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WHOLE NUMBER 27

## RATES OF ADVERTISING. The Proprietors of the Abbeville Banner and Independent Press, have established the follow-ng rates of Advertising to be charged in both

papers; .. Every Advertisement inserted for a less time than three months, will be charged by the inscrition at One Dollar per Square, (1) inch—the space of 12 solid lines or less,) for the first nsertion, and Fifty Cents for each subse-

quentinsertion.
The Commissioner's, Sheriff's, Clerk's and Ordinary's Advertisements will be inserted

In both papers, each charging half price.
Sheriff's Levies, One Dollar each. Sheriff's Levies, One Dollar Announcing a Candidate, Five Dol-

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Advertisements inserted for three months or

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space.

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above rates.

DAVIS & CREWS. For Banner; LEE & WILSON,

## MISCELLANY.

From the True Flag. Off the Track.

BY AN OLD STACE.

Quite a stirring incident occured as I took the train at Fredrecksburg, in Virginia, some years since. As the bell struck, and the cars were about to start, a carriage was driven furiously up to the station, and a young man handed out a beautiful girl, whom he hurried into the cars.

"Hold on!" shouted a voice; and we saw an elderly gentleman driving madly towards the station.

"Go ahead, captain! For God's sake, go ahead !" said the young man with the beautiful girl, to the conductor.

"What is the matter?" asked a passen-

"Go ahead, captain? It is the lady's father, you can understand the rest," replied the young man.

We did understand the rest. The young. maiden, and our sympathies were all on his father, and both wept bitterly. The pas-

"Go ahead !" shouted a dozen voices in the car.

The conductor favored the strongest, the most romantic side of the question, and pulled the bell which was a signal for the train to start. But the delay had been fatal-fatal to the father, as it afterwards proved.

The old man, the girl's father, had leaped from his gig, and was running with all his might to catch the train, which had not vet gone under full headway. He was a rough, wiry, brutal looking man, and we could not blame the girl for taking her love matters into her own hands.

The engineman saw the pursuer, and realizing what was going on, let on all steam but to no purpose; the wiry old man perseved; and, panting with excitement and

exhaustion, jumped on the hindmost car. "Stop the train, captain?" shouted the fa-

ther to the conductor. "What for ?" coolly asked the captain. The girl is my daughter; she has run away with this fellow without my consent,"

puffed the old man. "If the lady wishes to get out, I will stop

for her."

She does?"
No!" cried the girl-clinging to her lover. "Inlia!" said the man, sternly, if you do not return home peaceably, I will handguff

you, and drag you back!"

"I will never rature but as the wife of Brederick Leuthall," replied the fair girl,

"By Heaven! Stop, you shall! Stop the train, captain!" Stop 1 command you. "If the lady wishes to get out, I will stop,"

replied the conductor again.
"I opposi to the passengers!"

raged parent. their symbothics stere all with the daugh-tes. Indeed, a single glance at the face of Mrt Carborn-that was his name-had a low forehead, a grey eye, and a grizzly woman, but ruins a man,

beard. The animal seemed to predominate in his features, and expression, and those in the train had already decided against

In vain Mr. Carborn blustered, raved it a duty to publish it: and swore. Frederick Lenthall, the lover. though temperate and dignified in his speech and deportment, was more than a match for repeated threats.

Three gentleman were selected to hear the statements of the parties, and decide whethor go to Richmond in the train.

Frederick was called to state his case first, and it was shown that they had been betrothed, without the consent of the father, for three years; that, seeing no hope of winning his consent, they had mutually agreed to get married without his consent.

On the other hand, Carborn declared that he owned a large planation, and was worth a hundred thousand dollars; that Frederick, who was only a surveyor, with nothing but the income of his profession, was not a fit match for his daughter. He declared that he would never consent to such a union.

Julia Carborn added that she had chosen Frederick, and that no other man could win her love; that, as girls in love always say she would be miserable without him.

The umpires at once decided that the parties should be married—at least that the train should not be stopped. Mr. Carborn raved again; called the umpires sundry hard opprobrious names, and swore the train should be stopped any how.

Rushing from the car to the platform, with the evident design of committing some rash act, he repeated his threat to stop the train-His movements were quick, and we did not at once discern his object; but he knelt down and unfastened the coupling which connected the car to the engine.

Probably the engineer discovered that something was wrong, for he shut off the team suddenly, which threw the engine back upon the car pitching it off the track down the embankment at the side!

The car was smashed in pieces, and the passengers thrown into a "mass of humanity among the ruins. I felt a tremendous jarring sensation, and saw some stars, but was not injured beyond a few scratches and

To sum the result of the catastrophe, all were more or less bruised-only one life ties to games which were generally accomness had caused the accident. The shock had hurled him from the car, and he had been crushed to death beneath the frag-

Julia and Frederick were but slightly injured. They were horrified when they befellow was running away with the young held the mangled remains of the unhappy sengers consoled them, and no doubt some spacious logic was used to reconcile the fair girl to the dreadful calamity.

All obstacles to their union were removed. and there was no longer any necessity for run away match. Providence had interered to take away every impediment. We afterwards learned that Carborn was the post of his neighborhood, as well as his fami y, and that the community could well aforded to spare him.

Julia was almost paralyzed by the shock caused by the sudden and terrible death of her father. She clung still to her lover. vecting incessantly.

The passengers who wished to return to Fredericksburg were placed in the baggage car which had not been thrown from the track, with the corpse of Mr. Carborn, and

the engine backed up with it to that place. In a couple of hours it returned with a car for our accommodation, and we proceeded on our journey, saddened by the fa-

tal accident which occurred. On our return from the South nine months after I stopped at Fredericksburg, and rode out to the late residence of Mr. Carborn. Fred erick and Julia were married, and were cheerful and happy; now that the shock had expended itself. They were living in good style, and the neighbors, I learned, were much pleased with the manor house. As I gazed upon their cheerfel dome and realized how happy they were, I could not but recall the old hymn-"God moves in a

mysterious way." A gentleman in the suburbs of Edin-burgh, who had found it difficult to save his grounds from depredation, and had paint-ed "man traps and spring gunt" in sain, hit

Thomas Jefferson.

The following short extract from Randall's Life of Jefferson contains so much to be admired of this great man, that we deem

Mr. Jefferson was generally rather a favorite with the other sex, and not without reason. His appearance was engaging. His him, and more than enough to prevent the face, though angular and far from beautiful rash father from executing any of his oft- beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, Finally he calmed down a little, and aphopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy pealed in more gentlemanly terms to the and delicately fair; his reddish chestnut passengers; when it was proposed to hold a hair luxuriant and silken. His full, deep kind of court, decide on the merits of the set eyes, the prevailing color of which was case. Mr. Carborn reluctantly consented. a light hazel, (or flecks of hazel on a ground work of gray,) were peculiarly expressive, and mirrored, as the clear lake mirrors the er the lovers should return to their home, cloud, the emotion which was passing through his mind.

He stood six feet two and a half inches in height, and though very slim at this period, his form was erect and sinewy, and his movements displayed elasticity and vigor. He was an expert musician, a fine dancer, a dashing rider, and there was no manly exercise in which he could not play well his part. His manners were unusually graceful, but simple and cordial. His conversation already possessed no inconsiderable share of that charm which in after years was so much extolled by friends, and to which enemies attributed so seductive an influence in molding t he young and the wavering to his political views. There was a frankness, earnestness and cordiality in its tone-a deep sympathy with humanity-a confidence in man, and a sanguine hopefulness in his destiny, which irresistably won upon the feelings not only of the ordinary hearer, but of those grave men whose commerce with the world had led them to form less glowing estimates of it-of such men as the scholar like Small, the sagacious Wythe, the courtly and gifted Fauquier.

Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly and forgiving. If it naturally had anything of that warmth which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent-and it no doubt had-it had been subjugated by habitual control.-Yet under its even placidity there were not wanting those indications of calm self-reliance and courage which all institutively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal rencounter, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he avoided the vices of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits, which, if not vices themselves were too often made the preludes to them. He never gambled. To avoid importuniwhose rash; manied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one eard from another; he was moderate in the enjoyments of the table ; to strong drinks he had an aversion which rarely yielded to any circumstances; his mouth was unpolluted by oaths or tobacco! Though he speaks of enjoying, 'the victory of a favorite horse,' and the 'death of the fox,' he never put but one horse in training to run-never ran but a single race, and be very rarely joined in the pleasant excitement-he knew it to be too pleasant for the aspiring student-of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even vice royalty, to urge him onward, Mr-Jefferson was not a young man to be lightly regarded by the young or old of either sex.

> "Something Else to Think on."-The phrase originated with Dr. Chalmers, and s thus illustrated by Henry Rogers:

> You remember the coachman who said to the gentleman on the box, "Do you see that off leader there, sir ?"

"Yes: what of him ?" "He always shies when he comes to that 'ere gate. I must give him something to think on." No sooner said than up went the whirling throng, and came down full of its sting on the skittish leader's haunches He had something else to think on, no time for panic, or affected panic, and flew past the gate like lightning. If we can but give youth, in time, "something else to think on," we may keep out of their minds, by pre-occupation, more evil than we can ever directly expel. One of the essential properties of matter may be said to be also one of the essential properties of mind, impene rability. It is as impossible that two houghts can co-exist in the same mind at the same time, as that two particles of mat-

ter can occupy the same space.

Monmon Statistics.—An official state nent, published by the United States Government, gives the following statistics o Mormonism : The Mormons nave about 95 missionaries in Europe, and an equal num-ber in Asia, Africa and the Pacific Islands, ber in Asia, Africa and the Pacific Islands, besides large numbers of native elders in the various fields of labor, and a considerable number scattered through out the United States and British America. They have had one newspaper in Salt Lake City, issuing 1000 copies weekly; one in Everpool, issuing 220000 accepts; one in Swansea. An Interesting Incident

Bank Note Reporter, sir? Three more banks down?' said a bright little boy of less than half a score years, as he entered a counting house in Broad street, one mornng, with a bundle of papers under his arm. As he entered, two gentlemen were seated in front of a warm fire, engaged in thoughtless conversation. Bank Note Reporter, sir ? said the little boy, inquiringly. 'No,' re-plied one of the gentlemen; 'we don't want any' 'But stop,' added he, 'If you will sing us a song, we will buy one of your Re-

The boy agreed to terms, and the gentlemen, with an air that showed that they were anticipating sport, placed the little felow upon a high stool, which was standing near, and bade him proceed to sing. Ther they waited evidently expecting to hear some jovial song, when to their astonish ment, he commenced singing that beautiful little hymn-

"I think when I read that sweet story of old When Jesus was here among men, Iow he called little children as lambs to his fold. I should like to have been with them the

The effet upon his listeners was at once perceptible, and before he had finished the four verses, they were both in tears. Af-ter he had finished, one of the gentlemen nquired, 'Where did you learn that hymn? At Sabbath school,' replied the boy. 'But what Sabbath school?' continued the genllemen. 'At Spring street Sabbath school,'

The gentlemen then purchased the 'Reporter,' and presented him with a sum of money in addition, after which he was al lowed to go on his way, but not until they had called him back to obtain his name

and residence. A Sabbath school teacher chanced to be present and witnessed the whole interview, and his heart rejoiced as he discoverd that bright-eyed little boy was a scholar in his wn Sabbath school.

How often does the simple eloquence of elaborate efforts of years are unavailing .-Cor. N. Y. Evangelist.

TOMATOES.-Few gardens are now found unsupplied with tomatoes, but very few per sons take pains to cultivate them. vines are usually left to struggle ad libitum. This is both bad economy and bad taste .-If tomatoes are planted in rows, a convenient plan is to put up stakes on both sides of ent plan is to put up stakes on both sides of an opiate in pain, all hard passages and each row, and nail on horizontal strips or cares in life. The world to her is no longer slats to keep the vines perpendicular. They may be carried up to the height of three to five feet. By this means the vines will show much better especially when covered with ripened fruit clustering thickly upon the sides. The fruit itself will be much superior to that matured on the ground and in the shade. Strong twine or wires may be substituted for the horizontal slats. A cheaper process of supporting tomatoes is and beauty of the new Jerusalem, where to bush them, in the same manner that beans the little foot will never find a thorn among or peas are treated. Our own tomatoes are planted around the border of the garden, Nor will a pillow be wanted for the dear and trained up the fence, the vines being upheld by strips of leather, doubled around

the stalks and fastened to the fence with ng in. Three-fourths of the mature fruit is lying closed on the toilet table, which she produced upon a small part of the vine near daily reads: "Suffer little children to come est to the root, say one-third or one-fourth of its length. It is recommended to stop Heaven."-Good News. the further development of vines after fair supply of fruit is set, by clipping off the vines growing beyond. The clipping should not be carried too far, as a supply of folinge der of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil s required to gather food from the air.-One of the most successful cultivators in our acquaintance made it a rule to let no vine in all ages of the world, and perhaps most extend beyond four feet from its root.

Am. Agriculturist.

IDOLATRY OF INTELLECT.—There is alvays a fear lest intellect should become dolized among the eduncted classes, lest it should create false views of the dignity of human nature, lest it should be used selfishv. because it lifts men so easily above their ellows, and places them on high as objects of admiration. Literature and science, in their countless branches, are, after all, great empters; they are apt to become idols, to nake men their devotees; the fame, and atention, and note, which they bring, when successfully pursued, are cords of nower in tying our souls to the world, and the Christian graces are apt to be secondary objects of desire, if desired at all, amid all The very exercise of intellect, apart from The very exercise of intellect, apart from any leelings of ambition, is so pleasurable as it seems the nearest of anything to the creative power, that we are disposed to treat it as such, to live in a world of our own making, to live upon our own thoughts. virtually to worship that through which we succeed, to delight ourselves with our own mind's work, to gaze with fond admiration on the surprising flights of reason, and to fill ourselves with those notions of the dignity of man as a reasoning being, which little dispose us for the humble doctrines of the pross [or the daily dities of life.] Bishop Armstrong.

Chairi.—The Paris correspondent of the Courier des Elats Unis thus skatches the celebrated conspirator:—"Orsini" was born in 1819. He was a man borma conspira tor. His entire life was a struggle against law and order. He was active, violent, enterprising, indefatigable, full of vanity, pleas terprising, indefatigable, fall of vanity, pleas ed with occupying the scene and with talk ing of himself—writing in his own Memoirs that the acts of his life had randered him celebrated, speaking of the eagerness of the ladies to have a look at him. He was a theatrical hero afterning one thing to day and another to inderew, and at the same

From the Oscaloosa (Iowa) Herald. John Anderson, my Jo, John. John Anderson, my Jo, John,

I weel remember yet, The time sae lang ago, John, The day when first we met; It was a bonnie day, John. Within the month of June, When lambkins were a' playing, John, Alang the banks o' Doon.

Since then we're seen a few, John, 'O earthly ups and downs, And had nae scanty view, John, O' fortune's smiles and frowns, But when misfortune came, John, Each bore apart, you know; And thus we made the load mair light, John Anderson, my Jo.

And now that we hae grown, John, Nae rich, but well to do. Nac King upon his throne, John, Mair blest than I and you; For we hae gear enough, John, To last us till we go To where there are use rich nor poor, John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John, When in that hame on high, We meet to part mae mair, John, Nac more again to die. What pleasure will it gie, John, Still hand in hand to go Thro' a' the flow'ry walks above, John Anderson, my Jo.

The Empty Cradle.

The death of a little child is to the moth er's heart like the dew on a plant, from which a bud has just perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from dark sorrow which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly

As she bends over the empty cradle, and childhood reach the heart, when the more fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his brow. She feels that Heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring his spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like tilled with human love and hope in the fu ture, so glorious with heavenly love and joy; she has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apart ment where her infant died, are mementoes of the far brighter hopes now drawing on her day dream. She thinks of the glory the flowers to render a shoe necessary head reposing on the breast of a kind Sa-vior. And she knows that her infant is there in that world of eternal bliss.

> She marked one passage in that b her emphatically the World of Life, now unto me, for of such is the kingdom of

> WASHINGTON AS A CIVILIAN.-However his military fame may excite the wonmagistracy that Washington's example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar; they multiply in every long war they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their

own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole star, in a clear sky, to direct the skillful statesmen. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Al ready it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the Best llustration of them, the living monument to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven that our country may subist, even to that late day, in the ple of the liberty and happiness, and mingle its mile store with Washington's.

Fisher Ames.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS To drive Flies out of the House-Put your molasses barrel and preserves in the back yard, in the

To CATCH MICE .- On going to bed, put a few crums of cheese in your mouth, and lay with it open, and when a monsels, which tickle your throat, bite.

To prevent Dogs from go their tails off close beland to To Kene Heatrny. Take a brandy on

Annie Laurie.

'If you want to hear Annie Laurie sung, come to my house, said a man to his friend. We have a love-lorn fellow in the village who was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a girl whom he had been paying attention to for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does, I tell you it draws tears from eyes unused to weeping.'

A small selected company had assembled in a pleasant little parlor, and were gaily chatting and laughing when a tall young man entered, whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested their attention. He was very pale, with that clear vivid complexion which dark-haired consumptives so often have. His locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar. His eyes were very large and spirited, and his brow such a one as a poet could have. But for a certain wandering look, a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words 'poor fellow,' and 'how sad he looks,' went the rounds as he came forward, bowed to the company, and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was 'love cracked,' but the rest treated him with respectful defer-

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing 'Annie Laurie" was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its conduct, and wonder what will be said or mention the young man turned deadly pale, but did not speak : he seemed lost in a revbut did not speak; he seemed lost in a reverie. 'The name of the girl who treated him so badly, was Annie, said a lady, whispering to the new guest, 'but oh ! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice.'

'No one dares sing Annie Laurie before you, Charles,' said an elderly lady; 'would it be too much to ask you to favor the company with it ?' she added timidly.

He did not reply for a moment-his lips quivered a little, and then looking up as if he saw a spirit present, he began. Every sound was hushed-it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tone vibrated through nerve and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feelings ; never was heard melody in a human voice like that -so plaintive, so soulfull, so tender and earnest!

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half closed-the locks of hair glisten ing against his pale temples, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him; and as he sung-

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie Gave me her promise true"t seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled-and there was no jesting, no laughing; but in-

stead, tears in more than one eye, And on he sang, and on, holding every one in wrapt attention, till he came to the last verse-

"Like dew on the gowan lying Is the fa' of her fairy feet—
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me—" He paused before he added—
"And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

There was a long, solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker the white temples whiter -almost impercenti bly the head falling back—the eyes were bly the head falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awe-struck—till the same person who had urged him to sing, laid her hand, who had urged him to sing, laid her hand, who had be seemed awe-struck—till the same person who had urged him to sing, laid her hand, who had urged him to sing, laid her had her ha gently on his shoulder, saying : 'Charles, Charles !'

Then came a hush-a thrill of terror crept hrough every frame—the poor, tried heart ple on the mirt of so eminent a man as he had ceased to beat-Charles, the love-betraved, was dead !!

MIRTH AS A MEDICINE. - Our sentiments

are most encouragingly expressed by Dr. Arnotte-"I know of nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise pro vision made for prolonging useful lives, Mirth after exhaustive toil, is one of na-ture's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or britised. You cannot too ateraly reprobate a frivolous life, but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a lawyer of mirthfulness protruding, a soft bedding to receive

Fine Talk and Plain Talk

'Fine' talk is not peculiar to 'fine' people The following passage, from a late English work called Town Life, admirably hits off a fashion among laboring men of calling things by names by no means appropriate to their character :-

What is called 'a day's spree' by work-

ing men, and is looked on by their as enjoyment or recreation, is a source from which may social evils spring, and is, in truth, quite the reverse of enjoyment to themselves or any with whom they are con-nected. It will be well here to notice this. If you speak to the employers of labor, in almost any branch of business, it will be found that great inconvenience and annovance are occasioned by working men neglecting their employment in order to have what is termed 'a spree.' These sprees, in the majority of cases, are not preconcerted : but the man drinks too deeply on Sunday evening, is late for this work on Monday morning, goes to take a walk to make him self 'all right to go in at dinner time," meets with a companion who is in similar circumstances, they must then take a glass togeth er, and, after this, they feel totally indifferent as to whether they go to work at all. The day is spent in mean and miserable shifts to procure money for drink. Friends are tested, if possible credit is obtained, and, rather than be defeated, clothes are pawned The men, infuriated with liquor, go home to their families, and, if they meet with reception only such as they have a right to expect, they either beat their wives, terrify their children, or damage their furniture, and thus ends the day. On the morrow they may be really ill, totally unfit for work, and if they be not hardened drunkards, will feel somewhat ashamed of their doors to see some of the hands, in order to learn what will be best to say, or what sort of face they must put on the matter. Then they set to work and coucoct some abominable lie to tell their employer. We have known a man in such circumstances to state that his wife was dead, in order that he might play on the sympathies of his employer, and thus secure money for drink, whilst the wife was waiting ontside the sliop to accompany her liusband to the an abuse of terms. If a spree means anything, it means jollity, and there is surely no jollity in a course of conduct so repugnant to the views and belings of any up-right, honest or well-meaning man. Work-ing men frequently boast of their straight forwardness and plainness of speech. Why do they not learn to call things by their

SILAS WRIGHT'S WEALTH The Daily Wisconsin, edited by Cramer formerly of Albany, speaking of the wealth of the mots eminent American statesmen, concludes his list with the following reference to Silas

"Silas Wright, with his estate of \$4,000; was really wealthier than many others are with \$100,000. He owed no man, any thing; he met his obligations with the atany luxury that he could not pay for. He was a model of republican simplicity. It should also be understood that he was not

mean in saving money.

There was something glorious in withering a great statesman like Silas Wright; never asking a pecuniary favor—or even accepting one; yet possessing only an in-come that could support him and his wife in frugality. When he was elected Governor of the great state of New York, he was known to be too poor to furnish his house: His rich friends got together, and without his knowledge made up a subscription which was tendered to him as a gift, in order to furnish his maision. This he respectfully but kindly declined, saying with a true Roman grandeur, that he could not consent to receive such a fasor from any whatever income the people had appended come while he was Governor, in good style but with no ostentation. Such an example on the part of so eminent a man as he was, is one of those precious legacies that the young men of the present day dool bear in mind—as no true greatness can et be achieved so long as they are the period ary slaves of even their marret. When a public man receive the cannot repay, he lotes that pendence so essential to see that pendence so essential to see that income," is more important to see who income," is more important to see who am influential and marret.

What Can be Done on One Add GROUND.—The editor of the Maine Ground on the editor of the Maine aggreent of one acre of ground? Irom a e gather the following results One third of an acte.

ms to be an influential and.

man, than any other maxim."