

FROM THE WHITE MAN'S NEWSPAPER.
CHARACTER OF COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES.

It is in the revolutions of empires that truly great men make themselves known. In the tranquil scenes of peace the human intellect, with little excitement, and without a grand object, is inert, exhausted in common pursuits, or wastes itself in placid contemplation of the pleasures of life. Of all the political revolutions, the incidents of which are recorded in the annals of nations, that of the British American Colonies was the most daring and manly. Notwithstanding the prodigious advantages of England over the people of the Colonies, they did not hesitate to remonstrate, to resist encroachments, and finally to appeal to arms. JOHN PAUL JONES, then a resident of Virginia, (which State he had adopted as his future home) at once offered his services to Congress, and on Dec. 22, 1775, received a commission as a lieutenant on board the frigate Alfred, at Philadelphia, and assisted in equipping that frigate for sea under Commodore Hopkins. October 10th, 1776, Jones was promoted a captain in the navy, and on that day, a flag captain of the squadron, hoisted the flag of America at the mast head of the Alfred frigate with his own hands, under a salute of thirteen guns. The flag was 13 stripes, with a rattlesnake and motto, "Don't tread upon me." No stars. Paul Jones had a genius prone to adventure, and of all the naval commanders of that day he planned and executed, both in America and in Europe, the most amazing expeditions against England. Such was his intrepidity that he was appalled by no peril, however great; and his presence of mind never forsook him, even in the most sudden and extraordinary emergencies. All his correspondence evinces that he foresaw the glorious destiny of the new American nation, even while it was struggling into existence. He was not merely countenanced but crowned at the French court, and kings, nobles, ministers and ladies of fashion and influence did not hesitate to reward and sustain him for his brilliant exertions against the marine of England and her commerce.

The character of Paul Jones has been most gloriously misrepresented. The English press depicted him as a "plunderer," "pirate," "freebooter," "cruel and unprincipled;" and from the vernal press of England all the charges and antipathies have originated, mainly in Scotland, of Jones having been born in Scotland, his bearing the "lion" in his hair by landing on the coasts of Great Britain, taking their towns, burning their shipping, capturing their merchant ships in the sight of their ports, fighting their frigates of superior force, single handed, and meteor-like, dashing through squadrons in defiance of blockades. The character of Paul Jones, in fact, had a cast of the romantic in it, which gives to the history of his life a most interesting and agreeable complexion. As one of our earliest naval heroes, Paul Jones merits the respect and veneration of every citizen of the United States; and the statesman and politician, as well as the officers and seamen of our gallant navy, will discover in the incidents of his eventful career illustrations of occurrences in our revolutionary war, which may enlighten our judgments and furnish an example worthy of imitation. All the correspondence of Paul Jones with Washington, Adams, Hancock, Robert Morris, Jefferson, Madison, Lafayette, Franklin, Louis XVI of France, ministers of state, ambassadors, and others of note, indicates plain sense, without affectation, bordering even on the style of a diplomat; and in some passages he shows that he was not deficient altogether in the sentimental and more refined species of writing. There was nothing artificial about Jones; everything was natural; and whether he was addressing himself to kings, nobles or citizens, he uniformly manifested the same frankness of disposition and resolution of purpose. The temperament which belongs to him, the spirit of adventure by which he was impelled, his careless indifference to the accumulation of wealth, precisely in the proportion that they existed in him, were indispensable to form the character of John Paul Jones.

Everything acts agreeably to the constitution of his nature; and it would be just as absurd to look for a contemplative philosopher in the bustle of business, or a daring naval commander in the ordinary pursuits of civil life, as to seek for a gently pulsing stream in the crater of a volcano. That his rise in the world was principally owing to his own personal application and untiring exertions, is apparent. That Jones was no novice when he entered the American navy is equally manifest. That he understood the method of advancing his own interests, is also evident. But there is this distinguishing trait in Jones's character, which at once places him in the class of great men. His schemes for preferment were always founded upon considerations of advancing national benefits. When in France, he requested of Dr. Franklin, the American minister, an independent command of a frigate, or squadron—urging it upon the ground of his capacity for rendering more essential services than others to the common cause of America, and appealing forcibly to facts which no one could deny. And also in Russia, where his nautical skill in the liner sea was so conspicuous, and his gallant behaviour against the whole Turkish fleet of superior force which he captured and destroyed, so beneficial to the Empress Catharine, he only sought for the reward to which his gallant conduct as admiral of the Russian fleet entitled him. Although Paul Jones was not peculiarly trained to the etiquette and usages of foreign courts, he was obviously a coarcter in no small degree, for at Paris and Versailles he commonly carried his points against the intrigues of the despotic intriguers. He baffled the petty artifices of his rivals more by his energy and utility of his plans, than by finesse and cunning. He had, nevertheless, a native shrewdness which was not easily foiled. The vivacity of his temper did not qualify him for prolonged negotiations, as is known, especially in the instance of entering the Frith of Forth, in Scotland, with only two ships and compelling the corporation of the city of Leith to sign a capitulation for independence. John Paul Jones, in correspondence, as well as in combat, was eager to grapple with his adversary, and to bring the question at issue to a termination as speedily as possible. The same activity of mind that incessantly urged

him to seek for new enterprises, made him restless in port, led him to the social board, or to the society of the fair sex. Fruitful in expedients, he was never at a loss for a fresh project in which his talents might shine.

At the close of the American revolution he soon found occupation in the command of the Russian fleet under Catharine II, and when that scene so gloriously closed upon him, he had his eye fixed on an adventure to chastise the Algerines, and urged upon the American government a squadron for that special service. Emphatically, Paul Jones was, in fact, a man of action—fond of writing, and indefatigable in recording not only his deeds but his sentiments. He seemed to abhor indolence, and every hour that was not strictly devoted to the acquisition of glory appeared to make him unhappy. He was fond of supreme command and could not bear with the best grace the dictates of an equal. Superior, nor even the advice of an equal. Sincere in friendship and intense in animosity, his feelings were expressed in strong and unequivocal terms.

Had Paul Jones been born within the limits of the United American Colonies, or been a native of France, he would perhaps have risen to a greater height of authority than he did in either country. He would not have arrived at greater honors; and the command of the ship America, 74, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which was assigned to him by the unanimous vote of Congress, was probably as high a distinction as any that an American naval officer could at that time have aspired to. Indeed, it is one of the highest naval trusts in the gift of the government of the U. S. at this time.

Jones displayed his ruling passion in other instances than those of a warlike character. He had his bust taken in marble, by Gloucon of Paris, and distributed casts of it to some of his particular friends in America, to-wit: General Washington, John Jay, General Dime, Col. Wadsworth, General St. Clair, Mr. Ross, Mr. Madison, Mr. Thomson, Secretary of Congress, and Mr. Jefferson. (In the Athenaeum at Boston may be seen the one presented to Mr. Jefferson, which was bought at the sale of the effects of that statesman.) In the medal voted to Jones by Congress, he was very particular. In giving directions for its execution, he declared that he would have none struck but in gold.

The influence of Paul Jones during the achievements in Europe was very considerable. His temerity whilst lying in the Texel, the ability with which he conducted himself in that critical situation, blockaded by a large English fleet with a reward of ten thousand guineas offered for his capture by the British government, for his attacking single handed the British *crack* frigate *Serpis*, of 50 guns, with an old East Indiaman, on which 40 guns of different calibre were mounted, with a crew from all nations, and taking the *Serpis* as a prize into the Texel, his own ship sinking from the struggle for victory. This exploit had such an effect on the deliberations of the States General of Holland, that it hastened their resolutions in favor of the United States of America. In Jones's letters to Lady Selkirk, of St. Mary's Isle, he shows a generous delicacy of a noble mind. He could not restrain the epiphany of his men while in the castle from seizing all the plate as a prize, but he did what it remained in his power to do, when, on his arrival at Brest, restored the whole plundered plate, at the expense of his private purse. Alexander the Great himself never performed a more liberal action. For this visit to Selkirk Castle the British formed him a *freedom* and *privilege*. On the whole, Paul Jones was a man of strong natural faculties, of good English education, of an ardent temperament, of a quick penetration; of a firm and daring language, with an inclination to literature; an extraordinary ambition; a restless activity of soul, an indifference for money; a heart that felt for the distress of his fellow-creatures; a spirit that would neither give nor break an insult, and a philanthropy extensive with the globe.

He was delighted in being considered an American citizen, but was still more pleased with being known as a friend of the human race, and as an enemy of its oppressors. Glory immortal glory was his goal. On which he fixed his fond morning eye; It nerved his arm; it wove his inmost soul; It taught him love to live and love to die.

A Chapter of Misadventure.—On Friday afternoon John Paul Jones, on his way to Mr. John M. Young's wheat, in the field, thus causing a loss of fifty dollars. In the evening, on Capitol Hill, the lightning struck the lamp-post to which his horse was fastened, and smoked the glass in the lamp. The animal jerked loose and ran off, but was soon recovered. A short time afterwards the fluid penetrated his dwelling-house; laying down the chimney, and darting into the second story, shattered the manglepiece and clock, and tore away the work of a closet in its escape. On Saturday night, while saving property from the deluge at the canal, a bug stung him on the hand, and, in consequence, he is obliged to carry his hand in a sling; and on Wednesday night an incendiary applied the match to his small frame house in the rear of the National Hotel. Truly, "misfortunes never come as single spies, but always in battalions!"

Washington Republic.

A Fair Business Transaction.—A fellow was engaged to a girl in Maine, but liked her sister better than he did her. Wishing to be off with the old love before he was on with the new, he asked his betrothed what she would take to release him—she replied that about sixty-two dollars she thought was as much as she was worth; whereupon he ponied up the dust, took a quit claim and married the sister.

Equity.—The following epigram is very clever. The reader has only to erase the name, substitute that of Miss _____, mark a paper round, and send it to her:—
"Maria's like a clock, they say,
"Enconscious of her beauty;
She regulates the live long day,
Exact in every duty."
"If his he true, such self-command,
Such well directed powers,
O' may her little *minute* hand
Become a hand of *our* day!"

A man in England has made an effigy, likeness of Horace Greeley and placed it in the Great Exhibition as a model scare-crow. The likeness is said to be somewhat flattered.

A HORRIBLE PORTRAITURE.
FROM THE ST. LOUIS INTELLIGENCER.

About the Mormons.—The following extract from a letter, which was handed to us yesterday by a friend, describes a most deplorable state of things at Salt Lake—so much so that it might be difficult to believe some portions of the account, were it not for the unimpeachable character of the gentleman who penned it. He is well known to nearly all of our citizens as the occupant of a responsible station in the United States army. Considering the writer, and the circumstances under which the letter was written, we are not permitted even to suppose that its statements are exaggerated. We omit some passages which treat of domestic relations among the Mormons, and the horrid licentiousness which prevails in them, but because we would not shock the sensibilities of our readers with the repulsive pictures they present.

The portions which refer to the expressions and doings of Gov. Young are worthy of especial attention. We repeat that the letter is from a wholly reliable source. It was addressed to two gentlemen who reside in this city, and bears date

CARSON VALLEY, EAST SIEBER DE NEVADA, 1
En Route for Colofonso, May 24, 1851.

DEAR SIR: My fine and favorite horse is gone, and but two yoke and a half of cattle were all I had to leave Salt Lake with. When at that sink of perdition it was my expectation to write you and others of my friends, as we wished to write by the first safe private opportunity that would offer itself; but none such having been presented, our expectation of course was not gratified. It is true I wrote to you, — and M., but then I was constrained, by the priests of the Mormons, to destroy letters containing anything against themselves, from communicating right in relation to my own or the grievances of other emigrants. Now that my family is out of their power, I may venture to speak of that accursed and pestiferous people. And would to God that I could make myself be heard throughout my country, and impress upon my countrymen the truth in relation to Mormonism, vile, criminal, and treasonable as it insolently displays itself in the boasted security of its mountain-walled home. But no; no one would be believed were he to communicate the truth concerning the Mormons. Truly, were an angel from heaven to tell you of the wicked practices and the base unprovoked crimes of this people, you would discredit the report. Such is the enormity of their conduct that in a series of resolutions drawn up by a Presbyterian clergyman, and signed by the emigrants, "the truth, and the whole truth," was designedly avoided, lest it would be too shocking for belief. It is hazardous nothing in saying that never, by savage horde or lawless banditti, was there exhibited such base turpitude of heart and such indiscriminate vindictiveness of purpose as are to be seen in the conduct of the Mormons of Salt Lake Valley. With them human feeling has been debased to worse than bestial passion and instinct, and then all sympathy is consumed by or absorbed in lust, while sentiment there finds its lowest degree of degradation. There is no crime but has its full, free justification there, if perpetrated against a Gentile, as they term those who are not Mormons. No matter how good a man's character may be before he becomes a Mormon, and makes common fellowship with them, after he is fairly inducted he is soon made to yield the most guilty obedience to the decrees or orders of the Twelve. All are thus rendered ready and prompt instruments in the perpetration of crime. I had supposed that, like other religious societies, there were sincere persons among them, who, believing in justice and virtuous principles, could not be made the guilty agents of crime, or committed such offenses as had frequently been charged against them; but, from what I have seen and heard, I am firm in the belief that the best of them will not hesitate to perform the worst bidding of Brigham Young, their "Man of God." Yes, his voice is to them more omnipotent than is the voice of God to the Christian. Let but a Gentile man his displeasure, or that of the Twelve, and soon his bloodhounds, the Danites, are scouring the country in search of their prey; and wo to the Gentile who is known to give the doomed victim protection or assistance! Far different is it when emigrants first enter the valley—then all is kindness and good feeling; but no sooner does winter lock them in, than the hitherto suppressed volcano of their hate and prejudice against American citizens bursts forth. Then property is seized and confiscated, the owners thereof deprived of their liberty, loaded like the deers of felons with balls and chains, without the form of a trial, and in most cases without even any known accusation. Many emigrants besides myself heard Brigham Young from the stand declare the most treasonable hostilities against the United States. He denied the right of jurisdiction on the part of our Government, and pledged himself that if a Governor came there and attempted its extension he would resist it to death! The right of Governorship, undisturbed by the authority of the United States, he claimed as vested in himself for life. "Yes," as he used his own words, "that was about the time I was elected for." To the citizens of the United States, who talked of their rights and privileges as American citizens, he would say he was not amenable to their Government, and said, "Now, as when at Nauvoo, that he defied the combined powers of the United States and all hell!" Those of us who were known to speak against Mormonism or abuse the Mormons, he ordered should have their throats cut. To employ his own phraseology, he said, "Yes, out their damned throats; if you do not I'll send the boys that will; and if they don't, I'll come myself and I'll cut their damned throats; I will say them, by the spirit of the Almighty God." From that moment the emigrants became the proscribed and proscribed objects of Mormon vengeance. A report was started that I was then a reporter for Government, and soon my property was seized and myself arrested, and subjected to the insults of one of their prostituted functionaries, without any cause for prosecution, or any charge laid against it. Shortly after five head of my cattle were shot, and I was selected a subject to be salted down in their lake. Five of their assassins took upon themselves the pleasing duty; but I entertained no fear of them; on the contrary, I came out and declared my defiance of them. My whole solicitude was for my family, and

every exertion was directed toward getting it out of the valley. Being composed mostly of females, I had just cause to fear that, if deprived of a protector, it would never be permitted to leave that sink of perdition for no intelligence against Mormonism is permitted to be mailed. Discontented Mormons and emigrants have told me that they picked up before the post-office parts of letters they had deposited for them by the United States, but in which they had expressed themselves too freely for Mormons. In truth, the basest system of espionage prevails that ever was known to exist in the world.

So far as their religion is concerned, I never felt disposed to meddle with it. But it should be known that their teachings here, as they term their making known their abominable practices here, are greatly at variance with the preaching of the principles of Mormonism by their missionary knaves throughout the rest of the world.

In nothing do their teachings correspond with Christianity. They deny the omnipotence of God, but believe in a plurality of Gods as well as wives, and that old Brigham, part God now, will become a perfect and powerful God after his physical death.

MODEL APHARY.

There is at Brooklyn, New York, a model Aphary, containing about seventy-five families, or hives, with a population, it is supposed, of upwards of five millions of bees. They are part of an emigration this spring from the Kennesaw, in Maine, and have been industrious and prosperous since their settlement here. The structure of their residences, and the mode of providing for the sustenance of the colony, are the subject of a patent given a little more than two years ago to Mr. Arza Gilmore; but the Aphary at Brooklyn belongs to Messrs. Edwards & Platt.

The residence of the bees is a large quadrangle, enclosing a central square, at present open at the top, but intended to be covered with a roof upon the approach of winter. One side only is now occupied by hives, which are disposed along it in three tiers placed upon one another. The bees begin their work at the top of the uppermost, and when that is filled with honey descend in succession to those below. In the autumn the upper tier with its contents is removed, leaving the two others for the winter's supply of food for the tenants, and empty hives are deposited at the bottom of those remaining.

In this way a constant succession of hives full of honey is annually removed for use without the destruction of the insects. And they never swarm, because new hives are added, like wings to the paternal domicile, as fast as the family increases; between all of which, from one extremity to the other, there is a free communication. In addition to the foregoing means of procuring honey, boxes, jars, and tumblers are placed adjacent to the hives, into which the little creatures are always glad to enter and build their comb. As soon as these are filled with honey, the bees are shut off, the boxes removed to another place, where the bees remaining in it make their escape as soon as permitted, and return to their own hive. This, being the youngest, is the most of their product, and is always very white and handsome. They are of three sizes, of five pounds and upwards, each, selling from a dollar and a quarter to a dollar and three quarters apiece, or about two shillings a pound.

To save an unnecessary consumption of time in travelling to distant flowers, and visiting a great many of them, as we have seen them do, before obtaining a meal, an eating-house is erected on purpose for them close by their work; in other words, their food is brought within a rod or two of their lives. What this consists of is a secret, because the flavor and beauty of the honey-comb depend essentially, as it is said those of poultry do, upon their style of living. The liberal consumption of this such diminutive creatures created such surprise that we omitted to set it down till we had a confirmation of the fact—it is six hundred pounds daily! To be sure, they depend entirely on the preparation of this liquid composition for sustenance, and also for the production of their delicious manufacture. With due allowance for trespassing bees from other quarters, and numerous flies, who are never driven from what no doubt they all consider to be the manna or providential disposition of nature, common like the flowers of the field for all the denizens of the air, yet the daily portion of a large fraction of a hoghead of liquor seems a little intemperate. However, it should not be grudged them; they work hard, and this is the only pay they get, though they do not suffer martyrdom as formerly. The cost of this sweet mixture, as was understood, is between three and six cents a pound.

Notwithstanding that the bees are not under the necessity of going far for food, they visit the surrounding country for exercise and pollen. The latter must be extracted from the flowers, for which the proprietors have yet provided no substitute. The place is very well fitted up for public inspection. The workers can be seen in ceaseless occupation, the big drones in unmolested indolence. These may be easily and always seen through the glasses. But the queen bee is so constantly engaged in her internal administration of providing for her offspring—for she is undoubtedly one of the most prolific sovereigns of the age—that she does not venture from home much. Yet she is sometimes visible. Her life, however, is so essential to the hive that she never goes far, nor without a cloud of cavaliers prepared to die in her behalf.

The whole is a curious, agreeable, and instructive sight, deserving the attention of the bee cultivator and the community. The observer undergoes no risk of harm from these small but powerful monarchs; for, though millions of them are almost in contact with him, yet a glass partition spreads its effectual shield between them. Magnifying glasses are disposed in such a manner as to present them on a large scale. It is known that the drones are annually exterminated from the hive. This occurs at the season of the year when nature is beginning to withhold her annual supply of flowers, from which the winter's stock of provisions for the bee tribe is derived. It seems a cruel policy, but probably defensive on the argument of necessity.—That time is now approaching. The massacre of thousands may be witnessed by visitors at the right time to this unique establishment.—*Newark Advertiser.*

GREBLEYANA.

That most wrong-headed of clever men, most visionary of practical men, most mischievous of useful men, and most Locofoco of Whig men, Horace the Tribune, seems to have modified some of his isms, during his late sojourn in Europe, where, face to face with vast destitute populations, he, Horace, has been compelled to see how utterly impracticable is a great part of those political fantasies which he has been accustomed to indulge. Horace has been reading at home, in the easy and happy state of our under-population, the poetry of social life; abroad, he has seen something of its prose—of that unexalted and sadly real state of things, where government and their forms are no longer a matter of choice, but of necessity; where old and corrupt and crowded societies defy all relief from mere changes of constitutions, and demand of the true politician not happiness but mere preservation. Confronted with all this, we doubt not that Horace—a man of great acuteness at bottom—has learnt to distrust French Republicanism altogether, and to regard that tumultuary people as totally incapable and unworthy of political liberty; as, indeed, fit only for a despotism, because unable to be kept in order by anything weaker than a despotism. Certain it is, from something in his paper which we cannot now cite, that his visit to Italy has disabused him of the dream of Italian liberty. He has perceived that there are nations too degenerate for a free (which must be a mainly) government, too sensual for an honest, too vicious for a milk-fare; and that

A land of idling and of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods and late-sounding waves.

is far too busy with his vices to think much of any freedom but that which promises better to indulge them.

As, then, our Optimist has discovered in Italy that political liberty would be a thing not beneficial but fatal to Rome no longer Roman, to macaroni-eating Naples, and to a country generally where three-fourths of the population are priests and beggars, and banditti and soldiers, might he not do well to visit the South and liberalize his ideas as to it also? He will, in that case, find himself as much mistaken in regard to the possibilities of personal freedom for the Negro as of political for the Frenchman and Italian.

Here is one more of the amendments of opinion which European travel has forced upon Horace's convictions; he has admired some of his anti-fighting heroes. We should like to know what is the present state of his ideas about capital punishment?

Horace Greeley, has, since his sojourn in Europe, become a convert to the physical force doctrine. He says, horrible as war is and ever must be, he deems a few battles a less evil than the perpetuity of such mental and physical bondage as is now endured by twenty millions of Italians. He remarks:—*Phil. Ledger.*

"When the Peace Society shall have persuaded the Emperor Nicholas or Francis Joseph to disband his armies and rely for the support of his government on his intrinsic justice and inherent moral force, I shall be ready to enter its ranks; but while Despotism, Fraud, and Wrong are triumphantly upheld by Force, I do not see how Freedom, Justice and Progress can safely disclaim and repudiate the only weapons that tyrants fear—the only arguments they regard."

As to all this, we can only say that if the good are to leave all the advantages of force to the violent, and rely on the virtues of non-resistance, or if rogues and murderers are to rage undeterred by the gibbet, why then virtue, which at best has but a sad time of it in this world, may as well give up and consent to be always the victim.

But the New York Mirror announces to us a still stranger change in the great philosopher of phantasms. It says:

"The late Hon. Horace Greeley returned in the Baltic from his 'grand tour' in Europe. What will Mrs. Grundy say, if we tell her that the philosopher of the Tribune comes back completely metamorphosed—with whiskers and moustache—patent leather boots—a gold watch chain, with a bunch of 'charms' attached—a little jimmy French hat, turned up at the sides—fancy pantaloons with broad stripes and straps—white cravat—buff vest—a long-waisted short-skirted black frock coat—and a little stick, with the head of Corto cut in ivory on the top! His friends don't know him, and we don't believe he will know himself when he looks in the *Mirror*!"

This beggars all the metamorphoses in Ovid. For in them the transformation was never to its opposite. One can imagine of a waterman turned into a fish, a nymph changed into a fountain, a lover born dunsel into a songstress of the night, or a self-amorous youth into a flower; but a philosopher into an exquisite is a transfiguration beyond anything ever before heard of in either mythology or magic.—Certainly, Mr. Calhoun took all shapes, like Proteus; but Mr. Calhoun was a politician; Mr. Buchanan shifted from an old Federalist into a young Democrat; Mr. Van Buren from "a Northern man with Southern principles" into the father of freemasonry; our own impracticable Whigs into ultra Locofocos; but oh Horace! Horace! that you should wear an imperial or a gaiter—you abandon your old draggled-drag overcoat—you have straps to your middle breeches—may, mount fancy pantaloons with wide stripes, and absolutely sport a ruffian with an actress's head on it—we want to hear of it: the present age will not endure, a future one will not believe it. Could we ourselves credit it, it would make us ashamed of our species.

Richmond Whig.

Wall-street, we learn, is to be widened in order to give more scope to operations in that quarter. "The money changers and those who sell doves" are bent upon travelling the broad way.

An ingenious English mechanic has attached Dr. Solle, Barum's agent, to a new style of grate and taken out letters patent for an improved blower. It will probably get into general use, if on trial, it is found it will not explode.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched; but blooms not again when watered by tears.

More pleasing than the dew-drops that sparkle upon roses, are the tears that pity garkles on the cheek of beauty.

"Secession and its Oddities.—The South has some queer politicians, among them such as the Editor of the Richmond Enquirer, who daily attack South Carolina for intending to secede from the Union, but who as often tell her, if she does secede, we will keep hands off, if the Federal Government lets you alone; but if she don't, we will buckle on our armor and fight for you." Indeed, the Enquirer tells us, this is State Rights Democracy at work, the Potomac. Southern Democracy holds, if these be its exponents, so much to the right of secession, that in case Massachusetts should secede because of the Fugitive Slave Law, President Fillmore could not bring down Uncle Sam's guns to canonade the seceders into line again. States are sovereign. This great Government of thirty-one States can be broken into fragments, of right, by any one of them; and in case one breaks the whole, the whole cannot lay finger upon the one. Mississippi and Arkansas may shut up the Father of Waters, and Missouri, all the Northwest, and West must shut up! They have no right to break through.—Louisiana may exclude from the Mississippi outlet and inlet, Arkansas, Mississippi, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, and Pennsylvania, and these States cannot, of right, get out to salt water; Louisiana being a sovereign, independent State, that a whole regiment of States can't, of right, compel Louisiana to grant to them salt air and salt water. This will do. There is nothing like humbug. We, in this Progressive age, are infinitely ahead of our stupid forefathers.

If South Carolina has a right, at will, peaceably to break up this Union, the Enquirer, as it seems to us, is guilty only of impertinence in interfering with the intent of so sovereign a State so to do. Her rights are absolute, and her will is supreme; and to condemn her for the exercise of her rights is certainly to interfere with the judgment and the concerns of a sovereign State. She is the best judge for herself, and sovereigns want no foreign interference. But has it never occurred to the Enquirer that the maintenance of the right to do a wrong thing is the maintenance of the wrong, and that to preach the right of Disunion to a State so disloyal to the Union, is practically to preach Disunion? The will for Disunion, beyond all doubt, exists in South Carolina. To teach the right is then but to encourage the will.—*N. Y. Express.*

ADOPTED CITIZENS.

Senator Douglas, of Illinois, is now talked of as "Young America's" candidate for the Presidency, in 1852. The party of which his followers assume to be the junior and more generous portion, claim also to be, in a very peculiar manner, the friends of the adopted citizen generally.—Nevertheless, that same party, old and young, has ever proved itself ready to appeal to the prejudice against foreigners, in common with all other prejudices, whenever they could be employed with advantage; thus betraying the fact that there was, in their friendship towards mankind at large and the adopted citizen in particular, no principle nor sincerity; but only a low demagoguism, affecting the sentiment when it might be profitable, and equally ready to adopt or to play upon the opposite one, whenever or wherever the latter would better serve a momentary political end. If the United States Bank was, for party ends, to be destroyed, it was denounced as formed, to a large extent, out of foreign capital; and foreign capital was made odious, as if men could be hostile to our institutions who had invested their funds in our great national corporation; and as if the accession of foreign capital was not the very thing to be desired, in a country where the great want, the great impediment to all improvement, was the want of capital. The very men who affected this fear of foreign capital in the U. S. Bank, were, at the same moment, procuring everywhere the sale of their own State Stocks to foreigners, and foreign loans of capital to the extent of several years of 200 millions of dollars, for all their great State enterprises. We could give many other instances as decisive of their insincerity in this matter. But the denunciation of Judge Hall, by this same Senator Douglas, affords an apt enough illustration of that which we wish to hold up to view.

In the debate in Congress, a few years since, as to the repayment, asked by General Jackson, of the fine laid on him by Judge Hall for having, a month after the battle of New Orleans, and the retreat of the enemy by sea, enforced Martial Law, and imprisoned the U. S. Judge (the aforesaid Hall) for granting a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Mr. Douglas insisted that Judge Hall must have been a traitor and a coward, because he was a foreigner by birth and had not taken up arms, during the war. Immediately after that speech, the following conversation has been said to have occurred between Mr. Douglas and a somewhat noted Scotch cosmopolite, Robert Owen, then sojourning amongst us:

"I think ken, sirs, hoo ye, wha talk about these as the name of the oppressed free Hall as bath as traitor and a coward, because it befall that he was rookit in a foreign cradle, or drew the first milk frae the paps of a mother born abroad. Hoot, sirs, whar wer' at the brave and true men born, before your kintra was found? Is patriotism or honour or fealty an in-your-middle breeches—may, you mention impossible but to Yankee weel?—Hae ye taen out ane copyright for a sense, and an exclusive patent for a' the virtues, modesty and febricity includid?—'Hecht, sir, ye ca' yersel Douglas, me thinks?'"

"Yes, sir, 'my name is Norval, on the Grampian hills.'"

"Hoot awa, mon! then yer forbears wer reivers and staw kine. Aweel, sir, ye re-praisent Elinoolis, belike?"

"I have that honour sir."

"Aweel, sir, doubtless ye wer born thar?"

"No, sir, it was my fortune to be born here, and bred among the hills of New Hampshire."

"Ye maun allow me to doot the breeding, tho' I dinna question the lave o' your nabooty. Sma' breeding had ye any whar, but, sir, hoo old are ye?"

"No, sir, I left all my friends in the United States, and so a citizen of nois. The Constitution made me so."

"I dinna gainsay ye, sir; ye maun doot ye maun hae muckle admiration for that whilk ye understand sae weel?"

"Sir, I am a Republican of the Julian Jeffersonian Van Buren school, a member of which worships the Constitution."

"Aye, mon! may be as ye worship the United States, and so a citizen of nois. The Constitution made me so."

"But little sir; it is thought rather generous in my country, as my college told the House, the other day."

"Hoot, mon! I ne'er saw one body hurt himself, in this country, w' Lathe Hellenic, or any of the foreen lugs, that your colleague sue detests."

Exports and Imports.

The "Journal of Commerce" has been at some pains to show that for the three or four years under the Tariff of 1846, our exports and imports have not varied much. We do not propose to enter into a statistical argument to answer this, inasmuch as the amount of our foreign exchanges pretty well answers it, as well as the fact that we export California only to buy silks in Lyons, wines in Bordeaux, cottons in Manchester, hardware in Birmingham and Sheffield, iron in Wales, and woollens in Leeds. There is one other fact of importance not often enough considered in our relations with Great Britain. We make by thousands and tens of thousands of iron, and these thousands are sold the ironmongers of England and Wales. It is very true that the statistical tables show the amount of iron imported—principal started with—but they do not show the enormous interest we annually pay on these and other bonds. It is estimated that the amount of State, Em. States, Railroad Bonds, and other debt which we owe Great Britain, reach to a hundred and fifty millions, the interest, at 6 per cent. per annum, is fifteen millions, which is the value of one-fourth the cotton crop, this year. No statistical tables of exports and imports show it. It is the invisible leakage of our commerce.—*N. Y. Express.*

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

We find in two different papers, the following curious variations of what we feel, after all, but the same tale. We confess, however, that the first of them, told by Mr. James in person and with his sign-manual, does not look half much like himself as does the second, which is from the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin:

Accident to Mr. G. P. R. James.—The Utica Gazette publishes the following letter from Mr. James to the Hon. J. Walker, in response to an invitation to attend and speak at the county fair at Utica, and accept the hospitalities of his host:

STOCKBRIDGE, Mass., Aug. 14, 1851.
My Dear Sir—I am compelled, I feel, to write with great pain—to return you a very unsatisfactory letter, in answer to your very kind one; and I must make as brief as it is unsatisfactory, for I have with the greatest possible difficulty returned from Utica, a few days after my return from that, I was driving an empty horse, who chose to shy down a hill with me, and pitch me out of the empty My right arm, hip and leg, were all severely injured—more so than I at first imagined, and though most anxious to respond to your note, and to see fair Utica, I feel that there is too much uncertainty to my recovery in time, for me to depend upon me. It is now only three weeks since this accident happened—but I have as yet made but little progress. If I can come to Utica at the end of the fair I will—and will then write you a full and complete account of what may present itself; but for any serious effort, I fear you must depend on others, of whom, I am sure, you know many much better qualified than myself. Yours, faithfully,
G. P. R. JAMES.

"On a clear, warm morning in the month of August, 1851, a light handsome vessel drawn by a single spirited horse, had been seen upon the road in the vicinity of Stockbridge, Mass. The occupant of the carriage was a gentleman of perhaps forty-five years of age, of full figure and having an unmistakable English countenance. He seemed anxious to enjoy the fine scenery around him, and only removed his eyes from it to make applications to a handsome snuff box, which he carried in his pocket.

"The road gradually became rough, and the traveller, too much engrossed with his box and the scenery, paid little attention to his horse. Suddenly the animal started, and the gentleman, who was leaning forward, fell from the carriage, and was hurled upon the ground. He was prostrated on the road side, while the horse and vehicle were speedily out of sight and in Stockbridge. At this juncture a horseman came in sight, and hastened to raise the prostrated traveller, who gave the name as G. P. R. James. The elder of the horsemen was—"

[To be Continued.]

It is reported by those who ought to know that if Barnum attends strictly to his business and does not allow his benevolence and generosity to get the better of his judgment, by the time he has completed the railroad to the Pacific he will be able to buy a small farm somewhere in New Jersey and retire into private life.