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NO. 5.

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

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhausted to fall anew.
In summer's thunder shower,
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of mountains far away.
Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed
By wild birds born, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown,
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.
So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not!
So with our deeds; for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us see our better will
To make them rise with good!

Flaws in Diamonds.

It is sometimes instructive, and at all times interesting, to learn something of the eccentricities, failings and foibles of remarkable persons. Such traits form the most attractive and salient points of biographical works; they may be called the coloring of literary portraiture, and being endowed with an individual vitality, are found to linger longest in the memory of the general readers.
Having gathered together a number of these personal anecdotes, we propose to pass away a gossiping, and not wholly unprofitable, half hour in relating them to our readers.
It is painful to reflect upon the inordinate vanity which characterizes many illustrious lives.—When Cæsar became bald, he constantly wore the laurel-wreath with which we see him represented on medals, in the hope of concealing the defect; and Cæsar's egotism was so great, that he even composed a Latin hexameter in his own praise:
(Oh fortunatam natam me Consule Roman.
(Oh fortunate Rome when I was born a consul!)
A line which elicited the just sarcasms of Juvenal, Queen Elizabeth left three thousand different dresses in her wardrobe when she died; and, during many years of the latter part of her life, would not suffer a looking-glass in her presence, for fear that she should perceive the ravages of time upon her countenance. Macenas, the most egregious of classic exquisites, is said to have wild-d the Roman Empire with rings on his fingers. The vanity of Benvenuto Cellini is too well known to need repetition. Sir Walter Raleigh was, perhaps the greatest beau on record. His shoes, on court days, were so gorgeously adorned with precious stones as to have exceeded six thousand guineas in value; and he had a suit of armor, of solid silver, with jeweled sword and belt, the worth of which was almost incalculable. The great Dantes was very particular about his wigs, and always kept four in his dressing-closet; a piece of vanity in which he was imitated by Sir Richard Steele, who never expanded less than forty guineas upon one of his large black periwigs.—Mozart, whose light hair was of a fine quality, wore it very long and flowing down between his shoulders with a tie of colored ribbon confining it at the neck. Poor Goldsmith's innocent dandyism, and the story of his peach-blossom coat, are almost proverbial. Pope's self-love was so great that according to Johnson, he had been flattered all his life by the thought of himself one of the moving powers in the system of life." Allan Ramsay's egotism was excessive. On one occasion, he modestly took precedence of Peter the Great, in estimating their comparative importance with the public:—"But how (hold) proud Czar," he says, "I would differ (exchange) fame!" Napoleon was vain of his small foot. Salvator Rosa was once heard to compare himself with Raphael and Michael Angelo, calling the former dry, and the latter coarse; and Raphael, again, was jealous of the fame and skill of Michael Angelo. Hogarth's historical paintings, which were bad—equalled, in his own opinion, those of the old masters. Sir Peter Lely's vanity was so well known, that a mischievous wit, resolving to try what amount of flattery he would believe, told him one day that if the Author of Mankind could have had the benefit of his (Lely's) opinions upon beauty, we should all have been materially benefited in point of personal appearance; to which the painter emphatically replied:—"Fore God, sure, I believe you're right." B. Jardo, the Italian poet, ascribed so high an importance to his poetry, that when he had invented a suitable name for one of his heroes he set the bells ringing in the village. Kotschew was so vain and envious, that he could endure nothing celebrated to be near him, though it were but a picture or a statue; and even L'artime, the lotiest and finest of French poets, robs his charming pages of half their beauty by the inordinate self-praise of his commentators. Rousseau has been called "the self-torturing egotist;" and Lord Byron's life has been called "one continued piece of egotism from beginning to end. He was vain of his genius, his rank, his misanthropy, and even of his vices; and he was particularly proud of his good riding and of his handsome hands.
Penuriousness, unhappily, has been too commonly associated with learning and fame. Cato, the censor, on his return from Spain, was so parsimonious that he sold his field-horse, to save the expense of conveying the animal by sea to Italy. Attilus Regulus, at the period of his greatest glory in Africa, entreated permission to return home to the management of his estate, which consisted but of seven acres, alleging that his servants had been defrauding him of certain agricultural implements and that he was anxious to look after his affairs. Lord Bacon is a melancholy instance of the dominion obtained by avarice over a great mind. Among artists, Nollekens and Northcote were proverbially penurious. Swift, in his old age, was avaricious, and had an absolute terror of visitors. "When his friends of either sex came to him in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling that they might please themselves with their provision. Of the great Duke of Marlborough, it is said by Macaulay, that this splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most fearful kind."

We will now turn to the errors of self-indulgence. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and others of the most celebrated Greeks, drank wine to a surprising extent; and Plato says, in his *Symposium*, that Socrates kept sober longer than any. Tiberius was so much addicted to this vice, that he had frequently to be carried from the senate house. Cato was fond of the bottle. Ben Jonson delighted in copious draughts of Canary wine, and even contrived to have a pipe of that liquor added to his yearly pension as poet-laureate. The fine intellect of Coleridge was clouded over by this unhappy propensity. Montaigne indulged in sherry. The otherwise unexceptionable morality of Addison was stained by this one error. Sir Richard Steele, Fielding, and Sterne shared the prevailing taste for hard drinking. Mozart was no exception to the rule. Churchill was a very intemperate man; and Hogarth gave a ludicrous immortality to the satirist's love of porter by representing him in the character of a bear with a mug of that liquor in his paw. Tasso aggravated his mental irritability by the use of wines, despite the entreaties of his physicians. During his long imprisonment, he speaks gratefully in his letters of some sweetmeats with which he had been supplied; and after his release, he relates with delight the good things that were provided for him by his patron, the Duke of Mantua—the bread and fruit, the fish and flesh, the wines, sharp and brisk, and the confections." Pope, who was somewhat of an epicure when staying at the house of Lord Burlington, would lie in bed for days together, unless he heard there were to be stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would forthwith arise, and make his appearance at table. Dr. Johnson had a voracious liking for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," he said, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. A gentleman once treated him to a dish of new honey and clotted cream, of which he partook so enormously, that his entertainer was alarmed.
Quin, the famous actor, has been known to travel from London to Bath, for the mere sake of dining upon a John Dory. Dr. Parr, in a private letter, confesses to his passionate love of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp-sauce.—Shelley was for many years a vegetarian; and in the notes to his earliest edition of Queen Mab, speaks with enthusiasm of a dinner of greens, potatoes, and turnips." Ariosto was excessively fond of turnips. He ate fast, and of whatever was nearest to him, often beginning with the bread upon the table before the other dishes came. Being visited one day by a stranger, he devoured all the dinner that was provided for both; and when afterwards censured for his impoliteness, only observed that "the gentleman should have taken care of himself." Handel ate enormously; Dr. Kitchener relates of him, that whenever he dined at a tavern, he ordered dinner for three. On being told that all was ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim:—"Den pring up de dinner prestissimo, I'm de G-ORRAN!" Lord Byron's favorite dish was eggs and bacon; and though he never could eat it without suffering from an attack of indigestion, he did not always sufficient courage to resist the temptation. Lalande, the great French astronomer, would eat spiders as a relish. Linnaeus delighted in chocolate; and it was by him bestowed upon it its generic name of *Theobroma*, or "food of the gods." Fontenelle delectated strawberries the most delicious eating in the world; and during his last illness, used to exclaim constantly:—"I can but bridle the season of strawberries!"
The amusements of remarkable persons have been various and often eccentric. The great Cayle would frequently wrap himself in his cloak and hasten to places where merrymen resorted; and this was his chief relaxation from the intensity of study. Spinoza delighted to set spiders fighting, and would laugh immoderately at beholding their insect warfare. Cardinal Richelieu used to seek amusement in violent exercise, and was fond by De Gramont jumping with his servant, to see which could leap the highest. The great logician, Samuel Clark, was quite fond of such salutary interludes in his hours of meditation, and has been discovered leaping over chairs and tables. Once observing the approach of a pedant, he said:—"Now we must leave off, for a fool is coming!" The learned Petavius used to whirl his chair round and round for five minutes, at the end of every two hours. Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles. Pabey, the author of *Natural Theology*, was so much given to angling that he had his portrait painted with a rod and line in his hand. Louis XVI, of sad memory, amused himself with lock making. Salvator Rosa used to perform in extempore comedies, and take the character of a maniac in the streets of Rome. Anthony Magliabechi, the famous librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, took a great interest in the spiders that thronged his apartments; and while sitting amongst his mountains of books, would caution his visitors not to hurt his spiders! Moses Mendelssohn, summoned the Jewish Sacerates, would sometimes seek relief from too much thought in standing at his window and counting the tiles on his neighbors roof. Thomas Waron, the poetical antiquary, used to associate with the school boys, while visiting his brother, Dr. J. Waron.—Campbell says:—"When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in the dark corner of a kitchen, and has been dragged from thence by the doctor, who had taken him for some great boy.—Cowper kept hares and made bird cages."

Dr. Johnson was so fond of his cat, that he would go out himself to buy oysters for Pass, because his servant was too proud to do so. Gulliver kept a tame snake, but hated dogs. Ariosto delighted in gardening; but he destroyed all he planted by turning up the mould to see if the seeds were germinating. Thomson had his garden at Richmond, respecting which he has written some peaches of the trees with his hands in his pockets is related. Gibbon was a lazy man. Coleridge was content to sit from morning till night threading the dreamy mazes of his own mind.—Gray said that he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading eternal new novels of Credulion and Marivauz. Fruton, the eminent scholar, died from sheer inactivity; he rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers. A woman who waited upon him in his lodgings, said that he would lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon. Contrary examples to that of Sir Walter Scott who wrote all his finest works before breakfast.
To return to the recreations of celebrated per-

sons. Oliver Cromwell is said to have sometimes cast aside his puritan gravity, and played at blind-man's bluff with his daughters and attendants.—Henry Quatre delighted to go about in disguise among the peasantry. Charles II's most innocent amusement consisted in feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, and in rearing numbers of those beautiful spaniels that still bear his name. Beethoven would splash in cold water at all times in the day, till his chamber was swamped, and the water oozed through the flooring to the rooms beneath. He would also walk out in the dewy fields at night or morning without shoes or stockings. Shelly took an unaccountable delight in floating little paper boats on any piece of water he chanced to be near. There is a pond on Hampstead Heath which has often borne his tiny fleets; and there is an anecdote related of him—rather too good, we fear, to be true—which says, that being one day beside the Serpentine, and having no other paper in his pocket wherewith to indulge his passion for shipbuilding, he actually folded a bank bill for fifty pounds into the desired shape, launched the little craft upon its voyage, watched its steady progress with paternal anxiety, and finally went over and received it in safety at the opposite side.

The Future.

All the appearances of the political heavens indicate rather a stormy season during the next two years. The rise of the Know Nothing organization, and the consequent disbanding of the old Whig party, has given a mighty impulse to the Abolitionists, who now wield an influence in the country infinitely surpassing any former period. With this accession of power, they have grown more bold and daring, until they are well prepared to take that final step which will dissolve the bonds of the Union. Indeed, there is much cause to apprehend that the dissolution of the Union is a desideratum for which all the abolitionists of the country are striving. Their hatred to slavery is so great that they cannot tolerate a government whose Constitution recognizes the lawfulness of one man being held in bondage by another. Along with this intense hatred of the peculiar institution of the South, the Abolitionists are of opinion that the end justifies the means, and they hold nothing dishonorable or immoral that promises in the slightest degree to advance their ultimate aims.

Unfortunately for the peace of the country, there are too many men in the land who aspire to official station without a quality to command them to popular favor. Such men are to be found in all sections of the country, and, until recently, more or less in every party. Fortunately, the Democratic party is now freed from their blighting presence. They are the selfish, designing demagogues, without political conscience, without political character, without political morality or principles. They hang on loosely to the outskirts of the dominant party, and are gifted with that versatility of talent, that enables them to change their front as often as the fickle goddess. Fortune turns her wheel and elevates or depresses one party or another.

It is to the presence of these men among us, that we must look for that augmentation of influence which the Abolitionists have obtained within the past few years. That faction was so insignificant and impotent for good or evil, until the Know Nothings made their appearance. This specious, pretentious and deceptive movement, caught all the floating politicians, such as we have described, were drifting about upon the surface of American politics. A party composed of such material, would not long neglect to make loving overtures to the Abolitionists, and we so see these worthy brethren, huddled together, in an alliance offensive and defensive. But one of the high contracting parties was too deeply versed in political strategy for the others. The Abolitionists played their cards with consummate skill, and secured nearly all the offices which the coalition had the power to bestow. Senator after Senator was elected, Congressman after Congressman was nominated, and, with scarcely an exception, were of the Abolition stripe. Thus by a wicked and unwholesome combination of huckstering politicians, were the halls of the Federal Legislature filled with foes of the South, and enemies to the peace and good order of society.

Whatever agitation the country may witness in the next Congress, whatever of bitterness and contention may spring up between the two sections of the country, by means of the abolitionists, may be fairly chargeable to the K. N. movement.
Nor is it any answer to this to say that the Philadelphia Convention divorced the party from its unequal wedlock with the Abolitionists. For, admitting that to be true, (and we concede it only to show the absurdity of the argument,) the divorce took place too late to effect any practical good. The mischief had already been consummated. The fruit of the marriage had appeared in the world, and was already grown to a stature that rendered it dangerous to the highest interests of the confederacy. Young Sam, the bastard, had been brought forth, christened, reared to a vigorous youth, and was already boasting of the war, here he would wage against the owners of woolly heads in the Congress of the United States. And, in addition, it may be objected to the divorce, that it was a *quædam* *thæra*, and not a *vincula matrimonium*. It was a partial separation for mutual convenience and accommodation, and not a complete abrogation of the marriage ties. And the marital rights, duties, liabilities, and obligations continue intact and is binding in force and effect as they ever were. In all else than the name, the union exists as completely and perfectly now as at any former period. Though living apart, the gaily couple still and abet each other in every plan and enterprise, have the same friends, and join to crush a common enemy.

It is this consideration and none other, that fills us with uneasiness and apprehension. Either faction, alone and unaided by the other, is unable to cope with the superior forces of the Democracy, but acting in concert, they may not only defeat us in the halls of Congress, but fill the land with disorder, from one end to the other.

The battle will begin next winter, when the Congress assembles. The first effort will be to repeal the act repealing the Missouri Compromise, and if successful, the Fugitive Slave Law will be the next question raised. Upon these issues, and in that place, the Democratic party will triumph as heretofore.

The struggle will then be transferred to a national battle field in the canvass for the Presidency. What the issue of that contest will be, it is no easy matter to tell. We should despair of the country but for an unwavering trust in the honesty and intelligence of the masses. The self-poisoned, honest, intelligent people, the glorious people cannot be induced to prepare the Union, if once their eyes are opened. They can, and we trust that they will, desert the Abolitionists and rebuke fanatics of every stripe and of every degree.—They only can do it, or, as surely as the day of trial comes, we shall have the K. N.'s and Abolitionists united to defeat the candidate who shall be named by the Democracy in connection with the Presidency.

We do not speak of the Know Nothings, of the North as contra-distinguished from the Abolitionists. That would be absurd in this connection.—We allude to Southern Know Nothings, and we establish all that we allege concerning them, by referring to hints which have been thrown out, even here in Virginia. It has been said in advance, that if the contest for the Presidency be narrowed down to the Democracy and the Abolitionists, in that event, Democrats need hope for no assistance from Southern Know Nothings. Such language from two of the leading opposition journals in Virginia, needs no comment. It speaks a political prophy and a depth of hatred to the Democratic party, which it had not entered into our heart to conceive of, and which, more than anything we have seen in any quarter, makes us regard with anxious forebodings, the future that is so speedily becoming the present.

Richardson Englebar.

Kossuth on the War.—Mr. Bright, during a recent speech on the conduct of the war, and the expedition to the Crimea, quoted the following passage from a speech made by Kossuth at Glasgow, on the 5th of July, 1854—just after it began to be rumored that an attempt was to be made to take Sebastopol:

"I do not think you can take Sebastopol by sea. It would cost sacrifices which you neither can afford nor risk. And as to taking it by land, to take an entrenched camp, linked by terrible fortresses, and an army for garrison in it, [hear, hear,] and new armies pouring into your flank and rear—and you in the plains of the Crimea, with almost no cavalry to resist them—[hear, hear,]—that is such an undertaking to succeed in which more forces are necessary than England and France can ever unite in that quarter for such a aim. You will be better, *renoncez* *my word*. Your braves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and Crimean air, as the Russians fell under Turkish bullets and Danubian fever. Not one out of five of your braves, immolated in vain, shall see Albion or Gallia again." [Hear, hear]

Mr. Bright added that:
"If one of the old prophets had arisen in your midst, speaking under the direct inspiration of Heaven, he could not more exactly have pointed out the desperate expedition which you were about to undertake, or the frightful disasters which you were entailing upon your country."

The explanation is doubtless to be found in the fact that, in addition to a clear and unbiased judgment, Kossuth had a more thorough and complete knowledge of the country to be invaded, than any other man in England.

"You forgot me."—A good joke is told, at the expense of one of our church-going citizens, who is the father of an interesting family of children, and among them a bright-eyed boy numbering four or five summers, the pet of the household, and unanimously voted the drollest little mischief alive.

On Saturday night he had been bribed to keep peace and retire to bed an hour earlier than usual, with the promise that, on the morrow, he might go with the family to church. On Sunday morning it was found inconvenient to put the youngster through the regular course of washing and dressing necessary for his proper appearance at the sanctuary, and the family slipped off without him. They had not, however, more than become comfortably seated in their pew, when in walked the youngster, with nothing on but a night wrapper and a cloth cap.

"You forgot me," said he, in a tone loud enough to be heard all over the church.

The feelings of the parents can be more easily imagined than described.

Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.

Senator Benjamin vs. The K. N's.

The Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Whig U. States Senator from Louisiana has been addressed by "Old Whig" friends, in a letter to which he has replied at length, giving his views of the present political aspect of affairs. He regards the only safety of the South to be in a sectional organization by which a united front can be opposed to the aggressions of Northern fanaticism. As to the K. Nothings, he says:

"The Whigs of Louisiana, or four fifths of them have been seduced into joining an organization, which, although calling itself the American party, has no claim to the name of a party at all. It is a mere association for the purpose of influencing, and not the measures by which the public good is to be attained, but the men by whom the offices are to be filled. Oh! what a wretched fall from the proud traditions of the gallant Whigs of the old time!"

Although entirely unnecessary to recapitulate the often urged objections against this new organization, I will state succinctly that I am opposed to their principles.

Because they are anti-republican in refusing equal political rights to all American citizens.

Because they violate the spirit, if not the very letter of the Constitution by the proscription of citizens on the ground of their religious belief.

Because they are a retrogression toward the errors of the dark-ages in tending toward a union of Church and State, a union equally dangerous to civil and religious liberty.

Because they present issues addressed to the passions and prejudices of the people, and thus tend to divert their attention from those higher subjects over which it is their duty to keep ceaseless watch.

Because, above all, they infringe that priceless privilege of a freeman, the right of independent personal action, guided by independent personal judgment.

Departure of Lord Raglan's Remains.

Before 8 o'clock, July 3.—The commencement of that ceremony of paying the last honors to the mortal remains of the late Commander-in-Chief took place in the evening, and of course, excited more than ordinary interest. The arrangements were described in the General Order. As early as 12 o'clock batteries of artillery were to be seen parading, and an hour afterwards the infantry which were to perform part of the ceremony, were proceeding to headquarters, and at half past three, p. m., all were assembled, and the processions were completed. The mass of uniforms of every description—French, Sardinian, Turkish, and our own—was very brilliant. At 4 p. m. the coffin was brought out the house, and a salute of 19 guns fired as the procession moved forward. A squadron of lancers led the way, followed by some French Gendarmes; then a battery of French Artillery, followed by a large body of 1000 or 1500 French Cuirassiers; then our own Horse Artillery immediately preceded the carriage which carried the coffin, and was supported by the chief commanders, Generals P. Lissier and L. Monroza, Omar Pachin, and General Simpson.

It appears most strange to see a Mussulman taking part in a Christian ceremony, or what was, at all events, the commencement of one, although others than the actual companions in arms of the deceased will attend the last rites. The procession was closed by general officers, and their staffs and an officer from each regiment in the Crimea. In consequence of the army being under arms at the time of the ceremony, the number of spectators was small and confined to the few civilians from Balaklava, and others connected with the shipping. Three infantry bands were brigaded, and played the "Dead March in Saul" as the procession marched off, and bands were stationed at intervals along the line during entire route. The Royal Sappers and Miners were the first body of men who lined the road; next came the Guards, and then all the regiments of our army in succession. At this point the greater number of our cavalry were assembled, and the bands of the 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers were brigaded. A battery of the French Artillery fired a salute as the cortege approached, and this compliment was repeated at many intervals afterwards. The road was now occupied by French troops with their fine bands at intervals, in the same manner as by our own at the commencement—the only difference observable being that the French stood with their arms presented instead of reversed, as is the custom with us, and their music was of a different character.

Near the French headquarters was also drawn up a fine body of Sardinian Lancers. It was approaching sunset when we arrived at Kazatch Bay, and this was certainly the most picturesque part of the scene. The weather throughout had been most delightful, a nice breeze rendering the atmosphere comparatively cool. The dust caused by the tramp of so many horses had been very disagreeable, but on approaching the bay we found it so thickly settled with shipping, with yards crossed, that it looked like a London dock, and the whole scene seemed as if changed by magic, and that the remains of the departed great were already received in his native country. The Royal Marines, who lined the approach to the pier of embarkation, wearing their white undress jackets, presented a most soldierlike and neat appearance, and contrasted vividly with our own dusty uniforms. At the pier were drawn up some of the noblest specimens of the British far, in the cleanest dresses, with their heads uncovered.—The naval authorities here received the body of the hero of Alma and Inkermann from his brothers in arms and after watching in silence, or rather during the salute of another 19 guns, handed over by a battery of our Horse Artillery, the coffin was lowered into a boat and conveyed to a man-of-war, which it had to be passed, in order that it might be again lowered into the small Caronde, when the mourners separated, and thoughtfully returned to their camps in front.

Wet Nurses to Order.

"Tim! Tim Dolon!" shouted the mister of Kildare House, at the top of his voice.

"Here, your honor," was Tim's reply from below, and in a man of a shock of red hair, accompanied by an indelible physiognomy and an ungainly person appeared in the presence.

"Tim, quick; so the horse and ride down to the village and hire the first woman you can find with a young child, and bring her home with you, never mind the price," said the mister.

"Sure a one of me knows who'll get, yer honor," returned Tim.

"What'll not a woman in the village that has a young child?" asked Mr. O'Connor.

"David O'Connell, squire yer presence, squire blessed Father Murray was called to heaven two long years ago, was Tim's reply.

"What'll she do? What'll she do?" exclaimed the mister, wringing his hands.

"Why, what's the matter with ye?" cried Tim.

"The doctor says, that if we don't get a wet nurse this night my infant heir is doomed!"

"Oh, why didn't ye say so?" returned Tim. "I'll find ye one in an hour!"

In a few minutes a terrible uproar was heard below, and Mrs. Murray, the nurse in ordinary, rushed in the parlor shrieking out—

"Murther ye villain! honor-mith-dion! to ye, Tim Dolon, for ever!"

"What'll the heaven is the matter?" demanded the astonished mister, "what does all this mean as such a time?"

"That playful Tim, yer honor," replied the murthered-down, "that playard Tim, dared to call me out, and when I wasn't mindin' him, he catch me by the heels and snatches me entirely."

"Oh! I was awfully wrong!" the devil reserve ye, ye told of the world!

"Wike, you scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. O'Connor, seizing him by the collar, "how dare you?"

"Bless yer honor," said Tim, "and yer honor's beautiful body, and yer honor's illegit j-wel of a baby, that shouldn't die at all, I was just makin' a wet nurse out of her squire; if you want a weter one, just say the word, and I'll fill the hat up to the top!"

HUMOROUS INCIDENT.—A laughable incident occurred recently, the circumstances of which are as follows: An old gentleman farmer, who had two handsome daughters, was so cautious of his charge, that he would not permit them to keep the company of young men. However, they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the company of their lovers. After the old man retired to bed, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, and the beau would seize hold of it, and with the assistance of his lady love, who tugged lustily above, would thus gain an entrance. It so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet too early, for the old gentleman by some ill wind was accidentally around the corner, and spying the sheet, could not conjecture the meaning of its being there; so he caught hold and endeavored to pull it down; the girls, by supposing it to be one of their beaux, began to hoist, and did not discover the mistake till the old man's head was level with the window sill, when one of them exclaimed—"Oh, Lord! 'tis dead!" and letting go the sheet, down came the old gentleman on the hard ground, dislocating one shoulder, which convinced him that to make old maids of his daughters was a matter not so easily accomplished, and withdrawing all further opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

WHAT SOUTHERN MEN HAVE DONE.—A writer in the Washington Union says:

These seven millions of white men at the South are, politically considered, unquestionably more advanced than any other portion of our people, and centuries in advance of Europe. They have investigated the whole subject of political and social and individual rights more deeply and more thoroughly, and understand them more clearly than any other seven millions of men or the face of the earth. They are the authors, the propagandists, the very apostles of the democratic creed. They are the founders of our political system, and in all our party contests have been invariably, and without exception, the advocates and leaders of the largest liberty and the most unbounded freedom—in trade, in currency; in short, in everything that enlarged the sphere of individual independence or widened the circle of democratic ideas; and yet, wonderful and strange, indeed, these men these Southern democrats, these Washingtons and Jeffersons and Jacksons, of the South, who for seventy years have led the vanguard of democracy in the New World, are said to be, and believed to be, themselves the enemies of freedom, and have been at all times the oppressors of millions of slaves! What a stupendous contradiction, or what a stupendous delusion!

ARAB ODDITIES.—An Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side while the wife milks their cows upon the left side. With him the point of a pin in his head, while his head is made its heel. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left, but figures are read from left to right. He eats almost nothing at breakfast, about as much for dinner, but after the work of the day is done, sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or better yet, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of the house wait till his lordship is done. He rides his donkey when traveling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, or even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus and fire-places may be put in the same category. If he is an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his toes to hold what his hands are engaged upon. Drinks cold water like a sponge, but never bathes in it, unless his lion be on the sea shore. He rarely, seen drunk—too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred—has little curiosity and no inclination to wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.—It seems to be the American destiny, the mission which has been entrusted to us here on the shore of the Atlantic, the conception and the great duty to which we are born, to show that all sects and all denominations, professing reverence for the authority of the author of our being, and belief in his revelations, may safely be tolerated without prejudice either to our religion or our liberties.

We are Protestants generally speaking, but you all know that there presides at the head of the Supreme Judiciary of the United States a Roman Catholic; and no man. I suppose through the whole United States, imagines that the Judiciary is less safe; and the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure, because the Chief Justice of United States, has been, and is, a firm adherent of that religion—and so it is in every department of society among us.

In both houses of Congress, in all public offices, we proceed on the idea that a man's religious belief is a matter above human law, that it is a question to be settled between him and his Maker, because he is responsible to none but his Maker for adopting or rejecting revealed truth.

And here is the great distinction which is sometimes overlooked, in New England, the glorious inheritance of the sons of the Pilgrims.

Men for their religious sentiments are accountable to God and to God only.

All the Chinese grocers are sage philosophers of the school of Confucius; they are especially friends of truth, and prize themselves on the irreproachable purity of their merchandise and they never sell a burning candle without accompanying it with some precept of lofty wisdom suited to the occasion. Madame, here is your candle.—The honest man says Confucius loves the light; it is only hateful to those whose intentions are evil. Mad-moselle, here is your penny worth of soap. The strains of the soul, unlike those of linen, can never be extracted. Monsieur, this is the pelted berry which you asked for. When eating it, remember the saying of our great philosopher: wisdom is like brim, into which a man slips himself that he may live forever.

The polemics are subsiding in New Orleans.