

MISCELLANY.

Courage.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Strike!—as said the devil to the hammer—
Strike! and say let your iron cool!
Up hold, my boy! speak bravely—never stammer;
For fear the world will set you down a fool;
We have no time for shilly shally.
But seventy years allotted to the best;
Down with the rock; plow up the fruitful valley;
Work out your purpose, leave to God the rest.

You have a purpose—should have—then begin it;
An honest, manly purpose is a power,
Which, if you straightway seize upon the minute,
Will make its progress surer every hour.
Build up your fortunes by it; lay them deeply,
Make your foundations sure; then day by day,
Rear the great walls—a fortress—never sleepily;
Good purposes demand a great outlay!

Strength, faith, devotion—theo't and resolution—
These make your capital—these freely spend;
Once sure of your design, the execution
Needs all that you can give it—to the end!
Oh! boy, man! what a world is in the keeping
Of him who nobly aims and bravely toils—
Wake to great deeds; we'll all have time for sleep-
ing
When "we have shuffled off our mortal coils."

An Indian's Touching Eloquence.

At the battle of Freshold, during the first American war, a young English officer, closely pressed by two Abenakis Indians with upraised hatchets, no longer hoped for life, and only resolved to sell it dearly. At the moment when he expected to sink beneath them, and old Indian, armed with a bow, approached him, and prepared to aim an arrow; but having adjusted it, in an instant he dropped his bow, and ran to throw himself between the young officer and his assailants, who immediately retired with respect.

The old man took his prisoner by the hand, encouraged him by caresses, and conducted him to his cabin. It was winter, and the Indians were retiring home. Here he kept him for some time, treating him with undiminished softness, and making him less his slave than his companion. At length he taught him the Abenakis language, and the rude arts in use among that people. They became perfectly satisfied with each other, and the young officer was comparatively happy—except at times when his heart was wrung to perceive the old man intently fix his eyes on him and shed tears.

At the return of spring, the Indians returned to arms, and prepared for the campaign. The old man, yet sufficiently strong to support the fatigues of war, set out with them, accompanied by his prisoner. The Abenakis made a march of more than two hundred leagues across the desert, till at length they arrived within sight of an English camp; the old Indian pointed it out to the young officer, at the same time contemplating him wistfully. "Behold thy brothers!" said he to him; "behold where they wait to give us battle! Hear me. I have saved thy life;—I have taught thee to make a canoe, bows and arrows; to obtain the means to make them from the forest; to manage the hatchet, and to take off the scalp of an enemy. What wert thou when I took thee to my cabin! Thy hands were those of a child; they neither served to nourish nor defend thee; thy soul was in night; thou knewest nothing; thou owest me all;—Wilt thou, then, be ungrateful enough to join thy brothers, and raise the hatchet against us?"

The young Englishman vowed he would rather lose a thousand lives than spill the blood of one Abenakis. The Indian looked on his prisoner with earnestness, and in a mingled tone of tenderness and sorrow, inquired, "Hast thou a father?" "He was alive," answered the young man, "when I left my country." "O, how miserable he must be!" cried the Indian; and after a moment of silence, he added, "Knowest thou that I have been a father? I am so no more! I saw my child fall in the battle; he was at my side.—I saw him die like a warrior; he was covered with wounds, my child, when he fell. But I have avenged him." Yes, I have avenged him. The Indian, at pronouncing these words, was much agitated; then turning to the east, where the sun was just rising, he said to the young Englishman, "Seest thou that beautiful sun, resplendent of brightness? Hast thou pleasure in seeing it?" "Yes," answered he, "I have pleasure in seeing the beautiful sky." "Ah well! I have it no more," said the Indian, shedding tears. A moment after, he showed the young officer a flowering shrub. "Seest thou that fine tree?" said he to him; "and hast thou pleasure in looking upon it?" "Yes, I have," he answered. "I have it no more," returned the Indian, with precipitation; "but as for thee—go, return to thy country, that thy father may again with pleasure mark the rising sun, and behold the springing flower."

NEW YORK, May 21.—Aspinwall dates to the 18th instant have been received. The Spanish fleet bombarded Callao on the 2d inst. They were repulsed, however, without much damage having been done. Admiral Nunez was badly wounded. The Peruvian Secretary of War was killed by the explosion of a battery. The fight lasted four hours, and terminated in the withdrawal of the Spanish fleet. Only a few hundred dollars worth of property was destroyed. The Spanish loss is supposed to have been heavy. The news of the Spanish repulse was received with great enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Panama and Valparaiso. Advice to the 17th April report that the blockade had been raised, and the Government was enforcing import and export duties.

THE question, Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness? Would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and was asked what pleasure he found in whiskey. Oh, Nelly, it's a treat entirely to see two of your awate purty faces instead of one!

Personal.

We have had the pleasure of congratulating Dr. J. McL. Gaston upon his safe arrival from Brazil. The result of his exploration of that country will soon be given to the public in an extended report, which is now in course of publication. The Doctor will remove, with his family to Brazil in the course of a few months. He corroborates in every respect the report of Messrs. Meriwether and Shaw of Edgfield, a portion of which was published in our last issue. His general opinion of the advantages offered by the soil, climate and productions of Brazil is highly encouraging to those contemplating emigration. The soil is exceedingly fertile, the climate healthy, and productions varied and valuable. In the province of St. Paul, where he designs locating, lands of the best quality can be purchased for twenty-two cents per acre, on a credit of five years without interest. The water is freestone, and unalloyed by minerals.—An industrious emigrant can comfortably support himself by his own labor during the first year and lay up something handsome. The method of agriculture in Brazil is of an exceedingly rude and primitive character. The crops of corn, cotton, coffee, sugar, &c., are planted and worked by the hoe alone. The average yield of corn is from thirty to fifty bushels and one thousand to twelve hundred pounds of seed cotton to the acre. Tropical fruits of every description grow spontaneously and in great abundance. The better classes of society are intelligent, courteous and refined, and Dr. Gaston met everywhere the utmost kindness and hospitality. The authorities are anxious to secure a large immigration and every facility will be afforded strangers to examine the country and make settlements. No restrictions are imposed on religion or education. Taxes are light, and the policy of the government exceedingly liberal and enlightened.

[Chester Standard.]

Important from Mexico.

The State Department received to-day some late and very important news from Mexico.—The latest dates from the Mexican capital being the 12th inst. Everything indicated the stability and permanence of the present Government of Mexico. All the Government works were being prosecuted with vigor. Money was abundant. Mule trains laden with specie now travel on all the roads with safety. Six millions of dollars in gold and silver had arrived at Mexico from distant points between the 3d and 10th of May.

The gold and silver coinage of the Mexican mint for the month of April was nearly half a million of dollars. The gradual departure of the French troops will cause no change in the condition of affairs. Ample arrangements are made for an efficient military force. The Juarists have recently suffered several severe defeats. Instead of going to Chihuahua, as Senor Romeo announced a month or two ago, Juarez has remained at El Paso. Chihuahua is occupied by a strong force of French troops. The statements that appear in some of the papers that Maximilian is preparing to leave Mexico are utterly without foundation. It is the opinion of those persons here who are best informed on the subject, that even a general European war would not affect the stability of the Mexican Empire, and a European war is regarded as by no means certain.

DEPARTURE OF COL. ORR.—Our citizens will regret to learn that His Excellency the Governor took his departure yesterday morning for his home in Anderson, where he purposes remaining for several weeks. The onerous duties which he has been compelled to perform here in restoring the State to her old position have made it necessary that he should attend to the recuperation of his own health. He will, however, combine business with pleasure, and visit the various public works in the upper portion of the State at Greenville and Cedar Springs, for the purpose of making himself familiar with their wants, and taking such action as may be required in the premises.—The energy put forth by His Excellency since his accession to the gubernatorial chair has redounded in no small degree, to the benefit of South Carolina.—*Carolinian*, 24th

NEW YORK, May 24.—The "New York Times" says that Jefferson Davis' trial will commence at Richmond in two weeks. He will have for counsel Charles O'Connor, Jas. T. Brady, Geo. Sheaney, Wm. B. Read, of Philadelphia, Brown, of Baltimore, and Pugh, of Ohio.

From a report prepared by the New York Chamber of Commerce, it appears that the total number of vessels captured by the Confederate Privateers was two hundred and eighty-three; tonnage one hundred and thirty-two thousand three hundred and seven; estimated value of vessels and cargoes \$25,546,000.—Some of these were bonded and released, leaving \$20,088,000 as the value of the property actually destroyed.

A BUFFALO paper tells the following: Red Jacket, the renowned Indian orator and chief of the Senecas, formed a strong attachment for Colonel Snelling during the war of 1812. Upon that officer being ordered to a distant station Red Jacket went to pay him a farewell visit, and, upon leaving him, addressed him as follows: "Brother, I hear you are going to a place called Governor's Island. I hope you will be a Governor yourself. I understand that you white people think children a blessing. I hope you may have a thousand. And above all things, I hope where ever you may go, you may never find whisky more than two shillings a quart."

An Irishman, in Baltimore, being ordered not to roll his wheelbarrow on the sidewalk, deliberately shouldered it, and lawfully obstructed the way a good deal more than he had while acting unlawfully.

Important Decision.

The "New Orleans Crescent" of the 15th ultimo says:

Upon a rehearing, the Supreme Court, yesterday, rendered a decision affirming a decree of the Court, made in December last, in the case of George Schmidt vs. Jacob Parker, appealed by defendant from the Sixth District Court.

Plaintiff was a depositor in defendant's bank, the Bank of Commerce, from January 17th to April 1st, 1862. A balance was due him of \$400. This subsequent to the occupation of the city by the Federals, plaintiff demanded in legal tender, which defendant refused, and offered Confederate money. It was in proof that the business of the bank, at the time plaintiff kept an account with it, was conducted with Confederate money; and upon his bank book was inscribed the following notification: "Deposits in this bank are received only on condition that the amount is to be drawn in Confederate money."

The opinion of the court, now re-affirmed, was, in brief, that Confederate money having, upon the face of it, been issued to make war upon the Government of the United States, parties voluntarily dealing in it, as was the case with both plaintiff and defendant, were culpable—guilty of an immoral act—and the court could not lend itself to the enforcement of contracts entered into in contempt of law. Declaring this contract, therefore, null and void, the decision of the lower court, which was in favor of defendant, was ordered to be reversed.

NEWSPAPER INDEPENDENCE.—A great deal is said about the independence of the press, and the reading community have very erroneous conceptions of what a newspaper should be. They will tell you in general terms, that a paper must speak out without fear or favor; and, at the same time, it should reflect the sentiments, opinions and prejudices of the public. They say it ought to have an opinion of its own, and yet they are most exacting in their requirements of what it shall say upon any question of personal interest. Analyze this popular notion of newspaper independence, and it will be found to be something that conforms to their own notions, and harmonizes their own opinions. To speak the whole truth on all occasions may be very pretty in theory; but in practice, it will frequently wound when it will do no good.

One man thinks the newspaper should be specially severe in its denunciation of some particular vice, while he himself may be guilty of some equally grievous fault, to allude to which would be unpardonable assumption.—There is no such thing as an independent press, according to the popular idea of the term. Editors, like other men, must exercise the largest discretion and the ripest judgment in the discharges of their duties. They must use the facilities at their command in such way as will best accomplish the results desired, always recognizing the paramount claims of public good, over selfish aspirations or ambitious personal scheme.—*Atlanta Bulletin*.

WOFUL FOREBODINGS.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, writing from London, says:

I am struck with the fact that all classes of people in England, the educated as well as the ignorant, have forebodings of dire convulsion and calamities coming upon the earth, and especially upon Europe. I have taken an interest lately in talking with farmers, cattle dealers and laborers, as I have been traveling through the country; and they express invariably a feeling that the disease among cattle is but a prelude to frightful desolations and woes approaching the earth and destined to fall on human kind. There is an external appearance of calm in Europe, lowering over Austria and Prussia; yet within the past week such hard heads as those of Carlyle and Bright have manifested the apprehension of coming tempest.

AN EVENTFUL CAREER.—A Confederate soldier has just returned home after an absence of more than four years in the service of his country. He joined the regiment of Colonel, or now Major-General Kershaw, in this State; subsequently changed his command, went to Virginia, was engaged in thirty-one battles, and one hundred and twenty-three skirmishes not including the "rows" on picket; was shot twice; returned to the field; and in the general smash-up, while making his way home to South Carolina, was captured and paroled. A Confederate officer then pressed him and twenty others into service to guard a portion of the baggage train of Ex-President Davis, in which service he was captured a second time. Found with a violated parole in his pocket, he was carried with his comrades to Hilton Head, where they were tried for their lives. The Military Court failing to agree, they were sent to New York, tried a second time, and five of the number ordered to be shot, which sentence was carried into execution. The remainder were conveyed to a prison in Springfield, Illinois, within sight of the home of Mr. Lincoln, and there remained until the term of their confinement expired. He has had four wives, all of whom are dead, and by each wife a pair of twins, whom he had not seen until his return, since the beginning of the war. Such a man is an embodiment of history—civil, political, military and domestic, and certainly deserves a medal or a monument.—*Carolinian*.

JOHN RANDOLPH is said upon one occasion to have visited a race course near the city of New York. A flashy-looking stranger offered to bet him five hundred dollars upon the result of the race, and introducing his companion, said: "Mr. Randolph, my friend here, Squire Tompkins, will hold the stakes." But, sir," squeaked the orator of Roanoke, "who will hold Squire Tompkins?"

The Triumph of Love in Death.

We forget what book it was in, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the utmost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good, lofty hill in the summer time. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud nobleman, thought it impossible for a young man, so burdened, to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another and shook their heads, but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistress, thought they could do as much. The father, on horseback, apart and sullen, repented that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard, but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man, (the son of a small land proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility,) stood respectfully looking but confident; rejoicing in his heart that he should win a mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain; considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure he contemplated with such transports as is known only to real lovers; for none other know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him every way the noblest of his sex; and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. Great fears came over her, nevertheless. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; she dared not look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes on the crowd, (which, nevertheless, she beheld not) and now, on her hand and her finger's ends, which she doubled up toward her with a pretence—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of their Lord Baron, kissed the hand she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now put an end to this mummery." The lover turned pale for the first time and took up the lady. The spectators rejoiced to see the manner in which he moved off, slow but secure, as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems to refuse something; then he ascends at a quicker rate, and now, being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The Baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them the air of rebuke.—At the shout the lover resumed his way.—Slow, but not feeble in his step, yet it grows slower. He steps again and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead.—The women began to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers, but does not fall; another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered.—They are certain the lady kissed his forehead and eyes.

The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men turned pale. He ascended slower than ever, but seems to be more sure; he halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again, and thus he picks his way, planting his foot on every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms as if to lighten him; he steps, he struggles, and moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now he is all but on the top; he halts again, he is fixed, he staggers, a groan goes through the multitude; suddenly he turns full from toward the top; it is luckily almost level; he staggers but it is forward. Yes, every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if to assist him; see, at last he is on the top, and down he falls with his burden. An enormous shout—he has won! Now he has a right to caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them get up. If she has fainted, it is with joy, and in his arms.

The Baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him; half-way up he is obliged to dismount, they ascend the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the Baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top; the lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the Baron, "thou hast practiced this feat before on purpose to deceive me. Arise!"

"You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man who was rich enough to speak his mind; "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed?"

"Part them!" said the Baron. Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together.—These people look close; they kneel down and head an ear; they bury their faces on them.—"God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man, "they can never be." He turned his old face streaming with tears and looked at the Baron; "Sir, they are dead!"

Civil Worth of the Sabbath.

1. Toil needs it—to wipe off the grime and sweat of labor; to refresh by change of apparel; to restore and invigorate the body, exhausted by labor; to enliven the mind by change of current of thought; and by all this, to fit laboring men for the renewing toils of the week.

2. Capital needs the Sabbath—to alleviate by intermission the care of accumulation; to ease the unbending of the strained and exhausted mind; to give a sense of the value of rober objects than silver or gold; to keep men's humanity and conscientiousness alive; to shield capital from harm by securing the power and triumph of law and order in society.

3. The State needs the Sabbath—to illumine the public conscience, that guardian of public safety; to cause men to recognize the Eternal Lawgiver, as to honor the earthly "powers that be;" to secure the moral atmosphere in a community which is the only sure support of law.

A NOVEL WAGER.—An amusing story is going the round of the Paris clubs. It appears that a short time ago a foreign prince made a heavy bet that he would be arrested by the police without committing any offence whatever, or in any way provoking the authorities. The bet having been taken by a member of the Imperial Club, the prince went to one of the most aristocratic cafes in Paris, dressed in a battered hat, a ragged blouse, and boots all in holes, and, sitting down at one of the tables, ordered a cup of coffee. The waiters, however, paid no attention to so suspicious looking a customer, upon which the prince put his hand in his pocket and showed them a bundle of bank notes. The proprietor then ordered the coffee to be served, sending, meanwhile, to the nearest police station for a sergeant de ville. The prince was duly arrested and taken to the commissary of police, where he stated who he was, and was afterwards taken to the gentleman with whom he made the bet, to prove his identity. A similar story was told at Vienna some time ago of a Hungarian Prince Leander, M. De Metterich's son-in-law, who, in order, to make his arrest quite sure, took the bank notes out of his boots.

A WAR ANECDOTE.—Colonel Heros Von Boreke who is writing for Blackwood a story of his adventures as aid to Gen. Stuart during the war, tells the following story:

One of the Yankee officers, who as I was later informed, was the Colonel of the regiment that had effected its escape from Harper's Ferry, had attracted my attention by his gallantry and the excellent disposition he made of his troops. I saw him again, galloping very near us on a handsome gray horse, quickly discovering our weak points, and posting and instructing his men accordingly.—After having left him undisturbed for some time, I thought it necessary to put a stop to his proceedings, and selecting a couple of my infantry men who had been pointed out to me as the best shots, I made across the open space in front of our lines directly towards him.—Having arrived within reasonable distance, I ordered my sharpshooters to fire at the daring colonel, who was moving along at an easy gallop, without paying me the slightest attention. After several bullets had whistled quite close to him, he suddenly halted and turning round advanced a few steps, and made me a military salute in the most graceful manner possible. Then calling out to one of his men to hand him a carbine, he raised the weapon, took deliberate aim at me, and sent his ball so close to my head that I thought it had carried away a lock of my hair. I saluted him now, on my part, and wheeling round quietly, both of us rode back to our respective lines. So courtesies are sometimes exchanged in the midst of hostile conflict.

SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make every one around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by logs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy, almost beyond endurance. What will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joys beam in your eye and love grow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day, when you are about your daily business.

DIGGS saw a note laying on the ground, but knew it was counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told Suithers the story, when the latter said: "Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very grave offence!" "Why what have I done?" "You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such!" said Suithers.

A BOSTON MAN, writing home from Richmond, says: "Though I do not believe if Southern gentlemen would wish to see slavery restored, I am convinced that many of the blacks would prefer slavery to the condition to which they have been reduced by sudden emancipation."

RECIPES THAT NEVER FAIL.—To destroy rats—catch them one by one, and flatten their heads with a lemon squeezer.

To kill cockroaches—get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them in a barrel, and get in yourself, and dance.

To catch mice—on going to bed put crumbs in your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your throat—bite.