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TWO PICTURES.

TAKEN IN THE LIFE SCHOOL.

The magnificence of one class will ever be attended by the degradation of another. The true greatness of any country, the real power and grandeur of our own, lies in the equal condition of its people, and in the exercise of those virtues which forever flow from that equal condition, in the practical recognition of those immutable doctrines of equality, truth, mercy and justice, which form the teachings of the Saviour.—*Theodore Sedgwick's American Citizen.*

“Rather late to-day, Lucy; what has detained you, my daughter?” said Mr. Russell, to a rosy, plump school-girl, who entered the room in which he was sitting, and threw on the table an armful of books.

“In a moment, father, I will answer you, when I get rid of this more than Atlas burden, for besides the world round, and square, divided and subdivided, here is a world of books and a portfolio of drawings.” She seated herself beside her father, took off her bonnet, and resumed—“Maria Proctor asked me to go home with her and look at some beautiful paintings which have just arrived from Italy. Her cousin has been residing there several years, and executes any orders that are sent to him. I was thinking perhaps you would employ him, father—it would be so delightful to own such exquisite things!”

“And what are the subjects of those exquisite things that have fascinated you, my child?”

“Only one that fascinated me, father, tho’ they were sweet sunny landscapes which I admired very much, and that was the Cumaean Sybil. The Persian was there too, and it was very noble and very beautiful, but the other—oh! it was an angel, and so like—indeed, father, I am not mistaken!—her voice trembled—so like my mother.” She threw her arms round her father’s neck and burst into tears. Surprised and agitated, he pressed her convulsively to his heart, and silently gave way to his own feelings.

“Forgive me, dear father, for grieving you,” said Lucy, after a few moments, as she raised her head and brushed away her tears—“but if you could only see how splendid those paintings are, I know you would like to own them.”

Mr. Russell did not regain his composure as soon as the buoyant child—her heart had been bruised his was broken. After a long silence he said—“I have been for some time deeply interested in several pictures so human and life-like, that I am sure you would admire them. After dinner, if you choose, I will take you to see some of them.”

“Oh! yes,” cried Lucy, “I shall be very glad to go. And what are the subjects, father?”

“You shall try your skill at discovering them,” he answered.

Lucy’s dinner was soon over, and her dress carefully arranged. “Will you oblige me, my child by changing your bonnet for a plainer one?” said Mr. Russell. “It will form a striking contrast with the drapery in some of the pictures,” Lucy smiled. “You are surely not turning Quaker, father?”

“No, Lucy, although I think their plain attire possesses many advantages.”

The change was soon made, and they proceeded to the outskirts of the city. Lucy’s measured tread and decorous demeanor were left with the hard, unyielding pavement, and in all the buoyancy of youth and health she bounded like a young fawn over the green sod.

“E’en th’ slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her wry tread,”

exclaimed Mr. Russell, as he tried to follow her eccentric movements.

“Indeed it does seem to me as if a very small pair of wings would raise me from the earth,” cried Lucy, springing forward.

At length they reached a shady lane. On one side a little brook wended its murmuring course, fringed with flowers, and shaded with elms and willows, whose branches bent as it were in silent worship to the all-pervading spirit of loveliness.

“What a sweet picture!” said Lucy. “I wonder if this is the picture you brought me to see?”

“No there is a deficiency here which my pictures have not—human faces have got up the regular orator, and to be in the midst of a grand chorus, each trying to sing louder than the other. Well, as there is no talking,” said the sportive child, “I’ll join in the singing.” And she sent forth a clear, musical note, as merry and wild as those she was imitating.

On the other side of the lane stood a dwelling, which, though nothing but a rude hut, had been whitened by lime, and covered with flowering vines, and was now the prettiest box imaginable.

Honeysuckle and cypress twined round the door, like ministering angels, bearing fragrance and beauty to age and novelty. The door was thrown open, and near it, though it would have been difficult to get any distance from it, and remain in the room, sat an old woman knitting. Her dress, though coarse, was exceedingly neat and clean—a black calico gown, a check apron, and a cap whose dazzling whiteness would do credit to the Shakers.

The chairs whose seats had been transformed from willow to wood; one deal table, which looked as if it and the scrubbing brush were sworn friends, and a small bed covered with a clean patch-work quilt, were the principal articles of furniture.

“Ah, Maister Russell, and I’m verra glad to see ye, exclaimed the old lady, as she handed two chairs and seated herself on the side of the bed.

“Lucy offered to stand but was silenced by

the remarks—“Ah! sit ye down lassie; and dinna shame the auld woman’s poverty.—An’ wha may be the young cannie vesiet ye ha’ wi’ you?”

“My daughter Lucy, Mrs. Duncan, who is so delighted with your feathered friends and sweet flowers, that I know not whether she will be disposed to leave them?”

“Ah, the winsome lassie,” said she, taking the child’s hand, “I’ve na doubt when she becom’ accustomed to them, that she’d ken thar be iither things mair needfu’ thar wa na be sae plenty. An’ my ye dinna ken wha bro’t me the beauty sae pleasur to your bright een?”

“I do not, indeed, but some one of taste I am sure.”

“Ah, taste’n’ feelin’, an—”

“But,” interrupted Mr. Russell, “I think you soiled the seeds and planted the slips, yourself, Mrs. Duncan.”

“Verra true verra true, but if sum’n han na given me them, and tauld me what to do, I wud na had any thing the lang summer days to admire.”

Her significant wink gave Lucy to understand the name of *sum’n* as plainly as if it had been spoken.

“The old Inquisitor Mrs. Duncan,” asked Mr. Russell, “how does he treat you now—does he screw the rack as hard as ever?”

“Ha, ha, ha Inquisitor indeed. Na, na, the leenament ye gied me loosened the screw and I can use my hands, ye see, brawlie.—Ye ha’ been verra kind to me, I wud na forget the Gude that gives ye the prevelige to bine up the brauken hearted.”

While the old woman went to her little closet to get an apple for Lucy which had been given her by a kind neighbor, the child whispered—

“I think I begin to understand your picture father,” Mr. Russell smiled.

“Though sorry to deprive Mrs. Duncan of what would have been a treat to her, Lucy was afraid of hurting her feelings by a refusal and after thanking her and taking a kind leave, they resumed their walk.

“On the way Mr. Russell informed Lucy, that some seven or eight months since happening to pass the hut, he saw a funeral moving from it. Only four poor looking persons followed besides the old woman they had just seen. Her bent form and tottering steps attracted his attention, and on inquiry he found that she was following to the grave her only child, indeed her only relative.—He had been a journeyman carpenter, a sober and industrious lad, for the last year sick and incapable of working much. As long as he was able he made flower frames and light articles, which his mother sold; those with her exertions, kept them from starving, but with all her industry and prudence she had not been able to keep out of debt, and the man who gave the information added—“What will become of the creature now I know not, for her strength is gone, and her heart is with poor Jamie in his grave.”

Mr. Russell hesitated whether to wait for the old woman’s return and intrude upon her sorrows, or call the next morning with aid. He decided on the former, to relieve her mind from the anticipated horrors of the alms house.

“Will you excuse my troubling you now, Mrs. Duncan?” said he as the poor creature tottered up to her desolate home. “Na, na, I canna speak ye onybody now. I canna fash mysel’ wiv’ worldly cares,” she answered, motioning him away with her hand.

“No matter, my friend, I will call to-morrow,” said Mr. Russell, in a sympathizing tone. It reached her heart, and turning to the speaker, she said.

“Ye ha’ a kindly luke and gentle speech—can I, can I?”

When she entered the solitary room and missed the pale face which she had watched so long, night and day, she felt that the only star which lighted her evening sky was set forever, and burst into an agony of grief.—When the expression of her grief had some what subsided, she exclaimed, “Oh, that I could follow the sweet bairn to his grave in those gay happy clutches!”

“Other garments were suited to her feelings were sent to her the next day, and the dwelling which was in a most dilapidated state, repaired and made comfortable; and row in the long warm days, she could earn something to relieve the burden of dependence.

“I dinna ken what wad a become o’ the auld cretur, if Providence had na sent ye!” exclaimed the grateful being, a month after Jamie’s funeral.

“He would have employed some other missionary, Mrs. Duncan, was the answer.

“And how do you like my picture, Lucy?” asked Mr. Russell.

“Oh verra, verra much,” answered the animated child. “I don’t think,” she added, “that it is as beautiful as mine; but then the moral, I suppose, is better. Can’t a picture have a moral as well as a story, father?”

“Certainly.”

“Any more pictures, father?”

“I had intended to show you another of the same school, but as business leads me in an opposite direction, you shall see one altogether different in design—drawing—coloring—everything.”

“Is this a private house?” inquired Lucy, as Mr. Russell stopped before an immensely large edifice.

“It is—and you shall be introduced to its interior,” he said, ringing at the door. It was opened by a liveried servant, who showed them into the dining room, and took Mr. Russell’s name, three other rooms were thrown open, displaying the most costly and beautiful furniture. The servant returned in a moment, and requested them to walk up stairs. The hall and stairs were marble. The apartments on this floor were also thrown open, and far exceeded the others in magnificence. Lucy whispered,

“Where can the bed-rooms be, father?”

“Above this, of course,” was the answer.

Then, they must have as far to go to bed as poor Sally Jones in her garret,” remarked the child.

They were ushered into a small room fancifully arranged. The walls and ceiling were exquisitely painted. On the end opposite the window, which was shaded with lace drapery was the representation of a window, with a similar curtain, and peeping out from behind it was a young and beautiful face.—One side of the door was Leander, just landing, after his perilous voyage, and rushing into the arms of Hero—the moon shining out in full glory, and lighting up the most enchanting landscape. On the other—Leander just commencing his last fatal effort, and Hero, scarcely discernible in the intense darkness, kneeling, and with uplifted hands, supplicating heaven for his safety. Opposite to these, was the first meeting of Calypso with Telemachus, on her charming island.—The ceiling was concave, divided into four compartments, and contained representations of the four seasons. From the centre was suspended a lamp of antique form and exquisite workmanship. The apartment had been intended as a *bois* for Mr. Wittless’ only daughter, who had died a few years before, leaving one child. An old gentleman, and the original of the arch face at the window, were the only persons in the room when Mr. Russell and Lucy entered. The former, pale and emaciated, was reclining on a damask couch; the latter, a very Hebe, was bending over him, wiping the moisture from his brow, and trying to lure to his relief, some cooling air, by means of a large fan.

“Ah Russell, glad to see you! Going fast you see—going fast!”

“Not so bad as that, I hope,” said Mr. Russell, taking the invalid’s extended hand. “It is natural for the worn-out spirit to anticipate the worst, and have all the appliances and means that can aid in your recovery.”

“Yes, thank Heaven! I’ve a jewel of a doctor; only one fault, Russell—only one fault. Attentive and skilful—but such bills! Never think of paying one as it is sent—always cut it down to suit myself. From the last bill I deducted 20 per cent, and then thought the fellow well paid.”

“There must certainly have been a great difference of opinion,” remarked Mr. Russell.

“Yes, he assured me that he had charged but half of what the law allowed him—spoke of his large family, etc.; but I was not to be humbugged through my heart.”

Mr. Russell’s contempt would certainly have been visible to any but such little mean blinkers as were now fastened upon him.

“What are you musing about, Russell? Any thing of moment on your mind?” inquired the sick man, after a short pause.

“Yes—the business about which I could to see you, Mr. Wittless, is of great moment.”

“Proceed my friend.”

“You recollect Edward Miln? I believe you and he were cronies in past years.”

“Remember him perfectly. A very clever fellow was Ned. But he is not living?”

“No, but he has left a son, who is very unfortunate; and I have been endeavoring to procure pecuniary aid, or influence to enable him to commence business.”

“Very sorry for the young man, Mr. Russell, but can’t have anything to do with the affair.”

“I am sadly disappointed Mr. Wittless, for in making out a list of those whose willing cooperation I expected, your name stood first.”

“I am too old and too sick, Mr. Russell, to attend to such affairs now. Besides there is no reason why he should not work for his money as I have done. No, no, I didn’t labor in my youth for the pleasure of assisting beggars in my old age.”

Mr. Russell was hurt. “He is not a beggar, sir,” said he, “and I am very sure never will be, at least if I have the power to prevent it. In justice to him, allow me to add, that he is utterly unconscious of what I am endeavoring to do for him.”

“Well, well, Mr. Russell, as you please,” explained the poor, beggarly poor rich man; “You can afford it, I suppose—I can’t.”

A servant entered with a note to Mr. Wittless, which he opened and read, and then turning to the bearer, said, “Tell him to have them here early in the morning, Ben, and to call up Mr. Squire, My agent, with his bill.” Then addressing Mr. Russell, “This is the way my money flies—a thousand dollars for a span of horses. My sons will be here to-morrow from the South and I promised them an entire new equipage.”

Mrs. Russell rose, and beckoned to Lucy, who was standing in an adjoining room, with her arms thrown lovingly round the sweet child’s neck, talking as familiarly as if they had been old friends. They parted with a warm kiss, mutually delighted with each other.

When Lucy and her father were in the street, “You now see why I cannot purchase Italian pictures, my love,” said he.

“Not that you love beauty less, but humanity more, I suppose. But wasn’t that an angel child, father?”

“Too lovely, indeed to be under such debasing influence,” remarked Mr. Russell, with a sigh.

“Do you know, father, I thought that Mrs. Duncan, in her flower-covered hut, seemed more happy than Mr. Wittless, in his great castle.”

“But can you think of no way in which the happiness of both might be increased?” asked Mr. Russell.

“By Mr. Wittless giving a few of the chairs that he cannot use very often to Mrs. Duncan, who hasn’t quite as many as she needs.”

“Precisely so. I trust, however, that some day justice will take the place of charity—

not that charity that suffereth long, and is kind, and thinketh no evil; but that which doles out with niggardly hand, a poor pittance to the troublesome intruder, to be relieved from his importunities. I am sure Lucy, you would rather have the power to make one heart happy than to own the beautiful Sybil!”

“Indeed I would just now at least; yet when I am drawing so-morrow, and thinking of color and symmetry, I shall very likely wish for it just as much as ever. Do you think,” asked the girl, earnestly, “it is sinful to gratify taste, father?”

“No, my dear,” replied he with much tenderness. “It comes from the source of every good and perfect gift, but should not minister to our selfishness. You know we felt some contempt for the person on whom we called a few days since, because, while his walls were covered with choice specimens of art, he was deeply in debt. Now I think God has made us all debtors to those poorer and more ignorant than ourselves; to overlook them, therefore, in the gratification of our refined sense of beauty, seems to me not only selfish but dishonest.”

From the Greensboro’ Patriot.

THE CHARLOTTE MINT.

Uncle Sam seems disposed to verify towards North Carolina the scriptural threat towards a worse character; for while to Virginia, (for instance) which hath much in the way of federal enrolment and office, more is given; but from North Carolina, which hath not, is taken away even that which she hath.

The Secretary of the Treasury in his report to the present Congress, recommends the discontinuance of the Mint at Charlotte. The Honorable Secretary may not be as well informed of our State history and prospects as those nearer home; to us it appears an ill-timed recommendation, while our people are hard at work, building a railroad through the State, and furnishing access by steam to Charlotte from the North, as well as from the South. Charlotte will soon be rendered convenient of access from the commercial world. Besides, the original inducement for establishing the Mint in western North Carolina is becoming stronger every day. The mining interest is daily increasing, in extent of operations, importance and value to the community. This is the case, we believe, throughout the mining region of the State. In our own county of Guilford mining never has been carried on so extensively and profitably to the laboring community as at the present time. The works at Hodgkin Hill and at the McCulloch Mine, owned by a company residing mostly in this county, and chiefly supplied by our energetic townsman, James Sloan, Esq., present scenes of enterprise, skill and industry deserving the encouragement of the country, and the countenance of Government too, so far as facilities for coinage are concerned—for we understand that the Guilford gold is principally sent to our own Mint, to be transformed into “yellow boys.”

We trust that Uncle Sam will pay no attention to the advice of his Secretary; but let his servants stay with us and continue to set his marks upon our gold.

A Discovery Interesting to Florists.

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells us of a most beautiful and interesting discovery which has lately been made by a celebrated Parisian horticulturist, by the name of Hobart.

“I was persuaded (says he) to go to his rooms a few days since, and I assure you I had no reason to regret the long walk I had taken. Beneath a large glass case, four or five feet in height and as many in circumference, were placed pots of roses, japonicas, pinks, dahlias, china asters, etc., all in bud. By means of a certain gas, invented by himself, and which is made to pass by a gutta percha tube to any pot required, Mr. Hobart causes the instantaneous blooming of the flowers. The ladies in the room asked successively for roses, dahlias, japonicas, and saw them burst into full bloom and beauty in a second. It was really wonderful. Mr. Hobart is now trying to improve on his discovery, and to make the gas more portable, and its application less visible. The secret is of course his, and his rooms are crowded every day with the most delightful spectators. I wish I could send you the lovely camilla I received, which when asked for was so tightly enveloped in the green leaves of its calyx, that the color of its flower could not even be guessed at; and yet the request was hardly out of my lips when the beautiful white camilla was in my hand. When he has made a little more progress, Mr. Hobart intends to get out a patent and deliver his discovery to the public.”

NOT TO BE BEAT.

A public dinner in Edinburgh had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course, at an argument of this kind, a Scotchman possesses, from constant practice, overwhelming advantages. The Highlander’s logic was so good, that he beat his opponent on every point.

“You will,” he said, “admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?”

“Certainly not,” was the confident reply.—“You see, sir, ours is a mountainous, yours a flat country. Now if our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you hundreds of miles.”

A SIMPLE.

“My Bre’heren,” said a preacher, descending on the difficulties of the sinner, “it is an easy task to row a skiff over Niagara Falls, but a tremendous job to row it back again.”

THE BRITISH PRESS AND THE U. S. NAVY.

The British United Service Journal thus speaks of our Navy:—

From its infancy to its present state, most bravely, most gallantly, have the officers and men in the naval profession of America held up the honor of their flag. There is scarcely one action in which the slightest imputation can be cast on any individual. They have never avoided their enemies excepting when it would have been the height of imprudence to have faced them. They have fought with the most determined valor. They have, in many cases, been successful over a nation which held undisputed the command of the ocean; and this very circumstance of combating an enemy flushed with almost universal victory, adds a great luster to the navy of the United States.

A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, and a love of one’s country are the support and ornament of a government.

FATHER MATHWES’ RETURN TO IRELAND.

Father Mathew, on his return to Ireland from the United States, was received by his countrymen with every demonstration of regard and esteem. The Common Council of Cork presented him with an address of congratulation, to which he responded in a speech of much feeling and eloquence, in the course of which he thus referred to the people of the United States, and the manner in which he was received by them.

“No language, gentlemen, which you could frame, can sufficiently express the measure of our common obligation to the noble hearted and generous citizens of America, (hear, hear.) You have had ocular demonstration of their beautiful sympathy, when, in the day of your tribulation, you witnessed in your magnificent harbor, the Star Spangled Banner proudly floating over the frigate “*Jamesstown*,” the distribution of whose precious freight (a great nation’s spontaneous offering on the altars of humanity) saved innumerable lives within the precincts of our famous stricken country. I have traveled thousands of miles in the great Western Republic, and never have I experienced, not only in the Capitol, but through the wide expanse of America, aught but respect and kindness from its high-minded citizens, (hear, hear.) My transatlantic tour is fraught with a thousand fond reminiscences, never to be forgotten. (hear, hear.) I fervently hope that the strong feelings of sympathy and friendship, which now exist between the people of Ireland and America may continue as permanent and durable as the many virtues they possess in common, (loud and long continued applause.) Your allusion to my dear expatriated countrymen, whom I had the happiness to meet in the great Republic, and the greater happiness of enrolling among my disciples, has touched a chord which vibrates through my whole frame.— Though painfully struck with the sad contrast which our dearly beloved country presents in many particulars, with the favored land which I have recently left I yet see no reason for apathy or despair. Ireland—this is not the place to investigate the cause—is now passing through a severe transitory ordeal, from which I trust she will ere long brightly emerge, and enter on that glorious career of national prosperity to which her ample resources, now in progress of development most naturally entitle her, (hear, hear.) I feel delight in already recognizing marked indications of a spirit of industrial activity and enterprise, which, combined with self-reliance and perseverance, cannot fail to effect for her that social regeneration which it has already accomplished for so many nations in the history of mankind.” (renewed applause.)

THE MOTHER OF A PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Polk, the mother of the late President of the United States, died last week at Columbia Tennessee. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church—regular in her attendance upon the services of the sanctuary; humble and exemplary in her deportment; and esteemed and beloved by the whole community. Her venerable form might be seen every Sabbath in the house of prayer.

It is known that while Mr. and Mrs. Polk were in the Presidential Mansion, their example, so far as the Sabbath and attendance upon balls, &c., was concerned, was decidedly favorable to the cause of religion, Mrs. Polk being a number of the church, and consistent in her profession.

We may here venture to make a statement, of no great interest perhaps but going to show the power of maternal influence.— When Mr. Polk was President of the United States, we were introduced to him at the White House, and he remarked, “I have long been a subscriber to your paper for an aged mother, who still lives and reads it with great interest and attention every week.”

We said to him that his respect for the Sabbath day had been gratifying to the religious sentiment of the country. He replied, “I was taught by a pious mother to fear God and keep his commandments, and I trust that no cares of a government of my own, will ever tempt me to forget what I owe to the government of God.”

We have often recalled that remark, as worthy of being repeated publicly; and now that the mother and the son have both gone to their final account, it is proper that this fact should be put on record. Mothers may teach lessons to their sons which they will not forget when they become Presidents.

We have heard it said that Mr. Polk lived a mile or two from his mother, but never failed to visit her every day of his life, while he was in health and in town.

N. Y. Observer.

NEW YORK POLICE REPORT.

It appears that there have been 180,646 persons arrested in a period of six and a half years, of whom 18,793 were for assault and battery; 25,164 for disorderly conduct; 2,645 for fighting in the street; 44,333 for intoxication; 35,048 for intoxication and disorderly conduct; and 14,800 for vagrancy. Making 140,792 for offences resulting almost entirely from the free use of intoxicating drinks.

For the six months ending on the 31st of December 1843 arrests were made, being an increase over the previous six months of 650; consisting mostly of persons arrested for intoxication or offences resulting therefrom. There were sixteen persons arrested for murder, making thirty-six persons arrested for that offence during the year 1851.— Since the first organization of the department (six and a half years) there have been one hundred persons arrested charged with the commission of the crime of murder, averaging 15½ persons for each year. It is a fact worthy of remark that of the whole number mentioned above, but one murder has been committed in 6½ years with the view of obtaining money.

A BLACK EYE.

Whenever you get a black eye by a fall on the ice, or from running against the bed post, apply a cloth wrung out of very warm water and renew it until the pain ceases.— The moisture and heat liquifies the blood, and sends it back to the proper channels. Use warm or hot, but never use cold water to the bruise.

A mother may wear and waste a mother’s beauty, strength and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun, when he goes forth in his might; for it is always in the meridian and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, you winter with woman; but with the mother—as mother—it is always spring.

A CURE FOR WARTS.

Take a leaf of a plant called the house-leek, which is quite common about household, peel it and bind it upon a wart when you go to bed. In the morning the wart will be softened to such an extent that you may pull half of it off. Repeat the application two or three nights, and the excrescences will disappear, leaving no mark behind. We have tried this frequently since we were a boy, and know it to be an unfailing remedy.

A YANKEE ON A BUST.

“Massy saiks alive, Eb’s back hum again! says cousin Sally, running into the kitchen to Maam Green, who up to the elbows in dough ‘dropt all’ and came out to see her hopeful son stalk into the porch as big as all out-doors.

“Whar on airth have you bin?” said the old lady.

“Whar have I bin? Why, down to Boston.”

“Massy saiks, Eb, what on airth [did you dew—had you a good time Ebenezer?”

“Good time? Oh—oh persimmons!—hadn’t I a time! Cute time, by golly; a and marm, I made the money fly—did by golly!”

“Why, hoav you talk Eb?” says marm Green. “I hope son, Ebenezer, you did’n’t break any of the commandments, or nuthin’?”

“Break the commandments? W—d—n—! I break nuthin. Everlastin salvation, marm you don’t spose a feller’s going the Boston, and not cut a shine or nothin. You see, marm, I went into a shop to get a drink of that almighty good stuff spruce beer, and two gals, sleek creters, axed me to treat!”

“Laud saiks alive! You did’n’t do it though Eb?”

“W—d—n—! I did though now! I was on a time, marm, and I did’n’t care a darn whether school kept or not, as the boy told his boss.”

“Ebenezer, don’t you sware?”

“Hain’t a goin to, marn; but you see them gals axed me to treat, and I did and I don’t care a darn who knows it. You see I paid for thar two glasses of spruce beer and mine, that was a lo-pence slap dab; then I brought two cents worth of resinse for ‘em, and by Bunker, I’d rather sput that whole ninepence, than gone off sneak-ly!”

COMPRESSING THE WAIST.

In the personal recollection of Charlotte Elizabeth, the following passage occurs.— Her father came in while the stay-maker was spreading out her buckram, whalebone, &c.

“Pray, what are you going to do with the child?”

“Going to fit her with a pair of stays.”

“For what purpose?”

“To improve her figure; no young lady can grow up without them.”

“I beg your pardon; young gentlemen grow up very well without them, and so may young ladies.”

“Oh, you are mistaken. See what a stoop she has already; depend upon it, that girl will be both a dwarf and a cripple if we don’t put her into stays.”

“My child may be a cripple, ma’am, if such is God’s will, but shall be one of *His* making not ours.”

Therefore she grew up without headaches, or other lady like maladies.” The stiffening now put in the dresses of our females is more injurious to the vital parts of the body than the stays could ever be.

ARREST OF KIDNAPPERS.

Two men charged with kidnaping slaves at Norfolk, were, by means of the telegraph, arrested at Weldon, N. C. on Wednesday last.