EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Latest News, 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."

SIMKINS, DURISOE & CO., Proprietors. EDGEFIELD, S. C., JUNE 2, 1858. VOL. XXIII.--NO 21.

Original Poetry.

For the Edgefield Advertiser.

"DINNA FORGET."

Remember, love, you promised,
That in May, the month of flowers,
You'd hasten to our forest home,
To cheer my lonely hours.
I've missed you sadly dearest,
And I longed, to have you here,
To feel the warm clasp of your hand,
Your much-loved voice to hear.

In your lightest touch, there's magic,
In your looks, a wondrous spell,
Which, tho' binds me willing captive,
Yet your power I fain would quell.
The music of your earnest tones,
The sunshine of your smile,
So strangely thrills, my inmost being,
It soothes and pains the while.

Yes! I've missed you, so much darling,
Since I gazed upon your face—,
But in Fancy's far off wand'rings,
Oft your features dear, I trace.
Come, a welcome glad, awaits you—
From a heart, *all, all your own;*
Come, cull devotion's choicest flow'rs
Which blooms for you alone.

Yes, come—we'll roam the greenwood,
Sylvan dell, and flowery lea,
And list enraptured, to sweet sounds,
Which breathes of *love* and *thee.*
Our throne shall be a mossy mound,
Near a gently, murm'ring, stream,
Where Flora's treasures rich and rare,
With balmy odour teem.

Spring birds shall swell their liquid notes,
Their joyous greeting sound—
All nature, echo "welcome" too,
Above—below—around.
The water nymph, and woodland fay,
Their offering, each shall bring,
And pay *thee* homage, whom my heart,
Proclaims its sovereign king.

In sweet converse, we'll pass the time,
And love shall be our theme—
The hours that seem so weary now
Will banish like a dream.
Farewell! I'll ever love you—
As the perfumes of the rose
Round the vase, still softly lingers,—
Thus I'll love thee till life's close.

LUCILLE.

GLEN COTTAGE, April 30th, 1858.

Miscellaneous Reading

THE FLOWER GIRL.

On the morning of the first of May, 1850, a gentleman who had just arrived from South Carolina entered the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel, in the good city of New Orleans, and hastened to consult the directory, which was suspended by a silken cord fastened to one of the marble pillars. The stranger turned over the leaves of the volume with a rapidity and eagerness evincing intense anxiety to find some particular name; but his search seemed unsuccessful, for he heaved a painful sigh, nearly resembling a sob of despairing anguish, and actually grew pale with disappointment. He did not, however, immediately abandon the fruitless investigation, but recurred to the pages again and again with the apparent hope that he might possibly have mistaken the address which he so ardently sought. At length the last gleam of expectation vanished, as he murmured to himself, with bitter emphasis—"Vain delusion, to imagine that outcasts, and perhaps beggars, could have a home to be noted in directories; and very likely they have long since been lost in the great wilderness of the west, or have entered the deep valley of darker shadows where living eye shall never wander?"

The stranger then walked, with stately, solemn steps, to the office, and wrote his own name on the book of arrivals, "Colonel John Moulton, Charleston, S. C." He afterwards went back to the saloon, and endeavored to busy himself in the columns of a newspaper; but his glance continually strayed from the street, to scrutinize the different persons that sauntered about the hall.

Any well traveled observer who saw Col. Moulton for the first time, would have recognised him as a son of that Southern chivalry—a class the most deeply defined by specific characteristics which the world has yet witnessed. He was a large, handsomely-shaped man, some sixty years of age, with a proud but pleasing visage, large brown eyes—flashing the bravest fires, and that indescribable air, blending haughtiness with affability, which betokens an individual accustomed to command with dignity, and to seek obedience more through the medium of moral suasion than the manifestations of blind physical force. He was dressed in a costly suit of sable mourning, and the new crape on his fashionable hat, as well as the traces of profound grief on all his features, showed that his bereavement was of a recent date.

Presently he bounded from his seat, at the discovery of an old acquaintance, exclaiming, "How are you, Judge Dickson? You are the very person that I wished especially to see."

"I rejoice myself, very much, to have this unexpected pleasure," replied the other, shaking the proffered hand with affectionate warmth. "We have not met since three winters ago, at Washington."

"Great changes have happened to me in that brief space," said the Carolinian in a hollow voice.

"Has anything gone wrong in your family?" inquired the judge, kindly.

"I have no family now!" answered the Colonel, in accents of unutterable sorrow. His iron lips trembled, and his proud eyes could not restrain the involuntary rush of tears.

"What a terrible misfortune!" cried his friend, in tones of unaffected sympathy.

"Yes!" sobbed the solitary mourner, as if speaking to himself; they are all gone! First, my beloved life-partner, the sweet sunlight of my soul during more than thirty summers; then my eldest boy, cut off in the brilliant bloom of his promise by the demon pestilence of yellow fever; and lastly, my beautiful William, my bosom's idol, shot down on the bloody field of honor! Like a tree blasted by the lightning, I must now stand alone in the wintry desert of my joyless old age, without a drop of kindred blood in the veins of any human being near me, without a companion, and without even so much as the possibility of a hope!"

The former acquaintance did not attempt to solace the disconsolate husband and father, for he knew well that every word, implying only the supposition of comfort or happiness, in such a state of feeling, be like the would touch of a rude finger upon a fresh wound—for the deepest agony of woe spurns the very idea of peace or pleasure as an insult to the dear ones dead, and loves only the blackest folds of the mantle of thought, woven by the imagination of a measureless despair.

After some minutes the Colonel became more tranquil, and remarked, with a look tinged with a blush of shame—"Judge, you remember my daughter, Maria?"

"Certainly," returned his friend, with a countenance expressing both pain and astonishment: "and I also recollect that you took a solemn oath never to breathe her name again, or even suffer it to be mentioned in your presence!"

"Alas! yes—wretch that I was and am!" exclaimed the Carolinian, quivering in every limb, as if under the influence of epilepsy. "I was wrong," he continued, with terrible energy; "and she was innocent of all offence, save the act of choosing for her husband a youth without fame or fortune. I learned but a few days ago, from the dying lips of the minister who performed the secret ceremony, that they had been wedded a year when I discovered the intimacy between her and young Simons, my overseer. Oh! why did he not tell me sooner? Yet my pride was then so stubborn, that I could not have forgiven the degradation of such a misalliance, even had I known the truth."

"What a tale of troubles!" ejaculated the Judge, with an aspect of sadness and commiseration.

"I have been informed that they removed to New Orleans, and your residence has been in the city ever since the date of their disappearance. Have you never seen them?" gasped the Colonel.

"I saw them both early in the winter subsequent to their arrival," faltered the other.

"Where? Where? For the love of God let me know the worst!" cried the excited father, seizing the arm of his friend with the gripe of an iron vice.

"They are both gone!" murmured the judge, with moist eye lids.

At this awful announcement, instead of staggering or storming with his grief, Col. Moulton suddenly grew very calm; but his visage, even to the very lips, looked livid as that of a corpse, and he asked, in a sepulchral tone, with wild, features. "When did it happen?"

"At the time which I have just mentioned," said the other; "early in the winter after their arrival. They were buried together in one grave!"

"In that horrible swamp, of course!" groaned the miserable father.

"No, my friend," returned the Judge; "I had them placed in a handsome tomb, at my own expense, with their names sculptured on the marble, and wrote advising you of the fact."

"I never received the letter; but, oh! how my heart thanks you for the kindness!" responded the Colonel, again bursting into tears.

"As you did not answer my communication, I did not allude to the subject when we met in Washington, supposing it might be disagreeable to your feelings," apologized the Judge.

"But what became of their child?" asked the Carolinian, in a voice of intense anxiety.

"The people near the hut where they died thought that it, too, had perished with the fever a few days previously; but I was unable to obtain any certain intelligence of the fact, although you may well imagine that I made every possible inquiry."

"Was it a boy?" sobbed the Colonel.

"So they told me, as a matter of opinion; yet without positive assurance on the subject."

"Where do they sleep?" gasped the father, weeping large tears, one by one, like the first of a thunder-shower.

"In the old Catholic cemetery, near the eastern gate. You can see their names from the entrance, on a small pyramid of white marble; but I will show you the spot."

"No!" said the Colonel, in a hollow whisper; "I would visit the beloved dust of my injured daughter alone!"

"How long will you remain in the city?"

"I know not perhaps while I remain on earth. I have sold out everything, and am the miserable owner of half a million—more unfortunate, more utterly wretched and hopeless, than the poorest rag-picker that lives in the gutter."

"Then come and make your home with us, and we will do everything that we can to clear your sorrow; for my family, too, have suffered bereavement, and can feel for the affliction of others," urged the judge, in tones of the truest sympathy.

"I am not ungrateful for your kind request," answered the Colonel, mournfully; "but my home must henceforth be in the solitude of my own chamber, where I shall always be happy to receive you. As for myself, I shall never more mingle with any sort of society!"

At the moment, a youthful, feminine voice was heard singing, near the door, the words of a rude song, in tones of the strangest yet sweetest melody and pathos ever uttered by human organs—

"Here are flowers for the beautiful, flowers for the brave,
Flowers for the bridal, and flowers for the bier;
Here are flowers for the altar, and flowers for the nave—
Come, who will buy my flowers, the fairest of the year?
I cull'd them in the morning, beneath the break of day,
When the silver dews were falling in many a shining tear;
Here are flowers for the gloomy, and flowers for the gay—
Come, who will buy my flowers, the fairest of the year?"

Col. Moulton started, with feelings of indescribable agitation, as the notes, wild and bewildering as those of a nightingale, rung through his brain. The voice, with its rich, thrilling, bird-like, inimitable music, possessed a touch of beseeching sadness that lingered in the soul, and haunted the listener's heart as the echoes of a funeral bell, or the tones that sometimes come in the deep dreams of love and sorrow.

Immediately the female singer entered the public saloon, with a large basket of radiant dewy flowers upon her arms; and the Carolinian felt far more wonder at the remarkable vision of her beauty than he had previously experienced from the silver accents of that enchanting tongue. She was a slight, fairy-formed young girl, or rather child, only in her fifteenth summer, with a meek, pale face, musing and melancholly, and large, mystic eyes of the brightest heavenly blue, but sad and thoughtful, I had almost said saint-like, in the purity of their expression. Her long, yellow hair, gleaming with the lustre of golden threads, or like a tissue of woven sunbeams, flowed around her graceful neck and shoulders in shining waves, and gave her the appearance of some divine picture, the representation of an angel, or other ethereal being. "How beautiful, how celestial!" murmured the Colonel.

"It is Marie Merlin, the pretty flower girl, said the Judge.

"How strange that she should wander about the streets, and venture into such improper places as this, with all those matchless charms! I have never seen anything like her beauty, save in one—and, indeed, that strongly resembled it," sighed the Carolinian.

"It is thus that she supports an aged mother and some worthless brothers and sisters," returned the Judge; "although she is herself the personation of all virtue and goodness, in her present occupation she must fall at last!"

As he spoke, Marie glided, with unspeakable grace, into the centre of the hall, and resting her fragrant basket on a stand of mottled marble, held up in each hand a magnificent bouquet, and repeated, with still wilder pathos and fervor her musical song in praise of the blooming merchandise. Every beholder seemed equally astonished, as well by her fascinating beauty as by the bewildering sweetness of her voice, so that you might have heard the dropping of a pin on the floor when she iterated, with tones of unutterable sadness, the closing line—

"Come, who will buy my flowers, the fairest of the year?"

The words sounded like the wall of some breaking heart, the imploring cry of an infinite sorrow, or the chaunt of an angel at the portals of Paradise.

But immediately the wicked spirit of the genteel loafers and gamblers broke loose from the spell of holy enchantment which had held them at first, and they swarmed around her, with unseemly jests and deceitful eulogies of her marvellous beauty.

She shrank from them with blushes of maiden modesty, and seizing her burden of perfumes and brilliant colors, turned to the Judge and Colonel with the eager inquiry—"don't you want some of my flowers for your children?"

"Yes, my dear child, I will buy them all," answered the Carolinian, with streaming eyes. "How much are they worth?"

"Five dollars," she replied, with a look of mingled delight and wonder.

"Here, I will give you ten," he said, presenting a gold eagle.

"Thank you, sir," she faltered, with still greater amazement in those large, mystic blue eyes.

"You shall have ten such pieces if you will take me to your home, and let me see your mother," added the Colonel, in tones unspeakably earnest and tender.

The cerulean eyes dilated to their utmost extension, but shouts of laughter from the well-dressed barbarians in the saloon told that the wisper had been overheard; and Marie, snatching the golden eagle, and at the same instant emptying her basket of bouquets on the marble floor, fled from the hall with the speed of a frightened fawn.

The Judge and Colonel then parted, and the latter urged his steps towards the old Catholic cemetery, to weep over the beloved dust of his only daughter, the flower idol of his happy home, banished long years ago—murdered, as it were, so he now felt, by his cruel family pride. It is vain to attempt a description of that mournful meeting between the living and the dead. The highest heaven of joy and the lowest hell of human woe alike elude the touches of pen and pencil. One might as well seek to paint the immensity of space, or draw a chart of eternal duration; for all the most powerful passions have a certain character of infinitude which baffles the weakness of words, and beats down even the soaring wings of imagination.

After the storm of his agony had spent its fury, the father noticed, with extreme surprise, that the tomb of his child was wreathed with most beautiful flowers, all bright and fresh from the garden, and which, consequently, had been hung there during the morning. "What kind hand can have done this?" he murmured, with increasing wonder. "My poor Maria has been buried these fourteen years, and neither she nor her husband had one friend in this great metropolis, where the lurid feet of death tread so closely on the hurrying heels of life! Ah see! all the older graves are bare and naked, while only the recent marbles is clothed with blooms of green and gold! I will return at the dawn of to-morrow, and wait for the solution of the mystery." And with this determination, he walked slowly back to the hotel.

The next day, with the first faint streaks of rosy light, Colonel Moulton was again at the old cemetery. He concealed himself behind a monument, and fixed his eyes on the tomb of his daughter.

In a short time, several weeping friends of the pale sleepers, whom the music of the morning air should never waken more, began to enter and strew flowers over the dust that had lately died; but no one so much as sprinkled a rose-leaf on the ancient mossy graves of the ashes so long forgotten.

"Ah, me!" sighed the Carolinian, "such is life, and such is death! A brief battle, a sure defeat, a wild cry, a few tears, and then the great Lethean river rushes over us, onwards, forever and ever, and blots out even the fondest marks of memory from the most faithful hearts!"

At last, just as the sun emerged above the line of the horizon, the Colonel, with utter amazement, saw the flower girl of the previous day advance to the tomb of his Maria, and after adorning it with her brightest bouquets, drop on her knees before it, as if in prayer.

At first, the lips of the maiden moved tremuously, large tears rolled down her pale checks, and her breath issued in heart-breaking sighs. Then she became more and more impassioned, her voice uttered musical murmurs, and, at length, she wailed aloud—"Oh! mother of mine in heaven, dost thou see the sorrows of thy unhappy child? Pray the Saviour of the world to deliver me from a life of sin and shame, or take me home to thy bosom!"

She gave a startled scream, as a pair of tender arms encircled her waist, and the weeping Carolinian pressed his grand-daughter to his throbbing heart.

Mutual explanations followed, confirming the fact beyond the possibility of a doubt. Marie had but lately learned her parentage from the disclosure of her pretended mother, the widow Merlin, while in a state of intoxication. The latter acknowledged the truth to Colonel Moulton, and explained everything else that seemed mysterious, stating that she had carried the infant to her house when the parents were first laid upon their beds by the pestilence, and hoped afterwards to render the singular beauty of the child a source of profit.

The gloom has passed away from the brow of the bereaved Colonel, and the beautiful Marie is the wife of a celebrated Southern lawyer, with a blue eyed babe of her own; yet still she loves flowers, the fairest of the year.

A STRANGE ADMISSION.—We perceive that at the discussions in the Tract Society touching slavery, a Rev. Mr. Williams, of Baltimore, said: "The South acknowledges that slavery might be a sin, but do not wish the North to interfere." Another clerical delegate from the same city, said: "The South felt the evil of slavery, and wished the Tract Society to assist in getting rid of it." These gentlemen probably represent public sentiment in Baltimore, in which city scarce a vestige of slavery is left, but it is scarcely necessary to say that they have no more right to speak for the South than the delegates of Philadelphia or New York. Whatever Baltimore thinks on that subject, the South neither recognises slavery as an evil or a sin, nor asks the Tract Society, nor anybody else to help her get rid of it.—Richmond Dispatch.

GAMING.

Voltaire asserts that every gambler is, has been or will be a robber. Gaming is an evil in the first place, because it is a practice which produces nothing. If the whole human family were all skillful gamesteers, and should play constantly for one whole year, there would not be a dollar more in the world at the end of the year than at its commencement.

On the contrary, there would be much less, besides an immense loss of time. But, secondly, gaming favors corruption of mind. It is difficult to trace the progress of the gambler's mind from the time when he begins his course, but we know too well the goal at which he is destined to arrive.—There may be exceptions, but not many; generally speaking, every gamester, sooner or later, goes to perdition, and often adds to his own woe, by dragging others along with him.

It discourages industry. He who is accustomed to secure large sums at once, which bear no proportion to the labor by which they are obtained, will gradually come to regard the moderate, but constant and certain rewards of industrious exertions, as insipid.

The famous philosopher, Locke, in his thoughts on education, thus remarks: "It is certain that gambling leaves no satisfaction behind it, to those who reflect when it is over, and it in no way profits either body or mind. As to their estates, if it strikes so deep as to concern them, it is trade then, and not a recreation, wherein few thrive: and at best a thriving gamester has but a poor trade of it, who fills his pockets at the price of his reputation."

J. T. Headly, in his letters from Italy, and the Alps, and the Rhine, says that a "gambler carries his repulsive soul in his eyes, in his face, nay, almost in his very gait. His very presence causes a chilling atmosphere around him, that upset all that approach him. Gambling more completely metamorphoses a man than other crime except murder."

Gaming is always criminal, either in itself or in its tendency. The basis of it covetousness; a desire to take from others something for which you have neither given or intend to give an equivalent. I have often wondered how sober and intelligent people, who have consciences, and believe the doctrine of accountability to God—how professing christians, as is sometimes the case in this country, can sit whole evenings at cards. What notions have they of the value of time? Can they conceive of Him whose example we are bound to follow, as engaged in this way? What a herculean task has christianity yet to accomplish?

The excess of this evil has caused even the overthrow of empires. It leads to conspiracies and furnishes conspirators. Perhaps the vice has nowhere been carried to greater excess than in France. There it has its administration, its chief, its stockholders, its offices, its priests. It has its domestics, its informers, its spies, its pimps, its assassins, its bullies, its aiders, its abettors, in fact, its scoundrels of every description; particularly its hireling swindlers, who are paid to entice the unwary into the hells upon earth, so odious to morality, and so destructive to virtue and christianity.

In England, this vice has been looked upon as one of pernicious consequence to the commonwealth, and been for a long time prohibited by law. Every species of gambling is strictly prohibited, and is frequently punished with great severity. Men of immense wealth have been known to enter gambling houses, and in a few short hours to be reduced to beggary.

The young should be warned never to enter this dreadful road. Shun it as you would the road to eternal destruction. Fly the temptation as you would the bite of an asp or a scorpion. Take not the first step; if you do, all may be lost. Say not that you can command yourself when you approach the confines of danger. So thousands have already thought as sincerely as yourselves, and yet they fell. The probabilities that we shall fall where so many have fallen, are as millions to one; and the contrary is only the dream of lunacy. When you are inclined to think yourself safe, consider those who once felt themselves equally so, have been corrupted, distressed, ruined by gaming, for this world and that which is to come. Think how many families have been plunged by it into beggary, and overwhelmed by it in vice. How many men have become liars at the gaming-table, how many perjured, how many drunkards, how many blasphemers. Europe, says Montesquieu, is to be ruined, it will be by gaming. Burgh, in his Dignity of Human Nature, sums up the evils of gaming as follows:

"It is the cause of infinite loss of time, of enormous destruction of money, of irritating the passions, and stirring up avarice; of innumerable sneaking tricks and frauds; of encouragement of idleness; of disgusting people against their proper employments, and of debasing all that is truly noble and valuable in the human soul."—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE TARIFF REPORT.

We find in the *National Intelligencer* the following resolutions, which conclude the report of the Select Committee, of which Mr. Boyce was Chairman. The committee, so we see it stated elsewhere, say they do not entertain the hope that they can inaugurate a new policy now. Such radical changes must be the work of time. They do not, therefore, look so much to immediate practical results as to effect on public opinion, and thus ultimately insure the triumph of the principles they advocate. Mr. Garnett does not concur in all the conclusions of the committee.

The majority report concludes by recommending the passage of the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That the vast and increasing expenditure of the Federal Government indicates the necessity of a change in our fiscal system whereby the protective policy shall be entirely abandoned, and a resort had at as early a period as may be practical exclusively to direct taxation.

2. *Resolved*, That the existing tariff is defective as being founded on the protective policy, as taxing certain articles of prime necessity too high, as not discriminating sufficiently so as to throw the burdens of taxation as much as possible on articles of necessity, and as placing certain articles on the free list which should pay duty; and that any modification of the tariff which may be made should be made so as to avoid these defects, and for the purpose of using the tariff merely as a fiscal instrumentality.

3. *Resolved*, That the highest development of the industrial resources of the country is to be attained by the greatest freedom of exchanges, which can only be thoroughly accomplished by the entire abolition of duties on imports and a resort exclusively to direct taxation.

4. *Resolved*, That the system of direct taxation presenting the most advantages is for each State to collect and pay over its quota, to be ascertained by the constitutional rule of apportionment, thus insuring perfect equality and dispensing with multitudes of Federal officers.

5. *Resolved*, That the navigation laws should be so modified as not to require any portion of the officers and crews of American ships to be American citizens, and that American citizens shall be free to purchase and sail foreign built ships on an entire equality with American built ships, and that the American coasting trade shall be open on terms of perfect equality to foreign ships.

OUR NAVY.

The Washington *States* is doing a good service in bringing to the immediate attention of Congress and of the country the deplorable condition of the Navy of the United States.

According to that journal—thirty effective ships of all classes compose the present navy of the United States; these are all in commission, and upon them alone are we to rely for protection against insult.

Forty-two years ago, in 1816, with a Commerce of about 800,000 tons, the United States had seventy-four vessels in good and effective condition; in 1858 with a Commerce of 5,000,000 tons we have but thirty ships of war in commission. This number might be increased to fifty but at great expense and delay.

The British Naval Register, October 1857, gives a list of the British Naval effective force. That power had then, steam gun-boats and steam vessels of other classes, 460; sailing vessels of all classes, 382, making the total effective force of the British Navy 842 vessels. Of these 107 are engaged in what is called "harbor service," leaving in active service seven hundred and thirty-five vessels of all classes.

There is the condition of both navies, and we feel convinced that Congress will make some provision for a proper increase of the naval force of the country. If they do not this or empower the President broadly and fully to adopt adequate means for the protection of American Commerce before they adjourn, their constituents at home will receive them but coldly while President Buchanan ought to reassemble them for the purpose of inducing them to do their duty in the premises.—*Southern Guardian.*

INFLUENCE OF FORTUNE-TELLING.—Some young persons once applied to an old woman, who, among the vulgar and ignorant, had gained much celebrity in the art; to each, of course, she had something to say—but to one she did "a tale unfold," as much to the purpose, that it caused her very soon to leave this world of trouble. After premising with a deal of nonsense, she said she would never be married, but that she would be the mother of three children; that she would live in great splendor for a period, but, after all, she was "sorry to say," she would die poor and miserable. Miss. B., while with her companions, showed very little signs of anxiety; but the moment she was left to her own reflections, one may guess the effect of such an harangue on a virtuous but weak mind. Mark the consequences! She was at the time on the point of marriage with a very worthy and respectable young gentleman; but such was the hold which the prediction of the fortune-teller had taken on her imagination, that she could never, from that time, receive him with her usual affectionate attention. Her lover, quickly perceiving the change, endeavored to learn the cause of it; but, finding his inquiries ineffectual, as also any efforts of his to rouse her to an explanation of her behavior, which became more and more distant, and doubting the sincerity of her affection, he, in the course of a little time, discontinued his visits altogether. The young lady, perceiving herself deserted by the only man she could ever love, and dreading, that as she had fulfilled the prophecy so far, the rest might also be her future lot, continued to drag on a now weary existence and at length resolved to put an effectual stop to this progressive dishonor to her name, by committing a crime that could never be repented of. One morning, at the usual hour, her family finding she did not appear, sent to inquire the cause, when she was found lying dead on her bed, having the night before taken two ounces of laudanum to effect her purpose. On the toilet was found a note, detailing the particulars and reasons for committing *so shocking an act*, of which the preceding is the outline. Thus perished an innocent and lovely girl, in the flower of her youth, through the baneful influence of fortune-telling—but giving at the same time the flattest contradictions to the prophecy against her.—*American Union.*

THE PRINTER'S DOLLARS.—The printer's dollars! Where are they? We will suppose one of them in somebody's pocket in Toronto, another in Hamilton, another in Woodstock, and a fourth in St. Thomas, while a fifth is resting securely in some city or town in the far west. A dollar here and there, scattered, all over towns, all over the country, miles apart—how shall they be gathered together? The type founder has his hundreds of dollars against the printer, the paper maker, the building owner, the journeyman compositor, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistants to him in carrying on his business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the mites from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the large bills will never become bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely scattered dollars something like the following:—"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manner of fractions into which ye are divided, collect yourselves and come home! Ye are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men that help the printer to become a proprietor, gather in such force and demand with such good reasons your appearance at his counter, that nothing short of a sight of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are in the aggregate, single you will never repay the cost of gathering. Come in here in silent single file, that the printer may form you into battalions, and send you forth again to battle for him and vindicate his feeble credit." Reader, are you sure you hav'nt a couple of the printer's dollars sticking about your clothes?

GOT WHAT HE WAS AFTER.—A young gent is discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him regarding his attentions to a certain young lady.

Young Gent.—"Boys, I'll tell you how it is: You know I care nothing for the girl—it is the old man's pocket book I am after."

Chorus of friends.—"Ha! ha!"

Scene second.—A parlor. Time 11 P. M. Young lady seated. Young gentleman rises to depart, hesitates, as if bashful, and then slowly remarks:

"Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visits, my attentions, cannot have been without an object."

Young lady.—"Ah, yes, so I've heard, and shall be only two happy to grant what you desire. [Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolding it displays a large old-fashioned and *empty* morocco pocket-book.] This, I have been informed, is your object. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you that you will in future have no further occasion to renew those visits and attentions."

Young gent swoons.

A WITTY ARTIST in one of our western cities, met a poet friend of his, the other day, from New York. "I am perfectly delighted to see you, said the artist, throwing his arm affectionately around his friend's neck; "how long are you going to stay?" "I think," said the poet, "that I shall stay as long as my money lasts." "Oh! how badly disappointed I am," said the artist, in a tone of deep sadness; "*I hoped you were going to stay a day or two.*'

RIGHT LIVING.

"To love and to labor is the sum of living, and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love."

What a bright thought it is, set in quaint old Saxon! The first part of the sentence is a beautiful text for one's life, while the other is an equally sad commentary on the "living of a great portion of humanity! And are not these twain, the loving and the laboring, the one "royal law" of the Bible, and do they not bring with them their own exceeding great reward? Ye who seek after happiness, behold, here is the key! This sitting down, folding up one's hands, and moping away one's life in vain yearning after affection, will never do you any good. Just step out of yourself, and live for and in others. Go out with a brave spirit into the world, and minister to the wants of humanity. Every where hands are reaching out for help; everywhere bleeding hearts are needing the balm of sympathy and tenderness. The little children want your smile, the old people want some comforting words; and the strongest and the best have their hours of weakness and of need.

So don't sit still, we pray you, for this is not living. But "whatsoever your right hand findeth to do, do it with your might," with a true, honest heart and purpose; and no matter how heavy may be the darkness of the night through which you are walking, the morning will rise, the flowers will blossom, and the birds sing about you.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.—The Philadelphia Ledger has an article on the rapid increase of Southern manufactures. It thinks that the people of its section are not aware of the rapidity of this progress. In the concluding part of the article are the following reflections:

"The enlightened patriot, even if, as a Northern man, he may think the interests of his own section injured by these Southern factories, can not but observe their progress with gratification. The mistake of the South has been to confine itself too entirely to agriculture. Such a policy will, sooner or later, exhaust any nation. It has been the principle cause of the comparatively decline of the older slave States, and will produce similar results in the new ones, if persevered in, as soon as their soils become also worn out. One of the cardinal maxims of political economy is that the producer and consumer should be brought as near together as possible, for in this way, profits of middle men are saved, and the land enriched by the refuse of the non-agricultural population. Too much attention has been devoted in some parts of the North to Manufactures, and too little to agriculture, so that, in those places, the healthy ballance has been destroyed. In the South, on the contrary, manufactures have been too much neglected, with a similar consequence. The well-wisher of his country, he who is for the whole country, will rejoice to see, in both sections, the harmony restored between agricultures and manufactures.

HORRID MURDER.—A most horrible murder was committed near Searcy, Ark., on Saturday, the 10th inst. David S. Lewis murdered his wife's father, Wells C. Bewler. The parties were all from Gordon county, Georgia, and were on their way to Texas, when the crime was committed. The *Searcy Eagle* gives the following account of the affair:

It seems from the statements of the murdered man's wife and his three daughters, that Lewis had married Bewler's daughter, and was a drinking, worthless scamp. The two had a quarrel at the river and Lewis left the company to proceed alone. On the next day he overtook them again, walked up to the buggy that Bewler and his wife were in, demanded some of the property and being refused, deliberately shot Bewler with a large rifle. The ball struck Bewler's arm, which he threw up for protection, about the elbow and ranged up and through the arm and passed into the head below the eye. Bewler fell from the buggy, and the wretch struck him in the face with the iron muzzle of the gun. The unfortunate man was raised from the ground by his wife and daughters, groaning in great agony, when the fiend deliberately reloaded his rifle, remarking, d—n you, you are not dead yet, but you shall die, and walked up within a few feet and again shot him in the back. The wretch has made his escape. Great efforts were made by our citizens to take him but without avail.

GENERAL CASS AND TEMPERANCE.—Col. Orr stated, the other day, that he heard General Cass say, some years ago, he never had tasted spirits in his life. The Colonel, thinking about the expression, thought perhaps, he had misunderstood General Cass, and last winter enquired of him whether or not he had misunderstood him. The General assured Col. Orr that he had not misunderstood him, that it was true, he had never *tasted distilled spirits* in his life, and had not drank, in his whole life, more than half a pint of wine! Here is a temperence man worthy of his calling, and enjoying, in a ripe old age, the fruits of his temperance—health, strength, vigor of body and mind. But it is a wonder that any one can pass through life and arrive at the age of seventy-five without ever having *tasted* a beverage so universal in the country in which he has lived. We should suppose curiosity would prompt a man to *taste* a drink which his friends were constantly indulging in. We should suppose, too, that *accident* might cause a man to taste. But General Cass is not a solitary instance of one passing through life without ever having tasted spirits. We remember to have heard the late Dr. Thomas B. Williams, of Greenville, say, that he never had tasted spirits in his life, and that the smell of it was nauseating to him.—Southern Patriot.

ONE OF THE JUSTICES.—There lives, not a thousand miles from this place, a certain Justice of the Peace, who a short time since had a gentleman arraigned before him on a charge of swindling. The following is the substance of the trial:

Justice of the Peace.—Prisoner, you are brought before me accused of an accusation to commit a swindle, and it now involves upon you to prove yourself guilty or not guilty to the satisfaction of this honorable court. What say you?

Prisoner.—Not guilty.

Justice.—Looking indignant and surprised—The h—ll you say! Why I am now writing out a permittimus to send you to jail.

The prisoner arose to object to such a summary proceeding, but the Justice informed him that "thar war no use ov talkin," and if he didn't "shet his mouth," d—d if he wouldn't fine him for contempting the honorable court. The permittimus was signed, handed to an officer, and the prisoner jugged.—[*Coffeeville. (Miss.) Intelligencer.*

DON'T WASTE.—Waste nothing! A crumb of bread may keep life in a starving bird; a large and useful volume may be written with one quill from the wing of a goose; and an inch or two of writing paper has served for a dispatch to save an army from falling into the enemy's power. Waste nothing! "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

A gentleman, dined, one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over, before the gentleman fell asleep, but was awakened by the divine and invited to go and hear him preach.

"I beseech you, sir," said he, "to excuse me; I can sleep very well where I am."

KEEP COOL!—The *Scientific American* gives us the following:

"The warm weather will shortly be here, and every one will be seeking the refreshing influence of a cool and shady places whereunto they can retreat from the blazing sun; so we will give our readers a few hints concerning the cooling of their houses. The first necessity is a thorough draft. This can always be obtained by opening ever door and window in the basement, the top of every window above, and by throwing each door wide open; but above all, be sure that the trap door in the roof is open, and there is plenty of air room from it down the stairs, so that whichever be the direction of the wind, there will be at least one ascending current of air in the house. Another requisite is shade. Our common slat shutters answer well for the windows, but the most cheap and convenient shelter for the roof is to cover it thickly with straw, dried reeds, or rushes. These will resist the influence of the noonday sun, and keep the garret almost as cool as the basement. One of the most simple methods, and at the same time cheapest means of artificially lowering the temperature of a room is to wet a cloth of any size, the larger the better, and supend it in the place you want cooling; let the room be well ventilated, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than half an hour. The above hints will be useful to many, and as a last suggestion, we will inform the reader that in summer, it is well to keep a solution of chloride of lime in the house, and occasionally sprinkle it in the more frequented parts, at the passage and stairs.

THE ONLY WAY.—The only way for an editor to get along, and preserve his own self-respect, is to please himself, and let the rest of mankind take care of themselves.—*Exchange.*

In course it is. As to the idea of pleasing everybody, why it's just the way to displease everybody, which, of course, includes the editor himself. There are a great many people who are very confident they could conduct an editor's paper for him much better than he can do it for himself. A trial would convince them that they could do it at least for *fifteen* minutes, if not longer, to their own entire satisfaction. One whole day would, almost to a certainty, give them reasons for thinking some relaxation absolutely essential to their health and happiness.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

A TALE OF LOVE.—The Chicago Union relates the story of a wealthy lady on the shady side of forty-five, who became enamored of a youth of twenty-two, invited him to her house, where, after some preliminary remarks, she made him an offer of marriage. The young man declined the offer, being already in love with a young lady, but after several interviews the widow gradually won the young man to her views, and finally he consented to and did marry her. After the marriage she refused to make over the real estate to her husband, and this displeased him. Recently he has abscon-led with the young lady, and his wife has sent police officers after him, offering to give him full control of all her property, if he will but return alone to his home.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—The following conversation was overheard among "the volunteers of the Rio Grande."

Scene, night—Two volunteers wrapped in blankets and half buried in mud.

Volunteer 1st—"Jim how come you to volunteer."

Volunteer 2d—"Why; Bob, you see, I have no wife to care a red cent for me, and so I volunteered—and, besides, I love war. Now tell me how you came out here?"

Volunteer 1st—"Why, the fact is, you know, I—I—I have got a wife, and so I came out here because I like peace!"

Hereupon both the volunteers turned over in their blankets, got a new plastering of mud, and went to sleep.

"NIGGERS OR NOTHING."—The ship-owners on Saturday evening resolved that "the American flag covers the cargo," whether that cargo consists of "niggers or nothing." That's the talk. Suppose an American war vessel should board an English ship because it was supposed to be engaged in the coolie trade; would there not be a row? Yet we must put up with all kinds of insults, simply because somebody takes a few niggers from the jungles of Africa to Cuba. So says the New York *Day Book.*

GOOD RULES FOR ALL.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tattling is mean. Telling lies contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and lazine-s is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere, and mountains will become mole-hills.

SLANDER SLAYS MORE THAN THE SWORD.—One day, conversing in his usual half-true manner of the evils of war, Aaron Burr is said to have remarked:

"Slander has slain more than the sword."

He is also reported to have added:

"I fear that I have committed a great error; the men who knew their falsity are mostly dead, and the generation who now read them may take them for truths, being uncontradicted. I admit I have committed a capital error, but it is too late to repair it."

FRUIT.—If the crop of fruit promise to be heavy remove from the limbs as many as you think are superfluous. Do not be too sparing: the improvement among those which remain will be a full reward for the imagined loss by those which are destroyed. Hunt out the caterpiller's, nests, and destroy them.

"A GREENY."—A man named Daniel Wilson was stopped yesterday in Washington street, for smoking in the street. Being told that it was $5 fine, he handed the man who demanded it a $20 gold piece, who went after the change, and has not returned yet. So Daniel told the Mayor at his office.—N. Y. Day Book.

SARDINES.—Genuine sardines are taken in great abundance in the Cooza river, a few miles above Wetumpka, Alabama. They are said to be delicious, and, for want of a market, the planters feed them to their negroes.

"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor?" I suppose," said the Switzer, "that both fight for