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TERMS.

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POETRY.

The following lines are from the pen of J. H. Carpenter, a gentleman who comes from—we don't know where, and is engaged in—we don't know what; but should be extremely happy to know more of him, if the following excellent Lines express his candid opinion:

Don't tell me of To-morrow! Give me the man who'll say, That, when a good deed's to be done, Let's do the deed to-day: We may all command the present If we act and never wait; But repentance is the phantom Of the past, that comes too late!

MISCELLANY.

KINDNESS.

So much has been said and written on the power of kindness, that a writer at the present day who should suppose that he could add anything new or original—except by way of illustration—to what has been often advanced, might justly be deemed presumptuous; and yet, while there is so much kindness in the world; if it may not be amiss occasionally to repeat ideas which are well known, but which apply to seldom acted upon. The object of the present article, is not so much to dwell upon the duty as the effect of kindness; not so much to echo the voice of religion and reason, as to show the policy of uniformly acting on the principle of thinking, feeling, and acting kindly towards all with whom we come in contact—thus appealing mainly to self-interest. "You can catch more flies with a single drop of molasses than with a whole gallon of vinegar." If we wish our passage through life to be smooth and pleasant, it is absolutely essential that we be considerate of the feelings of others, and that we treat those upon whom we depend for the comforts and conveniences we enjoy, with respect and kindness.

The effects of kindness are two fold: first upon the recipient and then upon the giver. An employer who speaks and acts kindly to those engaged in his service, will have his work done cheerfully and well, and he will derive much happiness from the consciousness of acting rightly, and will escape the thousand petty annoyances which those daily encounter who act on the opposite principle.

The man who begins in the morning by cursing his servant, and hurling the boot-jack at his head, and kicking the dog or cat out of the way, will most assuredly pass the day displeased with himself and all around him. "Curse, like chickens, always come home to roost."

Some persons appear from their actions, to think it beneath their dignity to speak kindly to those who are in an inferior station. Certainly, they have but a very imperfect knowledge as to whereon the true dignity of man consists, and until their pride is diminished or their knowledge increased, they must be permitted to fume and fret, and make themselves miserable. They are to be found in almost all the hotels, and on all travelling thoroughfares, grumbling and finding fault, with (perhaps caring) all those to whom they are obliged to be indebted for assistance or favors. The whole race of doctors, boatmen and waiters, seem to have combined in a conspiracy to annoy this class of the community, and render them as uncomfortable as possible.

No one who has travelled much can have failed to observe another class of persons, not so numerous as it should be, but sufficiently so to attract notice. The persons in question are those who appear to be ever in a good humor with every body about them, whose wants are promptly and pleasantly attended to, and who pass over hundreds of miles, their countenances unclouded by frowns, and their tempers untroubled by vexation. How is it that they escape the impositions and annoyances of which others complain?—Wherein lies their secret?—Unquestionably in the fact that they are moderate in the amount of service they require, and kind in their manner of demanding it. Kindness begets kindness; and it is not long that

ill-nature begets ill-nature. The good will of the roughest and most profane boatman on our Western waters, may be gained by a few words kindly spoken, and he will remain your friend to the end of the voyage; and all this may be done without any undue familiarity on your part, or lowering yourself to his level. This remark is the result of experience as well as observation.

MONSTER.

Some weeks or perhaps months since I gave you the particulars of the wounding and arrest of a sergeant of the 74th Regiment of the French army, stationed at Paris. The man's name was Bertrand, and you may recollect that he was charged with digging up the graves of young females buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, and with the commission of the most horrible and unheard of acts upon their lifeless bodies. Every attempt to arrest this monster, you may further recollect, proved unavailing for a long time, owing to his surprising strength and agility; but at length a spring gun, loaded with slugs and placed upon a newly made grave, fortunately exploded while he was in the act of committing one of his atrocious desecrations, wounding him so badly that he was finally arrested and secured. By the last Paris papers I see that he has recently been tried, his wounds having so far healed that he was brought into court. He is described as a young man with a singularly mild expression of countenance. He answered all questions and otherwise conducted himself before the court with the greatest calmness. As an account of his trial may not be uninteresting, I send you an abridged report. After the indictment was read, the prisoner unhesitatingly admitted his guilt, and said that he had first committed a violation of a cemetery at Biere, near Tours, in February, 1847; next at the cemetery of Pere La Chaise; in July and August in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse; in August at the cemetery of Ivry; in September and December in Mont Parnasse. When he had dug the bodies from the graves he hacked them in the most frightful manner, cutting off the flesh, separating the limbs, in some cases ripping up the bowels, and taking out the liver. Sometimes, he said, he mutilated as many as ten from fifteen corpses in a night, and afterwards buried them again. His only motive, he declared, was to gratify a sort of rage which he felt, and which he could not possibly control. He generally employed his sabre or his knife to mutilate the bodies. He dug open the grave with his hands, or with any instrument that fell in his way; sometimes his hands were covered with blood, but he felt no pain till the day after. The marks of teeth appeared on one corpse, but he denied that he ever made use of his teeth. His rage for destruction did not, he said, extend to the living; it was exclusively confined to the dead. He knew that traps were set for him and that he risked his life by going into the cemeteries, but when the rage took him he could not resist. His malady came on once a fortnight and commenced by headaches. Since he had been in the hospital he had not felt any renewal of his frightful desires. "Some of my comrades died by my side," said he, "and having seen them die, I am now cured, and I am afraid of a corpse." Dr. Marchal (de Calvi), surgeon major at the military hospital of the Val-de-Grace, who attended the prisoner when he was brought in wounded, read a full confession, which Bertrand had made to him, and had authorized him to make public. In this he declared, that at an early age he had been afflicted with a sort of madness, but it did not cause him to commit any excess. He, however, was accustomed to go to the darkest wood, and sometimes pass whole days in a state of profound sadness. It was only the 23d or 25th February, 1847, that his malady broke out—having entered a cemetery with a comrade, he saw a grave only partially filled up. This gave him what he called dark ideas; his heart beat violently—he was no longer himself. He subsequently returned to the cemetery, dug up the body, and beat it furiously with a spade.—He then buried the body again. When he had done this he fell into a cold perspiration, and notwithstanding it was raining violently he went and lay down in a wood, where he remained senseless for several hours. He was seized in the same way after his other violations in cemeteries; at first had only mutilated women's bodies but subsequently a new and horrible passion with respect to them seized him. Dr. Marchal declared that in his opinion the prisoner had been afflicted with a dreadful monomania, which made him not responsible for his acts. "I believe," added the witness, "that Bertrand was under the empire of a power which dominated him—in the ancient times it would have been called a demon—and which drove him in spite of himself, to commit acts of which our science offers no example." The witness further said that Bertrand, after seeing some people die, said, "I am cured now? I have seen men die!" After hearing the prisoner's counsel, who argued that after the evidence of the medical man he ought to be acquitted, the court-martial declared him guilty of a violation of tombs, and condemned him to a year's imprisonment, the maximum of the punishment fixed by law.—Kendall's Letter from Paris.

THE SECRET FOUND OUT.

The following is an extract from an address, delivered on the occasion of a banner presentation by Miss REESE, to a Division of the Sons of Temperance in Georgia: "As a lady, I might complain, that by your organization, you exclude us from the secret of your Order. You group yourselves together—you talk, you plan—you act. No listening ear of woman is there to catch the words which fall from your lips—no prying eye to mark your deeds, all is secret, as you think. But in spite of you the secret will out, and we ladies know it. "You talk and plan—but we see the young man, who just now by his devotion to his cup was wrecking all of hope for eternity, mingling in your association, safe from the ruin which befalls him. The grey-headed father looks upon his son thus saved, and a smile, radiant with the light of joy plays brightly on the old man's face. "We see the husband, who stood trembling upon the very verge of the volcano—another step or two and the fearful plunge had been taken—retreating from his perilous position and seeking safety in the association of your Order, and then the wife, whose aching heart has long endured in silence the intensity of his grief stands up with the mountain pressure gone, and soon links her affections to her sobered husband. These are your deeds—you dry up the tears of grief; you hush the sighs of the broken hearted; you stop, the prodigal in his career—you give light for darkness, hope for despair; and roll upon the bosom of society a steam which has healing in its waters. This is your secret."

THE STYLE MUDDY.

A fledgling lawyer, named P. P. Lowe, delivered an Oration before the astounded citizens of Dayton, Ohio, on the Fourth of July, which must have opened their eyes not a little. The author, not satisfied with flinging the thing at the ears of his friends, publishes it for the gratification of the entire world, including the States of Edgecombe and Buncombe. In speaking of himself, the succinct orator says, that "he grew with the sprig, and sprouted with nature's first attitude." But he does not tell us what nature's first attitude was. And speaking of the Indians, he thus clearly defines their present condition: "The Indians, they are gone, going, and are still to go, (it is to be lamented,) as the migratory subjects of power to the place stipulated in the compact, which sayeth not the violation was a legal one, or that the liquidated price was a compensation one, or that the eviction defunct continual claim. And it is to be equally feared that the inherent indolence of their nature forbids a hope of their ever being introduced into the fold of civilization. However they seem happy in their lambent pathway of attenuation, they invoke their Aredusky, whiff the cannet of peace, and on de novo outer, (!!!) they mingle their dithyrambic requiem with the upland breeze that sifts itself through the rush and supplejack of the woods; and as an exhalation of an inheritance abated, the sanctity of the lawn has gone forth in its putrefaction, to withdraw from their eyes the humid curtain of anguish by urging the Sun-worshippers to humiliation under the vine and fig-tree of promise, as the future safeguard to become joint heirs of an inheritance under a sure and invariable law dispenser!"

Here he is supposed to "bust" his "veskit," and in the following terrific eulogium upon Gen. Washington, he tears his linen all into ribbons, "such" is the effect of his eloquence: "His maxims bound from the oriental to the occidental shores, and from the arctic to the antarctic circle. The Epithalamium of territorial acquisition has become a proverbial song; the resolute breeze wafts its pennants on the surface of all waters; precepts allowing not equal privilege to the true, gentle and atheous wretch; his country knows no evil of sin; for these prohibitions of character, shall we not say, Washington, O Washington, peace be to thy name and dust that lie in the valley of the dead."

This style has been confined hitherto to lunatic asylums. Our readers now see its "redemption" hence. "If a man has nothing to say, it is the best style in the world in which to say it. It therefore commends itself to the attention and study of people of the 'meanest capacity.' Anybody may acquire it."

Mr. Partington (out West) says she "dooms it beyond the most effusive doubt, that the color is a contagious disease," but she "don't think it's ketchin'; for, who ever heard of any one ketchin the diarrhoea—Dr. Cartwhite says that it's caused by a secretion of the dysentery glands, and ranges itself of the mullberry article; that there ain't no prunatory simints at all."

EXTRAORDINARY AFFAIR.

A few days ago Mr. Wm. Weisser, of the firm of Weisser & Co. doing a large business at 91 Wall street, proffered a complaint before Justice Lathrop charging his bookkeeper, a German named Haslin, with forging his name on checks for a large amount on the North River Bank. Mr. Haslin was brought from Ithaca on this charge on Tuesday, and now lies in the tomb—but on Wednesday night the coroner was suddenly summoned to a house of ill-fame 75 Mercer street, under the following circumstances:—Mr. W. had gone to the house in the evening with a friend, and about nine o'clock proceeded up stairs with a girl called Blanche Appleton; on reaching the second landing he said he could go no further, fell down, and before assistance could be procured, had expired. The Coroner was called, and on holding an inquest it was discovered that he had burst a blood vessel which overflowing the chest had produced suffocation. This melancholy affair produced a great excitement in the neighborhood, and the body was removed to his late residence—a splendid mansion in Madison Avenue. Mr. W. leaves a wife, who is represented to be a remarkably handsome woman of about 30 years of age. He had no children.—Mr. W.'s age was about 38. He was a shipping merchant, and doing a large business. In his pocket, among other articles were found a large number of forged checks on the N. R. Bank for amounts from \$15 upwards, the largest being \$1,428, and the gross amount over \$20,000.

Many rumors were afloat during the night in the neighborhood of the house. Some were under the impression that the deceased had been murdered, and others that he had fallen in a fight about a girl. His mistress, Blanche Appleton, was sworn before the Coroner, and the above were substantiated facts elicited. Dr. Sayre it appears was called in, but was too late to render any service. N. Y. Express.

A ROD FOR GOSSIPS.

The following paragraph, which we find floating in the newspapers, lays it out on the gossips with an unparalyzing hand: "The slanderous woman poisons the atmosphere of an entire neighborhood, and blasts the sanctities of a thousand homes with a single breath. From a woman of this class nothing is sacred. She fashions on calumny and upon slaughtered reputations. She is the Ghoul of Eastern story, transferred from the Arabian Nights to the circle of the fireside.—She never asserts anything—she merely hints and supposes, and whispers what 'they say.' Every neighborhood in the city is infested with some creature of this sort; and in country towns they very often are afflicted with two or three of these Ghoul women. One is enough to set a hundred families by the ears; two can break up a church; three are sufficient for any kind of mischief, from the separating of the husband from his wife, to blasting the fame of a stainless girl. A pure woman is simply an angel embodied in human shape;—a slanderous woman is something worse than the Cholera—certainly as infectious as the Yellow Fever."

There is more truth than poetry in the above. Pass it round. Preserve it; and whenever you hear one of these veteran gossips, with a furtive smile, beginning their "they say," read the above aloud. Unhappily, there are male as well as female gossips; but, with a little alteration, the above will apply to both.

JUDGE FORMAN.

It is not for us to write the eulogy of this distinguished citizen; but we may be permitted to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of one so worthy the respect of all. One of the most distinguishing features of his character was his liberality.—He was emphatically a public spirited man—hence he done much for others and but little for himself. As the prime mover in the great undertaking of the Erie canal in the State of New York, of which State he was a native, and the leading part he took in many other schemes of improvement, will make his name remembered and revered there. He came to this State as agent for a company in New York which owned large quantities of land in this section. Still his mind was engaged in works of progress—the public good was his chief aim; and to him our village is indebted for many of the advantages it enjoys and many of the improvements it has received.

He was in the full career of his usefulness when he was suddenly prostrated by a paralytic stroke which rendered him almost helpless. Nothing but his indomitable energy has kept him alive for many years, an object of tender solicitude on the part of kindred and friends. A faithful wife has watched over him with all the anxiety of woman's affection, and smoothed, as far as possible, his passage to the grave. May he rest in peace!—Mount. Banner.

THE LAW OF PRECEDENCE AT COURT.

There is but one person who has the privilege of preceding the Queen, not only at the coronation, but on all state occasions, and he, from his elevated position, is entitled, not merely to sit above her majesty, but also to turn his back upon her; and, moreover, is allowed to keep his hat on all the while in the royal presence. Who can he be?—As the reader will never guess, we do not mind telling him; he is the State Coachman!—[Punch's Pocket Mirror of Etiquette.

POLITICAL.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRACY.

The New York papers are crowded with the proceedings of the two Conventions of Hunkers and barnburners, which met to form a more perfect union. The following summary presents the points of difference. It refers to the action of the Hunker division: Mr. Walworth, from the committee on conference, reported that the committee had made a proposition to the Free Soil committee, that to effect a Union they would recommend its Convention to adopt the following resolutions: 1st. That all questions which have hitherto divided the party be waived entirely on the organization of the Union Convention. 2d. That they agree to adopt such resolutions as have usually been passed at the Democratic Conventions previous to the division in the party. 3d. That the subject of slavery be dropped, leaving every man to the enjoyment of his individual opinion.

Two hours afterward, a reply was received from the Chairman of the Free Soil committee, saying that they waive the question of the regularity of the organization, adhere to the established Democratic principles, and if the two Conventions can agree upon the subject of slavery, they desire to unite in one organization. He reminded the committee that the Free Soil Convention had submitted two other propositions relating to the power and duty of Congress respecting slavery in the District of Columbia, and also in the territories, and requested the opinion of the Hunker Convention. Mr. Walworth replied that there could be no difference of opinion with regard to the two first resolutions, respecting the power of Congress over slavery in the District of Columbia and the Territories. In regard to the third resolution, he recommended its adoption by the Convention, as he believed the people of the North were opposed to the introduction of slavery into territory now free, but he could not consent to make that a question of party test, or incorporate it into the Democratic party of the State.

The negotiations were kept up a day longer, but the FreeSoilers refused to accede to the proposition of the Hunkers. They said, as was admitted by Chancellor Walworth, there was no difference in principles between the two factions—that both held that slavery should be abolished in the District of Columbia and should be excluded from the territories, and that it would be dastardly in them to disavow their principles. The Hunkers, however, refused to make slavery a part of the "Democratic platform," and the two Conventions adjourned sine die.

The only point in these proceedings that merits any particular consideration, is the avowal by the Hunkers, or Cass party, that they agree in principle with the Free Soilers. They swallow the camel and strain at the gnat. They are ready to sacrifice the South, but they do not think it politic to let the South know the fact. These are the "natural allies"—and to our thinking, they are more dangerous than open enemies.—Rich. Waig.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

From the address of Dr. George W. Bethune, lately delivered at Cambridge, (Mass.) we extract the following paragraph: "Suppose, for one melancholy moment, that this beautiful economy of exchange were broken up; that the Western valleys were shut out from the sea by adverse Governments; that those on the coast were hemmed into their own narrow limits by hostile forts along the mountain ridges; that between the North and the South there were neither commercial nor moral sympathy; that at every State line passports were demanded and a tariff set—who must not shrink from describing the terrible consequences; the stagnation of trade; the silence of brotherly counsel; the constant feuds; the multiplication of armies; the Cain-like exterminating wars; the overthrow of law by military dictators; the utter ruin of all that makes us prosperous at home and respected abroad; the sure catastrophe, moral and national death! Oh that those who, for any reason, talk lightly of dissolving this Union, would consider the immensely greater evils such a rupture would inevitably cause, the awful guilt it would bring upon themselves!—Whatever may be cant of words, no lover of law could ever kindle the torch of such incendiarianism, no lover of freedom provoke such fratricidal slaughter, no lover of freedom plot for such general slavery, no lover of God and man undermine the eminent watch-tower whose light is now shedding over the world such bright points of a universal brotherhood. Were it possible that an American would could be so cursed as to bring forth so diabolical a monster, and the malignant Erostratus could be successful, a loud, bitter, heaven-compelling cry would go up from all the earth, swelled by generation after generation, until the final fires shall have swept to hell all trace of human crimes.—'Anathema! anathema! ANATHEMA! MARATHA!'"

FATHER MATHEW'S SEAL.

The private seal of the Rev. Theobald Mathew represents a fountain bubbling from a rock, with the following motto: "Drink from the bubbling fountain drink it free; 'Twas good for Sappho and 'tis good for thee."

GEN. TAYLOR AND THE MANUFACTURERS.

Pittsburg, August 20th.

A deputation from the manufacturing houses of this county and Allegheny city waited upon the President this morning, to state in brief terms the depression they were labouring under in consequence of the present ruinous tariff—ruinous so far as the iron and coal interests are concerned.—They assured the President that something like four-fifths of the iron houses of the county had failed within the past year and a half, and those which still avoided such a fate, did so at a ruinous sacrifice.

The President replied that the subject of the tariff had engaged his earliest attention and that he was thankful to receive all information bearing upon that important matter. The Secretary of the Treasury had been engaged in collecting information, and the Executive would be prepared to recommend to Congress such improvements in the present system as would encourage all the great interests of the country, and at the same time ensure stability. He believed there were certain articles which required protection; but as this government was in the first instance organized by mutual concessions and compromises, he trusted the same spirit would yet prevail, and that the people of the country would be willing to meet each other half-way in all measures of the general welfare. Stability in the tariff was what was required and that could never be effected by ruining any interested. The Executive would be prepared to cooperate cordially in any amelioration of the present system.

He expressed himself highly pleased with his visit to Pennsylvania. It was truly a great State, and possessed elements within itself which must ensure its prosperity. The plough and the anvil were destined, here at all events to go hand in hand. Their interests were the same; and whatever the Executive could do to further the prosperity and greatness, not only of this State but of the whole Union, would be done. He requested the Committee to put their views on paper and forward both himself and the Secretary of the Treasury a copy.—[Phl. Ledger.

From the Pittsburg Gazette.

The Washington Union, and other Locofoco papers, are now engaged in the very respectable business of holding the President of the United States up to ridicule, by publishing caricatures of his remarks at the different places of reception along the route of his northern visit. General Taylor does not profess to be a public speaker, much less an orator. His life has been spent in camps and military stations, and all his associations have suited him for public speaking. Some men, also, who are able writers, profound thinkers, and possessed of immense stores of knowledge, are wholly unable to express themselves gracefully or even intelligibly in public. How unjust and cruel, then, to take advantage of the old soldier, and hold him up to ridicule, because he has not the natural and acquired graces of oratory. If he cannot make a public speech, he can defend the honor of his country, either in the field or cabinet; and Mr. Secretary Marcy found him more than a match in the war of letters carried on during the Mexican campaign. The ability to speak in public, gracefully and eloquently, is a faculty to be highly prized, but it is by no means the highest a man can possess, nor necessary to success in life. The proper discharge of executive duties. Many persons have the faculty of public speaking, who possess scarcely any other, and are of little use to themselves or the community.

ADVICE GRATIS—INDEPENDENCE.

A friend who came upon the Patchin a few days since, told a good joke of Capt. W. The worthy Captain, observing a tall Yankee striding on the rail, with two-thirds of his body projecting over the water, snorting and kicking his heels in a very unconcerned manner, remarked to him: "Friend, if you fall overboard, we shan't stop for you."—Jonathan replied: "Well; I ask no favors. I can catch your damned old boat any way!"

A colored clergyman, preaching recently to a black audience at the South, said: "I s'pose, indeed I s'pose, dat de reason de Lord made us black men was 'cause he was all de white men up 'tate he got to de black man, and he had to make him black. But dat don't make no odds, my brethren; de Lord look a ter break man too. Don't de Scripture say dat two sparrows hawk any soul for a farthing, and dat not one of em shall fall 'pon de ground widout deir father?—Well den, my brethren, if your hebbelny father care so much for a sparrow-hawk, when you can buy two ob 'em for a farthing, how berry much more he care for you, dat in we're six or seven hundred dollars a piece?" If that argument isn't a colored "non-sequitur," we never saw a colored non-sequitur.—[Knickerbocker Magazine.

A SUMMER GILL.—In the district school at Standwick last winter the master informed a little girl that Sunday was the first day of the week, and inquired of her "what day is Monday?" "It's de first day of de week," she answered.

A LINGERER.—"I say, Bob, you been here to Canton, hav't you?" "Yes."

"Well, can you speak Chinese?" "Yes, a little; that is, I speak Cantonese."

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