

COLUMBIAN. C.

Tuesday Morning, January 28, 1873.

Robert Burns.
The poet, whose fame is now world-wide, in whose honor his countrymen and admirers, of all countries, meet at the festive board at every recurring anniversary, was born 25th January, 1759, in a cottage built by his father's own hands, two miles from the town of Ayr. The family was in reduced circumstances, and hard manual labor and deprivation of most of the comforts of life were a part of their inheritance. Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, has given a beautiful and touching narrative of their youthful labors and struggles. The life of the father was a continued effort to keep out of the hands of the officers of the law, and to improve his condition and afford his children some advantages of education. These were but few indeed, but native genius and a hereditary sense of honor supplied the deficiency in both, and one became a reputable and intelligent citizen, and the other, more gifted; attained the distinction and incurred the sorrows which too often attend the poetic temperament and organization. Of himself, the poet says: "The cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the increasing moil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year." Of the condition in which the family lived, we can judge from the language of Gilbert: "To the buffeting of misfortune," he says, "we could only oppose hard labor and the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly. For several years, butcher's meat was a stranger in the house, while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength; and rather beyond it, in the labors of the farm. My brother, at thirteen, assisted in threshing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal laborer on the farm, for we had no hired servants, male or female. The agonizing mind we felt, at our tender years, under those straits and difficulties, was very great."

While before the father's death, and when his affairs were at the most trying crisis, the brothers took a farm to manage themselves. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labor performed on the farm. Robert's and Gilbert's allowance was £7 each per annum; and the latter says that for four years, Robert's expenses never exceeded his slender income. In 1784, their good father, who had done the best he could, even interesting his children himself at night, after the severe labors of the day, died, leaving them the legacy of a law-suit, which involved them in ruin. In no language can anything be found more happily descriptive of the joys and sorrows of humble but virtuous life, than the "Cottar's Saturday Night," in which the poet pays a pious tribute to the parental tenderness and affection and the many manly traits of his sire.

About his sixteenth year he first committed the sin of rhyme. He soon became famous in Ayr and the neighboring towns for his verses and his sprightly and vigorous conversational powers. Becoming involved in some imprudences, he made legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage, and prepared to sail to Jamaica to better his fortunes. But before leaving his country, he resolved to publish his poems. They were well received, and netted him £20. He was about to sail, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of his, encouraging him to go to Edinburgh, and bring out a second edition of his poems, determined his fate. He went, was greatly admired in society for his brilliant parts and conversation, and the poems, brought out under the patronage of the Earl of Glencairn, Dr. Robertson, Professor Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, and other persons of distinction, were a complete success. The profits were nearly £500. This was the introduction to a career of unparalleled triumph and renown as a poet, but alas for him, to scenes of dissipation and social enjoyment, which he learned to love too well. A ruling spirit in the festive and social life of Dumfries, where he subsequently lived, he became its early victim. He died in his thirty-eighth year, his sun going "down while it was yet day," but not before he had overcome the disadvantages of a harsh dialect in poems and songs, which reach the highest excellence in pathos, humor, and naturalness. In them are enshrined those qualities which made them suddenly popular in all ranks, and which suffice them to maintain their hold over the affection, admiration and respect of mankind. They have kindled an overburning enthusiasm in his native country, where they are as familiar as household words, and are read and almost equally appreciated wherever the English language is spoken. "It is all heart and passion, and every human bosom capable

of feeling strongly must be stirred by its fire and tenderness. The expression is, throughout, as truly as that of any poetry ever was, the spontaneous utterance of the thought or sentiment which falls into measured words as if it and they were struck out together by the same creative not. In his lyrical pieces, especially, the passion, and the language, and the melody which is married to the immortal muse, seem to come all in one gush from the full fountain of the heart. In this exquisite truth of style no writer, in any language, has surpassed Burns."

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR.—Gen. Hampton, in his address in Savannah, on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Lee, thus feelingly described the last scene of the war between the States:
The heart sickens as it recalls the death-throes of that once mighty army, whose bayonets had for four years sustained the liberty of the South, and it would fain draw a veil over the mortal agony that wrung the heart of its commander when he saw all was lost. He had done all that man could do, and he felt now that the time had come when it was his duty, as a soldier and as a Christian, to save the farther effusion of blood. No thought of self entered into the consideration of this question. In his own words, "the question is whether it is right, and if it is right, I take the responsibility."
Believing that it was right to do so, he surrendered the little remnant of that band of heroes, who had followed him through three years of blood, of victory and of glory, and he sheathed forever his spotless sword.

"Never hand waved sword from stain so free, Nor purer sword led a braver band; Nor a braver bid for a brighter land; Nor a brighter land had a braver grand; Nor a cause a chief like Lee."
The end had come: "our sun had gone down while it was yet day;" that cause, so grand, sanctified by the tears, the prayers, the life-long agony of our noble women, and glorified by the devotion, the patriotism, the blood of our men, fell when the sword of Lee was surrendered; and with its fall, the military career of our great chief ended forever.

There are few States in the Union which can point to such a financial statement as that of Texas. In his recent message to the State Legislature, the Governor says:
"The total of the actual indebtedness of Texas amounts to the small sum of \$1,000,000.78—an amount which could be paid off by a tax for a single year of less than a half of one per cent. on the taxable value of property within the State. On the other hand, we have in the Treasury, to offset this debt, \$49,275.02 in specie and \$204,036.07 in currency, belonging to special funds."

Commentary.—The Herald of Louisiana, in a special issue recently published at that place:
"The garrison at this place, under command of Capt. B. Keeler, composed of Company I, 18th Infantry, and Company G, 7th Cavalry, has been ordered away. The cavalry left yesterday, and the infantry leaves to-day. The bearing of all the officers comprising the command has been characterized by the strictest gentility, while the behavior of the men has been uniformly good; and we bid the whole command a hearty good-bye, and wish that their future fields may be as peaceful as their sojourn in our midst has been. The officers comprising the garrison are as follows: Capt. B. Keeler, Commandant; First Lieutenant, J. K. Hyer, Post Adjutant and Quartermaster; and Lieutenant C. B. Hinton, 18th Infantry; Lieutenant Donald McIntosh, 7th Cavalry; Dr. F. Atkinson, Post Surgeon."

ANOTHER GOLD MINE.—Statements are continually made that this State is rich in mines, and especially that gold exists in considerable quantities. For some time, it has been known that there is a gold mine in Laurens County, about four and a half miles South-west of the Court House, but from want of capital, it has not been developed, except that one shaft was sunk 500 or 600 feet on the farm of Mr. O. Burgess. Gold was found in increasing quantities as the shaft descended. The soil in the vicinity of this mine also contains gold, and it is stated it may be easily detected in every shovel-full, after a few inches of the surface is removed. Not having means to continue the expensive process of mining, Mr. Burgess, some time since, began washing the gravel and sand gathered from the bed of a branch that was near the mine, and states that in a short time he had secured over 1,100 pennyweights of gold, in particles and small nuggets, and stated by the assayer at the Philadelphia mint, where it was coined for him, to be as pure and fine a quality of gold as any produced in the United States.

He left at this office specimens of gold-bearing quartz, picked up from the surface near the mine, and also exhibited some of the nuggets taken from the bed of the stream. The manner in which the mine was discovered is interesting. A little girl was playing in the field, and found a stone, which she thought was pretty, and carried it home. It proved to be a piece of gold-bearing quartz, from which forty dollars' worth of gold was taken. The quartz, taken on an average, it is said, will produce \$200 to the ton. If this is the fact, the mine will well pay working. It is situated on the same line with the Dorn and Union Mines. The owner of the property desires to have the mines developed, and is anxious to secure the formation of a company for that purpose.

(Columbia Union.)

SLAIN BY SNOW.—FULLY THIRTY HUNDRED LIVES LOST.—The Wisconsin, Milwaukee correspondent of the New York Herald gives the following additional particulars of the late terrible snow storm:

New Ulm ordered nineteen coffins on one day, and at least fifty deaths are reported from that place and Fort Ridgely. Twenty deaths at Morris, nine at Madelia, twenty-four at Sleepy Eye Lake, eight at Worthington, ten at Mankato—so runs the fatal record. In this letter I propose giving some disconnected incidents and episodes of the fatal Tuesday, which may be of interest to Eastern readers. Some idea of the depth of the snow drifts may be formed when we consider that on Wednesday the snow was piled so high about a freight train, blockaded on the Davenport and St. Paul Railroad, near Delaware Center, that teams drove right over the cars. Upon the same line there are drifts 3,000 feet long and fifteen feet deep. Near Blue Earth men could pass on foot over the telegraph wires, and at New Ulm, in one drift, was found a man frozen to death while sitting on the seat of his sleigh, his head being fully five feet under the surface.

The school-mistress discharged her scholars, telling them to run home. Some escaped with but slight injuries, but seven of the little ones lost their way in the blinding drifts, and were found dead, one with his books under his arm and his little foot lifted for a step—a step which proved a step beyond the confines of life. Two others were found frozen to death in each other's arms; tears, which the bitter cold or the near approach of death had wrung from them, standing in little beads of ice on their innocent cheeks.

A stage left Madelia for St. James, having eight passengers and a driver. On Wednesday morning, not having arrived, search was made for it. It was found on the road, the horses frozen to death, the driver a grinning corpse on the seat, with the reins still in his hands, and eight bundles of robes and clothes in the bottom of the sleigh, each of which contained a soulless lump of icy flesh.

Mr. A. K. Jenkins, of the Cleveland, Ohio, Bridge Company, who was superintending the building of an iron bridge at Rock Rapids, Iowa, was traveling by stage thence to Sibley. Arrived at the latter place, the other passengers disembarked. He did not stir. They called him, they touched him, and lo! death had ridden with them for some time, and the body was already rigid.

At Osawa, about 100 yards from the railroad station, were found two horses harnessed to a cutter, in which, sitting bolt upright, were two men dressed in warm buffalo coats. They were frozen stiff and dead. John Hagameyer, of Elizabeth, started to go from his home to his blacksmith's shop, 150 yards away. He was found two miles distant, frozen to death.

At Herman, on the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, a man was frozen to death going from the station to the tank-house. At Nicollet, within twenty yards of the railroad station, a man was found frozen to death in his sleigh. In the same village, another man lost his life while trying to close his barn door, blocked by a snow-drift.

Mr. Charles Deming, mail-carrier between Vermillion and Swan Lake, hung a buffalo robe over the wheels of his buggy, and spent twenty-six hours in the lee of this poor shelter, freezing one foot and one hand. When the storm ceased, he found himself within forty yards of a house.

At Fort Ridgely, three brothers were hauling grain when the storm came on them. They sought shelter in their grain cribs in an open field. All three were found there dead.

Mr. Lee and his son, aged thirteen, left their house, near Sioux City, on Tuesday, for a load of wood. On Friday, they were found about eighty yards apart. Evidently they had freed their cattle, and then gone on, mistaking their way. Both were thinly clad. The boy's arms were crossed, as if he had tried to keep his buttonless over-coat closed. The faithful dog was found beside his dead master. A widow is left destitute with four children, the eldest only seven years old.

Near Madelia, a man unhitched his team and went to search for a house, leaving his wife in the sleigh. She became anxious, and followed him. Both were frozen to death.

A Mr. Temins, his son and his son's wife started from Fergus Falls for Elizabeth. Becoming locked in a drift, the man took the mules and went for assistance, leaving the woman in the sleigh. Father and son were frozen to death, and the woman cannot recover.

A couple just married were on their way home to Lemars, when the storm overtook them. They turned the horses loose and overset the sleigh, then crawled under it and wrapped themselves in the robes. It was a strange bridal room, the box of a sleigh in a drift on the prairie, but they passed two days and two nights there, and were finally rescued alive, though badly frozen.

Near Correctionville, John Sparks and Joseph Sanders went out to get some wood at a distance of four miles. The storm caught them, but they pushed on. When a mile and a half from home they threw out their load to go on more quickly, but just beyond the road made a curve; they passed this curve without turning, and so every step afterwards was a step away from home. At night they camped under the sleigh, about three miles from home. A trapper heard their shouts, but thought them but the hooting of owls. All day Wednesday, Wednesday night and Thursday the men were alive and wandering up and down, bewildered by the terrible storm. The trapper followed them all day Wednesday, but could not find them. On Thursday night their horse came home, and following back his tracks they found the two men seven miles away,

about two feet apart, frozen stark and stiff. The dog, which had accompanied them, remained with the bodies, and had kept them from being covered by the snow. Each man left a widow and children, the latter all young. Sanders' family is destitute. The aged mother and sister of Sparks have gone mad, and will probably die.

A SAD-LOOKING BODY.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald telegraphs, as follows of the appearance of the Senate on the 23d:

The Senate was not in a happy frame of mind this morning when Colfax, with a look of grim despair, in the place of his old smile, rapped to order and then made his exit to talk to-night on temperance at Trenton. The seat of Patterson, the other forgetful speculator in Credit Mobilier, was vacant, while Wilson looked anxiously around, in search of some man who doubts his pleasant little history of his transactions with Ames and Alley. Harlan appeared like an itinerant preacher whose Senatorial sands of life had nearly run out. Trumbull evidently felt that he, also, must soon leave the seat which he has occupied since 1858. Hill, of Georgia, tried to look martyr-like, and so did Sawyer, of South Carolina, with half a dozen other carpet-baggers, who must march forth in a few weeks. It was a doleful spectacle, and such general solemnity prevailed that permission was refused Nye to have an evening session, when he could humorously illustrate the glories attendant on the grant of an additional subsidy to the Webb Pacific line. Nye pleaded pathetically that it would be his last appearance as a heavy comedian on the Senatorial stage; but those who had often laughed at his jokes refused to give him a chance to repeat them. Colfax is rather a pet with the Senators, although he talks too much in the chair, and the prospect of having to give him up for Wilson has not been pleasant. But to see him go forth into the cold world deprived of his good name will be a melancholy spectacle. He professes virtuous indignation at the statements of Ames, and pronounces them "infamous." But it is known that to-morrow a respectable cashier in the office of the Sergeant-at-Arms—Moses Dillon in his name—will swear that he paid the check made payable to Schuyler Colfax. Had it been a member, Dillon says, he might have forgotten it; but when the Speaker came into the cash room to present such a check, and pocketed the money for it, an impression was made upon his memory. Who wonders? And why has Schuyler thus saddened the hearts of his friends in the Senate by going out like a piece of damp fire-works, with a few feeble sputterings and a very bad smell? Who wonders that the Senate is sad?

The same correspondent furnishes the following:

As General Butler, the valiant bombardier of past belligerent scenes, was passing through a corridor of the House of Representatives, this afternoon, he was accosted by Mrs. Bowen, of South Carolina, a Pettigrew by birth, who has stood by her husband in his various troubles.

"General," said she, "can I say a word to you?"

"Madame," responded the bombardier, in a loud, gruff tone, "I have always made it a rule never to speak to a woman in the Capitol."

"And I," retorted Mrs. Bowen, in a shrill, clear voice, "have always made it a rule never to speak to a man that I knew was not a gentleman. I regret that I have departed from it in the present case."

Exit the bombardier, very red in the face.

The report of the Committee on Elections, in the case of Bowen and DeLarge, was up in the House to-day, when thirty minutes was given to C. C. Bowen to state his case. Bowen is a man of middle size, sallow complexion, black hair and eyes, with regular and well-cut features, and a sharp, keen look. His voice is rather shrill, with a slightly nasal twang, and he commenced his speech with the most perfect self-possession, and with no little dramatic effect. He had his papers and books of reference on the desk before him, and when he got the floor he stopped for a few moments and looked around the House, with an air that said as plainly as words, "Gentlemen, are you all ready to hear the great Bowen?" But very few members seemed to pay the slightest attention to him from the commencement to the close of his speech. Notorious Congressmen are becoming so plenty now-a-days that the notorious Bowen could not even excite the curiosity of the delegate from Idaho. The only portion of Bowen's speech which attracted any attention was where he showed very clearly that the Committee on Elections could have reported this case to the House last spring just as well as now, and saved the \$10,000 drawn as salary by DeLarge. At the conclusion of his speech a sharp debate occurred between Hoar, Butler and Rainey, the colored member, who had the hardihood to "go for" S. S. Cox last session. Rainey was not as fortunate in his defence of his colored brother as in his attack upon the funny man of the House. At the close the House unanimously agreed to the report of the committee, declaring that neither Bowen nor DeLarge was entitled to the seat.

Capt. White, of the ship Sea Serpent, recently arrived at New York from Hong Kong, out-does all other ancient mariners, by reporting to have seen on May 5, 1872, two sea serpents, in latitude 29.38 South; longitude 170 41 East. The creatures, he informed a New York Herald reporter, were fifty miles long (?) and were apparently sleeping on the surface of the water when the ship passed between them. One opened his mouth and yawned as the vessel passed, and the other remained asleep.

Dickens is finishing "Elwin Dood" through a New England "mezzum."

Local Items.

OUR MATTERS.—The price of single copies of the PIONEER is five cents. Mr. I. Sulzbacher will be glad to see his friends at the store of Mr. Hardy Solomon. He has temporarily changed his business, and will give full measure and weight, whether in a gallon of molasses or a pound of flour.

Mr. J. T. Green, "commercial traveler" for the well-known firm of W. H. Chafee & Co., Charleston, S. C., paid us a short visit yesterday. He is satisfied with the world, but complains bitterly of the effects of the weather upon his feeble frame.

A card in another column imparts the information that Messrs. Charles Radcliffe (son of our late fellow-citizen, Capt. T. W. Radcliffe), and C. W. McGuinnis, formerly employed with Mr. I. Sulzbacher, have commenced business for themselves, and are prepared to repair watches and jewelry of all kinds. Give them a trial—they are fully competent.

We have received from Mr. James Vick, the celebrated florist, of Rochester, N. Y., our annual package of floral seeds. Mr. V., as heretofore announced, is one of the most extensive nurserymen and florists in the United States, and his articles can be relied on.

The PIONEER is in receipt of a lot of printer's copying ink. It serves the purpose of ordinary copying ink, and is invaluable to railroad officials and others who have much printed matter to copy. The cost of printing done with this ink is but little more than with the ordinary ink.

Mr. Cantwell advertises seed potatoes. As he is a native of the "green isle," he knows what kinds are the most toothsome.

Reading Clerk Sisson and Senator Jones, while riding in one of Mr. Daly's buggies, on Sunday afternoon, turned the horse around a corner suddenly, and were thrown out—a wheel having been smashed. Nobody hurt.

The Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine agency in this city is shortly to be removed to the commodious store formerly occupied by Messrs. W. D. Love & Co., in Columbia Hotel Row.

Col. E. R. Dorsey, of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, has arranged to issue round trip tickets for Mardi Gras excursionists from Columbia to New Orleans at \$37. This affords an excellent opportunity to visit the Crescent City at a very low rate. Tickets will be good from February 20 until March 10. We refer to our advertising columns for further particulars of this extensive excursion.

To-day, two years ago—January 28, 1871—Paris capitulated.

There was no complaint as to the weather, yesterday—it was clear and balmy.

Mr. Long requests us to say that he is offering his stock of mules and horses—some of them good matches—at low rates, for cash and on time. The stock can be seen at Daly's stables.

The following is the programme by Prof. Buchar's 18th Regiment Band, for this afternoon:

- Coliseum Quick-step—Beyer.
- Pretiosa—Weber.
- Leitantes Klange Waltz—Labitzki.
- Duetto Semiramide—Ponini.
- Ixion Polka—Goetz.
- Heart and Hand Galop—Samuels.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The passenger train over the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, due here from the latter city, (and which arrived on time,) yesterday morning, at half-past 11 o'clock, met with an accident, about four miles from Hamburg, by which the rear car, containing about twenty passengers, was thrown over a slight embankment into a swamp, and the next car on to the ties. The rear car was considerably broken, but the next one was but slightly damaged. Fortunately, but three passengers and Conductor Wolfe were hurt, and they but slightly, although all aboard were considerably jarred. Mrs. Britman, Mr. Blackwell, of Georgia, and Mr. Wm. Joyner, of Lexington, were the injured parties. Mrs. B. continued on her journey; Mr. B. was prevailed upon to stop over, and is at the Wheeler House; while Mr. J. says he is all right, except a bruised back. Conductor W. carried his train on to Charlotte. The accident occurred at Burns' Switch, and is unaccounted for. The track was soon cleared, and there was no detention of trains.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Northern mail opens 6.30 A. M. and 3.00 P. M.; closes 8 P. M. and 11.00 A. M. Charleston day mail opens 6.15 P. M.; closes 6 A. M.; night opens 7.00 A. M.; closes 6.15 P. M. Greenville opens 6.45 P. M.; closes 6 A. M. Western opens 6.30 A. M. and 12.30 P. M.; closes 8 and 1 P. M. Wilmington opens 3.30 P. M.; closes 10.30 A. M. On Sunday the office is open from 3 to 4 P. M.

PROMISING.—Our man of nerve says it's a sign of a happy mind to be always in a quiver.

A gentleman from Ireland, being asked by a New York belle if he admired small waists, responded, "Not in the laced."

A visitor at Plymouth Church wants to know if Mr. Beecher's allusions to the "small still viol" has reference to illicit whiskey.

When a church is burning, what is the only part that runs no chance of being saved? The organ, because the engine can't play upon it.

Our school-boy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what," he only finds out which is switch.

Mr. Caudle observes that bee-stung is bad and hornet stung is worse, but neither is comparable with woman's tongue.

Under the names of "charms," "pins," and so on, cheap fac-similes of gold coin of various denominations have been put into indirect currency by enterprising dealers, who have also issued well-executed copies of fractional currency, nearly fac-similes, but signed "Horace Greeley" and "B. Grant Brown." At a superficial glance either of these productions is taken for genuine.

Pascal said that most of the evils of life arose from "man's being unable to sit still in a room;" and, though I do not go that length, it is certain that we should have been a far wiser race than we are if we had been rendered to sit quiet.

BURNS CLUB SUPPER.—CELEBRATION OF THE 14TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THE POST.—The entertainment last evening of the "Burns Club" and their invited guests, at Mr. McKenzie's saloon, was a *recherche* affair. An elegant supper, in Mr. McKenzie's best style, formed the basis, upon which the superstructure of wit, fun, enthusiasm and patriotic ardor was erected. The regular toasts and the volunteer sentiments were of choice character, and the songs and impromptu speeches handsome and highly appropriate. The occasion was enlivened by the music of the Post Band, and everything went smoothly and merrily along until a late hour, when the company separated, each feeling that it was well to have been there. It is a remarkable fact that no other poet than Burns has the honor paid him of an annual celebration. It is exclusively his prerogative to gather his admirers and friends around the festive board at every recurring anniversary of his birth. And well he deserves the distinction, and highly do his countrymen and other admirers enjoy the privilege of these delightful occasions.

We append a portion of the bill of fare: Oysters in different styles; roast turkeys, pheasants, wild ducks and partridges; chicken and lobster salad; boiled ham and tongue; vol-au-vents, mutton pies; fruit steeples; ice creams, sherbet, Charlotte russe, jelly, Roman punch; Scotch, fruit, pound and other cakes; fruits, nuts, etc.; brandy, sherry, Madeira and the inevitable "hot Scotch."

The regular toasts were as follows:

The Day We Celebrate—The birthday of "the gentlest child that ever mirth gave to be reared by sorrow." May the elevating influences of its presiding genius extend and increase until the whole world admits that honest manhood is greater than all artificial distinctions of wealth or rank.

Song by Mr. King—Rantin' Robin.

The Queen—A virtuous woman, whose throne is the affections of her people, whose sceptre is a loving heart, and whose crown is that, though a queen, she never forgot her duty as a wife and a mother.

God Save the Queen.

The President of the United States—Twice elevated to the highest elective office in the world, presiding over the destinies of a great people, may his future career prove worthy of the grand trust confided to his care, and the people be prosperous and happy under his administration.

R. McDougall, Song—Red, White and Blue.

The Land we left and the Land we live in—Our affections twine fondly around the former, while our energies are devoted to the best welfare of the latter.

Song by President Hope—Here's to the Oak.

Scotland—Her mountains have been the home of liberty; her valleys have been the dwelling-places of song; and her schools have been the nurseries of religion.

Song by Mr. Symmers.

The Press—A lever more powerful than wished for by Archimedes; it does move the world; its purity is its power. Responded to by Mr. Carpenter.

Woman—With all her faults I love her still.

Song—Green Grow the Rushes O. By Mr. Jeans.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

D. C. Peixotto & Sons—Auction Sale. Board Wanted.

David Graham—Lost.

W. A. Moore—To Rent.

Meeting Typographical Union, No. 34.

P. Cantwell—Seed Potatoes.

McGuinnis & Radcliffe—Jewelry, etc.

Dr. W. H. Tutt—Cough Medicine.