

# EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., MARCH 28, 1855.

VOL. XX--NO. 11.

## Choice Poetry.

**TIS BLESSED THUS DIE.**  
"Weep not," the dying mother said;  
"Weep not, weep not for me;  
But for my baby, when I'm dead,  
Let gentle tears flow free;  
I leave my darling baby one  
An orphan here below;  
But He who guides your burning sun,  
Can shield it from earth's woe."

"'Twere vain to mourn and weep for me,  
For I shall rest in peace;  
My body in the grave shall be,  
My spirit find release;  
And O! if heavenly power approve,  
My spirit oft shall come,  
And hover o'er the babe I love,  
Here in its earthly home."

"For it alone I wish to live—  
To train it for its God;  
But you will heavenly counsel give,  
When I'm beneath the sod;  
You'll tell my child of Jesus' love,  
And teach it how to pray;  
And turn its infant thoughts above,  
To realms of light and day."

"My sand of life is ebbing now!  
Bring me my babe once more;  
O! let me fix upon its brow  
One look, ere all is o'er;  
One gentle kiss, O! let me press  
Upon its infant cheek;  
Let me receive its fond caress,  
While I have power to speak."

The babe was brought and to her breast  
She pressed it tenderly;  
Its cheeks and brow her cold lips prest,  
Then murmur'd fervently:  
"O! Father! shield my darling child;  
Keep it from evil free,  
And safe to heaven—O! bring it home,  
To dwell with thee and me."

I gazed upon that scene of love—  
I heard that mother's prayer,  
And felt that spirits from above  
Were gently bending there;  
Once more a smile lit up her brow—  
Joy sparkled in her eye;  
She faintly whispered, "farewell earth!"  
'Tis blessed thus to die!"

And oft since then, in dreams of night,  
I've gazed upon that scene—  
I've seen the mother's dying smile  
Beam with a glory keen;  
I've heard again, in visions blest,  
Her last departing sigh;  
Those whispered words of falling breath—  
"Tis blessed thus to die!"

## Sabbath Reading.

### VALUE OF YOUNG MEN TO THE CHURCH.

The richest of the young men is one of the strongest treasures of power the church possesses. Her old men may be rich in christian experience; rich in large material resources, and rich in the priceless wealth of a truly benevolent heart; but it is her young men and her sons that are reaching up to the prime of manhood, who mainly embody the enterprise and the spirit that is to embody the Gospel of Christ through all the channels, along which flows the mighty stream of humanity, at home and abroad. That very enterprise, that youthful ardor that courage and that power of ripe manhood, declare the nature of their mission, as truly as if Jesus was heard saying to their possessor: "Run, speak to this young man; run to proclaim the tidings of my grace far and wide; run to instruct the ignorant, to reform the vicious, to recall the wandering, to lift up the desponding, and guide the anxious sinner to the cross."

The young man who imagines that he is redeemed by the blood of Jesus, and yet feels and cherishes no sense of obligation to use his power so as to advance the cause of religion, is but a withered branch of this heavenly vine, on which no clustering foliage gathers, and no fruits of heavenly beneficence ripen for glory. If angels ran to minister to men, how ought the redeemed to run on missions of mercy to their fellow-men! For what are christian young men strong, if not to serve as missionaries of the cross, and ministers of Him, who for their sakes endured the agonies of Calvary? That strength, that animation, the courage, that buoyant energy will soon decline. It is a talent given but for a season, the meridian, the consciousness of neglected opportunities and wasted powers will oppress your heart. Then when at length you come to judgment, and you are challenged to account for all the strength of your early and ripened manhood, you will carry in your heart, not the blessed fruits of the seed you have sown and reaped, not the memories of sinners saved and ignorance enlightened—not the deeds of heavenly love. Which have ministered benedictions wide as heaven to the souls of the miserable—but the ashes of burnt out passions, the withered stalk of a fruitless branch, the memory of neglected opportunities and souls lost forever.—Dr. Fisher.

**RELIGIOUS BOOKS AMONG THE PEOPLE.**  
"If," said the late Daniel Webster to a friend, "religious books are not circulated among the masses in this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what will become of us as a nation." And the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and his word are not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt through the length and breadth of the land, anarchy

and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and darkness, will reign without mitigation or end.

### THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH.

What a moment that must be!—how vast its consequences!—how overwhelming its revelations! Let us try, by illustration, to realize it. There dies a saint of God. The summons was sudden, but his house was in order, and with a smile on his face, he bids a glad adieu to the scenes of friendship on earth. Coldness passes from point to point in his system; his vision grows dim; his tongue falters; but in strong faith he commends his all to the Conqueror of evil, and passes away shouting an everlasting victory! The spirit soars—angels receive it—the gates of the city are open to receive it—the King is seen in his beauty—and now heaven is enjoyed in all its bliss and glory! Waking up from his life dream, the first sight is Jesus as He is—no flight through immensity—no pilgrimage of the spheres—for the everlasting arms are the resting place of the disembodied soul—it will be in the bosom of Immanuel that the emancipated spirit will enquire, "Where am I?"—and read in the face of Jesus the answer—"Forever with the Lord!"

But another, and a different scene. There dies an impenitent sinner, and as he feels life ebbing away, his soul is filled with unutterable anguish, his sins are arrayed before him, his conscience accuses him, lost opportunities mock him, hope perishes, and eternity is made terrible by its treading up and down. But he must die, He that cuts him down, sways him as the feller of wood sways the tottering tree—now a root breaks—now a heart string—now oozes out drop by drop, the very lifeblood of his wretched soul—and at last, goes out the lamp of life in tribulation, Eternal darkness, and the miserable soul goes to a just retribution! How awful, to such an one, is the moment after death!—The narrow confines of time passed a boundless eternity stretches itself before him, and in the twinkling of an eye, he is ushered into outer darkness—the region of unending woe. "Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!" The torments of hell are already begun, and the soul's bitter reflection is, that they are merited, and will never end!

Yes, solemn thought! One brief moment will effect an entire change in our mode of being—will make plain what, with respect to a future state, is now involved in mystery, and will hear the soul to the fearful retributions, or to the glorious rewards of eternity!

**A CONTRAST.**—Near the end of the licentious Byron wrote the lines:

"My days are in the yellow  
The flowers and fruit of life  
Are mine alone."  
The worm, the cancer and the  
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.

**IF IT WERE NOT FOR HOPE THE HEART WOULD BREAK.**—Were it not for hope the arm would fall powerless on the struggling battlefield of life, and the pure light would fade out from the weary eye. We sit in the shade of the elm and watch the living ocean ebbing by—at every throb of the heart a life wave rolls on the other shore. The footman with his pack, and the rich man with his steed, is urged on with the hope of better things ahead. The ragged child with his basket of berries, hopes for manhood and days of brighter sunlight for him. The old man creeping up the hill on staff and crutch looks out with hope for coming death and rest beyond the grave. The sun has long since faded from the sky. Tell him he never shall know the rest he seeks, and tears will wet the wrinkles on his withered cheeks; for his old frame is worn out, and he longs to lay aside, and leave his stick and crutch at the door of his grave.

The race of mankind would speedily perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, to the moment that some kind hand wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals; no one can refuse it without guilt.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of womankind. A man who is always sneering at women, is generally either a coarse profligate, or coarse bigot.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

Our evil genius, like the junior member of a deliberative body, always gives his views first.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Say but little—think much—and do more.

Keep clear of the law; for, even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser of money.

Quarrels would never last long if the fault was all on one side.

## Pleasant Stories.

### THE WIFE.

SHE was a beautiful girl, when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover, at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet, ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflections of a sunset cloud upon the clear water's quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her hand within his own, gazed on her for a few moments with unmingled admiration, and the warm eloquent blood shadowed at intervals his manly forehead, and "melted into beauty on his lips."

And they gave themselves to one another in the presence of Heaven, and every heart blessed them, as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting and the exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the one had, indeed, given place to the greater perfection of womanhood, and her lips were somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition, and pride had grown over it, and left the traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair, which had become thin around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on an ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the dread and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward, you are ill to-night," said his wife in a low, sweet, half inquiring voice, as she laid her hand upon his own.

Indifference from those we love, is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is the sun of Heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glare. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy, that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal, dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow, the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions, the involuntary sigh of sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate and

yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened, for an instant, the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twin were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and had failed in high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed; he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and it had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered, and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward, my dear Edward," she said, "I have come to save you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eyelashes. "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tones of agony.

"Edward," said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass out unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me, I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband dearer than life itself."

"But, Margaret," said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh, speak not of me, my dear Edward, said the devoted woman. "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste, Edward, and all will be well," and she aided, with a trembling hand, to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female garb.

"Farewell, my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife as an officer sternly reminded the supposed lady that the time allotted to her had expired. "Farewell! We shall meet again," responded the wife; and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and husband; but only as the dead may meet—in the awful commings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband—and the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, and the guards found, wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale, beautiful corpse of the devoted wife.

### THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR.

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school, neglected because he was poor and comparatively friendless:

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended school in the town of ——. Among the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they are the best he had; he was rough and uncouth in his manners, for he had been brought up in this manner; he was very ignorant, for he had never had an opportunity for education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school-room—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars—and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance, was clouded by the "outer covering" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for a while, join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shooed off out of the way.

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys, in better garbs, were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an "idle blockhead" because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, and idleness begat a disposition to while away the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher, and simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark, thankless way.

Thus matters went on for several years. Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to the higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled out words of one and two syllables.

His standing point in his life was at hand. He stood now upon the step in life from which the fate of after years must take its cast. At this time a man by the name of Kelly took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering.

The first day he passed at the teacher's desk of our school, was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eyes rested with a keen, searching glance, but he evidently made little of him during the first day; but on the second day he did more.

It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in impaling flies upon the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat, and, after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer from his desk.

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher.

"No, sir," drawled George.

"How long have you attended school?"

"I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember."

"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher, with much severity. "Do you realize how many years you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? What sort of a man do you intend making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then, while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you parents?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, in a hoarse, subdued voice.

"And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant, worthless man?"

The boy had hung down his head and was silent; but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant, the teacher said that he had something besides an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand on the boy's head, and in a kind tone he said, "I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can."

George looked wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tone of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strangely to him, and he, thought, too, as he looked around, that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind that, from some cause, he was going to be happier than before.

After the school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat till the teacher called him to the desk.

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I wish to know why it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?"

"Because nobody never helps me," replied the boy. "Nobody never cares for me, sir, for I am poor."

By degrees the kind-hearted teacher got the poor boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said:

"You have been wrongly treated, George

—very wrongly, but there is yet time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"

"Yes—O yes," quickly uttered the boy in earnest tones. "Yes—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy," he feelingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school room his face was wet with tears. We scholars who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and walked with him to his house, and his heart was too full for utterance.

On the next day, George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radiant and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy.

As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result was, they found in the unfortunate youth one of the most noble-hearted, generous, accommodating, and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those school-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than he is. And all is the result of one teacher having done his duty.

You who are school-teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you. In this country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavor to lift him up and aid him.

## Fun for All.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF WRITTEN MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS.**

Some few years ago, a well-known botanical doctor was called in to prescribe for a man who kept for sale all kinds of dogs. The patient was a great believer in herbs and botanical productions, and was indeed very ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and said he was leaving the room, said, "Oh, cheer up! Mr. Jones, I'll send you some herb medicine that will put you right again. I want to find your wife." To the latter, who

"Well, Mrs. Jones, have you done as I ordered you to do?"

"To be sure, I have doctor."

"Well and how does it operate?"

"Operate, sir? I can't tell; but I'm sure Sam will kill me when he gets well."

"How, kill you? What should he kill you for, good woman?"

"Because Doctor, he's been offered two guineas a piece for them puppies and I know he wants the money."

"Puppies, woman," replied the astonished doctor, "what have you been giving your husband?"

"Puppy-head tea!" replied the woman.

"Puppy-head tea! I told you puppy-head tea," and the doctor rushed from his patient, who by the way got well, and after a while forgave his wife but never the doctor.

### WHAT HE DIED OF.

We overheard once the following dialogue between an Alderman and an Irish shop lifter:

"What's gone of your husband, woman?"

"What's gone of him, yer honor? Faith and he's gone dead."

"Ah! pray what did he die of?"

"Die, yer honor? He died of a Friday."

"I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint?"

"Oh, what complaint, yer honor? Faith, and it's himself that did not get time to complain."

"O, he died suddenly?"

"Rather that way, yer honor?"

"Did he fall in a fit?"

No answer.

"He fell in a fit, perhaps?"

"A fit, yer honor? Why no, not exactly that. He fell out of a widow, or through a cellar door—don't know what they call it."

"And broke his neck?"

"No, not quite that, yer worship."

"What then?"

"There was a bit of a string or cord, or something like that, and it throttled poor Mike."

For unadulterated economy, commend us to the German. Give him a salary of forty cents a day, and in ten years he will own a brick block, a fat horse, nine children, and a vrow broader than she is long, and as good natured as a blind kitten.

**GOING IT STRONG.**—A factious gentleman, traveling in the interior of the State, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, he was met by the ostler whom he thus addressed:

"Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, denote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment—and when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will award you a pecuniary compensation for your hospitality."

The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying—

### THE PLAINEST WORDS MAY LEAST DECEIVE.

My speech is frank my vows are few,  
I do not woo with courtly smile;  
But all I say is warm and true,  
And all I promise bears no guile.  
I cannot breathe false tones of love,  
Which gentle hearts too oft believe;  
But take me Mary, and thou'll prove  
That plainest words may least deceive.

"There'll be some shadow in our lot,  
When wedded faith shall crown our days;  
But I will clear each thorny spot,  
If manly care can smooth life's ways.  
Thy faults shall meet a voice still kind—  
I'll sigh o'er all that bids thee grieve,  
And grey old age shall only find  
That plainest words may least deceive."

**WHY THE FOURTH OF MARCH WAS SELECTED.**—The Portland Advertiser, correcting the blundering statement which every year or two goes the round of the papers, to the effect that the 4th of March was selected as the beginning of the Presidential term, because it will not fall on Sunday for three hundred years to come, says:

"The selection of the fourth of March as the day for the beginning of the Presidential term seems to have been the result of accident. The old Continental Congress, when the ratification of the new Constitution by the necessary number of the States had been ascertained, passed a resolution Sept. 13, 1788, appointing the first Wednesday of the next January for the choice of the presidential electors, the first Wednesday of February for the election of President and Vice President, and the first Wednesday of March as the time for the organization of the new government. The first Wednesday of March happened to be in the year 1789, the fourth of March, and as the administration which began on that day was limited to four years by the Constitution, the next and all succeeding administrations have begun on this day of the month."

**HOW TO MAKE A LOVE CAKE.**—Let any pretty or amiable young lady take three cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup of butter, one of milk, a small lump of pearlash; mix all up, not so stiff as a pound cake, and bake it nicely. Then get a neat tea-pot full of strong Souchong, or else Congo; set a snug little tea-table before a rousing fire in a cosy parlor. Draw up to the table a soft lounge or sofa. Let no intruders be about, and fill out two nice cups of the tea and cut the

peror be canonized as a martyr to the cause of his country, (for he has probably fallen a victim to the intense mental excitement and anxiety which must have borne heavily upon his physical powers,) his death may bind the people more strongly than ever in their resistance to any sacrifice of the national honor, or curtailment of its power, such as is demanded by the Allies as a guarantee for the future peace of Europe.

The death of such a powerful, sagacious, and able sovereign as Nicholas undoubtedly was, is therefore by no means to be viewed as a sure precursor of peace. His successor steps at once into his place, under the monarchical principle—"The king never dies."

"Le Roi est mort, Vive le Roi!"

**AMERICAN AFFAIRS WITH SPAIN.**—In the course of the sitting on the 10th, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply to the question as to the state of the relations with the United States, begged permission to deny that the government or himself had ever wished to insult Mr. Soule, and he then said:

"The United States Government, on the 15th of January last, resolved to replace the minister who represented it at Madrid.—When the news arrived here, that Minister had already left. Subsequently, we gave orders to submit to a new examination all questions pending with the United States, in order to decide what is just. We are perfectly in accord with the Government of the United States, and consequently we have the hope of arriving at a pacific solution."

**EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE ON YOUTH AND AGE.**—To be left alone in the whole world, with scarcely a friend—this makes the sadness which striking its pang into the minds of the young and affectionate, teaches them too soon to watch and interpret the spirit signs of their own hearts. The solitude of the aged—when, one by one, their friends fall off, as the star leaves from the trees in autumn—what is it to the overpowering sense of desolation which fills almost to breaking the sensitive heart of youth, when the nearest and dearest ties are severed? Rendered callous by time and suffering, the old feel less, although they complain more. The young, bearing a "grief too deep for tears," shine in their bosoms sad memories and melancholy anticipations, which often give dark hues to their feelings in after life.

**A GENTLE HINT.**—"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady, the other day, to a bachelor friend. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "I guess you haven't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend at Canton, writes "Kemlich Van Tassel," that a neighbor of his had just laid in his winter's provisions—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull-dogs. The latter salted to keep.

**GOOD LOGIC.**—"Bruder Jones, can you tell me de difference 'tween dying and dieting?" "Why, ob course I can, Samuel. When you die you lib on noffin, and when you die you hab noffin to live on." "Well, dat's a race atween de doctorin' stuff and starvation, to see which will kill fast."

**MOTHER, I heard sissy swear.** "What did she swear?" "Why she said she wasn't going to wear her darned stockings to church."

The ladies among the Esquimaux make necklace of icicles, and their ear-drops consist of a pair of snow-balls fastened with a small hook, made of brass wire. Cheap, but, decidedly picturesque.

**ACCORDING TO LAZON,** men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; any thing but—live for it.

### DEATH OF THE CZAR.

If the present war resulted from the personal ambition of Nicholas, and his individual despotic will has been the *primum-mobile* of the tremendous struggle which has convulsed the world, his sudden death might reasonably be expected to lead to an immediate restoration of peace.

But, judging from the personal character and qualities of the late Emperor, in conjunction with the well-known national conviction of Russian "manifest destiny," entertained by a large majority of his people, it may be a matter of great doubt whether the accession of a new sovereign to the throne will result in peace, or a more determined and energetic prosecution of the war.

It is said by well-informed Russians, that two-thirds of the nation constitute what is called the "Old Russian party" whose religious creed, and firm faith is, that their nation is the chosen instrument of Almighty power to crush Islamism, to drive the Ottoman out of Europe, and to establish the universal dominion of the only true, orthodox Greek church throughout Christendom; the consummation of which is to usher in, as its climax of glory, the millennium! The late Emperor has been supposed to be the passive instrument of this fanatical majority of his subjects, under the implied penalty of death as a traitor to the high destinies of his empire, and a contemner of the will of Heaven, if he dared to swerve from the path which his people religiously believe has been pointed out to him by the finger of Omnipotence for such great purposes.

Such a national sentiment as this is not to be changed in a day, in such a country as Russia. If it directed or influenced the policy of the late Emperor, (personally a mild, amiable gentleman, as his enemies must admit) his son and successor to his throne may have no choice but to carry out the religious frenzy of his people to consummation or destruction; and he may be borne along by a torrent of popular opinion and prejudice, to resist which would cost him his throne and his life.

We have no reason to doubt that the war is national with the Russian people—that they have loved, revered and confided in their