

# The Greensborough Patriot.

VOL. XVII.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C., MARCH 14, 1856.

NO. 873.

**PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY M. S. SHERWOOD.**

Terms: \$2 a year, in advance;  
\$2.50 after three months, and \$3.00 after twelve  
months, from date of subscription.

### Rates of Advertising.

One dollar per square (fifteen lines) for the first  
week, and twenty-five cents for every week there  
after. Deductions made in favor of standing adver-  
tisements as follows:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	\$3.50	\$5.50	\$8.00
Two squares,	7.00	10.00	14.00
Three " (4 col.)	10.00	15.00	20.00
Half column.	18.00	25.00	35.00

For the Patriot.

## THE BROKEN HEART.

BY T. D. HILL.

### THE GRAVE.

There stood one by a Church yard wall  
And leaned himself thereon;  
The radiant flash that lit his cheeks  
In early days, was gone.  
The flowers that he used to twine  
Around a fair one's brow,  
Had lost the charms they once did lend  
Had failed to cheer him now.  
The heart that once was careless, free  
And gay as bird of air,  
Now drooped, like fading flowers, beneath  
The tortures of despair;  
The soul that early sang of love  
Had ceased those strains to breathe,  
The lips that wore the scarlet hue  
Were now as pale as death.  
The opening flowers east upon  
The breeze their rich perfume;  
The red-breast sang his plaintive lay  
Above the loved one's tomb;  
The mill by whistled as he passed  
Along the Church yard path;  
And found the spot seemed hideous all,  
Save him that stood thereat.  
His guilty soul by conscience stung  
The peace of mind did crave,  
For something whispered, *thou hast sinned—  
A heart into the grave!*  
That heart was once his only care,  
To him it had been pledged;  
But it was his inconstancy  
That, that young heart, had blighted.  
It, the man, rougher to him  
Of love, when unrequited,  
That severs from his cherished one  
The heart, so long united.  
The scorching rays of Autumn's sun  
The sweetest flower consume;  
Death often takes the loveliest form  
And hands it to the Tomb.  
But slowly, by degrees it wastes  
The evil heart away;  
And seems to cast the withered branch  
Back to its mother clay.  
Oh! it were sweet, could he retrace  
There in that silent spot  
And end the woes of troubled life,  
And be remembered now.  
A child, as there the stranger stood  
Lorn and disconsolate—  
Bearing a bunch of earliest flowers,  
Passed through the Church yard gate;  
It came to brighten that loved spot  
With flowers of every hue,  
And breathe above a Father's grave  
A sad, a last adieu!

### Making a Needle.

I wonder if any little girl who may read this  
ever thought how many people are all the time  
at work in making the things which she every  
day uses. What can be more common, and you  
may think, more simple, than a needle? Yet, if  
you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes  
a great many persons to make a needle and a good  
deal of time too.  
In going over the premises we must pass litter-  
er and thither and walk into the next street and  
back again, and take a drive to a mill, in order to  
see the whole process. We find one chamber of  
the shop is hung round with coils of bright wire,  
of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for  
cushion hooks to that of the finest canbie needles.  
In a room below, bits of wire the length of two  
needles are bent by a vast pair of shears fixed in  
the wall. A bundle has been cut off; the bits  
needs straightening, for they have just come off  
from coils. The bundle is thrown into a red-hot  
turnace; and then taken out and rolled backward  
and forward on a table until the wires are straight.  
This process is called "rubbing straight." We  
saw a mill for grinding needles. We go down and  
find a needle pointer seated on his bench. He  
takes up two dozen or so of the wires and rolls  
them between his thumb and fingers, with their  
ends on the grindstone, first one end and then the  
other. We have now the wires straight and  
pointed at both ends. Next is a machine which  
tapers and gutters the heads of ten thousand  
needles in an hour. Observe the little gutters at  
the head of your needle. Next comes the punch-  
ing of the eyes, and the boy who does it, punches  
in thousands an hour, and he does it so fast  
your eyes can hardly keep pace with him. The  
spitting follows, which is running a fine wire  
through a dozen, perhaps, of these two needles.  
A woman, with a little assist before her, lies  
between the heads and separates them. They are

now complete needles, but rough and rusty, and  
what is worse, they easily bend. A poor needle,  
you will say. But the hardening comes next.  
They are heated in batches in a furnace, and  
when red-hot, are thrown in a pan of cold water.  
Next, they must be tempered; and this is done  
by rolling them backward on a hot-metal plate.  
The polishing still remains to be done. On a ve-  
ry coarse cloth needles are spread to the number  
of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewn  
over them, oil is sprinkled, and the cloth is then  
rolled up, and with several others of the same  
kind, thrown into a sort of wash pot to roll and  
fro for twelve hours or more. They come out  
dirty enough; but after rinsing in clean hot wa-  
ter, and a tossing in saw dust, they look as bright  
as can be, and are ready to be put up for sale.  
But the sorting and doing up in papers, you may  
imagine, is quite a work by itself.

### Predictions for New Year.

According to the wise heads and soothsayers of  
the present day, the year of our Lord, 1856, is to  
be an eventful one. We extract the following  
sagacious predictions, which will doubtless be ful-  
filled:

"Through the whole course of the coming  
year, whenever the moon wanes the night will  
grow dark. On several occasions, during the  
year, the sun will rise before certain people dis-  
cover it, and set before they have finished the  
day's work. It is quite likely that when there is  
no business doing, many will be heard to com-  
plain of hard times, but it is equally certain that  
all who hang themselves will escape starvation.  
If bushes and hoops go out of fashion, a church  
pew will hold more than three ladies. If dandies  
wear their beards, there will be less work for the  
barbers, and he who wears mustaches will have  
something to sneeze at. There will be many  
eclipses of virtue, some visible and others invisible.  
Whoever is in love, will think his mistress is a  
perfect angel, and will only find out the truth of  
his suspicion by getting married. Many delicate  
ladies, who no one would suspect, will be kissed  
without telling their names; there will be more  
books published than will find purchasers, more  
rhymes written than will find readers, and more  
bits made than will find payers. If the incumbent  
of a fat office should die, there will be a dozen  
enemies ready to step into one pair of shoes. If  
any young lady should happen to blush, she will  
be apt to look red in the face, without the use of  
paint; if she dream of a young man three nights  
in succession, it will be a sign of something in  
the dream of him four times, or have the bad-  
ness, it is ten to one she will be a long time in  
getting either of them out of her head. Many  
people will drink more strong liquor than will be  
necessary to keep them sober, and take more  
medicine than will be requisite to the enjoyment  
of good health. Amusements and entertainments will  
be given to those who have enough at home, and  
the poor will receive much advice gratis, legal  
and medical excepted. The public debts of the  
republican States will very probably attend private  
contracts in this latitude. He who marries this  
year will run a great risk, especially if he does it  
in a hurry. He who steals a match gives tatters  
occasion to gossip, and will be apt to involve him-  
self and bride in disagreeable relations. There  
will be a great noise all over the country when  
it thunders, and a tremendous dust will be kicked  
up occasionally by the clouds. Many  
young ladies, who hope for it but little expect it,  
will be married; and many who anticipate that  
glorious consummation, will be doomed to wait an-  
other year. Finally, there exists little doubt, this  
will be a "most wonderful" year, surpassing in  
interest all that have preceded it. Politicians  
will make tools of themselves; pettifoggers will  
make tools of others; and women with pretty  
faces make tools of both. The world will go  
round as usual, and come back to the place whence  
it set out, as will many a man who engages in  
business. There will be great cry and little work  
at the sheering of pigs and meeting of Congress.

### The Pert Young Man.

There is a period in the life of a young man  
which may appropriately be called the age of  
puppyism. It is at that period when he is a lit-  
tle more than a boy, and a good deal less than a  
man; when the hand, struck across the chin,  
receives a sort of downy inequality, and visions of  
barbers and razors rise up constantly before him,  
when the tailor suddenly becomes a person of  
vast importance, and he begins to talk of the  
"men of our college, and the ladies of our ac-  
quaintance." Very tight pantaloons, displaying  
tremendous moral and physical courage in ven-  
turing into the world with such slender supports  
as they contain; an array of great proportions; a  
knowing, half-jockey, half-gentleman hat; fancy  
vest, gold chain, and a quizzing-glass, make up  
the external qualifications of the pert young man.  
He sets his legs apart in addressing men old  
and calls to his grandfather, twirls his cigar and  
calls him "my dear fellow," or "my boy." His  
paternal parent he always calls "the governor,"  
and never thinks of him or refers to him, except  
when he wants the "governor to come down hand-  
some," who, he maintains, has no right to "ex-  
pect a man" to be unable to pay his billiard ex-  
penses. He walks the streets as though he  
owned them; salutes the ladies with a fascinating  
smile, and takes off his hat to them when he pas-  
ses them, as though he did not wish the courtesy  
to be observed; and then he has observed older  
men do this, and he thinks it "damned" gentle-  
manly" to do so likewise. His conversational  
powers are very limited, never having fathomed  
anything deeper than the bottom of a brandy  
snash, or extended his inquiry beyond the bill  
of fare of his favorite restaurant. In his manner  
to ladies, he is rather patronizing, and at the same  
time very humane; for, in the first instance,  
he acts upon the conviction of the inferiority of  
the sex, and, in the next, with consideration with  
regard to the killing effects of his own beauty  
and manly accomplishment.—He cannot possibly  
marry them all, and to show partiality would be  
unfair. His head is the only place where Nature  
acknowledges a perfect vacuum.

N. O. Delta.

What are breeches of trust? Trowsers pre-  
pared on tick.

### Paying Subscription for a Newspaper.

Is regarded by some people as very unimpor-  
tant matter. They have an idea that the small  
amount they owe, the printer cannot be greatly in  
need of, and it will do to be paid whenever a sur-  
plus of money, is on hand for which they have no  
use, or whenever it is particularly convenient to  
do so. Some day they expect to call and pay at  
the office, or they will wait until a collector calls  
and if they have the money, they will pay him.  
They argue, that if the printer wants his money  
very badly, he will send for it—he will send from  
five to twenty miles for two dollars, and if he  
waits until the end of the year and pays a big  
commission for collecting, that's his look out.—  
This is the way many people who take news-  
papers talk, but fortunately not all, not half of the  
whole number, for if they did, there would be an  
end to newspaper publishing except on each prin-  
ciple. Yes, there are too many right-thinking  
people, who have a different an honest view of  
their duty under the circumstances, and it is them  
the printer has to rely on for cash to carry on his  
business. It is to be hoped, however, that sub-  
scribers generally will soon adopt this correct  
course; that they will pay promptly in advance  
for their papers, and never allow the printer to  
send after it and pay for getting it!—*Exchange  
Paper.*

### Modern Meaning of old Words.

Suggestion—Advice given by a servant to his  
employer.  
Young Man's best Companion—He who takes  
him home when he cannot take himself home.  
Rights of the People—The exclusive privilege  
of grubbling at imaginary oppression.  
Rates—A kind of tax so called, because no one  
pays the a without grubbling at it.  
Oversight—To leave your old umbrella in a news-  
room, and bring away a new one.  
Guilt—In no sense, innocence.  
Science—To tie a canister to a dog's tail, and  
observe whether he runs East or West.  
Unfortunate Man—One born with a conscience.  
Abstinence Man—One who never tastes wine,  
or spirits at home.  
Remorse—The feeling of a pickpocket, caught  
in the act.  
Procreancy—The impertinence of your child.  
Fictitious Object—Your neighbor's house  
on fire.  
Love—An ingredient used in poetry.  
Person of Regular Habits—One who is carried  
to bed every second night.  
Home, sweet Home?—A song.  
Cover—One who considers circumstances.  
Littérateur fellow—One who will not submit to  
be cheated.

### An Arkansas Legislator.

A member elect of the lower chamber of the  
Legislature of Arkansas was persuaded by some  
way in the neighborhood, that it would not  
reach the State House at noon on the day  
of assembling, he could not be sworn, and would  
lose his seat. He mounted with hunting  
trunk, rifle and bowie knife, and spurred till he  
got to the capitol, where he hitched his rig. A  
crowd was in the chamber of the lower house,  
on the ground floor, waiting about with their hats  
on, and smoking cigars. There he passed, run up  
stairs, into the Senate chamber, set his rifle  
against the wall, and bowed out.  
"Strangers, who's the man that swears me  
in?" at the same time talking out his creden-  
tials.  
"Walk this way," said the clerk, who was at  
the moment ignoring a real Principle, and he was  
sworn without inquiry.  
When the teller came to count noses, he found  
there was one Senate too many present. The  
mistake was soon discovered, and the hunt man  
was informed that he did not belong there.  
"Fool who, with your own bread?" he roared;  
"you can't bring this child, no how you can. I  
—I'm elected to this ere Legislature, and I'll  
go in all banks and eternal improvements, and if  
there's any of your ornery gentlemen wants to  
get skinned, just say the word, and I'll light up  
you like a nigger on a woodchuck. My con-  
stituents sent me here, and if you want to floor  
this two-legged animal, hop on just as soon as you  
like, for though I'm from the back country, I'm  
a little smarter than any other quadruped you  
can turn out of this drove."  
After this admirable language, he put his  
rifle into his belt, and took up his  
rifle, with "Come here, old Suke! stand by me!"  
at the same time pointing at the chairman, who,  
however, had seen such people before. After  
some expostulation, the man was persuaded that  
he belonged to the lower chamber, upon which  
he sheathed his knife, hung his gun on his shoul-  
der, and with a profound *congratulations*, re-  
marked: "Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. But if I didn't  
think that lower room was a Gregory, may I be  
shot!"

Leap Year.—It must be recollected that any  
woman during the present year can marry any  
man she pleases—provided he is willing. One  
of the authorities—writing in 1600—lays the law  
down as follows:

Albion it is now become part of the common  
law, in regard to social relations of life, that as  
often as every bissextile year doth return, the  
ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it  
continueth, of making love unto the man, which  
they do either by warden or looks as to them it  
seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be  
entitled to the benefit of the clergy who doth re-  
fuse to accept the offers of a lady, or who doeth  
in any wise treat her proposal with the slight or con-  
tumely.

Some of our democratic friends look as if they  
were affected with the face-ache since the doings  
of the Philadelphia Convention have come to their  
ears. We trust that they will not continue to be  
out of countenance, but that they will cheer up  
and lend us their hickory-poles for the campaign.  
They will have no use for this part of their equip-  
age through the approaching Summer.

Oh, freedom, cheer the history over:  
Its long in storms have sheltered thee,  
O'er freedom's land its banners wave:  
'T was planted on the lion's grave.  
*Angelic's Song.*

### By and By.

By DAVID BATH.  
There is an angel ever near,  
When toil and trouble vex and try,  
That bids our fainting hearts take cheer,  
And whispers to us—"By and By."  
We hear it at our mother's knee,  
With tender smile and love lit eye  
She grants some boon on childish plea,  
In these soft accents—"By and By."  
What visions crowd the youthful breast—  
What holy aspiration high  
Nerve that young heart to do its best,  
And wait the promise—"By and By."  
The maiden sitting sad and lone,  
Her thoughts half uttered with a sigh,  
Nurses the grief she will not own,  
And dream bright dreams of—"By and By."  
The pale young wife dries up her tears,  
And stills her restless infant's cry,  
To catch the coming step, but hears,  
How sadly whispered—"By and By."  
And manhood with his strength and will  
To brunt life'sills and fate defy,  
Though fame and fortune be his still,  
Has plans that lie in—"By and By."  
The destitute whose scanty fare  
The weary task can scarce supply,  
Cheat the grim visage of Despair  
With hope's fair promise—"By and By."  
The widows whom oppression wrongs  
Send up to heaven their wailing cry,  
And, writhing in the tyrant's throng,  
Still hope for freedom—"By and By."  
Thus ever o'er life's rugged way,  
This angel, bending from the sky,  
Beguiles our sorrows, day by day,  
With her sweet whisper—"By and By."

### The History of Newspapers.

The first newspaper was issued monthly in  
MS form, in the republic of Venice, and was  
called the *Gazette*, probably from a farthing coin  
peculiar to Venice, and which was the common  
price at which it was sold. Thirty volumes of it  
are still preserved in a library at Florence.  
It was long supposed that the first newspaper  
printed in England was at the epoch of the  
Spanish Armada, but it has been discovered that  
the copies of that bearing the imprint of 1568, in  
the British Museum, were forgeries. There is no  
copy that the party executor of the martyrs of  
blood sheets was published in London till  
1622—130 years after the art of printing had  
been discovered; and it was nearly 100 years  
more, before a daily paper was ventured upon.  
Periodical papers seem first to have been pub-  
lished in England during the times of the common-  
wealth, and were then called "weedy news-  
books." Some of them had most whimsical ti-  
tles. It was common with the early papers to  
have a blank page, which was sometimes filled  
up in the paucity of news by selections from the  
Scriptures.  
The first newspaper printed in North America  
was printed in Boston, in 1689. Only one copy  
of that paper was known to be in existence. It  
was deposited in the State Paper Office in Lon-  
don, and was about the size of an ordinary sheet  
of letter-paper. It was stopped by the govern-  
ment. The Boston News-letter was the first regu-  
lar paper. It was first issued in 1764, and was  
printed by John Allen, in *Quincy Lane*. The  
contents of some of the early numbers were very  
peculiar. It had a speech of Queen Anne to Par-  
liament, delivered 120 years previously, and this  
was the latest news from England. In one of the  
early numbers there was an announcement that  
by order of the Postmaster General of North A-  
merica, the post between Boston and New York  
set out once a fortnight. Negro men, women  
and children were advertised to be sold; and a  
call was made upon a woman who had stolen a  
piece of fine lace worth 14s. a yard, and upon  
another who had conveyed a piece of fine cloth  
under her riding hood, to return the same, or be  
executed in the newspapers.  
This pioneer paper was published for 71 years;  
it was the leading Tory paper, prior to the Revolu-  
tion. The Boston Gazette was the organ of the  
patriots, and was issued at Water town. At the  
commencement of the revolutionary war, there  
were but 37 newspapers in the United States. Of  
this number, only eight were committed to the  
British Government, but five others were brought  
over. The oldest existing paper in Massachusetts  
was the Worcester Spy, first published in this  
city during 1770, but removed to the western  
part of the State on the occupation of Boston by  
the British troops. Our country, although the  
youngest in the world, outstrips all others in the  
number of publications and newspapers. There  
are four times greater than in Great Britain, though  
England has twice as many magazines, and the ex-  
tent of their circulation, form a striking social  
characteristic.

### A Model Message.

Gov. McRen, of Mississippi, in entering upon  
his second term of office, curtly defines his  
position in a few crisp paragraphs like these:  
"In our State affairs, I favor education, internal  
improvements, moral reform, the cultivation  
of the mind, and the development of the soil of  
the State, and all the great interests connected  
with the advancement of science, of learning and  
agriculture, which are the sources of our wealth,  
our knowledge and our power."  
On the slavery question, which is one of ex-  
citing controversy between the North and South,  
I occupy the position of the State, taken in her  
convention in 1852, and of entire non-interven-  
tion upon the subject by Congress in the territo-  
ries. I do not think it necessary to argue or dis-  
cuss these questions among ourselves. It is be-  
lieved that all Mississippians are united in one  
sentiment upon this subject.  
"We have the best government in the world,  
and our people are the most blessed and happy  
under it."

### From the Asheville News.

Duelling.  
Duelling is a flagrant vice. Every man should  
discontinue it. No true christian will en-  
courage it. It contains more wicked elements  
than any other vice. If we succeed in contrib-  
uting the least mite to the correction of a vicious  
sentiment, we shall have accomplished good.  
1. *Duelling is Malicious.*—It is conceived in  
hatred and elated in revenge. Malice is the  
spirit of Satan; and yet an exhibition of this  
spirit is thought to be, under certain circum-  
stances, the only mark of a gentleman. If the  
spirit of duelling is right, then Satan is the great-  
est gentleman known.  
2. *Duelling is Cowardly.*—The duellist may  
have bravery; but it must be that of a very  
low order. He may have courage but it is that  
of a maniac. If discretion is any part of valor,  
he has none of it. But the duellist is a moral  
coward. He is afraid to do right. He has not  
that magnanimity that stands firmly erect against  
the tide of public feeling. He succumbs to the  
opinions of others, and does servile homage at  
the shrine of wickedness. He challenges—he  
accepts a challenge—he fights—he kills—he is  
killed, just because if he does not, some fool may  
say, he is a coward! Thus for fear of being called  
a coward, he becomes one.  
3. *Duelling is Murder.*—It is a violation of  
the command—"Thou shalt not kill." It can-  
not fall under the head of executions. It is not  
innocent homicide, not being a matter of self-de-  
fence. It is not man-slaughter; the crime not  
being perpetrated under the impulse of the mo-  
ment. The duellist makes a malicious and deli-  
berate attempt upon the life of his enemy.  
What is this but murder, if he is successful? If  
he fails, what is it but felony? "Whosoever  
hath his brother, is a murderer."  
4. *Duelling is Suicide.*—He is as much so as  
if he cuts his own throat or blows out his own  
brains. If he is victorious, he is in the same  
category with the man who is caught in the act  
of killing himself, and is arrested. If he fails,  
he goes to the bar of God to answer for volunta-  
rily procuring his own death. He intrudes into  
his Maker's presence. *He comes unbidden.* He  
has usurped the prerogative of God, and set  
bounds to his own existence. God will say to  
his guilty spirit—"How comest thou in hither.  
Depart thou cursed soul into everlasting fire."  
5. *But duelling is Disgraceful.*—That code  
of honor which duelling is a code of dishon-  
or. Nothing can be farther from the charac-  
ter of a gentleman than duelling. It is honor-  
able to fight a duel, it is honorable to do wrong;  
it is honorable to wallow in the slough of vice;  
it is honorable to cherish malice, to be desiste-  
nt of courage, to do murder, and to commit  
suicide; it is honorable to insult God, and to  
despise the teachings of his blessed word!

It is said that when John Q. Adams received  
a note from a man, to whom he had given office,  
requesting a settlement of the difficulty, accord-  
ing to that code of honor by which gentlemen  
were governed, he replied, that according to that  
code, he was not a gentleman. Adams was a  
christian; and this reply was in keeping with  
the character of a christian. He was governed  
by the code of duty. The code of honor to  
which the other referred, was the offspring of  
depravity, but the code of honor to which he  
subscribed, was an emanation of Divine goodness  
and wisdom. The little pettable character that  
challenged Adams has gone; his father has not  
died; his deeds have long since been involved in  
oblivion, while Adams will be held in  
everlasting remembrance.

### The Golden Product of California.

The amount of gold exported from California  
during the year 1855, was about \$1,000,000 less  
than for 1854. The San Francisco Times ex-  
amines the causes quite satisfactorily. It states  
that great disparity occurred in the early part  
of the year, when, in consequence of the panic  
produced by certain bank failures, few bills of ex-  
change were purchased by persons returning to  
the Atlantic States, each one choosing to be  
his own carrier, and in this manner no account  
was taken of much of the gold that went out of  
the country. Again, the country was pretty well  
drained of the precious metals during the latter  
part of 1854, by the heavy shipments of a particu-  
lar banking house. Not only dust, but coin was  
shipped until, comparatively speaking, scarcely a  
dollar was left. As a consequence, moderate  
shipments only could be made in the early part  
of the present year. But the great cause of the re-  
duction in shipments is to be found in the de-  
creased importation of merchandise during 1855,  
and the consequent lessened necessity of sending  
from California the products of the mines. The  
development of the agricultural resources of the  
State, enabling it to export largely of many arti-  
cles for which it previously had to look abroad,  
and pay for in the product of the mines, has also  
cut off a cause for the drain of precious metals,  
and enabled the capitalists of the State to devote  
to enterprises within its borders vast amounts that  
were previously expended in the purchase of the  
necessaries of life. The Times treats as an ex-  
plored notion, the idea that California is exclu-  
sively a mineral country, but has still unabated  
confidence in the exhaustless riches of her mi-  
neral regions.—She has gold enough to employ  
the labor of centuries, but it can no longer be ob-  
tained as formerly. The time has passed when  
the adventurer needed no aid but the knife to pry  
the glittering metal from the cleft of rocks, or the  
pan to prospect the ravine. Concentration of cap-  
ital is now necessary, to build flames, to sink  
shafts, to tunnel the mountains, and even to wash  
down the hillsides.

Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern) brings as her dowry  
two daughters, and \$25,000,000,000,000,000,000,  
from her father's estate. She is full forty-three, erect,  
robust, with a keen flashing eye, thin, grippy lip,  
pointed nose, and a form that an artist might  
admire (and that many have admired). Rapid in  
movement, genteel in carriage, accomplished, gay,  
ambitious, proud as Lucifer, aristocratic with a  
ring, scold, cold, jealous, passionate—there she  
is a marvel to others, and he could not to herself.  
Just emerged from the meshes of a divorce, she  
signaled her freedom by a new matrimonial ser-  
vice. The "happy man" as James Watson, the  
author of that highly indubitable and veridical  
work, the "Life of Horace Greely" says:

### Millard Fillmore.

The Eastern papers are publishing portions of  
the correspondence of Henry Clay, which have  
not hitherto been made public, but which are  
shortly to appear in book form. The following  
letter to Daniel Willson, of New York, given  
the reader Mr. Clay's opinion of Millard Fill-  
more, one of the purest statesmen our country  
has produced:  
WASHINGTON, March, 18 52.  
My Dear Sir:—You rightly understand a man  
expressing a preference for Mr. Fillmore as the  
Whig candidate for the Presidency. I did not  
before I left home, and have from my  
here in private intercourse, since my arrival in  
Washington. I care not how generally the fact  
may be known, but I should not deem it right  
to publish any formal avowal of that preference  
under my own signature in the newspapers.  
Such a course would subject me to the im-  
putation of supposing that my opinions are  
passed more weight with the public than I as-  
prehend they do. The foundation of my prefer-  
ence, that Mr. Fillmore has administered the ex-  
ecutive government with signal success and ability.  
He has been tried and found true, faithful, hos-  
t and conscientious. I wish to say nothing in  
derogation from his eminent competitors; they  
have both rendered great services to their  
country; the one in the field, the other in the  
cabinet. They might possibly administer the Gov-  
ernment as well as Mr. Fillmore has done. But,  
then, neither of them has been tried in the de-  
voted position he now holds, and I think that pre-  
udence and wisdom had better restrain us from  
making any change without a necessity for it, the  
existence of which I do not perceive.  
HENRY CLAY.

### Pleasant Exhibition of Feeling.

A Methodist congregation of Newark, N. J.,  
have erected a splendid edifice which is to be de-  
dicated on the fourth Sabbath in February. The  
Rev. Bishops James and Simpson, of the Metho-  
dist church north, and Bishop Pierce of Georgia,  
are to officiate. The Sparta Courier says:  
"So anxious were they to secure the services  
of the latter gentleman, that after failing to effect  
it by several epistles, the church sent out Mr.  
Rev. Mr. Cox, their pastor, with instructions to  
remain with the Bishop, until his consent was ob-  
tained. This he gave reluctantly, as we under-  
stand, entirely upon the principle of bringing  
about a better feeling, if possible, between the  
two great branches of the church. The move-  
ment we regard as an important one, and pregnant  
with good results, nationally as well as ecclesi-  
astically. The Bishop, who has recently been ap-  
pointed a bishop, for his connection with slavery  
twelve years ago, should now read hundreds of  
miles to get another bishop equally implicated  
with the other, to perform an act of holy com-  
munion, for them, looks very like a relinquit-  
ment of the past, and that a conservative spirit yet linger-  
ing among the laity of the North, despite the net-  
work of their confessions, or their Representatives in  
Congress.

### Give your Child a Paper.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted  
with a newspaper, because he reads the names of  
things which are very familiar, and will make  
progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year  
is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every  
father must consider that substantial informa-  
tion is connected with advancement. The mother  
of a family, being one of the heads, and having  
a more immediate charge of children, should her-  
self be instructed. A mind occupied becomes  
fortified against the ill of life, and is traced for  
any emergency. Children amused by reading or  
study, are of course more contented and more  
easily governed. How many thoughtless young  
men have spent their earnings in a tavern or  
game shop, who ought to have been reading? How  
many persons who have not spent twenty  
dollars for books for their families, would have  
given hundreds to reclaim a son or a daughter  
who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into  
temptation?

### The English Language.

The intelligent foreign correspondent of the  
Newark Advertiser, in a letter from Rome, says:  
"The wide diffusion of the Anglo-Saxon language  
is not among the least striking fruits of the grow-  
ing influence of the two great empires that use it.  
There is scarcely a court on the Continent where  
it is not more or less spoken, and commercial or  
friendly intercourse is rapidly promoting the col-  
loration of it among the people. The time is not  
distant when the American traveller may go  
round the world with our conquering and com-  
mercial tongue alone. It is worthy of note," he  
adds, "that as all the world abroad is seeking a  
knowledge of English, young America is becom-  
ing ambitious to jobber in foreign tongues."

Taking it Coolly.—Many years ago, as Judge  
Tompkins, afterwards Governor Tompkins, of  
New York, was sentencing a man to be executed  
for murder in Orange county, and while he was  
in pathetic terms admonishing him to repentance  
and preparation, the criminal looking up to the  
gallery of the church in which the court was held,  
exclaimed in a loud and clear voice, "keep order  
there, will you—I cannot hear what the Judge  
says to me!"

A Church in the Camp.—A Methodist church,  
consisting of about three hundred non-commissioned  
officers and soldiers, has been formed among  
the British troops quartered in and about Balak-  
lava, and a missionary is about to be sent to them  
by the Wesleyan Mission Society. They have  
sent for a supply of hymn-books, most of theirs  
having been lost at the battles of the Alma and  
Inkermann.

A western writer thinks that if the proper  
way of spelling the word "ought," and "eight"  
and "weight," is the proper way of spelling "pot-  
atoes" is "poutatoes." The new way of spell-  
ing softly is "poutatoes."