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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.

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THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.

T. O. P. VERNON, Associate Editor.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Written for the Carolina Spartan.

"SHE KICKED HIM."

BY J. E. G.

CONTINUED FROM LAST SPARTAN.

The glare of noon came down from an azure cloudless sky, as I left old Major B's mansion on a visit to Edward M.—

The village academy had just dismissed its scholars, who were running hither and thither in childish glee, from one of whom I ascertained the whereabouts of my friend Edward.

As I proceeded towards his residence, tired, heart-sick, and saddened, I unfortunately met Bradford. Unfortunately, I say, because I cared not to have him question me on the events of the past night.

"Good morning! Mr. F.," exclaimed Bradford, coming towards me and extending his hand. "Is not this a lovely day for the season of the year?"

Without paying any attention to his remarks, I merely bowed, and was about to pass on, when he exclaimed:

"Come, now, Mr. F., this will not do! If my impudence has gone beyond the limits of my acquaintance, I am heartily sorry, and offer you a gentlemanly apology; but why do you thus treat me, when my highest ambition is to become the possessor of your friendship and confidence?"

"Really, sir," I replied, "you almost tempt me to remark, that you have paid a visit to yonder foundry, judging from your irony."

"Good!" exclaimed Bradford; "but you are doubly mistaken; for I have neither done the first nor do I intend the latter by my remarks. How is it, Mr. F., that you have taken such an apparent dislike to me? Do you know, that we have been taken for brothers by very many persons? Let us be such by the bonds of friendship, though not by those of blood."

"How true it is, my reader, that a soft answer turneth away wrath." Somehow or other Bradford was winning me over to his favor, and it seemed as though he could not be the villain which Edward had represented him to be.

"Mr. Bradford," I replied, "you have no reason to suppose that I dislike you, and if I have manifested such a spirit, attribute it to a sleepless night, excited mind, and anything else but deliberate intention."

"I am satisfied," said he, "and now come and walk over with me to the major's."

"Excuse me, I am about to go in the opposite direction, but will probably see you during the day," I replied.

"All right! I shall dine with the major."

"The deuce you will," I thought, as he moved off in the direction of the major's house.

I walked on musingly, scarcely knowing how to act under such conflicting circumstances.

"Had I not better allow this affair to take its own course?" I asked myself. There was no good reason why I should visit Edward, except that I had promised it, for I really had no right to interfere in this love affair, and certainly no power to change its tide. What did it matter to me whether Alice loved Bradford or Edward? How over, I determined to find out all about it, as I had so greatly committed myself already. Was it my object, reader, I might descend just here upon the beauty of the surrounding country—its glassy lakes, reflecting upon their quiet surfaces the sunny blue of heaven—its grand old oaks, sheltering the little daisies from the withering glance of a noonday's sun—its mossy brooks, musically rippling along its pebbled channel—and the far away mountains, piled up against the spotless blue of heaven in indescribable cumbly and splendid confusion. But my simple tale has more to do with the world within us than with the world without us.

"Is this Mr. Edward M.—'s house?" I asked of a boy who was cleaning the brass plate on the door at which I had stopped.

"Guess that is the name on this thing," he replied, removing the cloth from the plate.

"Is he at home?"

"Yes, sir, he always is, except when he happens to be out," replied the boy.

"Well, go in and tell him that Mr. F. wants to see him."

"Anything else, sir?" asked the boy.

"Yes, tell your master that he is a big fool to keep such an impudent booby about him as yourself, and if you want to hear more, I shall enter into conversation with you with my cane."

The boy delivered my message word for word to Edward, who, in spite of his low spirits, could not restrain laughter. He came to the door himself and invited me in.

Poor Edward how well I remember his pale and sad face now, and how vainly he attempted to smile when he bid me enter! How well, too, I remember his mother, with her white lace cap, and dilly brocade gown, and the holy quiet that reposed in her sweet countenance.

Edward conducted me to his room, after introducing me to his mother, and thinking I will venture to describe its appearance as I entered.

and books. One of the latter was lying open, and I remember well seeing the book mark lying upon that pathetic and beautiful creation of Byron—the Farwell to his wife. Poor Byron!—poor Edward! The floor was not only carpeted comfortably, but beautifully so. Around the room were hung several fine pictures, one of which was lovely to look upon and sweet to remember. It represented a beautiful girl asleep among flowers, over whom leaned lovingly a fair boy with a wreath in his hand, about to place it upon his companion's brow. Beside the feet of the girl lay a Newfoundland dog, with his eyes fixed upon the boy, as if fearful that he would harm his fair mistress. The expression of the boy's face was perfectly eloquent in the intensity of his affection, while the partly-opened mouth of the lovely sleeper, disclosing a beautiful row of pearly teeth, almost led one to imagine that he could catch the soft breathings of that gentle girl. Need I tell you, my reader, whose names I read beneath this picture—"ALICE and EDWARD."

A bright fire was burning on the hearth, before which stood a tempting lounge. The mantel was tastefully ornamented with porcelain figures of flower-girls, specimens of mineralogy, beautiful shells, and a variety of other appropriate ornaments.

A black marble clock ticked upon the fire book-case in the corner, beside which stood a music stand and flute.

"Do you know, Mr. F.," remarked Edward, as soon as I had become seated, "that it appears very foolish in me to invite a comparative stranger like yourself to my room, merely for the purpose of boring him with the relation of circumstances which he can scarcely be expected to be interested in?"

"Say not so, Mr. M.—," I replied, "for I do feel deeply interested in this sad affair, and would gladly hear the particulars from your lips, and serve you in any capacity if I could."

"Enough! I will tell you all, Mr. F.; but before I begin, allow me to offer you a glass of wine. My dear sir, wine—strong wine—is my only relief, and could I but bathe this breaking heart in the juice of the grape until it were pulseless with intoxication—"

"Be calm, sir, I beseech you," I said, interrupting him, "are there no other sources of consolation for man in his seasons of darkness and despondency but the intoxicating bowl?"

"Mr. F.," exclaimed Edward, "such remarks may do for ordinary cases of imagination, but, Oh! not for me—not for me!"

"Mr. M.—," I replied, taking his hand, "what plague spots upon your soul, which separates it from other men? Why may you not listen, as becomes the being upon whom is impressed the indelible sign of Omnipotence, to the voice of reason? Oh! sir, it is sublime to suffer and be strong! It is noble to temper the soul to circumstances, and say to fate—'struggle!'"

"Well, now," replied Edward, "that's really a fine speech, and is it not pity that you have not an appreciating audience?"

"You M.—," I replied, "I am accustomed to expect gentlemanly replies to gentlemanly remarks, and invariably these persons as fall to observe the rule. My motives in this speaking are pure and disinterested, but since you seem disposed to make fun of my remarks, I shall not put you to the trouble of another reply. Good morning, sir."

I seized my hat, and most certainly would have left the house, had not Edward apologized for his bitter sarcasm, by exclaiming:

"Indeed, Mr. F., I beg ten thousand pardons if I have offended you, but do not leave me thus—I was hasty."

"I could not resist the pleading look of the poor fellow, so I again seated myself beside him, and waited for his story.

I watched him, as he drained a large glass of Madeira and lighted his fragrant cigar, and methinks even now I can see his pale, but remarkably handsome face, and dark flashing eyes, as he turned towards me on that November morning, and exclaimed:

"Oh! God!—Oh! Alice!"

Oh! what an expression of utter hopelessness and unpeppable woe darkened his face at this exclamation, and how this gust of tumultuous and brief eloquence stirred the depths of my heart!

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "my feelings sometimes master me, but I am calm now! Hear with me. I must appear a very strange being—but—pshaw! this will never do for me!"

So saying, he started up from his seat and paced the floor to and fro, evidently endeavoring to calm his agitated mind. I know not why, but I felt too awed by his mighty but eloquent woe to address him, and could only sit and watch him. He soon became calm, and resumed his seat beside me, and taking another glass of wine, he turned towards me and said: "I will talk with you now about Alice."

I could only nod assent for I was too much affected to speak, and even now the recollection of this affecting interview is sadly painful.

I first saw Alice at B.—, when I was in my thirteenth year and she in her ninth. We became acquainted a few days after, and though shy of me at first, she became in a little while quite sociable and much attached to me. As Byron says, "she was the starlight of my boyhood, and my young heart had enshrined her as its idol from the very first moment that I beheld her. She appeared to me the most beautiful creation of Jehovah, and often when sitting beside her by the brook, before her father's door, or wandering hand in hand through the pathless forest, have I thought her a representative of the pure and spotless Being who dwell amid the blessedness of the far away home of beautiful and unfallen spirits. Alice was my constant companion in all my rambles and rides in the country, and never left me until the hour for retiring to bed. Her love was affecting and unintentionally conspicuous, and mine was deep, powerful, and ardent. It was paradise to be together

alone, and my boyish heart never felt so happy as when her dark brown curls floated in silken masses about my shoulders, and her soft cheek was laid closely to mine. We would remain thus for hours, her fair arms around my neck, and her dove-like eyes fixed upon mine, while ever and anon her lips would meet mine own, and murmur over so sweetly—Dear Eddie!

"So we grew together, Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, But yet a union in partition."

Then came our first parting, and long, long did we mingle our tears before we could bid a farewell to each other.

After our first separation I often wrote to Alice, and though too young herself to reply to my letters, her mother would do so for her. Perhaps this was unwise, thus to encourage our affection, but be that as it may, our correspondence was continued for nearly a year before discovered by her father, who immediately put a stop to it.

Young as I was, I could have shot him for thus closing the only avenue of intercourse and affection then open to us.

Another year was rolled away from time, and during all this time I heard nothing of Alice. I could pay no attention to my studies, could take no interest in the sports of my companions, because of the absence and silence of her, who was dearer to me than the ties of life, and more beautiful than the visions of dreamland. I determined to see her again, and accordingly, at the age of fifteen, I left home without the knowledge of my parents, and after a few hours' travel found myself before her father's cottage again. As I opened the door her mother recognised me, and exclaimed: "Why, Edward! how do you do? Alice no sooner heard my name mentioned than she rushed into my arms, exclaiming: 'Dear Eddie, and burst into tears. Alice was now eleven years old, and was more beautiful than when last I had seen her. I remained with her near two months, every day of which was spent in each other's society, and our hearts became yet more and more linked together in bonds of affection. We parted again, and only now and then during the next six years was I permitted to behold her.

During all that time my heart yearned after her, and even when beneath the sunny skies of fair Italy, and amid the grandeur of 'almighty Rome,' there remained a dreary void in my bosom which all the world could not fill—and that void was my old sweetheart's absence."

About one year ago Alice came to S.—, to spend a month with her old uncle, Major B.—, whose guest you now are.

I happened to see her, and she had so beautifully had my cherished book developed into the full blown rose. She received me kindly, but modestly, and upon my alluding to our childhood she blushed, but appeared not displeased. I became a frequent visitor to the major's, and often rode about the country with Alice, who soon became so accustomed to me as to call me Eddie. The afternoon before she left S.—, we took a walk out to the V. grove, and there and then I told her of my love.

"You are mine, Alice—are you not?" I asked, as I took her hand in mine and pressed it to my lips.

She answered me by a slight pressure of my hand, and then we both wept.

Alice left the next morning for B.—, promising to reply to my letters, and to think of me often.

In reply to my first letter, she concluded hers by stating that a young gentleman named William Bradford would be in S.—, for a few days, by whom I could send my next letter.

I know not why, but I felt considerable uneasiness after reading this portion of her letter, but little did I dream what part this new character would take in the drama of my life.

Several days passed before I heard anything of Bradford, when one night, returning from the major's, to whom I had paid a visit, I accidentally heard my name mentioned by a friend standing on the sidewalk in connexion with another. Curiosity impelled me to secrete myself behind a tree near where those persons stood. Their backs being towards me, and the night very dark, I found no difficulty in obtaining a good position. They were conversing in a low tone of voice, and I could only now and then catch a word or two. "Alice W. and Edward M.—" I distinctly heard, but the whole sentence was lost to me.

Imagine my surprise, Mr. F., at hearing even these words at such a time and place. I felt considerable agitation, and was anxious to know what possible business could these unknown persons have with Alice and myself, when I heard a remark that sent the hot blood boiling through my veins—and this was it:

"Well, Bill, I'll bet any amount that you can elope with Alice, and M.— will not care a d—n about it."

"Dare it!" I cried, "you villains!" and so saying I rushed out upon them, when one fled and the other closed with me, and finding himself worsted, drew a dirk from his bosom, and plunged the cold steel into my upturned arm.

I wrenched the weapon from his hand, and maddened to desperation, made a plunge at him. He fell, with an exclamation of pain, and fearing that I had mortally wounded him, I fled from the spot perfectly horror-struck. I reached my residence, I know not how, and was about to enter, when the thought struck me that, as a man of honor, I should have my antagonist cared for. I retraced my steps, intending to get help from the negroes at the major's, but in passing the scene of action found that the parson had gone. I hoped that he was not mortally wounded then, but would to God that I had annihilated him!"

"Say not so, Mr. M.—," I said, interrupting him, "you surely would not be a murderer!"

"A murderer? Mr. F.," he replied, "yes! anything but what I am! But allow me to proceed with my story." He drank of

an amber glass of wine, and bringing the only vessel down upon the table with a tremendous crash that startled me to my feet, continued his story as follows:

I received a note the next day as follows:

"I will leave by this evening's stage, and should you have any letters for B.—, I will consider myself honored by being intrusted with them. I may be found at Room 18, D.—'s Hotel. Respectfully yours,

"WILLIAM BRADFORD."

I hastily penned a few lines to Alice, and walked down to D.—'s hotel, where I asked to be shown up to Mr. Bradford's room. Judge of my surprise when the landlady informed me that he could not be seen, he had been stabbed on his right shoulder last night by some ruffian, and was suffering much from his wound.

The whole truth flashed upon me in a moment, and I determined, if possible, to get a look at him at least.

I set up my card to the room, and after awhile the boy returned with Mr. Bradford's compliments, and asked to come up and see him. I went to his room, but could not get good view of his face, as his head was tufted towards the wall. He spoke of his night's adventure in a manner that fully convinced me of his ignorance of the person who inflicted the wound.

"I thought, sir," said he, "that I would get the landlady to address you a note before I left, as Miss Alice W. had spoken of the probability of hearing from you through me."

I forgot what reply I made to him, but suddenly making up my mind not to intrust him with my letter, I bid him good morning and left the hotel.

Bradford left that afternoon for B.—, and my letter was forwarded to Alice by the same stage. In a week's time I received a reply, and felt considerable relief from its breathings of pure affection and attachment. The very day for the receipt of dear Alice's letter I was made miserable by receiving a communication from her father. It read thus:

"MR. EDWARD M.—: I wish it distinctly understood that our correspondence with Alice must be immediately discontinued. I had hoped that your sense of gentlemanly propriety would have been sufficient to keep you from teasing my daughter with your love-sick epistles, when you know that she is partly engaged to another. Wishing you better success in some other quarter, I am, respectfully yours,

"G. S. W.—"

I am unable, Mr. F., to express to you my feelings upon reading such a letter. Was it possible that Alice was engaged to another, and yet wrote to me? No! no! I could not bring my mind to such a conclusion.

The next day I wrote again to her, notwithstanding her father's commands that I should not; and oh! sir, will you believe it, she penned me these lines:

"EDWARD: I must discontinue my correspondence with you hereafter. Perhaps our early life, with its peculiar and pleasant associations, should be forgotten, since we have arrived at an age to judge between what is pleasant and what is proper. Your true friend,

"ALICE."

"Early life forgotten"—how easy it is to pen such words. Oh! sir, I will not attempt to relate the agony of mind that came with the light of every morn and left not with the night.

What brought about this change in Alice I knew not until within the last month, when I ascertained from the major that Bradford was a frequent visitor at her father's house, and rumors of marriage had obtained circulation about B.—.

There was one thing that mitigated my sorrow, and threw a ray of hope across my otherwise darkened heart, and that was the fact of Alice's having signed herself 'true friend, Alice.' There certainly was no harshness in those words, and perhaps, I thought, her letter was written by command of her father, but unwillingly.

Thus I clutched, like a drowning man, this floating straw, and kept my heart above the threatening ocean of woe that seemed ready to engulf it!

About a week ago, I heard that Alice was coming to S.—, to spend one month with her uncle, Major B.—.

She arrived, as you know, day before yesterday, accompanied by Bradford and several lady friends.

I had no sooner heard of her arrival than I hastened to pay her a visit, hoping to find her unchanged and still my own.

I obtained, through the assistance of the major, a private interview with her, when something like the following conversation passed between us:

"Alice, I have heard that you have become engaged to another, is it not false?"

"I must not be catechized, Mr. M.—, on subjects which concern only myself," she indifferently replied.

"Oh! Alice," I exclaimed, "how can you thus answer me! You must be aware that I am deeply concerned in such a subject, for upon the results of this interview depend a life of bliss or a life of unutterable woe and misery. I need not tell you, Alice, that I love you, for this you already know too well; but Oh! tell me that you art still my own!"

I had taken her hand while thus speaking, which trembled like a leaf as it lay within my own, and oh! Mr. F., judge of the intensity of the pang which shot through my heart when she forcibly withdrew it from me, exclaiming:

"Sir! I protest against such liberties!"

Edward arose from his seat at this stage of his unfortunate history, paced the floor of his room awhile, and after an effort to conceal his grief, which was but vain, buried his face in the bed clothes, and wept like a child. His manly frame was perfectly convulsed with the tempest of agony raging in his bosom, and it was long before he could calm himself sufficiently to continue his story.

"Mr. M.—," I exclaimed, moved by

the affecting recital of his noble love, do not suffer this unfortunate affair thus to crush your manliness—she is unworthy of you!"

"You must never repeat that remark again, Mr. F.—never!"

The remark, like its author, was noble, and the whole expression of Edward's countenance told me that I had ventured upon forbidden ground.

"Proceed with your story," I said, "its interest increases."

"My story has already been told, Mr. F., and I have only a few remarks to add in explanation of my conduct towards you last evening at the major's, and my reasons for wishing to see you at V. grove."

"I partly understand it now," I replied, "but surely you have more to relate concerning Miss Alice and yourself; your last interview certainly did not terminate so abruptly."

"No, not quite, but suffice it to say, that she desired me to forget the past, and in the future to consider her merely as an old friend."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"Possible!—Ay, sir, it is possible. Possible that two hearts, linked together by the sweetest ties of early and enduring love, growing up together with the same tastes, ideas, and sentiments, were sundered by a villain. Possible that the world, looking upon such as I, heart-stung, heart-broken, and wretched, should exclaim, pointing to the one who brought about so great a calamity, 'SHE KICKED HIM!'"

How often have I heard it in whispers, accompanied with thoughtless laughter, as I pass along the street. What does it mean in its connection with me? "She kicked him!" She, who from my boyhood's gliding hours to manhood's stern realities, was the very key-note of my happiness and object of my love—she, whom God made mine, as a playmate in childhood, an allurement in youth, an idol in manhood—'SHE KICKED HIM!' 'Kicked!'—Oh! crushing term! equivalent to a presupposed insult! Is love an insult? Are all the fine affections of the human heart calculated to disgust, annoy, and sicken, that he who gives rein to them, until love becomes magnified into idolatry, should be spurned, and so treated by the object of that love as to make the vulgar term 'kicked' an appropriate expression of her conduct towards him? 'She kicked him!' 'Him!'"

He paused, as if an idea had struck him, and rising from his seat, placed his hand upon my shoulder, and pointing to the beautiful picture of "Alice and Eddie," which I have already described, he exclaimed:

"Look there! Behold that boy leaning over that sleeper—she (placing his finger upon the figure of the sleeping girl) 'kicked him!'" (pointing to the boy.)

Eloquence, brief, burning eloquence, irresistibly sweet and terribly beautiful, was this. Every feature spoke, every motion appealed, every word thundered!

Edward became suddenly calm, and resumed his seat beside me.

"Did Miss Alice," I ventured to ask, "make use of this expression?"

"No, sir," he replied, "not that I know of; but the very idea that it should be used by any person in such a connection is bitter, galling, and unbearable. But I must tell you why I acted towards you as I did last night."

The day before the party I paid a visit to the major, and in course of conversation I learned that Alice was riding out with Bradford.

After I had left his residence, and was walking towards my own, a buggy suddenly drove around the corner, in which I recognised Alice, and a gentleman whom I knew to be Bradford from what I heard from the major.

He turned his face towards me as he passed, and politely bowed. The buggy being driven very fast, I, of course obtained but a partial view of his face.

I wondered my way homeward, and suddenly made up my mind to accept the major's invitation to be one of the party the next evening, more for the purpose of having an interview with Bradford than any thing else.

How it is, I know not, but as soon as my eyes fell upon you last night at the major's party, I mistook you for Bradford.

Your marked attention to Alice, and her ease and sociability in your society, maddened me to jealousy and wrath, and feeling my position anything but pleasant, I rushed from the house crushing a note in your hand."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, "I can now readily understand the whole matter, for it has been often observed that I am enough like Bradford to be a brother."

"I could have sworn it, Mr. F.; but was not Bradford at the party?"

"Yes, sir, and it seems somewhat strange to me that he appeared so cool towards Miss Alice."

"The villain!" exclaimed Edward. "I despise his base stratagem and cowardice in acting coolly to Alice, merely to throw me off my guard, and get you into a difficulty from which he knew he could not extricate himself."

"Mr. M.—," said I, rising from my seat, "do you really think that such were his intentions?"

"Possitively do!" he replied.

Never, my dear reader, did I experience such mingled emotions of contempt and anger towards any man as I did towards Bradford upon hearing this.

Informed Edward of the party to be given at the major's that evening, and I remember his reply now, and the peculiarity of its emphasis, when I asked him if he would be there.

"H—O, of course, you may depend upon seeing me wherever there is a good chance of enjoying Bradford's society."

I parted with Edward at two o'clock, excusing myself from partaking of his hospitality by remaining to dinner. As I walked towards the mansion of old Major B. I reviewed the events of the past twenty

hours, and could not but feel the novelty of my position.

"Who knows how these things may terminate, and what may take place at the party this evening? Edward and Bradford must meet there face to face, and then—and then— You shall see."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

The Great Snow Storm.

Lieut. M. F. Maury, United States Observatory, issued a circular to the country, inviting answers to certain questions connected with the commencement, progress, and termination of the Snow Storm of January 18. Answers have reached him from North Carolina to Maine, from which he compiles a partial statement, to be followed by a more comprehensive one as soon as fuller returns reach him from the West, South, and ships at sea.

In this report to the Secretary of the Navy he says:

From Bertie county, North Carolina, to Washington, the course of the storm was due north, and the time three or four hours. From Washington to New York it was about fourteen hours on the march, with a furious gale right in its teeth; thence to Boston it flew at railway speed, making the distance in six hours; and thence it arrived at Portland, Maine, at 11 p. m. of the 18th, thus making its march in the "wind's eye" from North Carolina to Maine in about twenty-six hours.

The cold, the wind, and the fall of snow, all of which were marked by violence, appear to have had its own rate of march.

The fury of this storm has been unequalled for many years. Never since the establishment of railroads has there been such an interruption of travel or hindrance to the mails. It illustrates in a very striking manner the necessity—if we wish thoroughly to investigate the laws which govern the movements of the great aerial ocean on which we live—of extending our meteorological researches from the sea to the land. What though this storm may have had its origin on the land, it caused many and dreadful shipwrecks along the shore and disasters at sea.

The appliances which, in the progress of the age, have been placed within the reach of men of science would, had the power of using them been possessed by these men, have enabled them to give timely warning of the approach of the storm to many whose lives such warning would have saved.

If the system of daily weather reports through the telegraph, which you have recommended for the Observatory, had been established, New York and our shipping ports might have had from eighteen to twenty-four hours warning in advance of this storm; the industrial pursuits of the country and the convenience of the public, as well as the shipping interests, might all have had the benefit of such foreknowledge; for the telegraph, the press, and the mails can outstrip the wind, and spread the news of its coming faster than it can run.

Are you aware that at this season of the year the average number of shipwrecks is about one American vessel for every eight hours, and that the total value of the losses at sea for the month of January is set down at something like four millions of dollars?

How many of these losses would have been averted if the country could a few hours' warning have been given of this storm along to say nothing of others.

ANTI-SLAVERY PHILANTHROPI.—

We copy the following from the Falmouth (Jamaica) Post, of the issue of January 10. The statements, or rather opinions, contained therein need no comment at our hands: