cullered preacher was in the midst of his sermon, making a most violent if not a most eloquent appeal to his hearers, one of the stove legs fell out, and, as a natural consequence, the red hot stove tipped over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of fire. The audience of course commenced crowding out of the door like sheep. But the preacher was equal to the occasion. Addressing one

of his prominent members, he cried out—
"Pick up de stobe, brudder Bolah! pick up de stobe! De Lor' won't let it burn you! Only hab faith !" Poor brother Bolah had unfortuately too much faith, and immediately seized it, all glowing as it was; but no sooner had his fingers come in contact with the fervent iron, than he dropped it again, and dancing around on one foot, blowing his skinless fingers, he exclaimed, with all the energy which he could legs of mutton."

throw into his voice-"De debil he won't! De debil he won't!"

KEEPING A SECRET .- Neighbor Wilson caught a cooper stealing some hoop poles which he had just got ready for market. The cooper was astounded, and offered Farmer W. ten dollars not to mention the fact, which pro position, duly backed by the money, was accepted. But that same evening, when Mr. Wilson, the cooper, and a lot of their mutual know me!" "That is nothing to the purpose, neighbors, were talking politics at the village grocery, the former turned to a friend and

"Well, then, added Mr. Wilson, I never vill, for I promised him I wouldn't!"

The next day, a first-rate cooper settled in neighboring village.

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The next day, a first-rate cooper settled in neighboring village. will, for I promised him I wouldn't !" a neighboring village.

This may perhaps strike our readers as

rather a curious name for the ardent, yet there is an article that bears that name. When we were in Oglethorpe the other day, Mr. A. A. Lowe, of that city, presented us a Whiskey, made in Sumter county." by a Hard Shell Baptist. This is prima facie not conclusive evidence that it is pure unadulterated whiskey. For whatever may be at the celebrated academy of the Rev. Moses this denomination we think it is generally admitted that, for plain common every day honesty, they have no superiors. In our opinthey are particularly so as to the principles of government. We will venture the opinion that there is not in the United States a sintem of education or of State aid, or in favor of corporations of any kind, or of any of this partial legislation which is intended to use the power of the government to give to one man an advantage over another. They are an honest people who desire to do justice to all men. There are therefore very few if any of them who would adulterate whiskey; in fact there are some of them who, it is said, do not like even to put too much water in it. By the way, some time ago we were laughthe charge that is sometimes made against that the members of our church get drunk any oftener than those of other chure es, but our members get drunk, and he is obliged to be dealt with. It is the duty of every other member if he knows or hears of it to prefer charges against him, and they are sure to do it, and he has to come up publicly before the church and make confession, so that every body hears of it; but you let a Methodist, or a Soft Shell Baptist, or a Presbyterian, or an Episcopalian get drunk, and if he ain't so drunk that he can't walk, or unless it is so public that every body knows it, somebody will take him off and put him to bed or hide him away in a back room. They may per-haps give him a private talk, if he is not a very prominent member, but they don't bring izing the church. But you let them all try

It struck us that there might be a good deal more of truth than of poetry in this the world—when, to drop metaphor, no news view of the case. But to the whiskey.

And since that is settled, it is important that some attention should be directed to the character of the article that is used. We have no doubt that the evil, even of its excessive use, would be greatly diminished by using only the pure article. There is more importance in this idea, in a moral point of view, than is generally attached to it. It would be no inconsiderable improvement of morals of the country to put a stop to the frauds and the crimes that are committed in tells us: the adulteration and poisoning of the liquors of common use, and much would be accomplished in this way if those who deal in them would purchase and sell such, and such only,

as they knew to be pure.-Corner Stone. says: "There are several things which you never can by any accident get a lady—be she young or old—to confess to." Here are some venture an old gent passionately fond of of them:—That she laces tight. That her 'pool" had, a few nights ago. He is occa-shoes are too small for her. That she is ever sionally given to chance in other games, it is it is at a ball. That she paints. That she intimated. Well, he came home very late from a seige at "pool." His wife was asleep, more than five minutes dressing. That she When she awoke in the morning she found upon the floor a marble which had dropped certain person's name was mentioned. That State Printer, and he discharged his duty out of her husband's pocket when he came to she ever says a thing she doesn't mean. That with great fidelity. He retired to the sand she is fond of scadal. That she can't keep a hills about 1837, and from that period to his secret. That she-she of all persons in the death, was engaged in the occupation of a opened his eyes, looked, blushed, was confused, world-is in love. That she doesn't want a planter and the manufacture of pottery-ware. and stammered "why—why---it's marble, ain't new bonnet. That she can do with one single it?" "Yes," said she, "but what are you thing less when she is about to travel. That munity of Columbia. It was his misfortune doing with a marble in your pocket?" "In my pocket!—well—ah!—the fact is, I've had that marble in my pocket for the last thirty-five that marble in my pocket for the last thirty-five that marble in my pocket for the last thirty-five that marble in my pocket for the last thirty-five through one half she does? That she doesn't his indextry and his integrity, no one was know better than every one else what is best his industry and his integrity, no one was

> THE greatest instance of impudence on ecord, is that of a Yankee, who, in an Italian city, stopped a religious procession, in order to light his cigar from one of the holy candles. Ere the procession recovered fromits astonishment, the audacious smoker had

A father was winding his watch, when he said, playfully, to his little girl, "Let me wind your nose up!" "No," said the child, "I don't want my nose would up, for I don't want it to run all day."

"Kin you tell me, Sambo, de key to de pros-perity of de Souf?" Key to prosperity of de Sout? Big words, Juno : guess you must hab been eating massa's dicksrunary. Golly, I ain't larned nuff to answer dat.

Well, chile, 'tis de darkey." WHEN the Earl of Bradford was brought pefore the Chancellor to be examined upon

application for a statute of lunacy against m, the Chancellor asked him: "How many legs has a sheep?"
"Does your lordship mean," answered
Lord Bradford, "alive sheep or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing ?" said the Chan-

"No. my lord." said Lord Bradford, is much difference. A live sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has but two; the two fore-legs are shoulders, but there are but two

A PRINTER'S ANECDOTE.-It used to be related of Corporal Nymn, a printer, well knows for many years in this town as being more remarkable for his odd humor than the length of his purse, that while he was travelling from Lowell to Boston, he was met by a highwayman, who politely (as is the custom of those gentry) demanded his purse. "My dear sir." sir, give up your purse immediately," demanded the highwayman. The Corporal repeated with earnestness which could not be misun-"Did I ever tell you, neighbor Jenks, that derstood,—"Positively you don't know me."

The Late Dr. Abner Landrum. MR. EDITOR: You will please publish the

which is suggested by the announcement of his death, at his residence in the sand hills near Columbia, April 3, 1859: He was born in Edgefield District, in the

vicinity of the village, and bears a name which were informed that it derives its name of in that enlightened community has been long Hard Shell" from the fact that it is made associated with honesty, industry and the sterling virtues which distinguish the good citizen. Dr. Landrum received his education said and thought of some of the tenets of Waddel, in Abbeville. Having a good understanding and large industry, those of my readers who have heard the name of that re nowned teacher, will feel no surprise when I ion, they are, as a body, not only more honest, but in those opinions which relate to the affairs and business of life, more nearly right than any other body of people in the world; the most distinguished physicians of Augusta well stored with elementary knowledge. He the most distinguished physicians of Augusta, Georgia. Other pursuits, however, became more attractive to him, and in a short time he abandoned the practice of medicine for the more quiet vocation of the planter. Here he displayed great energy and industry. He believed that science could be brought to bear in the culture of the ground, and to this end he engaged largely in experiment. I will not say that he reaped any pecuniary reward, for I know otherwise; but I will say that he was among the first to direct the attention of the people of Edgefield to scientific agriculture; and that in his case, as in many, others bave reaped the benefit. Dr. Landrum is the father of the pottery business in Edgefield, having established a manufactory near the town of Edgefield, at a place which, in the progress of time, became a large and flourishing village, known as Pottersville. I trust that I will give no offence to the citizens of the ancient and worthy town of Edgefield, if I add that little village, which at first seemed but a speck in the distant heavens, increased to such dimensions as to threaten to overshadow it, and rob it of its brightness and glory. There was a time when Pottersville boasted a population of hundreds; when to the factory were added hotels and stores, of every description, the shops of various artisans, a carriage manufacis not all. The editor of the Edgefield Ad-

vertiser, that most wo thy and intelligent gentleman, who is ever ready to battle for the renown of his ancient city, will pardon me for reminding his readers that there was a period within the memory of man when her body and light for the mind. Never shall I forget that Pottersville was once a young Cincinnati; that she slaughtered hogs by the thousand; that she had houses filled with the precious substance, which makes rich blood and strong muscles, and that a vast multitude, in any of the rest of them as amongst the lay by day, repaired to the spot, as if to a

But still more. Time was when the cheering light of the Advertiser had not burst upon view of the case. But to the whiskey.

We think it is pretty well settled that the people of this country will use alcoholic stim ulants; they have done it at least as long as we can remember, and the indications are that they will do it for some time to come.

To Pottersville she looked, and from that viltat they will do it for some time to come. that they will do it for some time to come. lage went forth the light of civilization. The reader will pardon the train of thought in which I have indulged. The only paper in that portion of the State was published and edited by Dr. Landrum, and I think he conducted it with great ability. In its latter days, it bore the name of the "Edgefie d Hice." Let not the town of Edgefield forget its indebtedness; let it hold Pottersville in eternal

but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude." This was the period of the great nullifica-Union party of the State, and was invited to take charge of a newspaper. Accepting invitation, he removed to that place in 1831.

There he labored with great zeal, but on the termination of the controversy, dissolved his connection with the press. While conducting Dr. Landrum was known to the whole comfor her. That she is a flirt or coquette. That more respected. He was a man of rare virshe is ever in the wrong. tionable, and he has left to his family a legacy far more valuable than gold or silver .- Caro

Pretty Fair.

Dr. Nichols, writing from Mobile to the Boston Pilot, concludes as follows: "If I could only bring all Northern and Southern men together, and get them to know each other, all their bitterness would be at an end. If Greely, and Seward, and Phillips, and Garrison, could but live here and know these people, how different would be their lan guage in regard to them. I speak, of course, upon the supposition that they are all honest, and not utterly fanatical and insane. I do not shut my eyes to the faults of the South-erners or the South. I have no mission to be the optimist, or propagandist, or even the defender of the peculiar institution, in the abstract or the concrete. But I do say that I would sooner trust this whole question to the generous good hearts of the South, than to the fanatical phariseeism of the North."

city. We heard a good story of a trick played by one of the residents of that city a short time ago. A lean, lank, shallow-faced indi-vidual, rode a mule into Kansas city, and wanted te sell him. A genius standing by offered to sell him for five dollars. The offer was taken, and the mule disposed of, the auctioneer warranting a good title. The purchaser scarcely got his mule home, when a Shaw-nee Indian came into the city in search of a mule that had been stolen from him. The auctioneer was on hand again, and offered to show the Shawnee where the mule was, if he would plank down a V. The Indian paid, and the auctioneer after pointing out the mule, went to the new purchaser, and told him how the case stood, at the same time offering to run the mule across the river for ten dollars The bargain was struck, and the auctioneer mounted the mule, and that is the last that has been seen of the auctioneer or mule.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE-ANOTHER EX-PEDITION.—A letter from Marseilles states that a fresh expedition has been organized for discovering the source of the Nile. The caught the cooper nere steaming my nooppoles?"

The cooper betrayed his guilt by blushing rimson, and the party addressed declared, in reply—

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The response was—

"Cal Society of Paris, and the author of a map on a thousand and one chords of your nerveal cal Society of Paris, and the author of a map on a thousand and one chords of your nerveal cal Society of Paris, and the author of a map on a thousand and one chords of your nerveal cal Society of Paris, and the author of a map on a thousand and one chords of your nerveal cal Society of Paris, and the author of a map on a thousand and one chords of your nerveal cal Society of Paris, and the author of a map of the Valley of the V of the Valley of the Nile. He has carefully ous system, and makes it vibrate as sound studied the various difficulties attending this does hollow glass? Or do her eyes affect you am!"

Oh, don't you remember the b'hoys, Jim Holmes The b'hoys with noses so red? Who drank with delight wherever they met, And always went drunk to bed :

In the old grave-yard, in the edge of the town. In corners obscure and alone, They have gone to rest; for the gay young sprigs Have dropp't off, one by one.

Oh, don't you remember the jug, Jim Holmes, And the spring at the foot of the hill? Where oft we have lain, thro' the hot sum'r hour And drank to our utmost fill;

The spring is filled with mud, Jim Holmes, And the wild hogs root all around, And the good old jug, with its whiskey so sweet, Lies broken and spilled on the ground. Oh, don't you remember the tavern, Jim Holmes And the bar-keeper kind and true,

And the little nook at the end of the bar, Where we drank the wine that he drow The taverh is burned to the ground, Jim Holmes The bottles are cracked and dry, And of all the b'hoys who spreed it then, There remains, Jim, but you and L.

Presence of Mind and Common Sense. If a man faints away, says Hall's Journal of Health, instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length on his back, on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away, so as to Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is a barbarity. The philosophy of a fainting fit is that the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain; if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill, but if lying down it has to be projected horizontally, which requires less power

If a person swallows poison deliberately or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous or incoherent exclamations, dispatch some one for the doctor; meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in any thing that is handy, put into it a tesspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it in an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose; the mouth will soon fly open-then down with the mixture; and in a second or two up will come the poison. This will answer better in a large number of cases than any other. If, by this time the physician has not arrived, make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee, because these nullify a larger number poisons than any other accessible articles as antidotes for any poison that may remain in

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spurts or send for a physician—say nothing; out with your handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around tighter and tighter, until the blood ceases to flow. But to stop it does no good. Why? Because only a severed get their blood from the heart; hence to stop the flow the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot-in other words, above the would. If a vein had been severed, the blood wound have flowed in a regular stream, and, on the other hand, the tie should be applied below the wound, or on the other side of the wound from t e heart; because the blood in the veins flow towards the heart, and there is no need of so great a remembrance. It lived freely upon the honey

The Point of a Speech Spoiled.

A good story is told by somebody of the manner in which a member of the Legislature of one of the New England States was " sold" tion struggle. Dr. Landrum esponsed the cause of the Union party, and was largely in the minority in the community where he resided. But he attracted the attention of the Union party of the State, and was invited to Columbia by a committee of that party, to and finally place them on his nose, and remove them from that position to the top of his fore head. One day a very important question came up in the Legislature, and the fidgety gentleman began a speech in opposition to the proposed measure. A friend to the project, who was somewhat of a wag, determined that he would spoil the effect of what the honorable gentleman had to say. So before the speaker entered the house, after a recess he provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability. But a few mo-ments elapsed, before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture, our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair on the desk before the speaker. These were taken, and gradually gained a place on his forehead by the side of the others. A third, fourth, and fifth were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenances of the honorable members, which gradually lighted up in a grin, and at last, when the speaker had warmed up into one of his most patriotic and elegant sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, there was a loud and long peal of laughter from all parts of the room. President, clerks, members, all joined in the chorus. The speaker looked around in astonishment at this curious interruption; but raising his hand, he grasped his spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took his hat and left the hall. The bill was passed by a large majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's silly and use-

> How the Professor Got out of the Well -A few years ago, Prof. - of Bowdoin College, was overseer of the building of the High School house, in Brunswick, Me. In the cellar of the same was a well, walled with brick, whose sides were consequently smooth. One day, being left alone in the building, he went down to the cellar, and in haste, unconsciously attempted to walk over the well, and as unconsciously fell into it. Here was a predicament for any one possessing no more immortality than a college professor; stand ing in five feet of water-at the bottom of a well sixteen feet deep-at the bottom of a deep cellar-with no soul in hearing distance! After shouting himself hoarse, he bethought himself of a piece of chalk-a remnant of the last recication-which he applied to the of the question was-let x equal how I shall get out; y equal depth of water; z equal distance to the water, and by means of his knowledge of Algebra, he actually worked himself out, wonderfully showing the power of

into a ball room, writes the author of "Hu-man Nature," where there are two hundred the two hundredth draws you irresistibly to called out, in a stentorian voice : her. There are a hundred handsomer and

WONDERS OF THE HEART .- You may go

WAR UNAVOIDABLE .- The editors of the New Orleans Commercial Advertiser have been permitted to make the following extract

from a private letter, written by an American from a conviction that it contains no small gentleman now on the continent of Europe to his friend in the city of New York, the writer being in a position to observe correctly the current of affairs: " In spite of the congress to be assembled, here will be no peace. Neither France nor

Austria wants peace. The peace party of Europe is confined to the Derby ministry in England, to the anti-Austrian Regency party in Berlin, and to the stock exchange. Derby ministry is now powerless. Russia will remain neutral until Austria is attacked at home, and Russia aims at nothing but the humiliation of Austria.

"War is necessary even in a financial point of view. It is the only means of avoiding national bankruptcy, the only decent excuse for not paying the interest on the public debt in Austria, or making a new loan in France. The war, however, may be confined to Aueria and France. In no case will the Emperor of while their places seem to be supplied with France provoke a coalition."

JCDGE JOHN A. CAMPBELL ON THE SLAVE Campbell, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, says the New Orleans Bulletin, delivered a charge to the Grand Jury at the open ng of the Court for the Southern District of inst, which is one of the ablest and most decided that we have ever read. It is devoted ism, and re-asserts more pointedly and emwhich the same fearless, honest and independent Jurist assumed in reference to these subsame place some months ago. His charge forego a share in the spoils of party victory, occupies three columns in the Mobile Adver- without a hope of reward, or with no other tiser, and was delivered as the papers there inform us, with an earnestness that elicited profound attention. The Judge is thoroughly | South. Whether Col. Wigfall is such a man, in earnest, and intends that so far as it depends on him the law shall be fully executed Campbell will raise him in the estimation of rendering such service to his party as only the great mass of respectable and intelligent citizens of the country, South and North, East, and West, irrespective of party. cannot be for a moment doubted. He has shown himself the incorruptible and the fearless Judge, who plainly lays down the laws and calls upon his sworn co-associates to perform their whole duty in executing them to their fullest extent. He examines the Slave Trade and he finds it in fact, as well as in the opinions of the great men of the country, past and cresent, North and South, as well in the not the gallant warrior that goes forward in words they have uttered in regard to it, as the front of the battle, that is rewarded, but it is laws they have helped to frame to crush, it to those who, by some fortuitous event, perform partake of the nature of piracy, and he so re- some deed of apparent valor, that are rewargards it. He quotes the language of many ded. We hope to see the day when Col. ties of all civilized nations for the purpose of suppressing it, and to the rigor of the laws of

that "the public conscience has sauctioned the rigor of the laws.,, MASSACHUSETTS LAWYERS .- It appears by the amexed that the members of the Bar in fassachusetts are so loose in their financial arrangements with plaintiffs, that the Legislapelling them to disgorge funds received for

their clients instead of pocketing them. ulemtly withhe'd by Attorneys-at-law," which when demanded by the client, he shall forfeit

says of "excessive denominationalism,"in passing a house of other denomination than my own, to lift my heart to God in prayer for that minister and his people." Dr. Johns was in the prime of his usefulness, say between 40 and 50, when, on Good Friday, he was cut off by the hand of death. The man may the, but so true a Christian charity,-a truth so exalted and so well expressed,-ought to live forever, both in our

sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterward as he walked along, he kept his eye steadfastly fixed on the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a good amount was looking for them he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature heautiful around him. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mad and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road to pick up money as you walk along:

Young America.-We have received a commendatory letter from one of the students of Columbia College, S. C., ordering our paper to his address, which he designates as "the southern rights paper of Alabama." The of our efforts for the cause of the South, we value highly, for they will soon have in their own hands the destinies of the country.-Mo-

bile Mercury. M. Strakosch effected a definite engagement with M'lle Piccolomini for five weeks at \$10'-000 per month. Five thousand dollars of the sum was paid at the time the contract was concluded to bind the bargain. It is to

of a more thorough reformation. Of the inwoman. One hundred and ninety-nine of cidents consequent, we cannot fail to note them you will pass with as much indifference one. A brother was supplicating the throne as one hundred and ninety-nine pullets, but of grace eloquently, when another brother

"Who dat praying ober dar?"

studied the various difficulties attending this perilous enterprise. M. Miani is supplied to the various difficulties attending this perilous enterprise. M. Miani is supplied by our so that you have no time to reflect, and brudder Ryan one opportunity for your head to digest the prayed. It would be well for persons "better no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed. It would be well for persons brokers have no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed. It would be well for persons "better no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed. It would be well for persons brokers have no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed. It would be well for persons "better no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed." It would be well for persons "better no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed. It would be well for persons brokers have no time to reflect, and persons brokers have no time to reflect, and persons the foundation of the State Bank of Georgia, and dated no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed. It would be well for persons "better no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed." It would be well for persons "better no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed it appears have no time to reflect, and persons better no opportunity for your head to digest the prayed. It would be well for persons better no opportunity for your head to digest the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia, and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia, and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia, and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia, and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia, and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia, and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia, and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia, and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia and the persons the foundation of the state Bank of Georgia and the persons the foundation of

Col. Wigfall. We have been induced to copy the follow ing paragraph from the Gilmer Democrat

measure of truth. That Col. Wigfall is a gentleman of commanding talents, no one will pretend to deny, but at this crisis in our country, we do not consider purely intellectual capacity the only essential requisite in a Southern statesman. What the South now needs most is men who have not only the ability, but an independence and fearlessness that cannot be overawed or intimidated in the assertion of our rights, by charges of disun-ionism, of ultraism, &c., with which the advocates of unlimited submission are endeavoring to overwhelm every effort of self-defence on our part, or of resist nee, to the aggressions dared to stand up and warn our people of ap-proaching danger—but now Calhoun is gone, and Butler, Quitman, Rusk, Henderson and other champions of our rights are no more, under all circumstances, is the only means, or at least the most effectual and safe means left us to protect ourselves from aggressions. The popular doctrine now seems to be that we must take such union as our enemies choose to give us, whether it is such as our fathers lest us or such as will make the South perma-Alabama, at Mobile, on Tuesday last, the 12th | mently dependent on the North. The great crisis is at hand that will determine who are or are not friends of the South. The spoils exclusively to the Slave Trade and Fillibuster- of party are now in the hands of our enemies -they have the ascendency-they have the controlling majorities t , secure patronage and those who can resist such temptations-who jects in his charge to the Grand Jury at the are willing to incur opprobrious epithets and reward than a consciousness of having labored

in defence of the constitutional rights of the the future alone will prove. We can see from our exchanges that this letter and spirit. That this course of Judge | distinguished champion of democracy has been counties of our Siste. We have read extracts from several of his speeches, and they are what we consider true democracy, and the exponents of our present attitude of the administration. But Wigfall never will be appreciated in Texas; he is too bold in the drocacy of what he believes to be the true interest of his native South and the good of the whole country; li e Calhoun; his worth Texas, what John C. Calhoun was to South

Carolina. There is no man in the State to be preferred to him."-Galveston News. the United Sates to the same end, and declares Chess Literature -- Light Wanted. A new species of Literature has arisen, claiming no small space and making no small stir in the world. This Literature humbles and perplexes us, since it constantly remains

us of our ignorance, and suggests the reflecture regarded it necessary to pass a law com- tion that our ignorance may be depriving us of a very pure and solid enjoyment. take up our Courier in the morning and fre-"Among the laws passed by the Legislature | quently our eyes are arrested by two columns, of Massachusetts, at its late session, was one relating to the "Collection of money fraud-hieroglyphics, and curious directions, as unhieroglyphics, and curious directions, as un-intelligible to us as the inscriptions on an old declares that "if any attorney-at-law shall Egyptian tounh, or on a slab ju-t dry from unreasonably neglect to pay any money col- the ruins of Ninevah. Our Greek, we blush client, to confess, is rusty, and our Latin sadly in decay, but we could better manage two coland pay to such client five times the lawful unns of Greek or Latin over our coffee, than interest of the money from the time of the demand until it is paid." A clause is added Will some ministering brother, or some good to the Act for the punishment of frau- deacon, who has been initiated into these dulent debtors, by which if an Attorney is mysteries colighten us? Shail we advertise under arrest for money collected by him of for a chess teacher, and address our elves to the debtor in behalf of the creditor, that he has unreasonably neglected to pay over, he have read how R bert Hall, at quite an adshall not receive his discharge under the provi-sions of the act concerning imprisonment for study of Spanish that he might enjoy Don debt, except by giving bonds for the payment Quixote in the original. Though getting towards that stage in the journey of life, when one does not care to tell how many A CHRIST-LIKE SENTIMENT .- Rev. Dr. mile stones are behind, we still would be Johns, an Episcopal clergyman in Baltimore, willing to attack this Cress Science, under the confident advice of judicious and pious Wherever this goes beyond love for souls, friends. Will it pay? Will it improve our something is wrong. So fearful am I of this spirit, that I have been accustomed for years, it desirable to open a chess column in the preaching, or advance our spirituality? 1s

Southern Buptist? Now, seriously, we would like to know the honest estimate of this game, as arrived at in the experience of some candid and carnest Christian man. Is it upon the whole a harm-less and useful recreation? The importance which this game is assuming will render neces-ary the discussion of this question. are in protound ignorance and would judge appreciation and our practice .- New York no man and no thing in advance, and without adequate information. Our personal experience in this department is limited to For and Geese, and Checkers or Draughts. The former is sublime for children; the latter, in our judgment, if not sever ly to be condemned, is not much to be commended .- Southera

Matrimonial Difficulty,

A married couple residing on Friend-a rect, near the sanal, found that, a fter a sew years of communial feculity, they were he most miserable mortals alive, being unable to agree upon any one point of domestic feendary and diplomacy. Their daily cares were sure to sometimes astonished each other with blows accompanied by the usual marks of their res pective distinguished considerations. Finding ife disagreeable, and being able to agree upor no other point, they finally concluded to try the last grand experiment together by jumping into the Scioto. Night before last was the time set for the attempt. A raw and biting air prevailed, but their resolution was fixed, and they descended the bank together, each trying to nerve the other by depreciating his and her courage with bitter words. They reached the bank of the Scioto—hand in hand they stood upon the bank of that abyss which mortality is wont to regard with horror. The was congenial, neither was the existence they were about to leave. This thought was decibe the farwell engagement for the petite prineess in this country.

was concluded to bind the bargain. It is to
sive, and they plunged into the water, which
was not deep, but very cold. The man could "HOLD ON DAR, BRUDDER MOSE!"—The
Piqua Register has the following in a recent
issue, which we suppose to be perfectly reliable:
Quite a revival is now in progress at the African Church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification their and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion in the shore in safety, wet, cold, freezing. Crest-the good cause. All seemed to feel the need fallen and ashamed of the foolish act, they went home together, negotiated a new treaty of peace, and commenced anew, satisfied that nothing can be worse than the bottom of the river. There is now a fair prospect of the couple going down the hill of life together quietly and in peace.—Ohio Statesman.