THOMAS J. LEMAY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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From the Natchez Courier.

LOVE AND GOOSEBERRIES.
A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

We had a cousin—heigho! she the "anxious mother" of a half-a-dozen little cousins, now—well, she was in form and feature as far above the concentrated charms of all the novels that ever were or will be written, as Amanda Malvina Fitz Allen was superior to Mr. Jerry Sneaks. Her voice, it was like the wild warblings of an Æolian harp as it lulls the Zephyrs to their slumbers—her eyes, look you upon the stars, you can't match them there, and the cunning little gipsy had such a way of half closing the brilliant orbs, veilng their dangerous beams, and then, with a sudden start, flashing their death dealing rays upon you, that your very heart instantly felt the process of combustion—her brow, shaded with her auburn hair, was like a hand's breadth of white cloud mid the rich lustre of the Southern sunset—her hands were fitted for nothing but to sweep the harp's mellow chords, and to be kissed by a lover—and her feet—ah how we adore a pretty foot!—her feet—Titania, Queen of the fairies, would have given her most beautiful nut-shell charriot, just to have seen that perfect FEATURE, we must call it.

Well, we were in a dreadful condition about that cousin—sometimes, we'd call her "cousin," it was delightful to claim relationship with such a perfect creature—and then we could'nt call her cousin, for we had a sort of trap, that if she asked as we hoped she would, why we used not the cousinly title—we had a very pretty speech made up to intimate that we desired, when manhood came, to call her by a dearer name. But the provoking little mink never seemed to notice whether we COUSINED her or not.

She was older than we—and her name was Elegantina!

One day walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yearnings of our eternal love. We were in a beauful walk, fringed with gooseberry bushes, when, after the most approved fashion of romance, sinking gracefully upon one knee in burning words, we poured forth the story of our eternal love.

Elegantina calmly listened—we thought we perceived a kind tear dimming her radiant eye—we rose, and stretching out our arms, thinking of course, that she would sink upon and murmur the gentle confession of reciprocated attachment. Reader, she did no such thing.

She serenely turned and pulled a handful of GREEN gooseberries, and gravely asked,

"Cousin John, what are these?"

"Gooseberries, my darling Elegantina!" answered cousin John.

"Eat them," she replied, "GOOSE-BERRIES MUST be good FOR YOUR COMPLAINT!"

* * * * *

Reader, "Cousin John" *made tracks.*

Snuffing.—The subjoined 'pinch' from a paper full of snuff, in L. Hunt's 'Commonplaces Refreshed,' will have the effect, we hope, to prevent modern lovers from becoming snuff takers: Turtle doves don't take snuff. A kiss is surely a thing not to be 'sneezed at.' Fancy two lovers in the time of Queen Anne, or Louis the Fifteenth each with a snuff box, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words, 'charming creature,' when a sneeze overtakes him. "Cha-cha-cha-charming creature!" What a situation!

A sneeze! O, Venus, where is such a thing in thy list! The lady on her side, is under the like malapropos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all bashful and loving speeches, with the shock of the sneeze respondent! "Oh Richard! Sho-sho-sho-should you think ill of me for this!"

Talking of sneezing reminds us of a new anecdote of the celebrated Brummel, with which we may venture to close this notice.

He was sitting at a table in a London clubhouse, reading the morning journal, when a stout Englishman standing near gave vent to a violent sneeze. Brummel lifted his eyes languidly from his paper, and surveyed the perpetrator with a look of contempt. A second report soon followed with increased effect, The refined exquisite uttered a half suppressed groan of horror, and began with dignified leisure to change his position, when a third shock of sonorous and misty sternutation brought him to his feet. "God bless me!" he exclaimed, "here, waiter! we can't endure this! Brink me an umbrella!"

Knickerbocker.

A young lady having given a gentleman, who was not very remarkable for his taste in dress, a playful slap on the face, he called out, "You have made my eye *smart.*" "Indeed!" said she, "Well, I am happy to have been the cause of making something *smart* about you."

SINGULAR FREAK.—A woman in Massachusetts lately had one of her teeth knocked out by lightning! Although she was knocked down by the shock, she was not otherwise injured.

THE USE OF LEARNING.

The Newark [N. J.] Daily Advertiser contains a letter from a grandmother upon female education, having especial reference to her grand-daughter. We copy the closing paragraph:

"You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and, as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care that she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humor, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her, (and which is most absolutely necessary) is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness; the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate their passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share."

The concluding portion of the above quotation is admirable. We wish it could be made a "rule of action" in families. The writer of such a letter, if she is fortunate enough to cause her precepts to be carried into practice, deserves the immortality of Grandmother Lois, mentioned in the scripture.

We were passing the front entrance of one of our principal hotels a few days since at an hour when the summer sun was not far from its meridian height, a little noise inside attracted our attention, and we immediately stopped—few men pass by any thing which gives indication of an affray. In a moment we distinguished the cause, for one of the servants, a strong muscular fellow, bore out in his grasp, as though 'twere but a mass of inanimate matter, something which still retained the appearance of a living though scarcely human being. Planting this object upon its feet, at the entrance, with its face to the street, the servant applied his foot to the rear and brutally sent his burden into the ditch. The act was cowardly and unjustifiable, but it was so quickly consummated that no one had time to interfere.

The man thus unceremoniously introduced to the receptacle of all things filthy, was miserably, but not helplessly drunk. The vile liquid in which he had been partially bathed, seemed to bring him a little nearer his senses, for he scrambled forth quickly, staggered to one of the chairs upon the banquette and took possession of it. Nauseous and disgusting as was the stream from which, wet and dripping, he had just rescued himself, still more nauseous and disgusting was the volume of language which issued from his lips; the very dog before him—a mean, thieving cur at that—dropped his tail between his legs, and trotted briskly away from so pestilential an atmosphere. Our blood froze as we listened to the foul profanity of the forsaken wretch, his horrible invocations of the vengeance of God upon the person who had thrust him forth into the open air. We passed on our way, silent and sad.

* * * * * *

It was even so. In that bloated brute, we recognized all that remained of an early and accomplished friend. He came to New Orleans a few years ago, a full grown, real man, in heart and intellect. The capacities of a soul, fashioned in the Creator's own image, were his, in their full proportions.—In his fresh and open countenance, in the quiet depths of his clear and transparent black eye, and in his manly form could be recognized the attributes of a being, formed for the enjoyment of all that is bright and true in existence. In his present condition, his whole course and history is told with a distinctness and eloquence which we shall not presumptuously attempt to emulate.—He himself had admitted the enemy which had stolen away his brains, and left him lower, far, than the lowest of the animal kingdom. He surrendered his soul to the doctrine that truth is confined to the bowl. His reply to remonstrance as well as persuasion, was in the paltry sophism of the poet—

"Let us drink, who would not? since through life's varied round,
In the goblet alone no deception is found."

The forfeit of his folly has been early and punctually paid. Better would it have been for him, better for all who have known him, that the grave worm should long ago have rioted upon his flesh and bones. For the consuming fire of low and depraved passions brings more of agony than would be endured were his form, instinct with life and consciousness, beneath the sod even until decay had annihilated all outline and trace of humanity.

The poor mother in a distant land, who mourns over her lost son; the almost broken-hearted sister, who can never forget the companion and playmate of her childhood, while she remains this side the tomb, might search in vain for a familiar lineament in the face of this wreck of fair humanity. There is but little in the appearance of that hatless, coatless, dirty vagabond that gives an indication of better days. Would those who have loved and cherished him in his past—alas! forever past!—years of beauty and pride, recognize the light of his glazed and sunken eyes, ever and anon flashing with the unearthly brilliancy of temporary insanity? Is there any thing of the free and hearty laugh of childhood in that maudlin leer, or bitter derision, the mere mockery of a fiend? Oh, no! over such an object of horror, the mother would pray for power to remember that she had strangled her child at its birth, spreading the pall of oblivion over all recollections of its march under her own guidance, from infancy to the full developement of its faculties in manhood. God grant that she may go down to the grave—as she surely will, for her Father in Heaven is merciful—in utter ignorance of the final scenes in the life of the monster she once called her child.

His race is nearly run. Between the labors of the bottle, the climate and the season, the cold earth has already been hollowed out for his final resting place. Reason even now totters. The last act in the drama of his existence will be that of thousands in whose footsteps he has trod. By and by, upon his bed he will be stretched, that most fearful of all beings—more and more loathsome as he approaches his end—a drunken maniac. In his visions of horror there will be a lesson terrible to contemplate—most awful and revolting in reality. Long after sense and perception have fled, when the laugh and jeer of the demon alone give evidence that life remains, it will be found that the ruling passion is still triumphant. Yea, even with the last faint throb of his heart, and upon the last sigh that passes over his lips will be heard a supplication for more of the liquid fire in which he has burnt all that distinguished him from the brute. He goes to another world, reeling into the presence of angels, with a half uttered prayer still hovering upon his lips, for deeper and darker and more final perdition!

FALSE PRIDE.—Look back twenty or fifty years, behold the bare-footed adventurer, at the present time rolling in wealth, or spending his annual income of some three thousand dollars per annum, in manufacturing *ladies* of his daughters! Does he teach them the usual rudiments of housewifery! Very rarely. Is it because the healthful exercise of the domestic beauties is disgraceful? O no!—False pride says, it would be ungenteel for ladies to work—as if it would tarnish the fair and delicate fingers that bring such sweet sounds from the piano, to dust the gorgeous instrument itself.

How supremely ridiculous is this illegitimate pride! Thousands of daughters, whose mothers have been raised in a kitchen, and their fathers in a horse stable, would feel insulted, if asked if they had ever made a loaf of bread or washed out a pocket handkerchief! They would more likely prate about good society, good company, and the dignity of their ancestors! A few years roll round & the thrifty but imprudent parent dies; and then comes the scramble for some ten or twelve divisions of his hard earned estate. How small does a large fortune appear when apportioned to numerous heirs! The daughters must of course marry gentlemen—pride dictates it; and the gentlemen must of course squander their patrimony. And what has the parent bequeathed to society and his country? Children raised in idleness, without the stimulant to add one iota to the general substantial prosperity of the community. Can there be a doubt but that honest labor is becoming daily more and more stigmatised? A grovelling imitation from the cellar to the garret! A spirit of extravagance in which the most unprincipled means are resorted to! Let it proceed with the same rapid march it has commenced, and it will be a stigma to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. Infect the country—the farmers—with the same poison that flows through the population of large cities, and you make the country of Franklin a parallel to that of Montezuma!

INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN THE EAST.

The book of Dr. Grant, just published, will furnish the reading public with matter of peculiar interest. He has resided several years in Persia, among the Nestorians about Lake Ooroomia; and, having become familiar with their language and manners, and learnt something of the Nestorians of the mountains, determined to pay them a visit, though discouraged from the attempt by the reported dangers of the way. His boldness was crowned with most gratifying success.

WOMAN.

We find in Judge Kent's sentence of Peter Kane, for stabbing and killing a woman, the following remark:—

"Prisoner, your life is safe, but in sending you to the State Prison, the Court will mark their sense of your dreadful conduct; and if not punished to the full extent the law allows, it is by reason of the good character you had previously sustained. To your wife also you are indebted for a mitigation of your punishment. Her conduct on that occasion has excited the admiration of the Court—she seems to have been to you as a guardian angel pursuing you, whose conduct was more like that of a beast of prey than a human being, and striving by every means in her power to save you from sin and guilt."

There are very few evils to which a man is subjected, that he might not avoid if he would confer more with his wife and follow her advice. Few gratifications are meted out to him, which he does not owe in part to woman; no pleasure perhaps which she does not heighten by her participation.

I DON'T LIKE TO SEE.—A dirty shirt covered with a clean dicky; a working man, who has two hats, wearing the best every day; the window patched with paper, rags, or turf; a sweep or baker passing through the crowd; a woman's boot-lace dangling loose; orange peels thrown on the foot-path; an orphan girl tempted to walk the streets for the purpose of prostitution; good meat thrown to the dogs: a work-house funeral nearly without attendance: a rich man's funeral blocking the streets; a woman beating her child because it had nearly got run over; a county overseer putting out a poor woman by the shoulders; two men fighting a pitch battle on Sunday afternoon, with a large attendance of men and women; a man after breaking a square of glass in a window, running away to escape detection; a child crying for hours together in a cradle; a poor labor girl, at five o'clock in a winter's morning, going to the factory much out of health; a man stuffed with rich food until his legs are obliged to be tied up; a bedroom comb left full of hair; a servant waiting at the table with dirty hands; a woman slipping in at a back door of a public house, with a little jug, at tea time; a justice fining persons for getting drunk, who frequently gets "fresh" himself; a beggar exhibiting his wounds and deformation on the road side; an old man of seventy and a young girl of seventeen going to church to get married; a drunken coachman driving his horses at full gallop down a narrow street; cloth lying to be moth eaten, while there are so many backs without coverings; a coach-house with bleeding shoulders; a dog in a poor man's house who gets relief from the patish; children's shoes unbottomed and stockings out at the heel; an umbrella on a windy day with two broken bones; a shop with dirty windows: the bailiffs carrying the bed and chair of a poor widow to the obelisk, to sell for rent; a poor ragged wife seeking her husband at twelve on Saturday night.

English Educational Magazine.

Scene in a Circulating Library.—Librarian behind the counter, throwing sheep's eyes on a very pretty widow who is looking over the catalogue.

Lady.—What have you that is new and interesting?

Shopman.—"Bride and no Wife" is new, and the "Marrying Man" is very interesting. If you don't like that, allow me to recommend the "Favorite of Nature" or the "Vagabond."

Lady.—I don't think I should like either of those—have you got 'Human Frailties' or 'Ten Thousand a Year!'

Shopman.—Yes, I have the first, but unfortunately not the second. Wouldn't you like 'Flirtation' or 'The Devoted!' Have you had the 'Capricious Father!'

Lady.—Oh! yes, I've had that and the 'Miseries of Marriage.'

Shopman.—Here's 'Live and Learn.'—'Thinks I to myself'—'A School for Widows.'

Lady.—Haven't you got 'Manners!'

Shopman.—Keep cool—here's 'Matchmaking,' 'Love and Pride'—'Ruling Passions.' I am very sorry I can't suit you. 'Very strange but very true.' Do you like—'My Sister Ann!'

Lady.—I can't say that I do, better than 'Blighted Ambition,' but I think I will take 'Romance and Reality'—or, if I can't get that, I will make the 'Moneyed Man' answer.

Shopman.—You'd better have 'Precaution' also.

Lady.—No, I have got enough. Good morning, sir!

And the lady left the 'Irving' with a smile on her lips, which seemed a reflection of that of the polite and witty librarian.

Keeping Entertainment.—Recently a gentleman while travelling through the Creek Nation, in Alabama, met an Indian, of whom he enquired how far it was to the next house. About two miles, answered the Creek, 'but just beyond the house the road forks and the right hand will take you to a very good house five miles further.' 'Thank you,' said the traveller, and he pursued his journey. In half an hour the gentleman came to the first house. The worthy host was standing in the door.

'Hallo!' cried the Stranger.

'Hallo, yourself!' responded the man of the house.

'Do you keep entertainment here?'

'Yes sir.'

'Can my horse have some corn and fodder?'

'No sir, I han't got any.'

'Can you let me have some bread and meat?'

'No, sir.'

'Have you accomodation for lodging?'

'No, sir.'

'Why, then, how do you do?'

'I'm quite well, I thank you, how is it with yourself?'

'The d——l catch the fellow!' said the stranger, aside, and again resumed: 'Well, the road forks, I believe, a short distance from here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Will you be so good as to tell me where the right hand goes to?'

'It han't gone any where, since I lived in these parts.'

'Good day, sir,' said the stranger.'

'Good day,' replied the fellow, coolly, and walked into the house.

A NEW WAY TO GET AN OLD DEBT.—A poor creditor, wearied out with continued calls upon a rich rogue of a debtor, and being told repeatedly that he was not at home, at length hit upon a way to get sight at him.

"My master is not at home," said the servant as usual.

"Is he aware that his debt to me has been discharged?" said the creditor.

"What is that?" said the debtor, darting suddenly out of an inner apartment, "Good morning; I am not aware that my bill has been discharged, sir."

"*Nor I, sir*, here it is, and as I have at last found you at home, I will now thank you to discharge it."

"Um—G, certainly; a—yes, yes—walk in and you shall be 'paid."—*N. O. Pic.*

The following singular incident is related in the New Orleans Picayune of the 5th instant, the editor of which vouches for its truth:

It appears that a young Spaniard was lying in the last stages of yellow fever, next door to the printing office of Mr. G., in Charles street. The physician, Dr. B., was sent for, but before his arrival, the young man had ceased to live, according to the opinions of those in the house, so that when he arrived he found his patient covered with a white linen, and reported as dead. That very evening they washed and cleansed the young man, and having put on his burial dress, they laid him on his bed until the morning. In the morning a coffin was got, and all the necessary preparations were made. He was then taken and put in his coffin, but no sooner was he dropped in it than he jumped up and asked where they were going to place him. They then conducted him in a carriage to a colored nurse-woman's house. He is yet very sick, but may perhaps live. It appears that he was in a state of lethargy.

LUTHER'S COURAGE.—Luther's defiance of the "devils" in Worms was not a mere boast, as the like might be if now spoken It was a faith of Luther's that there were devils, spiritual denizens of the pit, continually besetting men. Many times in his writings this turns up; and a most small sneer has been grounded on it by some. In the room of the Wartburg, where he sat translating the Bible, they still show you a black spot on the wall, the strange memorial of one of these conflicts. Luther was translating one of the Psalms; he was worn down with long labor, with sickness, abstinence from food: there rose before him some hideous indefinable image, which he took for the evil one, to forbid his work. Luther started up with fiend-defiance, flung his inkstand at the spectre, and it disappeared. The spot still remains there, a curious monument of several things. Any apothecary's apprentice can now tell us what we are to think of this apparition, in a scientific sense; but the man's heart that dare rise defiant, face to face, against hell itself, can give no higher proof of fearlessness. The thing he will quail before exists not on this earth or under it. Fearless enough! They spoke once about his not being at Leipzig, as if "Duke George had hindered him," a great enemy of his. It was not for Duke George, answered he; no. "If I had business at Leipzig, I would go though it rained Duke George's for nine days running."

[*Carlyle's Lectures on Heroes & the Heroic.*