

The conduct of the Hon. A. W. Venable, in the recent campaign for Congress, deserves the rebuke of every candid man in his District. It is well known, that he began his electioneering tour with an open declaration of hostility to the compromise. He denounced it as dishonorable and unjust to the South. He could adopt no language too opprobrious for it, and the patriotic men from the South who supported it. He did what he could to render it obnoxious to the voters of his district. He also avowed himself a believer in the doctrine of secession—declared that, although he could not go with Blott & Co. for separate secession, yet he was with Cheves and others who are exerting themselves to prepare the Southern States for a separate Confederacy! With these doctrines he conceived he was going swimmingly on, until a few weeks before the election, when the show of opposition in the District amongst the Union men, began to alarm him. He found it absolutely necessary to change his ground, or at least, to appear to the voters to have done so. His friends became convinced that such a course of policy could alone secure his election. They saw and felt that it was impossible to bring the law loving and patriotic voters of that section of the State to the support of a man who was by his own avowed position a Disunionist. And what was done? Some eight or ten days before the election, he is announced to speak in Oxford. Numbers from all parts of the County of Granville are present, and the "secessionist" Venable—the pocket edition of John C. Calhoun, the "fire-eater" of South Carolina—the man who had flamed and threatened "blood and thunder," if the compromise passed—was reduced to the mortifying alternative of *grounding his arms*, with the humility of a lamb! He would submit to the compromise like a good citizen and devout Christian! He did really think it was disgraceful to the South, but nevertheless he would "acquiesce"—he would join the ranks of the "submissivists"! And oh! they say, he did eulogize the Union in most glowing terms! It was the best, the noblest, the most glorious Union that ever was, and it was all a slander, that HE, the Hon. Abraham W. Venable, all the way from the "Old Dominion," belonging once to that renowned Commonwealth so faithful to the Union, and descended from a Baronia ancestry, remarkable in bygone times for their loyalty to their Country, could be guilty of such a suicidal act, as to do aught to dissolve that Union! He would stand by it to the last, even against his beloved and adored South Carolina! Well, all this sounded very beautiful, and the good Union men, Whigs and Democrats, began to open their eyes. They could hardly believe their senses. They were almost induced to dispute the identity of the orator. They would have done so most lustily, had not an occasional anecdote dropped out, *confidentially*, no doubt, with which they were very familiar, and which they had heard at a dozen or two other places! But so it is, that speech was regarded as a complete *back out*, a *surround*, a *derision* of the ranks of the "fire-eaters" and an indictment upon those of the "secessionist submissivists," &c. It went on the wings of the wind, that there never was a better Union man than Venable! His "peevish" friends delighted so to speak of him! The stratagem had its effect—it elected him—and whilst no honorable man respects him the more for it, yet there are many who will inquire, "WHAT WILL SOUTH CAROLINA SAY TO THIS?" The ejaculation of Caesar to Brutus would be an appropriate reply, "ET TU, BRUTE?"

HOLD THEM TO THE RECORD!
So glad has been the defeat of the Secessionists in our State, wherever the issue has been fairly made, that every effort will be attempted by the leaders to *take the back track*. No stratagem will be left untried, to extricate themselves from the position they assumed during the late Session of the Legislature, and in the recent campaign for Congress. They already so and feel that their doctrines are odious to the Union-loving people of the State, and whilst they do not intend to abandon those doctrines, they will, nevertheless, endeavor to evade the true issues. But their opinions and purposes are on record. That record they cannot expunge. They have done what they could to break down the compromise. They have bent their whole energies to establish the doctrine of secession. They have given "aid and comfort" to South Carolina in her designs against the Union. They have done all this in the face of day. Let the friends of the compromise and the Union be on their guard, and hold them to their doctrines—*make them stick to the record*. Remember the "Standard" has proclaimed that "Secession is a cardinal principle of the Democratic faith!" Keep this before the people and we have them "just where we want them."—*Raleigh Register*.

Terrorism.—The Winsborough (S. C.) Register, one of the hottest of the fire-eating journals, has taken such offence at the late co-operation or anti-secession meeting in Charleston, that it publishes the names of a large number of merchants who participated in the meeting, and calls upon the secessionists to withdraw their custom from the *traitors*. The merchants, not to be out done by the threat, request the Evening News to republish the list, by way of giving it a wider circulation.

Walking the Plank.—Hon. Mr. Pickens, in a late speech delivered at Edgefield, C. H., South Carolina, said, "but if we become one duty to act alone, and if we must walk the plank alone like men, although that plank may lead over a Gulf of frightful danger."
We do not like that expression—*walk the plank!* It is an operation which pirates perform upon their captives, and which we should not like to see practised upon our gallant sister Carolina. Yet after all, as a definition of secession, it is correct. Secession is "walking the plank" which leads from security to certain death.

Virginia paper.
Benefits of Advertising.—In one of our issues of last week, a young gentleman advertised for a situation as a Teacher, and directed reference to be made to the Editor of this paper. Within a brief time that has elapsed, we have received no less than three letters of inquiry, &c.

It is told of some clergyman that, while laboring under embarrassment in the treatment of his subject, he observed slight signs of weariness and dissatisfaction on the part of his audience, whereupon, leaning over the desk, and fixing his eye upon an individual whose lip was more openly curled in contempt, he said—"If any of you think you can do better than I am doing, you can just come up here and try." Now if any one thinks that writing editorials (worth the reading) is only recreation at any time, and especially if they think that, in the present temperature, it is easy to pen anything brilliant or profound, then can come up to our desk and try. We venture to assure them that instead of covering the paper with emanations of mind, conversations of genius and gems of thought, they will cover it with evaporation from their physical organization, falling in condensed drops from the fingers and face.

Yet the types, in spite of the heat, are "click-click-clicking," and though to all others that peculiar sound may have no meaning, in the ear editorial it is an imperious mandate, and the interpretation thereof is—"Write, write, write." The press waits for the "form," and the editor waits for the "form," and the editor's waiters for the editors, but editors may not wait for aught or for any.

"Write, write, write!" is the inexorable decree. One marvels that with Hood's experience he did not write the "Song of the Editor" instead of the "Song of the Spirit;" and cannot help thinking that he was moved to the iterating refrain of his very popular poem on the sorrows of the shirt-slicers, by the repeated summons of the printer's imp when writing for the daily press. Now the labor of eliminating thought is pleasant enough when one can take his own time over it; nor can there be any serious objection to a little wholesome "pressure from without," when the mercury ranges from 50 to 50. But with that tell-tale index as its present altitude, and instead of a grateful exterior pressure consolidating one's system, and giving active solidity to both mind and body, the material part of one's self is exuding through the opening pores of his outer covering—the very brain seeming to share in the general liquefaction of one's component parts—with a sultry and exhausting atmosphere—we say, let those who think they could write brilliantly or profoundly under such circumstances, continue now for many days, make the experiment for their own satisfaction.

Why, the very clouds have evaporated. The deep blue of the sky seems to have changed its color with the heat. We are half inclined to believe that the earth is settling on its axis, all pendulous demonstrations, begun to open their eyes. They could hardly believe their senses. They were almost induced to dispute the identity of the orator. They would have done so most lustily, had not an occasional anecdote dropped out, *confidentially*, no doubt, with which they were very familiar, and which they had heard at a dozen or two other places! But so it is, that speech was regarded as a complete *back out*, a *surround*, a *derision* of the ranks of the "fire-eaters" and an indictment upon those of the "secessionist submissivists," &c. It went on the wings of the wind, that there never was a better Union man than Venable! His "peevish" friends delighted so to speak of him! The stratagem had its effect—it elected him—and whilst no honorable man respects him the more for it, yet there are many who will inquire, "WHAT WILL SOUTH CAROLINA SAY TO THIS?" The ejaculation of Caesar to Brutus would be an appropriate reply, "ET TU, BRUTE?"

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A SKATER CHASED BY A WOLF.
A thrilling incident in American country life, is vividly sketched in "Evenings at Donnell's Manor." In the winter of 1844, the narrator sat forth one evening to skate on the Kennebec, in Maine, by moonlight, and having ascended that river nearly two miles, turned into a little stream to explore its source.
"Floods and flow of a century's growth," he says, "met overhead, and formed an archway, radiant with frostwork. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless; and, as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness; my wild hurrah rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly a sound arose—it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it sounded low and tremulous at first, until it ended in a low, wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. I thought it more than mortal; so fierce, and amidst such an unbroken solitude, it seemed as though from the tread of some brute animal, and the blood rushed back to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn, and I felt things that I had to contend with of a fearful and not spiritual; my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape. As I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects, dashed through the underbrush at a tremendous pace. I turned in my own mind, by this rapidity, and the short yell they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much dreaded grey wolf."
I had never met with these animals, but from the description given of them, I had very little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untameable fierceness, and the unerring strength which seems part of their nature, render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

There was no time for thought; so I bent my head and dashed madly forward. Nature turned me toward home. The light flashes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was their fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or even glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, of their tears if they should never see me again, and then every energy of body and mind was exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking, that at one time they would be my only means of safety. Every half minute, an alternate yelp from my ferocious followers, told me too certainly that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came; I heard their feet pattering on the ice nearer still, until I could feel their breath and hear their sniffling scent. Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in the uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed, yet still they seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead; their tongues were lolling out, their white tasks glaring from their bloody mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam, and as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with fury.
The thought flashed on my mind, that by this means I could avoid them, viz: by turning aside whenever they came too near; for they, by the formation of their feet, are unable to run on the ice except in a straight line.

At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near, that they threw the white foam over my dress as they sprung to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap.
Had my skates failed for one instant, had I tripped on a stick, or caught my foot in a fissure in the ice, the story I am now telling would never have been told.
I thought all the chances over; I knew where they would take hold of me if I fell; I thought how long it would be before I died; and then there would be a search for the body that would already have its tomb; for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colors of death's picture, only those who have been so near the grim original can tell.

But I soon came opposite the house, and my bounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from the kennels. I heard their chains rattle: how I wished they would break them! and then I would have protectors that would be peer to the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and after a moment's consideration, turned and fled. I watched them until their dark, shaggy forms disappeared into the neighboring hills. Then, taking off my skates, wended my way to the house, with feelings which may be better imagined than described.
But even yet I never see a broad sheet of ice in the moonshine, without thinking of the snuffing breath, and those fearful things that followed me so closely down the frozen Kennebec.

Keep Moving.—Miserable is the man who slumbers on in idleness! Miserable the workman who sleeps before the hour of his rest, or who sits down in the shadow, while his brethren work in the sun.—There is no rest from labour on earth. There are always duties to perform and functions to exercise—functions which are ever enlarging and extending in proportion to the growth of our moral and mental station. Man is born to work; and he must work while it is day. "Have I not," said a great worker, "all eternity to rest in?"

"Will you pay me this bill sir?" said a tailor to a waggish fellow, who owed a pretty long bill.
"Do you owe anybody, sir?" said the wag.
"No, sir," said the tailor.
"Then you can afford to wait." And off he walked.
A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's end yet; so turning to his creditor, he said: "Are you in debt to anybody?"
"Yes, sir," said the tailor.
"Why don't you pay?"
"I've not the money."
"That's just my case, sir. I am glad you can appreciate my condition. Give me your hand."

With feelings of the deepest emotion, and a heart sinking with the burden of the sad truth that has been forced upon it, we regret that our duty compels us to announce that the embodiment of angelic melody, the charming, soul stirring, rapture creating, reality destroying Bob O Link, the divine Polly, sung last night for the last time in the village of Flunkington. Our pen trembles while we write it and the tear drop starts involuntarily in our eyes as the sad reality comes, with its full effect, upon us. Polly has gone. But a few months ago, when she was first announced as having arrived within a mile and a half of our village, we recollect the excitement that the announcement produced, and when she made her appearance, standing upon the classic "dug out" which was chartered expressly for the occasion by Mr. Phineas Mermaid Heath, by whom she was supported to the shore, we recollect the feelings that overpowered us, and the feelings that palpitated with joyous emotion, and how even the most joyous of our winners were won all hearts, and the remark she made when the view of our village first burst upon her sight, rising gracefully as an eel from the bosom of our lovely Duck pond—
"What a lovely Duck pond!" said the sweet songstress. "It is the best I never see!"
"Excepting the Duck pond of Copeland," replied the travelled Phineas Mermaid Heath.
Her reply will never be forgotten; it is engraved indelibly upon the hearts of millions of freemen—
"No, not even exspecting dat."

Oh, rapture!
But she has gone. The walls of Jones's Park House will echo no longer to the sound of her spell binding organ, but each brick that shall speak living to hearts of entranced listeners the gushings of her Pandean throat will be henceforth held in reverence, and will become a priceless gem in the estimation of all possessing souls, and will be deemed worthy of being carried in the hats of the rising generation that shall spring up when our grand-children are numbered with the dead. But the subject is too much for us—the shock is too recent.

Below we give the particulars of the cause of this sudden discontinuance of the concerts. It is well known to the great majority of our readers that it was optional with the Bob O Link whether she sang under the direction of Phineas Mermaid Heath one hundred or one hundred and fifty nights. It was her intention until lately to do the latter, but the very liberal terms of her engagement and the great enthusiasm of the public (sincerely regretted on the part of Mr. Heath,) which led them to pay such extraordinary prices for tickets, amounting sometimes, as we are credibly informed, to the sum of three dollars, principally in cash or its equivalent, have enabled Mr. Phineas Mermaid Heath to reap such an immense harvest that he cannot, consistently with his principles, allow himself to make any more money. He therefore went, with tears in his eyes, and on bended knees, to the divine Bob O Link and implored her not to buckle fortune on his back; and by continuing her contract with him forced him to be the object upon which the people would lavish their surplus wealth. He said he had more money than he wanted, more than he could use, and modestly added, more than he deserved. The Bob O Link could not resist this appeal, and with the goodness for which she has become famous kindly consented to break her engagement, and thus prevent Phineas Mermaid Heath from fretting himself to death on account of being the possessor of so much wealth.

She accordingly gave her last concert last night, and such a concert! From the commencement of the overture on the polyphonic barrel organ to the last gem, "Polly Put the Kettle On," all was enthusiasm, all was rapture. As the evidence of that song, now rendered immortal, fell upon our ears for the last time, we wept, all wept, and the bass drum itself was heard to groan. She scattered the melodious spray over the hearts of her audience—cursed—there was a thunder burst of applause—a momentary disappearance. She came on once more tripping to the foot-lights—another thunder burst—and the Bob O Link was gone!

HOW VERY HOT IT IS.
Did you ever know such weather? Seven bright burning days together; Sweating nights and boiling days, Sultry moonbeams, sun's hot rays; No one knows which way to turn him; All things either melt or burn him; Half the weight of all the nation Is lying off in perspiration; And every man and woman, too, As languidly they look at you, Exclaims with moil and mournful phiz, "Dear me! how very hot it is!"
Ladies all languid in muslin array, Lull upon couches the live-long day; Looking more lovely than we saw; Though, alas! they are rapidly melting away; "Bring me an ice!" it languidly cry; "But alas and shock! it is all 'in my eye'!" For before it reaches the top of the stairs It's turned into water quite "unaware." While John with his salver, looks red and stares, And the moist confectioneer inwardly swears, As he wipes with his apron his long, pale phiz, "Oh—pooh! how infernally hot it is!"
Fat men waddle about the strand, Wiping their foreheads—hat in hand; Dogs hang out their tongues and pant, And nobody gives 'em the water they want; Until they go mad—'you know, and then They go about snapping at horses and men; Costermongers slowly pass With "cauliflower and sparrow grass;" But these edibles green they cannot cry, Their throats are so horribly hot and dry; And you hear from each dusky phiz, "Ah! me! how desperate hot it is!"
Oh, what a treat 'twould be to wade Chin deep in fresh cool lemonade! Or to sit a deep marble bowl within, And champagne sparkling around your chin Hissing and spurking around your nose; Till you open your mouth and down it goes; Gulp by gulp, and sup by sup, Refreshing your heart and cooling your face— Burnt down as they have been with all sorts of sauces; Oh, the fellow who would thus have his phiz Sober'd care how warm the weather is!

Two or three years ago, if our memory serves us rightly, old Father Jones was appointed chaplain of the State prison, and a very proper appointment it was. At the time when the announcement of this fact was made, a member of the Methodist Church, residing within the range of one of the circuits where he had preached for years, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, got on his horse, and having to pass by the house of brother P. on his road, concluded to "pass a joke off." Now, brother P. had been all the days of his manhood a zealous, active, spirited member, prompt in his responses of "amen" and such like, and always secondarily delighted with Father Jones' preaching, for he would sit in the corner of the church and co-operate with great satisfaction to himself and that minister. Seeing this worthy brother standing before the door, the good humored disciple rode up to the fence, and after the usual salutation, accosted him thus:—"Brother P. have you heard the news?" "Why, what news, brother S.; any thing strange?" "Why they say old Father Jones has been sent to the Penitentiary for one year!"

On hearing this, brother P., with unfeigned astonishment, indulged himself in such remarks as—
"Why you don't say so." "Is it possible?" "Is it really a fact?" "Why," says brother S. "I guess there's no mistake about it! I heard it from brother C., and he saw it in the papers, so I reckon it must be so!"
"Well," says brother P., setting himself down on the truth of the rumor, "now brother S., I can't say that I am surprised at this, but, between you and me, I always thought old man Jones wasn't the right kind of a man. The fact is, he's better in the penitentiary than out of it, and I told my wife that he'd go there some day."
Having thus delivered himself of his opinion, and after a few similar comments, brother S. left him without explanation, astonished and amused at the effect of his information.
Now brother P. felt when he learned the truth about it we never heard. This is a laughable anecdote, and illustrates the fact that many people are disposed to kick any body down a hill who has in their opinion got a start that way.

ITALIAN LIBERTY.
Mr. Greeley's visit to Italy has speedily, and to the great satisfaction of the people, less capable of self-government and less likely to obtain it, than he had supposed. The obstacles to the regeneration of Italy, he says, are many and formidable, and add:

Most palpable among these is an intense spirit of local jealousy and rivalry only paralleled by the "Corkman" and "Ear Down" feud among the Irish. Genoa is jealous of Turin; Turin of Milan, Florence of Leghorn; and so on. If Italy were a free Republic today, there would be a free quarrel, and I fear a division, on the question of locating its metropolis. Rome would consider herself the natural and prescriptive capital. Naples would urge her accessible position, unrivalled beauty and ascendancy in population; Florence her central and healthy location; Genoa her extensive commerce, unshaken devotion to Republican Freedom, &c. And I should hardly be surprised to see some of these, chagrined by an adverse decision, leaguely with foreign despots to restore the sway of the stronger by way of avenging their fancied wrongs!
And it is too true that ages of subjugation have demoralized to a fearful extent, the Italian people. Those who would rather beg, or extort, or pander to other's vices, than honestly work for a living, will never do anything for freedom; and such are deplorably abundant in Italy. Then, like most nations debased by ages of slavery, these people have little faith in each other. The proverb that "No Italian has two friends," is of Italian origin. Every one fears that his confederate may prove a traitor; and if one is heard openly cursing the Government as oppressive and intolerable, in a café or other public resort, though the sentiment is heartily responded to, the utterer is suspected and avoided as a police-pigeon and spy. Such mutual distrust necessarily creates or accompanies a lack of moral courage. There are brave and noble Italians, but the majority are neither brave nor noble.

- 1st. A general description of North Carolina, with reference to scenery, productions, capabilities, population, and manners, illustrated with numerous engravings.
- 2d. A history of the discovery, settlement, and progress of the State down to the present time.
- 3d. Poetical and oratorical exercises, some of them by North Carolinians.
- 4th. Chronological and historical tables, abstract of the last census, explanations of popular scientific terms, &c., &c.

Greenborough Patriot.
Railroad Meeting in Warrenton.—A called meeting of those interested in the re-construction of the Raleigh and Gaston Road, assembled in Warrenton on Tuesday last. William B. Ryan, Esq., of this city, presided.
Upon a comparison of notes, it was found that there was a considerable amount yet lacking to make up the previous deficiency of \$30,000, or upwards. Warren, especially, we learn was behind hand. The meeting adjourned over, however, to meet again at Shocco, on Wednesday, and it was confidently expected that the above amount would be made up.
We understand, from a gentleman who was authorized to make inquiry in the premises, that the prospect of making a favorable arrangement with iron capitalists, as to a part of the remaining \$100,000, is a good one. A word upon the whole subject in our next.
P. S. We have heard since the foregoing was put in type, that the \$300,000, was made up at Shocco on Wednesday.

Raleigh Register.
The Crops—The Weather.—The growing portion of the present season is now nearly past, and so the extent of the crop can be easily anticipated.
Like many other portions of our State, this section of country has been very seriously affected by the drought, and consequently the corn crop is light.
It is believed, that enough of this kind of grain is raised for the consumption of the people, but there can be none for exportation.
The cotton crop may be set down as a fair middling average, and nothing more.
Of late there has been a great improvement in the season, and though the rains have been staid to a late period, yet there are many fields of late planted corn, which will be favorably affected, even at this time.

PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.
I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory. I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home, instead of at school, which I hate. I like music, and want to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing which we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it—the last word. I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his colt-like head to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby, Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than half an hour at a time, and cries all their time she is awake, has been roused by their din to scream in chorus. I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never kept even a chambermaid more than three weeks. As to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagoria of faces flitting sternly through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thundergusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. "My new chambermaid bounced out of the room yesterday, flinging her dusters, and muttering, 'Real old maid, after all!' just because I showed her a table on which I could write 'slut' with my finger in the dust. I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long, doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life. Yet half of my sex marry as I did—not for love, but for fear!—for fearing of dying old maids."

Decidedly Good.—The Nashua Telegraph copies the following from the back of a 85 bill upon the Fitchburg Bank: "Bank notes it is said, once silver dollars defied. To swim in the torrent of trade's swelling tide; But ere they arrived at the opposite bank, The note cried like Caesar,—"Help, Cassius, I sink!"
That paper should sink, and that dollars should swim, May appear to some folks a ridiculous whim; But ere they condemn, let them hear this suggestion.
In pun-making gravity's out of the question. The rejoinder, which somebody else has appended, isn't very bad, as a mere rejoinder: "Perchance my dear poet, the bill would have floated. If its weighty light head had but kindly supported."
Camphene vs. Bed-Bugs.—The Cincinnati Gazette tells a story of a gentleman in that City who, a few nights ago, was awakened from sleep by the disagreeable presence of an army of bed bugs. The thought occurred to him that he would make them scatter by the application of camphene to his bedstead. He did so and to make it more effective applied a lighted match to the gas. In an instant an explosion as loud as a pistol took place, and the whole bed fixtures were in a blaze. By the prompt use of water the flames were extinguished, but the premises were left in a sad plight.

Were there no other evidence of a God, it might be found in this fact, that everything in nature tends instinctively to something higher than itself.

Mr. F. I. Wilson.—Dear Sir: I have just read in your Mountain Banner of the 1st inst. an article headed "Fire Annihilator." Now as well as I can understand the serious accounts given of this wonderful invention, it is not pretended that they explain its peculiar construction and mode of operation, and they merely give an account of its effects. I claim the invention as my own, and I claim it as I made it in 1837. In November of this year I paid my fee and filed my specifications in the Patent Office at Washington, in the words and figures following, to-wit:

- 1 "Your applicant claims that he has made a new and useful invention for extinguishing fire and flame with gas."
- 2 *Linnæ Gas*, in a manner new and useful."
- 3 "The Gas to be generated by chemical process, condensed through a fine 7 per medium, in a machine; and 8 appropriate appendages and appliances."
- 4 can be directed to any spot, projected to any elevation, so as to make it 10 practical and efficient agent for extinguishing fire cheaply, safely, quickly, 11 and is far superior to any other means hitherto used or known for extinguishing 12 the flames of a steamboat on fire, 13 or a ship burning in the middle of the 14 ocean. I declare my belief that the 15 discovery is destined to save thousands and thousands of lives, millions and millions of millions, in value of property."

"W.M. A. GRAHAM."
The answer I received from the Patent Office was:—"Your invention does not possess that novelty and utility which would justify this office in issuing a patent. Nor is it indeed, believed to be capable of being carried into effect."
(Signed) H. L. ELLSWORTH, Commissioner.

I think all the objections to my specifications and to granting me a patent are fully met by the fact that by a series of experiments carefully made by myself, I have fully tested the efficiency and practicality of extinguishing fire in the model process, cheaper, quicker, and with less certainty than any other hitherto known, and I am now ready to confer the Commissioner of patents and the public its efficiency by an exhibition of its effects."
I went to work, fixed my machine, prepared an old frame house 20 by 26 feet and 30 feet high, rolled two extinguishers on a wheelbarrow to the theatre of action, and put on three cart loads of shavings. I commanded one engine, a boy the other. When the whole was completely lighted and the house enveloped in flames, I directed the exit of the Gas, (by the turning of a cock) I were made to play on the configuration. It quenched the fire and put out the flames in 3 minutes. This experiment was made in the Commons, South-west of the Capitol, in the night time.

I then prepared for a new exhibition, but concluded I would consult some of my acquaintances and state the obstacle I met with at the Patent Office. I stated my case to E. Stanley and R. Strange. The Senator took a lively interest in my case and introduced me to an individual who he remarked had great influence with the Patent Office. He expressed great willingness to forward my views. After a few interviews the individual said he had a proposition to make: "public men could not give their time to private claims without remuneration—at a word I can secure you a patent, if you will make an assignment and enter into a written contract." I told him to reduce to writing what he wanted, and I would think of it. I returned the next evening; the writing was all done. He insisted very earnestly on having my signature then. I declined, put the paper in my pocket and walked off, saying I would think of it. It claimed that he was a co-inventor, and that in consideration of counsel, assistance and advice to me given in the premises, he was to have one half the dues, now or hereafter to be earned by the patent. (I have now in his hand writing.) I consulted Hon. James Graham upon the propriety of signing the agreement. He said emphatically, "Have nothing to do, make no bargain, with a man you know to be dishonest."

I then consulted Mr. Calloun, read my specifications and explained the whole matter to him. With his quick apprehension and clear perception he understood the invention and the cause of my embarrassment. He said, "Never sign that paper; get your friends, I will go at your head in the Patent department, explain your case, and for you demand your rights. If refused, I will call the attention of the Senate to the matter."
Thus stood matters, when, on the night of 29th December, 1838, at 9 o'clock, I was arrested on a bail bond for debt, \$300, and brought to Raleigh, where a heavy amount was concentrated against me. I transmitted my papers to J. C. Calloun, and left the matter to his discretion, who was in his place in the Senate and moved that this subject should be referred to a select committee. Messrs. White, Deas, Tadmage, Crittenden, and Young, (Mr. Webster declined on account of the multiplicity of his engagements.) A subcommittee was served upon me by the U. S. Marshal, Beverly Daniel, to appear before the committee of the Senate. But I was in duress vile. I could not attend. The indignity and mercenary interest, coming even from the Senate chamber, felled me—"Nameless in dark oblivion left him rest." Before I left Raleigh I appeared under the protection of the writ of Habeas Corpus before Judge Pearson, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors, and it that document gave a particular account of the invention or discovery I had made.—The Judge ordered the Clerk of the Superior Court for Wake to record it. In the mean time the committee of the Senate reported, but made no allusion to me, except that they had sealed up my charges and specifications, and filed them with the public archives. To leave the matter beyond suspicion, civil or doubt, and wishing my name might go down to other times as the first to suggest and perfect this wonderful invention. Believing, as Napoleon said, that an original and important idea in these days of printing and talking, once thrown out in the ocean of time, will never be introduced by Mr. Calloun to Mr. Featherstonnagh, who presented me to Mr.