

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a square for the first week, and Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter. Sixteen lines of letter will make a square.— Deductions made in favor of standing advertisements as follows:

	3 MOS.	6 MOS.	1 YEAR.
One square	\$3.50	\$5.50	\$8.00
Two squares	7.00	10.00	14.00
Three squares	10.00	15.00	20.00

When directions are not given, we will publish until ordered out.

Communications.

To the Voters of Iredeell:

Correspondence of the Express.

Citizens:—There is a time when "ferbearance ceases to be a virtue," and this is no less true in Politics than in tyranny and oppression; and most assuredly that period has arrived in the political condition of this (we had almost said ill-fated) country.—Time once was, when this great land in which we live was governed by wise, patriotic, intelligent statesmen, but a "change has come o'er the spirit of her dream,"—and ere long, if her political relations shall continue to be mismanaged, as they have been, the hopes of the country's future glory will depart, and barely a shadow of her boasted greatness will remain, and she, under existing circumstances, in a political point of view will be little better than a den of swindlers and a rendezvous for scoundrels!

How is this to be remedied? Shall we tamely submit to the flagrant abuse of power, by which the so-called Democracy, has cursed and continues to curse and blight the country and her interests? Candor and justice compel us to say they have none of the spirit of Democracy save the name, and if the name were a larceny they would be guilty of theft in appropriating it to a party which has principles totally at variance with both the letter and spirit of the Democracy of 1798. In that school Democrats were taught to practice economy, in the public disbursements. That was Jeffersonian Democracy, but modern politicians who have assumed the name of Democrat, have reversed this wholesome maxim and given to it a totally different version, and a totally different mission. And what professions have the leaders not made, and continue to make? What bitter anathemas have they not hurled at all honest parties, who dared to differ with them upon their notions of government? Who are they that have so long warned the country against the dangers of abolitionism, and pointing to Democracy as the only antidote for sectional strife and the only savior for the country and its liberties? Was it not the Democratic party that said so? Have they not made it a standing rule to charge all their opponents with being abolitionists—Southern men and Northern men? Didn't they charge General Harrison? Henry Clay? Gen. Taylor, who was the owner of a plantation and two hundred slaves in Louisiana? Didn't they charge General Scott with it? Didn't they charge the patriotic Fillmore, who signed the fugitive slave law, with it? And notwithstanding all this—which party has furnished all the Abolition Presidents the country has ever had?—Who was the first Abolition President ever elected by the people of the United States? Martin Van Buren of New York, a Democrat, and the nominee of the Democratic party. Who followed, as the next of kin?—Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, a Democrat, also a regular nominee of the Democracy. Who was one John P. Hale, of Massachusetts, a few years ago the abolition candidate for the Presidency? he was a Democrat! And later who was John C. Fremont, of California, the free soil candidate in the last Presidential campaign? he also was a Democrat! And who has lately been elected by Democrats and Abolitionists, Governor of one of the largest slave holding States in the Union? no other than John Letcher, a Democrat and Abolitionist! And after all this the Democracy, arrogate that they are the savior of the South, when in truth they have been guilty of many and grievous acts to disturb the peace and harmony of the country, and put the rights of the South in greater jeopardy the longer they remain in power. *Mirabile dictu!* But we stop not here. As we said before, in the last Presidential campaign we were told by the Democracy that it would never do to support Millard Fillmore for the Presidency, because it would ruin the South and destroy the Union, they said. And to prevent this dire calamity, the last and only remedy was to vote for Jas. Buchanan. Has it not been most forcibly verified? Buchanan was elected, and truly a fine time we have had of it! Of all former Administrations, Whig or Locofoco, that has ever shaped the destinies of our nation, for adversity, the administration of James Buchanan is, beyond doubt, the blackest of the black, and filthiest of the filthy—so much so to cause many of the more prominent democrats in the country to disown and repudiate it—and caused one to exclaim in soberness and truth, "From the by-ways and high-ways of the Government, the rottenness of corruption sends forth an insufferable stench." Extravagance of the most prodigal nature—corruption rotten to the very core—and political swindling and misrule have been the predominating elements of the Administration, which we were told by Locofoco forecast, would save the South and preserve the Union.

Millard Fillmore's administration was yelped at by Locofoco generally as wasteful and extravagant; and re-

trenchment, reform, and economy, were preached by all the missionaries of the Democratic-Cross, from the frozen snows of Maine to the golden sands of California. All the honnds of political persecution, the snub-nose fice and cropped-ears, which Locofocoism could parade, were let loose and went barking at his heels,—and yet how does the administration of James Buchanan compare with Millard Fillmore's? Forty millions per annum was the expenditure of Fillmore, and near one hundred millions per annum is the expenditure of Buchanan. A beautiful system of retrenchment and reform, really! Such reform as this we are now beginning to find out Democracy is remarkable for—reform the wrong way!

At this stage of corruption and misrule the enquiry very naturally suggests itself—"why stand ye here idle? Our brethren are already in the field of arms." From distant portions of our State a voice comes up, which tells us that the Opposition party is rising in its might—Whigs and Democrats—to vindicate the cause of justice and of right.

Soon we shall be called upon to sanction the profligate administration of James Buchanan, by voting for A. M. Seales, for Congress, or repudiate it, by voting against him. Is there any inducement held out to us to reelect Mr. Seales? He was our Representative the last two years, and what is the result? It is a good old rule that we must "show our Faith by our Works," but Mr. Seales has reversed the rule and prefers to show his works by his faith. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—and inasmuch as Mr. Seales has no fruits by which we can judge him—therefore we know him not. He tells the people in his speeches that he endorses the administration of James Buchanan, as a general thing—and, no doubt, would vote for him again for President. But when questioned by his competitor Gen. Leach, upon the chief features of the Administration, he differs with Mr. Buchanan on every leading measure, except one, and the most foolish of them all, to wit—the Utah mission. Why endorse the general policy of Buchanan, and pretend to repudiate the prominent measures of his administration? Simply because Mr. Seales is afraid to do it before the people, knowing very well that there is "rottenness in Denmark."

How did Mr. Seales vote while he was in Congress? He voted against the old soldiers' pension bill, and by voting thus, has said to the old war-veteran, "root hog or die!"—Did he stop here? No! but he voted against the Agricultural College bill! and in so many words said to North Carolina, "root hog or die!" The representative labors of Mr. Seales in Congress sum up as follows: "I, Alfred M., surnamed Seales, by brevet Honorable—I am the Alpha and Omega—the great Ajax of the self-styled Democracy in the Sixth Congressional district of North Carolina—I am the People's Representative. I get \$49 per day, lounge upon a sofa that cost \$350, and view my whole representative capacity in a mirror that cost \$1350! That's why I desire to go to Congress—that's my business; and the old Soldier, and North Carolina, may watch and take care of themselves,—or in other words they may

Do as I do—for the man, keep what they've got, and get what they can, do as I do—make no pretension or claim, to anything, but the family name!"

Fellow Whigs there is work to do, and the eyes of the Sixth Congressional District are turned upon Iredeell, Davidson, gallant old Davidson is stirred from centre to circumference.—The patriotic little county of Davie is ripe for the harvest, while the other counties of the district, "though still as the breeze are terrible as the storm," and they all join in one long, loud and imploring exclamation—"Iredeell must attend the polls in her strength!"—As goes Iredeell so goes the election."

We have a candidate every way worthy of our suffrages; Gen. Leach is the man for the crisis; the man for the country; a standard-bearer whose height (politically speaking) is full six cubits and a span, and the staff of whose spear is like a weaver's beam." In him are combined all the elements that constitute a good public servant: industry, energy, and nerve; a man of decided ability, and fine oratorical powers; a man who will labor for the good of our country, let us elect him. Now is the time, for we should remember "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood," leads to success. "The surest sign is in the end, when things are at their worst, they sometimes mend."

Let every Whig and others, opposed to James Buchanan's administration go to the polls on the first Thursday in August next, and there do our duty to the country and vote for General Leach, who now upholds the reform banner so gallantly in the canvass.

Smith will carry the First district with the fury of the sirocco that sweeps the desert; the persecuted Gilmer will achieve another victory on the plains of Guilford; while the young and gifted Vance, with the irresistible fury of his own mountain torrents, will drive Locofocoism abashed, rebuked, and subdued, into the caves and caves of

the Alleghanies: Victory will be ours and triumph crown our labors.

There is a weapon sure yet, And brighter than a bayonet, That comes down soft and still, And snows down on the soil, And excels the Primrose's will, As lightning does the Will of God.

That "weapon" is the *Ballot-Box*. A VOTER.

Correspondence of the Iredeell Express.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., June 23.

Messrs. Editors: I had, for four years, promised myself a visit to Chapel Hill during the recent Commencement of the University of N. C. In compliance with my promise, I left Newbern, where I now reside, in the morning train, and arrived at Chapel Hill, sick and way-worn, on the Saturday night before Commencement. I obtained accommodation at the Union Hotel, where the polite attention of the kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, reminded me of the beautiful lines of the poet:

On the Sabbath, the Rev. Professor Charles Phillips delivered a very appropriate sermon in the College Chapel, to a large and attentive audience, in which he established the truth that talent and genius unadorned with humble piety, often prove to be curses to their possessors. In the course of his remarks, he said that while he considered the professions of law, medicine and politics as necessary and highly useful to the country, he thought that the divine mission of the minister of the Gospel, the ambassador for Christ, is as highly elevated over them all, as Heaven is above earth.

On Sabbath evening, about twilight, I visited the neat and classic Monument erected to the memory of Joseph Caldwell, D. D., in the College grove, opposite to Person Hall.

On the Western side of the monument are inscribed the following lines: "In grateful acknowledgement of their obligations to the first President of this University, Joseph Caldwell, D. D., the President of the United States, the Governor of North Carolina, and other Alumni, have raised this Monument, A. D. 1847."

On the Eastern side is this inscription; "He was an early, conspicuous and devoted advocate of Common Schools and Internal Improvements in North Carolina." On the Southern side is this inscription: "Born at Lamington, New Jersey, April 21st, 1773. Professor of Mathematics in this University—1796. Died at Chapel Hill, January 27th, 1825." And on the Northern side is this inscription: "Near him repose the remains of his beloved wife, Helen Caldwell." While looking at the Monument, and taking a brief, retrospective view of the important services rendered by him to North Carolina and the world, as President of the University, as a sagacious, prudent and far-seeing statesman, but above all, as a devotedly pious minister of the Gospel, I was reminded of the following lines of one of England's most gifted poets in which he compares the death of a Christian to the sun setting in a clear sky:

As sets the sun which goes not down behind the darkest of west, Nor hides obscured until the fragments of the sky; But melts away in the light of heaven.

While I was thus reflecting the following Elegy was suggested to my mind:

Let the monumental marble rise, Pointing to his now inactive side; Let the bright, brilliant, glorious name High on the enduring scroll of fame, Many there are who have been great, In war, and in the affairs of State; Whose public deeds of high renown, Their names with history's lamps are crown, Each thought and feeling to be true, Was the express image of his mind, Inhuman with heaven-born piety, He was great in human piety, Sweet, unlike the Court-stained with blood; But only great to be good."

On Monday night, the Rev. Dr. Doggett, of Richmond, Va., delivered the Anniversary Sermon. His text is the 17th chap. of the Acts of the Apostles, and part of the 19th verse: "And they that conducted Paul brought him to Athens." Athens, said he, was, at that time, the most refined, and most magnificent city on the earth. She was a School, a Lyceum, the University of the world. The most renowned philosophers from all other countries visited her to receive instruction in the schools of Socrates and Plato. The most distinguished orators from all nations assembled there to listen to the thrilling eloquence which fell from the lips of Demosthenes and Pericles. The most gifted poets caught fresh inspiration from the poems recited by Homer and other kindred spirits. The most eminent sculptors and painters added new lustre to their works of art, by visiting the studios and galleries of the world's great masters. To this magnificent city the great Apostle of the Gentiles was sent on his heavenly mission. We may naturally suppose that he landed through the Piræus.—Like a wise and prudent General, he reconnoitred the city. Let us, therefore, behold him in the positions which he selected. The streets. The Synagogue. The Agora. The Areopagus. As he traversed the streets, he saw a wilderness of splendid statues erected to gods and deified heroes; (for a celebrated author has remarked that there were as many different gods as men in the city of Athens,) and among them he observed an altar erected to "The Unknown God;" which fact he select-

ed as the subject of his discourse, when he introduced the new religion to the citizens of Athens in an oration which, for eloquence and force of argument, has never been equaled. We next hear of him in the synagogue; and afterwards at the Agora; for the sacred historian informs us, that "he disputed in the synagogue with the Jews, and with the devout persons, and in the market daily with them that met with him." In the synagogue he disputed, or, as it might be translated, reasoned with Jews, to whose sect he had so recently belonged, and thus took advantage of this opportunity to convince them of the truth and power of the new religion to which he had been converted. The Greek word agora might have been better translated forum or place for the public discussion of interesting topics, than market. It was a splendid edifice at the foot of Mars' hill, in which the sages, philosophers, statesmen, historians, orators, poets, artists, and the citizens of Athens, generally, met during the evenings, for the purpose of engaging with each other, in familiar conversation about the news and the exciting political events of the day; and the peculiar tenets of each of the schools of philosophy. In these assemblies, therefore, he had a favorable opportunity, every day, to "preach unto them Jesus, and the resurrection." It was in the Agora, as the sacred historian informs us, that "certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoics encountered him. And some said, What will this babbler say? other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods; because he preached unto them Jesus, and the resurrection. And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus, saying, May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest is?"

In the Areopagus, which was a large and magnificent edifice, was held the court of Athens. It was before an assembly of the most learned judges in the world; and in the same hall where Socrates was condemned to drink hemlock, for corrupting the minds of the youths of the city, as the judges said, by teaching them that the soul is immortal, that Paul boldly proclaimed the divine doctrines of what was then called, "The new Religion." For, as the sacred historian further informs us, "Then Paul stood forth in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you, &c." And although that occasion seemed, at first, highly unfavorable for the sacred historian informs us, that, "When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked; and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter;" yet Paul gained converts; for he states that, "Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed; among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them."

And thus was introduced into idolatrous Athens, the "new Religion" which is speedily demolishing idolatry and the systems of Pantheism and a false philosophy. Young gentlemen of the University, said Dr. Doggett, I have thus contrasted Paul with the wisest, and most learned men of the age in which he lived, to show you how infinitely more important and elevated are the divine doctrines which he promulgated than the false dogmas and the false systems of philosophy proclaimed by them. I have placed Paul before you, as one whose character is worthy of imitation. In conclusion, let me entreat you to embrace the holy religion of the Bible of which Paul was such an able and fearless advocate; and then it is well with you in time and eternity.

On Wednesday, in the forenoon, the oration for the two Literary Societies, was delivered by Hon. Duncan K. McRae of Newbern, N. C., who in a most eloquent speech established the important truth, that men of talents have accomplished nearly all that is good and useful for the world; but men of genius have done very little. He very forcibly and aptly illustrated his subject by introducing as examples the most illustrious characters of ancient and modern times. His oration for strength of thought, beauty and refinement of language, force of argument, the amount of valuable information which it contained, and the eloquence with which it was delivered, has never been surpassed by any similar oration delivered at the University, on a like occasion. In the afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Hooper represented the Alumni, and delivered an oration remarkable for its chaste and pure classical language, in which he passed so speedily from "Grave to gay; from lively to severe," as to cause the feelings of his auditors to change from peals of laughter to tears, by a very sudden transition. The fact that the oration is worthy of the reputation of Dr. Hooper is a sufficient eulogium. I would furnish you with a more extensive synopsis of the orations of the Rev. Dr. Hooper and Hon. Mr. McRae, but I have been informed that they will be published hereafter. I deem it necessary to relate in detail the regular exercises of the day of Commence-

ment, as most of the readers of the Express are familiar with them. I will therefore conclude this communication, by merely stating that the young gentlemen of the graduating class, acquitted themselves in such a manner as to reflect honor upon themselves and the University; and to add to the deservedly high reputation of the Faculty.

R. G. A.

Miscellaneous.

Which was the Gentleman?

"Charles wants me to go to the party to-morrow night," said one lady to another, as the two sat in a comfortable parlor chatting and knitting.

"La! well, why don't you go, dear?" asked Mrs. Lawrence. "I'm sure I would go if Henry asked me; I haven't been in company for such a long time, that I really think it would do me good."

"That's just what Charles says, and he told me Henry said that he would take you if I would go."

"La! did he? why he didn't say anything to me about it; to be sure I'll go if you will. I'll just fix up my old brown silk, and put a new ribbon on my cap; we are old-fashioned folks, you know, and it won't matter how we dress."

"I might have gone often," said Mrs. Abrams, placidly smoothing the fold of her gown; "but somehow I never wanted to; Charles is dreadful anxious that I should see Miss Somebody, I forget who, some one he has taken a great fancy to; and I think whoever Charles likes, must be a little extra, so I am anxious, for a wonder, to go."

"Well, good morning; I put my bread to rise," and if I don't hurry it will be over the pans."

When Henry came home to tea he was surprised and a little disappointed to hear his mother say that she would go with him the following evening. As Mrs. Lawrence had said, both of the mothers were plain, old-fashioned people. They had once been poor, both had been widows, but by much thrift and economy had managed to give their sons a good education, and they were both now rising young men, with a fortune in prospect. Both being handsome, eloquent, and fascinating, they were much admired by the ladies, and it was strange that they arrived, one at the age of twenty-eight, and the other at thirty, without selecting wives for themselves.

The night of the party came. Henry Lawrence surveyed his mother with a critical eye as she came down stairs, handkerchief in hand, attired for the occasion.

"Haven't you a smaller handkerchief than that?" he asked, when she spread it on her lap preparatory to adjusting her dress cap in to carry, that she might not get it jammed.

"La, yes, but this is the nicest," she replied. "I put this great piece of lace around it a purpose; why! don't you like it?"

"It isn't genteel. Have you got a smaller one?"

"La, yes; if you say so, I'll get one of them little mites of things; but this one is more to my taste."

"Well, we must start now. I shall be under the necessity of leaving you for a while when you get there, as I have to go for a young lady."

"Oh, yes," said the cheerful old mother, "I shan't mind staying, and looking at the folks as they come in; it's natural for young folks to like young folks," she said to herself, as she went up stairs to get her bonnet and shawl.

They walked nearly a mile; the rooms were just lighted when they arrived. Henry put his mother in charge of the lady's maid, and wished her to stay in the dressing-room till he came after her; and then, hiring an expensive carriage, he drove a quarter of a mile for a young lady of seventeen to whom he had offered his escort. Mrs. Lawrence sat contentedly chatting with the waiting-maid, while the guests came to unshawl, many of whom wondered who that queer old lady was.

Charles Abrams came home to supper that same night in high glee.—"Well, mother!" said the old lady in a plain gray dress greeted him at the table, "you look so nice! what a pretty cap you've got and there—I meant to buy you a more stylish fan—but this is rather pretty, if it is plain."

"Oh, yes, this is good enough for an old woman," said his mother, laughing.

"Nothing is good enough for you, mother, in my estimation," replied Charles, drinking his tea. "Are you all ready?—because I have sent for a carriage and it will be here in a few moments. You won't object, I suppose, to riding with another lady, the very one, by the by, I am anxious for you to see."

"I am ready," said his mother, smiling, "and I shall be very happy to ride with your friend; is it far from here?"

"Only half a mile," he replied, rising from the table, "and there is the carriage."

Henry Lawrence entered the beautiful parlors with his mother on his arm, walked half sheepishly to the hostess and presented her, then looked her out a corner where she might sit, if possible, unnoticed, and where her old fashioned sayings, and quaint, ungrammatical expressions, would not be called out. After seating her, he

hurried away and again entered with a dashing, showy girl, sparkling with jewels, whom he kept on his arm longer than etiquette required, and to whom he never mentioned his mother, fearing her ideas of gentility and modern elegance might receive a shock from which she would not recover.

Charles Abrams, on the contrary, entered with his mother on his arm, and a beautiful girl, splendidly, yet modestly dressed, on the other. Conducting both to seats, he led his friends as he met them, and introduced his mother with as much grace, and proudly, too, as if he had said: "All I am I owe to this excellent woman."—And he walked with her, in fact showing her more attention than the young lady, who it was plain to see had won his love.

"I do not see Mrs. Lawrence," said his mother on one of these occasions. "I am afraid she didn't come. I have seen Henry several times with a very handsome young lady."

"We will walk through the rooms," responded Charles. "I am certain she came." They found her, as last, sitting contentedly, but with a somewhat worried look upon her countenance, as if she was not enjoying the evening as she wished.

"We have been looking for you," said Mrs. Abrams. "Why do you not come out among the crowd?"

"Oh, they are all strangers to me, you know," said Mrs. Lawrence, quietly.

"So they were to me," said the other; "but Charles has been introducing me to so many that I feel pleasantly acquainted."

A look almost of pain passed over the pale face of her friend. Henry had been nearer but once during the evening, and then to request that she should shew her pocket-handkerchief to him, as it had an old-fashioned mark upon it. He had not brought the stylish young girl and made her acquainted with the one on whom he had resolved to bestow his affections, for she was intensely fashionable, and his was weak-minded enough to believe that a presentation would injure his suit.

"Are you not going to take your mother in to supper?" asked Charles of Henry. The latter had only the lady of his affections, the former his mother one side and his affianced on the other.

"I am coming back for her," said Henry, blushing scarlet.

The young lady gazed toward him inquiringly. "Is your mother here," she asked. "I should so like to see her."

"I will bring her presently," said Henry; but the mischief was done.—When the young lady saw the plain, old-fashioned woman, with her homely common sense, she saw the heartlessness of the man who professed, by action at least, to love her; and from that moment he lost all charm in her eyes. To Charles' bestrothed, on the contrary, the young man could not see the heartless face of fashion show respect to gray hairs, and love, manly and noble, to the plain, illiterate mother who had reared him above all petty pride, all littleness of character; and she gazed at him with humid eyes, and with feelings that would have been more precious to him, could he have known them, than her sweetest words.

Reader, which was the gentleman?

Chapter about Women

Rather a queer title, isn't it? But then, you see, we have queer subjects to write about, whether you consider them morally, physically, or politically, or any other way you please to go at it. There is no subject in the world that admits of such a variety of treatment, and of a hundred different men with the question laid before them, probably no two of them would look at it in the same light. One would treat woman as a moral institution, looking at her from a religious point of view. Another would only look at her physically, paying particular attention to her different points of beauty. And thus they would reason, each after his own heart.

But they are strange creatures, very strange, indeed!

For instance, there is the beautiful woman, and, by the way, every one thinks it is she, but some of them must be mistaken. But, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, there are many really beautiful women, and unlike fruits and flowers, they are confined to no particular place; neither do they belong to any particular station in life. We find them in city and country, in the lordly hall or the log cabin, at the piano or the wash-tub. We may find them gathering grapes in Italy, playing whist in France, chasing boxes in England, painting lips in Greece, grinding corn in Africa, smoking cigars in Cuba, or flirting in the United States. And everywhere she is the same, whether she is thumping the piano in the palace, killing bed-bugs in the hotel, or picking geese in a cow-stable. Everywhere she receives the same homage, and it is apt to be the same willful, capricious creature, unless endowed with an extra portion of good hard sense.

And when a woman knows that she is beautiful, she will take any quantity of pains to let everybody else know it.

Look at the style of bonnets,—nothing more than a bunch of ribbons, flowers and leaves, perched upon the back of her head. These are worn to show their hair, and in order that no shadow may rest upon their fair faces. And these short dresses and crinoline,—what are they for but to show a pair of pretty feet? For if a woman has pretty feet and ankles she is certain to manage that they may be seen.—They are skillful tacticians—pretty women are, and we be unto the poor wight who purs his wible trust in them!

Then there is the ugly woman—modestly homely, but decidedly and incontrovertibly ugly; she who frightens the children, turns milk sour, and is guilty of other eccentric actions.—Ladies, you needn't get wrath with us about it, for the description fits some of you, though we are happy to state that your number is few. Nevertheless, we have seen some such, and we could not help considering them out of place—a kind of *Interus nature*, for whom there is no suitable apology.—And yet, they are usually good natured—unless, indeed, they are so positively ugly that they can't get into a good humor—then their case is a bad one. There is no woman who will admit that she belongs to this catalogue, and we are too gallant to tell them that they do. And it is another remarkable fact that few ugly women die old maids. We are not able to explain the cause of this, but it is so. We never recollect to have seen but two really ugly old maids, in our life, and they were so decidedly homely that we presume they never could face a man long enough for him to pop the question at them!

Then there is the haughty woman—she whom pride of beauty and wealth hath made vain as any peacock. See how she turns up her delicate little nose when Mr. Jackplate presumes to address her, she being entirely oblivious of the fact that her father was a manufacturer of saunages! Observe the smile of scorn which curls her nether lip because Lapstone bows to her in the street. Has she forgotten that her paternal grandfather was a hod carrier? Is she any better in her "purple and fine linen" than he was in his "hobden gray"? We grow not. Yet she plays out a brief existence, and descends to the tomb, "unhonored and unwept," because she has never done anything which can live in the hearts of her fellow creatures, after she has traversed the trackless river of Death.

And we come to the willful woman, and she is doubtless the most perverse specimen of feminine divinity that ever woops two yards in diameter.—You had as well undertake to foretell the verdict of a petti jury as to form any opinion as to what course she will pursue on any given occasion. She will ride the most dangerous horse, cross the most slippery foot-log, climb the steepest precipice, at the risk of getting her precious neck broke, because somebody has told her not to do so.—She refuses to marry the man she loves, lest he should think he influenced her will, and runs away with Augustus Frizzle, for nothing else than that she heard her father threaten to apply the toe of his boot to his "fabled seat of honor."

There are many other kinds of women, about whom we have no space to speak at present, so we will content ourselves with what we have said. Sometime, perhaps, we will continue the subject.

Whiskey and Hard Times.

We rarely ever meet with a man who is complaining of poverty, want of work and money, but what these complaints come up from behind the times of whiskey, and whose misfortunes are not traceable to bad habits and worse whiskey. And this is the way their money has gone and for which their labor has been wasted.—Whiskey must be had, at whatever cost or sacrifice. We have never yet known money to be so scarce, bread so dear, or employment so difficult to obtain, but that every deluded slave to pernicious habits could manage, somehow, "by hook or by crook," to find the "where-withal" necessary for feeding and keeping alive the most depraved and ruinous appetences that ever get hold of the human organism.

It is a frightful fact that the people of the United States are now consuming annually about eight million gallons of intoxicating liquors, at a cost of not less than thirty-four millions four hundred thousand dollars! Surely we are "a nation of drunkards."

Viewing this matter, then, simply in the light of economy, it seems to us that intelligent people should be aroused to the necessity of taking measures at once, that will lead to the complete overthrow of the liquor traffic. But when we add to this immense drain on the pockets of the people, the many social and moral evils—the hearts rivened, the homes desolated, the hopes blighted, the minds benighted, all through the working of this Heaven-defying traffic in liquid poisons—when these are thrown in the scale, the weight of argument in favor of prohibition becomes irresistible to every mind not "blinded by the god of this world."—*Spirit of the Age.*

Young men, abstain from all intoxicating liquors.