

# The Greensborough Patriot.

VOLUME VII.

GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 21, 1846.

NUMBER 51

### Published Weekly BY SWAIN & SHERWOOD

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS A YEAR,  
OR \$2.50, IF PAID WITHIN ONE MONTH AFTER THE DATE  
OF SUBSCRIPTION.

A failure on the part of any customer to order a discontinuance within the subscription year, will be considered indicative of his wish to continue the paper.

From the *Yankee Blade*.  
Here are passion, beauty, and originality, with a touch of quaintness far from disagreeable:

#### LOVE SONG.

Girl of the red lip,  
Love me! love me!  
Girl of the red lip,  
Love me!  
'Tis by its curve, I know,  
Love fashioneth his bow,  
And hands it, ah! ev'n so—  
Oh, girl of the red lip, love me!

Girl of the blue eye,  
Love me! love me!  
Girl of the dew eye,  
Love me!  
Worlds hang for lamps on high,  
And Thought's world lives in thy  
Lustrous and tender eye—  
Oh, girl of the blue eye, love me!

Girl of the swan's neck,  
Love me! love me!  
Girl of the swan's neck,  
Love me!  
As a marble Greek doth grow  
To his steed's back of snow,  
Thy white neck sits thy shoulder so—  
Oh, girl of the swan's neck, love me!

Girl of the low voice,  
Love me! love me!  
Girl of the sweet voice,  
Love me!  
'Tis the echo of a bell—  
'Tis the bubbling of a well,  
Sweeter, love! within doth dwell—  
Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!

#### THE RICHMOND TRAGEDY.

The Editor of the *Lynchburg Virginian*, writing from Richmond, gives the following particulars of the fight which resulted in the death of John H. Pleasants:

The statement which I gave you in my last letter, as to the results of the encounter, were so nearly correct, that I have but few additional particulars to relate. I may add to them, however, that Mr. Ritchie's face was grazed by a ball, and the body of his hat nearly severed in twain, either by a shot or by a blow, (it is not known which.) Mr. Pleasants received five wounds, instead of four, as stated in my last. Mr. Ritchie fired it, as I said, eight times—Mr. P. only twice—and it is now ascertained that in only one of the pistols used by him was there a ball. He stated to his mother, not long before his death, that he had no intention, when he went upon the field, to kill his adversary; and from the course he pursued, this really seems to have been the fact. In the first place, he did not prepare himself suitably for such a conflict, and it was with great difficulty that the friend who accompanied him induced him to add other weapons to his own inadequate means of aggression in such a contest; and even then the additional arms forced upon him were never used. A six barrel revolving pistol was in his coat pocket, and a bowie-knife in his bosom, both undrawn and the only weapons used by him were two duelling pistols, (from one of which, as I before remarked, the ball had been extracted), and a sword cane. Thus armed, he marched steadily upon his adversary, receiving a constant fire, eight times repeated, (as I learn,) and every moment losing strength by his numerous wounds, until he swooned and fell. He fired two pistols, the first of which must have been the loaded one, as when he fired the second, he was so near his antagonist and the pistol was aimed so directly at a vital part, that had it been loaded, it is thought Mr. Ritchie must have been killed. Mr. Pleasants stated to his friends, not many hours before his death, that after his pistols had been loaded he drew himself the ball from one of them, for the purpose if Mr. Ritchie had been killed by his fire, that it might be the result rather of chance than of design. When he used his pistols, he did not know from which of them the ball had been taken! Such a course seems unaccountable, to those who did not know the man, but those who did see in it something peculiarly characteristic. Regarding it as his duty to vindicate his character for courage, he felt reluctant nevertheless, to shed the blood even of him who had imposed upon him the necessity; and therefore, while he resorted to the most desperate mode of fighting for the first time, he evidently indicated a purpose to avoid the last desperate alternative, or to leave it, if it should be done, somewhat to the decision of chance! Few men would be at the same time so rash and so considerate—so reckless of his own life, and so regardful of that of his adversary.—He knew himself well enough to know that had Mr. Ritchie been slain while he had survived the conflict, he would have been the greater sufferer of the two. His peculiar temperament would have rendered him unable to sustain the recollection; and he would have died a thousand deaths in the perpetual recurrence of his mind to the bloody tragedy, if he had not immediately sank under its effects. This, I suspect, was the character of his reflections before the conflict—and such the process of reasoning by which he brought himself to the conclusion to meet the certain death from which, under the circumstances, nothing short of a miracle could have saved him. It is due to Mr. Ritchie to state, what I hear from undoubted authority, that, when invited to the field, he protested against the mode of fighting proposed as cruel and barbarous, and expressed his preference for a duel in the ordinary mode and with the usual weapons. But his protest was not heeded, and, from the peculiar character of the controversy which led to the affair, he conceived that he was bound to meet Mr. Pleasants in whatever manner the latter gentleman might dictate. No one, of course, can censure him, for going to such a meeting, so roughly armed, or for using his weapons in the most effective manner, especially, as it was impossible he should know, or even suspect, that his adversary's intentions were less

vindictive than that the terms prescribed imported, and that, in seeking this hostile interview, that adversary was influenced less by vindictiveness towards him than by a desire to relieve himself from an imputation as galling as it was unjust.

A coroner's jury sat on the dead body of Mr. Pleasants yesterday, and brought in a verdict of murder against all the surviving parties, (Mr. Ritchie, and his friends, Washington Greenlow and Wm. Scott, and Peter Jefferson Archer, the friend of Mr. Pleasants.) Mr. P. intended to have had another friend upon the ground; but sickness, I learn, prevented his attendance.—Thomas J. Deane, Esq. of this city, was requested by Mr. Pleasants to supply the place of his absent friend at a late hour of the night preceding the fight, but declined, for sufficient reasons, do so. Ascertaining, however, from this application, the time and place selected for the combat, he very laudably availed himself of the information to endeavor to adjust the quarrel peaceably and honorably to both parties. He did make the effort after the parties reached the ground, but failed; and, then, withdrawing from the scene, the conflict began. I have heard of few particulars of this attempted negotiation; but as my information may not be entirely accurate or complete, I will not run the risk of doing any person injustice by repeating them. It is less important, too, as it is understood that authentic details of every material circumstance connected with the sad affair will be laid before the public.

Sympathy for the surviving relatives of Mr. Pleasants—his aged mother and young children especially—is universal; and I am glad to be able to add that it will lead to something more substantial than mere words of condolence. It is known that Mr. P. was poor, and that he has left his family to a great extent dependent. It has been determined, therefore, to raise, by subscription, as large a fund as possible, for the purpose of maintaining and educating his orphan boy and girl—the former about 11 years of age, the latter some years younger. Several gentlemen of this city have subscribed from \$250 to \$300 each, and many other smaller sums; and it is hoped that this fund may be swelled to at least \$10,000. I mention this, because I know Mr. Pleasants has many friends in the interior, of ample means, who will cheerfully contribute to this fund; and I take the liberty of adding that any communication in reference to, addressed to K. H. Gallaher, Esq. of this city will be promptly attended to.

The affair grew out of a newspaper controversy. It is stated that Ritchie, through the *Enquirer*, had called Pleasants "an abolitionist" and "a rank coward."

This was followed by a verbal message from Pleasants.

The following communication appears in the *Richmond papers*:

In common with the whole community, I deeply regret the unfortunate meeting in the neighborhood of this City. Of the circumstances attending it, I have nothing to say, but as various and conflicting statements and reports concerning it are in circulation; and especially as some of them refer to a letter written by Mr. Thomas Ritchie, and delivered to a gentleman who bore the message to Mr. Pleasants, referred to in the enclosed letter, I think it cannot be amiss in me to send you a copy of the letter itself, and to request its publication in your paper. The note was appended by the gentleman who bore the letter.

RICHMOND, Feb. 24th, 1846.

Dear Sir—The message delivered to me by you this morning from John H. Pleasants, was nearly to this effect:—"I am requested by Mr. Pleasants to inform you that he will be on the Chestfield side of James River to-morrow morning at sun-rise, armed with side arms, without Rifle, shot-gun or musket, and accompanied by two friends similarly armed."

This disguised challenge I protest against—first, because it is not in the form which is justified by men of honor and to a great extent upheld by public opinion.

Second, because it prevents that certainty of equal advantage recognized by all gentlemen as an essential of the duel of fair and chivalrous combat.

Third, because it gives to the challenging party the privilege of selecting time, place and weapons: a right which according to all usage, belongs to the challenged.

Fourth, because the time and place are so selected as to occasion great inconvenience and danger to all parties concerned, from legal prosecution.

Fifth, because the terms proposed are savage, sanguinary and revolting, to the taste and judgment, not only of honorable men, but of every man in the community, and calculated to cast odium on any one who may be governed by them.

I am ready to receive a proper challenge from Mr. Pleasants, but for the reasons above given, I solemnly protest against the terms he has proposed. On his head then must rest all the blame and reproach which should be incurred from acting in defiance of these considerations.

Notwithstanding these objections, I shall be on the ground mentioned at sunrise.

Do not consider me as casting upon yourself the slightest reflection. I do not consider you in any way responsible for the message delivered this morning.

I am your obedient servant,  
(Signed) THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Jr.

[Note.—The message referred to in the above letter was delivered to Mr. Ritchie about three o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday, (the 24th February.) One portion of the message was inadvertently omitted in the above letter; that portion specified "two hundred yards above the cotton factory" as the precise place at which Mr. Pleasants would be at sunrise. The letter was delivered to the gentleman who bore Mr. Pleasants' message at 9 o'clock P. M., of the same day. His reply was that he was not authorized to take any other action in the matter than already performed in the delivery of Mr. Pleasants' message, and that he believed it hopeless for Mr. Ritchie to expect any other reply.]

The Editor of the *Washington Union*, Thomas Ritchie, sen., had the following notice of the death of Mr. Pleasants, penned in style which does credit to his heart:

We hear with profound regret of the death of John Hamilton Pleasants, Esq., of Richmond, who breathed his last in that city at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. We regret on every account,

both the death of this gentleman and the manner of it. He fell near Manchester, on the bank of the James river, opposite to Richmond, very early on Wednesday morning, in an unfortunate encounter with one who is related to the editor of this paper by the tenderest ties. We had hoped that he would have survived his wounds, but it has been ordered otherwise. It is not our duty to enter into the circumstances which have brought about this lamented catastrophe. But is it too much to ask a suspension of public opinion until all the circumstances of the case shall have been fully developed?

Mr. Pleasants had edited the *Lynchburg Virginian* for several years, until the Winter of 1823-'24, when he established the "*Richmond Whig*," one of the strongest papers in the South. He left that journal a few weeks since, when he associated himself in the editorship of the "*Richmond Star*." He was a gentleman of brilliant talents—one of the best writers in Virginia, and an able, experienced and ardent politician.

REPORT TO CONGRESS ON THE NEW MILITIA BILL.—The committee of the House of Representatives upon the Militia of the United States, have presented their report to Congress, in which they dwell upon the unconstitutionality of a large standing army, and the bad effects produced upon society by the increased patronage it affords to the Executive, and the construction of a distinct class not identified with the mass of citizens at large.—The effects of peace upon a standing army is against its efficiency in time of war, "as is proved by the great number of superannuated officers in our small force." The subalterns, although "highly educated young men, have led a life of too great luxury for the toils of active service."—The committee, taking these considerations into view, feel that the defence of the country must depend, in time of danger, upon an efficient citizen soldiery; and they, therefore, recommend a bill for the organization of the militia of the United States, making it compulsory upon every male citizen, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty years, including the uniform companies, to do militia duty as a peace establishment, and that the old law, relating to age and qualification, be enforced as a war establishment. This will give, in the former 1,000,000 of men, and in the latter, 2,700,000 men. The bill further provides for increasing the pay of the militia draughted into the army, in time of war, and an allowance of \$40 each per year for clothing. Substitutes to be allowed. Uniform companies may be called out for one year's duty in three.

Those above the age of thirty years may, in time of war, compound for their personal services by sending to the scene of action one recruit for every ten of their number. Thus the second class amounting to 1,200,000 citizens, would increase the regular army by 120,000 men. The act not to interfere with the control of the different states over the militia in time of riot, &c., and nothing to prevent the general government enlisting individuals in time of danger. No call upon individuals, in future, under twenty-one years of age.—The principal feature of the bill is the increase of the time of service from six to twelve months, in the event of war. The committee recommend this, from the inefficiency of men for the first few months of their joining the army. The time of service is also altered from the old bill, in being made one year in three, instead of six months in each year. The proposed arrangement would—if 300,000 men were called out—only call upon the same individual one year in five.

ON GAIT.—Not gait, such as we use to go in men and things in and out of a yard; but gait, that is, the manner and method in which men and women walk. And what of these? Much. In the first place it is very desirable that every man and woman should have a good gait, should know how to walk; while the fact is, not one in fifty has acquired this useful and ornamental part of an education. True, people do contrive to shuffle, and wriggle, and work themselves through the streets; but then a person of any sense would no more think of calling these motions *walking*, than a person of taste would call many of the sounds he hears as he goes through the streets, or as he sits in churches, *music*.

In the second place, the art of walking is shamefully neglected. We have teachers and schools for every thing else,—Latin and Greek, French and Italian, German and Spanish, riding, boxing and dancing,—but who ever heard of a walking school! And yet, how much more important it is that one should understand how to walk with ease and grace than how to speak all tongues! And suppose one has learned to ride like a Centaur, to box or dance to perfection, and what then? Are these things to be compared to a good gait? Does a lady or gentleman who is perfect in the art of horsemanship, side into a drawing room, or up the aisle of a church, or up and down the sidewalks of our city, or in and out the stores? None of these things. All this is done by what is commonly called walking. But what kind of walking! One rolls along as though in a high sea; another waddles along like a goose, and a third, struts like a cock-turkey. One pitches over on the toes, and another tips back on the heels as though he had no toes; one tottles along as though there were round balls in the centre of the foot, and another slaps along as though there were but one motion imparted to the foot, and that the hinge-joint motion. Multitudes stoop forward when they walk, and compress the chest and hang the head; still greater numbers, walk with crooked knees, rarely bringing the leg into a straight line which always spoils the gait, however straight the body may be, and however erect the head.

Nothing so marks the breeding of a man or woman, as a good gait; nothing is more essential to ease in walking, than a good gait; nothing in motion is more beautiful, than a lady or gentleman who knows how to walk; and yet, alas, no sight is more rare than a walker—a man or woman with a good gait.

INDUSTRY.—Men must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn that divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with sterility which we can overcome by industry, than we could be with spontaneous and unbounded profusion.

The Legislature of Kentucky has passed a law taxing pistols \$2 a pair, and revolvers \$2 each.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.—The following concluding remarks in the opening speech of Sir ROBERT PEEL in the British House of Commons are in a spirit which may be quoted as worthy of emulation by men in high public stations every where, and not less in this country than in any other:

"The conduct of Government is an arduous and difficult undertaking. I may, without irreverence, be permitted to say, that, like our physical frame, our ancient constitution is 'fearfully and wonderfully made;' that it is no easy task to ensure the harmonious and united action of monarchy, aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons. These are the objects which we have attempted to accomplish, and I cannot think that they are inconsistent with a pure and enlarged conservatism. [Hear, hear.] Power for such objects is really valuable; but for my own part I can say with perfect truth that, even for these objects, I do not covet it. It is a burden far above my physical, infinitely above my intellectual strength. The relief from it with honor would be a favor and not a punishment. But while honor and a sense of public duty require it, I do not shrink from office. I am ready to incur its responsibilities; to bear its sacrifices; to affront its honorable perils; but I will not retain it with mutilated power and shackled authority. [Cheers.] I will not stand at the helm during the tempestuous night, if that helm is not allowed freely to traverse. I will not undertake to direct the course of the vessel by observations taken in the year 1842. [Loud cheers.] I will reserve to myself the unfettered power of judging what will be for the public interest. I do not desire to be the Minister of England; but while I am Minister of England I will hold office by no servile tenure; [Loud cheers.] I will hold office unshackled by any other obligation than that of consulting the public interests, and providing for the public safety. [The right honorable gentleman sat down amidst loud and continued cheering.]"

WASTING POWER OF RIVERS.—The rivers which flow in the valleys of the Cordilleras ought rather to be called the mountain torrents. Their inclinations are very great, and the water the color of mud. The roar which the Maypu made as it rushed over the great rounded fragments, was like that of the sea. Amidst the din of rushing waters the noise from the stones as they rattled one over another was most distinctly audible even from a distance. This rattling noise, night and day, may be heard along the whole course of the torrent. The sound spoke eloquently to the geologist; the thousand and thousands of stones which, striking against each other, made the one dull uniform sound, were all hurrying in one direction. It was like thinking on time, where the minute that now glides past is irrecoverable. So it was with these stones; the ocean is their eternity; and each note of that wild music told of one or more steps toward their destiny. It is not possible for the mind to comprehend, except by a slow process, any effect which is produced by a cause which is repeated so often, that the multiplier itself conveys an idea not more definite than the savage implies when he points to the hairs of his head. As often as I have seen beds of mud, sand, and shingle accumulated to the thickness of many thousand feet, I have felt inclined to exclaim that causes, such as the present rivers and the present beaches, could never have ground down and produced such an effect. But, on the other hand, when listening to the rattling noise of these torrents, and calling to mind that whole races of animals have passed away from the face of the earth, and that during this whole period, night and day, these stones have gone rattling onwards in their course, I have thought to myself, can any monument, any continent, withstand such waste? — Darwin's Journal.

THE HABITS AND FEARS OF AN EMPEROR.—The Italian accounts of the visit of the Emperor Nicholas to their country, are not very favorable to the impression made by him.

Among other statements we find this of his ever haunting apprehension of assassination:

The Emperor sleeps upon a leather mattress stuffed with hay, with a big dog and a pair of pistols beside him. The fear of a violent death seems to be always present to his mind—and it is only by preserving the strictest incognito that he is able to take the solitary walks for which he has so much taste.

In Palermo the charge of his safety was confided to one of the superior agents of the police, who was unskillful enough to attract the notice of the Emperor, as he followed him from street to street, whereupon the Autocrat rushing upon the unknown, pistol in hand, said—"Who are you, what do you want?" "I am agent of the police," exposing at the same time his uniform concealed under a cloak, "and am ordered to watch over your safety." "Go to the d—n!" rejoined the Imperial wanderer. "I can protect myself—hence, or I'll shoot you;" and the terrified agent was not slow to obey an imperial mandate from one who felt Nicholas is of a man and muscular force to make such words terrible.

THINK OF IT.—A humming-bird once met a butterfly and being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned at me, and called me a crawling do!"

"Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird—"I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you this piece of advice; never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

EXPENSES OF WAR.—Mr. Gallatin, in one of his letters, has given an estimate of the expenses of a war with Great Britain. The whole annual expense of such a war is estimated at \$65,000,000. Adding \$12,000,000 for other expenses, the whole cost of supporting the Government would reach the enormous sum of \$77,000,000. The war would reduce the annual revenue from the customs one-half, and the whole revenue from that and all other sources he thinks would not exceed \$1,000,000. This would leave to be provided for by taxes and loans the sum \$63,000,000 annually.

POETRY IN PROSE.—It is a peculiarity of Dickens' style that it often runs along, apparently unobserved by him, in perfect rhyme, and approaching also a perfect metre. We find the following specimen in his new work, *The Cricket on the Hearth*:

"It is a dark night, and the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson where the sun and wind together, set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the wildest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice is 'st water, and the water is 'st free; and you could not say that anything is what it ought to be."

It seems almost incredible that the above could have been unintentionally penned, to rhyme in that manner.

STUDY INDISPENSABLE TO GREATNESS.—It is a fact well worthy the attention of young men, who have the misfortune to consider themselves as great geniuses, that nearly all the master spirits of the British parliament have been distinguished as scholars, before they became eminent as statesmen. If Sheridan is urged as an exception, let it be remembered that only one Sheridan has ever been heard on the floor of St. Stephen's; and that the splendid and terrible assaulter of Warren Hastings sunk at last into a mere writer of comedies, and manager of a play-house. Chatham, and Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Channing, and Brougham, with many others, whose names shine with a lustre only a little inferior to those above mentioned, were distinguished for their classical attainments. They laid the foundation of their future greatness in the cloisters of the university. Since the world began, genius has accomplished nothing without industry; and no error can be more fatal to the young aspirant after distinction and usefulness, than that indolent self-complacency which rests on the supposed possession of exalted genius.

We talk of cold weather here sometimes. \* What would we say of weather like that which is described by Ledyard, the celebrated traveller, in a letter from Siberia?

"You have no idea of the excessive cold in the region of Siberia. By experiments that I made at Yakusky, I found that on the 19th of November the mercury in my thermometer was frozen. In December, I found by repeated experiments that the ounces of clear quicksilver openly exposed froze hard in fifteen minutes. I have observed that in these severe frosts, the air was condensed, as it were, in a thick fog—the atmosphere is frozen, respiration is fatiguing &c. It is a happy law of nature, that in such intense cold there is seldom any wind—when there is, it is dangerous to go abroad. There are no wells at Yakusky; for it is found by experiment that the water freezes at six feet deep. People of these regions are therefore obliged to use ice and snow. They have also ice windows; glass is of no use to the few who have it; the difference in the state of the air, within and without, is so great that the glass is covered on the inside with several inches of frost, and in that situation is less luminous than ice.—The timber of the house splits and opens with loud cracks—the rivers thunder and open with broad fissures—all nature groans beneath the rigors of winter."

A DYING CHAMBER.—Who that has watched beside the sick—the dying couch of a beloved being—does not remember the dreary, desolate blank that succeeds the moment of dissolution? While life remains, hope will linger. From the ark of its affection the heart still sends forth the dove over the wide waste of affliction, fondly dreaming her return with the olive-branch of Hope and Joy. The mind, too fully occupied with the duties of the sick chamber, has scarcely leisure to dwell upon night terrors. To smooth the pillow, to watch over the anguished slumber, to sweeten the bitter draught with affection's hand, to read the languid eyes, and anticipate the broken wish, these, and a thousand other kindly offices fill up the weary hours, and twine the loved one in its helplessness closer and closer round the heart. But when the last scene has closed on the being we have so loved and tended—when the warm heart can no longer feel our care, nor the beaming eye smile its thanks—then it is that the weary frame and crushed spirit sink together in utter, helpless loneliness. Beyond that silent chamber the wide world appears one trackless waste, and as we gaze on the still, cold features of the departed, we long for the wings of the dove to fly away and he at rest!

THE COMPANY OF BOOKS.—It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable communications are in the reach of all.—In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all that will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time may not enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination—the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from the best company where I live. Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, and affliction. Let every man, if possible gather some good books under his roof.—Channing.

Well, Patrick, asked the doctor, how do you do to-day? O dear doctor, I enjoy very bad health to-day. This rhymetic is very distressing indeed. When I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toe is swelled up as big as a goose's hen's egg, so when I stand up, I fall down directly.

THE DEAD OF 1845.—The year recently closed has witnessed the deaths of  
General Andrew Jackson, ex-president of the United States, June 8. Aged, 78  
Hon. Joseph Story, Justice Supreme Court, Sept. 10. 75  
Hon. Isaac C. Bates, United States Senator, from Massachusetts, March 18. 65  
Gen. John B. Dawson, member of Congress, from Louisiana, June 25.  
Hon. David W. Dickinson, member of Congress, from Tennessee, April 27.  
Hon. John H. Peyton, member of Congress, elect, from Tennessee.  
Hon. Douglas Houghton, geologist of Michigan, (drowned).  
Hon. Leveeet Salmonstall, ex-member of Congress, from Massachusetts, May.  
Rev. Henry Ware, D. D., professor at Harvard, July 12.  
Rev. James Milnor, D. D., of New York city, March 8. 70  
Hon. Win. H. Roane, ex-United States Senator, from Virginia, May 11. 57  
Hon. Geo. Morrell, Chief Justice of Michigan, March. 69  
Wm. W. Cherry, of Jackson, North Carolina, May 2. 36  
Hon. Buckner Thurston, Judge of the United States district court, August 30. 62  
Hon. Roger M. Sherman, of Connecticut, Dec. 30, 1844.  
Hon. Jos. L. Willingham, of Rhode Island, Dec. 30, 1844.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.—Col. George Mason, of Virginia, made the following remarks in his will, which ought to be considered a legacy to the nation:

"I recommend to my sons, from my own experience of life, to prefer the happiness of independence and a private station to the trouble and vexations of public business, but if either their own inclinations, or the necessity of the time, should engage them in public affairs, I charge them on a father's blessing, never to let the motives of private interest or ambition induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or of death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavor to transmit to their posterity, those sacred rights to which themselves were born."

A WELL-GUARDED SAFE.—The Rothschilds of France have invented a wonderful piece of mechanism to prevent any removal of their deposits. If a person attempt the lock, or tamper with it in the slightest degree, an iron band and arm is thrust out from the door, clenching the offender and holds him motionless in its iron embrace, while at the same instant a bell is struck in a room over head, occupied by a watchman, giving him notice that his presence is required in the room below. Should this watchman not get down to the assistance and release of the wretch held by the iron arm in fifteen minutes' time then a hand-buss is discharged into the body of the trespasser. Thus he is mercifully allowed fifteen minutes grace to reflect upon the enormity of his offence. It is told that a few years since a man was caught by the iron nippers and the watchman came to his release only two minutes before the hand-buss would have been discharged.

SLAVE REVOLT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—There was considerable of a revolt on the 13th ult., among the slaves on the plantation of Messrs. Hewitt, Heron & Co. about ten miles from New Orleans, during which two of them were shot dead and a number dangerously wounded. One of the slaves was being whipped for some offence, when the remainder, seventy in number, stopped work, and rushed on their overseers, with the cry of—"Noy! kill them all—liberty or death!" A number of the white persons were wounded with their hoes. The slaves from an adjoining plantation came to the assistance of their masters, and done efficient service in protecting their lives. A number of them fled to the woods, but the remainder were secured and placed in confinement. The fugitives will doubtless be soon overtaken, as a party were in pursuit of them.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—At the commencement of the Revolutionary war, there lived at East Windsor, Connecticut, according to the Hartford Courant, a farmer, of the name of Jacob Munsell, aged 45 years. After the commencement of the war between this part of the country and Boston was interrupted by the possession of Boston harbor by the British fleet, Munsell was often employed to transport provisions by land to our army lying in the neighborhood of Boston. In the summer of 1775, while thus employed, he arrived within a few miles of the camp at Cambridge, with a large load drawn by a stout ox team. In a part of the road which was somewhat rough, he met two carriages, in each of which was an American general officer. The officer in the forward carriage, when near to Munsell, put his head out of the window, and called to him in an authoritative tone—

"I—n, get out the path!"

Munsell immediately retried.

"D—n you! won't get out the path—get out yourself!"

After some other vain attempts to prevail on Munsell to turn out, the officer's carriage turned out, and Munsell kept the path. The other carriage immediately came up, having been within hearing distance of what had passed, and the officer within put his out of the vehicle and said to Munsell—

"My friend, the road is bad, and it is very difficult for me to turn out, will you be so good as to turn out and let me pass?"

"With all my heart," said Munsell, "but I won't be d—d out of the path by any man."

"The last officer was General Washington."

"Quit spitting that nasty tobacco on the floor, Josh, or I'll whip ye!" "Ma, mother, why don't you speak properly? You should have said, considering that offensive habit of the Virginians spread upon the promenade, or I shall administer to you a severe castigation. That is proper manner."

A man in Baltimore, owed more money than he could pay, and to prevent himself from being brought to death, gave out that he had the small pox, and thus kept off his tormentors.