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THOMAS LORING, Editor and Proprietor; BENJAMIN I. HOWZE, Corresponding Editor.--ONE DOLLAR Per Annum, invariably in Advance.

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For the Commercial.
OBSERVATIONS AND ODDITIES.
NO. 2.

A principle of life—Incidents of travel—Baltimore—The man who knew how to support life.

Mr. Editor: When I was a boy, one day got hold of a copy of Chesterfield's letters to his son, in which he says, a young man just growing up into the world, is like a traveller entering the confines of a strange forest; many paths present themselves, of which he knows nothing, and unless he keeps his eyes open as he goes, so as to see where others have trodden, he'll find himself, the first thing he knows, up to his arms in the mire, and no chance of getting out. This is not the exact language which is used, but it's the meaning of it, and I must say there's more truth than poetry in the comparison. It is not simply an idea, but a permanent and very melancholy fact. Whoever engages in business which brings him in contact with his fellows, must needs keep his eyes skinned, or he'll get stuck all around. And even if a man trades with one whom he knows to be honest, unless he keeps his eyes skinned, he'll find at last that he's come out at the little end of the horn. If a girl is about making choice of a husband, and doesn't inform herself of his merits or demerits, she'll find, when she marries, that her husband isn't the man she thought he was; and her chief regret will be, that she hadn't kept her eyes open. If a young fellow is in want of a wife, and is smitten with the showy charms of some blooming, cherry-lipped damsel, he's very apt to pop the question on the spur of the moment, and is equally likely, if he's a good looking fellow, to receive an affirmative reply; and then, when the knot is tied, and there's no back out, he's very apt to find that his darling wants to wear the unmentionables; and she, I know, wishes that he'd kept his eyes skinned. And all this is very natural, for no man would be fool enough to make a business of trading, and no one would be fool enough to marry unless they expected to better themselves. It is the way tradesmen live; and you show me a person of this description, a man who buys and sells for profit, yet don't keep his eyes skinned, and I'll point him out to you as a man who can hardly keep his chin above water during life, and leaves his family penniless at his death. I think the most amusing, and at the same time one of the most revolting pictures in life, is that of some grey-headed old sinner, who, with one foot already in the grave, is endeavoring, with lying words, mumbled forth from toothless jaws, to run his hand into the pocket of some unpledged chicken, and add to his own useless pile the little which he may realize from the transaction. My opinion of life is, that we're all like a parcel of boys around an apple tree, where the richest fruit is at the top; the longest pole secures the prize; and the only difficulty is, to distinguish amid the leaves the fairest and most coveted, so that we may know where and how to strike successfully.

So great was the impression made upon my mind by this suggestion of Chesterfield's, that I have ever since put it strictly in practice for my own benefit. For instance, I am never five minutes in a crowded room, without finding out what persons are present, and how they are occupied, as well as the extent of their enjoyment, or the contrary. Nor do I travel far in a public conveyance of any kind, without learning something of the persons with whom I am travelling. I make sure at least of their names, homes, and destination, as also, to a certain extent, of their business. Now I have no doubt that some persons will be found so uncharitable, as to style me inquisitive, but I think that when they come to reflect upon the importance of principle as a guide, they will more readily admit, that personal feeling should, in all cases, be sacrificed to it. Besides, in travelling, if you don't constitute yourself chief inquisitor, you'll find plenty who will perform the official duties most faithfully, as well towards yourself as others. This being the pre-requisite, and your information as regards my rule of action being full and complete, I think I may venture to entrust you with my doings, sayings and feelings while performing a long but pleasant journey.

About that season of the year when the free use of Cucumbers, Beets, and a host of other vegetables, furnishes our physicians a fair excuse for the bounteous administration of calomel and quinine, and in the year of our Lord, 1849, last past, I left the good people of Wilmington, to progress as best they might without my cheering presence, and taking a seat in the cars for the north, was, shortly after nine, in the morning of what proved an eventful day, rolling rapidly over the iron track. The first person who particularly attracted my attention on entering of about two and twenty, whose peculiar physiognomy was enough to awaken the admiration of any professor of the science. He was about six feet high, with broad shoulders, over which hung

a huge mass of tangled, red hair, which was so dry that I fancied it almost rattled as he shook his head; and such a head! no common hat would ever have come near fitting it; his eyes were of a kind of mixed glassy grey, with an intense gaze upon the tip of an enormous nose, which was elevated at an angle of about forty-five degrees; his mouth was very large and continually open, displaying a lot of irregular ebony teeth, dotted here and there with ivory; and to crown the whole, as if nature had concentrated her store of ugliness in his individual person, his face, which was remarkably red, was absolutely covered with small pox. On entering into conversation with him I found that he was a Mississippian, and his name Wethers, but all my art failed to extract any hint of his destination or business, though I discovered from his frequent anxious glances towards a quarter of the car in which sat a female figure closely veiled, that she was in some way connected with his journey. Acting upon this idea I questioned him concerning her, and his evasive replies, while they confirmed my suspicions, only excited my curiosity. I was stumped by his manner, and it was some time before I could fix upon a plan for acquiring the desired information. The lady sat like marble, during the whole morning, not once was her veil raised, and I really began to think that the breeze couldn't stir it, at length we arrived at Goldsboro, and the lady was escorted by my raw-boned friend to the Hotel, and her dinner was carried to a private room. Now was my time, I gently led this modern Hercules aside, and in the most quiet tone imaginable, asked him if he expected to make a clean run of it. Why? what d'ye mean sir, he inquired. Simply, I replied, that people say you are an abolition emigrant, and that this person whom you have with you is a runaway slave whom you are assisting to escape from her owners. You know 'Tars' is plenty along this road, and when we can't get feathers we use sand, which is a fine substitute. Why what in thunder shall I do, he gasped, while every vestige of blood left his features, I can't show her to all of them. Well, said I, I act for the party. He jumped at the offer, and in another moment I was standing at the door of the room which contained the mystery. I confess, that at this moment I felt some compunctious visitings, but it was too late to recede; the door was opened and closed behind me, and there upon a sofa, apparently unconscious of our entrance, sat the most perfectly beautiful female that I have ever seen; form, features, all were cast in the same mould of surpassing loveliness; her skin was like alabaster, which the rich tint upon her cheeks and lip but made appear more beautiful; and her long wavy tresses, now loosed from their confinement, hung down lightly upon a neck of transparent whiteness, but there was a startled look about the eye, a kind of wild, unsettled, wandering gaze, which spoke her misfortune.—She was a maniac. Never in my whole life have I felt for the distresses of others, so keenly as I did for hers. I asked no explanations, for none were needed, although my raw-boned friend, after our return to the cars, related to me her history; which was briefly this:

Her parents, residing in the city of C—, in Mississippi, had been for years among the wealthiest and most respected inhabitants; and she, combining all the advantages which wealth, beauty, education, and intellect bestowed, moved the brightest star in a bright firmament of fashion. Her affections were at length given to a young man of poor extraction, but of great merit, and the consent of all parties had been given to their union. At this juncture, her lover, who had speculated largely, failed for an immense amount sweeping at once blow the fortune of his intended wife's father, who was his endorser. Suspicions were entertained as to his honesty in the transaction, and he fled. His dishonor coupled with the misfortunes of her father, drove the poor girl to madness. Think of that, ye speculating asses, who risk your own fortunes and the credit of your confiding friends, upon one turn of the market, and henceforth, when you would try a hazardous experiment do it upon your own resources.

If you must make a noise, why do it with your own breath. I parted from my interesting companions at Petersburg—they going by Washington, and I, for variety, taking the Bay route. At Petersburg, we took a car for City Point; two men were sent ahead on foot to spike down the snake heads, and in a little less than three hours, we performed the almost incredible feat of running sixteen miles. At city point we took Steam Boat for Norfolk, off which place we arrived about five P. M. Here we exchanged into a larger boat and headed up the Bay.—Norfolk, from the point at which we lay, reminded me forcibly of the cities on a certain painting of the Mediterranean which was shown here last spring, all the houses being of the same size, color and material, with the necessary number of steeples, and all fronting the bay in a semicircle. This point being the nearest we were to the city, I can come no nearer to an accurate description. At sunset we passed old Point Comfort, and the triple rows of guns half-bared, reminded me of some huge yard dog guarding his masters premises by showing his teeth to intruders. I was told that this is the strongest fortress in possession of our government; and upon my word I believe it is; for, in addition to the fortifications on Land, there is a huge stone castle immediately opposite, rising out of the water, and having six tiers of ugly black guns on a side, showing their muzzles. They call this place the "rip rap." For the reason, I fancy, that a vessel attempting to run through, would be in the condition of the boy whose Daddy used to

box his ears with both hands, first ripping away on one ear, then giving him a rap on the other, and so on rip rap, rip rap, until he had punished him enough. There had been a storm on the bay a day or two before, and the waves were rolling quite high, and as the moon arose, their snowy crests gleamed and sparkled in its soft and silvery ray, until we seemed moving in a vast sea of silver studded with countless diamonds, while far to the left the wood crowned hills rose up towards the sky, in all the mellow beauty of a rare and magnificent painting.

Indeed, so enchanting was the scene that until far in the night, the gray crowds were promending the decks, in full enjoyment of the most grateful pleasure afforded to our organs of sight. I awoke next morning to find myself in Baltimore. What a change from the placid beauty which reigned upon the preceding evening. Now all was bustle, hurry and confusion; Drays, Waggon, Carts, and every kind of vehicle, driving at speed in all directions; men hurrying to and fro, and the Cabmen and Hack drivers, each bawling at the top of his lungs, the name of his Hotel. Baltimore is styled the "City of monuments," because, I presume, so many shot Towers and foundry Chimneys are visible from the water. These are, it is true, lasting monuments of the enterprise and energy of her citizens, but, so far as concerns monumental slabs, erected in honor of persons and events long gone, the good cities of Boston and Philadelphia are equally well supplied. From her location, as the great market to which are sent the Corn, Tobacco, Flour, and other products of the great western valleys; connecting by Rail Road, Sea, or Canal with almost the entire union, she must of necessity become one of the most affluent, as she is already one of the most important cities of the Union.

From this place I found myself travelling by rail road towards the Alleghanies, and at one P. M. they dined us at Harper's Ferry. This is a small place, containing but few houses beside those used in the manufacture and storing of some national arms. But the scenery upon the river above and below is grand beyond description. It was of this, that Jefferson once remarked, a trip across the atlantic would be amply repaid by one view of such grandeur. From the river the bank rises abruptly to a height of many hundred feet, covered with a dense growth of Laurel, through which, at intervals, peep forth grey points of mossy rock, which serve to impress the beholder with a feeling, that what he is looking upon will not shortly pass away. Centuries after centuries may roll on, and still this evergreen will be found clinging to the immovable rock, unmindful of the changes of time, and those mighty hills with their never fading covering will ever, as now, look down upon the river which winds lazily beneath them.

People used to tell me, that small men were apt to be small eaters; but we had a little fellow aboard, who could just out-eat creation. We dined at the opposition house, and everything in the way of eatables, fish, fowl and flesh, dressed up in every way; cakes, custards, puddings, and pies, liquors, ice creams, &c. were on the table. This little fellow sat opposite to me, and as he proceeded in his performance, I just laid down knife and fork and stared at him open mouthed. He ate a large slice of each kind of pie and cake; ate custards and jellies, eight glasses of ice cream, besides drinking four half pint tumblers of brandy and water; and then grumbled because the conductor wouldn't give him time to eat. Gracious powers! what a stomach he must have. He ate two hats full at the least, and then went off hungry. That evening at six o'clock we arrived at Cumberland, where coaches were in waiting to carry us over the mountains. PETER SNAPPS.

Wilmington, May 8th 1850.
Abolition Row in New York.—The Empire Club as Umpires. The Abolition Anniversary meeting, at the Broadway Tabernacle, where much vituperation had been indulged in, to the disparagement of leading men of the Union, was the scene of much excitement on Tuesday. W. Lloyd Garrison was abusing every thing and every body, when Capt. Rynders and his friends, who had taken position near the speaker, rushed pell mell upon the stage, telling him he must cease his abuse, else the proceedings should not go on. They could not, they would not, sit still and hear the nation abused in that style. The scene which here ensued defies description. The Empire Club people made the immense hall ring with their shouts of execration. Garrison and Rynders, on the platform, were each struggling to obtain a hearing. Fists were clenched and thrust into the face. In rushed the police, and out went many of the more nervous portion of the audience. Rynders addressed the meeting in opposition to the sentiments of Garrison, and then said he would sit down quietly if they would permit Professor Grant to address the meeting. Cries of "no!" were the universal response from the Abolition side of the house; but a compromise was finally agreed upon, to the effect that Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia, should have a hearing first, and then Professor Grant would be heard. Mr. Furness came forward and made a telling, "sharp-pointed" speech. He proceeded to show, from certain well-ascertained facts in natural history, that the negro was anything else but a human being, and that therefore the attempt made by the Abolitionists to amalgamate black and white,

men and brute, was monstrous in the extreme. The abolition party, getting angry at this attempted to put down the Professor, when another storm arose, to increase which, the Hutchinsons Family, stationed in the gallery, away out of harm's way, commenced singing the celebrated emancipation song, "Ye Sons of Equality."

After a quarter of an hour's further skirmishing, much menacing, but no actual fighting, partial order was restored, and Frederick Douglass, (black) came forward to address the meeting. He had just opened his lips to say, "Fellow citizens," when Rynders went up, and tapping him on the shoulder, said:—"Mr. Douglass, you can proceed, sir; but if you blackguard the country I shall knock you down." Mr. Matsell, the Chief of Police, interposed, and Douglass proceeded to address the meeting. He was listened to in tolerable quiet, and after he had finished, the Rev. Mr. May, (black,) of Cortland Co., had a few words to say; but he was not permitted to say them without a great deal of opposition. So things went on till half past one o'clock, when amidst much confusion, an adjournment was moved and carried.

From the Aurora. Joint Letters of Messrs. Strange and McRee. We publish below, a joint letter from these gentlemen recently appointed on the part of the Whigs and Democrats of this District, to represent them in the Nashville Convention it will be seen that both regard it as inexpedient under present circumstances to take their seats in that body—and recommend that should it meet in June next, as originally proposed, the members present adjourn over. We commend the careful perusal of the letter to all our readers, and request that it may have a general circulation. FAYETTEVILLE, May 11, 1850.

DEAR SIR:—The time for the Nashville Convention is at hand. A meeting pregnant with the most important results to the whole family of man. When chosen by the Convention of this Congressional District, in March last, as its representatives at Nashville, while justly proud of the honor, we felt most painfully the dread responsibility thus cast upon us. But we have no wish to propose to shrink from it. We felt assured that the same God who had led our Fathers through the scenes of the Revolution, would lead us also in the right way, either by the pillar of cloud or the pillar of fire. We believe we are all instruments in his hands to accomplish his purposes; and we knew by the past that those purposes for the future will be just and meritorious. Yet we are at this time greatly perplexed, and most confess that we see not those plain indications of what providence designs for us, to enable us to decide with confidence whether or not it is our duty to go to Nashville at the time proposed. At the New Ha' over meeting held in January, one of us felt no hesitation in saying that by the first Monday in June, it would be plainly seen that Southern Rights would meet with reasonable consideration from our Northern brethren; or that we must prepare to maintain them by dissolution and war. He was mistaken. The mysterious veil of the future still hangs over those events which must decide this question, and no one can safely conjecture in what form they will be revealed. Under those circumstances what can a Convention do? Nothing; nothing at least but mischief. Even resolutions adopted by it cannot possibly be of service, and would probably do harm. Should those resolutions be expressive of a united purpose at the South, to stand by their rights at every hazard, will they not justly be considered thus uttered pending a negotiation, as indecent threatening or idle bluster. And if conciliatory and mild, may they not beget doubts in many minds at least whether the hearts of Southern heroes are not failing them, as they contemplate in fancy, the great Potomac seaing their waves to the ocean, swollen and red with the blood of men poured out from kindred bosoms.

Besides this, a Nashville Convention is a strong measure, full of consequences; when over, it will be like an exploded bomb, no longer feared, not even respected; or will have left behind it sad and abiding evidences of its tremendous power. We should reserve it for a time of need, when like Sampson, wronged by his enemies past all endurance, he might wisely seek their destruction, even though it cost him his life. Sir, we are persuaded that these are the feelings of a large proportion of the people of our State, nay, even of our own district, which has been more forward than any other part of the State in this matter. We should now misrepresent them by participating in any action of a Nashville Convention at this time. It is the duty of every representative to reflect, as far as possible, the will of his constituents. If we believed that ours desired our attendance, we would go regardless of our opinions, or our personal convenience.—But, if the vote of the District could now be taken upon the question, a very large majority we think would even forbid us to go. We shall therefore not take our seats in the Convention at Nashville, unless some change takes place in the aspect of public affairs between now and the first Monday in June. We are much obliged to you for an article in the *Aurora* of Wednesday last, headed, "*The Nashville Convention again.*" Other resolutions are suggested therein which the Convention should not meet at this time, which you have thereby saved us the necessity of offering here. We hope those who do meet at Nashville at the time appointed, will adjourn without any other action, to a more suitable time at the same or some other

place, when and where the whole South, with undivided heart, may lift up a shout of joy for our glorious Union preserved, or rally with sad but determined purpose around the no less glorious standard of "Liberty and the Rights of the South."

We are, with great respect,
your friends and fellow citizens,
ROBERT STRANGE,
G. J. McREE.

Papers of the State are requested to publish the above.

From the Daily Alta California, March 20.
THE WASHERWOMEN'S MEETING.

Agreeable to a notice verbally circulated among all the gossips of the tub, a very numerous and highly respectable meeting of the laundresses and washerwomen of San Francisco, assembled at Washerwomen's Bay on Saturday afternoon. A great number of Browns, Whites, Greens, Smiths and Jenkin's were present and discussing with great feeling the project of the meeting. A number of French clear-starchers were also present, looking as elegant as ladies of ton.

The meeting was called to order by a lady in a very rich shawl and a shirred hat with a feather in it, who was chosen to preside. Other officers were also elected. This lady, whose name was said to be Spriggins, stated to her fellow-women that "this was California!" which announcement was received with a burst of enthusiasm. "They had not come to California to make money, (cries of "hear! hear!") They were useful members of society, and without their aid mankind would be as dirty as pigs, and the world one vast styte. That was a style which no lady present could tolerate. But while they wished to make money and at the same time to keep the public in clean clo's, they did not wish to place their necks upon them and bring out their last dollar as they would the last drop of water from a towel—not a bit of it! (cries of "no, no!") The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the expediency of reducing the price of washing from six dollars to four dollars per dozen! (cries of "No, no! Yes yes!") Who, she would ask, of all that well dressed assemblage which she was bound to say, wouldn't disgrace the court of Queen Victoria, leastways the levys of the President of the United States, had ever wore such fine clo's afore? Nary one on em! Let us then," she continued with great warmth, "plunge all our hands into our tubs and not strip them as has put all these fine clo's upon our backs. She was ready for one to do her part, and she reckoned she got up about as many pieces as 'on 'em. Fine feathers makes fine birds" remarked the lady-like chair-woman, "and the same remark holds good as regards clo's and wimmen—fine clo's makes fine ladies." This spirited address was greeted with tumultuous applause. A very gloomy looking lady, with a red face and dishevelled hair, flimsy cap, and a slab-sided, soiled calico dress, with her arms bare and red, rose and addressed the meeting as follows:

"Och ma'am, it's mighty fine for the likes of ye's wid all your fine silks and yer satwines to be talkin' about the reduction of prices; but its not for the likes of us to be consistin' to wash for divil a hap'orth less nor six dollars the dozen. What for 'ud we do it!—Would we be takin' the bread out of the children's mouths, and the pipes and the little drops of whisky out of our own? Sorra's the day! Sure if the gintlemen wants to have clane shirts let em pay for 'em, and if not why divil the bit do we care! Divil the hap'orth less nor six dollars will I take so yes can put that in your pipe and smoke it?"

This unexpected speech created the most intense excitement and produced a split in the meeting. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Rogers were called for, when the latter a very stout woman but rather short, mounted the tub amidst repeated cheers and calmed the perturbed spirits of the multitude. "Ladies," said she, "this 'eres all in my heye and my hellow! Let every tub stand on its own bottom. Them's my sentiments. If we listens to any stuff and nonsense such as that trash has been an utterm, we shall be hald in the suds agin. I'm blessed if I ar'n't willin' to work res'nable; I'm a demyocrat, I am, and so's my 'usband—leastways he was ven I last seed 'im; but polytics be blamed. I'm biled if I wants anything to do with 'em. Soap's fallen to a reasonable price and the Lud knows as wa'er's fallin' abundantly. I goes in for hevery man's 'avin' a clean shirt to his back. I'm biled if I don't! Hevery lady 'ere knows as 'ow a man makes a much more decent appearance in a clean shirt nor in a dirty one. And I goes in for 'em. (cries of "go in lemons!") "That's the talk!" "Go it Rogers!" I go in for reductin' down the prices, and if any 'ooman stands agin it, I goes in for cuttin' 'er lines and doucin' 'er in 'er hown suds." (Vociferous cheers and confusion, created by a fight between Mrs. Delany and another lady.)

As soon as order was restored the chair-woman announced that resolutions had been prepared for adoption by the accomplished Miss Bimkins. The reading having been called for Miss B. proceed to read as follows: Resolved, That in the opinion of the enlightened and unterrified washerwomen of San Francisco, in public meetin' assembled, the great unwashed require some consideration at their hands and at their tubs. (Applause.)

Resolved, That we will not blind them any more with soft soap, or throw hot suds in their eyes. Resolved, That we will from this time forth, for the amelioration of the sufferings of the public, reduce the price of washing in exact ratio to the fall of soap and of water. Resolved, That the idea that in California every man is his own washerwoman is chimerical and aint no such a thing, and ought not to be tolerated. (Cheers.) Resolved, That all outsiders as doesn't come into this arrangement ient christians and ought to be deprived of the privilege of tea and toast and not allowed to mix in this respectable society. ("Bravo!") Resolved, That this meeting, or as many as are inclined shall form themselves into a society to be called the "Washerwomen's Benevolent Society for the dissemination of clean clothes." (Tremendous applause!)

The resolutions were then adopted, and after a vote of thanks to the officers for the able manner in which they had presided, the meeting adjourned. The society was then formed and a number of most enlivening speeches made. One of the French clear starchers made an address in French which was Greek to the majority of those present, for which the applause was overwhelming and when she vacated the tub she was kissed and embraced by nearly all the ladies present.—The meeting of the society was adjourned to Jon Ling's Chinese Restaurant, where all partook of Bohea, Souchong, Gunpowder, Young and Old Hyson and other refreshing beverages and were enjoying themselves in the best possible manner when Mrs. Delaney broke in upon them and broke up the harmonious meeting, much to the astonishment of the China Boys.

QUICK ON THE TRIGGER.
"You will please observe," said old Mr. Lambwell, as he led us through his school the other day, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness as well as to discipline."

We had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup, while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another passing along behind snapped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, and caused him on a sudden to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping, the master shouted—

"Who done that?" The party unanimously cried out, "Jim Gun, sir." "James Gun, what did you do that for?" Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered that it was not his fault—that Tom Owen snapt him. This changed the direction of old Lambwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked; "Did you snap Gun?" The culprit, trembling with fear muttered: "Yes, sir, I snapt Gun—but didn't know he was loaded!"

MIND YOUR DOTS.
A Kentucky member of Congress wrote to his wife on his arrival at Washington City, that he had formed a connection with a very agreeable *Mess*, and expected to spend the winter very pleasantly. Unfortunately, to the surprise and mortification of the good lady to whom he was writing, he inadvertently dotted the *s* in the word *Mess*.

"So, here I am, between two tailors!" cried a beau at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

This rebutting testimony that we read of in the courts," said Mrs. Partington, "must be made it go down easier; the same way that they embezzle bibles with pictures, and make sugar-plums of rhubarb. How much better it would be if you could receive the truth without rebutting it. Don't you think so, sir?" continued she, accusing a counsellor present.

"Certainly, madam," replied he with dignity; "and consider the high price of butter, too."

USION MEETING IN ILLINOIS.—A public meeting at Evansville, Ill. on the 20th ult., adopted a series of resolutions, of which, among others, the following are a part: Resolved, That we deem it absolutely necessary, and consider it the duty of Congress to pass a law as soon as practicable for the recovery of fugitive slaves in any and all parts of our land; and we hereby instruct our representatives, in both houses of our National Legislature, to use all reasonable exertions to procure the passage of an effective and judicious provision on that object; that our slaveholding brethren may no longer have reason or cause to complain of us upon that score. Resolved, That the sacred principles of Christian civilization, the advanced state of enlightened society, our best and true interest, all require it at our hands, that we observe and discharge all the obligations and duties promptly and in good faith that exist between ourselves and other portions of our common country.