

WESTERN DEMOCRAT.

A Family Paper, devoted to State Intelligence, the News of the World, Political Information, Southern Rights, Agriculture, Literature, and Miscellany.

BY JOHN J. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

CHARLOTTE, MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.

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TERMS OF THE PAPER: Two Dollars a year, in Advance.

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EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET. Thankful for past favors, they would solicit a continuance of the same from all their friends and "the rest of mankind."

Puff! Puff! Puff! We have no allusion to a newspaper puff, but to a puff as a puff, on a genuine imported Cigar—such as you can find at the Eagle Saloon.

Old Crescent Brandy, Vintage of 1840, to be found at the Eagle Saloon.

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Wines. Madeira, Port, Malaga, Sherry, and Teneriffe, of a superior quality, can always be found at the Eagle Saloon.

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Sardines, Lobsters, Pickles, Catsups, &c., &c., For sale at MILLER & ORR'S, EAGLE SALOON.

FROM SEBASTOPOL. THERE is nothing new from the Crimea, by the last arrival, but at Sebastopol, on Trade Street, there is something new.

The undersigned has purchased of James Bryant, his grocery and Liquor establishment, and invites the public to give him a call, assuring them that he will accommodate them with articles of the best quality, and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. Give Sebastopol a call, and judge for yourselves.

WM. PHELAN. Feb. 5, 1856.—if

Rags Wanted. HUGGINS & HARTY, at their Store on the corner of Main and Trade streets, will buy cotton Rags, and give the highest market price. Charlotte, March 4, 1856.—ly

ROBERT GIBBON, M. D.

OFFERS his professional services to the public, in the practice of SURGERY, in all its various departments. Dr. GIBBON will operate, treat, or give advice in all cases that may require his attention. Office No. 5, Granite Range, Charlotte, Feb. 19, 1856.—ly

ROBERT P. WARING, Attorney at Law, (Office in building attached to the American Hotel, Main street.) Charlotte, N. C. Jan. 29, 1856.—if

S. W. DAVIS, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Jan. 1, 1856.—if

FEMALE SCHOOL. THE second Term, or Summer Session of Miss SARAH F. DAVISON'S SCHOOL, will commence on the 1st of March next—the 1st Monday of the month. Charlotte, Feb. 26, 1856.—if

MRS. WHEALAN, Dress Maker, Opposite the Post-office.

ALL DRESSES cut and made by the celebrated A-B-C method, and warranted to fit.

BONNETS Trimmed in the latest style, at the shortest notice. Charlotte, Feb. 12, 1856.—if

MUSIC. Mrs. W. A. YONG will be pleased to give instructions to a few pupils in the PIANO FORTE. Terms made known upon application to her at the Mansion House, (formerly Sadler's Hotel.) March 11, 1856.—3m

Last Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that all the Notes and Accounts of Spratt & Allison—Spratt, Daniel & Allison & Daniel, are transferred to the undersigned, for the benefit of the creditors of said Firms respectively, and that they are in the hands of J. R. DANIEL, for immediate collection. No longer indulgence cannot be given, as the debts must be paid. JOHN ALLISON, J. R. DANIEL. Dec. 25, 1855.—if

A CARD. DR. SAM'L L. & JOSEPH W. CALDWELL have this day associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, and one or the other of them can at all times be found at their office, next door to the State Bank, upstairs, unless professionally engaged.

In all dangerous cases Dr. P. C. Caldwell will act as consulting physician free of charge. SAMUEL L. CALDWELL, JOSEPH W. CALDWELL. Jan. 22, 1856.—ly

DR. P. C. CALDWELL will be at the Office of Doctors J. W. & S. L. Caldwell from 8 to 10 o'clock, every morning. After that hour, he will be at his own house, subject to the call of any of his friends, unless professionally absent.

BOOKS For Sale AT THE CHARLOTTE BOOK STORE.

THE NEW PURCHASE, OR EARLY YEARS IN THE FAR WEST—By Robert Carlton & Co., and THE ADVENTURES OF HALJI BAHAI in Turkey, Persia, and Russia—Edited by James Morier.

STANHOPE BURLEIGH, The Jesuites in our Home—One of the most interesting Novels that has been written in many years—by Helen Dhu.

THE MUSEUM of Remarkable and Interesting Events, containing Historical Adventures and Incidents.

BLANCHE DEARWOOD—A Tale of Modern Life.

EVENING TALES—being a selection of wonderful and supernatural Stories, translated from the Chinese, Turkish, and German, and compiled by Henry St. Clair.

LEXICON OF FREE MASONRY. Containing a definition of all its communicable terms. The True Masonic Chart, by J. L. Cross, G. L. The Free-Mason's Manual, by Rev. W. K. J. Stewart.

Mackey's Ahim Rezon of South Carolina. The N. W. Masonic Trustee's Board.

THE OBD FELLOWS' MANUAL, by the Rev. A. B. Grass.

LOWRIE & ENNISS, Book-Sellers, Charlotte, March 4, 1856.

NO! FOR KANSAS.

ROBERT SHAW TAKES this opportunity of informing the public generally, and all who intend going to Kansas in particular, that he intends to continue the

Saddle and Harness Business, At his old stand, in Springs' Corner Building, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a supply of

Saddles, Bridles, Harness, &c. Of Every Description.

His friends are respectfully invited to call and supply themselves, as every article in his line will be afforded on the most reasonable terms.

REPAIRING done at the shortest notice and with neatness and dispatch. Charlotte, Feb. 26, 1856.—if

J. B. F. BOONE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN BOOTS & SHOES, SOLE LEATHER, CALF SKINS, LINING & BINDING SKINS, SHOE TOOLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CHARLOTTE, N. C. Oct. 20, 1854.

General Intelligence.

MOUNT VERNON NOT FOR SALE.

The following letter, says the S. C. Spartan, addressed by the owner, John A. Washington, to Mrs. M. S. Wofford, of our village, brings out the startling fact, after all that has been done by the ladies of the South, and the greater labor and means they are still willing to bestow upon the movement, that Mount Vernon is not for sale. How is this? What is the explanation? At the instance of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of Richmond, Edward Everett delivered his great oration on Washington in the Capitol of Virginia, realizing for the funds of the organization over \$300, and it is to be repeated at various points in Virginia and elsewhere, for the same purpose. In addition, stimulated by the advent of Everett in the Old Dominion, the Legislature of Virginia passed a bill incorporating the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union, and yet patriotic ladies, ready and able to stimulate the sacred purpose, are told "that Mount Vernon is not for sale."

MOUNT VERNON, March 14th, 1856. To Mrs. Maria S. Wofford: Madam—I have received your letter of March 6th, respecting the purchase of Mount Vernon by the ladies of different parts of the United States.

In reply, I respectfully inform you that Mount Vernon is not for sale.

I am, most respectfully, your obdt. serv't, JOHN A. WASHINGTON.

THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

The Mayor of London recently gave a dinner to Mr. Buchanan, our retiring Minister. In response to an address from the Mayor, Mr. Buchanan, in the course of his remarks, alluded as follows to the difficulties between the two countries:

"With regard to the two countries, what a dreadful misfortune it would be to the whole human race if they should ever again be involved in war! How it would injure and throw back the cause of civilization and human liberty! How it would delight the despots of the earth to find those two nations destroying themselves, and in that way destroying every hoped progress to mankind; I hold it that there can be no political slavery where the English language is the language of the country. It is impossible; and, so far from there being any jealousy, so far from its being proper that there should be any jealousy in either country as to the honest and fair extension of the frontiers of either, it ought to be considered a blessing to mankind that they should have the opportunity of extending their freedom and liberal institutions over all the unsettled parts of the earth. I am sorry to say that, with all these feelings and sentiments, from the first separation of the two countries there has unfortunately always been a group of unsettled questions. There is a cloud now impending over their relations; but I trust in God, and I believe that that cloud will be speedily dissipated, and that the sunshine of peace and friendship will become more and more bright between the two countries, until all the dissensions which ever existed between them shall have passed away, and shall only live in history as a record of the folly of two people who could for a moment suppose it possible to engage in a fratricidal war."

A SHOCKING SCENE IN THE WEST.

Captain E. Stevens, of the steamer Ohio Belle, was murdered a few days ago by a man named Jones. The Memphis (Tennessee) News gives the sequel of the terrible tragedy. The details are truly awful, and well calculated to cause a thrill of horror. The News says:

The murderer was taken aboard the shaft of the boat and lashed to a stanchion, commencing with the rope at his feet, and winding it around his body in continuous folds until it reached his neck, where it was drawn very tight. It was then passed around his head and across his mouth so tight that it stretched the corners of his mouth back considerably, cutting them so that the blood ran down his jaws, and leaving him in the greatest agony. A lady, hearing of the manner in which he was being treated, went below, and begged them, for God's sake, not to treat a human being in such a manner. At her solicitation he was released, and bound fast in an arm-chair, and the chair bound to the stanchion by a different rope. In this situation he was left. In the meantime a cabin passenger was making himself conspicuous by boasting to the public generally, and all who intend going to Kansas in particular, that he intends to continue the

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It is said that a bar of iron of almost any size may be instantly sundered while hot, by the simple application of a roll of common brimstone.

WHO WOULD BE A QUEEN.

It is a queer thing to be a Queen or an Empress, and it strikes us not altogether a pleasant one. There is an amount of publicity attached to certain little domestic affairs from which a lady of delicate feelings must be supposed to shrink, but which those placed on thrones cannot well avoid. The bulletins about the Empress Eugenie have, for months past, been as regularly published as those pertaining to the siege of Sebastopol—when it is to come off, and what the sex is to be, has been canvassed as coolly as any other state question. In Paris nearly everything is a spectacle, and the most recent and attractive spectacle has consisted of the Imperial baby clothes, to a sight of which the public are admitted by presenting tickets, which are freely given to every respectable person. Such is the crowd that a line has to be formed, and kept moving, under the management of the ubiquitous police. In order to be fully prepared, there are two complete sets of baby-clothes, masculine and feminine; for absolute as Louis Napoleon is in France, he has nothing to say in determining whether it shall be a prince or princess.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Daily News writes that the magnificent juvenile Wardrobe is under the protection of Mademoiselle Felicie. There are napkins, caps, frocks, jackets, wrappers, hats, bonnets, shoes, drawers, cloaks, mantles, mantelets, capes, talmas, muffs, collars, socks, stockings, fannels, rattles, pillows, and hosts of nameless articles pertaining to a nursery, enough to set up a foundling hospital. But when the costly material and delicate workmanship of every one of these articles is considered, the mind, perplexed to think what they can all be wanted for, might fancy that some political convulsion had driven all the sovereigns of the world to one place of refuge, and that this was the common and ample wardrobe of all the royal babies in existence. The colors of all the habiliments are white and sky-blue. There is a very pretty cradle (not the one given by the city of Paris, which is not yet quite finished), with white lace and blue hangings. The imperial crown is embroidered upon every article.—The ladies examine every thing most minutely, and the constant noise of the guards on duty, that "touching is not allowed," are all impotent to prevent the curious fair from taking up the fine fabrics in their hands to look at them closer. Some of M'le Felicie's assistant artistes walk about the salons and answer all questions in a very graceful manner.

Although everybody will have it that the child is to be a prince; and although the statistical doctrine that the chances are fully equal, that it will be a princess is scoffed at. I suspect (says the correspondent of the "News") that M'le Felicie would not be greatly disappointed if it were, after all, to be a girl. She seems to have more especially lavished the cunning of her art upon certain darling little blue bonnets, which, it were a pity to think, would never be wanted. I should state that the toilette, whether for a boy or a girl, is complete with everything that can possibly be required up to the age of two years. The entire cost of this toilette, is unprecedented.

[After the above had been put into type, an arrival from Europe brought intelligence of a son, Mademoiselle Felicie will probably fall heir to the female wardrobe—out of which she will no doubt be able to realize by sale many thousands of dollars.]

The reading of the above has reminded the Editor of the "Wilmington Journal" of a mistake made by a candidate for some office, "out West." The office-seeking man rode up, towards the evening, to a small log house, where lived one of the sovereigns whose vote he was anxious to secure. On entering the house, he found no one in but a lady, exceedingly ill—so ill as to be confined to bed, who told him that her husband had gone to the next village for a Doctor, and that she feared she would die before his return. Anxious to comfort her, he assured her that there was no danger; but she refused to be comforted. By way of a final effort at consolation, the unsuspecting politician told her that he had been in the same way himself several times, and got over it. As he did so, the husband and the doctor, accompanied by an elderly female, entered the house, in time to hear the last remark. The doctor, the husband, and the elderly female laughed, and even the sick woman laughed some, if she were dying—the electioneering gentleman mizzled.

That evening the county had an inhabitant the more, but next day a candidate the less, for the joke got out, and the poor man was laughed off the track. He could not bear to be asked about how he felt, etc., and finally put off to California, where, somehow, the thing followed him. At the last accounts he was on the Fejee Islands.

MILITIA OF THE UNITED STATES.—We learn from a document from the War Department, which was laid before the House of Representatives Thursday, that the Militia in the States and Territories amount to the large aggregate of 2,479,725 men. This does not embrace the militia of the State of Iowa or of the Territories of Oregon, Washington, Nebraska, Kansas, and New Mexico, from which no returns have been received.

THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

BY JOHN BROWNING. Ours is a lovely world! how fair Thy beauties, even on earth, appear! The seasons in their courses fall, And bring successive joys: the sea, The earth, the sky, are full of Thee, Benignant, glorious Lord of all. There's beauty in the break of day; There's glory in the noon-tide ray; There's sweetness in the twilight shades; Magnificence in night—Thy love Arched the grand heaven of blue above, And all our smiling earth pervades. And if thy glories here be found Streaming with radiance all around, What must the Fount of Glory be! In Thee we'll hope—in Thee we'll confide, Thou mercy's never ebbing tide! Thou love's unfathomable sea!

NAME IN THE SAND.

BY G. D. PRENTICE. Alone I walked on the ocean strand, A pebbly shell was in my hand, I stooped and wrote upon the sand My name, the year and day; As onward from the spot I passed, One lingering look behind I cast, A wave came rolling high and fast, And washed my lines away. And so methought, 'twill quickly be With every mark on earth from me! A wave of dark oblivion's sea, Will sweep across the place Where I have trod the sandy shroe Of time, and been to me no more; Of me, my day, the name I bore, To leave no track or trace. And yet with Him who counts the sands, And holds the water in his hands, I know a lasting record stands Inscribed against my name Of all this mortal part has wrought, Of all this thinking soul has thought, And from these fleeting moments caught, For glory or for shame.

MISCELLANY.

OUR HOMES.

Genius hath its triumph, fame its glories, wealth its splendor, success its bright rewards, but the heart only hath its home. Home only! What more needeth the heart? what more can it gain? A true home is more than the world—more than honor, and pride, and fortune—more than all that earth can give; the light of the noonday sun may not yield, and yet the tiny flame of one pure beam of love enkindleth, and sympathy makes it burn forever. Home! how more than beautiful thou art! how like an untainted religion—a golden link between the soul and heaven, where the presence of a pure heart makes thee radiant, and the music of its affection floats like the chorals of unseen cherubim around thy tranquil heart!

THE SPIRIT OF KINDNESS.

Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor never heard of a lexicon. I am proud to say, for the honor of our species, there are men, in every throb of whose hearts there is solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose breath is perfumed with kindness. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring the irrational animal into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can thrust your head into his mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If kindness and love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would pluck every poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud, and flower, and fruit put forth most abundantly and bountifully, where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and brier, would spring up the fir-tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.—[Bishop Uplam.]

THE DEAD CHILD.

Few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimity and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smile, and all

the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for the lonely voyage; for the child has gone, simple and trusting; into the presence of its All-wise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of Heaven.

"THE OLD WOMAN."

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a stripling of sixteen years designate the mother who bore him—a venerable woman, whose face bore the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have to be borne by the mother; trials untold and unknown only to God and herself she has to bear incessantly; and in her old age—her duty done, awaiting her appointed time—she stands more truly beautiful than in youth, more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, and stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory. Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and even courteously—tenderly of her! But a little time and you shall see her no more for ever! Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward! Others may love you when she has passed away—kind hearted sisters, or she whom of all the world you may choose for a partner—she may love you warmly, passionately—children may love you fondly; but never again, never while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been. In agony she bore you—through pining, helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support—in wayward, tetchy boyhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened the parched lips; her eye that lighted up the darkness of wasting night vigils, watching always in your fitful sleep, sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. Oh! speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live for so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counsellor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your improvident steps, nor even then forsakes or forgets. Speak gently, and reverently of your mother, and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to "old women."

THE SOCIETY OF WOMAN.

No society is more profitable, because none more refining and preservative of virtue, than that of refined and sensible women. God enshrined peculiar goodness in the form of woman, that her beauty might win, her gentle voice invite, and the desire of her favor persuade men's sterner souls to leave the path of sinful strife for the ways of pleasantness and peace. But when women falls from this best eminence, and sinks the guardian and cherisher of pure and rational enjoyments in the vain coquette and flattered idolater of fashion, she is unworthy of an honorable man's love or a sensible man's admiration. Beauty is to them at best

"A pretty plaything, Dear deceit."

We honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to women. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and that our women are worthy of such respect. Yet women should be something more than mere women to win us to their society. To be our companions they should be our friends; to rule our hearts they should be deserving of our minds.—There are many such, and that there are no more is rather the fault of our own sex than their own. And despite all the unmanly scandals that have been thrown upon them in prose and verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense than listen to the silly compliments of fools; and a man dishonors them as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime and not for the improvement of his mind and the elevation of his heart.

THE WANTS OF THE AGES.

It is a man's destiny still to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep; and no sooner is he supplied with a sufficient allowance of either of those very excellent things, than he begins whimpering, and yelling it may be, for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamoured of sugar plums, apple pie, and confectionary. At six, his imagination runs to kites, marbles and tops, and an abundance of play time. At ten, the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but bird nesting and blackberry hunting. At fifteen, he wants a beard and moustache, a watch, and a pair of Wellington boots. At twenty, he wishes to out a figure and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to be in love and takes it for granted that all the ladies are dying for him. The young man of twenty-five wants a wife, and at thirty he longs to be single again. From thirty to forty he wants to be rich, and thinks more of making money than

spending it. About this time, also, he dabbles in politics and wants office. At fifty he wants excellent dinners and wine, and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensable. The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four hundred thousands, to marry his daughters and set up his sons, and live in the country; and then for the rest of his life he wants to be young again.

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH.

Youth is the seed-time of life. If the farmer does not plow his land, and commit the precious seed to the ground in spring, it will be too late afterwards; so if you, while young, neglect to cultivate your minds, by not sowing the seeds of knowledge, your future lives will be ignorant and wretched. The soil of the human heart is naturally barren of every thing good, though prolific of evil. If corn, flowers, &c., be not planted and carefully cultivated, nettles and brambles will spring up; and the mind, if not cultivated, and stored with useful knowledge, will become a barren desert, or a thorny wilderness. The Rev. John Todd, in his Student's Manual, a work that every seeker of knowledge should read, very appropriately remarks: "Those islands which so beautifully adorn the Pacific, and which but for sin, would seem so many Edens, were reared up from the bed of the ocean by the little coral insect, which deposits one grain of sand at a time, till the whole of those piles are reared up." Just so with human exertions. The greatest results of the mind are produced by small but continued efforts. We have frequently thought of the motto of the most distinguished scholar in this country as peculiarly appropriate. As near as I remember, it is the picture of a mountain, with a man at its base, with his hat and coat lying beside him, and a pickaxe in his hand; and as he digs, stroke by stroke, his patient look corresponds with his words, "little by little." "The river rolling onward its accumulated waters to the ocean, was in its small beginning but an oozing rill, trickling down some moss-covered rock, and winding like a silver thread between the green banks to which it imparted verdure. The tree that sweeps the air with its boughs, and whose leaves are in the howling of the tempest, was in its small beginning trodden under foot and unnoticed; then a small shoot that the leaping hare might have forever crushed; it now towers to the heavens." As spring is the most important part of the year, so is youth the most important part of life. Surely, education has a claim to your principal attention, and demand the morning of your days; then, as we said before, why do you throw away your young and golden hours? Why don't you go to work seriously, and in such a way as to bring honor upon yourselves, your parents, and your friends, and not wretchedness.—[Rockingham Register.]

I HAVE NO TIME TO READ.

The idea about the want of time is a mere phantom. Franklin found time in the midst of all his labors to dive into the hidden recess of all his philosophy, and explore the untrodden path of science. The great Frederick, with an empire at his direction, in the midst of war, on the eve of battles which were to decide the fate of his kingdom, found time to read and revel in the charms of philosophy and intellectual pleasures.—Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal, with kings in his ante-chamber begging for vacant thrones, with thousands of men whose destinies were suspended by the brittle thread of his arbitrary pleasure, had time to read and converse with books. Caesar, when he had curbed the spirits of the Roman people, and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms, found time for reading and intellectual conversation. Every man has time; if he is careful to improve it as well as he might, he can reap three-fold. Let farmers and mechanics make use of the hours at their disposal, if they want to obtain a proper influence in society. They can, if they please, hold in their hands the destinies of our Republic.

MEANNESS.—The Detroit Tribune relates the case of a man who fell overboard, from a boat on the lakes, in that vicinity. His life was saved by throwing out into the water a bunch of shingles, upon which he caught and floated until he was rescued.—When taken on board, without expressing any gratitude for his deliverance, he told the captain, with considerable agitation, that he should expect pay for his shingles that he had thrown overboard! Capt. Ward replied that he was very sorry—that if he had known the shingles were his, he would not have done it!

The above equals the case of Bill Johnson, the constable, who levied on an old lady's ducks, to pay a small grocery bill. He wanted the old woman to drive 'em up and catch 'em for him. She told him to catch 'em himself, and so he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd catch a duck, he'd set down and wring its head off, and charge mileage!"

Mrs. Partington says: "Know Nothing-ism is the worst ism on earth, except Reunitionism." "Ike," hearing this remark, looked up and said, "Yes, ma'am, but they are both very similar—'tis painful to get along with either of them."