

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND NEWS.

PRICE \$2 PER YEAR—In Advance.

ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 4, 1854.

NO. 2.

Business Cards, &c.

R. P. WARING,

Attorney at Law,
Office in Lumberman's Brick Building, 2nd floor,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

RHETT & ROBINSON,
FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 1 and 2 Atlantic Wharf,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Liberal advances made on Consignments.
Special attention given to the sale of Flour, Corn,
&c., and on a long experience in the business, we feel confident of giving satisfaction.
March 17, 1854. 34-ly

Dry Goods in Charleston, So. Ca.
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AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,
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Commission for selling Cotton Fifty cents per Bale,
Sept 23, 1853. 10-ly.

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MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
J. N. RAMSEY & CO.'S Patent
Diagonal Grand Pianos—
Hallett Davis & Co.'s Patent
Suspension Bridge Pianos;
(checkering, Traversers and
other best makers' Pianos,
at the Factory Prices.
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CAROLINA INN,
BY JENNINGS B. KERR,
Charlotte, N. C.
January 28, 1853. 28-ly

Mrs. A. W. WHELAN,
MILLINER AND DRESS MAKER,
(Residence, on Main Street, 3 doors south of Sadler's
Hotel.)
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Dresses cut and made by the celebrated A. B. C.
method, and warranted to fit. Orders solicited and
promptly attended to. Sept. 23, 1853—8-ly.

BALIE & LAMBERT,
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IMPORTERS & DEALERS in Royal Velvet, Tape-
stry, Brussels, Three ply, Ingrain and Venetian
CARPETINGS; India, Rush and Spanish MATTINGS,
Rugs, Door Mats, &c. &c.
OIL CLOTHS, of all widths, cut for rooms or entries.
IRISH LINENS, SHIRTINGS, DAMASKS, Diapers,
Long Lawns, Towels, Napkins, Doilies, &c.
An extensive assortment of Window CURTAINS,
CORNICES, &c. &c.
Merchants will do well to examine our stock
before purchasing elsewhere. Sept. 23, 1853. 10-ly.

The American Hotel,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
I beg to announce to my friends, the public, and present
patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the
same for a term of years from the 1st of January next.
After which time, the entire property will be thoroughly
repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first
class style. This Hotel is well situated, and pleasant
ly situated, rendering it a desirable house for travellers
and families.
Dec 16, 1853. 22t C. M. RAY.

Baltimore Piano Forte Manufactory.
J. WISE & BROTHER, Manufacturers of Boudoir
Grand and Square PIANOS. Those wishing a
good and substantial Piano that will last an age, at a
fair price, may rely on getting such by addressing the
Manufacturers, by mail or otherwise. We have the
honor of serving and referring to the first families in the
State. In no case is disappointment sufferable. The
Manufacturers, also, refer to a host of their fellow citi-
zens. J. J. WISE & BROTHER,
Feb 3, 1854 22-cm Baltimore, Md.

MARCH & SHARP,
AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Will attend to the sale of all kinds of Merchandise,
Produce, &c. Also, Real and Personal Property.
On purchase and sell Slaves, &c., on Commission.
SALES ROOM—No. 121 Richardson Street, and immedi-
ately opposite the United States Hotel.
Feb 3, 1854 THOS. H. MARCH, J. M. E. SHARP.

Livery and Sales Stable,
BY S. H. REA,
At the stand formerly occupied by R. Morrison, in
Charlotte. Horses fed, hired and sold. Good ac-
commodations for Drivers. The custom of his friends
and the public generally solicited.
February 17, 1854. 30-y

HAMILTON & OATES,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Corner of Richardson and Laurel Streets,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
June 9 1854 1y

Where are the Dead.

Where are the mighty ones of ages past,
Who o'er the world their inspirator cast,
Whose memories stir our spirits like a blast?
Where are they now?

Where are the lofty minds of Greece? Where be
The men of Sparta and Thermopylae?
The conquering Macedonian, where is he?
Where are the dead?

Where are Rome's founders? Where her chiefest son,
Before whose name the whole known world bowed
down.
Whose conquering arm chased the retreating sun?
Where are the dead?

Where's the bard-warrior king of Albion's state,
A pattern for earth's sons to emulate,
The truly noble, wisely, goodly great?
Where are the dead?

Where is Gaul's hero, who aspired to be
A second Cæsar in his mastery,
To whom earth's crowned ones trembling bent the
knee?
Where are the dead?

Where is Columbia's son, her darling child,
Upon whose birth virtue and freedom smiled,
The Western Star, bright, pure, and undefiled?
Where are the dead?

Where are the sons of song, the soul-inspired,
The bard of Greece, whose muse of Heaven inspired?
With admiration ages past has fired,
The classic dead?

Greater than all—and earthly sun enshrined—
Where is the king of bards? Where shall we find
The Swan of Avon—monarch of the mind—
The mighty dead?

With their frail bodies, did they wholly die,
Like the brute dead, passing forever by?
Then were they not an intellect so high,
The mighty dead?

Why was it not confined to earthly sphere,
To earthly walls? If it must perish here,
Why did they languish for a bliss more dear,
The blessed dead?

If here they perished, in their being's germ,
Here thought and aspiration had their term,
Why should a giant's strength propel their form?
The dead—the dead.

There are no dead! The forms, indeed, did die,
That ceased the ethereal be-ings now on high:
'Tis but the outward covering is thrown by—
This is the dead!

The spirits of the lost, of whom we sing,
Have perished not—they have but taken wing—
Changing on earth for a heavenly spring—
There are the dead!

Fashion.

The favorable change in the weather has called
into existence several new dresses of white and
printed muslin, suitable for fetes-champetres and
morning parties, or for a superior style of prome-
nade costume. Among the prettiest we have ob-
served are some composed of white muslin, orna-
mented with a small pattern in embroidery. The
skirts are trimmed with two or three flounces, fin-
ished at the edge with a broad hem, within which
is passed a colored ribbon; pink, lilac or straw col-
or being the favorite hues. Each flounce is sur-
mounted by a trimming, formed either of boullonne
ribbon as that used for the hem, or of a ruche of
muslin scalloped at the edge. This ruche, in-
stead of being scalloped, is sometimes edged by a
row of narrow Valenciennes lace, in which case
the hem, with the colored ribbon inserted, gains
in appearance by having a bordering of Valenci-
ennes edging placed above and below it. The
corsages of these dresses are usually made open
in front, and, together with the bodice and sleeves,
are edged round with trimmings of ribbon, mus-
lin, and lace, similar to those employed to orna-
ment the gowns.

An extremely elegant white muslin dress, in-
tended to be worn over a slip of white gross-de-
tours, may be thus described: The dress has four
vandyke flounces, the vandykes being of the leaf
pattern with the point turned downwards. With-
in each vandyke a rose is embroidered in white.
The flounces are headed by a boullonne of mus-
lin placed over a band of light-blue ribbon. Up-
on the boullonne are fixed at intervals small bows
of light-blue ribbon of two different tints, one deeper
than the other. The corsage is high, and fast-
ens at the back; the front is ornamented with hori-
zontal rows of needle work and Valenciennes in-
sertion; under the rows of worked muslin inser-
tion are passed stripes of bright-blue ribbon, and
and under the rows of Valenciennes ribbon of a
paler blue. The sleeves are trimmed with four
frills, one above the other, the uppermost one be-
ing four or five inches below the shoulder; and
the whole surmounted by a boullonne of muslin
with bows of ribbon intermingled.

Dresses of printed muslin in small patterns, con-
sisting of bouquets of flowers, or in arabesque pat-
terns in blue, lilac, and pink, are frequently trim-
med with one very deep flounce. This flounce
is bordered by three small ruches of the muslin
itself, the ruches being edged with the color pre-
dominating in the dress. A ruche of larger size
than those at the edge surmounts the flounce. A
more elegant style of trimming these dresses con-
sists of the substitution of ruches of ribbon for
those of muslin. The ribbon should correspond
with the dress in pattern and color. One of the
new muslin dresses, having the pattern in white
and pink, has the flounces, corsage, and sleeves
trimmed with ruches of plain pink ribbon. Bows
of the same ornament the corsage, and loop up the
sleeves. Another very pretty style of trimming
these dresses consists of flounces edged with nar-
row fringe of one or two colors, harmonising with
the tints of the dress.

Some of the new silk dresses present a novelty
in manufactures. The flouncing is edged with
fringe woven in the loom. One of the most dis-
tinguished of these new silks is glace, amethyst-color
and white, the fringe at the edge of the flounces
being of the same colors.—*European Times.*

With what a scornful disregard of wealth and
the position of the moment, Almighty God scatters
the priceless gift of genius among his children!
The great poet—the illustrious statesman—the elo-
quent orator, is as likely to go forth from the brow-
ning laborer's cottage over the way, as from the
sumptuous palaces of the capital. The future
ruler of an empire may be unconsciously digging
in yonder field; and this very school may be, un-
der God, the appointed means of revealing his un-
suspected destiny to him and the world.

Professor Filton.

The Secret.

Roger Bacon was an English monk, who taught
in the University of Oxford more than six hun-
dred years ago. He was a man of great learning,
skilled in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but especial-
ly fond of chemistry. He used to spend many
hours each day in one of the secret cells of the
convent, engaged in some experiment. While thus
employed, he had found that sulphur, charcoal,
and saltpetre, mingled together in a certain way,
would make a new and strange compound; indeed
so strange and dangerous did this new compound
seem, that the monk himself was almost afraid of
it, and therefore told no one of his discovery.

Among the pupils was a youth who was so fond
of study, and so prompt to obey his teachers, that
he became a favorite with all, and Roger Bacon
would often ask his help in his laboratory—a
large room where the students were instructed in
chemistry; but he never allowed him to enter his
private cell. This youth's name was Hubert de
Dreux.

Sometimes as Hubert sat reading or studying,
or mixing medicines in this larger room, he was
startled with sounds like thunder coming from his
master's apartment; and sometimes a bright light
shone for a moment through the chinks of the
door, then an unpleasant odor would almost suffo-
cate him.

All these things excited his curiosity; but when-
ever he knocked or strove to enter, Roger Bacon
would sternly bid him to attend to his own affairs,
and never again interrupt him. The door was al-
ways kept locked, and every time the boy ventur-
ed to ask the cause, he was silenced by his teacher's
gruff words and severe looks.

Months glided, away, and still he eagerly but
vainly sought to learn the secret. At length an
opportunity afforded. Roger Bacon was widely
known as a physician and surgeon. One cold
November day he was called to attend on Walter
de Losely, a rich man in the next town, who had
been dangerously hurt. The monk gave all the
necessary orders to Hubert, and bidding him to
be careful to put out the fires and lock the door
when he was done, he started on his errand of
mercy.

Hubert soon finished his task, and was just
bounding up the oaken stairway, when an evil
thought came into his mind. "Roger Bacon is
gone; he will not be back for several hours; I can
now find out what keeps him so much in that dark
damp cell." He looks anxiously around; no one
is near, and with a light step and fast-beating
heart, he reaches the forbidden room. The key is
not there, and so there is no hope of entering,
yet perhaps he may see something through the
key-hole, and kneeling, he presses his cheek
against the heavy door. It opens at his touch,
for Roger Bacon, in his haste, had locked without
closing it, and thus the eager boy stands where for
months he had longed to be. In vain he looks
for anything new or strange, and with a sad face
is turning away, when his eye falls on a huge book,
whose open page is still wet with ink from his
teacher's pen. It is written in Latin, but that is
as plain to him as his own English, and in another
moment he had read the secret so long hidden
from him.

Now he must try it for himself, to see if
the mixture is indeed so wonderful. "Ah!" he ex-
claimed, "this yellow powder is the sulphur; this
hard, clear substance is the saltpetre, and this
black powder must be the other. Here is the very
bottle my master has used; I will mix it in this
and see. The fire is not dead in the furnace; a
few sparks will give heat enough, and then Hubert
de Dreux is as wise as his wisest teacher."

All that afternoon Roger Bacon had been bend-
ing over the sick man's bed; he had done all he
could to relieve his sufferings, and as night was
coming on, he bade him good-bye and set out for
home. The wind whistled over the black hills,
and the monk wrapped his cloak closer around
him, and hurried his horse towards the convent's
good shelter. As he reached the top of the last
hill, Oxford lay before him with lights twinkling
here and there, and its tall spires rising high. Sudden-
ly a stream of flame rose from his convent high
on the darkened sky, and in an instant a roar
loud as the heaviest thunder burst on the still night,
and distinctly amid this fearful sound was heard
a sharp cry of distress. One moment and the
whole convent was on fire. The trembling
monk dashed down the hill side to the scene of
woe. As he sprang from his horse a man
drew forth from the ruins the lifeless form of Hubert.

The terrified crowd believed that Roger Bacon
had been practising witchcraft, and without list-
ening to his defence, threw him into a gloomy
dungeon. For many years he remained in prison,
but at last he was released, and at the age of
eighty, lay down in death. He wrote his well-
kept secret in strange words in one of his books,
and wise men studied long before they could read it.
He had discovered how to make gunpowder.

The terrible explosion in Oxford in 1282 does
not seem strange to us, for we know the wonder-
ful power of gunpowder; but to the people of Eng-
land at that time, it appeared to be the work of an
evil spirit. Thus, year by year, the world advanced
in knowledge, and the children of 1854 are
familiar with many things which were mysterious
to learned men six hundred years ago. How
grateful we should be to God for all our privile-
ges, and how careful to improve them aright.

"A GREAT COUNTRY!"—MEN OF AMERICA.
The greatest man, "take all in all," of the last
hundred years, was Gen. George Washington—an
American.

The greatest doctor of divinity was Jonathan
Edwards—an American.

The greatest philosopher was Benjamin Frank-
lin—an American.

The greatest living sculptor is Hiram Powers—an
American.

The greatest living historian is W. H. Prescott—an
American.

The greatest ornithologist was John Adams
Audubon—an American.

There has been no English writer in the present
age whose works have been marked with more
humor, more refinement, or more grace, than those
of Washington Irving—an American.

The greatest lexicographer, since the time of
Johnson, was Noah Webster—an American.

The inventors, whose works have been produc-
tive of the greatest amount of benefit to mankind
in the last century, were Godfrey, Fitch, Fulton,
and Whitney—all Americans.

The Southern Farmer.

The following extract is from Dr. Pierce's agri-
cultural address, delivered in Augusta last fall:

It is historically true, I believe, that no purely
agricultural country has been great, prosperous
and powerful. But the sun in his circuit never
looked upon a continent which afforded the same
encouragement and facilities for the highest per-
fection of the art as our own happy land. Yet
with all its advantages, agriculture, even here,
must depend for its profits, not upon the simple
productions of the ground, however abundant, but
on their marketable value. The want of a market
for the surplus produce of the farm has been in
many sections the incubus on the earnings of South-
ern husbandry. Railroads and factories are fast
removing this obstruction, and the stimulus is felt
in the increased cultivation of every article of con-
sumption. A yet further division of labor is
necessary, and the Southern States, with that great
staple which is all their own, might not only con-
trol the exchange and commerce of Europe and
America, but make of themselves a power to be
feared and in the councils of the country and the
intercourse of nations. And though it is said
the world is banded against us, yet by a wise use
of the means which God and nature have put into
our hands, by being just to ourselves and faithful
to our duties, we may defy our enemies, and in
default of their respect, send them naked through
the earth; for if the corn of Egypt in the olden
time fed the world, it is the glory of the South that
her cotton clothes it. This is our defence. I need
not shhort a Georgia audience to stand by their
arms.

In developing agriculture, as an art, it is an ex-
traordinary advantage unknown, at least to the
same extent, in other lands, that in this the planters
and farmers are the proprietors of the soil. In
England the farmers are tenants at will of the
lordly owner, or at least for a term of years, on
the security of a lease; and yet, under all the dis-
advantages of such a system, England is a land
of gardens. In France, the subdivisions of landed
property are so great as almost to prevent im-
provement by the hopelessness of the enterprise.
What reward can the French farmer expect from
the culture of his acre, or less, beyond the support
of his family? Even this result, however, may
demand science, skill and industry, and under the
joint application these specks may blossom in
beauty and gladden with harvest. But here in
Georgia (and in other States) the free-born citizen
counts his acres by the hundreds and they are his,
in fee simple, "to have and to hold," to sell, or
bequeath to his children after him. This fact and
this feeling of property might be made the basis of
improvement and the best reason for it, if local
attachment did not act so loosely upon us as a
people. The wandering tribes of earth, though
savage, linger about the graves of their fathers;
and with them, distance from the familiar objects
of childhood and the resting places of the dead they
loved, is exile. But we are restless, migratory,
sigh for the distant and the untried.

The desire of fortune, the love of gold, over-
rides the instincts of nature, the sentiments of the
heart. What of our birthplace, the memories of
of childhood, the hallowed friendship of house-
hold love, the consecrated churchyard, where lie
our parents and our children in nature's last sleep?
The very idea of home, sweet home, with all our
progress, civilization and refinement, we seem to
regard as the myth of some dreamy poet's brain.
Where is the Southern planter's home? Where?
Why on virgin lands at government prices. A
bag of cotton to the acre—ah! there is the
Louisiana, Texas, no matter what, there is the
land of promise. Farewell society, churches,
schools, old friends, and old Georgia too. Six
bags of cotton to the hand can never satisfy the
boundless cravings of our ambition. "More land,
more cotton, more negroes," that's the sentiment
we admire, the poetry we love, the tune that makes
music in our souls. But I hope this evil is abating,
if not by correcting our views of the great ends
of life and moderating our chase of fortune, yet by
the creation of ties that will hereafter bind us to
the land of our birth, and save society from the
mutations which have retarded it progress and de-
feated its hopes.

The Albatross.

The Albatross is the most poetic object on the
ocean. There is nothing in all nature so noble,
ethereal, spiritual—nothing animate that so brings
the sense of infinity and mystery and boundless
space into the daylight. His home is in the south-
ern oceans, below twenty degrees south of the
line. Here he ranges alone, or in company over
wastes of water that it takes fast ships from forty-
five to sixty days to sail across. His flight is not
high; it is in long, low swings, a mile or two
each way. Except in alighting and getting under
weigh again, he rarely moves his wings, only
sometimes giving a few grand, strong flaps; then
sailing away, now on one side, now on the other,
now far astern, and again across the ship's bows;
he may be watched in any weather going over a
hundred miles of distance to the ship's own sea.
No gale sends him to leeward, no calm lessens the
swiftness with which he "shaves with level wing
the deep." Sometimes there come hundreds of
his kind at once, at others I have watched a soli-
tary one for days together. I never saw one alight
except to pick up something which had fallen, or
was thrown from the ship, which had fallen, or
rising is graceful and ungraceful, but once afloat,
their motions have an almost supernaturally sub-
lime beauty. It is possible they may sleep at
night on the waves, but we never fell in with them
as we did with Cape Pigeons, in the dark. I have
thought I could perceive when the latter were
tired, after several days of rough weather, but
never the Albatross.

On a ship's deck they are powerless, except to
bite with their strong hooked bills. So far from
being able to "perch on mast or shroud," they
are web footed, and cannot fly from the deck or
even stand upon it, except momentarily. Their
plumage is white, spotted, often most beautifully,
with various shades of brown and black. Fifteen
feet is a low average for their stretch of wing;
some that we caught measured more than this, and
I heard of one being taken that reached twenty-
two. The expression of their eyes as they look
around them, helpless on the deck, is that which
might be ascribed to proud, noble women, made
the mock of pirates. Nothing but human ever
wore a look so high, so imploring, yet so daunt-
less.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Mr. Slow on Sympathy.

The Boston Post reproduces the following moral
reflection of Mr. Slow:

"Bismelech," said Mr. Slow, solemnly extend-
ing his arm like a pump handle, "you are now
old enough to understand the words of wisdom—
being eleven and a half, in other words half-past
eleven—and I wish to advise you never to inter-
fere with anybody, nor to interfere with nothing that
don't belong to you. Shut yourself up, like a gold
eagle in your pocket book, and don't get spent in
too much concern for others. If people is in-
clined to go to ruin, let 'em go if they're a mind
to—that business is it of your'n? If neighbors
quarrel, what business is it of your'n? Let 'em
fight it out. Why should you risk your precious
head in trying to save their's? When you trade
allers look to your side of the bargain; and leave
the one you are trading with to look after his. If
he gets bit 'taint your fault. Take keer of num-
ber one is scripper, the real golden rule, and he
that acts unto it never can die poor. Never have
anything to do with sympathy. Sympathy does not
pay. 'Taint worth one cent. But if you must
be sympathetic because it's popular, be sure be-
fore you begin that it ain't agoin' to cost you any-
thing, and then 'taint will do to invest in it.—
Nobody never lost anything by not being gener-
ous, so lay by for yourself what folks expects
you to give to poor people and other vagabonds,
and when you are old it will not depart from you.
You will have something to count on to make you
happy. Pay your doctor's bills; confound a hos-
pital, and buy a grave-stone full of exalted virtues.
Be careful, Bismelech, allers look after the main
chance, and beware of sympathy."

A WEDDING SPOILED.—On Sunday morning a
German named Charles Schork, desirous of taking
unto himself a "va rib" after the manner of men,
proceeded for that purpose with his lady love to
the German Catholic Church in William street,
where after making known their wishes, the priest
(Rev. Mr. Baillies) proceeded to tie the silken cord
that binds two willing hearts. In accordance with
the usual custom on such occasions, the question
was asked if there were any persons present who
had any objections to the proceeding; whereupon
Mr. Martin Stultz rose and made some very
weighty objections, to the effect that the said
Charles Schork had a wife and family now living
in Germany, and that he (Schork) had a few days
since received a letter from his wife, which he
could not read, and so brought it to him (Stultz)
to read for him, the substance of which was, that
she desired to come to this country, and asking
him to send her the necessary amount of money
to defray her expenses and those of his children.
Mr. Baillies becoming satisfied that the charges
were correct, refused to consummate the matrimo-
nial purposes of the disappointed bridegroom,
whereat he became exceedingly indignant at Mr.
Stultz, swearing vengeance against him, and after
the dismissal of the congregation, commenced a
furious assault upon, and would probably have
killed him but for the interference of the crowd.

Complaint was made by Mr. Baillies to Justice
Baldwin, who issued a warrant for his arrest,
which was accomplished yesterday morning while
following Mr. Stultz through a number of streets,
storming and threatening to kill him. He was
taken before the same Justice, who committed him
to the tender mercies of the "lock up." The in-
tended bride is a very respectable German girl,
and expresses her entire satisfaction at her fortunate
escape from such a gay Lothario.

Newark, N. J. Mercury.

INSANITY.—In a lecture recently delivered be-
fore a London Society, a distinguished physician
stated that there is one form of insanity which,
though unknown a few years ago in England is
now becoming quite common. It appears in men
of all classes, but seldom in women. Its causes
are mostly to be found in anxiety, reverses, and
in over exertion in depressing circumstances. Its
commencement is marked by neglect of business
and an indulgence of extravagant fancies. The
patient considers himself on the eve of possessing
great wealth and high rank. He speaks of vast
designs, his temper becomes capricious, and the
physician notices a peculiar lingering in his speech
and a slight alteration in his manner of walking.
But he appears in fine spirits and acknowledges
no illness. By and by paroxysms of irritability
attack him, and his malady makes rapid advances.
His speech becomes more indistinct, and his
strength, both of body and mind, grow less. Nu-
trition goes on well, and the exhilaration of spirits
often remains when the patient can no longer
walk or speak so as to be understood. This kind
of insanity is believed to be incurable, although
the patient's life may sometimes be prolonged for
years. Its usual denomination is general paral-
ysis.

THE SOUTH UNITED.—A few years ago a bitter
feud separated and agonized the southern peo-
ple. Now they are united as a band of brothers.
Who would disturb this concert of action and
of feeling? Who would exchange the present state
of good-will among men for the animosities and
criminations that preceded and succeeded the ex-
citing controversy of 1851? Who would hear
the cry of separation advocated by Americans
who were misled by apprehension or by anger,
and by the most violent threats of force? Let us
thank God that all is over, and neither seek to in-
quire into the cause that has produced this happy
and healthful change, nor to give the victory to
either section of the Union in the premises. One
thing is clear from this prospect, and from sur-
rounding facts—that the South did not rejoice in
the spirit of triumph—for she gained only what
belonged to her—when she saw the people of the
United States ready, in one imposing acclaim,
to recognize her rights in the most formal and
practical manner. At the same time, the North can
recall the past and compare it with the present
with feelings of high and peculiar pride. The
union of the South maddens such fanatics as Gree-
ley, however, and he is laboring to furnish a con-
trast to it by exciting dissensions at the North.
He has failed at this game before; he will again.

Washington Union.

A man had better be poisoned in his blood than
in his principles.
Begin nothing until you have considered how it
is to be finished.

Mechanics' Institute at Richmond.

A Mechanic's Institute is about being formed
in Richmond, Va. The Constitution proposes the
institution of a School of Design, a Chemical
Laboratory, a Library, Public Lectures, and an
Annual Exhibition. All these enterprises it is
not supposed, can be promptly put in operation,
but in due time they can be accomplished. We
hail with great satisfaction this movement in our
State. To elevate the character of the mechanic,
and to give him that due weight and importance
in society which he merits, is his own work.—
Mental culture is alone needed. When the mind
co-operates with the physical powers, all must see
and acknowledge the dignity of labor, and its value
and importance. Let us have our mechanics
well informed, well educated, and well improved,
and, with their means and capabilities, there
would not be such a body of men in the world.
Capital and labor would move on harmoniously
together, the latter using the former for its good,
and repaying it ten-fold; and the former only
conferring employment, blessings, and happiness.
Mechanics Institutes; with their laboratories, li-
braries, lectures, and schools, would be no place
for the designs of the vicious, the disturbances of
bad hearted agitators, or for fomenting disputes,
and exciting jealousies and discontents, which in-
variably end in loss and discredit to the work-
men, and not unfrequently the ruin of themselves
and their families. The mechanics of the country
see and know this.—*Alex. Gazette, July 19.*

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.—It will be recollect-
ed that some two months ago we took occasion,
in writing of the condition of Europe, to explain
how and why it was that the first serious conti-
nental revolution would occur in Spain. Already
that prediction (founded on information only ob-
tainable, on this side of the Atlantic, in Wash-
ington city) has been confirmed. Letters received
by various parties here this morning from Lon-
don, Paris and Madrid, confirm our previous ex-
pectations of the serious character of this contest.
It is not to be doubted that the revolutionists, who
have hoisted the republican banner, already have
the upper hand in Madrid and also in Barcelona
and elsewhere in the Provinces. Though Gen.
O'Donnell is the nominal head of the revolution,
in London and Paris it is understood by the best
informed persons that Espartero (a sincere Republi-
canist) is the real head of the movement, and that
Narvaez will very probably soon be found to be
engaged with him.

So far as the future of Cuba is to be affected
by the result of this revolution, we have to say,
that be that result as it may, it cannot fail to ha-
sten our acquisition of the Island. If the revolu