

HORNETS' NEST AND TRUE SOUTHRON.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

L. BADGER, Editor and Proprietor.

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

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NO. 5

FORCIBLE ARGUMENT.

On Friday 15th inst., Leonidas Spratt Esq. of Charleston S. C., delivered a speech before a portion of the citizens of Indian Land, in the neighborhood of W. E. White Esq. York S. C., from which we have been permitted to make the following forcible extract:

Having established, I think to the satisfaction of some of you that our rights and liberties may depend upon the separate action of the State of South Carolina, it would seem that that were enough, and that all other possible calamities would be as dust in the balance against interests of such magnitude. There are some one or two objects, however, to that course which have been often urged, and which I should like to answer. The great argument of Mr. Barnwell is that the Union is destined to a dissolution, that its perpetual existence between two sections so dissimilar in interest and opinion is impossible, and that hence it is unnecessary for this State to act alone, in one part of his argument he is right, the Union will be dissolved, there is no question of it, and human power cannot prevent it, but that is not the question we are not solicitors to dissolve the Union, but we are solicitors to preserve ourselves from the oppressions and the corruptions of its contract, he seems to think the South will be safe, no matter when and how the dissolution comes. And we say that the South will not be safe unless we free ourselves speedily and at once from its oppressive power and its debasing influence. To show you what I mean more clearly, there were Simms Twins through the country a few years ago, who were two persons joined together by a cartilage across the breast. Now suppose one of these should be taken with a disease which whatever might be its effect upon himself, should necessarily be destructive to the other, any honest medical adviser for the well one would immediately insist upon an amputation, but other men advising about the matter would tell him so, they say let them alone, that under the influence of such a disease the ligament will rot away without the necessity of amputation. Well so it will be perhaps if we wait long enough, but in the mean time they may both be dead, and the dissolution to which they so confidently look, may be nothing more than the dissolution of corruption and decay; now that is not what we want, we do not want simply to cut the ligament to preserve the life. So it is with this Union, it is the ligament which binds two separate systems together, they are affected with the disease of abolitionism, this is a disease which whatever may be its effects upon themselves is necessarily destructive to us. We propose to cut that ligament away, but they say no, let it alone, that in time it will be dissolved away without the use of the knife, and so it will hurt not perhaps before both systems may fill a common grave, and rest not away in an eternal night of anarchy or despotism. No! fellow citizens the dissolution which comes to us, is not the dissolution necessary to our purposes, we want the dissolution of choice, not of accident, a dissolution of hope not of despair, a dissolution which comes to us by the active energies of life, and amid the hopes of brighter and a better future, and not the dissolution which comes by the hand of death and which steals upon us through the darkness and the gloom of degradation and despair.

[FROM THE STATE-RIGHT REPUBLICANS.]

The Martyr of South Carolina.

The sun-light streamed through the prison casement, and lit up with a gleam of happiness the lonely cell. Its beams fell upon one who would never again behold its setting, and brought to his sad heart thoughts of his home, his country, his own gloomy fate, and dreams of the past—the buried past. It is the last time that he can gaze upon its dawn for him—the last time that he can gaze upon its beams glancing over the bright waters, or watch the glad waves of the blue Atlantic, as they lay the glowing shores of his native State. There his life has been a life of sorrow, and there shall die the martyr of South Carolina. He has been condemned as a traitor, and his name is a curse to his country. He has been called a traitor! He was torn from the couch of his dying wife, and marched to a gloomy prison! There, the soldiers of King George offered him this alternative: Swear not to take up arms against your King, and you shall not be called upon to fight against your country. Give us this oath and you may return; refuse, and the prison must be your abode. The feelings of the man triumphed over those of the patriot, and he swore to remain neutral. The promise of the British was broken; he was called upon to support the royal standard. This released him from his allegiance, and he again drew his sword in defence of America. This was treason by his Majesty; for this he must die. Nothing could save him. Lord Rawdon turned away from the petition of the Governor, and with cold elegance denied the request of Carolina's rebel daughters. Then came she who was bound by the ties of sisterhood, to the condemned, and with her son's but the proud Briton, turning away from that sister's glance, and the mild, imploring look of that noble boy, as he prayed him to spare his father's life, answered still, "He must die." That solemn edict, "Death by the gibbet's rope," has been spoken, and calmly and fearlessly Carolina's patriot son awaited his doom.

Alone in the deep and massy prison, the stray sun-beams gleaming over the dark, damp floor, and the thick, gray wall, the spider weaving her gossamer web over the names of those who have suffered as he now suffers, the cricket's cold chirp, the lone owl's cry, the wailing of the wind, the lone voice of the future came!

over his soul; a vision of his country in chains and bondage; her soil, enriched by the heart's blood of her brave sons, smiling a plentiful harvest for the oppressor; her children the slaves of England's monarch. Then came a dream of all that he would have done for that bleeding country; a dream of the laurels she would have wreathed around his brow, and the blessing that would have rested upon his name.

Clearly upon the still air St. Michael's chime tolled forth the hour of twelve. St. Michael's chime! How many thoughts does that sound bring to my mind! thoughts of all that has been, and can never, never be again! My wife, I have no tears for thee; they were all shed when we laid thee down to sleep in the still, damp grave. Thou hast watched over me in "deep, immaculate, immortal love," from thy spirit home. Thy smile has beamed upon me in the soft light of the stars—thy voice, low-toned and sweet, has whispered to me in the gentle murmur of the wind. And now, I am hastening to join thee in that Heaven, where the tread of armies, the wild blast of the trumpet, and the fierce battle-cry are never heard. There is bliss, there is Heaven in the thought, and yet, Earth, thou hast strong ties to bind me to thee! My children, I must leave you fatherless and alone. The deep waters of the dark and turbid river will soon roll between you and me. Then, who will care for you, my orphan ones? He who has promised to be a "father to the fatherless," even the Shepherd of Israel. He will shield you from every danger, and sustain you through all the stormy strife of your existence. Live so, that when he sends his angels to call you from this world of death and sorrow, you may be ready to meet him in a brighter and holier land. May the only King I serve look down upon you, my children, and grant a dying father's "God bless you!"

"My country! my country! must I leave thee still in iron's chains trodden by the foot of the proud oppressor, thy houses desolated, and thy soil yet British tyranny! My cup of agony is full, yet I bless thee, my Father, that one drop of joy—stern, indeed—but oh, how blissful is mingled amid its deepest, darkest dregs. I thank thee that I may die for my country, than which a more glorious thy sun never shone upon. Willingly do I give back the life thou givest; willingly do I lay it down upon the altar of Liberty. I might wish that the manner of my death were more glorious—that I could die on the battle-field—die supporting the banner of the star. I had asked a soldier's death—a soldier's burial. Britain sternly denied me. But this avails nothing with thee. Thou wilt give me strength, my Father, to teach my foes how an American can die. Thou knowest that I have been wronged. Thou wilt avenged me. How many a hand will grasp the sword, and rush to the field of carnage, when the story of my wrongs—my death is heard. From the snowy mountains of Maine to the red old hills of Georgia, they will rise up and nerve their hearts to yet sterner deeds.

"And thou, my State, my gallant, patriotic little State! I thought to see the bright star of victory, shining above thy Palmetto tree, and the snowy dove of peace nesting amid its green branches. But this blessed hope is crushed, and I must go down to the grave, leaving thy shield shrouded in a pall of darkness. Carolina, Carolina, with what deathless chains of love art thou twined around this heart. Dearly have I loved thee—dearly do I love thee, even now, in this last, darkest hour of my existence. Thou wert the first, most to throw off the dominion of old England! Never submit to the yoke of her monarch. Ever choose death to submission—a grave to chains and servitude. Sooner would I see every member of my State die in her defence; ay, even as I shall do ere this day's sun shall go to rest, than that she should submit and remain in bondage and oppression. South Carolina, receive my blessing—the last I shall ever give to thee. Guard thou the Palmetto Banner with thy life, when death only can save it from dishonor; let the heart's blood crimson its snowy whiteness, but never suffer the stain of submission to color its glorious folds. But this is not a time to cling with such deathless affection to what is of earth, earthly. The thoughts of this last hour, should be of thee, my Heavenly Father."

It was the hour of noon. Not a zephyr stirred the hot air, or ruffled old Ocean's sleeping billows. The breeze scarcely murmured amid the snowy flowers of the orange groves, or waved the white incense cup of the magnolia. The Red Cross of St. George waved not proudly and free from the citadel turret, but conscious of the life-blood that crimsoned its fluttering, drooped mournfully downward, and more human than its defenders, could not gaze upon another scene of murder. The sun poured down its burning rays upon the glowing sands of Charleston; mournfully drooped the hanging moss from the branches of the old oaks. How many a dark and bloody scene had that calm sky looked down upon, and over those still waters, how often had the sigh of the lonely captive, the groan of the dying soldier, been wafted. A stillness like death—a gloom like the shadow of the grave, hung over the city. That deep silence, like the calm preceding the tornado of the Indies, foretold a convulsion, but a mightier far than that of wind or water. The still small voice that spoke in the Martyr's death, grumbled the fierce whirlwind and earthquake of human passion.

Beyond the precincts of the city, upon a worn out common, were gathered all those who had deserted the streets of Charleston. There was the gold and scarlet uniform of the British officer, the plain dress of the civilian, the peaceful drab of the quaker, even the copers suit of the negro. There was not heard the shout of contending armies, the roar of artillery, that attends the soldier's death. No hoarse with sable plumes was there, no muffled drum, no crash-shrouded banner, to mark the soldier's funeral. Instead of these were the gibbet, the rude white pine coffin, the carrier's cart. Beside that coffin stood ISAAC HAYNE, the Martyr of South Carolina. A halo seemed hovering around that noble form, and on that glorious brow was written the strength of high and holy resolve. There was a smile in his full dark eye, upturned to Heaven, as though, like the exile returning to his native land, he had pierced the mists around him, and was gazing upon his heavenly home. Every brow was pale, upon every face

was written the feeling of the heart—hatred, wrath and sorrow, struggling for the mastery. But no tears were there; that scene was too sublime for tears. The soldiers of King George looked gloomy; even to them a voice was crying "Murder!" The executioner advanced to raise the fatal drop. Suddenly the word "Father!" was borne upon the still air, uttered in such wild agony, that even the rude soldiers started, and the hand of the executioner fell powerless by his side. A boy over whose head scarce twelve summers' suns had shone, dashed through the crowd. Beautiful was that young face, with its dark, flashing eyes, its raven curls, waving over a broad, high forehead, upon which the seal of intellect was stamped.

"Father," he exclaimed, as the martyr folded him to his heart, "America will avenge her murdered Hayne! England shall yet weep tears of blood for thee!" and his pale lip quivered with scorn as he gazed upon his father's loss and his own.

"My noble boy! weep for your father, but weep not that he died for his country. Love that country even as he loved it; with his sword, and your own life defend it. Go forth to the battle with a stout heart and strong arm, and if you fall, Columbia's flag will form your winding-sheet. May the God of Battles, bless you, my son."

The boy turned away, and with a firm proud step passed through that host of glittering blades, and brilliant uniforms. Every heart was full of passion for that lone, injured child—every heart re-echoed the words, "God bless you!" He turned to gaze upon his father for the last time. A strange, wild light gleamed in his dark eye, and he laughed a bitter, unearthly laugh.

HAYNE lived as South Carolina wishes her sons to live: he died as South Carolina wishes her sons to die. He fought his country's enemies "How an American could die." His ashes sleep in a narrow grave, beneath the red soil of his native State, but the breast of every Carolinian is its sepulchre. His monument is a nation's gratitude, his epitaph, a nation's tears. Carolina wept stern tears for him, but Britain paid them back in drops of blood. Seventy years have passed away. Dust has returned to dust—ashes to ashes—but to us his memory is still holy, his name is still sacred.

South Carolinians, have we proved true to his dying charge? Have we guarded our Palmetto Banner from dishonor? We are answered by the Carolina war, closed so gloriously by our own Fenwick, echoed by the heights of Cherubusco—that bloody battle from which so few of our Palmetto boys returned, and those few an orphan band. Carolina, thy flag that day was stained with the blood of the noble Butler, thy Palmetto Banner formed his pall. Well did she deserve a place in the picture, and the name she won. "The Harry Hotspur of the Union." Nobly did our gallant sons defend her colors, and we can utter our standard, unstained and beautiful as when Marion's men bore it through the express swamps of Charleston, or Sumter waved it on the high hills of Santee. And when a darker time shall come—Old '76, or Young '47—still, Palmetto boys, remember the words of our patriot martyr, "Death to submission, a grave to chains and servitude, and with the motto, 'God, and our sacred rights' engraven on your Palmetto shield, go forth to victory, or a grave. With 'the blood of the murdered Hayne upon your soil,' the sacred dead of '47, sleeping beneath her red earth; the ashes of Calhoun reposing within her borders, South Carolina, DARE not submit, and become a slave. While we remember the words and example of our mighty statesman, who is gone, the freedom for which he lived and died, must and shall be ours. Let others sneer at our glorious little State, and seek to defame her; we will cherish her, love her and defend her to the last. When that dark day comes, and come it surely will, the words of every South Carolinian will be those of our Governor, "Though it will take stout hearts and strong arms to defend you, South Carolina, yet those stout hearts and strong arms are yours."

From the Charleston Mercury.

Occupation of Fort Sumter—Insolence of Federal Minions.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Fort Sumter has been occupied, furtively, unexpectedly, and without warrant of authority, save from a usurping Northern President and the subservient tools of his Cabinet. The object of this movement of Federal troops, is apparent and unmistakable. Intimidation of the wavering, encouragement to Union loving submissionists, and preparation to meet the question of secession, and defy its exercise. It is a challenge to the State, to come up to that issue and meet the Government upon it. Shall the challenge be accepted now? There is but one way of giving the answer—through the Legislature, which should be INSTANTLY ASSEMBLED. In the meantime what should the citizens of Charleston do? Already are her citizens denied admission to the Fort, and all reason for the permanent prohibition contemptuously refused, amid the jeers of liveried slaves, obedient to the will of official masters. The people should assemble at once—put on their arms—guard their City against the ingress of these myrmidons and incendiaries and confine the pestilence of their presence within the walls of the Forts. There is but one circumstance to temper the anger of a true Southerner—it is that so few of these men are Northerners. The soldiers of the Government are anything else than Yankees, and their deeds illustrate the courage of every land save Yankeeedom. Yet are they the instruments of our deadly foe—the Government—and as such instruments, must be placed under the ban of public execration.

BARNWELL.

LAW AND WIDOWHOOD.—A case has been recently decided in the Pennsylvania courts, of some general interest. A testator devised his estate to his wife, but with a provision that she must remain a widow for life. In case she married again, she was to forfeit the property.

The widow did marry again, and an action ensued against her. But the case was decided in her favor, Judge Lewis holding that the condition in the will was one in restraint of marriage and therefore void. This decision was appealed from, and reversed in the higher court.

BEN BOLT.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Under the old hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the moonlight shade,
And listened to Appletton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the wall as you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-bell tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to run has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
And the spring of the brook now is dry,
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new,
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,
There never was a change in you.
Twelve months—twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends, yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth—
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

HOW JENKINS ACCOUNTED FOR IT.—Jenkins had been to a convivial party—a gentleman's party, and had been so pleased with the company, or the quality of the punch, he had become oblivious not only of the flight of time, but to the fact that he had promised his better half to be home at ten o'clock! But Jenkins was going,—not exactly straight perhaps—but going he was toward home, too—deleting himself with the idea that he was whistling "Jeanette and Jeannot," very credibly, when the clock struck twelve.

"By Ju-Judas!" exclaimed Jenkins; with a hiccup, "what will Mr. Jenkins say to this?" and the thought of what she would say, considerably sobered the ordinarily discreet Mr. Jenkins.

In process of time, however, he found his house, his night key, and after a patient search the key hole—the prolonged searching for which induced Mrs. Jenkins (who was sitting up in her night clothes, and swaying backward and forward in her rocking chair) to believe that there was a regiment of cats trying to get in at a door, and wondering what on earth he had taken her spouse. But Jenkins at last stood before the battery which he had been dreading to face, looking like the forlorn hope of a storming party.

"My dear where have you been?" ejaculated Mrs. Jenkins—"It is too bad! Here I have been sitting and waiting for you till I am so nervous that everything in the room seems to be going around!"

Jenkins had thus far exhibited a penitential countenance; but as the lady's words fell upon his ear, Jenkins' eye might have been seen to twinkle with an idea, and a ray of hope. Assuming an air of deep solicitude, he replied: "Pray don't alarm (hic) yourself, Mrs. Jenkins, about the 'things' (hic) going round! It is just so (hic) where I have been: and you may depend upon it, it is all in the (hic) atmosphere!"

Mrs. Jenkins took a surprised but deprecating survey of her lord, and retired to rest; but to this day, a slight allusion to the 'atmosphere,' is sure to bring Jenkins home at a reasonable hour.

DEATH OF DAGUERRE.—Our attention is called to the death of the celebrated Daguerre, the inventor of the art which bears his name, by a letter from Meade, Brothers, of this City. His decease occurred on the 12th of last month, at his residence, Brie Sir Marue, in France. Daguerre was celebrated for his contributions to science and works of art long before his discovery of the Daguerreotype. Some of his chemical dioramas have been exhibited in this country; of these we may mention "The crumbling of a mountain in the valley of Gordan," the interior of the church of St. Etienne du Mont, with the Midnight Mass in Paris, and the Carnival at Venice. These works were unfortunately destroyed by fire. Many who had the pleasure of witnessing their exhibition, will remember the striking and beautiful effects produced on the same canvass by the aid of different kinds of light.

Daguerre, like many other great inventors and benefactors to mankind, would have ended his last days in poverty but for the liberality of the French Government, which conferred on him a pension of 10,000 francs a year, in consideration of his great discovery. Many have been enriched by that discovery, and the daguerreotype art, in its various branches, now gives employment to thousands in various parts of the world. The Messrs. Meade, in their communication, suggest that all daguerreotypists wear crape on their arm for thirty days, as a token of respect to the memory of the father of their art, and they also express a hope that "The American Lithographic Association" will change their name to "The American Daguerreotype Association, for the promotion of the art."

Of the importance of the Daguerreotype Art in the state of perfection to which it has been brought, most of our readers are well informed. By its beauties of the landscape, and the features of the human form, are transcribed and preserved with astonishing correctness and rapidity. By this delightful art the sweetest associations and the dearest friendships of life are supplied with medium of preservation. The pencil of the painter, and the chisel of the sculptor, are too slow and costly to be

employed in the service of any but the wealthy; but the Daguerreotype Art is the servant of all classes. The poorest can employ it to stamp the image of a loved object, or the countenance of a cherished friend. It helps the memory, and serves to keep the tender feelings of our nature vivid warm and active. It is an art that contributes greatly to the humanizing, civilizing, and binding together of the human family. Much as is every one who has improved, or may improve the art, to be honored, the greatest praise is due to him who discovered its first principles. It is easier to improve than to discover. The name of Daguerre will, therefore, be handed down to the latest ages, in connection with this art, and his memory cherished as a great benefactor to his race.

N. Y. Sun.

THE ROYAL PORTRAITS.

Among the popular French writers of the present day, there is one young man whose principles, in these revolutionary times, are strictly reactionary and monarchial. Like most authors, he is poor, but his nearest relative is a rich uncle, who, besides being somewhat of a miser, is a thoroughly going democrat and communist. This decided disparity of sentiment between the young man, and the old, has tended in no small degree to impoverish the finances of the former, who is too honest to conceal or modify his political opinions.

His uncle although not a bad sort of man, and really fond of his nephew, in common with many wealthy specialists, knows how to keep his gold, and has not the most remote idea of putting in practice the theory of general philanthropy which he eloquently preaches.

One evening lately, the old gentleman entertained several of his friends at dinner; he gave them a splendid banquet and abundance of the best wine; for he was one of those persons who are more willing to bestow ostentatiously on the rich than charitably on the poor. His nephew was among the guests, and whenever the conversation tended towards the mixed question of politics, the young writer maintained a prudent silence.

At length the dessert was placed on the table, and the host, in all the frankness of convivial intercourse, announced his democratic principles boldly, and uttered a fierce tirade against kings and kingship. While he was speaking, he saw his nephew smile and shrug his shoulders.

"What do you mean, sir?" he asked, frowning angrily.

"I mean, dear uncle, that although you use uncommonly strong language, in speaking against kings, yet I shrewdly suspect you are not quite so much their enemy as you pretend to be."

"You, dear uncle; and I could, if I choose, furnish a proof of your secret feelings."

"Do so then, by all means."

"Gentlemen," said the young man, addressing the company, "what do you think of a democrat who treasures up and carefully conceals images of royalty, portraits of kings?"

"Do you mean to assert that I do so?"

"Yes, uncle, I know you do; and I think you would act far more consistently in making me a present of these portraits, as I truly revere their originals."

"I freely give you every one you can find. You will not break your word?"

"A true democrat never breaks his word. But I require you to go at once and search for these imaginary portraits, in order that you may have to confess your error, and justify me in the presence of my friends."

"Will you then give me your keys, so that I may look every where?"

"His uncle handed him the keys; he left the dining room, and was absent more than half an hour. He may continue looking until to-morrow," remarked the host, "without finding what he seeks."

"Well, sir!" he said sharply, addressing his nephew as he entered.

"Well, uncle, I have not lost my time!"

"You have found something?"

"Yes, in your desk."

"Images of royalty?"

"One hundred and sixty portraits of kings in silver, and thirty-five in gold."

"What can you mean?"

"Seeing is believing." And the young man emptied out the table a bag filled with gold and silver pieces.

"My money!"—cried the miser—"You have taken my money!"

"Just look—I call these gentlemen to witness, here are profiles of Napoleon, of Louis XVIII., of Charles X., of Louis Philippe. Are not these images of royalty, portraits of kings? I am only sorry they are not more numerous, as you have freely given me them all; and I scrupulously left all the pieces stamped with the effigy of the Republic. A true democrat ought not to possess any others, and as you well remarked, a true democrat never breaks his word, even when keeping it costs him fifteen hundred francs."

Despite of his anger, the uncle could not help laughing, and amid the rapturous cheering of the guests, he, like a wise man, made a virtue of necessity, and confirmed to his nephew the possession of royalty's profiles.

"THE NORTH CAROLINA READER." On a recent flying visit to Philadelphia, we were shown by Mr. WILEY some of the proof-sheets of his forthcoming book, the prospectus of which may be found in another column of this paper. We do not hesitate to express our conviction of its great intrinsic value and of its consequent destined usefulness.

The plan of the work, as indicated in the prospectus, is faithfully and accurately carried out—so that, as may be seen at a glance, it presents most of the features usually embraced in a series. To our North Carolina Schools, therefore, especially, it will be an invaluable, and should be considered an indispensable accession. Instead of the vague, unsatisfactory, and, for the most part confused and confusing, accounts of the discovery, settlement, progress and general history of our State, which the young scholar derives from books now in use—which, giving a running history of the whole Country, and frequently of all the nations on the Globe, cannot be expected to devote more than a passing notice to that limited portion which we occupy—he finds here all the leading and many of the more important incidents of our State History. Fully illustrated.

And youth—we had almost said infancy—is the time to impress upon the mind the recollections of our ancestry and a knowledge of those events which is so essential to State prosperity. Mr. Wiley proposes further to contribute to this desirable result, (as also to provide good reading matter for children of large growth,) by publishing for declamation in our Schools, choice extracts from the Speeches of some of our wisest Statesmen, and the productions of many of our more gifted minds. This is a good feature. Indeed, we say, what we know, when we affirm, that the whole book in all its parts, is a good book; and we will stimulate the Author to renewed literary efforts in behalf of our common Mother.

The work will probably be out in the course of four or five weeks. We are promised by Mr. Wiley occasional proof sheets, and will take pleasure in trying them before the public as samples of the work.

In the meantime, let the Author, (or the publishers) be flooded with orders for the book, as a prompt appreciation, on our part, of his talents and services.—*Ral. Reg.*

DINNER TO MR. McMANUS.—A dinner was recently given to Mr. McManus who lately escaped from New South Wales and landed safely at San Francisco. It was a compliment as honorable to the American citizens who were present as it was certainly deserved by the illustrious guest. The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following anecdote of Mr. McManus:

"I have a little incident connected with McManus to give you. He and Mr. Chauncey Jerome, Jr., of New Haven, were very intimate—Mr. Jerome saw him soon after he was sentenced to be transported for life. On bidding him farewell, McManus looked round his room for something to present him as a token of remembrance. There was nothing left but a bottle of wine, McManus having seriously disposed of all his trinkets, &c., in the same way. He picked up the bottle, and handing it to Mr. Jerome, said; 'Chauncey, take this bottle of wine, and you and I will have the pleasure of drinking it together sometime in New York.' Don't draw the cork until I am present. Mr. Jerome took the bottle of wine, and has religiously abstained from tasting its contents to this hour; but the day is near at hand when the cork will be drawn, and the two friends sit down and drink the wine it contains."

The editor of the Washington Southern Press insists that his arguments against the compromise have caused the Northern party to come out in favor of it. Nothing more likely. That editor has a most extraordinary talent at converting men to the opposite side of a question from that which he maintains.—*Louisville Journal.*

In convincing the Northern opponents of the compromise that that was an outrageous South that ought to satisfy Northern unity, we converted them to one opinion that we do entertain.

But the Northern and Southern friends of the compromise each contend that it is a triumph of their own section. They thus prove themselves dupes of hypocrites. When a Northern and Southern man meet to reposition the compromise platform, they remind us of the following incident:

"Two young men, with a haunting in their heads, retired late at night to their room in a crowded hotel, in which, as they enter, are revealed two beds; but the room extinguished the light—they both, instead of taking as they supposed, a bed a piece, got back to back into one, which begins to sink under them, and come round at intervals in a manner very uncomfortable, but quite possible of explanation. 'I certainly do observe to the other.' 'I say, Jim, somebody's in my bed.' 'Is there?' says the other, 'so there is in mine! Let's kick 'em out!'

The next remark was: 'Tom, I've kicked my man overboard.'

'Good!' says his fellow toper: 'better luck than I; my man has kicked me out-right on the floor.'

Their relative positions were not apparent till next morning.

Since the last compromise in New York, it is plain enough which has been kicked out. S. Patriot.

KENTUCKY ELECTIONS.

Additional returns received, leave no doubt of the election of Powell, (democrat,) as Governor, J. B. Thompson, (whig,) as Lieutenant Governor, who runs far ahead.

Both the whig and democrat vote has fallen off very largely this year, particularly the whig vote. The gain for power, the democrat candidate for Governor, in 10 counties, is 2,200.

Crittenden's majority in the state was 5,415. The following are the authentic returns of the Congressional election:

1st District, Leon Boyd, (dem.)
2d do Benjamin E. Grey, (whig.)
3d do Posey Ewing, (whig.)
4th do William T. Wood, (whig.)
5th do James Stone, (dem.)
6th do Addison White, (whig.)
7th do Humphrey Marshall, (whig.)
8th do J. Beckwith, (dem.)
9th do J. C. Mason, (dem.)
10th do R. H. Stanton, (dem.)

Making the total delegation stand four whigs, five democrats and one independent whig.

LEADER'S OCCURRENCE AT THE MILITARY GARDEN THEATRE.—During the performance, on Friday night, of a piece entitled "A Day at the Military Garden," in which one of the performers, mingling with the audience in the parterre, attempts to recognise his wife in the stage, and demands her restoration, a veritable spectator in the boxes, mistaking the performance for a reality, leaped into the parterre and struck Mr. Lyons, who had assumed the role of the deserted husband, a violent blow, for what he considered an unwarrantable interruption of the performance. Mr. Lyons hastily gained the stage, and the mistake being explained, the performance continued, so that the hearty laughter of a very crowded theatre. There was no pronounced array of arms, but a genuine home job, well of the South, who was seen in the act of observing order.—*New York Herald.*