HORNETS' NEST AND TRUE SOUTHRON.

L. BADGER, Editor and Proprietor. | A FAMILY PAPER—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND NEWS.

"IF WE WOULD PRESERVE OUR GOVERNMENT, WE MUST PREVENT INJUSTICE; TO PREVENT INJUSTICE WE MUST UNITE AT THE SOUTH."

VOL. II. | CHARLOTTE, N. C., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1851. | NO. 30

Editor's Literary Table.

"Still waiting sage, and pondering, and grieth in the mystery of human life: the dark cometh pitiless out brick needful of light."
Tupper.

For the Hornets' Nest and True Southron.

Life is Fleeting.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

[illegible]

J. D. W.

A Good Newspaper.

Our active and enterprising cotemporaries of the 'Palmetto State Banner,' published at Columbia, S. Ca., ask the attention of their editorial brethren to their Prospectus. Their paper and prospectus both deserve attention: the prospectus for the sentiment it containeth, their paper for its really intrinsic excellence. We need only quote a passage or so of the prospectus, to give our readers an idea of the spirit which characterises the editorials of the 'Banner.'

"The Union as it was," to use the words of an Alabama [illegible]

"The Union as it is, we mean.

"The Union as it will be [illegible] that fatal wish cannot be for the restoration of Lincoln, should by a like miracle change the heart of our oppressors. The Union as it is to be, when aggression abroad and submission at home have driven the South from the battle-fields in the Constitution.—

"This Union we oppose, this Union let us dissolve, for on this Union let us secede.

"If this be treason, write us down as traitors."

"The *Palmetto State Banner* [illegible] to be the exponent of true Democratic principles—Democratic according to the strictest construction of the State Rights school; and to these principles [illegible] in Federal politics by the Constitution of the United States [illegible] no doubt, be original measures, against Free-soilism, Secession, Barnburnism, and Abolitionism."

We endorse such a stand. It is our's, out and out. If it be the true one, we commend it to the careful reflection of our readers; if it be patriotic and republican, assist us in sustaining it; if it be treason—hang us under the first tree that affords a gallows!

The language and sense of the 'Banner's' position are sufficiently explicit; we can add nothing to their strength, not a ray to their clearness, and only our plaudit to their truth.

The 'Banner' is a large paper, full of excellent reading matter, and only $2 per year in advance.

Address—I. C. Morgan, Columbia, S. C.

(Original.)

The Humbug;

Being a copy of a letter from an uncle to his nephew—a young man about to commence life. The manuscript was surreptitiously obtained and published without authority and by no one's request. Furnished expressly for this paper.

DEAR TOM:—In your last, you ask me to advise some trade, profession or pursuit for you; that you wish to engage in something by which to gain a livelihood; and you add:

"For it what it may, [illegible] cutting wood or scavenging the streets to sweeping the lawn or breaking them, so that I am convinced by you that the one you recommend is certainly a road to [illegible] competency, I will go right at it, might and main."

I copy your language asking for advice, and will answer it according to its importance and my own experience in the matter. It is a serious thing to commence life, quite as—if not more—serious than the ending of it, although the preachers always make the most fuss and shed more crocodile tears over the latter than the former.

If we were all philosophers, Tom, we would gather around the couch of the new-born infant and shed tears over it; for its chances for happiness are much more doubtful at that period than when it shall have passed the world's seathing ordeal, and is about to be launched by the hand of death into the ocean of eternity. But I moralize too soon. I was led into it by thinking of the serious import of commencing life; and I am again, like Tristram Shanky, led off so much as to say to you, that when a man is born he commences by his acts to write his own epitaph. Let your's, if you wish to succeed, be one short word, and that one word—

HUMBUG!

Now, Tom, don't think of being a lawyer—that is to say, don't think of being so primarily—[illegible] profession requires a tact, an acumen, an application and an honesty, which, though you may possess them all, are not positively essential to the profession I will advise you to adopt.—They will very considerably assist you, but are not pre-requisites for qualifying yourself in the business I shall propose, as the merest dolt may engage in it, if he will only cultivate selfishness enough.

Do not bother your head about being a parson; for though a great many are already preachers, who have chosen the trade I have selected for you, yet if you should unfortunately be detected, you would have to go out of the church, and you might of course as well be out of the world. You can follow this trade that I am considering well enough as a *lay* member; you can by *union* traps more successfully. Besides, the ministerial functions might interfere with so frequent a resort to your *trapk* as you would find profitable.

I would not advise you to be a mechanic. Manual labor is respectable enough, but you would have to work too hard for a living, especially if you should ever fall into the habit of marrying, and have young Dick, Tom and Harry: Sally, Lucy and Bet—and young Tom, Jr., and his mother's namesake, running around you, with a perfect octave of sounds, vociferating their appeals to 'Pars.' No, don't be a mechanic.

Never be a doctor: for medical board or no medical board, you might, by the merest mistake, take some of your own pills and would be a *goner*. There would be an end of you at once. A man engaged in the trade I have to suggest, would never take his *own* pills, and be quite careful how he took those of others.

The best of advice I would caution you against scavenging or street cleaning as a trade. And why? Because, Tom, you would often meet with sudden opposition in some heedless tempest of wind and driving rain, that would clean them better than you could. But the occupation I have picked out as suited to your genius and industry you can fall back upon in sunshine or in rain.

This is the trade, and was contained in the afore-mentioned epitaph—

BE A HUMBUG!

There you have it. And in all sincerity I do assure you, it is the profession of all professions, the trade of all trades, the climax of all occupations that ever deserved or won success and applause.

Ask the wise, and they will tell you I am right. You are young yet, and by following this trade until you acquire aptness and shrewdness in it, you will be such an adept in shiftiness, intrigue, deception, cant and lying, that you may consider yourself graduated in a school that will fit you for any thing else you may choose. Any other avocation after this preparation will be mere pastime. You will then need neither my advice nor any one's else. You may strike out at what will best suit your fancy and afford most amusement, and promise to yourself a vast amount of good luck, *and the world's consideration*, which is always the product of *humbuggery* added to success.

If you follow any thing else, Tom, and should *by chance* wrong any one, you will never hear the last of it; whereas, if you are a *humbug*, you may cheat to content, of both heart and *pocket*, and hear no more of it, and why? Because there is no one simple and green enough to admit they were taken in by a *humbug*.

Should you select this, you will never have to put yourself to any further trouble to study Mechanicism, Literature, the Arts, Sciences, nor Religion: for know, my dear Tom, that a regular *humbug* can, by merely studying humbuggery a little, soon be a Savant, a Philosopher, an Artisan, Artist or christian in the 'quickest time on record,' in the briefest space known to experimentalists in morals and philosophy.

I repeat, and let me emphasize the fact, that you must study for a time, the ennobling, scientific trade, HUMBUGGERY; and after that, you can be what you please—Lawyer, Doctor, Merchant or Mechanic; but remember, as important to a true understanding of this epistle, that either one of these must only be the means, the instrument of your pursuit and only secondary to your prime, original trade—that of an accomplished *humbug*.

In your occupation of *humbug* you will be possessed of much BRASS.

Now in the science of political economy, by the learned Gripe-embardt, professor of *humbuggology*, *brass* has been set down as the most valuable of all metals, and he who has the most brass in either face or soul, has been said by that poetical economist, 'to have a mine within himself.' In fact, this great mineral is equal to metal and mettle combined. Brass will take you farther than gold, as a little of it will take you 'round the world, and much gold will scarcely do the same.

Brass will frequently open the hearts of the fair, when a fine appearance *without* this essential, or education, genius and refinement will only make them, like the application of a rod to a highland terrapin—close tighter and tighter.

As a *humbug* well acquainted with his power, *brass* will be the currency you will pass over your counter; and in return, you will receive the goods of this world, and any amount of specie and paper founded upon that basis.—And moreover, unless you come across another one of your craft, whom you are studiously to avoid and shun [illegible] yourself, you will easily detect and steer clear of—unless—I say—you should stumble *ignorantly* on one of these, your brass currency will never be brought back to your counter to be redeemed. When you pass it, you get *its worth*, and your trouble is over. It's a coin better than gold or silver.

You now perceive, that if you prove yourself a good and successful *humbug*, your *brass* will be worth more to you than could be the charmed purse mentioned in the 'Arabian Nights.'

I have now given you sufficient reasons why you should go at once into the business that I have made *my* Jack at.

Be then a *humbug*.

In my next, if upon my recommendation you adopt the trade I have selected, I shall advance some instruction to you on humbuggery which will be of evident advantage to you.

Your's affectionately,

HUMBUG, SR.

The World out doors,
Feb. 1st, 1851.

Miscellaneous.

From the Keepsake.

Annual Poetry for 1851.

STANZAS

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

What time I wasted youthful hours,
One of the shining winged powers,
Showed me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.

As towards that gracious light I bowed,
They seemed high palaces and proud,
Hill now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labor is not small:
Yet winds the path way free to all:—
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

The Mother's last Song.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Sleep!—The ghostly winds are blowing;
No moon abroad; no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going a far,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire;
('Twas not to stay by his looks of fire;)
Forgot my God and my father's sire,
All for the sake of a man's desire:
But now we float,
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel: the world's untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
[illegible]
What is the use to live up to
But—
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps—and die!

TATTLETOO.—A Frenchman, (probably the same one who was so much puzzled by the various acceptations in which the Anglo-Saxons use the word 'box,') after spending some time in England, thought he had acquired a very tolerable acquaintance with the English tongue, but he lamented to several friends, at a dinner party, that, dare is vonvord you use every day in so many significations, of which I cannot saisir l'acceptation—it is the vord *tattletoo*.' In reply to the remarks of his English hearers that no such word was known to them, Monsieur, with much animation, proceeded to explain: 'Ah, you say it is not Anglais, and *nom de nom*,' you use it *most frequents*. Suppose von child drink glass of warfare,' denounce tell him, 'tattletoo, dear!' Suppose two friends take one promenade, yen von is fatigue he say to de oder, 'tattletoo!' Suppose, in the Parliament, un membre say some ting trop ridicule, de assemble make de clambre *retentir* with vociferation of 'vell, I am blessed, tattletoo!' Suppose *cafe* a von individual has *suffisant* of anyting and vant no more, he say, tattletoo!' Corbleu, you always use de vord a tousand times a day, and encore you say it is not *Anglais*, I am not von ignorant of Angiais, Sacristie; and yet je voudrais bien savior, I should like to know vat you mean by tattletoo, tattletoo!'

Here arose an alteration none of the Englishmen knew what the tattletoo, was all denied ever having heard it before.—Johnson, Walker, &c., were produced to prove the non-existence of the word in *Angle*-land, whilst Webster was conclusive authority for its non-manufacture in Yankee-land. In short, the fire was so heavy against Monsieur, that with many exclamations of 'Comment, messieurs, you doubt my honeur, you dispute de dam tattletoo. ven I say it is *Anglais*, Ciel de Dieu!'—He was already fumbling for his card case, with evident intentions of regarding the question as a *personal* matter, when the master of the house politely changed the subject, passed the wine, and, ringing the bell, told the servant to put a few coals on the fire. Pat, as usual, without reflection, threw a small cart-load of fuel into the grate, and was on the point of adding a second discharge from the capacious coal-scuttle, when his master cried out, 'stop, Pat, *that'll do*.' 'Voila!' burst out the Frenchman, triumphantly, 'voila, encore une fois, vot to sacre tattletoo! You tell de garcon to put coal on de fire, and den you say, tattletoo! tattletoo! Mon Dieu, que vous etes des fous, ven you tell me for dat *tattletoo* is not *Anglais*. Tattletoo!—Boston Transcript.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—A scene took place one evening in the Champ Elysees, almost unrivalled in the annals of romance. The tenor Borsari, who has had a most magnificent success and in Italy in particular, has taken advantage of a congé to visit Paris. He was walking under the trees in the Champ Elysees, near the Seine, when he caught sight of an old man, neatly dressed, dragging forth from an old fiddle some faint sounds, to which none listened.—Borsari started, struck his hand upon his forehead to collect his thoughts, and then, leaving the ladies, rushed up to the poor musician:

[illegible]

The old man raised his head in astonishment.

'Don't you recognize me, Giovanni? I am Borsari, your pupil, he to whom you opened up the musical career, he who owes to you his reputation and his fortune.'

'Borsari!' said the violinist. 'Ah, now I remember. You have fulfilled my predictions: you have collected gold and fame, am pleased at it at the midst of my misfortunes.'

'My poor master, what has reduced you to this extremity?'

The man told his story. He had been an impresario. He had at the head of a troop of singers gone through the Isles of Greece; but misfortune pursued everywhere began his career. After a miraculous escape from shipwreck, he got sick, became lame, cured, he came to Paris to [illegible] an old pupil, Lablay, who was kind to him but who suddenly died. Giacomo then went to the [illegible] tra of the Palais Royale, but at last, reduced to the last extremity, he came to play at the Champs Elysees. [illegible] the old man spoke Borsari was feeling his pockets. All he found was a couple of pounds. Suddenly he took a bold resolution.

'Giacomo, do you recollect the great air of *la Colonne*?'

'Yes.'

'Can you execute the accompaniment?'

'Somehow.'

'Begin.'

At once, in a singing, splendid voice, Borsari commenced this magnificent piece. A crowd collected—the singing cafes were deserted—the carriages drew up and a fashionable audience descended from them. At the sight of such an audience the old man roused himself, his bow, directed by a firm hand, drew forth delicious sounds. The audience were struck with admiration and the [illegible] ting succeeded to transport every one to [illegible].

When it's ended, the tenor look'd round his hat. No one refused. Gold poured in as well as silver; and when he emptied his own purse among the heap of gold, he gave it to the old man exclaiming:

'Giacomo, this is on account. I shall see you again.'—[Paris Correspondent of the London Mail.

THE VALUE OF A THREAT.—In a private letter from Lyons, an anecdote of an amusing kind is related of General Castellan, which any one acquainted with the bold and eccentric character of that distinguished officer will not find much difficulty in believing. A few days since a 'barber and hairdresser of the city—well known for his social opinions—was in the act of operating on a 'friend and brother.' While holding between his thumb and forefinger the nasal organ of his socialist customer, and passing his razor over his chin, he cried out, 'What would I not give to have at this moment the head of General Castellan as I have yours? I should soon settle his business!'

The next morning at an early hour, to the great amazement of *perruquier*, who should be seen but General Castellan himself approaching his door, followed as usual by a mounted orderly! The [illegible] appeared at the door of the barber's shop without his *oracle*, and this [illegible] was the case that the same story was told of him when he commanded in Perpignan, that was related of the laird of Dumbiedykes and his [illegible] cocked hat—namely, that he goes to bed with them. But that as it may, the General dismounted from his horse, entered the shop, and sat down in the chair set apart for customers. 'I understand,' said he to the gaping barber, 'that you have expressed a wish to have my head between your hands. Be so good as to shave me.'

The affright of the *artist* and the *sang-froid* of the General, may be more easily conceived than described. He said not a word, but set himself mechanically to prepare his implements. The General remained fixed like a statue, though he trembling of the barber's hand might have unwittingly executed the patriotic threat he had uttered. The deed was not, however, executed without accident. He washed and dried his face; put a five franc piece into the hand of the dismayed and speechless scraper of chins, and looking him straight in the face, said, 'Mon cher ami, I was anxious to prove to you that I am not the man to be frightened by threats of any kind. Be so good as to be convinced of the fact, and to mention the same with my compliments to your friends. *Bon jour.*' The General then bowed very politely, quitted the shop and mounted his horse.

Humorous.

THE FRENCHMAN'S REVENGE.—There are but few pleasing reminiscences of the time when business and credit were prostrated by the hurricane which swept over this country in 'thirty seven'—when the banks generally suspended specie payments, and hard cash was a phenomenon. We recollect but one mirth provoking incident connected with the great panic, and that was the presentation of a hundred dollar bill at the counter of a city bank, by a Frenchman with a demand for the specie.

'Monsieur,' said the fierce little Frenchman, 'vil you pay zis bill? Vill you give me ze monnaie?'

'We cannot redeem it at present,' said the teller in a very bland tone, 'we have suspended.'

'Suspende! Vat's dat? Hang by ze neck like one damn thieving dog? No sare! you no deceive me sare! I vill have ze l'argent, ze gold, ze silvare, ze coppare!

'We cannot pay it now. We will redeem our notes when other banks redeem theirs.'

'Whan oder bank redeem theirs.' By gar ze oder bank say ze same sare! I, vil, shoot you sare, vis ze pistol, ze gun ze cannon, sare!'

'You had better wait, sir. You had better keep cool."

'By gar, I will *not* vait, I vill not keep cool—I vil have, by gar, *revenge!* Sacre! Look here! I tear your paper note all in leetel piece! I chew him! I stamp on him! You *lose* your leetle damn billet note! There sare—I am revenge! *I am, by gar, revenge.*"

And having destroyed the note, looking full defiance at the Cashier, Tellers and all hands, the little Frenchman stalked out of the Bank with the air of a Napoleon.—[Yankee Blade.

NOT BAD.—'Where was I, Ma,' said a little urchin [illegible] as he stood gazing upon his drunken and prostrate father, 'where was I when you married Pa? Why didn't you take *me* along, I could have picked out *a better man than he is.*'

GOOD ANECDOTE.—I remember an anecdote of Judge C——, father of the distinguished President of the Wesleyan University, which is very characteristic of the man, and is, I hope no doubt, authentic. At the session of the Court in Addison county, Judge C——, was violently attacked by a young and very impudent attorney. To the manifest surprise of all present, the Judge heard him quite through as though unconscious of what was said and made no reply.

After the adjournment of the day, and when all had assembled at the inn where the Judge and many of the court folks had their lodging, one of the company referring to the scene at court, asked the Judge why he did not rebuke the impertinence of——.

'Permit me,' said the Judge, loud enough to call the attention of all the company, saying whom was the story in question. 'Permit me to tell you a story. My father, when he lived down the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every moonlight night, and bark at the moon for hours together.'

Here the Judge paused as if he had done his story.

'Well, what of it?' exclaimed half a dozen voices at once.

'Oh, nothing, nothing whatever—the moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened.'

[Knickerbocker.

We heard a story connected with the small pox in Charlotte which we think worth repeating:

Amongst one of the first cases was a young man who, to prevent the family from running too much risk was put in a kitchen, which was used as an hospital. The Doctor told him that his case was a very critical one and that he must live very low. He promised obedience, and the physician left. Next day on the Doctor visiting him, he found him sitting up eating a very hearty dinner of choice and rich viands, when he became quite excited. He said he had told him to live low, and—"Low? says the patient—"how much lower would you have me to live, Doctor, than in a confounded old nigger kitchen like this?" That young man *did not died*. He must be somewhat related to the old Irishman who got his legs shot off at the battle of Waterloo, and when the surgeon told that if he did not be very careful he would most assuredly die of lockjaw. Next day when the surgeon visited him he found him cramming himself with all the eatables and drinkables he could lay his hands on. "Did I not tell you"—said the Doctor—"that if you did not take great care you would take the lockjaw, and here you are, stuffing yourself like a swine." "To be sure you did, Doctor! and ain't I preparing for that event. Don't you see me laying in a regular stock of provisions before the gates are closed! Just let me alone for foiling the lockjaw!"—[Wadesboro Argus.

WORD'S TO BE HAD.—We saw a drunken man last evening trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

Political.

TARIFF.—The following proposed modifications of the existing Tariff were offered as an amendment to the Deficiency Bill, in the House of Representatives on Tuesday, by Mr. Strong:

And be it further enacted, That on and after the first day of April next, the duties required by law, to be levied, collected, and paid on goods, wares, and merchandise imported into the United States, shall be assessed on the market value thereof, with the addition of such charges as are now imposed by law, at the time and place of export, provided that upon all descriptions of iron, and upon machinery made wholly or in part of iron and upon anchors, chain-cables and anvils, the duties shall be forty per cent., provided that any excess of duties imposed by this act on any railroad iron imported for the use of any railroad and actually and permanently laid down for the use of such railroad, within one year after the passage of this act, shall be remitted by the Secretary of the Treasury, on satisfactory proof being furnished, that such iron was so imported and laid down.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That, on and after the first day of April next, the duties upon all coodigo, hats manufactured in whole or in part of sheep's wool, and on all articles which shall be respectively ten per centum ad valorem over and above the rate of duty now assessed by law on hemp and sheep's wool in subjection, and raw sugar.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That on and after the first day of April next, raw silk, indigo, and all articles which on the twenty-ninth day of July, 1846, were exempt from duty, shall be admitted free of duty.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That, to prevent frauds by undervaluations, and to secure uniformity in appraisement, there shall be appointed as now provided for local appraisers, three appraisers at large, who shall prepare rules for the government of the local appraisers, visit the several ports in the United States and perform such other duties as the Secretary of the Treasury may approve and direct; each of which appraisers shall receive an annual compensation of two thousand dollars, with his necessary travelling expenses to be fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That the period during which, by the existing laws, imported deposited in public warehouses may be withdrawn for immediate exportation or consumption, be and the same are hereby extended to three years.

[On Wednesday, this amendment was decided to be out of order, and it was not received.]

Varieties.

THE RICHEST MAN IN VIRGINIA.—The editor of the Lynchburg Virginian, commenting upon a paragraph which has been travelling the rounds of the papers in regard to the wealth of Gen. Taylor, said, 'to be the richest slaveholder in Virginia' furnishes the following information which is probably new to most of our readers.—We had the idea that any Virginia planter owned so many slaves, and acknowledged some little curiosity to know who he is.—If he is compelled to register them, with all his wealth he is sure to be rated.

'There is a gentleman residing in the county of Pittsylvania who is a large planter, and next to their own Gen. Carver, and who is perhaps the richest man in Virginia. He owns 1,000 or 2000 slaves, and plantations almost without number. The increase of his slaves enables him annually to settle a large plantation. Of his income we are not prepared to speak. We respectfully suggest to these two gentlemen, that we propose the suggestion only needs to be made to insure their compliance with it, that they both remit us a check for $10,000 each, for which we will send them a lock of our hair—or if it be more agreeable, we propose to add our remains properly together and divide the whole into three parcels of which each shall take a share. We are excessively interested to know the results of the proposition.'

RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD.—We have already stated that the bill to incorporate the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad Company has passed the North Carolina Legislature. The Raleigh Star says that the bill is supposed to be somewhat more liberal in its provision than the act of the last session on the same subject. The old stockholders are allowed to take half the road upon subscribing $400,000; and, upon making said subscription, and paying or receiving the payment of the same, they are to be released from all their liabilities to the State on account of the endorsement of the bonds of the old Company. It provides, further, that if they do not accept these terms before the first of October next, the Governor shall sell the road at auction, at not less than $500,000.

[Petersburg Intelligencer.

ODDITIES.—The lady who was forty years old, at the taking of the last census, reports herself as thirty seven this year.

We saw a man out in the rain yesterday without his umbrella. He said the only fear he had was now, and he wasn't going to spoil it by getting it wet! A prudent man!

Peter says its all folly to tell a man that he cannot *enlarge* his debts when he cannot pay them, all he can to *contract* them.

A short time since we met a boy in years, and he was [illegible] that exact time. We [illegible] it did not think I had [illegible] heard it this day.

A wise man, as well as [illegible] Poor Richard Hook, when he told the old woman who [illegible] ready satisfied him and yet [illegible] take of still another chance of three, two; but it its the same to you, I'll take the rest in money.

Punch proposes the erection of a statue to the model woman—that is, a woman about to travel with but one hat-box.

It is said that Barnum has [illegible] who helped his own wife at the [illegible] preference to another lady.

A CUNNING FOX.—An [illegible] following: A farmer had discovered that fox came along a [illegible] poultry. He could not [illegible] but [illegible] he [illegible] into a [illegible] hence he [illegible] going to him in the morning [illegible] as he thought, [illegible] building, [illegible] short time Reynard [illegible] all was still, and clear [illegible] trains, sh wing more cunning [illegible] unsuspected him.

SPEAKING AGAINST TIME.—The Charleston [illegible] publican tells the following [illegible] Russell went down to the [illegible] to make a speech against the [illegible] tive law. Being desirous of a [illegible] piece, he [illegible] called for one and one of the [illegible] and [illegible] up his cravat, [illegible] laying off his [illegible] vest, and [illegible] on the desk, he [illegible] honor proceeded in an [illegible] three hours length [illegible] watch, to see that he was [illegible] much upon the patience [illegible] tend them, with all his [illegible] he [illegible] Finally, having exhausted [illegible] Judge took up the watch, [illegible] at half past eight, and told the audience he could give way, and let someone [illegible] one of their number [illegible] past seven, and the Judge [illegible] speaking against [illegible] mistaking the joke. We believe [illegible] knowledged the corn.

PUNCTUALITY.—We do not know who it was that invented the proverb, but there is much truth in it, the many of our readers, who [illegible] possibly participated in the unpleasant [illegible] the game, may have [illegible] subject to the [illegible] almost [illegible] to any [illegible] with [illegible] you. It's worse than [illegible] don't-you-ever-cross-my-line-and-deliver-me-from-temptation-do the girls about Philosophy.' If you say in first the doll have such funny ways to get rid of paying; sometimes they will [illegible] to a ball or concert and sometimes they will [illegible] my new gown—very willingly. But the most ingenious [illegible] swindling we ever knew, heard or conceived of was perpetrated on us. We Philosophers [illegible] girl just as sick as a whistle—she acknowledged it caught, and promised us an answer [illegible]. The next day she sent us an [illegible]

Long life to the fine slave, who was [illegible] mond in New York, says he [illegible] negroes in the world, [illegible] [illegible] says he does not know what [illegible] The proverb that he has a wife who [illegible]