

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

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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.

The number of insertions desired must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

Miscellaneous.

Brief Sketch of Mr. Calhoun.

Anything which relates to the early life of one so justly distinguished, as our departed statesman, will be read with interest.

Dr. J. H. Logan:—Dear Sir:—I received yours of the 7th instant, a few days ago. Having been a warm friend and ardent admirer of Mr. Calhoun, I take pleasure in answering your inquiries concerning his early life, as far as I am able.

Mr. Calhoun soon after this time entered Yale College, and my education having only just begun, I saw nothing of him until I commenced the study of law in the summer of 1810.

At this time Mr. C. was practicing law at Abbeville Court House, the late Governor Noble being his partner. They occupied, as an office, the house in which Governor Noble afterwards lived till his death.

Mr. C. was always kind and familiar with young men, and ever ready to advance them by his counsels and instructions.

Having thus, very hastily and imperfectly, given you all the information I possess in reference to the enquiries of your letter, I conclude with the high esteem and respect with which I am, Your friend, A. BOWIE.

Churches in Florence.

What shall I tell you of Florence—its galleries, festal, quaint streets, dark old palaces, which might if stones could speak, reveal many dark deeds of the past?

The service is that of our Presbyterian churches, but even more simple. Nothing has struck me with such interest since I have been in Florence, as the service at this church, and high mass at the Cathedral on the same morning.

A gentleman seated himself in front of me. Nothing but his remarkably fine appearance, and strict attention to the service, distinguished him from the others, he having taken the first chair that offered.

A prayer followed, another hymn, a chapter in the Bible, a sermon, and with a prayer and the blessing, we were dismissed.

The Bi-hop of Florence and Fiesole, the canons of the Cathedral, and an immense body of clergy, fill the stalls of the octagon; the floor is covered with crimson cloth, upon which are placed seats for the ladies and gentlemen of the court.

Another drum beats—the ducal family have arrived. The Duke in full uniform; the Duchess in petticoat of white moire antique, with train of pink and silver; head dress of diamonds and feathers, followed by their family and attend-

ants, approach the high altar, bow and courtesy to the Archbishop and clergy, and take the seats prepared for them. A magnificent band, concealed by the high altar, peals forth a fine mass of Mozart.

I wish I could give you some idea of an Italian apartment, which means neither more nor less than one's castle. I am occupying a first floor, on my right is an apartment occupied by a lady who is preparing for the opera; on my left lives a basso—ditto.

Buildings, Temples, and Religion of Japan.—A correspondent of the N. York Journal of Commerce, writing from Commodore Perry's squadron, remarks as follows in relation to the religion, temples, &c., of the Japanese:

The streets are wide and straight, and the better class of houses two stories high, plastered, and roofed with elegant tiles. The interior is very clean and neat, and the rooms, covered with mats, and separated from each other by sliding screens, that are closed or removed at pleasure.

Autumn is at Hand. The summer solstice has passed. The hot and suffocating atmosphere, which seemed to open every pore of the body, and send from it, in copious streams, such aqueous exhalations, threatening to reduce the corpus to a state of fluidity, has happily vanished away!

Work! Work!—I have seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously at some useful labor.

Other complaints we have against thee, O summer! While spreading sickness and death throughout the land, thou hast withheld the needed rain; and hence the harvests have been blighted, the springs have been dried, and man and beast made to suffer.

of young ladies, who have romped over the rural hills, or danced a glowing vernal tint on their cheeks in the saloons of Newport and Saratoga, have returned to us as healthy, if not as happy, as when they left; for if they have not secured that wonderful prize, a husband, it is presumed they come back in anything but a good humor.

The Winter of the Heart.—Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blast of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life-path may lead you amid trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze.

Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think that you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your looks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

Cheerfulness.—Cheerfulness and a festive spirit fills the soul full of harmony—it composes music for churches and hearts—it makes and publishes glorifications of God—it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.

Work! Work!—I have seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously at some useful labor. Beneath them to work! Why work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry, is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, what but the continued history that brings forth the improvement that never allows him to be contented with any attainment he may have made, of work that he may have effected, what but this raises man above the brute creation, and, under Providence, surrounds him with comforts, luxuries and refinements; physical, moral and intellectual blessings!

Beneath human beings to work! Why, I had rather that a child of mine should labor regularly at the lowest, meanest employment, than to waste its body, mind and soul, in folly,

idleness, and uselessness. Better to wear out in a year, than to rust out in a century. Beneath human beings to work! Why what but work has filled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our churches, printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls!

Preserve the Eye-sight. We often hear it asserted that civilization, notwithstanding its numerous benefits, has its counterbalancing disadvantages; and, in proof of this, the presumed decline of the moderns, in size, strength, and physical superiority generally, is adduced.

But, if all other descriptions of physical deterioration owe their origin, as we have hitherto doubt they do, to a revolution of the laws of nature, as is the case in this instance, then the fault should be laid to the charge, not of a too perfect civilization, but of an imitative one.

The most ordinary cause of injured eye-sight is using the eye in an improper light. The white light of a cloudless day is that designed by nature for man's use. But this light must not be too brilliant. Reflected from sandy plains, or from snow, this light produces ophthalmia, and reflected from red brick walls it is also injurious, though in a less degree; while when reflected from green woods or fields, or even from brown ploughed earth, it is not hurtful at all, as the experience of every man proves, to say nothing of the superior eye-sight of farmers.

When reading or writing is unavoidable at night, the light should fall across the shoulder, and from the left. To read or write with a lamp in front, always strains the eye. To hold the book close to the eye, or to bend down close to the paper, tends to produce short-sightedness; and as most professional men, literary men, and even merchants and clerks do this, hence their frequent short-sightedness and that of their progeny.

Water rotting hemp has been tried in the United States with decided success, and the American hemp so treated, has proved better in all respects than the Russian. A CONFIRMED EDITOR.—Colonel Fuller, of the New York Mirror, has had a legacy of some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars left him. Thereupon the Boston Bee predicts that he will soon throw off the editorial harness.—Fuller replies thus: "We predict that this 'mortal coil,' and 'the harness' will go off together. Believing it to be the duty of every man to labor for the bread he eats; and preferring the editorial vocation to all others, we would not voluntarily resign our office, were we as rich as Astor."

DEER SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A deer which if equalled, perhaps has never been equalled in the sporting world, was performed by Mr. Begg (sportsman to Mrs. Patten of Gloucester) on the 31st ultimo. He went out for the purpose of shooting a buck, and having sent some men into a plantation to beat about he lay down in the brushwood at the end of a few minutes two fine deer came bounding out, and after running about one hundred and fifty yards, they leaped a ditch, and turned round to take a view of their disturbers. Mr. Begg instantly leveled his rifle, and kept it to his shoulder, until one of the deer brought his head in a line with the other, having then the rifle, and down went the deer, both shot dead with a single ball, one through the eye and the other through the neck. They being brought to Gurteen lodge, he proceeded to draw a second cover, when perceiving the outlines of a buck above the underwood, he calculated that the head ought to be fired, and the ball struck the noble animal between the ears and the ear. Of this we have been informed by an eye-witness, and in whose credibility we place the utmost confidence.—Tipperary Free Press.

FASHION IN NAMES.—Fashion plays some queer freaks with his wand. The last innovation, is we believe, the using of the middle name and dropping the first and 'christian' index. For instance: Jones, who was always distinguished in his younger days by plain John D. or Jack, has concluded that appellation to be 'vulgar,' and is now only known as J. Daw Jones, more appropriate to be given in full, and would doubtless be a most correct index to the fellow. Peter G. Jenkins has become convinced that Peter is two homely a cognomen for one who walks so high in aristocratic circles, and brings him too much on a level with the common herd; he therefore, plumes himself P. Green Jenkins. Just so with Isaac C. Bacon; all the fellows are making the change and he cannot see how he can keep in good standing at the club, and not join in the revolution, away goes the Isaac, and 'I. Cook Bacon' is engraved upon his card. So goes the new mania, no matter how absurd; but it is the rage, and the brainless de-

votes of fashion's shrine must arm and equip according to rules.

A NEGRO LIBERIAN MISSIONARY.—This was a queer, but very sensible and energetic negro before the Methodist Conference, on Thursday. He was introduced by the Rev. J. Morris, Pense, esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, and asked the assistance of the Conference in purchasing his wife and several children held as slaves in Georgia.

The Reverend gentleman who had to state his case, was very much disappointed in course, as he said that, though he had been under various masters, he had never been sold, but his mother and he had been well fed, comfortably clothed, and he would never say a word about the slavery. This was a higher mission. He left jabbering politicians to talk of the abolition of Slavery. He wished to labor for the redemption of his race in Africa, and it is to be lived on this continent, would rather be in the South than the North—for in the North, the South, his people were degraded, and he would go back to Georgia, where he could go to anywhere else, and be with his people. His wife was a good woman, and his children were well treated, and looked like white men. Two of them could read the new Testament, and they would be trained up to be ministers, and he was gone.

There was quite a stir produced among the brethren by the practical remarks of the preacher. They wished to know whether Mr. M. appreciated the blessing of Slavery. Some of the brethren were opposed to the old fellow anything because he did not understand slavery as they did, but on this point, as they were afraid of our own mission would be produced, and they questioned privately. The answer was, he thought he could live easier in Georgia than as a freeman in Africa, and he was not permitted to answer in public.

THE NARCOTIC QUALITIES OF HEMP.—The following paragraph, quoted from the National Intelligencer, contains some facts which will probably prove new and interesting to many of our readers.

"For many years a prejudice existed against water rotting hemp, under the impression that the process caused disease among the people of the neighborhood of the streams, where it was carried on. A few facts connected with the history of the hemp plant, may dispel the error. It is true that in the streams where hemp is rotted the fish come to the surface in the state of intoxication, and occasionally dead, and cattle after drinking the water, stagger about and cut up fantastic tricks, but this is owing to narcotic resin in the hemp plant called in Asia 'Hoeschis.' It has the same effect on fish as the 'conious' Indians, which is used to take them in many places.

"Cattle instead of being killed by it, actually become fond of drinking the water, and it is with difficulty they can be kept from the stream, as it causes the same delightful sensation that a small amount does upon the human system. The resin of the hemp plant is extensively used among Eastern nations to produce a pleasant character of intoxication, as it leaves no unpleasant results."

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