

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

### TERMS.

Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square, (fourteen lines or less) seventy-five cents for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions, one dollar per square, semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same for a single insertion.

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### Miscellaneous.

#### A Scotchman's Opinion of the President.

Rev. Dr. Duff, of Scotland, who recently visited this country, has, upon his return, been giving a most flattering account of the United States, its people, and the clergy with whom he formed acquaintance (especially in New York and Philadelphia) during his tour. In a speech made before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, recounting the leading incidents of his mission, he thus speaks of his visit to Washington.

Passing from these States, there was always a desire to reach the capital of this great country, Washington. Arrived there, I found the same kind of feeling pervading the people of all shades of politics. Of course, they manifest certain peculiarities of habit and manner, but I did not go there to find little matters for petty, paltry, carping criticism. I went to see what was worthy of being seen—Yes, and to be edified.

With regard to the civil head of the great Republic, I must speak of him as I found him. I was utterly astonished, after being accustomed to the unapproachable distance of their high mightinesses and other royalties in the Old World, to find the President of this great country, America, with a commerce nearly equal to our own, and resources which, in time, will prove vastly superior, coming down stairs like a private gentleman, plainly dressed, without fuss, or show or parade, and demeaning himself with a benign kindness of manner, as well as the greatest simplicity, calmness and dignity, such as became the head of such a great country. There was no fur, or other articles arrayed in scarlet, or golden drapery, or parti-colored raiment—no fustian, or pique, or display whatever.

I have no wish to gratify a sickly taste, by making any reference to the style of a Western life, the household economy, or the private conversation; but I must say that the inquiries which this exalted personage made about sundry affairs, the knowledge which he possessed of what was going on everywhere, and the desire to know about the existing state of things more particularly in British India, were of a nature to indicate that he was a man of grasping and reaching intelligence; and whatever might be the opinion of more partisans, that he was one not unworthy to fill the high office which he holds, as the head of the greatest Republic the world has ever seen. (Cheers.)

His lady, I rejoice to say, appeared to be a Christian, out and out; and right glad was I to find such a lady, associated in the more private duties of the position now occupied by the successor of the immortal Washington. While here, I had offers of service in every conceivable way—everything was done by Senators and Members of the House of Representatives ten thousand times more than could be looked for, and I could not help saying of it all—it is the Lord's doing.

#### Let me Die in the Country.

O let me die in the country, where I shall not fall, like a leaf in the forest, unheeded—where those who love me need mask their hearts to meet the careless multitude, and strive to forget me! Bury me in the country amid the prayers of the good and the tears of the loving; not in the dark, damp vault, away from the sweet-scented air, and the cheerful sunshine; but in the open fields among the flowers that I loved and cherished while living.

Fanny Forester.

What a beautiful prayer is the above! Who would die in the city where the cold gaze of Mammon looks upon the hearse that contains your mortal remains with a commercial estimate of its cost, instead of thinking that with it is the body of a fellow being whose spirit has fled from earth!

Of all places a city is the worst for these contemplative moments which exercise so powerful an influence in restraining passion, in establishing moral principles and in directing the mind to the consideration of these important subjects which are not bounded by time and sense. The constant excitement of metropolitan life, begets a disregard for moral restraints, and the utter abnegation of personal identity which too frequently exist, causes the best disposed to lose the most wholesome influences of morality. The careless multitude, regardless of the admonitions of mortality which surround them, become reckless, and regardlessness, as a necessary consequence, begets depravity.

"Yes, bury me in the country!" Who would desire to have his ashes mould in the midst of the busy through whose gay and boisterous laugh would, if spirits, can hover over their resting place, send a pang, if possible, even in that calm and heavenly home where all sorrow, we are led to believe, is at an end? Who would desire to have his bones interred where the encroachment of this commercial age would soon demand that they be scattered to the four winds of heaven? Who would have over his grave the ribald jest of the stranger, the coarse oath of the libertine, or the miserable slang of the scoffer at all, that is pure and holy? Yet such are city burials—such are the resting places of those who are now sleeping beneath the sward bound yard of Trinity Church.

The prayer of Fanny Forester finds a response in every heart. Who that has the remembrance of his early country home yet lingering in the recesses of his memory, does not say, "Let me repose in the humble yard where my father's remains were laid? Let me

sleep under the willow which bends over his grave, and which with the wind sings over it a requiem of peace to his ashes?" How soon after Fanny uttered this prayer, did her spirit wing its flight from the abodes of earth! She died in the country, and over her grave we trust will grow the fragrance of early flowers—a sweet memorial of a life of virtue. May our last resting place be like hers, far away from this material city, where vice is called virtue, where honesty is dignified with the title of honesty, where the most solemn requirements of religion are disregarded, and where the heart of man seems to be fully set in them to do evil. Yes, let us rest in some quiet rural spot, which has never been contaminated by the presence of a Heaven defiling race. The body, to be sure, is of but small account, but the individual who disregards that is generally a stranger to matters of even more importance.

We see now, in our mind's eye, a nook in the country which invites us to repose. A rustic fence encloses the plain brick vault. A wooden gate, which very seldom swings to admit a corpse, is the most noticeable feature from the roadside. In the distance, close under the overhanging arch of a mountain, is the spot where our eyes first saw the light of day. We see that the distance from these places is but short, yet it seems longer than the journey of our life. We have wandered far from the paternal roof, and may never again see its cooling shades; but ever imprinted upon our memory will be the humble cottage of our childhood, and the sequestered grave where repose the remains of our ancestors. Whether our days be few or many, may the remembrance of those holy shrines be ever kept bright in our mind. Like the early teachings from a mother's lips, they come up occasionally to admonish us on the road of life to teach us that it is not all of life to live.

How often are we reminded of that touching story of Christopher North, where he tells of a man who left his early home, obtained wealth and honors, and at last returned to his shepherd's roof to pass the evening of his life. Satiated with everything that fame could bestow, he only found pleasure when he came back as a child and drank from the pure fountain of early recollections. Would that Providence compensate us such a destiny. In the tranquil evening of life, when the temptations of youth have ceased, and the cares of middle age are over, it would be pleasant to lie down and die among the flowers that you plucked in youth for wreaths to grace your merry pranks. Perchance a cluster might be gathered by some kind hand to deck your funeral bier.—Exchange.

#### A Simple Fact.

God works by means; and he sometimes employs very feeble ones to promote his high ends. A fact of this kind was related not long since, the substance of which is as follows:

A little girl, some ten or eleven years of age, had her mind deeply impressed with the truth of God in the Sabbath school. Upon retiring to rest one night, she was in trouble about her soul; and at the midnight hour, her anxiety had so increased, that it waked up the servant girl, who was sleeping in the same apartment. Upon interrogation as to the cause of her trouble, the little girl replied that she felt that she was a great sinner—that she could not help herself and that unless she obtained help she must go down to hell. She then requested the servant girl to pray for her. But she replied that she was not a Christian—she could not pray. The little girl then sent for her father. Upon entering the room he asked him to pray for her. But he made the same reply that the servant girl had made—he was not a Christian; he could not pray. But sympathizing with his child's anxieties, he called her mother to the bedside.

This good woman had often been to the throne of grace; but never on an occasion like this. She poured her soul out in prayer to God for her child. God heard and answered her. During the same night, in the same room, by witnessing the moving scene, the servant girl was hopefully converted, and in a few days the father became a Christian.

But the good work did not stop here. The little girl went from house to house, telling of what a precious Saviour she had found, and inviting others to seek him—and as a result of these labors, a glorious revival of religion, embracing the conversion of some forty souls, was attributable, under God, to her.

Such facts speak for themselves. They need no comment.—N. Y. Baptist Register.

**THE KEY TO THE LOCKED HEART.**—He saith unto the woman, give me drink. Thus it was that our Lord opened his way to the woman of Samaria, and so it is that if we could only crush our own pride we would find our way to the hearts of those to whom God has sent us to bear his word. "Give me to drink," a little cold water only, I ask, or enter into the cottage for it. Such was our Lord's humility, but such is not ours. We stalk grandly by the mansions of our young fellow men, and often call it not sufficiently large to excite our cupidities. No way this of gaining love, however successful it may be in throwing a wall of ice between you and your brother. Dr. Chalmers never said anything more true than that the readiest way of getting into a man's heart was to go into his house.

**SOME OF THE DEFESTABLES OF LIFE.**—To say behind one's back what you dare not say to his face.

To peep into your neighbor's yard for the purpose of finding something to censure.

To glit in conversation over the defects or misfortunes of others.

To watch every man's business more narrowly than your own.

To pretend friendship for one and yet endeavor to ruin him with faint praise when others applaud.

To retail accusations against an absent person, with the reservation of "I don't believe them though" as a getting out place in case you should be called on to account therefor.

To looney a man with soft words only when you wish to ask a favor of him.

And, finally, (comprising all in one) "to smile and smile and be a villain."

#### Courtesy.

The Philadelphia Enquirer, in a homily on 'Courtesy,' has the following graceful sentiments:

"The little compliments of life and society are more potent than most persons are apt to imagine. We have more than once seen a smile of pleasure pass over a countenance that is ordinarily rugged and stern, at some kindly demonstration, intended to convey good will, and to manifest respect. And with the gentler sex such demonstrations are almost irresistible. Who has not seen some bright eye kindle, and some full cheek glow, at little attentions of this kind—attentions that cannot be paid too frequently, and that rarely fail to have some effect? A few years since a gentleman from a neighboring city became utterly devoted to a young and accomplished beauty, with whom he had been on terms of friendly intimacy from childhood. He is, however, although highly educated, graceful and courteous, was remarkably homely. Fully aware of this, he supposed, and rightly, that the task of conquest would be one of great difficulty. But he was devoted to the fair object of his regard, and she, although she always respected and esteemed him, could not believe it possible for her ever to cherish a more tender emotion. Nevertheless, she sat persevered. He did so, too, not rashly and impetuously, but by paying the most delicate attentions at all proper times and seasons, and by consulting her wishes, her taste and her feelings, at every fitting opportunity. He was unflinching and indefatigable; and although she was capricious, vain and somewhat coquettish, she possessed a noble and generous heart, and one that was full of the warmest sympathies. Year after year passed by, and still the suitor persevered. Others stepped in, meanwhile, but they could not appreciate her butterfly character and would not conciliate the many whims of the beauty and the belle, and hence they made but a momentary impression. Not so, however, with the other. He had studied her nature thoroughly, and had discovered that he was gradually overcoming the prejudice that had at first prevailed, and accomplishing the realization of his warmest hopes. At last, too, he was successful. He not only won the hand but he secured the heart of the fair enchantress, and all, in a measure, by such delicate, kindly and complimentary attentions, as are at the command of almost any one who studies human nature, and has the patience to practice the philosophy of perseverance, of self-denial, and of courtesy. And so in every condition of life. It is almost impossible for any one to think unkindly of another, who, on every occasion, exhibits the warmest regard, and seeks for opportunities to extend courtesy, manifest friendship, and indicate feeling. On the other hand, those who neglect the little compliments of life, who fancy that they may trample upon this point of etiquette, and that feature of courtesy, that their business is to receive, and not to extend favors—that they may be selfish and indifferent, and insulting, and all with impunity, will, in the end, discover that they have committed a fearful, an egregious mistake."

**The Shanghai or Cochon China Fowl.**  
The editor of the Poultry Department of the Cottage Gardener, the Rev. Mr. Wingfield, editor of "The Poultry Book," in a recent number of that paper, comes out in favor of this breed of fowls as follows:

After two years' experience, we think it right to express our firm conviction that the most valuable domestic fowl at present known to us is the Shanghai or Cochon China.

If any one conversant with poultry as a stock for profit, were asked to give what he considered the points of excellence desirable in such fowls, he would reply, "They should be large, quick of growth, hardy, fit for the table at an early age, meaty, abundant layers, especially in winter, good mothers, quiet in their habits, and their feathers valuable for the wholster."

Now in every one of these points do the Shanghais excel. Their feathers are equal to those of the goose. No fowl known to us is so gentle, or can be kept within a boundary higher than three feet. Better sitters, or mothers more careful of their chickens, cannot be found, and at the end of one month from their hatching time they will again begin laying with their chickens around them. That they are early fit for the table is told by the fact that cockerels are best cooked when from five to six months old, and pullets when from five to six months old, and that, if tolerably well fed, they will weigh about 1-14 pounds for every month of age. As to their hardiness, we have not heard of their suffering anywhere during the late severe weather, though we know of many which endured it with no other shelter than a roofed shed, boarded up on the north and east sides. As layers they are surpassed by none. We have known instances of pullets laying more than 190 eggs without requiring to sit. Pullets when six months old begin laying, and continue doing so throughout the winter.

As to their meanness, the very great mistake is being assented to by some breeders of this fowl, that there is more giblets than meat upon them. It is quite true that most of the meat on a cockerel is on the legs, but it is not so in the case of pullets, for these have breasts quite as well developed as the usual breed of bantam fowls. Those who condemn the Shanghai as a bird deficient in producing serviceable flesh, ground that condemnation on the crooked breast, crooked back, or otherwise imperfect birds that are rejected from the stock.

Good, short legged, compact pullets are too valuable as yet to be killed for the table, but we can attest that such birds are as meaty on the breast even as Dorkings, and the flesh is more juicy, but not so close grained.

The sole point of inferiority, then, which can be established against the Shanghai fowls is that its cockerels are deficient in breast meat. Then, to make the breed perfect, let breeders set about selecting birds for stock that are characterized by well-developed breasts. We know of one cock that is breasted like a Dorking, and he will be coupled this season with an imported hen that has the largest development of breast we ever knew in any bird. The attention of breeders of Shanghais has been most successfully directed towards the improvement

of color—let it now be turned to the more important improvement of an increase of flesh upon the breast. We know from experience that it is to be effected, and the results of further experiments, we are confident will be more effectual. The two brothers, Messrs. R. and C. Colling, achieved far greater changes in the arrangement of meat upon their short horns than has to be accomplished upon the Shanghai.—Country Gent.

#### A Clergyman's Opinion of the Newspaper Press.

The Rev. Mr. Bacon, in a sermon on "Sunday evening at the Church of the Messiah, Philadelphia," pronounced the newspaper as second only to the Bible in a representative government as a moral force. With its twenty-five millions of papers issued annually, it penetrates every house and reaches every reader. If the preacher, with his hundreds of hearers, has a commanding influence for good upon his congregation, moulding their morals and enlightening their understandings, how much greater must be the influence and responsibility of the press, which talks daily to its fifty or an hundred thousand readers? It is a good sign to see the preacher recognising the importance of the secular press, and taking liberal views of its usefulness, and the purposes which it sub-serves in promoting the great work of civilization and of human rights and happiness.—The following remarks from the sermon are appropriate and just:

The newspaper, quite as much as our public schools, is in America the great creator of a nation of thinkers and debaters. The American editor aims not at the choice direction of an essayist, and pays little attention to mere abstractions and vain theories. He writes as if he would give the greatest quantity of thought in the briefest space. He excels in paragraphs, which are like the sharp shooting of riflemen; his heavy artillery he reserves for occasional editorials, but he seldom plies the cannon where a bullet will do the work. But, as a characteristic of our people, he is ever ready to lay aside his editorial matter to make room for news. He knows men, and not deeds. His language possesses a clear and concise utterance. Every writer and public speaker might find a model of style in the productions of the American editor. The pulpit must first labor to effect an improvement in the character of the religious newspapers were far behind the secular press in breadth of views and comprehensiveness and liberality of opinion, and he might venture to say, in religiousness. They take most of their news from the daily press, and even their reports of religious meetings, while it is not infrequent for them to turn around and charge the reporters with irreligion. The religious press is too often narrow minded—it does not seem to understand its true policy and duties; and the violence and animosity that pervade its columns are even worse than that of political editors on the eve of an election.

#### SELECTIONS FOR A NEWSPAPER.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a paper could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not infrequently is it the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something must be had, his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped, it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something smart, another wants something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and the next door neighbors wonder that a man of good sense will put such stuff in a paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool.—As so, between them all, the poor fellow gets roughly handled. They never reflect that what does not please them may please the next man; but they insist if the paper does not suit them it is good for nothing.—Vermont Times.

**INCONSISTENCIES.**—A person arguing merely to elicit the truth, and losing his temper because he gets the worst of the argument.

Peace society men breathing universal brotherhood, and indulging in inflammatory language that is more than likely to lead to a breach of the peace.

High-titled ladies sympathising deeply with the slaves of America, and keeping up a number of milliners working all night; because they must have their dresses sent home by a certain time.

Irish members always abusing the government, and yet too happy to accept a situation under it.

Agriculturalists paying enormous prices for Peruvian guano, and allowing all the sewerage to be wasted to the cities.

Traders giving their daughters the education of fine young ladies, and expecting them to find the shop.

Condemning a boy to prison for stealing a handkerchief, and yet allowing a wealthy shop keeper, who has been convicted several times of using false weights, to get off with a small fine.

Patriots declaiming loudly about the liberty of the subject, and putting their servants in livery.

Government seeing the charitable necessity of ten hours' bill in the cotton mills, not passing a similar measure for the benefit of milliners, needle women, and other oppressed classes with whom the hours of working are only limited by the will of the master.

The beauty of behavior consists in the manner, not the discourse.

#### Learn to Cook well.

The health of the family depends upon it. We know there are those who associate luxury, effeminacy, and all the dependent ills, with every attempt of the kind recommended. But we do not believe that health is promoted by eating raw carrots or doughy bread—or, that to secure long life, it is necessary to turn cannibal.

Nor is it necessary, in order to shun the errors of which we speak, to rush into the opposite extreme. Good cookery does not consist in producing the highest seasoned dishes, nor such as to foster a morbid appetite; but in preparing every dish well, however simple or common it may be. There are, for instance, families who never eat any good bread from one century to another, and have no idea in what it consists. Nor are meats cooked any better in their precincts. Those little, simple, and healthy delicacies, which the good house-keeper knows intuitively how to produce, are never seen here. Even a dish of potatoes cannot get themselves well boiled. These things ought not to be, nor is there any need of their existence, if the wife has any just notions of her obligations to herself and those about her.

The science of bread making, of meat broiling, stewing, roasting, or boiling, of vegetable cooking, and of preparing the multifarious small dishes of all sorts, which go to make pleasant the table, and all about are hers—hers to understand and practice.

There is a good deal of commonsense in the above article, and we rejoice that such a large majority of our most intelligent and refined ladies understand the art of cooking well. To do this, it is not necessary to be a domestic drudge, with no time to devote to intellectual improvement; but simple, well cooked dishes which require but little time in preparation, a neatly spread table with an intelligent woman to provide, is more inviting, even to the epicure, than the most elaborate entertainment where the lady who presides is nothing but a cook. The objection is often made by those of the opposite sex, who are averse to the moral elevation of woman, that an intellectual life is unfitted for the duties of domestic life; but as very few men of intelligence are among such objects, it is not at all necessary to bring any proofs to the contrary.

We would only hint to young ladies who may not be particularly in love with the kitchen, that no lady is fitted for the duties of life, unless she is practically acquainted with the entire *modus operandi* of house keeping. Those who have acquired false notions of gentility, those whose minds never rose above the frivolities of fashionable life, are those who are poor house keepers and bad cooks, while the intelligent woman who can trace the relations of cause and effect, who understands woman's duties and responsibilities, will never consider the trifles which make up the sum of every day happiness as beneath the notice of her cultivated powers. A truly intelligent and well educated woman must necessarily be a good cook and a good house keeper.

**KEEP YOUR SONS EMPLOYED.**—Let play be but their occasional privilege, and they will enjoy it far more highly. Employ them in the garden; if you have one, as work is not play. Give them daily and regular duties about the house. It will do them no harm to perform humble services. It will help you and help them still more, to have them bring wood or coal, to scour the knives, to make their own beds, to keep their own room in order. You may thus render them highly useful, and greatly contribute to their happiness, and their future welfare. Louis Philippe the present king of France, was in childhood and early youth, required to wait upon himself in the humblest office. It was through this culture that he was trained up to be one of the most remarkable men of the present age.

**NO GOOD DEED LOST.**—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one single particle of matter has ever been lost. It may have passed into new shapes, it may have floated away in smoke or vapor, but it is not lost. It will come back again in the dew drop or the rain, it will spring up in the fibre of the plant or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its transformations, Providence watches over and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation, we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.

**A POOR MAN'S WISH.**—I asked a student what three things he most wished, and he said: Give me health, books, and quiet, and I ask for nothing more.

I asked a miser, and he said, "money, money."

I asked a drunkard, and he loudly cried for strong drink.

I asked the multitude, around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words, "wealth, fame and pleasure."

I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian; he replied that all his wishes could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said:

"I greatly desire these three things—first, that I may be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ."

I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it, the wiser it seems.

**A HOOPER** having taken a looking-glass home in his trunk, one of his hopeful offspring was curious to see the contents of the mysterious box. The mirror was on top, when the youngster opened it, gave one brief look, dropped the lid, and with terror depicted on every feature, cried out, "O, mother, mother! father has brought home a cub! I see him—a young bear!"

Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent the other day, who inquired if you were in the land of the living." "No," replied the saint-like, venerable man, "but I am going there. This world is alone the world of shadow; and the eternal is the only thing of living realities."

#### Miscellaneous News.

**THE RAILROAD MEETING.**—A large meeting of the citizens of Columbia was held yesterday at the Town Hall, to receive the report of the engineer, Mr. Gibbs, who had made the preliminary surveys by order of the Town Council.

The report was read, received and ordered to be printed. Dr. H. W. Gibbs then offered a series of resolutions, setting forth the advantages of the contemplated road, and directing the Town Council to subscribe \$300,000 to the enterprise. A long and animated discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Caldwell, W. Gregg, McCord, Dr. Gibbs, Col. John Bunsell, John Bryce, Henry Davis, Giles, and others participated. Dr. Wm. Reynolds then offered a resolution to the effect that it was for the interest of Columbia that the contemplated road should be constructed. After further discussion this resolution was adopted by a very large majority.

A resolution was then adopted that a Committee consisting of twenty-one citizens and the Town Council be appointed, to whom the Report and all Resolutions should be referred to report at a future meeting.

The indications at this large meeting were very decidedly in favor of the town subscription to the Road. The heaviest batteries of the opposition were brought to bear upon the enterprise, and Messrs. Caldwell and Bryce left no argument untried on their side of the question. At the close, however, it was evident that an immense majority of those present were in favor of the enterprise, and of the proposed subscription by the Town Council.

#### The Schuyler Family.

A New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript, in noticing the Schuyler family and fraud in New York, says:

"Mr. Robert Schuyler was well known in Boston, doubtless from his extensive business relations, his family connections, and the circumstances of his collegiate education. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1817, in a class remarkable for the talents of its members, as it included among others, George Bancroft, S. A. Eliot, Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, (of St. George's Church, New York, Caleb Cushing, and I think the late Lynde M. Walker, the first editor of the Transcript. Stephen Schuyler was of the class at Cambridge in 1820. These gentlemen are grandsons of General Schuyler of Revolutionary fame, and nephews of Alexander Hamilton. Their father married for his wife the daughter of a distinguished physician of Eastern Massachusetts, and their relatives are well known in financial and literary circles in Boston. In addition to the vast sums raised upon rail road stocks it is reported in Wall street to-day that upwards of a hundred thousand dollars in advances upon rail road iron have been diverted to private use, so that the grand total of funds misapplied reached the enormous sum of \$2,305,000!"

"In regard to the social life of Mr. Robert Schuyler, family reasons, it is said, induced him to propose to his lady love a secret marriage, and separate establishments in town. They have recently lived in different houses in 22d street. More than quarter of a century has elapsed since this arrangement had been made by Mr. Schuyler, and such had been the manner of his life, that his most intimate personal friends thought he was a bachelor. Some months ago, one of his daughters—being about to be married to an Episcopal clergyman, her true name and history were told her lover; before the final arrangements for the wedding were made. We often hear it remarked that every house has a skeleton in it, but in a house where years of concealment have been practiced, there must have been a skeleton in every room! The card of Mrs. (Spicer) signed Mrs. Robert Schuyler, and published in the Tribune was thought by some to be a hoax, but it is doubtless an authentic document. When will our people learn the potency of silence in cases of trouble? I always had a respect for Job's friends who did not bore him with their gabble when they found him in deep distress."

**DEATH OF MAJOR ROBERT A. WILTYE.**—We announce, with deep regret, the death of Major Robert A. Wiltye, Junior Editor of the Georgia Home Gazette, who, after several weeks illness, departed this life in Augusta, at 9 o'clock, A. M., on the Anniversary of our Independence. The Augusta Constitutionalist pays the following well merited tribute to his memory.

Patriotic in his impulses, and of a gallant and generous nature, it was a congenial day for the severance of his spirit from the things of time and earth. Refined in his disposition, endowed with manly beauty, and graceful in his manners, he leaves many friends and admirers to deplore a dispensation which has cut off in the bloom of manhood, one so well calculated to adorn society.

He was a native of North Carolina, where an aged mother survives, to bend beneath the blow of this bitter bereavement. He leaves, also, several married sisters, resident in other States, who are called upon to mourn the loss of the companion of their childhood, and to weep over this early blight of one to whom life offered so many attractions, and who filled his part in it with gracefulness and propriety.

"A large number of citizens attended the funeral obsequies at the Presbyterian Church, whither the remains were escorted by the Clinch Rifles, of which Maj. Wiltye was a member. The cortege moved thence to the city Cemetery where the burial took place with military honors.

**ONLY SIXTEEN.**—The census takers found great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of the girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in a neighboring county, there were found twelve girls between sixteen and eighteen years of age.

An eminent artist—American of course—lately painted a snow-storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off.