

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

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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, OCTOBER 13, 1854.

NO. 12.

Business Cards, &c.

R. P. WARING,
Attorney at Law,
Office in Lane's Brick Building, 2nd floor,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ELMS & JOHNSON,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
NO. 10 VENDUE RANGE,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
W. W. ELMS. C. JOHNSON.
June 23, '54. 451.

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

T. STENHOUSE & Co.,
FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 2 Hope Street,
CHARLESTON S. C.

REFER TO
Hand, Williams & Wicks, Charleston, S. C.
J. K. Harrison & Co., Charleston, N. C.
Williams, Dixon & Co.,
B. Chandler, Chattanooga, Aug. 11, '51—6m

RHETT & ROBSON,
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 from a long experience in the business, we
feel confident of giving satisfaction.
March 17, 1854. 34-1y

Dry Goods in Charleston, S. C.
BROWNING & LEMAN,
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS,
Nos. 209 and 211 King street, corner of Market Street,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Plantation Woollens, Blankets, &c., Carpetings and
Curtain Materials, Silks and Rich Dress Goods, Cloaks,
Mantillas and Shawls. Terms Cash. One Price Only.
March 17, 1854. 34-1y

RANKIN, PULLIAM & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING,
NO. 131 MEETING STREET,
sept 23, '53 1y CHARLESTON, S. C.

H. E. WILLIAMS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
PANAMA, LEGHORN, FUR SILK & WOOL
HATS,
OPPOSITE CHARLESTON HOTEL,
sept 23, '53 1y CHARLESTON, S. C.

H. A. COHEN & COHN,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
NO. 175 EAST BAY,
(10-1y) CHARLESTON, S. C.

WARDLAW, WALKER & BURNSIDE,
COTTON FACTORS
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Commission for selling Cotton Fifty cents per Bale.
Sept 23, 1853. 10-1y.

RAMSEY'S PIANO STORE,
MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
NUNNS & CO.'S Patent
Diagonal Grand Pianos—
Ballet Davis & Co.'s Patent
Suspension Bridge Pianos;
Chickering's, Travers's and
other best makers' Pianos, at
the Factory Prices.
Columbia, S. C., Sept. 23, 1853. 10-1y.

CAROLINA INN,
BY JENNINGS B. KERR,
Charlotte, N. C.
January 28, 1853. 251

Mrs. A. W. WHELAN,
LINEN AND DRESS MAKER,
(Residence, on Main Street, 3 doors south of Saller'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. 9, 1853—8-1y.

The American Hotel,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
I BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and pres-
ent 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 thor-
oughly repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first
class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, and pleasant
situation, rendering it a desirable house for travellers
and families.
Dec 16, 1853. 221 C. M. RAY.

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,
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

WANTED.
300,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT, for which the
highest cash prices will be paid, to be de-
livered at his Merchant Mill in Charlotte, at any time
after the 1st day of September next.
LEROY SPRINGS,
June 23, 1854. 481c

Robert A. Whyte,
(LATE EDITOR OF THE GEORGIA HOME GAZETTE.)
The Louisville Journal thus speaks of the fol-
lowing beautiful lines: "One might almost wish
to die if he knew that so beautiful a tribute as this
would be written in his memory!"

On the bosom of a river,
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,
Or the starlight streamed forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free.
Morning dew-drops hung, like manna,
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the zephyr rose to fan her,
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow, a pilot beaming
In the flush of youth, stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious seeming,
Like an angel from above.
Through his hair the breezes sported,
And as on the wave he floated,
O'er that pilot, angel throated,
Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks so brightly flowing,
Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands anon were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold.
Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple waves divided,
And a rainbow arch abided,
On his canvass' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts, with fond devotion,
Watch him sailing to the ocean,
Praying that no wild commotion,
Midst the elements might rise.
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water-lilies' corolla,
Trembled to his music's sighs.

But those purple waves enchanted,
Rolled beside a city haunted,
By an awful spell, that daunted,
Every comer to her shore.
Night shades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marble statues numbered
Where the lotus-eaters slumbered
Awoke to life no more.

Then there rushed with lightning quickness,
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dew in fearful thickness,
Gathered o'er his temples fair.
And there swept a dying murmur,
Through the lovely Southern summer,
As the beauteous pilot came,
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver,
On the starlight streams forever,
In its bosom as before.
But that vessel's rainbow banner,
Gleets no more the gay savanna,
And that pilot's late drops manna
On the purple waves no more.

JULIA PLEASANTS.

"Up and Bottoms;"

OR THE WAY 'SOL SOLD' HIS DADDY.

BY THE AUTHOR.
'Solomon, my son,'
And he came very quickly 'forward,' to use a
sailor phrase, for the old man caught him up in
the hay loft a 'chuckin' dice with Jim, an elder
brother, and he knew he was a goner.
'What am you doin' here?' asked his da-
dy.

'A playin' of *Secat*,' said Sol, gathering up
what constituted the 'bank.'
'*Secat*! And what's that sonny?'
'Why, you see this 'ere board, with 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, painted on? Well, Jim said he would bet
on any other figure than 5, if I'd let him dou-
ble, and I throw three sixes every time and put
him to perfect smash.'

Old Mr. Science didn't quite understand this
answer, but reckoned to himself the 'little rascal'
had been 'ere gambin' and a wuzin' one another's
money.'
'Jim,' said he, 'jest tote yourself in to the
house, and stay there till I come; and you,
Solomon, go and cut me a willow branch—di-
rectly.'

'What for?' asked Sol.
'I'm going to give you a lickin' my son—
what sez the scripture? "Spare the rod and spile
the child," and if I should do that thing you'd con-
tinue to go on in this wicked way until you'd come
to the gallus.'

'Daddy,' said the youngster, 'puttin' both
hands in his trousers pockets, 'there's no use
talkin' to me in that solemn strain, for I tell you
I'm bound to be a gambler—gallus or no gallus!'
Now, there Nancy Smith, the female I set up
with, she sez as how I am a lam, and don't all
lambs gambol?

'Hold your tongue, you dratted skunk, you'r
ignorant as a hess; an' if you don't take warning
you'll come to a dreadful end, sure as you're a
human bein', Solomon; I say, them gamblers have
a dealin' with the devil, and if you should go
down to New York with ten dollars in your pocket,
they'd win all from you in a day.'

'I'll bet they would!'
'Besides, if they couldn't get no how else
they'd cut your throat with a banna, and then
chuck you down some of those hundred feet
pits!'

'Who's afraid? I'm a teapot if I don't think I
could beat the captain of the hull crew to shivers
with these 'ere dice. Why I can throw three
sixes a dozen times—hand runnin'—and, daddy I
can tell you how many spots is on the top and bot-
tom without lookin'!

'And let me shake them up and kiver 'em
over!'
'Yes, daddy.'
'And you turn yer back and shet your eyes?'
'Exactly.'
'It can't be done,' said the old man solemnly
'the thing's impossible! Angels couldn't do it,
—I couldn't do it?'

'Well, I kin,' said Sol, with a grin.
'Silence! you dratted villian; don't I tell you
nobody could?'

'What'll yer bet?'
'Me bet? An old man almost in my grave
and a deacon at that? What would sister
Crump say I wonder, if she was to hear of such a
thing?'

'No dad,' said Sol, 'I did'n't mean to say you
wouldn't, but I tell you what I did mean—
You see I've got five dollars in silver and I want
five more to buy a watch. Now if you'll give
me five I'll do the trick; I'll give you five if I
don't.'
'And did you say I should shake the things,'
asked Mr. S.

'Of course,' nodded Sol.
The old man scratched his head and muttered
to himself. It can't be wicked to try, for it
ain't bettin', and the boy can't do it, cause it's
impossible. Besides it will drive all them nasty
notions out of his head, and he'll never do no
more. Yes, I'll hum him this wuzn—I 'so
Solomon!

'Yes, sir.'
'What did you say was the trick?'
'Why, you take these 'ere dice, and shake 'em
yourself, and I'll tell you how many spots there is
on the top and bottom—and won't look! If I don't
you can have my five dollars; and if I do you
must give me your five.'

'Well, sonny, I'll do it. Give the things to
me.'
'There they be,' said Sol, handing the dice to
him; 'now put your five dollars in this
pile 'long with mine so all will be fair you
know.'

'I will,' and the old man laid a ragged Indiana
V amongst Solomon's silver and put the dice in his
hat. After shaking them a good ten minutes
he dumped them to the floor, and said he was
ready.

'Wait a spell,' said Sol, makin' believe he was
puzzled; 'all right, I guess there's just twenty-
one.'
The old man raised the hat—counted both ends
of the dice—top and bottom; and of course there
was just twenty-one.

'Bless the Lord!' said he, the child has done
it—sick and sure, but it wuz'n fair—I declare to
nature it wuz'n! If you'll do it again I'll give you
another five dollars, and get you a new pair of
breeches besides.'

'Well, daddy, go ahead; but I don't think I
can guess again, no how. That's right, shake 'em
a heap, hain't got no objection whatever.'

'All right!'
'Yes.'
'Well, there's just twenty-one spots there this
time, too.'

Up comes the hat. 'There's three sixes daddy,
that's eighteen. Turn 'em over—three aces that
makes twenty one again, by thunder!'
The old man held up his hand and groaned.

'Merciful Egypt! did you ever? No I never
did. Solomon, my son, how is it done?'

'Done?' said Solomon, gathering up his dad-
dy's dimes, 'done? I don't like to tell you how
that was done but (aside) you were 'done' con-
siderous.—N. Y. Dutchman.

GERMAN BRIDES.—Mr. James Brooks, of the
New York Express, who is now in Europe, in a
recent letter says:

The Germans, by the way, have a queer way
of making 'Brides,' and of doing some other
things in the courting and marrying way, which
may interest you, perhaps. When a maiden is
betrothed, she is called 'Bride,' and so continues,
till she becomes 'wife.' All the while she is en-
gaged she is a 'Bride.' The lovers, immediately
upon the betrothal, exchange plain gold rings,
which are worn ever afterwards, till death parts
them. The woman wears hers on the third finger
of the left hand, and the man his, on his—hand.
When the 'Bride' becomes 'wife,' her ring is
transferred to the third finger of the right hand,
and there it remains. The husband always wears
his ring just as the wife wears hers, so that if you
look upon a man's hand, you can tell whether he
is married or not. There is no cheating for
him ever after—no courting with the girls, as if
he were an unmarried man; for lo! the whole
story is told by his finger ring. A Viennese
married lady was much amused when I told her
that in our country we only 'ring' the women, but
let the husbands run at large, unmarked! 'Oh
that is dreadful!' said she, more than half shocked.

'Think, there is Frederick, my husband—only 24
—so young, so handsome—and all the girls would
be taking him for an unmarried man, and he
making love to him! 'Oh, it is dreadful! 'is it
not?' 'They would never know he was married,'
'How can you do so in your country?' 'I would
not live there with Frederick for the world.—
Thinking over the reasoning of my fair Viennese,
I could not but come to the conclusion with her,
that in her country there was more security for
the wife; and that, therefore, her custom was
better than ours. But would not there be a rebel-
lion among the men in America, if the wives there
thus put a public stamp of 'property' upon their
husbands every step they took. The Germans
have other agreeable customs in their silver wed-
dings (*silberne hochzeit*) (the twenty-five years of
wedded life) and their golden weddings, (*goldene
hochzeit*) (50 years); but of these so much has
been written, that I can probably write you nothing
new. If ever I get time, I will consecrate a whole
chapter to you on German courtships and Ger-
man wedded life—but this letter is just now medley
enough.

THE POOR OF THIS WORLD.—God's ways are
not as the ways of men. They often seem in-
explicable to the human mind. None are more
so than those which concern choice as to the ob-
jects of his favor. He selects, as a general thing,
not the rich of this world, but the poor, not the
noble and the mighty, but the humble and the weak.

Moses was the son of a poor Levite—Gideon
was a thrasher—David was a Shepherd boy—
Amos was a herdsman—the apostles were 'igno-
rant and unlearned.' The reformer, Zwingle,
emerged from a shepherd's hut among the Alps.
Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reforma-
tion, was a workman in an armorer's shop. Mar-
tin Luther was the child of a poor miner.

Corey, who originated the plan of translating
the Bible into the language of the millions of Hin-
dostan, was a shoemaker in Northampton. Dr.
Morison who translated the Bible into the Chinese
language, was a last-maker, in Newcastle. Dr.
Milne was a herdsboy in Aberdeenshire. Dr. Adam
Clark was the child of Irish cottagers. John Foster
was a weaver; Andrew Fuller was a farm-servant.
William Jay of Bath, was a herdsmen; and the
present Archbishop of York is the son of a draper.

North Bend, rendered famous as the residence
and burial place of President Harrison, will soon
be converted into a town. A considerable portion
of it has been purchased by some capitalists, who
contemplate laying it out in town lots and offering
them for sale.

Agriculture and the Professions.

When young men are about completing their
education, they very wisely ask themselves what
they shall do. A few, scanning the various pur-
suits, luckily hit on something in harmony with
their tastes, while the greater part look only to
the professions as the legitimate sphere of edu-
cated men. Now this conclusion is all wrong. A
college education aims at a professional life no
more than any other; but only at a general dis-
cipline and culture of mind which may be applied
to all pursuits. There are, no doubt, some in each
class, who are adapted to and will honor any of
the professions; but the greater part are not, and
they enter them rather because they are honor-
able, than in hopes of honoring them. But we
have little sympathy with those luminaries which
seek to shine by a reflected light. We have been
taught to believe that the man should honor his
office, not the office the man; and that it is better
to move at the head of even an humble calling,
than follow in the rear of a dignified profession.
We will rather raise potatoes which somebody
will eat, than make speeches which no one will
hear, or write books which no one will read.

But if these young gentlemen will carefully
look around, they will perhaps find other avenues
to wealth and distinction, besides the professions.
Take for instance, agriculture—not simply the
art of plowing the ground, but agriculture viewed
in all its practical and scientific bearings, and
they will possibly find scope for the display of at
least moderate capacities. Indeed, if we mistake
not, some enter the professions, who would not
find a waste of talent in agricultural pursuits, and
who are quite as well suited to them. But so
many young men are captivated with the idea of
professional or political titles and life, that they
overlook what they call the humbler vocations.
So away they go, talking of Robert Halls and
Daniel Websters, between whom and themselves
there is no more comparison than between the
Alps and an ant-hill. We would not be thought
to underrate the professions by any means; but
we believe strongly in an adaptation, a fitness for
things. If a man has not a natural capacity for
one pursuit let him take up another for which he
has a natural capacity. Better handle the plow
with grace, than make a stupid argument.

Not yet does this avocation preclude access to
political distinction, to which so many young men
aspire. We know some farmers who stand as
good a chance for office as many of their profes-
sional brethren, and who are as well able to flour-
ish as delicate a hand, or quibble as accurately,
or talk as homily;—but in good sense and sound
judgment—the essential elements of a man—they
are by no means inferior. We always like to see
such men—good honest souls—who lean not on
the dignity of their professions, but themselves.
Such men are at once the strength and pride of
the country.

Let not young men, therefore, think a profes-
sion the 'sine qua non' of human greatness, but
let them cast about and see what they are fitted
and have a taste for. They will go to work thor-
oughly and earnestly, and be sure to succeed,
while on the other hand, they will most surely
fail.—*American Agriculturist.*

BLIND TO HIS OWN INTEREST.—The St. Louis
Intelligencer relates the following amusing in-
cident, as having occurred there a few days ago:

One of Health's sprinkling wagons used to dam-
pen the streets of our city by water from a large re-
servoir, containing several hogheads, was pro-
ceeding slowly down Fourth street, engaged in
the laudable task of flooring the dust, when the at-
tention of a raw Hoosier was attracted towards
this singular looking vehicle:

'Hallo, stranger!' said he, addressing himself
quite audibly to the driver, 'you're losin' all your
water there.'

No answer was made by the person addressed.
'I say, old hoss,' said the flossier, 'you'r los-
in' your water right smart, that I tell you, and
it be losin' and if your old tub won't be dry, next
time you know.'

The driver was still silent, and the stranger
again addressed John.
'Look here, you fool, don't you see something
broke loose in your old cistern upon wheels, and
that all your water is leaking out.'

Still the driver was silent, and the Hoosier turned
away in disgust, saying—
'I'll allow that feller is a little the biggest fool
I ever did see; but if he's so blind to his own inter-
est as to throw his labor away in that manner, let
him do it and be d—d!'

Every body has heard of the gentleman who de-
scribed his country seat as having a 'Lemonade'
in front, a 'Porto-rico' to each wing, a 'Pizarro'
in the rear, with an 'Anecdote' by which the wa-
ter was conveyed into a 'Resurrection' in the
'Erie.' If we had ever heard of that gentleman's
having taken up his residence south of Mason and
Dixon's line we should have no doubt that he was
identical with the one who, as a Louisiana corre-
spondent narates, thus announced some contem-
plated architectural improvements:

'I contend,' said he, 'among other 'pusillan-
imous things to put a' 'Disclosure' around that
field, plant a 'Harbor' in the middle, and cut a
'Revenue' up to the door. And ther when I
have built a 'Perdition,' to my house, I shall
be able to receive my friends in a 'hostile man-
ner.'

A SAD PICTURE.—The Journal of Commerce
says:
'Not a night passes, we are truthfully told with-
out burglaries. Fires are of constant occurrence.
Midnight brawls are frequent. Murders follow
upon each other with frightful rapidity. Punish-
ment for these offences is slow and not sure in the
few cases in which arrests are made. It is un-
doubtable that there is a far wider sympathy for
criminals than is compatible with the public good.'
This is indeed a sad picture of the Empire City.

CHOICE FODDER.—A correspondent of the New
Orleans Picayune, writing from Bayou Sara,
Louisiana, under dated of the 17th of September,
says:
'The sugar planters here have nothing to complain
of except the low prices of last year. It is a fact
that the planters here are feeding their molasses
to their mules, and I am told mixed with hay
or straw it makes most excellent food, and that the
stock are very fond of it.'

The North and South.

The Petersburg Intelligencer, an able Whig
Journal, has the following remarks on the political
aspect of affairs at the North:

Months ago this paper took the ground that in
a national sense of the term the Whig party had
ceased to exist, its destruction having been accom-
plished by the open abandonment of the National
Constitution by the Whigs of the North, who are
loudly professing the most devoted loyalty to that
great instrument. At the time when we made this
declaration, and called on the Whigs of the South
to look out for themselves, we incurred the censure
of more than one Southern Whig journal, and
were charged with making a rash and precipitate
movement, which, if followed up, might hasten the
advent of evils which might otherwise be arrested
in their progress. We took this censure, we hope,
in a becoming spirit, being well assured that time
would vindicate the truth of our position and the
folly of trusting our rights to the defence of Northern
patriots. We had no pride of opinion about this,
and God forbid that we should have any. Most
gladly would we have stood exposed as a false
prophet and idle dreamer did the facts warrant
such an exposure.

But unfortunately for the country, time in its
march, at every step, brought confirmation strong
as proofs of holy writ! that our apprehensions
were but too well founded. At the North now all
dispute is thrown off, and the wild surges of aboli-
tionism are sweeping away every vestige of con-
servative sentiment. Whatever of conservative
feeling might have existed once there has been
intimidated, beaten down and rendered powerless,
and the whole country is drunk with the madness
and fanaticism of abolition. We learn from the
most intelligent sources (from gentlemen who have
been eye and ear witnesses of their conduct and
proceedings) that it is perfectly evident that a
large majority of the Northern people look to a
dissolution of the Union as a great good, to attain
which no exertions should be spared. We are
well aware that there exists a class of persons in
the South who are always exclaiming, "There is
no danger, the abolitionists are a contemptible
faction, which, if let alone and undisturbed, would
soon die out. This has been the language ever
since those demons of mischief, Arthur Tappan and
Lloyd Garrison, commenced their damnable opera-
tions with a handful of followers. Since then, this
squad has grown with every rolling year, until we
now behold a great army of traitors panting for
an opportunity of pulling down the pillars of the
Government and crying out, "now let chaos come
again!"

There exists in the South a class of men who,
although unconsciously to themselves, contribute
to keep the South in ignorance of its true position
and policy—the class to whom the mercantile interest
God forbid that we should charge them with sym-
pathizing with abolitionists. Our meaning is simply
this, that the mercantile interest of the South is
necessarily so intimately interlaced with the North,
that a fatal blow to the Union would produce the
wildest scene of commercial ruin ever conceived,
and consign hundreds of thousands to perfect
beggary. And it is to stave off this day of un-
utterable woe that the merchants of the South—
many, very many of them, too, being Northern
men—say to their neighbors, "Be patient, there
is a good time coming yet; the abolitionists will
be put down." This enervating and destructive
advice is only calculated to deliver up the South,
bound hand and foot, to the Northern oppressors
—it is positive "fiddling while Rome is burning!"
and the planters of the South, upon whose great
interests the brunt of the war is waged, should
utterly scold it.

We say war is waged, for who, with half an
eye, cannot see that the war has commenced, to
end God alone knows how or when. While we
write, the Northern people are making the most
strenuous efforts to fill the next Congress with
members pledged to a repeal of the fugitive slave
law and the restoration of the Missouri ques-
tion, and what shall prevent their success? Nothing
but a bold united front on the part of the South.
If there should be any wavering and quailing, we
should be reduced to a bondage, to which death in
ten thousand different shapes would be preferable.
This bold, united front cannot be held unless we
go to work "while it is called to-day," and not
await the night when no man can work. Let us
rouse up our people in the mountains, the valleys
and the plains. Let us meet in conventions in
States, in districts, in counties, and at cross roads,
and send back the proud defiance of freedom ready
to die in defence of their rights to the Northern
invader, and drive him back to his bleak and in-
hospitable regions.

"YOUNG AMERICA."—In his discourse before
the Literary Societies of the Universities of Vir-
ginia, John Mitchell makes the following appeal,
full of the ring of the true metal to "Young
America":

"On America especially, and in a more signal
manner, as I fondly believe, devolves this glorious
business. You cannot, young Americans! you
cannot regenerate your kind; but you can make
your own lives sublime; you can make the history
of your own land a panorama of great ends, a
Pantheon of demigods. And is this nothing? Do
you not find this an aim high enough to nerve
your souls to all manly actions? That block of
cold, gray granite, which presses the dust of Jef-
ferson on Monticello, speaks to you here and now—
He that hath ears to hear, let him hear! The
genius of your country beckons to you from the
summits of the Cordilleras—woos you into the
balmy airs of the Pacific—sighs to you out of the
palm-groves of the Antilles, as chained Andromeda
sighed for her deliverer. Aye, an Opportunity,
too, a winged horse of Pegasus, saddled and bitted,
comes bounding by: miss it, and you may sit
long helpless by the wayside; but seize the steed,
mount, and ride victoriously, and the sounding
corners of Time shall long echo the clang of your
sounding hoofs, and the pages of history shall
gleam and glow forever with the pomp of your
pre-destined march.

VIADOTE.—This is the name of a new style of
ladies' bonnets, of Persian origin. It is so con-
structed that it can be folded and packed up into
a small case of two and-a-half inches deep, ren-
dered it perfectly improved. The bonnet can
be made in every style, and turned in every
height of the fashion, without impairing its char-
acter.

Love of Country.

It scarcely matters where a man is born, whether
amid the frost and snow of Polar regions, or in
Southern climes, where the verdure of earth is
perennial, he loves, and to the latest hour of his
life will love, his native land. It may be bleak
and inhospitable; its government may be oppres-
sive; still he clings to the soil on which he was
born with an unflinching affection, and withers-
ever he may go into other and more beautiful
countries, his memory in waking hours and in
dreams wanders to his childhood's home—he
loves it though it exiles him, and is proud of its
name and fame, while its yoke sits galling on his
neck. Love of country is a life-imprinted senti-
ment, accompanying nature in the rudest savage and the
most polished civilized man.

And it is a beautiful ordinance in our nature
that we are all pervaded by this sentiment. From
this springs the fraternity of race and nation; the
cohesion of individuals into communities, and the
inclination of communities to a "local habitation
and a name." From this, too, spring the strong-
est manifestations of brotherhood—man caring
first for himself, family and kindred; then for the
community and nation to which he belongs.
Through this isolate fraternity, man, rising in in-
telligence, extends the brotherhood of commu-
nities to the human race. From this, too, springs
patriotism, which, without a country endeared by
peculiar associations to love and defend, would
not exist. If man was bound in mind and heart to
no peculiar spot of earth; if the birth-place,
the hearths, the altars, and the graves of kindred
were no bond, his sentiment, from first to last,
would be unmitigated selfishness, and instead of
meeting and defying danger by his hearth and
altar, he would fly to other spaces of earth. He
would be continually a wanderer—a nomad—
careless where he pitched his tent, or where his
grave was scooped.

And since this sentiment is so strong, so essen-
tial, and so beautiful for the development and
brotherhood of our common race, how steadily
intelligent peoples and nations should strive to
render their native lands—their countries—worth-
y of their love and praise. The Roman of to-
day is abject and bowed down, because his country
is desecrated and shorn of the beauty and
glory which inspired the conquering legions of the