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ROBERT P. WARING, Editor.

"The States—Distinct as the Willow, but one as the Sea."

RUFUS M. HERRON, Publisher.

VOL. 3.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1854.

NO. 8.

Business Cards, &c.

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

RHETT & ROBINSON,
FACTORS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Nos. 1 and 2 Atlantic Wharf,
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Liberal advances made on Consignments.
Special attention given to the sale of Flour, Corn,
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NUNN & CO'S Patent
Diagonal Grand PIANOS—
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Suspension Bridge PIANOS;
(Chickering, Tra vers's &
other best makers' Pianos, at
the Factory Prices.
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CAROLINA INN,
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Charlotte, N. C.
January 28, 1853. 25lf

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Dresses cut and made by the celebrated A. B. C.
method, and warranted to fit. Orders solicited and
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IMPORTERS & DEALERS in Royal Velvet, Tappety,
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CARPETINGS; India, Ruski and Spanish MATTINGS,
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OIL CLOTHS, of all widths, cut for rooms or entries.
IRISH LINENS, SHIRTINGS, DAMASKS, Diapers,
Long Lawns, Towels, Napkins, Doilies, &c.
An extensive assortment of WINDOW CURTAINS,
CORNICES, &c., &c.
Merchants will do well to examine our stock
before purchasing elsewhere.
Sept. 23, 1853. 10-ly.

The American Hotel,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
I BEG to announce to my friends, the public, and present
patrons of the above Hotel, that I have leased the
same for a term of years from the 1st of January next.
After which time, the entire property will be thoroughly
repaired and renovated, and the house kept in first
class style. This Hotel is near the Depot, and pleasant
situated, rendering it a desirable house for travellers
and families.
Dec 16, 1853. 22t C. M. RAY.

Baltimore Piano Forte Manufactory.
J. WISE & BROTHER, Manufacturers of Boudoir
Grand and Square PIANOS. Those wishing a
good and substantial Piano that will last an age, at a
fair price, may rely on getting such by addressing the
Manufacturers, by mail or otherwise. We have the
honour of serving and referring to the first families in the
State. In no case is disappointment sufferable. The
Manufacturers, also, refer to a host of their fellow citizens.
J. WISE & BROTHER,
Feb. 3, 1854. 23-6m Baltimore, Md.

MARCH & SHARP,
AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Will attend to the sale of all kinds of Merchandise,
Produce, &c. Also, Real and Personal Property.
Or purchase and sell Slaves, &c., on Commission.
Sales Room—No. 121 Richardson street, and immediately
opposite the United States Hotel.
Feb. 3, 1854. THOS. H. MARCH. J. N. E. SHARP.

Livery and Sales Stable,
BY S. H. REA,
At the stand formerly occupied by R. Morrison, in
Charlotte. Horses fed, hired and sold. Good ac-
commodations for Drivers. The custom of his friends
and the public generally solicited.
February 17, 1854. 30-y

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

A Word before your Buy.

Young housekeepers who have just got settled after their late moving now look about the naked walls of their parlors, and sigh for pictures; along their empty mantels, and long for a few mental ornaments; at their scant furniture, and wish for elegant chairs a neat "tete-a-tete" or a "Voltaire;" at their sitting rooms, and wish they had a cheap lounge; in their bedrooms, and wonder if they cannot afford a more fashionable bedstead; in their closets, and long for a set of spoons—everywhere, and at all points discover a lack that nothing but a plenty of money would exactly supply. It may be called the season of temptation. There is scarcely a young couple in the city that would not, with unlimited credit, find such a list of necessities positively demanding an outlay as would break a man of moderate means, and ruin one who lives on a respectable salary only he would ever head in debt.

But hold up, young friends—don't do your shopping till you have heard our advice. The chairs, the mantle ornaments, the "just one oil-painting," the spoons, the new carpet, would help your house wonderfully. They would add very much to the elegance of your apartments, and make you envy your snug quarters when we incidentally drop in or stop to take tea by appointment. But are you sure you can afford them? "Your husband has good wages"—but how much has he had up against the day when some of these reckless omnibus drivers shall knock him down in the street and disable him for a month or two? "Your wife is thrifty"—but what provisions have you made for her if she should suddenly have to go into mourning—a pretty young widow? "But furniture, pictures, 'silver,' are just as good as money," so they are, worth all they cost, until you want to sell them, and by them raise the cash, and then suddenly you find they are marked too high if put down at half cost price.

Money is a mighty hard thing to come at; like a captive obtained by tedious watchings and skillful wavings, it should not be surrendered until a council of war has been held over it. You, then, our fair reader, who hold that well-earned \$20 bill in your hand, wondering what you will get with it, fold it again and put it into the portmanteau; wait till you have talked it over with "him." He says, "spend it of course, you want the articles." But let him fetch out the book and do a bit of calculating. He has paid out his bills and is not in debt. That is good. He has a small sum in the Savings Bank on which he can call and save his credit if there should be an unexpected demand. That is very clever. He has a small sum out at interest; he has calculated what it amounts to daily, and can tell just how much it makes him during the seven hours he sleep each night. Why, he is independent! His rent he pays monthly, and there he shows you a furd set apart for his payment. The sexton will call this week for his pew money; the Croton tax is due in June, and next week he must renew his life insurance policy; and he shows where the dollars are to come from to meet them all. Current expenses he can predict within a half eagle for a month to come, he has so often kept a strict account of the items. Why, now, go ahead. Spend the bill you were rumpling in your hand; and another just like it, if you wish. You can be trusted to make wise bargains. Folks that keep accounts of the items, and know exactly how they stand, may safely be trusted to spend when they feel a want pressing. And yet remember that the fashions of this world pass away, and as many additional dollars as you give to day for an article, because it is in the very height of the fashion, it may be willing to give shortly hence, if it could be but made a little less pretentious, so as to outlast a series of fashions instead of that of a single season.—New York Times.

The Right Kind of a Wife.

A New York editor says he had an introduction some time since to the heroine of the following sketch—

Mr. —, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in rather an extravagant style, was in the habit every Monday morning, of giving his wife a certain sum of money for the table and other household expenses of the week; he never mentioned his business to his wife, and she deemed him sufficiently capable of attending to his own affairs, never inquired into them. About five years after their marriage, through some slight mismanagement, and the rashness of his confidential clerk, Mr. — suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned sympathizingly on change, and, like all such matters, there all sympathy ended. The merchant kept the affair a secret, and the first intimation his lady had of it, was a news paragraph in the Ledger. Shortly after dinner was over, on the discovery of the startling fact, Mrs. — requested her husband to remain in the parlor a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs and shortly after returned, with a bound Bible in her hand. Handing it to her husband, she said:—

"George, the day after our marriage you gave me this precious book as a token of your love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its pages have been precious to me; and as your brow looks sad to day, I now return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in the hour of gloom." She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and glanced at its face—it was a ten dollar bill. He opened the book again, and another note of the same amount was before him. He opened at the first page, and continued to find an X between every two leaves, till he arrived at the commencement of the book of Revelations. He was saved—could commence business, and had a capital of nine thousand dollars.

He rang the bell—a servant appeared.

"Request your mistress to come to me immediately," said the merchant.

The lady obeyed, entering the room with something between a tear and a smile.

"Kate! Kate! Where did you procure all this money?"

"This is the weekly saving of our household expenses for the last five years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put ten out of the twenty dollars which you gave me into our Bible bank, that when a day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the world."

But why put it in the Bible, Kate?

"Because it is a good book, one which will not suddenly break," replied the good lady.

"You are an angel, Kate," cried her delighted husband, clasping her to his heart. And so she is. Does any one doubt it?

The Lifetime Man.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their life-time appointed, the ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live.

"Thirty years," replied Nature; "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature.

"I will not be contented with them."

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog.

"Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and growl!"

Nature thought he was right, and gave twelve years.

The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt doubtless willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should puddings ever rain down, I shall exult in laughter by my graces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man; "when I shall have built my house and kindled a fire on my own hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life shall seem to me most desirable, I shall die. O, Nature, grant me a longer period!"

"Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass besides."

"That is not enough," replied man.

"Take likewise the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more."

"I give thee, then, ten years of the ape; in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lived seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy. He labors cheerfully, and rejoices in its existence. The eighteen of the ass come next; burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kick are the rewards of his faithful service. The twelve of the dog follows, and he loses his teeth, and lies down in the corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

Death and Slumber.

The Angels of Sleep and Death, locked arm in arm, wandered over the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a lofty hill that overlooked the habitations of man. A mournful stillness reigned around, broken only by the evening bells whose sound came faintly from the distant hamlet. Silent and speechless as its own, these beneficent guardian angels of mankind, lay in close embrace, till night's dark mantle fell around them. Then the Angel of Sleep rose from his mossy couch, and scattered with noiseless hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent dwellings of the weary husbandman. Soon sweet sleep enfolded in its gentle embrace the inmates of the rural cottages; from the gray-haired sire, whose tottering steps a staff supports, to the infant in its cradle. The sick forgot his pains, the mourner his sorrow, the poor his cares. All eyes were closed. His task being finished, this benevolent Angel lay down by his sterner brother's side. "When morning breaks," cried he, with happy innocence, "all the world will bless me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! what joy, thus to do good in secret and unseen. How happy are we, invisible messengers of the good spirit! How beautiful is our quiet office!" Thus spoke the Angel of slumber. The Angel of Death gazed upon him in silent sadness while tears, such as immortals weep stood in his large dark eyes. "Ah!" said he, "would that I like you, could rejoice in cheerful thanks; but the world calls me its foe and joy-destroyer." Oh! my brother, answered the Angel of Slumber, "will not every good man, upon awakening, recognize in thee his friend, and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brothers, and children of one Father?" So he spake. The tearful eyes of the Angel of Death shone with a gleam of pleasure, while he pressed his gentler brother more tenderly to his heart.

Love.

How bright and beautiful is "love" in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously it etherealizes every feeling, and concentrates every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart—Love—holy and mysterious love, it is the grand spring of life, the poetry of nature. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor, as well as in the gorgeous palace of the rich—its flames embellish the solitude of the forest and the thronged haunts of busy life, and its light imparts a brilliancy to every heart, no matter what may be its condition.

Love—pure and devoted love—can never change. Friends may forsake us—the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves will cling the closer; as loud roars the storm, and amid the wreck of the tempest, it will serve as a "beacon" to light us on to love and happiness.

Love is the music and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the fireside, and unites in closer union the affections of society; and the soul that loves truly will love forever.—Not like the waves of the ocean, nor traced in sand, is the image impressed upon a loving heart. No, no—but it will remain unbroken and unmarked—it will burn on undimmed in its lustre, amid the quick rush of the tempest cloud—and when our fate seems dark and dreary, then will love seek shelter in her own hallowed temple; and offer us a sacrifice, her vows and affections.

Monumental Lit. Gazette.

Death of a Distinguished Army Officer.—Information has reached Washington, says the Star, of the recent death of Brevet Lieutenant Col. John McClelland, of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, at Knoxville, Tenn., of cholera. Col. McC. was the brother of Secretary McClelland, of the Interior Department. He leaves a widow, formerly Miss Walker, of Washington, and a family of children, all of whom are at Piney Point.

Getting "Fits" in a Clothing Store.

Nehemiah speedily selected a nice, blue coat, and vest of green, but he was more fastidious in his choice of pants, these crowning glories of his new suit. He seemed to indulge a weakness for long pantaloons, and complained that his last pair had troubled him exceedingly, or, as he expressed it, "blam'dly," by hitching up over his boots, and wrinkling about the knees. Nehemiah delved away impatiently amidst the stack of two or three hundred pairs, and finally his eyes rested upon a pair of lengthy ones, real blazers, and with wide yellow stripes running each way. Nehemiah snaked them out in a twinkling. He liked them, they were long and yellow—they were just the thing, and he proceeded at once to try them on. The new clothing store had a nook contained off for this purpose, and Nehemiah was speedily clothed therein.

The pants had straps, and the straps were buttoned; now Nehemiah had seen straps before, but the art of managing them was a mystery, and like St. Patrick's dilemma, "required a mighty dale of nice consideration." On deliberation, he decided that the boots must go on first; he accordingly drew on his Bluchers, mounted a chair, elevated his pants at proper angle, and endeavored to coax the legs into them. He had a time of it. His boots were none of the smallest, and the pants, though long, were none of the widest, the chair too, was rickety, and bothered him, but bending his energies to the task, he succeeded in inducing the legs into the "pesky things." He was standing like the Colossus of Rhodes, and just in the act of raising the other foot, when a whispering and giggling, in his immediate vicinity, made him alive to the appalling fact that nothing but a thin curtain of chintz separated him from twenty or thirty of the prettiest and wickedest girls that were ever in one shop. Nehemiah was a bashful youth, and would have made circumbendibus of a mile, any day, rather than meet those girls, even had he been in full dress; as it was his mouth was ajar at the bare possibility of making his appearance amongst them in his present dishabille. What if there was a hole in the curtain! What if it should fall! It would not bear thinking of, and plunging his feet in the vacant leg, with a sort of frantic looseness, he brought on the very catastrophe he was so anxious to avoid. The chair collapse with a sudden "screech," pitching Nehemiah head over heels through the curtain, and he made his grand entrance among the stitching divinities on all fours, like a fettered rhinoceros.

Perhaps Collier himself never exhibited a more striking group tableaux vivantes than was now displayed. Nehemiah was a "model," every inch of him, and though not exactly "resolving on a pedestal," he was going through the movement quite as effectually on his back, kicking, plunging, in short, personifying in thirty seconds all the attitudes ever "chiselled." As for the gals, they screamed of course, jumped upon chairs, and the cutting board, threw their hands over their faces, peeping through their fingers, screamed again, "they should die they knew they should!"

"Oh, Lordy!" blubbered the distressed young 'un, "don't holler so, gals, don't! I didn't go tew I swear to man I didn't! it's all owing to those cursed trousers, every mile on't. Ask yer boss, he'll tell ye how 'twas. Oh, Lordy, won't nobody kiver me up with old clothes, or turn the wood-box over me? Oh, Moses in the bullrushes; what'll Nancy say?"

He managed to raise himself on his feet and make a spurge towards the door, but his "entangling alliances" tripped him up again, as he fell "kewslap," upon the hot goose of the pressman! This was the unkindest cut of all. The goose had been heated expressly for thick cloth seams, and the way it sizzled into the seat of the new pants was afflicting to the wearer. Nehemiah riz up in an instant, and seizing the source of all his troubles by the slack he tore himself free from all save the straps and some pantlet-like fragments that hung about his ankles, as he dashed through the door of the emporium, at a two forty pace. Nehemiah seemed to yearn with the poet, for a "lodge in some vast wilderness," and betrayed a settled purpose to "flee from the busy haunts of men," for the last seen of him he was capering up the railroad—cutting like a scared rabbit, the rays of the declining sun flickering and dancing upon a broad expanse of shirt tail that fluttered gaily in the breeze, as he headed for the nearest wood.

Where the Strength Lies.

Where is the strength and safety of a people? Is it in their multitude? Look at Europe and behold the million the sport of the few—look at the nations and races, trampled by a tide of their numbers in the dust—look at the myriad slaves, whom a thousand tyrants and taskmen scourge in fields, and camps, and dungeons. The strength of a people is not alone in multitude. Is it in the power of revolutions and massacres, or in the bayonets they can fling to the gleam of the sun? Did bayonets save Rome—did they save Poland, and Hungary, and France, and Germany to the people? The strength and safety of a people lie in their knowledge of their rights, and their union in defence of them. Ignorant and divided, the greater the number the greater the danger of a people. They are their own curse. They fall upon and destroy themselves, and no power can oppose them. Liberty comes with intelligence, and the unarmed, intelligent million, are stronger than ignorant armed millions. The strength of the American people lies least in the number of their cannon and bayonets, and most in their school-houses, newspapers and books. These are indestructible weapons, to which age adds edge and might; and armed with these, we are safer and stronger than a soil bristling with murderous steel. Armed with these, millions lean together, and strike mightily but bloodlessly as one man, through the ballot box.

A Chinese Wonder.

Europeans and Americans are very apt to consider the Chinese as barbarians, when compared with our own and other Christian nations. Yet we are constantly meeting with facts in relation to that singular people, which put to the blush all our vainglorious boasting. What are our great canals when compared with the extraordinary work of art, the imperial Canal of China, which was built by the Mongol Emperor, Kublai Khan, and extends a distance of more than 600 miles? Great heights are tunneled, lakes bridged, and stupendous embankments thrown over marshes and low ground to afford it a passage. Unlike our canals, its capacity is not limited to small boats, but large ships sail upon its waters, which are filled by mighty rivers, and serve not only the purpose of a commercial highway, but are used for the two-fold objects of irrigation and drainage, thus rendering available for cultivation much land which would otherwise be useless. This canal has been pronounced by Europeans a gigantic work, and one displaying sound practical engineering skill, and even genius in its construction. Yet it is only one among many achievements of art to be found on a larger scale in China than in any other country in the world. And yet the race which produced these wonders is pronounced useless in California. Doubtless, they may be, for electioneering or warlike purposes; but in many other respects they will prove of quite as much utility to the Eureka State as their self-sufficient trappers.

Irish Character.

The Buffalo Republican gives the following incidents, illustrating some beautiful traits in the Irish character—among the "lowly." The lessons taught by these poor laborers are more beneficial to the people of our America than all the teachings of Irish politicians:

"What are you going to do with your money, John? said we to an Irishman of that name, to whom we were indebted for labor. 'I'm going to send it to my mother in Ireland,' was the reply. And to her he did send it, and trusted to health and industry to provide for his own necessities. This feeling of deep-rooted sympathy and never-cooling filial affection we have witnessed in every Irish servant, male or female, that we have ever employed or been acquainted with. We have an Irish family in our mind's eye, numbering some dozen or more, male and female, the male head of which was turned out of an employment late in life, in which he had "wrought" during his whole prime of life. They kept together, bound firmly by the strong cords of Irish affection, till famine so pinched that their labor would not suffice to keep absolute want at bay. By a united effort they managed to get the oldest brother off to America, and he landed here in Buffalo. He took hold of the first employment that he could get, and toiled constantly, living on almost nothing till he had sent home enough to bring another brother. The two labored on until they were enabled to import a third. These again toiled and saved, till they sent for a sister. She contributed her weekly dollar till another sister was brought over. And so they kept importing faster and faster, till the whole family, father, mother, and all, were safely landed on this side of the Atlantic."

To Choose a Good Milk Cow.

Select from a good breed. We prefer the Devons—bright bay red. The Durhams are roan, red, white, and mixtures of these colors. Ayrshire cows are generally red and white spotted. Herefords, pale red or darker colored, with white faces. Alderneys, pale red and mixed with white. These are the principal colors of the several breeds, of which the Durhams are the largest and the Ayrerneys the smallest. Different individuals will contend for each breed being the best and only content that should be selected for their milking qualities. But animals of each breed, and of crosses of them, often prove remarkable milkers, and so do some of the native stock of the country. Two families of cows, one owned by Col. Jaques of Ten Hills Farm, near Charlestown, Mass., and one owned by Maj. John Jones of Wheatland Farm, near Middletown, Delaware, were called native breeds.

If we were about selecting a milk cow, we would endeavor to get one out of a herd of good milkers; one with a soft, velvety-feeling skin, slim neck, fine legs, broad stern, with what is called a large escutcheon, that is, the hair of the stern pointing inward; a large udder, slim teats and large veins, commonly called milk veins, on the belly. Above all things, select your cow of a gentle, pleasant countenance, because a first rate milker may be so vicious as to be worthless. Do not look for flesh, as the best cows are seldom fat; their hip bones are often very prominent, and they have the appearance of being low in flesh. A beefy cow is seldom a good milker.

The next thing is, what is a good milker?—That is, how much milk must she yield per day? A cow that will average five quarts of milk a day through the year, making 1925 quarts, is an extraordinary good cow. One that will yield five quarts a day for ten months is a good cow, and one that will average four quarts during that time is more than an average quality. That would make 1200 quarts a year, which, at three cents a quart, is \$36. We believe the Orange County milk dairies average about \$40 per cow, and the quality of the cows is considerably above the average of the country.

It is as important to keep a good cow as it is to get her good. This can never be done by a careless, lazy milker. Always milk your cow quick and perfectly clean, and never try to counteract nature by taking away her calf. Let it suck, and don't be afraid "it will hurt her death." It will distend the udder, and make room for the secretion of milk. Be gentle with your cow, and you will have a gentle cow. Select well, feed well, house well, milk well, and your-cow will yield well.—N. Y. Tribune.

Capt. Marryatt's daughter is about to appear before the public as a novelist. Her first work, 40 3 volumes, is entitled "Temper."

Judge Douglas at Chicago.

The Chicago papers of Saturday morning last contain full particulars of the successful attempt of an organized gang of abolition rowdies to disturb a public meeting which had assembled in that city, on the preceding evening, for the purpose of hearing Judge Douglas's promised address on this disgraceful outrage on the constitutional rights of an American citizen is copied from the Chicago Times:

THE MEETING LAST NIGHT.—During the whole of yesterday the expected meeting of last night was the universal topic of conversation. Crowds of visitors arrived by the several trains from the surrounding cities and towns, even from as far as Detroit and St. Louis, attracted by the announcement that Judge Douglas was to address his constituents.

During the afternoon the Tribune, true to its fenshish instinct, issued, as a last effort to create a disturbance, an inflammatory handbill, headed by the exciting words:

"Organization of the Irish body guard."

Asserting that an Irish body guard had been organized to prevent Americans entering or participating in the meeting.

The effect produced by this and other nefarious means on the public mind will be seen hereafter.

In consequence of the extreme heat of the weather it was deemed advisable to hold the meeting on the outside of the hall, instead of the interior, as had been announced.

At early candlelight a throng of eight thousand persons had assembled at the south part of North Market Hall.

At the time announced the mayor of Chicago called the assemblage to order, and Judge Douglas then addressed the meeting. We have been unable to prepare in time for this morning's paper a full report of the speech.

During this far of his remarks he was frequently interrupted by the gang of abolition rowdies, incited thereto by the infamous appeals which for weeks have been made to them by the organ in this city. Whenever he approached the subject of the Nebraska bill, an evidently well organized and drilled body of men, comprising about one twentieth of the meeting, collected and formed into a compact body, refused to allow him to be heard. They kept up this disgraceful proceeding until after 10 o'clock, refusing most determinedly to allow one word uttered to be heard by the rest of the meeting.

In vain did the Mayor of the city appeal to their sense of order, but they refused to let him be heard. Judge Douglas, notwithstanding the uproar of these hirelings, proceeded at intervals. He told them that he was not prepared for their conduct. He had a day or two since received a letter written by the secretary of an organization framed since his arrival in this city, for the purpose of preventing him from speaking. This organization required that he should leave the city or keep silent; and if he disregarded this notice the organization was pledged, at the sacrifice of life, to prevent his being heard.

He presented himself, he said, and challenged the armed gang to execute upon him their murderous pledge. The letter having been but imperfectly heard, its reading was asked by some of the orderly citizens present, but the mob refused to let it be read.

At length, at 10 o'clock, yielding to the earnest appeals of his friends, Judge Douglas withdrew from the stand.

Love.

How bright and beautiful is "love" in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously it etherealizes every feeling, and concentrates every wild and bewildering impulse of the heart—Love—holy and mysterious love, it is the grand spring of life, the poetry of nature. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor, as well as in the gorgeous palace of the rich—its flames embellish the solitude of the forest and the thronged haunts of busy life, and its light imparts a brilliancy to every heart, no matter what may be its condition.

Love—pure and devoted love—can never change. Friends may forsake us—the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves will cling the closer; as loud roars the storm, and amid the wreck of the tempest, it will serve as a "beacon" to light us on to love and happiness.

Love is the music and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the fireside, and unites in closer union the affections of society; and the soul that loves truly will love forever.—Not like the waves of the ocean, nor traced in sand, is the image impressed upon a loving heart. No, no—but it will remain unbroken and unmarked—it will burn on undimmed in its lustre, amid the quick rush of the tempest cloud—and when our fate seems dark and dreary, then will love seek shelter in her own hallowed temple; and offer us a sacrifice, her vows and affections.

Monumental Lit. Gazette.

Death of a Distinguished Army Officer.—Information has reached Washington, says the Star, of the recent death of Brevet Lieutenant Col. John McClelland, of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, at Knoxville, Tenn., of cholera. Col. McC. was the brother of Secretary McClelland, of the Interior Department. He leaves a widow, formerly Miss Walker, of Washington, and a family of children, all of whom are at Piney Point.

Where the Strength Lies.

Where is the strength and safety of a people? Is it in their multitude? Look at Europe and behold the million the sport of the few—look at the nations and races, trampled by a tide of their numbers in the dust—look at the myriad slaves, whom a thousand tyrants and taskmen scourge in fields, and camps, and dungeons. The strength of a people is not alone in multitude. Is it in the power of revolutions and massacres, or in the bayonets they can fling to the gleam of the sun? Did bayonets save Rome—did they save Poland, and Hungary, and France, and Germany to the people? The strength and safety of a people lie in their knowledge of their rights, and their union in defence of them. Ignorant and divided, the greater the number the greater the danger of a people. They are their own curse. They fall upon and destroy themselves, and no power can oppose them. Liberty comes with intelligence, and the unarmed, intelligent million, are stronger than ignorant armed millions. The strength of the American people lies least in the number of their cannon and bayonets, and most in their school-houses, newspapers and books. These are indestructible weapons, to which age adds edge and might; and armed with these, we are safer and stronger than a soil bristling with murderous steel. Armed with these, millions lean together, and strike mightily but bloodlessly as one man, through the ballot box.

A Chinese Wonder.

Europeans and Americans are very apt to consider the Chinese as barbarians, when compared with our own and other Christian nations. Yet we are constantly meeting with facts in relation to that singular people, which put to the blush all our vainglorious boasting. What are our great canals when compared with the extraordinary work of art, the imperial Canal of China, which was built by the Mongol Emperor, Kublai Khan, and extends a distance of more than 600 miles? Great heights are tunneled, lakes bridged, and stupendous embankments thrown over marshes and low ground to afford it a passage. Unlike our canals, its capacity is not limited to small boats, but large ships sail upon its waters, which are filled by mighty rivers, and serve not only the purpose of a commercial highway, but are used for the two-fold objects of irrigation and drainage, thus rendering available for cultivation much land which would otherwise be useless. This canal has been pronounced by Europeans a gigantic work, and one displaying sound practical engineering skill, and even genius in its construction. Yet it is only one among many achievements of art to be found on a larger scale in China than in any other country in the world. And yet the race which produced these wonders is pronounced useless in California. Doubtless, they may be, for electioneering or warlike purposes; but in many other respects they will prove of quite as much utility to the Eureka State as their self-sufficient trappers.

Irish Character.

The Buffalo Republican gives the following incidents, illustrating some beautiful traits in the Irish character—among the "lowly." The lessons taught by these poor laborers are more beneficial to the people of our America than all the teachings of Irish politicians:

"What are you going to do with your money, John? said we to an Irishman of that name, to whom we were indebted for labor. 'I'm going to send it to my mother