

Oh, Venice, Venice, when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of Nations o'er thy sunken walls.
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,
What shall thy sons do? Any thing but weep?
Dyonis.

Venice still exists, a splendid ruin. She
is not buried under the waves; the sands
of the desert, the dust of ages, have not
covered her ruins; nor need the traveller
exclaim, "Where once stood Venice?" No,
traveler! Venice is Venice, dimly seen
on the silent shores of the Adriatic. Where
are her ships? Her commerce? Her throng-
ing population? Where?

Were a competent pen employed, and
that for a long life, on a historical compar-
ison between the infancy, mature age, and
deceitful old age of individual men and
nations, the condensed result of such a compar-
ison would constitute a refector, necessary to
all who have human conduct to study, to
direct, or to control. It requires but a
casual reading of History to discover that
the very same virtues and vices, the same
wisdom and folly, which make or mar in
private life, operate to produce like effects
in the affairs of Government, with an enormous
difference in amount of evil in the latter
case, as reaching to a greater or less extent
the whole community.

In process of analogy it would be found
that no folly ever committed, through in-
dividual vice or imprudence, but could be
more than paralleled in communities, and
in nations too.

Behold the reckless course of the Heir
of a fortune, amassed by industry, honest-
y, care, and long years of life and toil!
Behold him contemplating all the thrift and
the forecast of his ancestors; travelling with
heedless haste heading to ruin; compelled
in the end to abandon to strangers his al-
ready dismantled mansion, and the broad
lands by which it is surrounded! Extend
the view to the conduct and action of Na-
tions, and a parallel to this picture may
be found in every page of history.

If such a work as we have suggested
were compiled, and accessible to every
honest inquirer after truth, the experience
bequeathed by one generation to its suc-
cessors would not be wholly lost, even
though for the present disregarded. The
pages of such a work would abound in ex-
amples of the most illuminating adversity,
produced by the demeriting intoxication
of success. The most exalted interests of
Nations would be shown to depend on the
very same principles as the success or the
failure in life of the most humble individ-
ual. In Societies, the family in which
harmony and persevering union of action
prevail, seldom fails, and always deserves
to prosper. So in Governments, in unity
there is strength; in dissension they cannot
fail to be weak, disorder, and eventual
ruine. Produce the conditions, and cause
and effect will follow.

We have already faintly shown what Italy
was, and what Italy is—and what
France was, and what France is; and why
the one country has become covered with
broken fragments of a once glorious pros-
perity, and the other has struggled tri-
umphantly, and through centuries, to over-
come barbarism; to renounce instead of dis-
locating the Provinces of a most splendid
part of the earth's surface; to give to a
people speaking a common language the
kindred advantage of a common Govern-
ment.

We now leave the soil of France to visit
another theatre of human vicissitude, in
which similar causes have produced like
effects. Between France and Germany
proper, and in the high crown of Central
Western Europe, and in the elevated Alpi-
ne valleys from which flow the higher
fountains of the Po, the Rhone, the Rhine,
and the Danube, spreads a country of
about one hundred and seventy miles in
length, between the Lakes of Geneva and
Constantine, with a width of seventy miles,
comprising an area of about thirteen thou-
sand square miles. This comparatively
confined mountain and lake region, ren-
dered sublime by the Alpine crista, was
the Helvetia of ancient, and is the Switzer-
land of modern ages; a land wherein
Nature has assumed her most stern and
imposing features, and wherein Man has
acted some of his most heroic scenes.

Obscure in their mountain recesses, the
Gallo-Celts, or first known inhabitants
of Helvetia, emerged into historical light
by their casual connexion with the Cim-
bri, Teutones, or Gauls. This was not, how-
ever, until within the first century before
the Christian era, and in consequence of
the military operations of Julius Cæsar,
by whom they were partially subdued.
Reduced to a Roman province by Tiberius,
more or less rigidly subjected to Rome until
the extinction of that mysterious em-
pire, Helvetia partook in the various vicis-
situdes of its history. Christianity was
one effect of Roman domination. But the
country of Helvetia, obscure, only comes
into view casually, and during the first five
hundred years of the Christian era its his-
tory is almost a blank. Involved in the
long distracted Frank Monarchy, it was
not indeed until in the reign of Charle-
magne that Helvetia assumed a distinct
provincial position. Civilization advanced,
and shielded by mountain walls, the
people have ever since maintained a distinct
nationality. In the division of the Car-
lovingian empire Helvetia fell into the Ger-
man part, and shared its fortunes through
four or five centuries of change.

As time advanced, so new causes of ac-
tion arose and made themselves visible.
A most active and insidious agency rose
impeccably, and until the present time
has not ceased to operate with varying
power on the destinies of Southern Europe.
The middle of the eleventh century ar-
rived—an age not so rude as is generally
supposed, but violent; warlike without mil-
itary discipline; tyrannical without order,
and consequently neither the Imperial nor
Papal power defined. In the midst of this
state of political chaos two men rose up,
each in his way calculated to augment the
turbulence and fix the flames of war.—
Pope Gregory VII, or Hildebrand, elected
Pope in 1073, and the German Emperor,
Henry IV, contemporary, were the expo-
nents of their age, as far as Italy and Ger-
many was concerned. Henry was, strange
as many may now regard it, the champion
of civil order; Gregory, of the papal power.
It was an age of preparation, of violent ex-
citement. Mankind seemed to have no
settled home. This unsettled state of hu-
man thought and aspiration was no mo-
mentary condition of mind. "In the year
1096," says Lardner in his History of

Switzerland, "the first Crusading army set
out, composed of numerous volunteers, in
great part from France; in 1099 they made
themselves masters of Jerusalem and the
neighboring country." "At different times,
after shorter or longer intervals, during the
course of the two following centuries, em-
perors, kings, bishops, dukes, and counts,
with a multitude of priests and monks,
whole bands of burghers and peasantry—
nay, troops of women and children, marched
against the infidels."

Society was broken up; and it was from
this chaos, and from this spell-bound mis-
taken religious phrenzy, that real social
liberty and happiness were to be restored.
It was in the Helvetic recesses that law
and liberty took refuge; and there, out of
chaos, about 1152, began to rise a class of
free burghers, and a sure foundation was
laid for the most remarkable of all things
considered) Republic that ever existed in
Europe; and, more strange still, continues
to exist. Let not the reader hastily mis-
take inelusive elements for structure. The
idea of a Republic was not even excited; it
followed as a consequence in the course of
events.

But, defective as was the dual form of
government under the House of Zaringen,
when compared with modern ideas, it was
not the best which existed in Europe,
when in 1257 *Uri, Schwytz, and Unter-
walden* formed with Zurich the first nat-
ional defensive league which eventuated in
that republic so renowned in after ages
under the name of Switzerland, from the
canton of Schwytz.

It ought to be carefully observed that it
was from the same chain of events came
the first Helvetic league, and that rose
also to imperial power Rodolph, Count of
Hapsburg, the ancestor of the yet existing
Imperial House of Austria. The inhabi-
tants of the imperial towns, and free land-
holders of Helvetia sought the protection of
Rodolph against the nobility, and gave to his
standards the best infantry then in the
world.

Harmony did not long endure between
Rodolph and his Swiss allies; war and
peace followed until the death of Rodolph
in 1291, and the attempt of his son and
successor, Albert, to seduce the Burghers
of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden to change
their dependence on the Empire, and come
under the direct authority of the Emperor.
This produced some years of discontent.—
The Swiss, as we may now call them, re-
fused, and one false measure after another
widened the breach through 1307. Im-
perial pride blinded the Imperial Council,
and injustice, embittered by contempt, in-
duced the free Swiss to fly to open resis-
tance, which of course led to independence.

There is no doubt of the general fact,
but evidently much of fable in the record
of incidents which led to the formation of
the Helvetic union. In one respect, which
we cannot pass unnoticed, the philosophy
of history was remarkably sustained in
both the great epochs of Helvetic history.
From the invasion of the country by Julius
Cæsar to the Swiss Confederacy (1308)
thirteen and a half centuries had passed a-
way, and from the reign of Charlemagne
five centuries had elapsed. No adequate
benefit can be gained by historical study,
without the scale of time.

We are now to open the glorious age of
Swiss history, and to see, though faintly,
how many centuries it cost to reach inde-
pendence, and how much of blood and
time has been expended to maintain that
independence.

FROM THE RICHMOND TICKET.

Great is the agony, profound the con-
sternation of a full-blown Loco-froter, when,
instead of that self-satisfied appellation of
Democrat—which has been worth any money
to him—he suddenly finds the public
giving him, of his own accord, what his
soul most abhors, an unpopular name, that
of Disunionist, for instance. Such is the
distress exhibited by one of our contem-
poraries, in the subjoined paragraph:

"We observe that the Washington U-
nion, the Richmond Enquirer, and other
Democratic prints North of this, have an-
nounced the 'Union ticket' is generally
successful for Congress in this State. Now,
what we have to repeat for the twentieth
time is, that there are no Disunionists in
North Carolina; and we must express our
surprise that we are compelled to make
this assurance to friends, members of our
own party. The Democrats elected to
Congress from this State, are *Letter Union*
men than the Whigs who have been elect-
ed; they are so for the simple reason that
they seek to preserve the Union according
to the Constitution—the Union which our
fathers established, and the only Union
worth maintaining or preserving.

Raleigh (N. C.) Standard.

The sorrows of that Loco-froter moralist,
Werther—the afflictions of Job when tor-
mented by his friends and scolded by his
spouse—Ovid's *Tristitia*—the Elegiac poets
generally—Young's *Night Thoughts*—
Blair's *Grace*—Hervey's *Meditations*—
Blair's *Tombs*—Dodderidge on *Death*—
the lamentations of the pious Hoyt and
the godly Butler over the want of stated
preaching at Sandy Hill; nay, all the tribu-
lations of the most woeful saints and
mournful martyrs, down to that man of
grief, the pathetic Martin Van Buren, when
he wrote, in his party distress, those
feeling words, "our sufferings are intoler-
able; never exceeded this burst from an
overcharged heart!"

Be comforted, unhappy brother! This
world is all a fleeting show. Don't let it
go too hard with you. This is but a vale
of tears, at best; and the righteous have a
sad time of it. Man was made to mourn.
As to thinking you Disunionists, 'tis a very
natural mistake. You see that your
own friends of the Washington Union
and other Democratic prints encourage
the idea, and in common with "all crea-
tion and the rest of mankind," persist in
regarding the Whigs, and the Whigs only,
as the Union party. For our part, we see
no help for it, and think your best way
will be, to bear it like a philosopher.

There is still one comfort left you: mis-
ery loves company; and your yoke-fellow
of the Enquirer is in a qualm quite equal
to your own quandary. Witness the groan
with which it answers yours, as if to say,
"Grief to thee grief and echo sighs to thine."
"That disconsolate paper replies, with
the most tragical indignation, as follows,
much after the manner of its old contribu-
tor Brutus, when he exclaimed that virtue
is but a name."

"Our respected contemporary and con-
tributor is mistaken in declaring that this

journal has announced the success of the
Whig party, in the Congressional elections
of North Carolina, as the success of the
'Union ticket.' He has not only fallen
into a mistake, but he has done us grievous
injustice in supposing and seeming to
intimate, that we look upon the Whig party
as the Union party of the South, and the
Democratic candidates of North Caro-
lina as disunionists. He says rightly that
we have said not merely the twentieth
time, but twenty times the twentieth, that
they only are unionists who seek to pre-
serve the Constitution unimpaired, and
they only disunionists who disregard and
trample upon its limitations of Federal au-
thority.

"It is a barlesque to call the Whig party
the Union party.
"What sort of Union party is that which
has to mount the back of Freesoilism every-
where at the North to get along at all;
and which is almost everywhere repudiated
at the South; which aids freesoilism in-
cessantly in its war upon the Constitution,
and pours out unceasing detraction and
obloquy upon the Southern defenders of
that instrument; which is impotent as well
to curb the North in its war upon the U-
nion, as to rally the South to its support?
Potent Union-saviors indeed are they,
who are unable to stand upon their own
legs anywhere; and who scruple not to call
to their support all the incendiary factions
and destructive agencies which the land
contains. The notion of the Whig party's
saving the Union, is as preposterous as the
means they adopt for accomplishing the
work. It has got to be like their National
Bank bantling—"an obsolete idea." The
pretension which they exhibit on this
score is become a subject of joke and deri-
sion. "They are Union-saviors in the
same sense in which the Knight of La
Mancha was wrong-addresser, closing the
mouths of effecting their object with as
much sagacity, and as unerringly dam-
aging and abusing what they pretend to
assist, the difference being, only that he
was more fool than knave."

To this polite intimation that the Whigs
are more knaves than fools, we might be
pardon for replying that the other side
is a happy combination of both. But we
will say nothing so illiberal and so gross.
What have you done with your neighbor?
Keep a civil tongue in your head, at
least, if you keep nothing else there.

But the Enquirer denies the "soft im-
peachment" of the Standard. It says it
has never stated that the ticket which has
succeeded in North Carolina was a "Union"
ticket; that it does not look on the Whig
party as the Union party of the South; nor
upon the defeated Democratic candidates of
North Carolina as disunionists. Well; so
be it. But the Enquirer's opinion on such
a point can have no weight, after the fact
has been demonstrated that it can't for
ITS LIFE TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
A UNIONIST AND A DISUNIONIST; it can
see no distinction in Mr. Seddon's Farewell
Address, though as full of it as an egg is
of meat (sometimes added).

If the Standard and Enquirer can't dis-
tinguish between such, their States can.
And, indeed, what is the use of being a
Union man, if one can't tell a Unionist
from a Disunionist? How can the En-
quirer be sure of its own or any body else's
Unionism, when that it is so totally in the
dark as to what that is?

In the good, steadfast, old-fashioned
North State, they don't define Unionism,
as the Standard and the Enquirer and Mr.
Seddon do, with a Calloun quirk. They
don't plot against the Union, denounce the
Compromise, side with Secession, and still
look on themselves as Unionists; nor pre-
tend a great zeal for the Constitution, like
South Carolina, when they want to over-
throw the confederacy. They go, there-
fore, for the Union as it is, and intend to stand
by it. They want for the Compromise, as
the great means of restoring a general good
understanding and of securing the observa-
ance of Southern rights; they think it has
already accomplished, to a great extent,
those noble, just, wise and patriotic pur-
poses, and that all the rest will be speedily,
and lastingly accomplished, if we meet,
with a manly confidence and good will, the
returning good will of our brethren.

They think that, at any event, their
faith and their duty are pledged to their
brethren and to the Union of our fathers,
to carry out that Compromise, in all its
parts and in all its principles; and that if
it is to be violated, the North shall have
no excuse for that violation, such as Mr.
Seddon and his party here, the Standard
and his friends there, are constantly sup-
plying, by denouncing the North and the
Compromise. In North Carolina, when
they see candidates doing these things—
candidates especially who did in Congress
their utmost to defeat the Compromise—
and those candidates, though trying to
make the Compromise odious by treating
it as oppressive and degrading to the South,
come forward to them in a canvass and
firmly assure them that they are nothing
like Disunionists—nay, are rather the best
Union men in the world—why, old North
Carolina, you see—a very simple-hearted,
plain, unpretending, quiet dame, too old-
fashioned to comprehend the subtle South
Carolina logic by which it is made clear
that the best of all Unionists is a Dis-
unionist—the old dame, we say, looks sharply,
with a single glance, into the face of
such a candidate, and, coolly performing
that expressive gesticulation by which a
lad is desired to inform one whether his
mother knows or not that he is out, sets
him down, mentally, for still worse than
she had taken him to be.

All this, now, is very primitive, stupid,
wrong-headed; and must greatly puzzle
such ingenious Unionists as our two in-
jured cotemporaries. But, foolish and
narrow-minded as all this is, it is really so.
And as we can see no hope of altering the
fact, deplorable as it is, we can do nothing
better for our melancholy friends than to
exhort them to arm their Jeffersonian bos-
oms with a Christian resignation, or seek
consolation in another branch of their doc-
trines and turn Fillibusters.

Nay, that will have to be their next
move. They can't persuade North Caro-
lina nor Virginia that they are friends of
this Union; so they had better try to con-
vince them that they are great friends of
Cuba and of Fillibuster freedom. Let
them go—(will be so consistent and so
patriotic an arrangement—for the seces-
sion of South Carolina and the annexation
of Cuba!

Blanks of all kinds,
For sale at this Office.

LAMARTINE'S OPINION OF NAPOLEON.

In Lamartine's new work on the Restoration he portrays the Emperor Napoleon
as perhaps never. Frenchman before has
depicted that extraordinary man, at one
time so emphatically and literally the idol
of the whole people of France. We are
somewhat curious to know how such senti-
ments as the following are received in
the Republic:—

WHAT NAPOLEON DID FOR FRANCE AND
FOR HIMSELF.

He left freedom chained, equally com-
pelled by posthumous institutions, fan-
tasmagoried, without power to exist,
human conscience re-sold, philosophy pre-
scribed, prejudices encouraged, the human
mind diminished, instruction materialized
and concentrated in the pure sciences alone,
schools converted into barracks, literature
degraded by censorship, or humbled by
business, national representation perverted,
election abolished, the arts enslaved, com-
merce destroyed, credit annulled, naviga-
tion suppressed, international hatred re-
vived, the people oppressed, or enrolled in
the army, paying in blood or taxes the
ambition of an unequalled soldier, but
covering with the great name of France
the contradictions of the age, the miseries
and degradation of the country. This is
the founder! This is the man!—a man
instead of a revolution!—a man instead of
an epoch!—a man instead of a nation!
Nothing around him but his shadow,
making sterile the eighteenth century, ab-
sorbed and concentrated in himself alone.
Personal glory will be always spoken of as
characterizing the age of Napoleon; but it
will never merit the praise bestowed upon
that of Augustus, of Charlemagne, and of
Louis XIV. There is no age; there is only
a name; and this name signifies nothing
to humanity but himself.

False in institutions, for he retrograded;
false in policy, for he debased; false in
morals, for he corrupted; false in civiliza-
tion, for he degraded; false in diplomacy,
for he isolated—he was only true in war,
for he shed torrents of human blood. But
what can we then allow him? His indi-
vidual genius was great; but it was the
genius of materialism. His intelligence
was vast and clear, but it was the intelli-
gence of calculation. He counted, he
weighed, he measured; but he felt not; he
loved not; he sympathized with none; he
was a statue rather than a man. There
in lay his inferiority to Alexander and to
Cæsar; he resembled more the Homidial
of the Aristocracy. Few men have thus
been moulded, and moulded cold. All
was solid, nothing gushed forth, in that
mind nothing was moved. His metallic
nature was felt even in his style. He was,
perhaps, the greatest writer of human
events since Machiavel. Much superior to
Cæsar in the account of his campaigns,
his style is not the written expression
alone; it is the action. Every sentence in
his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart
and counter impression of the fact. There
is neither a letter, a sound, or a color
wasted between the fact and the word, and
the word is himself. His phrases concise,
but struck off with ornament, recall those
times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not
knowing how to write their names at the
bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their
hands in ink and blood, and applied them
with all their articulations impressed upon
the parchment. It was not the signature;
it was the hand itself of the hero thus fix-
ed earnestly before the eyes; and such
were the pages of his campaigns dictated
by Napoleon—the very soul of movement,
of action and of combat.

This fame, which constituted his moral-
ity, his conscience, and his principle, he
inherited, by his nature and his talents,
from war and from glory; and he has cov-
ered with it the name of France. France,
obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny
and his crimes, should also accept his glory
with a serious gratitude. She cannot
separate her name from his, without les-
sing it; for it is equally interwoven with
his greatness as with his faults. She wish-
ed for renown, and he has given it to her;
but what she principally owes to him is
the celebrity she has gained in the world.

HIS PORTRAIT IN 1814.

The Empire had made him old before
his time. Gratified ambition, satiated
pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious
table, a voluptuous couch, youthful virtues,
complaisant mistresses, long vigils, sleep-
less nights, divided between labor and
festive pleasure, the habit of constant rid-
ing which made him corpulent—all tend-
ed to deaden his limbs and enervate his
faculties. An early obesity overclouded
him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly
streaked with muscles, and hollowed by
the working of genius, were broad, full,
and overhanging, like those of Orho in the
Roman medals of the empire. An excess
of bile mingling with the blood, gave a
yellow tint to the skin, which at a distance
looked like a varnish of pale gold on his
countenance. His lips still preserved their
Greek outline and steady grace, passing
easily from a smile to a menace. His solid
brow chin formed an appropriate base for
his features. His nose was but a line,
thin and transparent. The paleness of
his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the
blue of his eyes. His look was searching,
unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem
of inquietude. His forehead seemed to
have widened, from the scantiness of his
thin black hair, which was falling from
the moisture of continual thought. It
might be said that his head, naturally
small, had increased in size to give ample
scope between his temples for the machin-
ery and combinations of a mind, every
thought of which was an empire.

The map of the world seemed to have
been engraved on the orb of that reflective
head. But it was beginning to yield; and
he inclined it often to his breast, while
crossing his arms like Frederick II—an
attitude and gesture which he appeared to
affect. Unable any longer to seduce his
courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of
youth, it was evident he wished to fasci-
nate them by the rough, pensive and dis-
dainful character of himself—of his med-
itations in his latter days. He moulded
himself, as it were, into the stature of reflection,
before his troops, who gave him the nick-
name of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed
the pose of destiny. Something rough,
rude, and savage in his movements reveal-
ed his Southern and insular origin. The
man of the Mediterranean broke out con-
stantly through the Frenchman. His na-
ture too great and powerful for the part
he had to play, overflowed on all occasions.
He bore no resemblance to any man a-
round him. Superior and altogether dif-
ferent, he was an offspring of the sun, of

the sea, and of the battle field—out of his
element in his own empire. Such was at
this period the profile, the bust, and the
external physiognomy of Napoleon.

A PAINFUL CASE.

An account of a recent trial at the Old
Bailey, in London, Lord Chief Justice
Tindal, presiding:

George Hammond, a portrait painter,
was placed at the bar, to be tried on an
indictment found against him by the grand
jury for wilful murder, with malice afore-
thought, of George Baldwin, a rope dancer
and a mountebank. The prisoner was a
man of middle height, but slender form.
His eyes were blue and mild. His whole
bearing gave evidence of subdued sadness
and melancholy resignation. He was forty-
years of age, had a soft voice, and his
appearance and manner bore testimony to
his being a man of distinguished education
in spite of the poverty of his dress.

On being called on to plead, the prisoner
admitted that he did kill Baldwin, and
he deplored the act, adding, however, that
on his soul and conscience he did not be-
lieve himself guilty. Thereupon, a jury
was empanelled to try the prisoner.—
The indictment was then read to the jury,
and the act of killing being admitted, the
government rested their case, and the pris-
oner was called upon for his defence.

The prisoner then addressed himself to
the court and jury:—
"My Lord," said he, "my justification
is to be found in a recital of the facts.—
Three years ago I lost a daughter, then
four years of age, the sole memorial left
of my beloved wife whom I had pleased God
to recall to himself. I lost her, but I did
not see her die, as I had seen her mother
die. She disappeared—she was stolen
from me. She was a charming child, and
but for her I had nobody in the world to
love me. Gentlemen, what I have suffer-
ed cannot be described—you cannot com-
prehend it. I have expended in advertis-
ing and fruitless searches every thing I
possessed—turning pictures, even to my
clothes. All have been sold. For three
years, and on foot, I have sought for my
child, in all the cities and all the villages
in the three kingdoms. As soon as I
perceived portraits I had succeeded in
finding a little money, I returned to Lon-
don to recommence my advertisements in
the newspapers. At length on the 11th
of April last, I crossed the Southfield cattle
market. In the centre of the market
a troupe of mountebanks were performing
their feats. Among them a child was
turning on its head, its legs in the air,
and its head supported by a halberd. A ray
from the soul of its mother must at that
moment have penetrated my own, for me
to have recognized my child in that condi-
tion. It was my poor child. Her mother
would perhaps have precipitated herself
towards her, and locked herself in her
arms. As for me, a veil passed over my
eyes. I threw myself upon the chief of
the rope-dancers. I know not how it was,
I habitually gentle, even to weakness,
seized him by his clothes—I raised him in
the air, then dashed him to the ground—
then again, he was dead. Afterwards
I repeated what I had done. At the mo-
ment I regretted that I was only able to
kill but one."

Lord Chief Justice Tindal.—"These are
not Christian sentiments. How can you
expect the court and jury to look with
favor on your defence, or God to pardon you,
if you cannot forgive?"
Prisoner.—"I know, my lord, what will
be your judgment, and that of the jury,
but God has already pardoned; I feel it in
my heart. You know not—I knew not
them—the whole extent of evil that man
had done me. When some compassionate
people brought me my child, she was no
longer pure and angelic as formerly, she
was corrupted, body and soul—her man-
ner, her language, infamous like that of
the people with whom she had been living.
She did not recognize me, and I no
longer recognized her myself. Do you
comprehend now? That man had robbed
me of the love and soul of my child. And
I—I have killed him but once."
Foreman.—"My Lord, we have agreed
in our verdict."
Chief Justice.—"I understand you, gen-
tlemen, but the law must take its course.
I must sum up the case, and then you will
retire to deliberate."
The chief justice having summed up the
case, the jury retired, and in an instant
after returned in the court with the ver-
dict, "Not Guilty."
On the discharge of Hammond, the sher-
iff was obliged to surround him with an
escort. The crowd of women and men
was immense. The women were deter-
mined to carry him off in triumph. The
crowd followed him all the way to his
lodgings with deafening shouts and huzzas.

The Albany Knickerbocker gives us an
account of a wonderful dog belonging to
one of its carriers. The carrier fell sick,
when he sent out a boy to deliver the pa-
pers. All he had to do was to follow the
dog, who stopped at the door of each mis-
scriber and wagged his tail, never miss-
ing one in a list of six hundred. At the door
of all subscribers who had not paid for
their paper for a length of time, the dog
was heard to howl! This is a most intel-
ligent and useful animal.

The *Woolfing Horse*.—A *Pon* that
was no *Joke*.—A Frenchman, near the
Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to
his Yankee neighbor, which he recom-
mended as being a very sound, servicable
animal, in spite of his unimpressive ap-
pearance. To every inquiry of the buyer
respecting the qualities of the horse, the
Frenchman gave a favorable reply—but
always commenced his commendation with
the depreciatory remark—"He's not look-
very good."

The Yankee, caring little for the looks
of the horse, of which he could judge for
himself, without the fellow's assistance,
and being fully persuaded, after minute
examination, that the beast was worth the
moderate sum asked for him, made his
purchase and took him home.

A few days afterwards he returned to
the seller, in high dudgeon, and declared
that he had been cheated in the quality of
the horse.

"What is de matter?" said the French-
man.
"Matter!" said the Yankee, "matter e-
nough—the horse can't see!—he is as
blind as a bat!"

"Ah!" said the Frenchman, "Vat I vas
tell you? I vas tell you he vas not look-
very good—the *gar*, I don't know if he
look at all!"—*Boston Post.*

AN ELECTORING GEM.

One of the greatest electorers of the
age is Mr. Daniel R. Russell, a candi-
date for Auditor, in Mississippi. His mode
of electorering is to deal with the "sover-
eigns" with the most blunt frankness—
discarding every particle of blarneying
blarney. The following sketch of a late
speech delivered by him, must have puzzled
his opponent to reply:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I rise—but
there's no use of telling you that, you know
I am up, as well as I do. I am a modest
man—very—but I have never lost a pie-
cemeal by it in my life—being scarce com-
modity among candidates, I thought I
would mention it, for fear if I didn't, you
never would hear it.

Candidates are generally considered as
ambitious, but they are not, they are the
politest men in the world, shake you by
the hand, ask how's your family, what's
the prospect for crops, &c., and I am the
politest man there is in the State. I say
Crockett says, the politest man he ever
saw, when he asked a man to drink, turned
his back so that he might drink as
much as he pleased. I beat that all hollow.
I give a man a chance to drink twice
if he wishes, for I not only turn around,
but *but shut my eyes*. I am not only the
politest man but the best electorering—you
ought to see me shaking hand with the
variations, the pump handle, and pendu-
lum, the cross-stick, and wiggle-waggle; I
understand the science perfectly, and if
any of the country candidates wish instruc-
tions, they must call on me.

Fellow-citizens, I was born—if I hadn't
been I wouldn't have been a candidate,
but I am going to tell you where—twas
not in Mississippi, but 'twas on the right
side of the negro line; yet that's no com-
pliment, as the negroes are mostly born
on the same side. I started in the world
as poor as a churchmouse, yet I came
honestly by my poverty, for I inherited it;
and if I did start poor, no man can't say
but that I have held my own remarkably
well.

Candidates generally tell you—if you
think they are qualified, &c. Now I don't
ask your thoughts, I ask your votes. Why
there's nothing to think of, except to watch
and see that Swan's name is not on your
ticket, if so, *think* to scratch it off and put
mine on. I am certain that I am compe-
tent, for who had ought to know better
than I do?—nobody. I will allow that
Swan is the best Auditor in the State; that
is, till I am elected—then perhaps it's not
proper for me to say any thing more. Yet
as an honest man, I am bound to say, that
I believe it's a grievous sin to hide any
thing from my fellow-citizens, therefore,
I say that it's my private opinion, publicly
expressed, that I'll make the best Auditor
ever in the United States.

'Tis not for honor I wish to be Auditor,
for in my own county I was offered an
office which was all honor—Coroner—which
I respectfully declined. The Auditor's of-
fice is worth some \$5,000 a year, and I am
in for it like a thousand of brick. To show
my goodness of heart, I'll make this offer
to my competitor. I am sure of being
elected, and he will lose something by the
quavess—therefore I am willing to divide
equally with him, and make these two of-
fers. I'll take the salary, and he may
have the honor; or he may have the honor,
and I'll take the salary.

In the way of honors I have received
enough to satisfy me for life. I went out
to Mexico, eat pork and beans—slept in
the rain and mud, and swallowed every-
thing except live Mexicans. When I was
ordered to "go," I went. "Charge," I
charged. "And break for the chaparral,"
you had better believe I beat a quarter nag
in doing my duty.