EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

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

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Choice Poetry.

DIFFERENCES.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

The King can drink the best of wine—
So can I!
And has enough when he would dine—
So have I!
And cannot order rain or shine—
Nor can I!
Then where's the difference, let me see,
Betwixt my Lord the King and me?

Do trusty friends surround his throne
Night and day?
Or make his interests their own?
No, not they!
Mine love me for myself alone—
Blessed be they!
And that's one difference which I see
Betwixt my Lord the King and me!

Do knaves around me lie in wait
To deceive?
Or fawn and flatter when they hate,
And would grieve?
Or cruel pomps oppress my state—
By my leave?
No! Heav'n be thank'd! And here you see
More difference 'twixt the King and me!

He has his fools, with jests and quips,
When he'd play;
He has his armies and his ships—
Great are they!
But not a child to kiss his lips,
Well a-day!
And that's a difference sad to see
Betwixt the Lord the King and me!

I wear the cap and he the crown—
What of that?
I sleep on straw and he on down—
What of that?
And he's the King and I'm the clown—
What of that?
If happy I, and wretched he,
Perhaps the King would change with me!

[*London Illustrated News.*

A Thrilling Story.

MARY CARROLL;

OR,

THE LOST CLASP KNIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MURDER—AN ARREST.

It was a wild, rugged scene, near the western shore of Lough Neagh, in the county of Tyrone, and in the northern part of Ireland. To the left, stretching away from the banks of the lake, was a dark bog, over which, in close-tangled masses, grew the rank morass wild-wood. It was just at night that a way-worn pedlar entered on the dubious foot-track that led through the bog; and from the confidence with which he walked it, one might have supposed that he had traveled it often. His way was towards Londonderry, and as he found himself in the midst of the gloomy wildwood, he began to whistle a slow tune by way of enlivening the scene. At some spots, where the flanking of the little shrubbery was quite scarce, the ground trembled and shook beneath the pedlar's tread, but he felt sure, or knew that he was in the right track, and he kept steadily on.

Not long after he had disappeared from sight, in the intricate windings of the path, any one standing upon the edge of the bog might have heard a sudden rustling of the distant wildwood, as though some one had rushed hastily through it. Then came a scuffle, a cry of pain, a few deep groans, and then, for a few moments all was still. In five minutes more there was another rustling in the bushes, a heavy fall, and ere long, a man emerged from the bog path and stood a few seconds upon the hard ground. He was not the pedlar, yet he bore in his hand the pedlar's pack. He gazed cautiously around him, and being satisfied all was safe, he stepped a little out of the way, seated himself upon the grass, opened the pack, and began to overhaul the contents.

"Curse his empty pack!" muttered the man, as he seemed to have rummaged the contents through. "I've done that job for nothing. Curse my soul for a miserable pedlar of old women's trumpery."

The speaker started nervously up for he heard a noise in the bog, and with a steady step hurried off toward a small village that lay upon the borders of the lake to the southward.

Not long after the man had left the emptied pack, there came up from the bog path another man, and he bore a body in his arms. When he reached a suitable place, he laid his burden upon the grass. It was the bloody corpse of the pedlar.

"Poor Magdulil!" muttered the young man, "for young he was—" who could have had the heart to take your life? There could have been but a few more years for you on earth, and surely they might have left you those. And what's this? Thy pack, as I live. Holy saints, they've taken your last breath for the paltry store you carried; and it can't have been long, either, for your blood is warm from your heart!"

The young man knelt down and pulled apart the bits of lace and ribbons, the pin-papers, and the little cushions, and while he yet gazed vacantly upon them, at the same time murmured sadly to himself, he was started by a heavy tread of feet behind him. He looked up and saw three stout men standing over him.

"Coney Drake!" said one of them, in tones of rank astonishment. "Good God, is this you?"

"Yes, it is me," returned the young man, rising to his feet, "and this——"

He stopped and turned pale with fear. The idea came thundering upon him that he might be thought the murderer. He read the conviction in the face of the men who had found him in his present situation.

"Aa, Coney, no wonder you hesitate. We never could have thought this of you."

"Believe what!" wildly exclaimed the young man.

"Look at this!" slowly returned the other, pointing to the body of the pedlar.

"I see it. It is poor old Magdul; but I did not murder him. I call on God to witness that I had no hand in it."

"Don't call on God with a lie in your mouth, Coney Drake. Look at your hands. Look at your hands. They're all bloody. And feel of the corpse—it's warm."

"I found it in the bog. I was coming home from the other side, and stumbled against it, and brought it up here. No hand of mine harmed him."

"But the pack, Coney, what were you doing with that?"

"It was here—just where I laid the body."

"And the things? You were making mighty free with 'em when we were coming up, Coney."

"I only was looking to see what—"

"Don't hesitate."

"Well, it was natural curiosity that made me look at them. You would have done it, Phil Kanaugh."

"Perhaps I might: but I couldn't have found it in my heart to have done that."

"Oh! God, I did not do it. You know I could not have done it. I found him murdered in the bog, and I brought him up here, and here I found his packet torn open and the things all scattered about. 'Tis true what I tell you—as true as holy writ."

"I hope it is, Coney, but the deed looks dark against you. You'll go to the village with us."

"Yes, that's where I intend to go."

"Phil Kanaugh," said one of the others, "what shall we do with the body?"

"Let it be there, and one of you must stay and watch it. The Coroner must see it just where we found it. Come, Coney."

Coney Drake turned one more look upon the murdered pedlar, and he gazed upon his blood-stained hands, and with a heavy heart he followed his companions. He saw the full force of the circumstances under which he had been found, and he knew summary was the method in which such cases were disposed of in the courts.

CHAPTER II.

MARY CARROLL AND HER VISITOR.

Mary Carroll was an orphan, just lifting her head into beautiful womanhood. It was at the cool of the evening that she sat upon the door stone of her neat cottage, and over her fair features was spread a cloud of despondent agony. She heard foot-steps approaching, and lifting her eyes, she saw the dark form of Casper Bagroon. With a shudder she hurried into the house, but Casper followed her. He was a stout young fellow, but he looked ugly and repulsive. There was in every lineament of his features a dark scowl, and his face bore numerous scars that had been left by the wounds he had received in brawls and drunken rows.

"A good evening to you, Miss Mary," said Casper, as he unceremoniously entered.

"Your presence makes it a bad one," replied the fair girl, in a firm voice. "Go your way, Casper Bagroon."

"This is my way, darling, and here I choose to stay for the present."

"If you stay here, then I shall go. I've told you time and again, Casper, that I would have nothing to do with ye. Now, leave me in peace, for I'm miserable."

"No, Mary, I shan't leave you, for I love you, and you know it, and you shall be mine. Young Coney Drake won't be my rival any more. I might have had your pretty hand long ago if it hadn't been for his winning ways and smooth tongue; but he's done for now."

"Casper Bagroon, you never could have had my hand. I hate you, and I always did. Coney Drake isn't guilty of that murder, and they can't convict him. Go your way and leave me in peace."

"Ha! ha! ha! Mary Carroll, you don't know what you're saying. Coney Drake is guilty of the murder, and he's been proved so."

"It's a lie!"

"Hold your tongue, Mary. It's no lie. He has been convicted, and he is going to be hung!"

Mary Carroll grasped Bagroon by the arm and looked wildly into his face.

"Don't you lie to me, Casper Bagroon!"

"It isn't a lie. Coney Drake has been sentenced this very afternoon, and next week he will hang."

"No! no! they shan't hang him!" cried the half-frantic girl. "Coney never did that murder. It wasn't in his heart."

"Peace, Mary. Young Drake can be nothing to you now."

"Yes he can. He can be everything."

"But he shan't, though," uttered the dark man, at the same time grasping hold of the excited girl with a rough grip. "Now listen to me, Mary Carroll; you've got to be mine, and mine you shall be, in spite of all the powers of heaven and earth. I've set my soul on possessing you, and don't care if I lose that soul in the getting of you!"

Bagroon looked pale and haggard—his teeth were grating together, and his breath came not and quick. Poor Mary was frightened. She was a stout hearted and true-hearted girl, but she knew that he would do anything to gain his ends.

"Let go of me!" she shrieked. "Let go of me, Casper Bagroon. I can never be yours, I swear——"

"Hush, Mary Carroll!" interrupted Bagroon, in a whisper. "I am not a man to be thwarted. I could tell you some things that would open your eyes wide."

"Ah, you could tell of dark deeds enough I ween. Ha, what's that?"

"Where?" uttered Bagroon, with a quick start.

"There!" said Mary, laying her finger upon a dark spot on his shirt sleeve.

"It's nothing."

"It's blood. Casper Bagroon; its blood."

"You lie! It is——"

"It is blood," she slowly, firmly uttered, fixing her eyes upon him as he spoke, and his face turned to a livid pale. He trembled at every joint, and his eyes gazed wildly upon the dark stain.

"It isn't blood! You lie, Mary Carroll! there's no blood on me."

It seemed as though, at that moment, some mighty power descended upon Mary Carroll, for she grew suddenly calm, and with a steady gaze she looked upon the man before her.

"It is blood," she slowly, firmly uttered, "and you know it. There is blood upon your hands too!"

"Where?" gasped Bagroon, gazing quickly at both hands. "There is no blood there. Out upon your trickery. My hands are clean."

"They are not clean," said Mary, sustained by a strange power, "nor can all the waters of Lough Neagh make them so."

Casper Bagroon foamed at the mouth, and in the phrenzy of mad wrath he sprang forward and grasped the girl once more by the arm.

"Now, hold that tongue of thine," he yelled, "I won't no more of it. You are mine, Mary Carroll. Mine—mine! I have loved you as I never loved a human being before, but by the holy saints, you can turn that love to madness. You may——"

At this moment, Mary broke from his grasp, and leaped towards the door. She sprang into the garden, and was just opening the gate when Bagroon caught her by the shoulder and dragged her back into the cottage.

"Don't you scream," he hissed, "for if you do, you'll never——"

The remainder of the sentence was spoken in a silent language by the drawing of a large knife. At another time Mary might have been frightened into implied obedience, but now her soul was fired, her every nerve and muscle strung to its utmost, and the heart of the dauntless heroine struggled in her bosom; yet for an instant she was cool.

"Oh, spare me!" she cried, and sank upon her knees.

The villian let go his hold upon her shoulder, and looked down upon her in mocking triumph. Quick as thought the dauntless maiden leaped forward, wound her arms about his ankles, and with a sudden jerk, brought his legs from under him. He fell upon the floor like a leaden weight, his knife flew from his grasp, and, on the instant, Mary once more sprang through the doorway. She did not stop this time to open the gate, but with a single bound, leaped over the low pailing and gained the street.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRISON INTERVIEW.

Mary Carroll reached the garden gate of a neighbor's house, and then she turned and looked towards her own cot. She saw Casper Bagroon just tepping into the street, and she could see through the dim twilight that his hands were clenched together, and she thought she heard bitter curses fall from his lips. He came not after her, however, but walked off in the opposite direction, and was soon lost to sight in the gathering gloom.

The resolute girl stepped again into the street, and hastily wended her way towards the jail. She asked to see Coney Drake, but the jailor refused her. He said the young man was condemned to die, and none but the priest could be admitted to his cell. She begged and prayed, but the jailor was inexorable. He told her, however, that she might apply to the Sheriff, and that a pass from him would admit her.

With the fleetness of the wind, Mary darted off for the house of the Sheriff, whom she had the good fortune to find at home. She made known her request, and he at first refused.

"Oh, I must see him," she cried. "He was all the world to me. If he must die, O, let me see him."

"Not to-night," said the Sheriff, but it was spoken in a wavering tone.

"Yes, yes—for the love of God, sir, do! To-morrow may be too late. Coney never committed that murder; I know that. I was his—his—I should have been his wife, sir, had he lived; and O, who knows but that he may live yet. Do, do—Oh, do, sir!"

Mary Carroll sank upon her knees and clasped her hands. Big tears rolled down her cheeks, and as the stern officer gazed upon her thus, he could not find it in his heart to refuse her further. He wrote an order for her immediate admittance to the jail, and when he handed it to her said:

"There, go and see him; but you must make up your mind that this will be your last visit. I shall feel miserable when I hang the poor youth, for I have always thought him noble——"

"So he is, so he is. You shall not hang him—by heavens—you shall not! He never did it!"

The Sheriff pitied the poor girl, for he thought the thing had turned her brain. He knew not that the brain was ten times more strong than ever before.

Mary sought the jail once more, and she found no difficulty in gaining admittance.

Cornelius Drake set in his cell. He was not more than one and twenty—a noble looking youth, with auburn hair and large blue eyes, and a countenance full of goodness and truth. His very appearance gave the lie direct to the idea that he could commit a deliberate murder, and yet all knew that no one could have killed the pedlar except in cold blood, for old Magdulh could have no enemies.

Mary Carroll entered the cell. She stood an instant upon the threshold, and sprang forward and threw her arms about the young prisoner's neck.

"Mary, Mary," he cried, "the holy saints bless you for this. I can't embrace you, darling, for see my hands are chained."

"Hush, Coney, dear. I can embrace you, and for even that we may be thankful. They told me you were to be hung, but I swore that you shouldn't."

"Ah, Mary, my fate is sealed, and no earthly power can help me now."

"But you did not do that wicked murder, Coney?"

"You know I did not, darling."

"Indeed, I know it."

"Then there's some satisfaction in that."

"But there would be more satisfaction in finding out who did it," said Mary.

"That is past hope," returned Coney.

"But do you not suspect any? Have you not the least idea who did it?" she eagerly asked.

"Not in the least. But why do you ask that?"

"First tell me all the circumstances attending the finding of the body."

Coney went on and told the circumstances just as they had transpired. How that he was returning from the Londonderry side of the great bog just at night-fall, and when he had nearly reached the Tyrone side he saw a dark object against the bushes near the solid path. He went up to it, and found it was the pedlar. He was extinct, but the body was warm, and the blood still flowing. Under these circumstances, he took the body up and carried it to the island, where as the reader already knows he came across the pack. The rest he told in a few words. Everything was against him—the evidence, though circumstantial, was yet almost positive, and it had taken but a few minutes for the jury to bring in their verdict.

"Tell me," said Mary as Coney closed his story, "is there no one whom you think might have done this? Do you know of any one's having been in the vicinity on that evening?"

"No,—only the threemen who followed me."

"Casper Bag——"

"But tell me, Mary, what do you mean?" My God! I believe Casper dogged me there. He has sworn to kill me. He may have laid in wait for me, and the appearance of the pedler, with apparently well-filled pack, the loneliness of the hour and the place may have excited his cupidity. He had the heart capable of it—I know he did. But we cannot prove anything."

Mary sat down upon the edge of the low cot, and for some time she remained in silent thought. Her foot played nervously upon the tiled floor, her little fingers passed to and fro around each other, and when she at length raised her head all traces of fear were gone, and her manner spoke of a resolute woman's will.

"Coney," she said, "I believe God sometimes puts the truth into the heads of us poor mortals, when no earthly understanding could. To-night Casper Bagroon was in my cottage, and lastly—"

"Ha! did he dare—"

"Hush, Coney, he did not harm me. I saw blood upon his shirt sleeve, and when I showed it to him he trembled and stammered, and broke from me. Then he seized me, but I leaped away and he followed me. He caught and dragged me back, and he drew his knife. The thought came upon me like a shaft of lightning that Bagroon had murdered the pedlar. God must have given me thought, for it came like a perfect conviction. I got away from him again, and fled, and then I came here."

Mary Carroll arose from her seat and clasped her hands together.

"Coney," she continued, "if there is proof of the real murder on the face of the earth, I'll find it out. I will, or I will die with you."

Coney Drake longed to clasp the fair girl to his swelling bosom, but he remembered his bond, and he could only thank her in words.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KNIFE, AND A NEW ACCUSAL.

When Mary entered her cottage it was quite late. She feared not the return of Casper Bagroon, for her heart had been made strong by the strange conviction that she should succeed in her efforts. She opened her tinder box, and having lighted a candle, she bolted her doors and windows, and was turning towards her bedroom, when her eye caught an object that lay upon the floor at the further extremity of the apartment. She went to it and picked it up. It was Bagroon's *clasp knife!*

In all probability the villian's fall had so thumped his head, that he entirely forgot the knife he had dropped. Mary knew it, for she saw it when he pulled it out that same evening, and she had often seen it before, and more than all, she knew that half the people in the village could swear to its identity, for there was none other like it, Casper having made the handle himself from curiously carved bog oak.

For full five minutes Mary stood and gazed upon that knife. The blade was open and she thoughtfully ran her thumb along its edge. Then she closed it, and placing it carefully in her bosom, she sought her chamber. She laid down upon her bed, but it was not to sleep, for her mind was too busy, too active, too much excited, for that. It could not be lulled into forgetfulness, nor yet into dreams. It dwelt in the land of facts and cool calculations.

The next morning Mary was up before the sun, and throwing on her bonnet and shawl, she hastened off to the house of the Sheriff. (This Sheriff acted both in the capacity of executor and a Coroner.) She had to wait some time for him to make his appearance, but he came at length.

"You here again?" he muttered with a sleepy yawn.

"Yes, sir,—and I have important business too. Were you not the Coroner who examined the body of old Magdulil?"

"Yes."

The Sheriff opened his eyes and began to wake up.

"Was the body opened?"

"No—of course not. The pedlar was dead—stabbed twice or three times—we know who did it."

"You did not know who did it, Mr. Sheriff; you did not know, I say, or you never would put an innocent man in jail, and had him convicted of murder. Is the body buried?"

"Yes—over a week ago," returned the officer, looking upon the girl in a state of utter astonishment.

"Then it must be dug up. Dig it up, sir, and I'll prove to you that Coney Drake did not do the bloody deed! Will you do it, sir? Say, will you do it?"

The Sheriff began to be deeply interested in the matter, for there was something more in the manner of the girl than idle roving.

"Most assuredly," he replied, "if you can give me a good reason. Whom do you suspect?"

"If I tell you, he may escape."

"No, he shall be arrested."

"Then, 'twas Casper Bagroon."

The Sheriff's eyes stared.

"Can you prove it?"

"Dig up the body and see. God will not suffer the guilty to escape. Dig up the body and let the doctor examine it."

"Casper Bagroon is a dangerous fellow," uttered the officer, "and I think him just the man to have done such a deed. If I had reasons, I'd arrest him this very morning."

"You have reasons. I believe he did the murder. *I accuse him of it!* Is not that enough?"

"I'll arrest him, by the Saints, I will. He needed it long ago."

"And you will have the body dug up too?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW TRIAL.

People were surprised when Casper Bagroon was arrested for the murder of the pedlar, but none were sorry. Public opinion turned like a weather-cock ere the evidence had been produced.

The body of the pedlar was brought into the court, and the doctor was there to examine the wounds. Casper Bagroon was there, and though his bosom heaved, and features were distorted by the fiercest passion, yet he spoke not a word. He turned his flashing eyes upon Mary Carroll, and ground his teeth together like the stone of a mill. He seemed to forget that this was working against him.

The doctor began to probe the wounds. The first went to the heart, but there found no check. The second was further towards the centre of the breast, and seemed to have been a severe one. The skin was cut away, and in a few moments more the operator uttered a high exclamation.

"What is it? What is it?" quickly asked Mary, springing forward.

"Wait a moment," returned the doctor; and as he spoke, he produced a pair of forceps.

He applied them to the incision he had made, and after two unsuccessful efforts, he drew forth a piece of metal which had been driven through the cartilage between the left ribs and the sternum, and which, upon examination, proved to be the point of a knife!

"Here! here!" cried Mary, at the same time drawing a clasp knife from her bosom. "You'll know to whom this belongs. Try it! try it!"

The people crowded eagerly forward. The Sheriff took the knife and opened it. The point of the blade was broken off. He took the piece from the hands of the doctor and applied it to the broken blade. It fitted—it was the missing piece.

"Ha, ha, ha!" half wildly, half hysterically laughed Mary Carroll. "That's Casper Bagroon's knife!"

"Aye," cried Mary, "and he drew it upon me, too. Listen, hearts of Tyrone. That bad man came to my house and insulted me. He taunted me because Coney Drake had been convicted of murder. I tried to flee from him, but he caught me and drew that knife, and swore he'd kill me if I screamed. I sank upon my knees, and grasping him by the ankles, I tripped him up and then fled. He dropped his knife and forgot to pick it up, and when I returned I found it. I knew that he had done the murder, for I saw blood upon his shirt sleeve; but when I saw that broken blade, I believed that God had provided a way to prove it. I have proved it. You all see it. Bagroon is the real murderer, and Coney is free!"

The Sheriff may have tried to quell the noise, but he certainly failed, for the enthusiasm of an Irish crowd is not to be hushed.

The new trial went summarily on. The identity of the knife was proved at the starting. Phil Kanaugh swore that he met Bagroon coming from the bog a short time before he came across Coney, but he thought nothing of it at the time, nor had it occurred to him since. In less than half an hour the word "GUILTY" sounded upon the ears of the villain.

"It is a lie! Curse ye all!" he yelled, and in a moment, when he caught the chance, he sprang towards Mary.

He did not reach her, however, for Phil Kanaugh pushed forward his foot and tripped him up. Bagroon was at full speed, and when he was thrown from his feet, fell with a fearful impetus, and his neck struck the sharp edge of an oaken bench. An instant he remained with his head looping over upon the seat, and then his body rolled upon the floor. There were two or three long struggles—a crimson stream started forth from his mouth, and he was no more! The fall had broken his neck! His fair victim escaped him.

"God did that!" cried Mary.

"God did it!" cried they all.

Mary Carroll held the order for Coney Drake's release in her hand. She rushed wildly to the jail, and an hundred young men and old followed her.

"Free! free!" she cried, as she fell upon her lover's bosom. "Corney, dear Corney, you are free!"

The jailor came and knocked off the shackles from the young man's feet and hands, but before he could gain time to speak his cell was filled with men. They caught him in their arms and bore him to the street, where they placed him in a carriage they had dragged from the Sheriff's stable, and seating the heroic Mary by his side, they proceeded to the fair girl's cottage.

Ere many weeks had passed away, there was a wedding, and Corney and Mary were the happy couple.

HOW THE DEVIL LOST.—The following is too good to be lost. We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of certain persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line:

A young man who ardently desired wealth was visited by his Satanic majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity, if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded—the devil was to supply the money, and was at last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away—the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely—lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full.

He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his "pile" of gold. He became a "nabob," and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow, but though the devil made wry faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed—the devil counted the time, only two years, that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the efforts of the despairing man. One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper! The devil growled at the bills at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, "dead broke," at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, and the soul was saved.

SISTERLY DEVOTION.—There is a young lady living in Saratoga who has visited the grave of a sister every morning for three years. A more touching sight we have seldom seen, in this inconstant and forgetful world, than this devout maiden kneeling to place flowers upon the green coverlets of a sister's "narrow bed" and to repeat her morning prayers, where none but God can hear them. There is a fanaticism of the affections which one cannot but reverence; and the scene we have alluded to makes the love of woman holy, even to those whose skepticism has become chronic.

ACCIDENT.—A few days ago, Dr. C. Wheeler, of Weston, in company with his two sisters, was returning in a buggy from the residence of Dr. Barns, and when opposite the Narrows, on the West Fork river, the horse became frightened and took a fearful leap down a precipitous embankment some thirty feet into the river. The water at this point is some ten or twelve feet deep, and the horse and buggy went entirely under. The horse soon arose, and guided by the Doctor, soon succeeded in swimming with the buggy into shallow water, from which, with the assistance of several of our generous citizens, who were fortunately near the spot, the Doctor succeeded in landing the ladies safely and uninjured upon the shore. With the exception of one shaft which was broken, no injury was done to the buggy, which fortunately remained "right side up" while in the water. The leap of thirty feet into the river, the bottom of which is covered with rocks, and the escape therefrom without injury was almost miraculous, and equal to the feats of Sam Patch in his palmiest days.—*Lewis Co. (Va.) Herald.*

THE HORSE CHAMPAGNE.—The editor of the Fayetteville (N. C.) *Observer*, writing from Saratoga, refers to the late celebrated dedication, in New York, (at the St. Nicholas,) and remarks:

I mention this for the purpose of saying that my experience and that of several others with whom I have conversed, satisfies me that while the proprietors have been robbed, the guests have suffered also. My own bills, when I used to stop at that house, were overcharged, and when I complained, the error was instantly rectified, leaving the impression that it was expected the bill would be paid without examination, and that the overcharge was deliberately made for the purpose of cheating the traveller. I hear that the same system has been pursued at the Metropolitan, and when detected, the proprietors discharged the clerk, who, however, is said to have declared that the proprietors had directed him to put it on to the bills; that money was plenty, and people would pay. No one should pay a bill at one of these fashionable hotels without first seeing that it is right. There was once an idea that it was ungentlemanly to dispute a tavern bill. But that was in honester days than the present.

A LITERAL RUNAWAY MATCH.—A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a runaway match that came off in that state. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, notwithstanding the opposition of parents and relatives of every degree, and securing the co-operation of a friendly clergyman, they all three mounted their horses and set out for a friend's mansion, several miles distant, where the rites could be solemnized without interference. They had not gone far, however, before their flight was discovered, and then there was as much mounting, and racing, and chasing as occured on the occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated elopement with the Netherby maiden. The lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard the noise of approaching pursuers and gave their horses the spur. But alas! their enemies were better mounted and gained fast upon them. It was evident they would soon be captured, when a felicitous inspiration of the maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run?" she shouted to the clergyman. The idea "took," and he at once commenced the ritual. All parties "covered themselves with glory," and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle-rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. When the old gentleman first learned what had been done he was inclined to be furious, but being a gallant old fellow, and admiring a dashing action he soon concluded to forgive the runaways, in consideration of the handsome and novel manner in which they triumphed over him.

☞ HONOR TO A YANKEE.—John P. Groves, of Boston, Mass., has lately been awarded the first prize as violinist, at the Conservatoire Royal, in Brussels. Mr. Groves will make a concert tour of Europe, in company with Littolf, a celebrated pianist, before returning home.

From the Rising Sun.

THE DRAMA.

Whilst there have been many opposers of the Drama—men too who have stood, and stand high in the world, and whose opinions have been handed down on the subject; there is equally as powerful authority in its favour; authority which must and will command respect and attention.

Marcus Aurelius, an emperor, distinguished for his piety, says: "Tragedies were first brought in and instituted to put men in mind of worldly chances and casualities. After the tragedy, the Comedia Veteris, or ancient comedy, was brought in which had the liberty to inveigh against personal vices."

Martin Luther, on the subject of the stage, says: "In ancient times the dramatic art has been honored by being made subservient to religion and morality; and in the most enlightened country of antiquity, in Greece, the theatre was supported by the State. The dramatic nature of the dialogues of Pluto has always been justly celebrated, and from them we may conceive the great charm of dramatic poetry. Action is the true enjoyment of life, nay, of life itself. The great bulk of mankind are either from their situation or their incapacity for uncommon efforts, confined within a narrow circle of operations; of all amusement, therefore, the theatre is the most profitable; for there we see important actions when we cannot act importantly ourselves. It affords us a renovated picture of life, a compendium of whatever is animated and interesting in human existence. The susceptible youth opens his heart to every elevated feeling; the philosopher finds a subject for the deepest reflections on the nature and constitution of man."

In another work, Luther says: "Christians ought not altogether to fly and abstain from Comedies, because now and then gross tricks and dallying passages are acted therein; for then it will follow that by reason thereof we should also abstain from reading the Bible. Therefore, it is of no value that some allege such and the like things, and forbid christians to read or act comedies."

We might, if we had time and space, introduce numerous paragraphs from the writings of such men as Philip Melancthon, Rev. Dr. Knox, Lord Bacon, Dr. Philip Sidney, Dr. Gregory, Sir Joshua Reynolds, D'Israeli, Dr. Isaac Watts, Archbishop Tillotson, Potter Porteous, Percy, Warburton, South, Watson, Paley, Ridley, Young, with hundreds of others in defence of the Drama. The testimony of such men—men of character and tone, is such as must speak in its favor.

The Drama has been supported from the earliest periods, and for a long series of years, has met with the protection and encouragement of government. Would this have been the case if there had have been within it the seeds of evil? If it had been found injurious to the well being of communities? assuredly not.

The Drama has met with support and favor from christian ministers and laymen. Professing christians have been dramatic writers. Archbishop Gregory Nazenzen wrote sacred dramas. Apollenaris wrote scriptural tragedies and comedies, together with Dr. Edward Young, author of Night Thoughts, Rev. C. Maturin, Rev. Dr. Coly, Rev. H. Millman, author of the history of Christianity, Addison, Dr. Johnson, Milton, Coleridge, Thompson, Goldsmith, Miss Hannah Moore, Miss Joanna Baille, Miss Mitford, with numbers of others, whom we might introduce, as noted for their pious qualities—as their great gifts.

As to the character, position and standing of actors, erroneous impressions exist; some may be inclined to think that they stand outside the pale of society. But this is false. It is with them as with members of every other profession. Those whose ability, conduct and talent entitles them to respect, are always esteemed. The profession of an actor was highly esteemed among the Greeks. Eschylus held command at Marathon, under Miltiades. He was an actor and author. Sophocles held command under the great Pericles. Euripides was a distinguished officer. Roscius was the intimate friend of Cicero. Laelius was the friend of Scipio Africanus. In modern times, Mrs. Clive, Garrick, Cibber, Kemble, Kean, Mathews, Cooke, Quin and Mrs. Siddons, down to McCready and Forrest, of the present day have been the especial favorites of monarchs and high dignitaries; have been received in the highest society and treated with marked distinction.

Numbers of lovely and accomplished women as Julia Dean Hayne, Mrs. Mowatt, Mrs. Siddons, Anna Cora Ritchie, have shown by their actions, by their chastity and purity, that though belonging to the stage, yet corruption is not the inherent or intrinsic consequence of histrionic life.

The stage has been and still is graced by numbers who are as pure, as blameless as chaste, as those of any other. They have been honored time after time. They have been the guests of Kings and Nobles—of Republicans. It is true that to many of the profession, odium may be attached and the finger of scorn may be held up against; but this is common to members of every denomination, of every profession—in every community and land—but it can no more be held up or shown as a blemish upon those who have merited no such reproach, than the tyrannous, cruel and unjust administration of one man could be brought up to injure and darken the administration of his successors.

MOLASSES FROM INDIAN CORN.—Mr. George S. Kintzi, of Exeter township, Berks county, Penn., called at the office of the Reading Gazette a day or two ago with two samples of syrup or molasses, one made from the common Indian corn and the other from the Chinese sugar cane. The first, it is stated, was of the colour and consistence of the best molasses, and had a pleasant sweet flavor. Mr. Kintzi tried but a small experiment in making this syrup. He took eight corn stalks, cut off at the root and at the ear, crushed them in a cider mill, and pressed the juice out with his hands. A quart of sap was thus obtained, which, after boiling thirty minutes, yielded one pint of beautiful syrup. The Chinese sugar cane was subjected to the same process, and yielded about the same quantity of syrup, but not so thick nor of so fine a flavor as that made from the common Indian corn.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE.—The letter of Professor Morse, which we published, gives a perfectly clear and understandable explanation of the cause of the breaking of the Atlantic Telagraph cable, and fixes the blame of the disaster where it probably belongs. Mr. Bright, the head engineer, who had the laying of the cable under his sole direction, appears to have been the culprit. He had put the blame upon "a mechanic," but Professor Morse says that he ordered one of his subordinates to apply the brakes, the "mechanic" hesitated, Mr. Bright "generously" gave a certificate exonerating all persons on board the ship from any blame for the disaster. Another very important fact stated by Professor Morse, is that the cable was running out but very little faster than the rate at which the ship was going.

☞ Advices received at Washington, state that Brigham Young threatens war and a separation of the Union if the United States troops enter the Territory.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS—FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

☞ Frederick the Great wrote to one of his generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy." On numbering the troops, it was found there were but 50,000. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was, "I counted you for ten thousand men."

☞ THE SUGAR PROSPECT.—A letter from the Parish Plaquemines, Louisiana, in the New Orleans Picayune, says that the Sugar planters of that State will have no cause to complain of this year's crop. The cane will mature earlier this season than usual, and the new sugar will be manufactured and come into market two or three weeks in advance of former seasons.

☞ WHISKEY IN COURT.—At a recent trial in Wisconsin, the subject of controversy was a demijohn of whiskey, which was ordered to be brought into court. The defendant was tried, and so was the whiskey—in other words the whiskey was drunk and so was the jury.

☞ Unsophisticated boy—"Mamma, papa is getting very rich, isn't he?"

Mamma—"I don't know; why, child?"

Unsophisticated boy—"Cause he gives me so much money. Almost every morning after breakfast, when Sally is sweeping the parlor, he gives me a sixpence to go out and play on the Battery."

Sally received a short notice to quit.

☞ A happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive agency is as follows: A little child, who rode fifty miles in a railroad train, then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further, was asked on her arrival if she came by the cars. "We came a little ways in the cars, and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

☞ A FELINE POINTER.—A sportsman of New Jersey has a cat which he has trained to accompany him in all his hunting expeditions. She will start up birds rabbits, squirrels, &c., with the same sagacity as a dog, and "stand" them almost invariably with success. Being naturally soft and sly in her movements, she is regarded as more valuable for game that any dog could be, since the best trained canine will sometimes becomes boisterous, and thus do mischief. The cat is regarded a curiosity in the neighborhood.

☞ OUT of fifty failures and suspensions recently reported, only three are of firms in the slaveholding States, while twenty eight are in the city of New York alone.

☞ A tailor in London has invented a waistcoat on the principle of Colt's revolver—a garment with four fronts, useful to secure the charm of variety or to conceal shabbiness or grease spots, but particularly convenient as lessening luggage, by reducing four waistcoats to one.

☞ Hymn six hundred and seventy-one, in the Methodist Hymn Book, is the last thing dictated by Charles Wesley. The lines were taken down by his wife a short time before he died:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,
O! might I catch one smile from thee,
And drop into Eternity!"

☞ Two and a half million feet of pine lumber were used in making clocks in Connecticut last year.

☞ At the Westboro', Mass., show, was exhibited a Holstein cow, Jenny Lind, with a big calf by her side, named Barnum.

☞ The best description of weakness we have ever heard, is contained in a wag's query to his wife, when she gave him some chicken broth, if she would try to coax that chicken to wade through the soup once more.

☞ Brown is a married man. A few days since he thought of taking a trip to Paris. One of his friends meeting him in the street, inquired: "Well, Brown, my boy, when are you off?" "To-morrow." "Do you take your wife with you?" "No; it is a voyage of pleasure."

☞ Live so long as you may, the first twenty years from the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing—they seem to have been so when we look back to them—and they take up more room in our memories than all the years which succeed them.

☞ A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat—he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I had on a life potet!" was the Dutchman's plausible answer.

☞ A man belonging to the "ton" in Semmesville, N. Y., having purchased a raven, one of her neighbors asked her why she thought of laying such an ugly and useless bird. "My husband and I," said she, "wished to try the experiment, whether it be true that ravens live to the age of seven or eight hundred years."

☞ "Bill, I've been in real estate a little, lately." "Well, John, how much have you dipped in?" "Bought a lot in the cemetery, and a half-acre for a residence lot just north of it." "Just north! what the deuce did you go so far north for? Going to live there?" "Yes, Bill, I wanted a home beyond the grave!" Bill looks solemn, and both vanish, whistling a melancholy air.

☞ ONE of the fair sex writes, rather spicily, "that, though a few American ladies live in idleness, or worse than idleness, the majority, as yet, work themselves into early graves, giving men an opportunity to try two or three in the course of their own vigorous lives."

☞ By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.

☞ There is a young lady, up town, who says, that if a cart-wheels has *nine* fellows, it is a pity a woman can't have *one*. Sensible girl, that—so we think.

☞ A Miss Curtis, of Hartford, Conn., gave a good specimen of rifle practice, at a shooting gallery, in Saratoga, last week. She fired at the distance of 65 feet, hitting the bull's eye eleven times out of thirty-one shots; every other ball she fired struck within two inches of the mark.

☞ "You say, Mr. Jay, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house. Was it in haste?" "Yes, sir." "Do you know what caused the haste?" "I'm not quite certain; but I think it was the boot of Mr. Stubs, the gentleman he boards with." "That will