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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

"The rose is fairest," sweetest when,
"The budding new" is at morn;
Before the intruder's step is heard,
Or from its stem is torn.

So is it, too, with youthful hearts,
Before the cares of time
Spring up to mar their happiness,
That hope is in its prime.

Before the disappointed hour,
Which proves that "non betray,"
And by our garnered hopes have led,
Or joys have passed away.

There is a morning of the heart,
When fairest flowers are growing,
When every pulse beats full of life,
And pleasure's cup is flowing.

But Time, its signet seal shall set,
Decay upon each treasure;
And every flower of brightest hue,
Shall fade with every pleasure.

There is a place where flowers grow,
Where pleasures never die,
That place—the garden of the Lord,
That home is in the sky.

Whist youth and hope are on thy brow
O cultivate those flowers;
Which, nurtured here on earth, will bloom
In bright, celestial bowers.

Agricultural.

Agricultural Societies.

Of the benefit and importance of associated effort in agriculture, the *Cheraw (S. C.) Gazette* thus discourses:

"Recently, we very briefly called the attention of our planter friends to the importance of organizations to promote the success of agriculture among them. And in view of the importance of the subject we now take the liberty of referring to it again. Experience everywhere most conclusively demonstrates the value of such organizations. Even in old England, where the lights of a thousand-year's experience, are at the command of the planter, Agricultural Associations are still the order of the day—are still the cherished means of diffusing knowledge among their members. We have not yet arrived at perfection in any of the Arts or Sciences, nor until we do so, can we safely dispense with the practical results of the experience of our fellow laborers. Precept without example, is like fat without work—it is dead and valueless.

"Suppose that A., (and our readers can at a moment's warning point to many such,) enters upon his profession (planting) with moderate means, and in the course of his life, by industry, economy and untiring perseverance accumulates a reasonable fortune. Now, isolated as most of our planters are, we would like to know what use he has been to his neighbors and to the State, save in the amount of taxes he has contributed to the support of the government. Every beneficial result of his experience is locked up in his bosom and will descend into the same grave with his body. And this is owing to no particular fault of his; but it is the natural result of isolation. Can our planters be desirous of winning such an inglorious distinction? We know they are not. But if they were animated by no higher motive, by no nobler desire, than the mere accumulation of wealth, then the very best means to promote that object, would be to profit by the experience and example of others, which are most easily attainable through Agricultural Associations. These Associations afford the means of comparing the actual results of the experience of their members, attainable in no other way."

BEAN HAUL FOR SHEEP.—Beans, it is generally well known, are among the best fodder that can be fed to sheep. They are remarkably hearty, and exert a very strengthening and invigorating effect. Weak animals, by being fed on beans, are in a short time restored to health; and the same result is produced by feeding on the pods and haulm of the bean. In some sections, beans are sown broadcast on richly prepared soil, and pulled or harvested while green as a winter feed for these animals. On strong, rich soils, the production of haulm is great, but the crop rarely matures its grain. When the plants have put forth their foliage and the pods begin to fill they are pulled and stacked. This operation I perform by setting two strong stakes in the soil one foot apart, and securing them by a wythe, one foot from the surface of the ground. I then fill in with the vines, placing the tops outward, and bringing the tops of the stakes together, secure them firmly with a band or rope. In this way they are suffered to remain till cured. No fodder can be cheaper or better use than this.
Germantown Telegraph.

SWEET POTATO SEED FROM THE BLOOM.—Collin Wood, in *The Plover, the Loom, and the Anvil*, says that he has raised for three years past, sweet potatoes, of better quality than usual, in the following way, viz:—
"The sweet potato vine blossoms in August; in about a month thereafter they form a pod; the seeds are then formed of about the size of sage seed, and of the same color. The pod should be noticed and gathered when ripe, or else they will soon drop. In the spring at the usual time of sowing seed, I sow them in the same way I sow cabbage seed. They will not come up quite so soon, but will continue doing so through the spring. The plant is small and delicate in appearance, and should be drawn in a wet season, with a little dirt attached to it, and transplanted. The leaf and vine have a different appearance from the potato usually, and the potato will be found to grow larger and sweeter than usual.
"I prefer this method after satisfactory practice, to raise the potato, than any other."

Miscellaneous News.

Cost of War.

That war—lurching men by wholesale, sending the agony of sorrow into thousands of households, drawing men from the pursuits of peace, inflicting an enormous increase of taxation, and interrupting the pursuits of trade—that such a game is a most expensive one to play is evident. England is counting its cost. Her Bourbon infantry cost her five thousand millions of dollars in direct expenses, to say nothing of the indirect taxes, in high prices and accumulating distress, and already one of the clearest headed merchants of England, Mr. Bright, has figured up the year's cost of the present struggle. Take the matter of crops. The harvest of 1853 was the most deficient of any since 1817, and then wheat 72-2d. a quarter was higher than it had been since 1810; but the harvest of 1854 was the most productive ever known, "filling every barn, every store-house," and yet wheat is 73s 8d., or 1s. 6d. higher than the highest before known since 1810! He goes on and calculates that the British are paying one hundred and fifty millions of dollars more for food on account of the war, while the government are spending one hundred millions of dollars extra on the same account; and what is there obtained in return! He is not sanguine of anything appearing on the other side of the ledger. He goes on to show how six millions of quarters of corn are kept out of the country; and after stating that three millions of laborers in Yorkshire and Lancashire must have cheap food, he uses this remarkable language:
"From whatever cause it happens, if you have the supplies of food in the country for any longer period at 70s. per quarter, it is not in changes of cabinets and prime minister; it is not in dreams of glory in foreign wars; it is not in any contrivance of human statesmanship or human imposture, that the population can be prevented from sinking deeper and deeper into suffering, and if into suffering, then into discontent, and if into discontent, then at length into insubordination. (Cheers.) My solemn belief is that if these six million quarters of corn are to be, by the effects of our foreign policy, kept out of this country, before two years are over, you will shoot your own fellow citizens in your own streets."

The London Times devotes a column to this remarkable speech, but does not deny its importances, although it regards them extravagant. It states that a large proportion of the six millions of quarters of corn "has been shut up by our blockade of the Danube, a mere folly of war, done in the exuberance of maritime power, and all the more absurd as we have never effectually stopped the trade of Odessa and the Sea of Azoff. This blockade has been now withdrawn, and we trust that Mr. Bright will shortly be enabled to reduce by a good many millions, his estimate of the annual cost of war.

But British commerce has been checked. Hundreds of sailing vessels and sixty or seventy of the largest steamers, instead of carrying passengers and manufactures to all parts of the world, are now employed most unproductively in carrying soldiers, horses, stores, shot and shell to the Crimea. So much for British estimates of the cost of war. The French Constitutionnel has the following:
"A comparison has been made of the number of vessels which passed the Sound in 1853 and 1854, conveying to the Baltic the productions of the industry of the western nations, for carrying to them the articles furnished by Russia. In the course of last year there was a fall-off of 5000 vessels, about 50 per cent in the English and nearly 90 per cent in the Russian. The vessels of the other states have also suffered a proportionate diminution. Prussia has suffered slightly; Sweden forms the only exception. Her trade has increased, and it is supposed that this consideration may have contributed to maintain Sweden in her neutrality. This fall-off of 5000 vessels gives an idea of what Russian commerce has suffered by the block-de of the Baltic ports.

Here is another estimate:
The total of vessels entered at Russian ports in 1852 was 8,615, of an aggregate burden of 1,570,654 tons, more than half of which were to the ports in the Black Sea and the S. of Azoff. The total clearances were 8,407 vessels of 1,520,160 tons. Of this trade fully a fourth was carried on in British ships, Turkish, Greek, Dutch, Swedish, Sardinian, Austrian, Prussian, and Danish coming next in order. The most important of any single point is Odessa, where the arrivals in 1853 amounted to 589,178 tons, while the value of the cargoes shipped and which consisted principally of grain was £5,627,500, or about 150 per cent above their amount in 1852.
Boston Post.

A CARE OF CONSCIENCE.—An old farmer—one who feared neither God nor man—had hired a devout negro; and to get some Sunday work out of him would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday morning would put this point to the man's conscience. One morning Sambo proved refractory. "He would work no more on Sunday." The master argued with him that it was a case of "necessity"—that the Scripture allowed a man to get out of a pit on the Sabbath day a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, but not if he spent Saturday in digging for de berry pu' rouse."

A NUT FOR WINE-DRINKERS.—Rev. T. P. Hunt, the great temperance lecturer, persuaded a dealer in Philadelphia who was extensively engaged in making wines, brandies, etc., to abandon his horrid traffic. He learned from him one of the secrets of the trade, which was that in order to produce the "nutty flavor" for which Madeira wine was so much admired, he put a bag of cockroaches into the liquor, and let it remain till they were dissolved.

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels many 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 burden settle over its withered hopes like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts 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.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single, lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you and the emptying world pass you by with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would extort the last farthing, till you will nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings.

Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. That noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future.

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 sadly, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave.

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

Pleasant Thoughts.

There is a magic spell in pleasant words to soothe and soothe. As we pass through life's rugged byways we see the charm smooth away a brow that is ruffled, and calm many a spirit that is troubled as the storm troubles the waves of the sea. Have you not seen the influence of pleasant words in the humble home where poverty sits in the circle and wait at the board?

The influence of pleasant words is alike happy on all. The merchant when he leaves his busy counting room, weary and worn with the cares of the day—with his mind perplexed with the struggles of the present and the anxieties of the future, is calmed by the utterance of pleasant words by a wife and sweet ones around the cheerful fireside of his home. The farmer, as he comes from the field with his team, where all day long he has turned the sward in prospect of a golden harvest, is made the happier by the greetings given him when his team is put away and the hum of the day's toil is ended.

Do you remember the time when the fire of your spirit was moved—when angry feelings burned hotly in your bosom—when you began to feel that the world was your enemy and no man your friend? What magic spell was it that caused the storm to lull away to a calm, and caused the turbulent waves to sink to rest? Was it not the dulcet whispings of some pleasant word falling from the lips of some one that loved you, that spoke "peace" to the tempest that was beginning to rage in your soul? Pleasant words cost nothing; give them, give them—give freely.

Mothers, speak kindly to the delicate flowers that hug around you; a harsh word may estrange them from the altar of hope and send them drift on the world's treacherous sea.

Sister, husband, brother, friend—if you would have life to be one golden day, bright as the noontide in June, if you would gather in your field those who would comfort you in the dark night of trial, let pleasant words hang on your lips and the law of kindness guide your tongue; and your life will be one of joyousness, your words as the "dew of Hermon" watering the flowers of "Hermon" and your name precious as the rubies of the mountain or gems of the sea.—*Spirit of the Age.*

A CONTRAST.—Near the end of his days, the licentious Byro wrote the following lines:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone,
The worm, the cancer and the grief
Are mine alone."

Near the end of his days, "Paul the aged" wrote to a young minister whom he gently loved, as follows: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the righteous Judge shall give me at that day." Is there not a difference between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not! All experience, as well as conscience, answers—YES.

The following appointment of Cadets have been made by the President for 1855: Alexander J. Melush of Georgia, Wm. W. McCreey, of Virginia, John Birdall, of New York Wm. H. Marriott, of Maryland, Dudley Riley son of the late Gen. Riley; Pierce M. Butler, son of the late Col. Butler, who fell at Chorusuoc; Frank Huger, son of Col. Huger, U. S. Army; Charles S. Bowman, son of Capt. Bowman; Robert W. Mitchell, of Pennsylvania, James P. Martin, of Kentucky.

The Use of Hats.

Hats are generally worn on the head, and many persons are simple enough to suppose that the object is to keep the head warm or comfortable. But this is the least use that is made of them. Ornament is one object of course but then some of them are such "shocking bad hats," that it would require a pretty strong imagination to discover any great ornament in them. Some hats are worn to show the wearer's particular fancy for some distinguished foreigner. Some are used as a kind of political sign, to tell the world that the owner knows nothing. And some are used instead of a lawyer's green bag as a repository for letters and papers. But it appears that a new and entirely different use is now found for hats; and we really hope they will be used accordingly. Churches are to reap the benefit of them; not indeed by having them carried round by the deacons to collect the pennies at a contribution for the minister or the poor but for a much more important purpose. A church has recently been built in Davenport Iowa and the following notice was appended to the advertisement of the edifice:—"The chowers of tobacco are earnestly requested to avoid the use of the aisle in the church or else spit in their hats!"

That is an idea worthy of a true blue Yankee and we dare say that the originator hailed from away down east," though he is now employing his genius in elevating the manners and customs of the pioneers of the west. We like this hat arrangement and would suggest an additional improvement which would be suited to other places as well as churches—viz every person, who uses tobacco in any way, shall have his hat tied on to his person in front so that he can spit in it at all times and thereby avoid the present practice of defiling floors carpets furniture ladies &c. Such an arrangement would be found of the greatest importance in the way of cleanliness, comfort, and economy.

He Has Enemies.

We never hear the remark made of a man "That he has a great many enemies," without feeling desirous of his acquaintance. We are sure to find him, in many respects, a sterling character. A man who plods along in the same track of his forefathers—who never broke away from the traces of expediency and error and who thinks and writes with the same pen and from the same model, that his grandfather used seldom if ever gains an enemy. But he who thinks for himself is something of a genius and has talents of a high order, is sure to find enemies at every corner. A truthful paragraph that he has written—darling vices that he has denounced—or a sense even of his superiority over themselves induce many to say severe things of him and bring his good name into contempt. When lived the energetic, active, talented man who had no enemies! Even perfection itself, in the life of Christ, was ridiculed spoken against, abused, spit upon east away!

A man who has enemies need not relax his efforts, or presume that he is the worst person who ever lived. If he is upright in his dealings, kind and benevolent in his disposition, obliging and accommodating to all classes, he must have the approbation of a good conscience and his sleep will be refreshing.

We would not give a farthing for the man who has no enemies—who panders to the depraved appetites of the bad and pretends to uncommon sanctity among the religious—who never denounces sin for fear of a frown, or expresses himself as a friend to virtue, lest he be ridiculed. No—give us the faithful individual who sustains the right at fearful odds and speaks out boldly, when vice comes in like a flood. Such a man is honored and approved by Heaven, and we always extend to him the right hand of fellowship.

Jokes Upon Scripture.

It is very common with some persons, says the Christian Messenger, to raise a laugh by means of some ludicrous story connected with a text of Scripture. Sometimes it is a play on the words, a pun; at other times a blunder; and not seldom, a downright impiety: Whatever be its form even when light, it is no venial offence, leading as it does to profane contempt of God's word. Those who practice this, have never been celebrated for genuine wit. The laughter which they call forth is provoked solely by the unexpected contrast between the solemn words of Scripture, and some droll idea. There is no real wit in the case; and the dullest persons in society are most remarkable for these attempts.

The evils arising from this practice are greater than appear at first. It leads, in general, to irreverence for Scripture. No man would jest with the dying words of his father or his mother; yet the words of God are quite as solemn. When we have heard a comic or vulgar tale connected with a text of Scripture, such is the power of association that we never hear the text afterwards without thinking of a jest. The effect of this is obvious. He who is much engaged in this kind of false wit, will come at length to have a large portion of holy Scripture spoiled over by his unclean fancy.

Beware of jesting with sacred things. Shun the company of any one who practices this, as you would shun a loathsome disease. Frown upon every attempt to provoke your smile by such means.

Experience has demonstrated, that the best, or in fact the only means of preserving the teeth, is to keep them perfectly clean. No person should neglect, once at least in twenty-four hours, to devote a sufficient time to the work of thoroughly cleansing the teeth. A brush should be chosen that is moderately soft, and as elastic as possible. A hard brush is liable to injure the gums. Without a strict adherence to this course, it is a matter of doubt whether any professional skill could secure sound teeth.

Common whitening proves an effectual remedy against the effects of the sting of the bee or wasp. The whitening is to be moistened with cold water, and applied immediately. It may be washed off in a few minutes, when neither pain or swelling will ensue.

Treasures without Price.

Man is prone to esteem blessings according to cost, and such as cost nothing we prize as naught. The blessings of Heaven are free, and poor, short sighted mortals reckon them as trifles, when if they were the price of gold and of silver they would be sought after as treasures. Glorious as the rising and setting sun may be, it costs us nothing. The globe arch that spans the heavens is a free exhibition, and no tickets are sold to witness the grand moving panorama of earth, sea and sky. Colors and paintings, that are only to be seen in the heavens above and earth beneath, are spread out profusely, and we have sight to behold them, hearts to thrill with delight and souls to contemplate them with wonder and joy. But the rising and setting of daily suns, the wild majesty of the storm—its thunder and lightning, and the spangled heavens on high, are all such common exhibitions that our pulses seldom throb in witnessing them; yet if they were only to be seen once in a century and a price to be paid, a congregated world would rush to the exhibition and behold the "scenery" with rapture.

We give our money, our time and labor for things of little value, and are content; but we have no "price of admission" to pay for the cheerful sunbeam or the singing shower; the gray of the morning or the purple of the evening; the twinkling stars set in blue above or the little flowers set in green at our feet; the bright blaze of the summer's noon or the deep dark silence of the winter's night.

Thank God the rich cannot buy up these blessings of Heaven, and the poor have them "without money and without price!"
Spirit of the Age.

BENTON ON THE VETO POWER.—Hon. Thomas H. Benton in conversation with a friend of ours on Saturday last in a very excited manner said, "If I were President of the United States, sir, I would keep beside me a pile of blank vetoes and as fast as the plundering bills passed Congress I would send in a veto!! veto!! veto!! sir, send in a veto."—*Washington Star.*

Mr. Benton is right. Any President who should act upon his principle would make his Administration the most popular of any we have had for years. There are numbers of schemes for plundering the public treasury, which come up regularly every year. Some times they are successful as the appropriations for mail steamer service. If so the amount asked is doubled next year, and so on in proportion till public patience, exhausted by such pitiful beggary such shameful rapacity and the corruption which it engenders in Legislative halls insists that the beggars shall be kicked out of Congress without a single penny. Those who are not successful are by no means discouraged. They concentrate their energies for operation at the next session and even make the refusal of one Congress to grant their wishes (a strong presumption that they did not deserve any such favor) and additional argument to enforce a prompt acquiescence in their demands at the next succeeding session. With the constant and persevering assault upon the public treasury and this increasing disposition in Congress to listen to the appeals of interested lobby-men it becomes the duty of the Executive to interpose its power to prevent these scandalous impositions of the people. The lobby-men have become regular fixtures at the Capitol hatching all kinds of schemes of public plunder. Whenever one of these schemes passes through Congress the President should clap the Presidential veto upon it.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ENGLAND COUNTING THE COST.—Mr. Bright, a clear-headed merchant of England, and a member of Parliament, has been figuring up one year's cost of the war. He calculates that the British are paying one hundred and fifty millions of dollars more for food on account of the war, while the government are spending one hundred millions of dollars extra on the same account; and what is there obtained in return? Wheat is selling in England for 73s. 1d. a quarter or 1s. 6d. higher than the highest price ever known since 1810. Yet the harvest of 1854 in England was the most productive ever known. He gives it as his solemn belief that if the foreign policy keeps food up so high six million quarters of corn being kept out of the country by war, before two years are over the Government will about Englishmen in the streets. Hundreds of sailing vessels, and sixty or seventy of the largest steamers, instead of carrying passengers and manufactures to all parts of the world, are now employed most unproductively in carrying soldiers, horses, stores, shot and shell to the Crimea. In the trade of the Baltic there is a fall-off of 5,000 vessels about 50 per cent in the English, and nearly 90 per cent in the Russian. The vessels of the other State have also suffered a proportionate diminution; Prussia has suffered slightly; Sweden forms the only exception.

SEEDS FROM THE PATENT OFFICE.—For a few weeks past we have noticed in almost every one of our exchanges of this State acknowledgments of favors from our Senators and Representatives in the form of seeds from the Patent Office. These seeds are very valuable, and the distribution of them is more than a personal favor conferred but in many instances they prove very beneficial to whole districts of country by improving the quality of their productions. Laurens, however has been overlooked in the distribution for which we are sorry our District is the greatest wheat grower in the State, and in that respect deserves to receive all the lights and assistances that can be obtained. Personally we have no broad acres to sow out we have friends and good farmers they are too to whom we should have handed them, and who would delight to test anything that promises to be beneficial to the agricultural interests of our District and State. We do not wish to be understood as grumbling at our Senators, but only wish to remind them that Laurens "on the map," and is a prominent District of South Carolina.—*Herald.*

We requested a friend of ours some time since to furnish us with a complete, signed copy of that it should be signed, printed, and published er too long nor too short. On returning to our office a week afterwards, a small package was handed us, together with a note on which we recognized the chirography of our expected contributor. We turned the package around over, felt of it, pried it, and used other foolish means for guessing at its contents, (foolish because we might have opened it) without arriving at any satisfactory result. It might be a pea—or a duck shot, or a blue pill; or all agents it was something small and round. At length we decided to cut in our eyes to the aid of our digits, and then we produced a very beautiful specimen of the printed matter. Opening now our friend's note we were surprised to find the following:
"I send you the promised article. You cannot object to it as not being sufficiently plain for it is all plain. You cannot say it is either too long or too short; for, as I was obliged to select a specimen that is perfectly plain, neither length nor shortness can be complained of. Your last stipulation, that it be printed, has given me the most trouble from its apparent incompatibility with the preceding properties. But, after long musing, I succeeded in finding a compromise, as I think, the small, pointed process on the side does not conflict with the general plainness of the whole body.
Now we call this a small joke; for smaller article certainly is, though it cannot be shown. We shall lay aside this specimen of plainness, as a *mensura nigrum* of our friend's stipulation. We do not wish that he may "brought up" some day, with a *chirograph* under his ears; but we do hope, if he is in the habit of playing his balls in this way, that he may meet with some one who will beat him with the mace."

Mr. GROWLER was reading an advertisement the other day, of a couple of snakes now on exhibition at the museum, one of whom was captured while attempting to swallow a man. He had forgotten to take the man's boots off until the tops caught in his teeth. Mr. G. declared that he did not know which to admire, the gullibility of the man who could swallow the story, or the gullibility of the snake who could swallow the man. He said also that if two such swallows were met in summer, it isn't from any lack of greed.

Speaking of the Cheraw and Darlington Rail Road, the *Cheraw Gazette* of the 14th inst, says:

"It affords us no little pleasure to be able to announce to the friends of this enterprise and the public, that Freight and Passenger trains commenced running on Monday last on the lower division of the road from Darlington to H. to Florence. We understand that the portion of the road completed, is a most substantial superstructure. The other sections of the road are progressing to completion, with as much expedition as the obstacles to be overcome will permit. From Darlington South Home to Society Hill the road is ready for the track layers, and the iron has been purchased and is in course of delivery, so that the cars will soon reach the latter point. From Society Hill to this place, the grading, bridging, and track work are so far advanced as to offer no delay to the track layers."

JOSEPH HUME, M. E., whose death is recorded in the English Journals was a native of Montrose, Scotland, and was born in 1776. He was educated for a surgeon, and entered the naval service of the East India Company in 1803. He was soon afterwards placed in the Bengal medical establishment, and served during the Mahratta war. He returned to England in 1808, and spent several years in travelling over the United Kingdom as well as the different countries of the continent. He was elected to Parliament from Weymouth in 1812, and from 1818 to 1830 he represented his native borough, Montrose. He was then returned as member for Middlesex, and in 1837 for Kilkenny. In 1842 he was again elected a member from Montrose and has ever since represented that borough. Mr. Hume belonged to the radical reform school of English politics.

UNITED STATES SENATORS.—The next session of the United States Senate is likely to show less than the usual number of Senators, unless the State Legislatures shall, after their modes upon the subject of their election of a Senator till January next four weeks after the assembling of Congress. Missouri has postponed the election of a Senator from that State till next November, but as the Legislature will be composed of the present members there will be the same difficulty to encounter at the next session. Indiana is under a similar difficulty. One House refuses to meet the other for the purpose of electing a Senator.

DIED IN CHURCH.—An old lady named Mrs. Thompson, residing in Bleeker street, New York, attended divine service in St. Thomas Church on Friday morning. It is supposed as she was late, that she fatigued herself by entering the pew she knelt down, apparently much exhausted, and while doing so her head fell forward in a manner to excite the alarm of a lady in the adjoining pew who went to her assistance and found, to her horror that the old lady was dead. It is supposed that she died of disease of the heart, induced by severe fatigue.

As a general rule it will be found that our greatest sources of unhappiness are within our selves, and if we fail to live harmoniously with others, we shall act more wisely to get about correcting our own faults than to pick holes in their characters. Make the fountain pure and the stream will flow clearly along, even though "that was dark forests, lonely chasms, and high shores."