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Timeo Danaos Et Dona Ferentes.—Virg.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

HE STATISTICS OF HYMEN.

"The hard and unpleasant truth may well be stated," says *Appleton's Journ-*, "that marriages occur in accordance ith large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority, and at in numbers they are in no wise afcted by the temper and wishes of the eople. This first fact about marriage not only prosaic but humiliating hall not these people choose companons for life, and listen to the clerical What God hath joined together let no an put asunder,' at such time as they ay mutually agree upon? By no means. he law says they shall do neither of ese things; and the peculiarity of this w is that it cannot be violated. Furtherore, all who desire it will not be permitted to marry. What is to be said of ch immitigable tyranny as this? Not arry when we choose, or whom we hoose! Not to be consulted as to whether we shall marry or not! What is life orth if these things are to be decided ithout our knowledge or consent? Not uch, perhaps; but we might just as well arn the disagreeable fact at once and ubmit to it Nature is fond of cheats, nd plays her charlatanry irrespective f persons—

"Men are the sport of circumstances, when The circumstances seem the sport of men."

rospero, and that Puck is, after all, othing but the personified price of corn. hese illusions and hallucinations are esults of the operations of law and we annot disturb them, though we pile ormula on formula, and equation upon quation, until the revolving earth is ight as a feather, compared with the eight of the argument. *Per contra*, hat cares passion for the multiplication able, or love for the differential calcuus? A fico for you, law of statistics!

"Leaving the domain of fancy, we find he plain statistical facts concerning arriage running somewhat in this ise:

ROMANCE VS. STATISTICS.

"Youth has its illusions and middle ge its hallucinations, wherefore these eachings of statistics may go hang. oes not Romeo actually know that he hooses Juliet in preference to Rosalind? s it at all probable that Miranda ould have escaped marriage with aliban if she had never met the shipwrecked Ferdinand? Where and what the trickey Puck that makes maidens be as he wills and transforms Demetrious and Lysander, subject to no law ve his own? Alas! this plodding and rosaic statist, this withered and bespectacled mathematician will prove to u that Romeo is mistaken.

"The average age of women, when ey marry, is 25.46 years, and of 100 ho reach this age 21 will never marry. ith men it fares differently; for, range as it may seem, more women an men get married, and, of 100 of he latter who reach the marriage age of 5.9 years, 22 will die bachelors Thus. out one-fifth of our people are doomed die unwedded, whether they prefer it not.

WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS.

"Now, the marriages that occur in ew York number, year by year, about 80—18,560 persons—and for every ne of these marriages there will at me time be left a widow or widower; r it rarely happens that husband and ife die at the same moment. Some of ose widows and widowers will remarry more of the latter than the former—d because of this fact the actual mber of women who marry will exed the actual number of men. The le seems to be that about one in three idowers and one in four widows rearry.

"Of 100 marriages, about 13 of the en will be widowers, and only 11 of he women will be widows, the bachelors umbering 87 and the spinsters 89. On eneral principles, there may be no rious objection to old Weller's advice, Beware of viddors;' but we, not basing ur conclusion upon domestic experience ut upon a series of mathematical calcuations, can absolutely affirm that widows not, by any means, monopolize the atrimonial market, and that there is ore to be feared from one spinster an from a dozen widows (let bachelors ake a note of this,) for the truth is at spinsters have a better success gainst widows in the hunt for husbands an the bachelors have against widows in the winning of wives. And as l the hunting and winning is above e will, and superior to it, we cannot y, 'beware' to any but simply admonish l to accept the condition and to yield as racefully as possible to their predestiate fate, whatever it may be—whether ngle blessedness or wedded woe; conjual felicity or unwedded discontent.

EARLY MARRIAGE.

"Suppose there be a hundred weddings in New York within a given time, n all respects of the average kind, how many of these persons will be minors? From Paracelsus and Cagliostro down to Home and Fox, not one of all the sooth ayers and clairvoyants can tell you that. No palm reading gipsy, no spirit from he vasty deep, let him be called by no matter what boasting Glendower, can ell half so much of these occult events s this interrogating mathematician will arn from his curious figures and beildering signs. Ask him, and he will eply, without any mummery or gibberh, twenty four will have been married nd about nineteen will be under age. f this latter number all but one will e women—spinsters not yet out of their eens. At all events, this is the result f his present calculations, and if time nd increased numbers should alter the verages, he will learn the fact sooner han any one else. The remainder will e bachelors and spinsters of the average ge of 29.5 for the former, and 25.46 for he latter.

"What the law is that makes bachelors so much more prudent than spinsters, we will not undertake to say; but certain it is that maidens make much more haste than young men getting into the matrimonial net. Still, it must be remembered that girls, whether prudently or not, are regarded as marriageable at fifteen, and are certainly so at seventeen; so that in view of the fact that only eighteen in every hundred of the delicate creatures who marry are under twenty years of age, while forty-three of the same hundred are between twenty and thirty five, and twenty-two more between twenty five and thirty, we must candidly confess that they manifest a degree of prudence in the matter that would seriously disturb Mr. Malthus, were he only aware of it. We will not say that marriage previous to the adult age is indiscreet; but we will defy any man to form a just conclusion in regard to the age of discretion from the study of marriage statistics. To find this result, the marriage and mortuary tables must be studied together. The question is of some importance, but it must be unwillingly deferred.

THE ELIGIBLE AGES.

"But if women come upon the marriageable list earlier than men, they suffer the inconvenience of being stricken earlier from it. After 45, women are no longer regarded as eligible, matrimonially, and the demand for wives of this age is so slight as to be hardly worth considering, although we find an occasional widow—still more rarely a spinster—willing to marry even after having passed the sprightly age of threescore years and ten. Under 25 years of age the number of women who marry is a little more than twice as great as the number of men; but, after 45, the number of Benedicts is more than thrice that of the brides. In 1,000 marriages of the average kind as to ages 14 women and 49 men will have passed their ninth lustrum. Widows remarry at an average age of 39 years, while the average age of widowers who again take to themselves conjugal partners is 41 or thereabout.

A TABLE OF CHANCES.

"We will not undertake to tell each of our fair readers how old she will be when led to the altar a blushing bride, if that should prove to be her destiny; but we can tell her what the chances are at the present state of our knowledge of statistical facts. If we take the weddings that actually occur, we shall find that, in every thousand, there will be 179 wives under 20 years, while there will be only 9 husbands of that age.—But perhaps these facts will be better stated in statistical terms, thus: In every thousand marriages there will be

Husbands.	Wives.	Ages.
9.....	179.....	Under 20 years of age.
292.....	434...	Between 20 and 25 years of age
248.....	226...	Between 25 and 30 years of age.
172.....	81..	Between 30 and 35 years of age
83.....	43...	Between 35 and 40 years of age.
41.....	20...	Between 40 and 45 years of age.
25.....	8...	Between 45 and 50 years of age.
12.....	3...	Between 50 and 55 years of age.
6.....	1...	Between 55 and 60 years of age.

"The remainder, nine men and five women, will be scattered along between 60 and 80 years—an age at which almost any one would be expected to know better. It will be seen, however, that the desire as well as the opportunity for marriage falls off rapidly in both sexes after 30—up to that age both seem to increase. In 27,599 marriages, or thereabouts, there will be only 119 men and only 16 women between 60 and 70 years of age, while 14 men and 4 women will be between 70 and 80.

OLD MAIDS.

"Interesting as these ancients are, there is still another class deserving of something more than a passing notice. We mean old maids. How many are there, and what are their matrimonial chances? We have already stated that twenty-one out of every hundred women who reach the marriage age, namely, 25.47 years, never marry. But even this does not tell the exact number of marriageable women who are waiting for husbands, if indeed so ungallant a thing as this may be said of any. But, then, how is it possible to expect an algebraic sign to be guilty of gallantry? From the best authority that can be had upon this exceedingly interesting topic, it appears that the number of unmarried and marriageable women, within those heretofore mentioned as the marriageable ages, namely, 15 and 45, is about 25 per cent of the whole number of women living between those ages.

"It seems to be a part of the creed of the discontented sisterhood, whether wives or spinsters, that one of the inalienable rights of women entitles her to a husband. It will be seen that nature sets her face against this assumption, and makes a very different decree. The truth is that every woman living between the ages of 15 and 45 has 25 chances in 100 of dying an old maid—that is, her chances of marriage are as four to one. This is just enough to give them all hope, and not sufficient to drive any to despair. The complaints of managing mammas are of no avail. Even the ballot will not bring them a better fate, and, with suffrage or without it, one-fourth of all between the above named ages are doomed to live in old-maidenhood and to die unhusbanded.

CONCLUSIONS.

"Our task is done. In dealing with these secrets we have doubtless been dull; but these hard facts will not admit of poetic treatment even if we were capable of treating facts poetically. When Benedick enumerated the virtues of the woman he would consent to husband, he said: 'Her hair shall be of what color it please God,' He might have trusted the same good Providence—call it fate, destiny, or whatever you will—for all the other qualities just as well. An old adage says: 'Marriages are made in Heaven,' but Benedick's was made in old Leonato's garden as all know and it is absolutely true in every case, as it was in the one we are considering, and those most interested have less to do with the result than they can well imagine, or, if they knew, would be willing to admit. For the individual that which he desires is good, that which he would shun is evil; but in the grand economy of the universe the two are so evenly balanced and so closely intertwined that he must be bold, indeed, who would undertake to say which is which.

"Talleyrand, upon being introduced to two young men, one recently married, the other still a bachelor, called the former a happy man, and the latter a lucky dog. This is the broad philosophy of our deductions. Those who live unwedded need no sympathy; those who die married are worthy of no envy, for which of the two events is better no one can possibly determine."

THE RIP VAN WINKLE OF THE TALMUD—SLEEPING SEVENTY SUMMERS.

The story of the Rabbi Coniah has been reproduced for the *Jewish Messenger*, and is chiefly remarkable for its resemblance in one or two particulars to the world renowned story of Rip Van Winkle, which Washington Irving gave to the world, and which has been revived in the drama by Mr. Joseph Jefferson. The Rabbi was learned above his peers, and many reverenced him for his wisdom and erudition. But he perceived not the necessity of that charity and forethought which should induce individuals to make provision for those coming after them, and therefore he received the stern lesson.

An old man was planting a carob tree, and displayed a heartiness which seemed to indicate that he expected to enjoy the results of his labor. Coniah regarded him with astonishment and a certain degree of contempt; for it is a tradition of the Talmud that a carob tree does not bear fruit till seventy years after it has been planted.

"Do you expect to eat of the fruit of this tree?" the Rabbi asked, with a shrug of disdain.

"Rabbi," answered the old man meekly, but with dignity, "when I was a little child this field abounded with carob trees laden with fruit. My fathers had planted them for me; I plant this tree for my children."

Coniah turned away murmuring; "For his children. Blind, how blind we are. We live in this world but a brief period, and yet presume to provide for those that will come after us. They must die as well as we. Our existence was not given us merely for this world. Every man ought to consider his heavenly life, and forego all care or interest about the few days that he and others will spend here. What is our lot, or the lot of our children, is of little account. We are destined for heaven, and that is enough."

While he was meditating in this manner, Coniah lay down upon the ground. Feeling the sensation of hunger, he drew forth from his pocket a piece of bread, and ate, continuing his reflections. Presently he became drowsy, and fell asleep. He awoke not all that day, nor during that night. The day returned, and the night begun again, and still he slept. Thus passed many days and nights, during which he awoke not. A wall of stone was erected over him by a miracle, and shut him from the sight of men.

Thus for years he lay incarcerated as in a tomb. Generations passed away, and numerous events occurred to change the aspect of the world. Finally seventy years were accomplished, and the stony sepulchre disappeared, restoring Coniah to the light of day. He awoke as the sun ascended the meridian, and exclaimed:

"Verily, I have slept long. It was a little before the dusk of evening when I lay down, and now the sun is midway in the sky."

He arose and walked to the place where he had reproached the old man who planted the tree for posterity.—Behold, it was fully grown, and a boy stood near to it eating of its fruit.—Coniah accosted him:

"My young friend, who planted that carob tree?"

"Not I," replied the youth; for it requires many years for such a tree to mature and yield its fruit. My father declared to me that my grandfather planted it."

Coniah heard this with a feeling of horror.

"There can be no mistake," said he to himself.

"Here it is that I rebuked the old man, and there I lay down and slept.—The tree bears fruit, and I have been sleeping for seventy years."

Full of anxiety, he directed his footsteps toward the city where he had dwelt. But he soon paused in sad bewilderment. The old path was gone, and the familiar trees and landmarks had disappeared. The houses had put on an unfamiliar appearance. Everything around him was strange and new.

At length he discovered the way, and he came to the city. A multitude swarmed in the streets. Coniah looked sharply, but no face could he descry that had ever been known to him—Once he had a host of admirers; but now he was not recognized by any one. For him was no welcome, no word of greeting. A terrible sense of isolation came over him. He was alone in the midst of that crowd, as much so as he had been in the solitude of a desert.—Bitter was the anguish of that hour.—A faint hope only remained to mitigate the fierceness of his despair.

"No more," said he to himself, "no more have I friends and acquaintances. But my family yet remains to me. With them I may yet find a home, and consolation, and peace."

With throbbing heart he hastened to the house where he had dwelt. But as he went along his confidence abated.—He could not recognize his home, neither the walls nor the roof. Everything was new. With a feeling of hesitation he entered. Children were at play; their mother sided in their sports, while the father, a hale middle aged man, was at his work. The moment that Coniah was perceived all were still, and regarded him with apprehension and looks of suspicion.—Addressing himself to the man, he said:

"Call for me the son of Coniah."

"The son of Coniah!" exclaimed the man in astonishment; "he has long since slept with his fathers."

"Who, then, are you?" Coniah asked.

"I am the grandson of Coniah."

Overjoyed, Coniah extended his arms to embrace him, exclaiming: "I am your grandfather!"

But the grandson eluded his caresses, and replied, with great astonishment:

"You my grandfather? No! I never saw you, and I know you not."

The distracted Coniah began to tell the story of his wonderful sleep, and to entreat for the affection of his grandson. But the latter shook his head, and answered:

"You may remain here with me and do what you please; but do not ask my love. I have never seen you before, and I know you not."

So Coniah remained. But his life was wretched. There was no memory to connect him with his family and endear them to each other. He was in solitude, although surrounded by living persons; for they had never seen him before, and their hearts were not opened toward him. He was never more than a stranger who abode with them.

He visited the elderly men of the city, but no one could recognize him.—They remembered the name of Coniah, the great Rabbi, but when he attempted to make himself known they repulsed him angrily, saying:

"You are imposing upon us. Coniah has been dead for many, many years.—You cannot be he."

So he wandered about with his terrible sorrow, seeking some kinsman or friend to love and comfort him. But it was in vain. He could be received nowhere without a name; and when he insisted upon his own he was scouted as an impostor.

One day he entered into the college where once he had been accustomed to teach and receive honor. To avoid reproach, he forbore to mention his name or speak of himself. A learned discussion was going on, and he listened with his old eagerness. As each man argued, he would quote Coniah, his rules, his examples, his opinions, as men speak of one for a long time dead. There sat the living Coniah, and dared not utter a word It was intolerable; he wept bitterly, and his cheeks flowed with scalding tears.

When he left the college his anguish was more than he could bear. The changed faces around him, the terrible solitude in the midst of his fellow-men, the absence of every tie between him and them, overpowered him. Falling upon the ground, he turned his face to the sky and cried to the Lord:

"My God, I am deserted! Give me, I implore Thee, the society of men, or let me die. I am alone in the world; O, take me hence to Thee!"

His prayer was heard. Weakness came upon him, and in a few days he expired.

HOW RAIN IS FORMED.

To understand the philosophy of this phenomenon, essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts, derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cause to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionably greater in cold than in warm air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence, the perpetual snow on very high mountains, in the hottest climates. Now, when from evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor—though it be invisible—if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, is such an arrangement for the watering of the earth!—*Scientific American.*

☞ One after another, the newspapers are giving their testimony against putting on black as a sign of mourning. The Pittsburgh *United Presbyterian* says: "A family will shroud itself in black for years, as an expression of sorrow for one of its dead. That one may be in heaven, rejoicing with joy unspeakable, while relatives on earth are moving about in heavy and sombre garments, making their lives as gloomy as they can. There is no fitness in the thing. It is often a mere mockery of sorrow." It also objects to the practice on the ground of its expense to the poor.

—A good practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate with the drawback of an empty mind.

THE VERDICT IN THE FAIR-CRITTENDEN CASE.

The close of the trial of Mrs. Fair, for the shooting of Mr. Crittenden, is thus reported by the San Francisco *Alta:*

At five minutes after four o'clock the jury came into court and took their seats in the jury-box. They were preceded by Mr. Cook, who whispered something (probably the verdict of the jury) in Mrs. Fair's ear. She turned a trifle paler than usual, her head dropped to one side, but otherwise she did not seem to be affected by the intelligence. The excitement among the audience was intense, and they climbed up on benches and the backs of chairs in order to obtain a view of the scene which all felt would ensue. Judge Dwinelle took his seat upon the bench.

The court then wrote the following and read it to the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury—You are instructed to state by your verdict, if you convicted the prisoner, whether she was guilty of muder in the first degree, second degree, or manslaughter; you should so state.

Foreman—We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree.

The clerk then read the verdict, and, calling each juror by name, asked him if that was his verdict? All replied, "It is."

The ominous words, "Guilty of murder in the first degree" fell from the lips of the foreman of the jury. Mrs. Fair's little daughter, who seemed to comprehend their full meaning, broke forth into a violent fit of sobbing. She leaned over upon her mother, and her childish cry of anguish pierced every heart. Her paroxysm of grief became so violent that she sprung from her chair and fell in her mother's lap, her little arms encircling Mrs. Fair's neck. She continued in this position until the court adjourned. The scene was a most affecting one. Several of the jurors were affected to tears, and even Judge Dwinelle had difficulty in retaining command of his voice.

The San Francisco *Call* adds the following:

After some discussion between the prosecuting attorney and Mr. Cook, counsel for the defence, the court named the 29th of May as the day on which he would render his sentence. Judge Dwinelle remanded the prisoner into the custody of the Sheriff. She left, leaning upon the arm of Colonel Knox, and leading her little daughter by the hand, with her mother accompanying. A carriage was in waiting to receive the party, who entered it amid an immense throng of people gathered in the streets to get a glimpse at the prisoner. It was driven to the county jail, where the prisoner alighted, entered, and was enclosed by the iron doors, to await her forthcoming to receive sentence for the crime of which she stands convicted.

The mother and daughter attempted to enter the jail with Mrs. Fair, but were prevented by Jailor Kelley. Mrs. Fair appealed to him to let her child go with her. The jailor informed her that it was impossible. His order and his duty required him to prevent the entrance of both her child and mother.—The jailor asserts that Mrs Fair is confident she will neither be hanged nor sent to the State prison. On what her faith to the contrary is based is known only to herself, but the conjecture is that she relies upon the ingenuity of her counsel and the "quips and quirks" of the law to effect her release.

ETERNAL LIFE.

Howe, in his "Blessedness of the Righteous," has a noble passage, in which he contemplates innumerable multitudes of pure and happy creatures inhabiting and replenishing ample and spacious regions above, ignorant of nothing lawful and pleasant to be known, curious to know nothing useless, endowed with a self-governing wisdom, yet with a noble freedom, all everywhere full of reverence and dutiful love, every one in his own eyes as nothing, self consistent, even free of all self displeasures, all assured of their acceptance with God, all counting each other's felicity their own, and every one's enjoyment multiplied so many thousand fold, as he apprehends every one as perfectly pleased and happy as himself. Well may the Christian say, as he ponders these noble thoughts, "O, what will it be to be there!" And if the joy is so rapturous, the rest so blessed, the company so edifying, the place so glorious, Christ visible, God near, death behind, judgment over, what is our hope of this glory, and what result does it produce in us? Does it strengthen us for the duties of life, and console us under its sorrows, making its crosses light, and its gains trifling? Surely we christians are but half awake, and the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. There are treasures for us that we will hardly think of, a home that is barely worth our while to prepare for, joys which we languidly taste, gifts which we slothfully use. Yet the night is far spent, the day is at hand. We have slumbered and slept till our lamps are all but gone out, let us haste to trim them, for the bridegroom is coming. Surely, if we quite believe about heaven all that the Bible tells of it, how humility would clothe us, and zeal inflame us, and the thought of our inheritance ennoble us, making us calm and brave as the sons of God!

—When you hear a person begin a story about another with 'they say,' put it down as two-thirds false and the balance doubtful. This 'they say' makes more mischief in a town in the way of slander than any down right lie that can be hatched up.

LAUGHTER.

We pity a person who never laughs—one that goes the livelong day with never a smile to flit across their countenance. It is an evidence of a frame of mind that can never have any appreciative qualities—insensible to all pleasures that are momentarily occurring in one's pathway. We do not like to see such a rigidity of the facial powers—it betokens a temper that should be shunned. What heart can be insensible to the laughter of childhood—ringing in our ears like the music of tinkling bells.

There are a variety of laughs—

"The boisterous laugh that speaks the vacant mind,"

the laugh whose sparkling eye accompanies with bright scintillations the utterance of soft sounds. Expressive lips assume a merry and changing significance, while the fit lasts. There is a something indefinable in this species of laughter, something seen as well as heard; it is contageous; a most delightful episode of cachinating pleasures, you laugh joyously because others set the example—you can assert no reason therefor, only by a secret sympathy do we respond to its enlivening influence.

The laughter that is assumed cannot ape with any effect, this natural and exhilarating demonstration of mirth. Many people make themselves hideous in this forced laughter—this putting on the semblance of honest mirth—it is shameless hypocrisy. The hypocrite has time to compose and set his smile as you would set a time piece. His facial muscles may be educated for the purpose; but genuine laughter is another thing—it comes to the surface as naturally as a duck takes to water—it is not dissimulation, and he who can deceive through its instrumentality is an arch-hypocrite indeed.

A man "may smile and smile and be a villian," even when he thinks the sword of his perfidy has pierced the victims soul, and may gloat over the conquered with hyena-like glee. This laugh, so perfectly fiendish, outdoes curses in cruelty, and has its origin in a totally depraved heart.

The most simpering and innoxious of laughs comes from those who strive to please, while grinning at every sentence spoken by themselves or concluded by others. There is no harm in these complacent laughters, except as they bore others and make themselves ridculous. Stereotyped they stand, and nobody attaches the slightest importance to that insignificant laugh which means nothing, and only exemplifies the force of habit. Art, in the matter of laughing, is always odious. Nature abhors a false smile as fervently as she does a painted cheek or a hollow word. Truth in all things is her delight, and any step, taken in falsehood, mars her beauty forever. The treacherous laugh, like a lying word, betrays hypocrisy.

—A tale of misery—a cock-tail. So says Spiffles.

—Marrying a woman for her beauty is like eating a nightingale for singing.

—'Woman is a delusion, madam?' exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. 'And man is always hugging some delusion or other,' was the quick retort.

—'Bill,' said Bob, 'Why is that tree called the weeping willow?' 'Cause one of the sneaky, plaguey things grew near the schoolhouse and supplied the master with switches.'

—A well to do merchant living near Cairo has been arrested for endeavoring to starve his wife to death, so that he might marry his servant girl. The help is prettier than the wife.

—A parson reading the funeral services at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emeralder, 'Is this a brother or a sister?' 'Nather,' replied Pat, 'only a cousin.'

—'Boy,' said an ill tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, 'what are you hollerin' for when I am going by?' 'Humph,' returned the boy, 'what are you going by for when I am hollerin'?'

—Schoolmasters will appreciate this: The difference between a fisherman and a school boy—the one bates his hooks, the other hates his books.

And the difference between a school boy and a clerk boy is, that one stores the mind and the other minds the stores.

An Illinois woman committed suicide by hanging herself to an apple tree. At the funeral, a neighbor noticing the sad appearance of the husband, consoled him by saying that he had met with a terrible loss. 'Yes,' says the husband, heaving a sigh; 'she must have kicked like thunder to shake off six bushels of apples that would have been worth a dollar a bushel when they got ripe!'

—After Susan B. Anthony lectured at Ripton, Wisconsin, she wanted some recreation and amusement; so she took a walk on Sunday around the graveyard there. While she was enjoying the literature of a tombstone she heard a lot of little boys saying 'That's her,' and she thought 'such is fame.' Congratulating herself that even the children of the land knew her, she was accosted by an urchin, who said: 'Say, ain't you the old lady who walks up the wire on the circus tent to-morrow?'

—Said the distinguished Lord Chatham to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, "If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself."

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May 3—4m

AT THE
Sumter Book Store.
LETTER PAPER, 10 cents. per quire.
Fools Cap paper, 15 cents. per quire.
Blank Books and Diaries for 1871.
Almanacs.
Writing Desks and Work Boxes.
Hair Brushes and Tooth Brushes.
Combs and Fancy Articles.
A large lot of Miscellaneous Books, Novels, at reduced rates.
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DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR AND UPWARDS RECEIVED.
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This is a Home Institution and merits the patronage of the people of the State—at the same time a safe place to deposit their money, which can be withdrawn whenever needed.
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Jan 18

PERSONAL.
NOAH WALKER & CO.
THE
Celebrated Clothiers of
BALTIMORE, MD.
Announce the introduction of a plan of ordering
CLOTHING AND UNDERWEAR
BY LETTER,
to which they call your special attention.
They will send on application their improved and accurate
RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT,
and a full line of samples from their immense stock of *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, COATINGS, SHIRTINGS, &c., &c.*, thus enabling parties in any part of the country to order their Clothing and Shirts direct from them, with the certainty of receiving garments of
The Very Latest Style
And Most Perfect Fit
attainable.
Goods ordered will be sent by Express to any part of the country.
As is well known throughout the Southern States they have for FORTY-THREE YEARS
EXCELLED
in all departments of their business, which is a substantial guarantee as to the character of the Goods they will send out.
A large and well-assorted stock of
READY-MADE CLOTHING
always on hand, together with a full line of
FURNISHING GOODS
including all the latest Novelties in Design, and at
POPULAR PRICES.
When Goods are sent per Express C. O. D., there will be no collection charge on amounts of $20 and over
Rules for Self-Measurement, Samples of Goods and Price List sent *free* on application.
The attention of the Trade is invited to our *WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT* which is always kept up to the highest standard.
NOAH WALKER & CO.
Manufacturers and Dealers in Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Goods, either ready-made or made to order.
165 and 167 Baltimore Street,
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—OF—
EVERY DESCRIPTION
PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THE
OFFICE OF
The Sumter Watchman,
—IN THE—
Highest Style of the Art.

READ CAREFULLY.
Ague and Fever.
The only preventive known for Chills and Fever is the use of Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is good for Dyspepsia.
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is a preventive of Chills and Fever.
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is good for all Kidney and bladder complaints.
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is used all over the world by physicians in their practice.
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is good for Gout.
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is good for all Urinary complaints.
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is recommended by all the Medical Faculty.
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is good for Colic and pain in the Stomach
Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps.
Is imitated and counterfeited, and purchasers will have to use caution in purchasing.

I beg leave to call the attention of the reader to testimonials in favor of the Schnapps:
I feel bound to say that I regard your Schnapps as being in every respect pre eminently pure and deserving of medical patronage. At all events it is the purest possible article of Holland Gin, heretofore unobtainable, and as such may be safely prescribed by physicians.
DAVID L. MOTT, M. D., Pharmaceutical Chemist, New-York.
LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 1.—I tell that we have now an article of Gin, suitable for such cases as that remedy is adapted to.
DR. J. W. BRIGHT.

"Schnapps," is a remedy in chronic catarrhal complaints, etc.:
I take great pleasure in bearing highly creditable testimony to its efficacy as a remedial agent in the diseases for which you recommend it. Having a natural tendency to the mucous surfaces, with a slight degree of stimulation, I regard it as one of the most important remedies in chronic catarrhal affections, particularly those of the genito urinary apparatus. With much respect, your obedient servant.
CHAS. A. LEAS, M. D., New-York.

26 PINE STREET, NEW-YORK, NOV. 21, 1867.—UDOLPHO WOLFE, ESQ., *Present:* DEAR SIR: I have made a chemical examination of a sample of your "Schiedam Schnapps," with the intent of determining if any foreign or injurious substance had been added to the simple distilled spirits.
The examination has resulted in the conclusion that the sample contained no poisonous or harmful admixture. I have been unable to discover any trace of the deleterious substances which are sometimes employed in the adulteration of liquors. I would not hesitate to use myself, nor to recommend to others, for medicinal purposes, the "Schiedam Schnapps" as an excellent and unobjectionable variety of gin. Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) CHAS. A SEELY, Chemist

CHEMICAL AND TECHNICAL LABORATORY, 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW-YORK, NOV. 25, 1867.—UDOLPHO WOLFE, ESQ., DEAR SIR: The undersigned have carefully and thoroughly analyzed a sample of your "Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps," selected by ourselves, and have found the same free from all organic or inorganic substances, more or less injurious to health. From the result of our examination we consider the article one of superior quality, healthful as a beverage, and effectual in its medicinal qualities.
Respectfully yours,
(Signed) ALEX. TRIPPEL, Chemist.
FRANCIS E. ENGELHARD, M. D.
For sale by all respectable Grocers and Druggists.
UDOLPHO WOLFE'S EST.,
22 BEAVER-ST. N. Y.
March 23

ADRIAN & VOLLERS.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
WE KEEP THE MOST COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN ANY SOUTHERN Market. Our Line of
PROVISIONS
Of every kind is complete, and we promise that our off all inducements to send orders North. Close buying customers will find that they can save money by ordering from us. Our facilities for the spring trade is unusually full.
Wines, Liquors & Tobacco.
ALL KINDS
Whiskey, Gin, Rum,
Brandy, Wines, Alcohol,
Ale, Porter, &c.
Chewing Tobacco, in caddies and 1 pound, of great variety.
Smoking Tobacco, all kinds in 1 2 and 4 pound packages.
Segars, a good many different sizes and all qualities.
The above we offer to the trade low for cash.
ADRIAN & VOLLERS.
March 27 Wilmington N. C.

IN STORE.
16,000 BUSHELS CORN,
8,000 Barrels Flour,
150 Barrels Pork,
90 Boxes D. S. and L. C. Sides,
30 Hhds. D. S. and Sm'k'd Sides and Shoulders,
450 Sacks Rio, Java and Laguayra Coffee,
20 Hhds. Demarara and P. R. Sugars,
150 Bbls. Refined Sugars and Syrups,
250 Hhds. Cuba Molasses,
150 Hhds. Cuba Molasses,
150 Hhds. Sugar House Molasses,
100 Bbls. Sugar House Syrup,
300 Bales Hay,
2,000 Sacks Salt,
150 Bbls. and Boxes Crackers,
15 Tubs Butter,
500 Boxes Soap,
100 Cases Lye and Potash,
75 Bbls. and Tubs Lard,
75 Bbls. and Kits Mackerel,
75 Boxes Tobacco,
80 Boxes Soda,
100 Kegs Nails,
50 Boxes Cheese,
For sale by
F. W. KERRINER,
27, 28 and 29 North Water Street.
May 10 Wilmington N. C.

Land Plaster—Land Plaster.
13,000 BUSHELS PRIME WHITE OATS
For sale by
March 13— F. W. KERRINER.