

POETRY.

Our Child with Radiant Eyes.

With seeking hearts we still grope on,
Where drops our jewel in the dust;
The looking glass have long since gone,
And still we seek with lonely trust:
O little child with radiant eyes!

In all our heart-ache we are drawn,
Unweaving, to our little grave;
There, on your heavenly shores of dawn,
Break gentler sorrow's sobbing wave:
O little child with radiant eyes!

Dark underneath the brightening soul,
The sweetest life of all our years
Is crowded in a gift to God:
Outside the gate we stand in tears!
O little child with radiant eyes!

Heart-empty as the noon-day
That only fills with wintry showers,
The breaking cloud but brimeth up
With tears this pleading life of ours,
O little child with radiant eyes!

We think of you, our angel child,
Till life grows light with starry leaven:
We never forget you, darling,
The gold hair waving high in heaven!
O little child with radiant eyes!

Your white wings grown will conquer death!
You are coming through our dreams even now
With azure gleam of heaven beneath
The arching glory of your brow,
O little child with radiant eyes!

We cannot pierce the dark, but oft
You see us with looks of pitying calm:
A hint of heaven—a touch more soft
Than kisses—all the trouble is calm.
O little child with radiant eyes!

Think of us weaned in the strife,
And when we sit by sorrow's streams,
Shake down upon our drooping life
The dew that brings immortal dreams.
O little child with radiant eyes!

Who is Happy?

BY F. H. STAFFORD.

He is happy, who, with earnest hands,
Builds his fortune where he stands;
Who treats his fellows as he should,
And spends his life in doing good!

He is happy, who, with conscience clear,
Braves the world! He's naught to fear,
Who shows to others on the way
The goal he hopes to meet one day!

FOR THE YOUNG.

Water.

Some children were in my room the other day, and I asked them to tell me "what water was good for."

"Good to drink," said one.
"Good to wash clothes with," said a second.

"Good to wash dishes with," said a third.
And a little timid blue-eyed girl, whose cheeks were so clean they fairly shone, slipped, "Good to wash our faces with."

"Pshaw," exclaimed her brother John, "I should be ashamed to say that, Fan; I say it's good to swim in." This magnificent assertion produced a momentary silence. At length some one said,

"Good to make tea with."
"And coffee," said another.
"Good to paddle a boat in," said John.
"And steamboats," added another.

"And ships; great big ships with sails," shouted a third. Then came a pause, in which all seemed buried in profound thought.

"It's good to rain with," said the clean-faced little Fan.
"And for snow," added John.

"Why, snow isn't water, by a great deal," stoutly asserted Mary T., a child of five years old, with very rosy cheeks.

"I should like to know if it's anything else," said John. Melted, and you'll see what it's made of."

Another pause. "You have remembered many of the uses of water," said I; "but there are some important ones still omitted: There is one I should expect you to think of now," I said, as a train of cars went whizzing by, not twenty rods from my window.

"Cars don't go by water?" inquired little Fanny.

"No, indeed," said some one in reply.
"It's good for cows to drink."
"Yes, and for horses and dogs and sheep."

"And our little canary-birds," said Mary.

"Yes, every animal drinks water," I said; but there are still some things forgotten: Who will think?"

"Oh, I don't love to think," said little Fanny.

"It's good to turn mills with," said John.

"Why didn't I think of that, before? Saw-mills and grist-mills, and all kinds of mills go by water."

"Yes," said I; "but opens a wide field of usefulness before us, for all our manufacturing machinery is carried by water. Who will think again?" Finally, all declared they could think of nothing else, and even John Patterson gave out, as he called it.

"Water is good for steam," said I; "and steam is one of the most important agencies known. It is doing wonders in our day."

"Why, how many things water is good for!" exclaimed little Fanny; "I never thought of them all before."

"Little girls ought to think," said I. "To go through such a world as this without thinking, is very much like taking a journey with your eyes shut. Unless the eyes of your mind are wide open, you will never perceive the excellency and beauty with which you are surrounded, or know the exceeding kindness of your heavenly Father."

Having now seen how useful water is, you will understand why it is found in all portions of the earth, and so plentifully distributed. Just imagine for a moment a world without water? Every human being, man, woman, and child, would perish of thirst, whether living in city or country; whether rich or poor; whether American or European, Asiatic or African; all would die a dreadful death."

"But couldn't they drink milk?" suggested Mary.

"Why, the cows wouldn't give any milk, if they didn't get water to drink?" inquired John.

"No. Not only all human beings, but all the races of animals found on the face of the earth would perish. Every beast that prowls through the lonely forest; every animal that loves the dwelling of man, or ministers to his wants; all the feathered tribes; and all the fishes in the great sea, would at once die for want of water. All these are thirsty as well as man, and to all God has given drink. He is a kind Father, who never forgets the wants of his creatures, or fails to supply them. Let us be thankful for his goodness, and praise him for it with loving hearts continually."—*Flowers of Spring Time.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A True Incident.

A lady in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Ct., was in the habit of putting out shirts to make, for a large clothing establishment, to a number of women in the neighborhood. In the cutting of these, there were a great many little odds and ends of cloth left over—pieces too small to be used, and the first thought was, of course, to toss them into the fire. "No," she reflected, "I will save them as they accumulate, and perhaps I may get enough to exchange with the tinman for some kitchen article or other." So she let them lie, housewife-like, and in a few weeks there was quite a pile.

One day a neighbor came in, and on hearing the destination of the scraps, advised that they should be sent to a paper-mill at some little distance—"They will give you three or four cents a pound for them," said he, "and that is better than exchanging them for tin."

She asked her husband's advice. To him a few rags more or less seemed a trivial affair.

"Do as you like," said he, laughing, "you may have all the money you can make out of the rags!"

She took him at his word, and in two or three months, some half dozen barrels of rags were sent by some one who was going in the direction of the paper-mill. To her surprise and pleasure, a new, rustling five dollar bill came back.

Again the impulse to spend it for some little ornament was checked—"No," she resolved, "all my rag money shall go into the savings-bank."

And into the savings-bank it went accordingly. Years rolled by—more rags were saved and sold—interest and principal accumulated. At length an unusual opportunity presented itself for the purchase of a beautiful gold watch. Forty dollars was the price.

"I will not ask my husband to withdraw any necessary funds from his business," she thought, "but now is the time to make my rag money useful!"

The gold watch was purchased—literally with rags!

Yet this was not the end of it. The bank fund of which the bundle of rags was the origin, now amounts to over twenty-five hundred dollars!

"I do not know how it has accumulated," said the lady to us. "A few cuttings and scraps laid aside whenever I cut out shirts—a few dollars carried to the bank when I went to the city—a little interest added on from time to time—it has grown up, almost without thought or care on my part."

—*Life Illustrated.*

Death of a Little Boy.

AN ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Died, in Augusta, on the 29th of Nov., at the age of 4 years, 1 month, and 25 days, Marcus S. Zimmerman, son of Mr. R. P. and Mrs. Bettie M. Zimmerman, and grandson of the late Rev. Thomas Meredith, of Raleigh, N. Carolina.

He was a boy of uncommon sprightliness, and of the most attractive qualities. His parents are consistent and earnest members of the Baptist Church, and had endeavored to train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They had also for months guided his little feet to the Sunday School. Nor were their efforts in vain; for he showed in the closing scenes of his life that the truths of the Gospel had made an extraordinary impression upon his infant soul. Some days before his death, and while he was but slightly unwell, he said, as he awoke in the morning, "I want to die and go to heaven." As his disease, which was membranous croup, increased in severity, he bore his intense sufferings without fretfulness or murmuring, and patiently submitted to the treatment prescribed.

A few hours previous to his death, he called his mother to him, and gave her a farewell kiss; then looked anxiously around the room as if in search of some one else, and upon being asked whom he wanted, replied, "Papa." His father was then called in from an adjoining room, when the little sufferer with a kiss bade him also adieu. Then, in like manner, he took leave of his grandmother and his aunts, and of other friends that stood around his dying bed. Afterwards he sent for his nurse, a servant girl, and with a kiss bade her also farewell. Then to a servant boy, name Dave, he reached out his little hand and said, "Good-bye, Dave." Very soon after this, while in view of such a scene, all who were gathered around him were in tears, but while a sweet serenity marked the countenance of the dying child, his weeping father said to him,

"Son, where are you going?"

His instant reply, with the calm and trustful look of the Christian, was,

"To Jesus."

A few minutes afterwards he exclaimed, "Papa!"

"What son?" asked his father.

"I am going there," Markie replied.

"Where, son?"

"To Jesus," he answered, and then said, "Mamma, I see Jesus."

Then he called out, "Papa, pray to Jesus and ask him to let these doctors make me well."

His father replied that he had prayed, but that Jesus wanted him with him, and that he must ask Jesus to take his little spirit to heaven.

He calmly responded, "I can get on my knees right now, and ask him to take my little spirit to heaven"; and thereupon he started to get up, but his mother dissuaded him, telling him that he could pray as he lay in bed. He quickly turned over to her, and looking her in the face, said,

"Mamma, tell me the words to say."

His mother began the petition for him, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," but her voice was stifled and she could proceed no farther; but he repeated the words after her, and then added, "To reign with God in light, forever and ever, Amen."

This prayer, so far as is known, no

one had ever taught him. Not long after this he expired.

How bitter a thing must it have been for these fond parents to carry away from the home of which he had been the music and the joy, and to cover up in the dark grave a child of such loveliness and such promise! But how full of consolation is the thought that Jesus has taken him to the "place" which he has prepared for his disciples, and that he will there have no temptation, nor sorrow, nor crying, nor pain.

"He died to sin; he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God."

But there is a lesson of vast importance, which the life and death of little Markie Zimmerman, should impress upon our minds. Though but four years of age, he showed by the remarkable words he uttered in the closing scenes of his short career, that he had a conception of Jesus and of Heaven. And there is strong reason to believe that he had a sufficient apprehension of the character of Christ, to enable him to accept him, and to lean upon him, as his Saviour, and that the Holy Spirit was, in these last hours, preparing him for the abode of celestial purity.

In view, then, of the indications which he gave that he had an idea of the way of salvation, and that he had entrusted his soul to Jesus, and in view of the evidences which other children of the same, or of a scarcely greater age, have presented of their belief in Christ; is it not an obvious duty, and have we not great encouragement to labor diligently for the religious instruction of our children, and for their guidance, even at this tender age, to the fold of the Great Shepherd? How beautiful and how promising a field of labor is here opened to parents, and Sabbath School teachers, and Ministers of the Gospel, and indeed, to all Christians, who come in contact with children.

Why should we to whom their training has been committed, suffer those early years during which their minds and hearts may, with the promised aid of the divine Spirit, be moulded under our plastic touch, almost like clay, in hands of the potter—those years during which they listen so eagerly and inquisitively to the truths of the Bible, and especially to the story of redemption—to pass away without the most strenuous and persistent efforts to fix deep and permanent religious impressions upon their souls? Why should we wait until their attention is absorbed in the amusements and follies of youth? Why should we delay until evil principles have taken deep root, and vicious tendencies are fully developed? Why should we allow Satan, that wide-awake and wily educator, to anticipate us, and by all the seductive influences he can exert, to entice them, for years, in the broad road to Hell, before we seriously and perseveringly attempt to turn them into the narrow way to Heaven? And yet how many even professing Christian parents carelessly, or criminally neglect to fortify the minds of their children with religious principles, and to train them for the celestial world, while ten thousand evil influences are surrounding them, and urging them to perdition! How many parents are not accustomed to read the Bible, even once a week to their children, and who never pray with, and for them, around the family altar! O ye careless ones in Zion! Are ye the lovers of Jesus, and do ye feel no anxiety that your children should submit to your adorable Master? Are ye journeying towards Heaven, and do ye not care that your children are tending downwards to Hell? Will ye be able to enjoy an undisturbed repose in paradise, if, as ye look for your children, through all its ever-blooming fields, ye shall not find them there, but shall be compelled to feel that through your shameful, sinful neglect, their voices are heard amid the wailings of the lost? What ye do, do quickly. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The Prince of Wales.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, is the second child of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and heir apparent to the throne of England. He was born Nov. 9th, 1841, and is now nearly nineteen years of age. He is slightly built, has a pleasing countenance, is modest, almost diffident in his bearing, and though not a young man of brilliant parts, seems to be characterized by good sense. Possessing fair abilities, and enjoying the best opportunities for culture, he will doubtless make a respectable figure in history.

The chief title of the Prince, that of Prince of Wales, originally distinguished the native princes of that country. Henry III. gave to his son Edward, afterwards Edward I., the Principality of Wales, though it was not then fully conquered. When Edward came to the throne he took the most vigorous measures to subdue the Welsh to his sway. He overran the principality, and after the death of Llewellyn and David, the native princes, (the former slain in single combat, the latter barbarously executed by Edward's order), formally annexed it to the English Crown. The people demanded as one condition of their submission, that their administration should be entrusted to a native-born prince, who should be able to speak neither English nor French. The king accordingly, in compliance with the literal terms of this demand, presented them his infant son Edward, recently born in Caernarvon Castle, who hence took the title Prince of Wales, which has been borne ever since, by the eldest son of each succeeding king or queen of England, though by special investiture, not by inheritance. The title of Duke of Cornwall is the highest dignity inher-

ited by the heir apparent of the English Crown. This duchy was created in 1337 in favor of Edward, the famous Black Prince, and settled by act of Parliament on the eldest son of the king or queen of England. When the duke becomes King the duchy vests in his eldest son; if there be no son it remains with the king, and in no case descends to the heir presumptive. The other titles are of no special significance, being merely titular.—*Watchman & Reflector.*

Charleston, South Carolina.

ITS HISTORY, COMMERCE, ETC.

The city of Charleston, South Carolina, is (or was, perhaps) one of the oldest in the Union. Its foundations were laid in 1672; it was then called Oyster Point Town, afterwards New Charleston. It is located on a peninsula, washed by the waters of Cooper and Ashley rivers. The harbor is spacious and secure. The bar has some obstructions, but there are four channels with different degrees of depth; the ship channel between Forts Moultrie and Sumter being the largest, and affording seventeen feet at high water, and ten at low.

The city was incorporated in 1783, when its name was changed from Charleston to Charleston. The advantages afforded by its position on the coast, and its excellent harbor, soon made it a place of considerable trade. Its first exports were staves, lumber, furs, peltries, considerable quantities of rice, (first planted in 1693), to which were added, in 1747, in 1782, tobacco, and in 1790, cotton.

In 1723, the foreign import of Charleston was £120,000, over half the foreign import of 1843. The export of the same year was, in rice alone, 26,268 barrels. In 1744, two hundred vessels were laden at its wharves.

Shipbuilding, which was at one time carried on to some extent, has nearly ceased, and but few are owned in the city. The revenue collected on the imports of Charleston was very nearly as large under the light tariff of 1789 as under the high one of 1812. From the commencement of the Federal Government up to 1825 the revenue collected amounted to \$22,357,331.

In the year 1860, the imports yielded a revenue of \$2,203,812; in 1848, they yielded a revenue of only \$324,468. This decrease in imports has been more than counter-balanced by the increase in exports. In 1744, the exports amounted to £161,365 sterling; in 1848, they amounted to \$8,084,917.

The white population of Charleston in 1790 was 8089; slaves and free colored, 8270; in 1848 it amounted to 14,187 whites, and 12,264, and 12,264 slaves and free colored. The census returns of 1850 show the total population of the city to be 42,985—to which may be properly added the inhabitants of the Neck, north of the city, but lying without the charter limits, which contains about 15,000 inhabitants.

The largest portion of the population is native, being 50 per cent; the proportion of foreigners slightly exceeds those born in the United States—about out of Charleston. The productive class, or those between fifteen and sixty, is quite as large as in other American cities, except in Lowell, Lawrence, and manufacturing places of that kind. There were 600 dwelling houses in Charleston in 1731; in 1820, 2336; in 1848, 3147. The expense of supporting paupers has diminished about 60 per cent since 1823, while the difference in the number has varied but little.

The number of free public schools in 1850 was 394; amount expended for them, 3,900; average to scholar, 10; average attendance, 5 years.

The crops of Sea Island Cotton have decreased from an average of about 35,000 bales in 1820, to an average of 22,000 bales between 1840 and 1850. Of this Charleston received about two-thirds, and Savannah the rest. The total rice crop of Carolina reaches an average of 130,000 tierces, of which Charleston receives all except 1000 or 1500 tierces. The average importation of corn in 1850 was 400,000 bushels; importation of oats average 50,000 or 60,000 bushels; bales hay, 20,000 to 25,000.

There are seven banks, with an aggregate capital of 9,153,583; four steam cotton presses, and cotton factory, six rice mills, one sugar refinery and fourteen grist mills, five saw mills, five ship yards, one turpentine distillery, &c.—*Southern Field and Fire-side.*

Never say Dye.

Nature never makes mistakes in color. The contrasts are seen in sunsets, trees, grasses, waters, and faces, are all correctly based. The hair of a man's head is always of the shade that best becomes his complexion. A young, blooming face can bear the contrast of dark locks; an aged face is beautified by gray hair, and looks glantly with black.

The same is true of the beard. Hence a dyed moustache is an offence to good taste, as well as to truth; for naturally the moustache is just the color which best accords with the eyes and complexion; if it be flaxen or red, it is because that is the best color.

The Dandy and the Statesman.

John Randolph, the celebrated orator and statesman, was in a tavern lying on a sofa in the parlor, waiting for the stage to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room with a whip in his hand, just come from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranged his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing a while, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him,

"Has the stage come?" "Stage, sir! stage!" said the other; "I've nothing to do with it, sir." "Oh! I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly, "I thought you were the driver!"

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Never Forgotten.

A rich landlord in England once oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of nine years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life-likeness of the scene. Years afterwards he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered any sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. Thus there is an invisible painting drawing on the canvass of the soul a life-likeness, reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth life again.

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