

PRESIDENT PIERCE'S FORTHCOMING MESSAGE.

Already speculations are afloat as to the character of this document. Some are sufficiently informed of its complexion as to be able to assert confidently what it will and what it will not contain. For ourselves we are not in the secret, and, therefore, cannot speak by the ear. For us, therefore, it remains only to wait and watch until the document is regularly proclaimed.

We are not, however, without some criteria by which with a good degree of confidence to prognosticate some of its features. We have been tolerably close observers of the Democracy. We have been somewhat familiarized to their proceedings, and with more certainty than the farmer infers a hard winter from the abundance of mast, we can, from certain data, infer what the complexion of their acts and sayings will be. Let us know what these acts have been for a period, and we will tell you what their professions are and we can more than guess the character of the next act they will perform. If they are loud in their protestations about strict construction of the Constitution, put it down as certain that they have just done or meditate doing some unconstitutional act. If they are particularly noisy about the rights of the South, look back for some act by which the South has been humiliated or forward to some thing by which she is to be shorn.

Now, as Genl. Pierce's Administration has plunged up to the eyelids in Free Soilism, petted, favored, cherished and lauded with the Van Buren Free Soilers of New York, you may bet your pile that the message will be full of assurances of fidelity to the Union and the compromise, crum full of obnoxiousness against disturbers and agitators of the slavery question. It will out-herod Herod with professions, which will imply devotion to the South, and all the more profuse and labored because the administration have just given her a murderous stab.

Inasmuch as it is meditated also to engulf Cuba, the Mesilla Valley, and the Sandwich Islands, we shall look to see some very imposing flourishes about regard for the rights of other nations, and the necessity of avoiding all questions likely to give rise to sectional heat and animosity. One if uninitiated in the ways of the Democracy will be likely to conclude that the idea of Land Grabbing has never for a moment been entertained by the law-abiding, peace-preserving Democracy.

No doubt there will be found cogent views upon the everlasting and deceptive theme of Strict Construction of the Constitution. The general doctrine of construction will be enforced. This is one of the never-failing topics. Under this perpetual cry of Strict Construction they have succeeded in violating the Constitution, State and Federal, whenever and wherever party advancement required it. They never boggle or blink it. Just now the necessity for a vigorous reformation of this stalling horse dogma is rendered more necessary, because of the recent exploit of the Democrats of New Jersey, who, because their State Constitution makes the office of Governor untenable by any one who has not been a resident of the State for seven years just preceding his election, have elected (by the aid and through the means and money of a huge monopoly, the Camden and Amboy Railroad, that controls the politics of the State) one Richard M. Price who recorded himself five years ago as a citizen of California in the Convention of that State, and a resident of it for three years preceding.

In order to cover up the shameful fact of the omnipotent power of the Railroad aforesaid, the message will rail at all monopolies and monster corporations.

Mr. Cass, Mr. Douglas, and the whole Democracy of the Northwest and North, having voted for the most monstrous schemes of Internal Improvement by the Government, and Mr. Jeff Davis having discovered that the Pacific Railroad is clearly constitutional under the *war power of defense*, it will be indispensable to launch some bolts at the monstrous heresy of making Internal Improvements by the General Government, &c.

There will be no difficulty in comprehending the message; our readers have nothing to do but to apply the canon of criticism founded on close observation that we laid down in the former part of our observations, to elucidate satisfactorily what they are at or what new mischief or folly they are meditating. It is the rule by which dreams, it is said, must be interpreted—by the rule of contraries.

We have been told by nearly all the Democratic presses, "oh don't mind the individual acts of the Cabinet (though the Enquirer holds the doctrine that the acts of the Secretaries are acts of the President) judge the Administration by the message; wait until you see the message, then you'll have the clear doctrine." A plague on the doctrines of the message. Who cares a rush for the protestations and promises of a message. He is simply a dupe who is gulled by such chaff. The acts and not the professions of the Administration are the true tests by which to judge it.—Words cost nothing. Tallyrand said they were invented to conceal thoughts.

The acts of a man or body of men are unmistakable indications of their real feelings and they are the only reliable ones. Since when we first read the luckless adventure of Moses at the Fair in the Vicar of Wakefield, we have always remembered that the same venerable old gentleman who was so exceedingly friendly and discoursed so wisely to the lad on the mysterious lore of Sanction and Manerho, was the same old rascal who swindled the confiding Moses out of his father's horse in exchange for a gross of shagreen spectacles. We treasured up the moral of it.

Trouble of Bad Writing.—The Princess Augusta asked Lord Walsingham for a frank. He wrote one for her in such detestable characters, that at the end of a month, after having wandered half over England, it was opened, and returned to her as illegible. The Princess complained to Lord Walsingham, and he then wrote the frank for her so legibly, that at the end of a couple of days it was returned to her, marked "Forgery!"

Great Curiosity.—A mammoth fossil tooth, supposed to have belonged to a mastodon, which weighs eight pounds, is now lying upon the counter of Messrs. Bigelow & Kimball, Washington street, Boston. This remnant of ages gone by was found in a swamp, six or eight feet below the surface of the earth, by workmen who were making an excavation for a railroad at Aurora, about forty miles west of Chicago, Illinois. Several other teeth of similar size were found at the same place, together with a tusk about nine feet in length, and at the larger end two and a half feet in circumference. This was in a good state of preservation. Another was found which was decayed, nothing but the shell remaining.

Settling with Conscience.—We still have a lively recollection of the way in which a South Sea Islander settled a case of conscience. The Missionary had rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two, he returned, his face radiant with joy.

"Me all right now. One wife. Me very good Christian."

"What did you do with the other?" asked the Missionary.

"Me eat her up!"

FROM THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL, Nov. 23.

Eighteen States are to dine together to-morrow. The invitations have been out for a month. The dinner is given in honor of Connecticut, the oldest invited guest, who sits down to the anniversary feast for the hundred and fifty-fifth time. The table will be three thousand miles long—so there is sure to be room. New Hampshire has agreed to preside, at the upper end, in a huge granite chair. The clergy of the Union will say grace two hours beforehand. Thirty-six thousand church bells have been arranged to chime the music. The viands will be various, to suit all tastes—from ice at the upper end, to wines and fruits at the lower. But the majority of the guests will probably make their dinner of roast turkey and pumpkin pie, out of compliment to old Connecticut, the founder of the festival.

It must be a pleasant sight for her to see the whole family gathered around her table, with Uncle Sam, about half way down in the midst of them. The old fellow is pretty well in years now, (seventy-eight last July,) but still hale and hearty, thanks to an excellent constitution. Virginia, his eldest daughter, (a well-meaning person, though with a deal of family pride, and very much given to talking about her son "George," for which, however, nobody can blame her,) will have a seat at his right hand. Texas, a rough and ready sort of backwoodsman, has a place at the other end of the table, (and will probably contrive to sit very close to Louisiana, one of the youngest and prettiest of the old gentleman's nieces.) New York will be there as long as he can spare time; but business on "Change will probably call him away by the express train, before dinner is over. Maine and South Carolina were too impatient to wait, and so they have been already accommodated at a side table. California (a stout little fellow, of three years, who, his elder sisters say, is worth his weight in gold) is too young to come.

Of course, there have been idle stories in circulation about this family, as there are about all families, which this Gathering will do much to dispel. Some, for instance, have asserted that they were head over ears in debt, and so near bankruptcy that they could not afford sugar in their tea. Uncle Sam will chuckle at them well when he pulls out a surplus purse of \$20,000,000, which he proposes to exhibit. Others, again, have privately hinted that Mississippi has applied for a divorce, and that she is going to run away with a worthless adventurer. But her presence at the dinner, smiling and contented, will pretty effectually stop that gossip. Others, again, pretend that there is a deadly quarrel between New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, and two or three others. But you will see that they will be shaking hands over the dinner-table before sun-down.

The old folks will take great pleasure in talking over the days when they were young, and all thirteen of them lived together—down on the seashore. The young ones will, of course, be full of a thousand visionary schemes by which they think they are going to make a great noise in the world by and by. But at any rate, they will all be the better for the old tales that will be told, the old jokes that will be made, and the old songs that will be sung, until late in the evening when hope and memory (two old servants of this family) who have done more to keep it together than any amount of compromise could will light them all up to bed, and supply them with the material for their thanksgiving dreams.

OLD SAWS NEW SET.

A man is no better for liking himself if nobody else likes him.—We are not sure of that. It sometimes happens that a man's faults are all known to his neighbors, while his good qualities are only known to himself. A proper self-love is one of the highest requisites to a manly character.

He who peeps through a key-hole may see what will see him.—And "served him right." Peeping through keyholes is a manifest abuse of the invention, which was made to keep out intrusion, not to invite it.

Curses, like chickens, generally come home to roost.—Yes, foul curses; it is quite natural and proper they should.

Pain is praise in disguise.—It certainly is, and often much stronger disparagement than hearty abuse. Pope draws a sharp portrait of those who

"Dawn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer."

Rome was not built in a day.—Who the deuce ever supposed it was? It takes a fortnight to build a Western city, and the Romans were "slow coaches" compared with the go-ahead of this country and hemisphere. The proverb is very original and very stupid.

A little heart makes a blooming visage.—True; but it won't do to suppose that every blooming visage comes from a jolly condition of the heart. The cause sometimes lies deeper than that—in the cellar.

A great city is a great solitude.—So it is; but then it is "solitude sweetened" with plenty of company, which is much better than solitude taken by one's self. The best solitude is that which is expressed by "solus cum sola."

All men are not men.—As true as any paradox that ever was uttered; but he would be a bold fellow who should say that of all women—some of whom are men in several important particulars, are not women in as many more. Let 'em alone.

Beggars should not be choosers.—But they are, however, and very impudent choosers, too. Sometimes, to be sure, they choose with an alternative—like the office-seeker who called for a foreign mission, but, failing in that, solicited the President's old clothes.

All is well that ends well.—As the gentleman said who inferred the beauty of a certain lady because her foot was pretty—*E. p. c. d. Venerem.*

Exchange.
A Russian gentleman residing in New York had occasion not long since to bring to this country his overcoat, which was lined with sable, agreeably to Russian custom, and the duty assessed on it amounted to \$700, the garment having been appraised at something like \$3,000.

Among the candidates for Door-keeper of the Alabama Senate, was Dr. Bird Young, the "Simon Suggs" of Hooper's well known Tales. The Montgomery Times states that although he said his "prospects were exceedingly flattering," when the race came off, he was distanced the first heat, having received but one vote. Nothing disconcerted at his defeat, he withdrew, trusting, as he said, "to a merciful Providence, and Dr. Kimball, who was the only sensible man in the Senate."

A Veritable Dogberry.—A Mayor of one of the Communes in France lately made the following entry upon his register:
"I, Mayor of —, found yesterday, in the forest of —, a man by the name of Rollin, committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender, whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely, calling me a rascal, a scoundrel, an ass, and a precious dolt, and a scoundrel—all of which I certify to be true."

Cats are quoted in Australia at fifteen dollars each.

The salary of the King of the Sandwich Islands is sixteen thousand dollars a year.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

This is a political aphorism, but applies to communities, to families, and to individuals, as well as to nations. Economy is not only wealth, but the poor and judicious practice of it is a virtue which, when exercised, is sure to bring a harvest of comfort and contentment, and the ability and means to be useful to others. There may, however, be an excess of this quality—it may run into miserly and avaricious habits. It then ceases to be a virtue. All should cultivate habits of legitimate, praiseworthy economy; but in doing this, one should be careful to avoid cherishing illiberal practices. Enlightened economy is not inconsistent with liberality and good feeling towards others. It is wise to be economical, but avarice leads to woe.

The New York Sun entertains its readers with an article on economy which will be found annexed:

"The man who commences early in life to practise economy is always a successful man. Those who take care of cents soon have dollars. The small unnecessary expenditures are what keep so many men poor, and at toil all their lives. It is really astonishing to find how few men and women think it a duty to be economical when the world goes smoothly and prosperously with them. While it is rare to find a person who would not wish to be rich, it is easy to find persons, with abundant opportunities, who will not strive to be independent and prepared for the little vicissitudes of life.

"Some love display, and will even run into debt to gratify their foolish passion. Others go on the principle of living while they can, and banish all thoughts of bad times, sickness or old age. Others, again, contract bad or expensive habits, and rather than make an attempt to get rid of them, submit to their tyranny, and deceive themselves with the plea that they are necessary to the full enjoyment of life. But the full enjoyment of life consists in living wisely and rationally. Transient pleasures can be purchased too dearly, and for hours of riotous enjoyment, days and months of misery and pain may be the fruits.

"He will enjoy life most who moderates his desires and economizes the rewards of his toil. He will be free from apprehensions, and will have less regrets to disturb his happier moments. No one may anticipate that his path through life will be lighted with continual sunshine. This year may be a prosperous one; the next may be the reverse. The mechanic who now has abundant work and good wages cannot tell whether there will or not be permanent. He knows not how soon his health may fail, and his little family be without a provider. And so it is of every one who earns his bread by his own labor. It is, therefore, their duty to be economical while all is going well with them. No matter how small may be the saving each week, it will amount to a pleasant little sum by the end of the year.

"The habit of saving, too, when once acquired, will work wonders. Economy has a most salutary influence upon the character of men and of families. It is a promoter of all the virtues. It encourages industry, overcomes evil temptations, and produces feelings of independence and self-respect."

Rapid Growth of Iowa.—An exchange paper says:—"Few persons are aware of the immense tide of emigration that is setting and moving to the West. Iowa, especially, is filling up with a rapidity almost unparalleled. A Mr. Watts, of Iowa city, who has recently returned to his home from a trip to the East, represents the emigration bound for Iowa as astonishing, and unprecedented. For miles and miles, day after day, the prairies of Illinois are lined with cattle and wagons pushing on towards that rapidly growing State. At one point beyond Peoria, Mr. Watts remained over night, where he was informed that during a single month seventeen hundred and forty-three wagons had passed, and all for Iowa. Allowing five persons to a wagon, which is a fair average, we have 8,715 souls to add to the population of that State. This being but the emigration of one month, and upon one route only out of many, it would not be an unreasonable assertion to say that 50,000 men, women, and children will have gone into that State by the first of December, reckoning from the first of September."

Paint your Houses.—Now is the time for preparation; soon after the heat of summer, say in September and October, is the best time to paint. One coat laid in autumn is equal to two in summer; the lead dries more evenly, and oil holds it much longer than when spread in hot weather. Paint laid on in fall weather is more lasting than when put on in the spring, because the substance becomes more hardened through the winter without exposure to the intense heat of July and August, and is therefore much less likely to suffer from the effects of the ensuing summer. When ever white lead adheres to the hand when rubbed over it, put on a thin coat. A house once well painted, if lightly coated every third year, succeeding will be more economically painted and kept in better preservation than in any other way. Use none but the best material at any time.

Richmond Advocate.

A Woman Accidentally Shot.—An inquest was held at New York on Friday upon the body of Catharine Moran, who was shot by one of a gang of boys who were using fire-arms in the vicinity. From the testimony taken it appeared that a number of boys, with fire-arms in their possession, were seen in the yard adjacent to the premises of the deceased about four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, and immediately afterwards a report of a gun was heard. Simultaneous with this report, Mrs. Moran, who had been engaged in hanging out clothes in the yard of No. 42 West 13th street, was heard to give a deathly scream. The boys, none of whom were known, escaped, and the unfortunate woman expired in about five minutes.

Doing what I like with my Own.—Crossing Hampstead Heath, Erskine saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully punning a miserable barbed pack horse, and on remonstrating with him received this answer:—"Why, it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp blows of his walking stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

Campbell's Chancellor.

Mrs. Partington's Lust.—"Well," said the old lady, the other day, as she was engaged with her knitting work, "I wonder if I ever shall be able to express myself correctly. It seems to me I never can use the right word. Every time I undertake to say anything, I make some blunder or other. Whenever I open my mouth I am sure to put my foot into it!"—and she drew a deep sigh as she spoke, indicating that her mortification was inexpressible.

Chauncey Johnson, a noted thief, was arrested at New York on the 26th ult., and thirty-three thousand dollars of the money lately stolen from the Bank of the State of New York was found secreted in his room. Two persons have been arrested at Toledo, supposed to be his accomplices.

The Cotton Crop.—From what we can learn, the prospect for an average yield of cotton in this District is worse than we had supposed. The yield will not be more than one half.

We learned the other day that a farmer who made some fifty bales last year, will not make one this year. The case is not so bad with all, but to our certain knowledge a great number will not realize more than one third yield as they did last year, whilst the most fortunate cannot exceed one half. We cannot but believe that cotton will be up in the Spring, yet have always thought that the farmer had no business to interfere with speculations, and the most advisable plan for him, would be to sell so soon as his crop is ready for market. Taking the prices of one year with another, this is the safest and surest plan.

Lancaster Ledger.

The Cotton Crop.—From the Atlantic States, the advices in regard to the damage done by the frost of the 25th ult., are more decided than ever, and under this influence the crop estimates from that section are running lower than before. There is no question, also, that in the region tributary to New Orleans the plant has suffered greatly from the same cause, but the extent of country from which we derive our supplies is so large and diversified, that it becomes a difficult matter at this early period to determine what may be the deficit at this point. But making ample allowance for the increased breadth of land under cultivation, and bearing in mind likewise the peculiarities of the season as contrasted with last year, the incipient drought, and protracted summer and fall rains, and the remarkably early frost—all telling to the disadvantage of the present yield we cannot resist the conviction that the receipts of this port will show a material falling off, and that hence the lower range of estimates now prevailing may turn out to be not far from correct.

N. O. Pic.

Extract of a letter, dated November 22d, to the Editor:

"I find since travelling through the cotton regions of South Carolina and Georgia, that the planters will make more cotton than was anticipated one month ago. The weather is so favorable as to cause the green bolls to open finely—the fields of cotton are white with cotton ready for picking. The late frost has killed the parent stalk, though not severe enough to annihilate the green bolls, consequently one more picking will be had than was expected."—Augusta Con.

At Paris, Ky., on Monday, the "Citizen" says, not less than 2500 head of mules, and between 2000 to 3000 cattle were in the market, besides a great number of horses. The amount realized is set down at \$200,000. It was found impossible to get the stock on the square, and a number of lots were never brought under the hammer.

The Curculio.—The Chattanooga Gazette copies the remedy for this fruit destroyer, furnished by our correspondent and adds:

Many preventives of the destruction of the plum by the Curculio, have been suggested and tried, but this is the only one we ever knew to be certain. For several years, we have lost our crop of plums by the depredations of the rascally insect, until last year. Having a whitewasher in our yard, we made him sprinkle a tree, then full of nearly grown plums with strong lime water only. Much to our gratification, the whole of the fruit ripened. The next season, we shall follow the above directions, and also plant out a number of scions, as we consider the plum the best fruit that grows in our climate, and hits as often, if not more so, than other common fruits.

Facts for Southern men to think of.—The Lowell Mills altogether employ 8,470 females, and 4,163 males in manufacturing goods, which are principally consumed in the South-west.—Thus the Lowell Manufacturing Company make per week, 90,000 yards snuburgs, giving employment to 500 males and 800 females. They buy the raw cotton at the South, ship it to Lowell, make it up and send it back again to us in the shape of snuburgs—the profits of the labor, which we pay for remaining there. Is it not wiser that we should, by giving our custom to our own manufacturing establishments, locate this productive industry, and secure this increasing wealth on our own soil.—Memphis paper.

Capital for the Young.—It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country that, though they may not be able to command as much pecuniary capital which they can have that will weigh as much as money with people whose opinion is worth having; and it does not take a great while to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty, and integrity, to which may be added decision, firmness, courage and perseverance. With these qualities there are few obstacles which may not be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man almost as if by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands faster than he can ask it; and in a few short years such a young man is far in advance of many who started with him having equal talents and larger pecuniary means; ere long our young friend stands foremost, the honored, trusted, and loved. Would that we could induce every youthful reader to commence life on the principle that moral capital is the main thing after all!—Token.

John Jay was accustomed to say, that from Absalom down there had never been an honest demagogue.

What is a Letter?—This question is answered by a poet thus happily:

What is a letter? Let affection tell!
A tongue that speaks for those who absent dwell,
A silent language uttered to the eye,
Which evens distance would in vain deny;
A link to bind where circumstances part,
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash, the lightning of the brain;
And thrill at once, through its remotest link,
The throbs of passion by a drop of ink.

An Epitaph.—The Athenæum says that the following inscription is copied from a churchyard in Essex:

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

Woman's Rights.—Saxe must certainly have had in view the recent Woman's Rights Convention in Cleveland when he wrote of the time—
"When matrons, seized with oratoric pangs,
Give happy birth to masculine harangues,
And spinners, trembling for the nation's fate,
Neglect their stockings to preserve the State."

A GEM.

BY FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.
"Better trust all, and be deceived!
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.
"Oh, this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth."

WHERE IS THE DIFFERENCE.

Not long ago the Washington Sentinel pitched into Wm. J. Brown, without mercy. It called him all kind of hard names, in showing up his "infamy," and even ventured so far as to give the Administration a severe thrust for appointing this notorious gentleman to "one of the most influential and important posts under the Government." Poor Brown has been a standing subject for abuse since the winter of '49-'50, with a large portion of his Democratic brethren, particularly in the South. Not even after he has been reinstated in full communion with the "faithful" of the Democratic Church, by the President conferring upon him "one of the most influential and important posts under the Government" will many of them forgive Brown his sin or say ought by way of apology for the repentant transgressor. They have to swallow his appointment, but it is only because they cannot help themselves. The pill was a bitter one, and they had rather talk about anything else than the operation they had to go through in gulping it down. But let all that go. We are not disposed to revive unpleasant incidents with our Democratic friends any more than we can help, but it is sometimes necessary to do so. We are no apologists for Mr. Wm. J. Brown, gracious knows, for we have given him the benefit of our blessings upon sundry occasions, and may have occasion to bestow them upon him frequently yet. But we think they are rather too hard on their Democratic brother. What is his offense? Why, that in appointing of the Committees of Congress he would take care to attend to his Free Soil friends—that that wing of the party should come in for a handsome share of the emoluments of office, or, in other words, he would do what our Democratic friends urged was "treason to the South"—"selling the South." Now, that would all sound very pretty and chime in nicely with the boasted guardianship of Southern Democracy over the peculiar institution of the South, but it sounds very badly when contrasted with the position in which they stand towards Gen. Pierce's Administration. The avowed "policy" of that administration is to divide the spoils with the Free Soilers. Some of the "faithful" go so far as to allege that it has given those gentry the lion's share and refused to give them any thing, though they claim to be the simon pure National Democrats. Yet the party at the South are unbounded in their fulsome laudations of the President's course, and cry out, glorious policy for harmonizing the great Democracy! Now we should like to know how it is that it was such an infamous crime in Mr. Wm. J. Brown to agree to share the petty emoluments of the Speakership with the Free Soilers, provided he was elected, and not a matter of condemnation in Gen. Pierce for actually bestowing the power and patronage of the Government upon Free Soilers. If it was "treason to the South"—"selling the South" on the part of Wm. J. Brown, that called forth the virtuous indignation of the Southern Democrats and consigned poor Brown to "infamy," why is it that they have not a word to say against the same treason to the South perpetrated with impunity by Franklin Pierce? We hope they will enlighten the public on this point—tell them the difference between what Wm. J. Brown would have done and what the President is now doing, and how it is they condemn the one and not the other. Until they do so, we bespeak quarters from their party for the contumacious Brown, and suggest to them that it would be best to keep as shadily as possible about the whole matter. In short, to look at home first.—Richmond Whig.

Southern Democrats, we commend to your consideration (says the Richmond Whig) the article below from the Washington Sentinel, a Democratic paper. Remember in the meantime that it is the same party of "Softs" the Administration of Gen. Pierce fosters bountifully with the patronage of the Government. Here is the exposition made of that party and its associations by a leading Democratic journal. Read it and then say honestly how you like such allies and the idea of such favoritism extended to them by the President and his Cabinet:

"If the national, constitutional democrats of the country could see, as we do, the evidences of sympathy and congeniality exhibited by the abolition papers for that party in New York known as the 'Softs,' we doubt not that they would every where repudiate them. Almost every thing written in their favor—particularly if written in Washington and in the south—is quoted and commended by these abolition sheets. The removal of Judge Bronson by Secretary Guthrie is a matter of rejoicing with them. They evidently think that, whatever the Secretary may have lost, they have gained by that discreditable transaction.

"This fact addresses itself with peculiar force to the democracy of the southern States. We do not envy that man his composure who can, unmoved, contemplate such a state of things. Why do they approve the course of the 'softs'? The answer is obvious. Because they are none of their bone and flesh of their flesh."

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.

From Washington.—We learn that the printing of the Census has been completed with the exception of a few pages,—and that in the course of a few days the clerical force of the office, fourteen in number, will be disbanded, and the office on Seventh street closed. The entire work makes an elegant volume of about 1250 pp. 4 to, and is executed in a manner which does great credit to Gen. Armstrong, the Public Printer, and to the gentlemen of the Census Bureau, who have supervised its publication. We understand also that there is a balance of \$23,000 of the appropriation for the printing of the Census still unexpended.

The President has been suffering this week with a light attack of bilious remittent fever, and by the advice of his physician, Dr. May, is now confined to his room although convalescent. He hopes to be out in a day or two.

All the clerks in the Census Office, except four, were dismissed to day.

A Warning to Bad Writers.—The Toledo Blade tells a good story of a man who owned a building which was situated on land belonging to the Michigan Central Railroad. The superintendent, who writes a very bad hand, sent a short letter to Mr. S., ordering him to remove the building at once. But the house was not removed, and three months afterwards the superintendent met S., and began to scold him for not removing the nuisance as desired, when it appeared that the man had received the note, and not being able to make out its contents, had supposed it to be a pass over the road, and had been riding back and forth all the summer on the strength of it.

Cuvier.—It was said that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier that if he only saw the tooth of an animal he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a quick and cool examination of a personage whom most people would not think of submitting to scientific research is decidedly rich. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist; and then added, "Horns, hoofs! Gramercious! Needn't be afraid of him!"

THE AFRICANIZATION PLAN.

An article from the London Times contains the famous scheme, lately intimated by one of the papers of the Union, to the British Government, "Africanizing Cuba." An allegation of this kind, with such formality and show of importance as to give it a semi-official character, has not been received on mere editorial authority. It treats the story and the Union both with a certain ridicule, which we should not so much about were the ridicule confined to the Union. Our Government comes in for a share of the general imputation. But if the Times had found any ridicule in the original promulgation of the plot, its ridicule will be all the more contradictions, and mystifications on the subject. One day it reaffirms the story; the next day it wavers and appears to give it up; then it says that it has "abandoned the charge that the British Government is responsible for the scheme of Cuba, which is admitted on all hands to be the progress of consummation." Next it says that Mr. Crampton and the British Government have claim the scheme; then says that it will not believe them if they do; that if England does it will not credit her until she produces the "acts" her belief in its enormity and wickedness so forth, until in its number of yesterday the Union shifts its ground altogether by giving the plot upon Spain herself, and calling upon Spain and France to prevent it. The Union then in some Spanish paper a paragraph to the effect that the United States shall never possess Cuba, and that "it must either be Spanish or African." The Union chooses to regard this as a national governmental declaration, was a national dictum, and thereupon exclaims:—"No proof conclusive that Spain proposes to Africanize Cuba; and the plan for so doing is to give the system. The question now again recurs: England and France permit this outrage to be perpetrated by Spain? Spain suppose that Spain would avow such a scheme unless she had assurances of support from one or both of these Powers? Spain declares that Cuba shall be either Spanish or African, we say that Cuba will be neither Spanish or Anglo-Saxon, never African."—London Times.

Paper Maché.—Two modes are adopted in the manufacture of paper maché. First, by gluing or pasting different thicknesses of paper together, and second by mixing the substance of the paper into a pulp and pressing it into moulds. The mode is adopted principally for those articles such as trays, &c.—in which a tolerably hard and flat surface is to be produced. Common boards, such as form the covers of books, &c., some idea of this sort of manufacture. Stronger paper are glued together, and are powerfully pressed that the different strata come as one. Slight curvatures may be given such pasteboard, when damp, by the use of rollers and moulds. Paper maché, properly used, however, is that which is pressed into moulds the state of a pulp. This is either paper and pulp or is made of coarse paper cuttings and water and beaten in a mortar until they are the consistency of paste, which is boiled and then of gum arabic or glue to give it tenacity. The moulds are carved in the usual way, and pulp pressed into them, a counter mould being employed to make the cast nothing more than a crust or shell, as in a plaster cast.

N. Y. Sunday Times.

Dutch English.—Jacob Felzer, a middle-aged gentleman, of Teutonic origin, his appearance, incriminated with dry mud, and his hat looking a collapsed steamboat, with the top blown away, was brought up on complaint of a Dutch girl for stealing a piece of corduroy, valued at five dollars.

The Mayor asked if he understood English. "Yaw, talk him foost rate."
"Do you know what steel means?"
"Yaw; him ish iron, vat is made hard."
"Yes, that is one kind of steel, but not the I mean. Do you understand this: how came you to steal this corduroy?"

"Because mine preaches vas nicht goot tog church."

"Does it take thirty yards to make yards of breeches?"
"Yaw, ter schneider must have some first luge, and toddler vat's left might do mine when I gets married. It would make her go coat."

"I see that you are a man of foresight, for don't you know that this way of getting to breeches and petticoats is against the law?"
"I wont care about ter law. I use a Tuchman."

"Have you any friends who will go bail for you?"
"Blenly of friends