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The Naturalization Laws and Foreign Emigration.

We copy the following extracts from an article in the Southern Citizen, edited by John Mitchel, who, as an Irishman by birth, a democrat in politics, will not be accused of national or party prejudices in relation to the views he expresses. The extracts we make will be read with interest.—*Baltimore American.*

"When American cities have got to hunger-mobs and soup-kitchens, one cannot wonder that thoughtful men begin to ask themselves whether it is wise or just to keep the doors of this Republic so widely and invitingly open; the access to them so very easy, and next to no questions asked.

We are about to approach a delicate subject; for the Democratic party in the United States (to which party we give our hearty faith and fealty) hold it to be one of their strong points to cherish and tenderly entreat "the foreigner." Yet there are certain considerations aside from party, which lead to the conclusion that something is wrong in all this. And a kind of suspicion arises that even in the Know Nothing ranks, there were patriotic and good men who had no sympathy indeed with the benighted sectarianism of that mischievous society, but who, nevertheless, instinctively revolted against the cool insolence of European powers in chasing "surplus population" to America as to a penal colony. Of criminals and paupers we have enough.

Of the emigrants to America a very large number are real paupers and criminals, which falls out in several ways—*First*, there are Emigration Societies, having funds provided for carrying to America the very sweepings of work houses and poor-houses. Some of these are in connection with the governments of the several countries, and it signifies little whether the poor wretches so expatriated are landed in Canada or in New York. If in Canada most of them find their way southward. These have neither means, nor spirit, nor hope. They have lived on public alms, left their homes at the bidding of their "betters," and emigrated *in forma pauperis*. These are true paupers—either born paupers or having the heart and soul by bitter oppression and privation. Not fit to be citizens of any country.

And for criminals—we know that cargoes of Italians and Germans are sometimes sent over, with an intimation that they are "political offenders." Who knows that they are political offenders? Their governments at any rate are desirous to be rid of them, and know that to gain them a footing upon these shores they must at least *call* them political offenders; but they may be *convicts* three times convicted for the worst human crimes. If so, they will not themselves let out the secret. The wonderful organization of the police establishments in European countries is little understood here. Every ruffian, burglar, cut-throat, in Paris or in Naples, is well known to the police. The police call a meeting of them at any time, or a meeting of certain select ones *not selected* for their virtues—can make them an offer once for all, that if they would save themselves from the galleys or gallows, they shall have a free passage to a land of liberty, as *Carbonari or Red Republicans.*

But there is one more direct, constant and copious flow of criminals into this country from the English penal colonies. Bermuda lies nearly opposite to Charleston, about seven hundred miles off. Here are always confined upwards of two thousand of the choicest miscreants in all creation, accomplished London house-breakers, bank-robbers, forgers, and gamblers. Their numbers are kept up by new importations from England; but as the terms of their sentences respectively expire, what is done with them? The laws of that colony prohibit them from being *set free within the islands.* The very last thing the government would think of, is to bring them *back to England.*

Now Bermuda has a constant traffic with the coast cities of America. It has no wheat or other grain, no beef and no mutton, save what it imports from America. Therefore its waters are always full of small American vessels. In these the criminals are regularly shipped as they become entitled to their freedom, sometimes as many as four or five in the same vessel. Their passage is paid by the English government, and they carry their virtues and accomplishments to give strength and glory to the great republic. That this was a practice a few years ago, is a matter of a fact, which we assert; presumably it is so still. And although the transaction is always a secret one, no doubt researches amongst the owners of coasting vessels in Philadelphia and Baltimore, would bring to light the fact, if not its whole amount.

And it is singular that the traffic of Bermuda is, (or was) with the city of Baltimore. Undoubtedly the flash clubs are largely recruited from thence. Those fellows are the very men to make good Roughskins and Blood Tubs.

On the other side of the continent, San Francisco has been receiving a picked emigration from the Australian penal colonies—*alumni* who have graduated in the greatest Universities of rascality on earth.

Unquestionably the citizens of America are injured by these importations of criminals and paupers; and the adopted citizens even *more* than the native; because their character suffers. It cannot surely be desirable *for them* that the same door which is open to them and their children, should admit on the same footing and on the same terms, the offscourings of French galleys, the refuse of Irish poor-houses and the offal of English gaols. They do not need to import scoundrelism, laziness and ignorance, along with them, inasmuch as they will find plenty of all that here.

It has become the direct and deep interest of both native and adopted, (especially the latter) to procure such a change in the naturalization laws as will prevent the very loose and irregular admission of all applicants, and in all kinds of courts of record. And further, we submit that it is not enough to prevent criminals and paupers from being citizens—they ought not to be allowed to land.—Such cargoes could not be run in any sea port of Europe; and if there is not a strong enough police force to keep them out, that force ought to be increased, and a portion of it charged with that express duty—and the force ought to be especially strong all along the St. Lawrence and the Lake Shore.

Also, if it be a fact, as we have charged, that paupers are sent hither, through Canada or otherwise, by Emigration Societies—and that criminals are sent hither from Bermuda by the British Government itself, we presume it is a matter calling for the remonstrance and interposition of the American Administration.—Ship-Captains who bring such passengers, ought to be brought to condign punishment; and the Government which continues such a practice ought to be regarded as our worst enemy.

We have no intention in this article of suggesting special changes in the naturalization laws. Five years give more than time enough to grow familiar with an affair so simple as the American Laws and Constitution—that is to say as familiar as is needful to make a good citizen. The man who does not know enough of it in five years will never know.

In short, the present naturalization laws if strictly administered, may be sufficient. But they are notoriously administered most loosely and inefficiently. The courts which give an intending citizen his papers, often give him informal and insufficient papers, so that he cannot perfect his citizenship in another State. Thus some are kept from voting who have a right to vote. Many others are admitted who never ought to be—and evidence is taken of an applicant's fitness for the duties of an American citizen and of his attachment to the American Constitution, *from the mouth of aliens*, who perhaps never saw America before that day.—On the whole there is a fatal facility even for the honest and *bona fide* immigrant. And when, besides this, you consider the immense infusion of pauperism and crime it will become apparent that the United States is in danger of being made the common alms-house, *refugium peccatorum* and penal colony of the world.

We say that it is time to think of all this when we have got to "hunger mobs and soup-kitchens."

SUPREME COURT.

The Supreme Court of North Carolina commenced its Winter Term in this city on Wednesday last, Judges W. H. Battle, and Richmond M. Pearson on the bench. We very much regret to learn that Chief Justice Frederick Nash is detained at home by indisposition.

On Wednesday, the following gentlemen were examined and licensed to practice as Attorneys at Law in the several County Courts of this State:

J. J. Martin,	Martin county.
J. F. Murrell,	Onslow.
J. W. Ellis,	Rowan.
Josiah Collins,	Washington county.
Asa Ives,	Brunswick.
George C. Woodley,	Lenoir.
Abner S. Williams,	Martin.
D. F. Caldwell,	Greensboro'.
J. R. Balla,	Ashsborough.
Needham B. Cobb,	Guilsborough.
G. M. Patterson,	Richmond county.
A. B. McEachin,	Robeson.
T. D. Williams,	Warrenton.
L. W. Humphrey,	Onslow.
Thos. J. Foote,	Warren.
Jos. G. Yancy,	Madison county.
E. J. Gaines,	Montgomery.
Seaton Gales,	Raleigh.
J. R. Doughtie,	Elizabeth City.
P. J. Sinclair,	Pittsburg Pa.

The following gentlemen were examined on Thursday and admitted to practice in the several Superior Courts of this State as Attorneys and Counsellors at Law:

R. H. Brandon,	Salisbury.
Wm. H. Bagley,	Elizabeth City.
C. W. Grandy, Jr.,	"
J. H. Abell,	Johnston.
R. H. Battle,	Orange.
John S. Moore,	Wayne.
Luther Bliss,	Richmond Co.
James P. Holdsby,	Rockingham Co.
Wm. L. Scott,	Greensboro'.
Jacob C. Hatchcock,	Davidson.
J. N. Stallings,	Duplin.
John A. Stanley,	Beaufort county.
John B. Gilliam,	Bertie.
J. E. Short,	Washington Co.
Sydney A. Smith,	Johnston.

Not a Pro-Slavery Man.—A Washington correspondent of the Richmond South, thus closes his last letter:

An informal but a very large delegation of the members of the new Congress crowded the reception room of Mr. Buchanan to day to pay their respects to the venerable President; and conversation was freely indulged for the space of nearly an hour. The President appears to be in remarkable health, and he conversed very cheerfully with an occasional manifestation of that genial humor that is the chief charm of his discourse. The State pride of some of the members was considerably tickled by the allusions of the President to their several constituencies, and he paid an especial compliment to Virginia, which was acknowledged by Mr. Bocock in a style of repartee; Mr. Buchanan, speaking of Virginia as that "fine old State, which was very near right, when her service was needed," and Mr. Bocock replying that the compliment might have been juster in characterizing the Old Dominion as "right all the time."

On some of the members interposing some depreciations in jest, Mr. Buchanan remarked with *empressement*, "Gentlemen, have I not reason to be grateful to Virginia?" The State of Alabama was taken to task in some playful remarks, which were concluded with an emphasis of seriousness, when the President declared his devotion to the constitutional rights of the South. "I see," said the President to one of the members from Alabama, "that your people have been passing some *terrific* resolutions against me. I suppose they think me down there a great Abolitionist. The New Orleans Delta says I am a terrible Abolitionist." (Laughter.) "Now," added Mr. Buchanan, becoming serious, "I cannot say that I am a Pro-Slavery man, but I do say that in contending for the constitutional rights of the South, I have done more than any other man now living."

Curious Ideas of Female Beauty.

All the Batoka tribes follow the curious custom of knocking out the upper front teeth at the age of puberty. This is done by both sexes; and though the under teeth, being relieved from the attrition of the upper, grow long and somewhat bent out, and thereby cause the upper lip to protrude in a most unsightly way, no young woman thinks herself accomplished until she has got rid of her upper incisors. This custom gives all the Batoka an uncouth, old-man like appearance.

Their laugh is hideous, yet they are so attached to it that even Sebituane was unable to eradicate the practice. He issued orders that none of the children living under him should be subjected to the custom by their parents, and disobedience to his mandates was usually punished with severity, but, notwithstanding this, the children would appear in the streets without their incisors, and no one would confess to the deed.

When questioned respecting the origin of this practice, the Batoka reply that their object is to be like oxen, and those who retain their teeth they consider to resemble zebras. Whether this is the true reason or not, it is difficult to say; but it is noticeable that the veneration for oxen which prevails in many tribes should here be associated with hatred to the zebra, as among the Bakwains; that this operation is performed at the same age that circumcision is in other tribes; and that here the ceremony is unknown.

The custom is so universal that a person who has his teeth is considered ugly, and occasionally, when the Batoka borrowed my looking glass, the disparaging remark would be made respecting boys or girls who still retained their teeth, "Look at the great teeth!" Some of the Makololo give a more facetious explanation of the custom; they say that the wife of a chief having in a quarrel bitten her husband's hand, he, in revenge ordered her front teeth to be knocked out, and all the men in the tribe followed his example; but this does not explain why they afterwards knocked out their own.

The women here are in the habit of piercing the upper lip, and gradually enlarging the orifice until they can insert a shell. The lip then appears drawn out beyond the perpendicular of the nose, and gives them a most ungainly aspect. Sekwebu remarked, "These women want to make their mouths like those of ducks;" and, indeed, it does appear as if they had the idea that female beauty of lip had been attained by the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* alone. This custom prevails throughout the country of the Maravi, and no one could see it without confessing that fashion had never led women to a freak more sad.—*Livingstone's Travels in Africa.*

Irish Proverbs.—Every goose thinks its own wife a duck. No newspaper has good news. Manners make the gentleman, and the want of them drives him elsewhere for his shooting. A miss is as good as a mile of old woman. Too many cooks spoil the broth of a boy. It is a good head of hair that has no turning.—It's foolish to spil one's dinner for a ha'porth of tarts. There are as fine bulls in Ireland as ever came out of it. Necessity has no law, but an uncommon number of lawyers. Better to look like a great fool than to be the great fool you look.—A soft answer may turn away wrath, but in a Chancery suit, a soft answer is only likely to turn the scales against you. One fortune is remarkably good until you have had another one told you. Don't holloa until you have got your head fairly out of the wood, particularly at Donnybrook Fair.

A Snake Story.—The following anecdote *is a fact.* It was told by a gentleman who witnessed it:

An Indian came to a certain 'agency' in the northern part of Iowa, to procure some whiskey for a young warrior, who had, as he said, been bitten by a rattlesnake. At first the 'agent' did not credit the story, but the earnestness of the Indian and the urgency of the case, overcome his scruples, and turning to get the liquor, he asked the Indian how much he wanted?

'Four quart,' answered the Indian.

'Four quarts!' asked the 'agent,' in surprise; 'much as that?'

'Yes,' replied the Indian, speaking through his set teeth, and frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake tribe, "four quart—*snake very big.*"

A New Baby in the House.

The following admirable sketch we copy from the American Union. It is from the pen of the Union's contributor, "Gay Spanker," and we believe our readers will consider it superior to anything ever written by Fanny Fern. Fanny is, to use a homely phrase, about "played out," and we do not see why "Gay Spanker," who appears to be every inch a wide-awake lady, should not take her place in popular favor.

We know all about it now—what all those drawers and chests were filled up with a miniature wardrobe for—why sister Mary had such a fashion of blushing and hidding her pretty, tasteful work at the bottom of the basket.

Yes, we know all about it now; the mystery is explained; we've got a baby! a real, blinking, *bona fide* baby; the intelligence of which was conveyed to me by a round-eyed, wonder-stricken urchin, who was the baby until this morning.

"Oh, such a tiny bit of squirm;" he exclaimed, "no bigger than a doll, and it ain't got no eyes at all!"

Fast as I hurried home to welcome the little stranger, Tommy was there before me, and with eyes bigger than ever, was standing at nurse's knee, evidently trying to solve the question whether baby's fists were doubled up to hit him a punch or to snub his own nose the wrong way of the world.

A bran new baby! Do you know what its advent is into the heart and home of a happy family? The mother laying upon that bed of suffering which reduces all women, from the queen to the beggar, to the same common level of humanity; the mother that we approach so reverently, feeling that a human soul has been sent from Heaven via her material bosom, and that from her hands He who sent it will require a strict account of its guardianship while passing through this world of chance and change.

What a responsibility! I think we are seldom conscious of it, or if we were, we, who know to its core every throb of the great world's heart, who have lived through its storm and calm, who know how unsubstantial its pleasures, how poignant its woes—I say, could we know the responsibility of transplanting to its sunshine and its shade, one single blossom from the garden of God, we should pray to be spared that we might so ineffectually fulfil.

But then to see our new baby—our beautiful mystery; to see everybody tiptoeing in—everybody but Tommy, who never having been accustomed to walking on eggs, don't exactly see why he should begin now—to see them all so gleeful over baby, so pitiful over "mamma, poor mamma!" lying there so pale and wan—to see them joking papa, and calling him "a terrible fellow," at which little Tommy is indignant, and thinks it wouldn't be well for Mrs. Grundy to call him such a hard name. What an interest we take in babies in general, not that we think anything in that line could hold a candle with ours; and what jokes we tell about other people's babies, until our laughter warns the nurse, who warns us to be more quiet or leave; to be sure, the laughter is generally confined to Tommy and I, for mamma only smiles the tiniest ghost of a smile; Tommy makes up for it, however, laughing so loud and so long, without the remotest idea where the laugh comes in, that only the indulgence of a rough and tumble shipwreck can cool off his merriment; at the exhibition of which enormity the nurse gives him a different kind of propeller, which sends him crying to the kitchen. Mamma says "poor Tommy," and papa immediately starts for him.

In a few minutes he returns with Tommy and a pair of red eyes, very manfully asserting that papa's boy wasn't going to have his nose put out of joint for all the babies in the world! Then mamma smiles on papa, when he thinks I don't see him, smiles on her, and takes her poor, bloodless hand and presses it to his lips, and places it in his bosom, till poor me, who don't see him anyhow, who wouldn't be hired to see him, and who has lived long enough in the world to know when to see and when not to see, choke up the worst kind, make up for my chamber, and have just a magnificent cry, with nothing in the world to cry for, only because everything is so affecting; the sick-room, in its quietude, the helpless little creature in its cradle, and papa and mamma over their new born affection. Oh! I tell you a man ever is a man, till a bit of humanity, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, lays helpless in his arms. He never knows himself, till the dear one he has chosen out of the world to walk with him the pilgrimage of life, lies for the first time before him, weak and pale, with this morsel of humanity upon her bosom. The promise they make to their own hearts that no wrong of their doing shall ever give a pang to that gentle spirit; that no paths of pleasure shall be bright enough to lure their feet from the portals of home; that no word of unkindness shall ever give pain to the mother of their child. But alas! (there must be an end to everything in this world,) now babies get to be old stories; fresh promises fade in the light of fresher pleasures—and men, being "inconsistent ever", would require a fresh baby every week or two, to make them toe the mark of all the promises they so inconsiderately make; and as it would be rather inconvenient for us to accommodate ourselves to such requirements, we must take the will for the deed, and make the most of their repentance for the past, and good resolves for the future, while the motives for these resolutions last. Babies are a great institution, though at least, ours is!

The Wind and Stream.

A Breath came stealing from the ground;
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the locks that hung around
The borders of that winding stream.—
A pretty stream, a placid stream,
A softly gliding, lisping stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whisper of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And gayly stooped to kiss the stream—
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The Water, as the Wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam,
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along a livelier stream,—
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew,
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling springs and streets blue,
And left alone that little stream.—
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That envious wind no more came back;
He wanders yet the fields I deem;
But on its melancholy track
Complaining went the little stream,—
The cheated stream, the hapless stream,
The ever murmuring, moaning stream.

Nothing Lost.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew,
Which trembles on the leaf and flowers,
Is but exhaled to fall anew,
In summer's thunder shower,—
Perchance to fall while the hot sun
That burns the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne or breezes there
Plants something suited to its need
Wherein to sink or grow.
The language of some cherished flower,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense below
To memory's other bower.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered they're not forgot—
They have the influence on the mind,
Pass on but perish not.
So with our deeds, for good or ill
They have a power scarce understood,
Then let us see our better will
To make them rife with good.

MOUNT VERNON.

In lately sailing down the Potomac, we were much impressed by the solemn tolling of the steamboat bell, as we passed the hallowed spot where rests the mortal remains of the illustrious Washington. The touching custom is never omitted; and it is said, that for half a century it has been observed by every boat or ship while passing the sacred shade.

An Eloquent Illustration.

Amidst the chaff and rant and fustian that for the most part characterized the speeches of the demagogues who were the active promoters of the "hunker" meetings in New York, there now and then was heard the voice of a real working man who uttered commendable sentiments clothed in most eloquent language. One of the speakers denounced the politicians, and urged his hearers to continue for the election of members of their own class to city and State offices, and in enforcing his views, made use of the following beautiful illustration.

Let us bear in mind the temple of Minerva. When the Athenians built that magnificent structure, a statue was wanted to place upon its top. A poor mechanic was induced by his friends to compete for the prize with a favorite and wealthy sculptor of noble birth. The day for raising the statue came—that of the patriotism was unveiled, and raptures of applause greeted the revelation. But it was in truth so small that as it ascended its beauty disappeared, and when it reached the top it seemed but a shapeless block. The statue of the poor mechanic was next unveiled. It seemed huge and uncouth, and resembled nothing divine or human. But as it ascended its apparent deformities disappeared; it grew more comely, and finally, when it reached the top, it seemed animate with divine beauty and life. The poor mechanic won the laurel and was borne off amid the shouts of the multitude. Let us, I say, bear this in mind. If among us there are men who appear rough and uncouth, it is because we have not lifted them to that proud position they are fitted to honor; it is because we have left them in obscurity to elevate the pandering and unscrupulous who promise only to deceive us.

Chang and Eng.

The Siamese Twins were taken down to Louisville, the other day, to be shown there. The showman who had charge of them gave the conductor but one ticket for the two. The conductor demanded two tickets, as they were two persons. He replied that they never yet had bought more than one. Conductor must have another.—Said the showman, "I bought the ticket for Eng. Chang can take care of himself; you can put him off the cars." As Chang could not go off without Eng, whose ticket was paid for, the conductor submitted with as good grace as he could.

WILLIAM BIRD, ex Governor of Ohio, now a citizen of Illinois has been indicted by the grand jury of the county of his residence for manslaughter, for shooting dead one of a party who went to his house last spring to make a noise on the occasion of the marriage of his son. Thomas Corwin has been engaged as one of his counsel.

An Interesting Case.

A Washington correspondent of the Southern Citizen gives the following account of a very curious case, which may occasion considerable diplomatic trouble to the United States and England:

The Ashburton treaty—the same that provides by its eighth and ninth articles that each, the American and British Governments, shall keep a fleet of eighty guns on the coast of Africa, with a view to the prevention of the Slave trade—provides by its ninth article for the extradition by the two Governments, respectively, of fugitives from justice, charged with murder, arson, robbery, forgery, &c. In May last, a Mr. James of Davidson County, in your State, had two negro boys, who, by means of forged papers, (purporting to be the writing of their masters, but in fact their own,) procured certain articles of merchandize from a dealer in Nashville, and immediately thereafter fled to Canada. Supposing themselves secure from pursuit in that remote and free territory, one of them dared to address his master, from the town of Chatham. Mr. James, being then advised of these circumstances, proceeded at once to charge them in form of law, with the forgery they had perpetrated. The affidavit preliminary to the issuance of a warrant in such cases, was made before Reuben Reynolds, of Nashville, which being properly certified by the Magistrate, and authenticated by Governor Johnson and Secretary Cass, the requisition contemplated by the treaty was formerly made.

Mr. James proceeded to Canada, fully prepared to establish the forgery. Arriving at Chatham he called upon the Mayor, who is invested with all the powers of a Justice of the Peace, and demanded the issuance of a warrant, with a view to the return of the fugitives as contemplated by the treaty. The negroes were apprised of the visit of Mr. James and his companions and immediately proceeded to call their friends both white and black into the streets by the ringing of a bell and the cry of "kidnapper." The Mayor not only positively refused to issue the warrant, but admonished Mr. James that he himself was in peril from the mob, and that he had better leave the place. As no effort was made either to restore the fugitives or protect the life of Mr. James, he did leave, feeling that upon British soil and in the presence of a Board of Trade, the treaty afforded no protection of the life of an American citizen, whose only offence was that he asked a compliance with this treaty, and this too, with the sanction and by the authority of the American Government. Mr. James returned to Tennessee, and recently submitted a statement of the whole transaction to the State Department. Gov. Cass has addressed Lord Napier upon the subject. Up to the time the British minister has done no more than acknowledge the receipt of Gov. Cass's communication, and to state that a letter had been addressed by him to the Canadian Governor making inquiries about the matter. Up to this date (10th Inst.) the State Department is not advised that any reply has been received by Napier from the Canadian authorities.

From this narrative of facts you will perceive that one or two very nice questions are arising out of the case. First, will the British government in violation of its plighted faith sanction the refusal of the Chatham Agistracy to issue a warrant for the arrest and detention, or extradition rather, of the two fugitives? Or, if the British government do not this, but rather to comfort it pretense of purpose to have the treaty observed shall in a diplomatic correspondence, censure the Chatham Mayor, and say that the fugitives shall be arrested and surrendered, may not they have notice and escape before a warrant can be executed, and in that event will that government make the reparation which is due not only due to the American government but also to Mr. James? In other words will England pay Mr. James $2,000, the value of the two fugitives which she has in violation of her treaty obligations, shielded from arrest? If the fugitives are not surrendered I have every reason to believe that not only may this reparation be insisted upon, but demanded, but Congress will be asked to regard this infraction of the treaty as a substantial abrogation of the entire instrument, and the — and then into what chaos will the fleet of eighty guns now cruising on the coast of Africa be ordered!

Tastings of Punishment.

An insolvent debtor being examined by the court, the following dialogue ensued:

Commissioner—What are American citizens?

Insolvent—Woolen cotton, and such things. [Laughter.]

Commissioner—Did you ever see them for sale?

Insolvent—We did. [Renewed laughter.]

Commissioner—And did you persuade the Yankees to buy them?

Insolvent—They did not know the difference. We sold them to the citizens of the west, Indian agents and other planters who said wooden hams, but we did not.

Probably this respectable merchant deemed himself in the supposition that Yankees actually took the wood-carvings for hams. Of course, they were far too wise to make any such mistake. They affected to receive them as genuine out of that politeness which is characteristic of American gentlemen. Mr. Woolf Levy, in the simplicity of his nature, could not conceive them capable of such dissimulation; but doubtless the fact was that the Yankees knew very well what sort of nutmegs they were buying, and bought them to sell again.

An End of Everything.

Hope, where will thou rest thy anchor?
Faith, where will thou cast thy oar?
If we cannot trust our brother,
Where is confidence in man?

Earth below will soon receive,
Sky appear a weak abyss,
When continental credit shakes,
Who will dream of woman's kiss?

The Invisible Pictures.—Nearly every one has heard of pictures that can only be seen in a certain light, and of others so contrived that they can only be seen from a certain direction. But the most magical painting are those in the National Gallery. These are invisible, except by glimpses, from the opening of the doors until one o'clock in the day. The phenomenon has been variously explained, but while trying for an hour or two, the other morning, to get a view of the new Vernonese, we fancied we had solved the problem. At one o'clock children must go home to dinner; no nursery maids must depart, and soldiers having no further excuse for hanging upon the rail, the pictures again take wing.

A Spanish Quarrel.

"Kanimake Felippe!" cried the clerk, at the Tombs, yesterday morning.

"This here's the man," answered policeman 1,193, looking as savage as a Congressman, whose speech had been cut off by the previous question.

"What's the complaint against the prisoner?"

"Why, sir, he vas fightin with a mustachio-monkeyist in Broadway, and ven I interfered he vas rusty, and so I took him up."

"What have you got to say for yourself, Mr. Felippe?"

Mr. Felippe rose suddenly. In his hand he held a hat that looked as if a rhinoceros had been using it for a mattrass. His coat had a white streak of shirt visible through the back, which made Mr. Felippe look like a seventeen year beast in the shell, which it is making preparations to leave. As to the rest of his wardrobe, it looked as if a small tornado had set in at the bottom of his trowsers leg and worked its way out at his shirt collar. One eye had, like a Broadway shop, closed for repairs.

"Why, you see, Mr. Justice, I say been down to York city yisterday to see the fashions of this ere town. Thought I'd like another to eat, so walked down into a cake shop. Called for some lotion, some coffee and custard! Those lotions was good. Went to pay my bill. Feller said it was three shillin. Gin two quarters. Feller handed me three cents change.—"What's this?" says I. "That's yer change," says he. "I want a shillin," says I. "No, yer don't," says he; "Spanish money don't taken at par any more," says he. "Look a here, stranger," says I, "I know all about yer failure—I've read about you in the papers, and read the elephant beside." You see I thought I'd make believe I was pretty well up to snuff, and that would skare him into actin' about right. He didn't say nothin', and I begin to get riled."

"Take an look a here," says I, "it's my opinion you keep a Peter Funk cake shop here, you do. Gi' folks in and then swindle 'em dead. Its the goldarnedest meanest kind o'robbery, that's what it is."

"There's the door," says he.

"I can't see it, without my shillin'," says I.

"Maybe you've got other money," says he.

"No, I hain't," says I—for I was afraid if I told him, some of his gang would get round me and take it from me."

"Then I can't help you," says he.

"Then you're a darned nincompoop thief," says I; "and you'd grat a man for a tuppenny nail."

"Git out," says he.

"Die fust," says I.

"Then I'll put you out."

"Try it on," as I peeled my eye for a scrimmage."

"With that he hove on; two waiters to back him. They hustled me, and I hit back. I'm feared one of them white aprons fellers won't be able to use my right drefts to him, if they should happen to be presented to him for a day or two. They got me out to the door, when this friend o' your's with the star took me the scruff of the neck, an' held me while tother fellow played a drum tune on my face. I was mad enough to lick a dozen of elefants, an' as I turns round to draw a bead on him, whew he! pulled out with a cheer leg that he carried in his pocket. A friend o' his'n been an' took hold o' me, an' las' time they gave me grass lodgins down stairs. Now, Mr. Justice, I want you just to let Jakes go along wi' me, an' make that Peter Funk cake-house keeper fork over that there nine pence."

In a few words the Justice informed Mr. Fripps of the new regulations concerning the Spanish coinage, and proved that the eating house proprietor was right. Mr. Fripps would have been fined for assaulting the officer, but the good natured official allowed it to go in consideration of his sufferings in behalf of the nincepence.

Let Mr. Fripps, and other residents of the rural districts, read the papers a little more attentively after this.

New York Paper.

Saving the Smithsonian Elephant.—The Washington Eagle of the 12th inst., says:

We had the pleasure of meeting Lieut. Col. John W. Shaw, late of the Washington army, yesterday. Lieut. Shaw was actively engaged in nearly all the battles fought during Walker's first invasion. He has been frightfully wounded in several places, but miraculously escaped death. He received a musket ball in the chest, which shattered the breast bone and ranged round his body, coming out below the right shoulder blade, and has one leg broken by a ball, and a dangerous cut from a sword, of about eight inches in length, on the left side. Another ball wounded him in the neck, into near the right eye, and a terrible one on the left side of the head, also a bullet in the shoulder, and two fingers of the left hand shattered. The Lieut. has been editorially connected with the New Orleans Courier. He is on his way home, Knoxville, Ky., where his mother resides.

A bill to prevent professional gamblers to obtain a license has passed the South Carolina Legislature. It provides that, in addition to the oath already provided by law, the applicant shall swear that he has not, directly or indirectly, won or lost, by gaming, any money or property during the twelve months next preceding the application for such license, and that he will not during the time for which such license is granted, play at any game for any money or property whatever, except in the regular course of trade or business. Any person violating the provisions of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding twelve months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court. Any person who shall play at any game for any money or property whatever, with any person under the age of twenty-one years, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding twelve months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court. Any person who shall play at any game for any money or property whatever, with any person under the age of twenty-one years, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding twelve months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.