

# WEEKLY PAPER

CALVIN H. WILEY,  
WILLIAM D. COOKE,

A SOUTHERN FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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## SELECTED ARTICLES.

### A FAMILY PICTURE.

BY JAMES LOSTBETTER, OF GEORGIA.

"I describe a Georgia family. It is a fair specimen of Georgia families generally, the heads of which are persons of good sense, good morals, and well improved minds. To be sure, there are in Georgia as many notorious about parental government, as there are in any other country; and the practice is various as the opinions. Some parents exercise no government at all, others confine themselves exclusively to the government of the tongue; and others rule by the rod alone; but by far the large class, blend these several modes of government, and prefer the one or the other according to time and circumstances. To this class belonged Mr. and Mrs. Butler, the heads of the family which I am about to describe. Gilbert was the Christian name of the husband and Eliza, the wife. I was intimately acquainted with them both, before their union; and was ever afterwards, admitted to their household with the freedom of one of its members. I lived in a connection of some of them.

"They had been married about eight months, when a dull November evening found me at their fireside. As the course of the evening, the conversation turned upon raising children. 'By the way, Eliza,' said Gilbert, 'I have been thinking for some time past of interchanging views with you upon this subject; and there can never be a better time than now, while Abraham is with us, whose opinions we both respect, and who will act as an umpire between us.'

"Well, said Eliza, 'let me hear yours.'

"If we should ever be blessed with children, (Eliza blushed a little) let it be a fundamental law between us; that neither of us interfere with the discipline of the other, either by look, word, or action, in the presence of the children.

"To that rule, I most heartily subscribe."

"When a child is corrected by you, Eliza, let not the other extend to it the least complacence or sympathy."

"If that also you have my hearty concurrence."

"Let us never correct a child in a passion."

"The propriety of that rule I fully admit, but I fear I shall not always be able to conform to its requisition. I will however, endeavor to do so."

"Well, if you will do your best, I shall be satisfied."

"Let us, as far as it is practicable, introduce among our children, the universally admitted principles of good government among men."

"That is very, indubitable rule, Eliza. I know very little of the principles of good government among men, and much less of those principles which are universally admitted."

"Well, I will be a little more specific. I believe it is usually admitted that laws should precede punishment; and that wrong should be punished who are incapable of understanding the law. In accordance with these principles, I would never punish a child who is incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, nor until he shall have been forewarned of the wrong and taught to avoid it."

"These principles seem very reasonable to me, said Eliza, 'but they can never be applied to children. If you do not correct a child until it is old enough to learn from precept the difference between right and wrong, there will be no living in the house with it for the first five or six years of its life, and no controlling it afterwards.'

"Gilbert received those views of his wife with some alarm, and entered upon a long argument to convince her that they were erroneous. She maintained her own very well, but Gilbert had certainly the advantage of her, in argument. All he could say however did not in the least shake her confidence in her opinion.

"I was at length appeased; and I gave judgment in favor of Gilbert."

"Well, said Eliza, 'I never was better satisfied of anything in my life, than that you're both right and wrong, in your respective opinions. I'll agree to this; if every correct child till it is old enough to receive instruction from precept, and you do not approve of my conduct, I will then promise you never to do the like again.'

"Well, said Gilbert, 'that is very fair. One more rule will settle the fundamentals, and we shall trust all others to future adjustment. Let us never address our children in the nonsensical gibberish, that is so universally prevalent among parents, and particularly among mothers. It is very silly in the first place, and it greatly retards a child's improvement, in the second. Were it not for this, I have no doubt children would speak their mother's tongue as correctly at five years old, as they do at sixteen.'

"Eliza smiled, and observed that this was such a small matter that it had no better or less to be left to future adjustment. To this Gilbert rather reluctantly assented."

"About two months after this conversation, Gilbert was blessed with a fine son whom he named John James Gilbert, after the two grandfathers and himself—a profession of names which he had cause afterwards to regret."

"Just four months and six days thereafter he was blessed with a fine daughter, whom Eliza named, after Francis Eliza, after the two grand mothers and herself."

"Eight months thereafter he received a third blessing called George Henry, after the two brothers."

"Thirteen months and fifteen days thereafter the birth of George, a fourth blessing descended upon Gilbert in the form of a son. This took the name of William Augustus, after two brothers of his wife."

"Eliza now made a long rest of nineteen months four days and five hours. (I speak from the family register) when by way of a meal she presented her husband with a pair of blessings. As soon as his eyes were made known to him, Gilbert exclaimed that he had not reserved his own until now, in order that the twins might bear his own name and mine. Seeing this could not be bestowed my name upon the first born, and gave me the privilege of naming the second. As I consider a good name, rather to be chosen than a bad one, and a blessed name of mine."

"In this very triumphant and laudable manner, said Mrs. Butler, ever the list of her sons."

"She now turned her attention to daughters, and

in the short space of five years produced three that the queen might be proud of. Their names in the order of their births, were Louisa, Rebecca and Sarah. It was one of Mrs. Butler's maxims, 'If you have anything to do, do it at once; and if you seem to be governed by this maxim in making up her family, for Sarah completed the number of children.

"John was about a year old when I was again at Gilbert's for the evening. He was seated by the supper table with the children in his arms, addressing some remarks to me, when I called his attention to the child who was just in the act of putting his fingers into the blaze of the candle. Gilbert jerked him away suddenly, which so incensed Master John Gilbert, that he screamed infernally, Gilbert tossed him, pulled him; but he could not distract his attention from the candle.

"He moved him out of sight of the luminary, but that only made matters worse. He now commenced his first lesson in the 'principles of good government.' He brought the child towards the candle, and the nearer it approached, the more pacified it became. The child extended its arms to catch the blaze, and Gilbert rose slowly towards the flame until the hand came nearly in contact with it, when he snatched it away, crying 'bunny fingers!' Eliza and I exchanged smiles, but neither of us said anything.

"The child continued this into wanton teasing and became, if possible, more obstreperous than ever. Gilbert now resorted to another expedient. He put his own fingers in the blaze, and withdrew them suddenly, blew them, and gave every sign of acute agony. This not only quieted but delighted the child who signified to him to do again. He instantly perceived (what was practically demonstrated the minute afterwards) that the child was putting a most dangerous interpretation upon his last illustration. He determined therefore, not to repeat it. The child, not satisfied with the respect, determined to repeat it himself, which the father opposing, he began to reach and cry as before—'There was but one experiment left; and that was to let the child feel the flame a little. This he resolved to try, but how to do so, he did not know. He would not so easily settle. It would not do to allow the infant to put his hand into the blaze; because it would burn too little or too much. He therefore resolved to direct the hand to a point so near the flame, that the increasing heat would induce the child to withdraw his hand himself! Accordingly he brought the candle nearer and nearer to the flame; the child becoming more and more impatient with every moment's postponement of its gratification, until the hand came within about an inch of the wick, when he held the child stationary. But John would not let his hand remain stationary, nor at the distance pointed. He kept snatching at the candle till finally all his efforts fruitless, he threw himself violently back, gave his father a tremendous thump on the nose with the back of his head, and kicked and screamed most outrageously.

"You little rascal, said Gilbert, 'I've a good mind to give you a spanking.'

"Give him to me, said Mrs. Butler.

"You'd better not take him, said Gilbert in an under tone, while he is in such a passion."

"No danger, she said; 'hand him to me.'

"As she received him, 'hush, sir,' said she very harshly, and the child hushed instantly and was asleep in a few minutes."

"Strange," said Mr. Butler, 'how much sooner the mother acquiesces control over a child than the father.'

"Not at all, said Mrs. Butler. 'You would have controlled him as easily as I did, if you had given him the same lesson beforehand that I did. He did not do just such an unbecoming the other day and finding nothing else would quiet him, I spanked it out of him; and I have had no more trouble in quieting him since.'

"I begin to think, Butler, said I, 'that Eliza was right in the only points of difference between you, touching the management of children. I observed that you addressed the child just now in the gibberish you so much condemned before you became a father; and though it seemed ridiculous enough, especially in you, I think it would have appeared still more ridiculous, if you had said to a child so young, 'John, my son, do not put your fingers into the flame of the candle, it will burn them.' And your experiment has taught you the absolute impossibility of governing children of tender years by prescribed rules."

"I am half inclined to your opinion, said Butler.

"Eliza's discipline has performed several good offices. It has believed us of John's insupportable noise. It has taught him to control his temper in its first appearance, and it learned him the meaning of the word ('hush') which will often supply the place of correction, and always forewarn him of desires unfulfilled."

"Long before the second son arrived at the reasonable age, *obediently*, unreservedly, in favor of his wife; contenting himself with the subordinate station of her ministerial officer; which he executed her orders in cases requiring more physical strength than she possessed."

"Passing over the intermediate period, I now introduce the reader to his family, after most of the children had reached the age of reason." In contemplating the scene which I am about to sketch, he will be pleased to turn his thoughts occasionally, to Gilbert's principles of good government."

"Sarah was about two years and a half old, when Gilbert invited me to breakfast with him one December morning near the Christmas holidays. It was the morning appointed for second killing of hogs; which as the Southern reader knows is a sort of carnival in Georgia. I went, and found all the children at home, and Gilbert's mother added to the family circle. John and Amariah reached the age when they were permitted to take seats at the first table; though upon this occasion John being engaged about the pork did not avail himself of this privilege; the rest of the children were taught to wait for the second table. Breakfast was announced, and after the adult and Anna had dispatched their meal, the children were summoned. As they were seated, there were some preparatory arrangements to be made, they all gathered around the fire, clamorous with the events of the morning."

"By Jockey, said William, 'didn't that old black barrah weigh a heap?'

"Look here young gentlemen," said his mother 'where did you pick up such language as that? Now let me ever hear you by jockey or hating any thing else again, and I'll by jockey you with a witness, I'll warrant you?'

"But the black barrah," said George, didn't weigh as much for his size as the bobtail speckle though."

"He did."

"He didn't."

"Hush your disputing—this instant, stop it—you shall not contradict each other in that manner, and let us hear no more of your hog pen wonders—nobody wants to hear them."

"At this instant William snatched a pig-tail out of Isaac's hand."

"Ma," said Isaac, 'make Bill get 'em muth tail.'

"You William give him his—thing. And if I was near you I'd box your ears for that snatching. Mr. Butler you really will have to take that fellow in hand. He's getting so that I can do nothing with him."

"Ma," said Bill, 'he took my blatha—'

"Hush!"

"I didn't."

"You did."

"Don't I tell you to hush your disputing?'

"Well ma, uncle Monday give it to me."

"He didn't."

"He did."

"Here the mother divided a pair of slaps equally between the disputants, which silenced them, for a few moments."

"At this juncture, Miss Rebecca cried out with a burst of indignation which she received in cooking another pigtail. The burn was so slight that she forgot it as her mother jerked her from the fire."

"You little vixen," said the mother, 'what possesses you to be fumbling about the fire? Mr. Butler, I beseech you to forbid the negroes giving these children any more of these poisonous pig-tails; they are a source of endless torment. And now young gentlemen—one and all of you—the next one of you that brings one of those things in the house again, I'll box his ears as long as I can find him. Now remember it. Come along to your breakfast.'

"In a little time after some controversy about places, which was arrested by a mother's eye, they were all seated; John who had dropped in, in the meantime, taking his father's seat."

"Hesp," said William, 'sawegies, that's what I love.'

"Don't," said Isaac, 'spare-rib; that's what I love.'

"Well, cease your gab, and eat what's set before you without comments. Nobody cares what you love or what you don't love."

"Spare-rib, spare-rib, I don't love none, I wouldn't eat none, that fit for a dog to eat."

"Get up, sir, right from the table, and march out of the house until you learn better manners. I'll be bound if I say you shall eat, so long as you will wait for it."

"Do you hear me, sir?'

"Abraham raked himself lazily out of his seat, and moved slowly off, casting a longing look at the many good things on the table which he thought fit for a prince to eat."

"Ma," said Isaac, as he retired, 'I wish you'd make Bill quit laughing at me.'

"William, I've as great a mind as I ever had to do anything in my life, to send you from the table, and not let you eat one mouthful. I despise that abominable disposition you have, of rejoicing at your brother's misfortunes. Remember, sir, what Solomon says; 'he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.'

"Ma," said Abraham, 'mayn't I come to my breakfast?'

"Yes, if you think you can behave yourself with decency."

"Abraham returned; and they all broke forth at once."

"Ma, mayn't I have some sassaige? Ma, I want some spare rib? Ma, I can't get no coffee? Ma, if you please, ma'am let me have some ham gravy, and some fried homony and some eggs, and—'

"And some of every thing on the table I suppose. Put down your plates—every one of you, George what will you have?'

"Some sassaige and some fried potatoe?'

"John help your brother George?'

"I want some spare-rib and some fried homony?'

"Change, help William?'

"What do you want Abraham?'

"I reckon," said John smiling, 'he'd like to have a little sassaige.'

"Now John behave yourself. He has suffered the punishment of his fault, and let it there rest."

"I'll have," said Abraham, 'some ham-gravy, and some egg, and some homony?'

"Help him Chancy?'

"What'll you have, Isaac?'

"I'll have some ham-gravy, and some homony and some sassaige, and some spare-rib and some—'

"Well you're not going to have every thing on the table I assure you. What do you want?'

"I want some ham-gravy and some homony?'

"John help—'

"No, I don't want no gravy, I want some spare-rib?'

"John give him—'

"No, I don't want no spare-rib, I want some sassaige?'

"Well, if you don't make up your mind pretty quick, you'll want your breakfast. I tell you I am not going to be tantalized all day long by your wants. Say what you want and have done with it."

"I want some ham-gravy and some sassaige, and some homony?'

"Help him John?'

"John helped him to about a teaspoonful from each dish."

"Now, ma, just look at bad John! He ha'n't got me only these three little bits?'

"Ma, you can't keep from tantalizing the children, tell me so, and I will not trouble you to help them any more. I confess that I am at a loss to discover what pleasure one of your age can take in teasing your younger brothers?'

"I want my pigtail, ma'am?'

"Bless my soul and body, haven't you forgot that pig tail yet? It's burnt up long ago I hope. Look Bob and see, and if it isn't, give it to her. I wish in my heart there never was a pigtail upon the face of the earth."

"Bob produced the half charred pig-tail and laid it on Miss Rebecca's plate."

"There," continued her mother, 'I hope now your heart's at ease. A beautiful dish it is truly, for my mortal to take a fancy to?'

"Ma, I don't want this pig-tail?'

"Take it away—I know you didn't want it, you

little perverse brat, I knew you didn't want it; and I don't know what got into me to let you have it. But really I am so tormented out of my life, that half the time I hardly know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels?'

"Misses," said Chancy, 'aunt Dorcas say please make Miss Louisa come out of the kitchen, say if you don't make her come out of the fire she'll get burnt presently—say every time she tell her to come out of the fire she make mouth at her?'

"Why, sure enough, where is Louisa? Go and tell her to come into her breakfast this instant."

"I did tell her ma'am, and she say she won't come, till she gets done basking her cake?'

"Mrs. Butler left the room; and soon reappeared with Louisa sobbing and crying."

"Aunt Dorcas jerked me just as hard as ever she could jerk, 'fore I did any thing 'till to her?'

"Hold your tongue! She served you right enough; you'd no business there. You're a pretty thing to be making mouths at a person old enough to be your grandmother. If I'd thought that when I gave you that little lump of dough that the whole plantation was to be turned upside down about it, I'd let you have none without it."

"Miss Louisa, after a little sobbing and pouting, drew from her apron a small, dirty, sooty, black, wrinkled, burnt biscuit, warm from the kitchen stove, which would have been just precisely the proper accompaniment to Miss Rebecca's dish; and upon this in preference to every thing on the table commenced her repast."

"Well, Lou," said the mother with a laugh as she cast her eye upon the unsightly biscuit, 'you certainly have a strange taste?'

"Every body knows that the mother's laugh is always responded to with compound interest by all her children. So was it in this instance, and good humor prevailed round the table."

"I'm sorry," said Abraham, 'for Louisa's bits, bis, kit, kit, bis, kit?'

"Well, really, said Mr. B., 'you are a handsome speller. Is that the way you spell biscuit?'

"I can spell it, ma, 'twice, 'twice, bis, bis, bis—'

"Well, that will do, you needn't go any further, you've missed it farther than your brother. Spell it, William?'

"William spelled it correctly."

"Ma," said George, 'what's *biscuit* derived from?'

"I really do not know, said Mrs. B., 'and yet I have read somewhere an explanation of it. John, ma, is it derived from?'

"John—From the French; *bis, twice, and each twice?'*

"William—Why ma, you don't bake biscuits twice over?'

"Abraham—Yes, ma, does sometimes; don't you ma, when company comes?'

"Mother—No; I sometimes warm over old ones when I have not time to make fresh ones, but never bake them twice?'

"Butler—They were first made to carry to sea, and then they were baked twice over, as I believe sea biscuits still are?'

"Isaac—Ma, what's *breakfast* derived from?'

"Mother—Spell it and you will see?'

"Isaac—Break-k breakfast, break-fast?'

"Mother—Well, Ike, you are a grand speller. Breakfast is the word, not breakfast?'

"Abraham—I know what it comes from?'

"Mother—What?'

"Abraham—You know when you call us children to breakfast we all *break* off and run as *fast* as we can?'

"Mother—Well, that is a brilliant derivation truly. Do you suppose there was no breakfast before you children were born?'

"Abraham—But ma, everybody has children?'

"Mrs. Butler explained the term."

"Isaac—Ma, I know what *sassaige* comes from?'

"Mother—What?'

"Isaac—'Cause its got *sa* in it?'

"Well there, there, there, I've got enough of derivations, unless they were better. You'll learn all these things as you grow older?'

"Just here Miss Sarah, who had been breakfasted at a side table, was seized with a curiosity to see what was on the breakfast table."

"Accordingly she undertook to draw herself up to the convenient elevation by the table cloth. Her mother arrested her just in time to save a cup, and pushed her back with a gentle admonition. This did not abate Miss Sarah's curiosity in the least, and she recommenced her experiment. Her mother removed her a little more emphatically this time. These interruptions only fired Miss Sarah's zeal, and she was returning to the charge with redoubled energy, when she ran her cheek against the palm of her mother's hand with a *ripping* sound. Away she went to her grandmother, crying 'gramma, ma whipped your precious darlin' angel baby?'

"Did she, my darling. Then grandma's precious darling angel must be a good child and mother would whip it any more?'

"Well I will be a good child?'

"Well then, mother won't whip it any more?'

"And this conference was kept up without variation of a letter on either side, until the grandmother deemed it expedient to remove Miss Sarah to an adjoining room, lest the mother should insist upon the immediate fulfillment of her promises."

"Ma, just look at Abe, he saw me taking a biscuit and he snatched it the very one I was looking at?'

"Ma," said the mother, 'I wish I could make you and him nicknaming each other, and I wish more that I had never set you the example—put down that biscuit, sir, and take another?'

"Abraham returned the biscuit, and William took it up with a sly, triumphant giggle at Abraham."

"Ma," said Abraham, 'Bill said *God damn*?'

"Law, what a story! Ma, I declare I never said no such thing?'

"Yes you did, and Chancy heard you?'

"William's countenance immediately showed that his memory had been refreshed; and he drew out 'never damn you!' with a tone and countenance that imparted guilt to some extent. His mother suspected he was limping upon technicals, and she put the following question—

"Well, what did you say?'

"I said, I totally *od un*?'

"Well, that's just as bad, Mr. Butler, you positively must take this boy in hand. He evidences a strange propensity to profane swearing, which if not corrected immediately, will become un-governable?'

"Whenever you can't manage him," said Butler as before, 'just turn him over to me, and I reckon I can cure him?'

"When did he say it?" enquired the mother, turning to Abraham.

"You know that time you sent all us children to the new ground to pick peas?'

"That's been three months ago at least; and you've just thought of telling it. Oh! you malicious soul you, where do you learn to bear malice so long? I abhor that trait of character in a child?'

"Ma," said Bill, 'Abe ha'n't said his prayers for three nights?'

Abe and Bill now exactly swapped places and countenances."

"Yes," said the mother, 'and I suppose I should never have heard of that, if Abraham had not told of your profanity?'

"I know better," dragged out Abraham, in reply to William."

"Abraham," said the mother solemnly, 'did you kneel down when you said your prayers last night?'

"Yes, ma'am, said Abraham, brightening a little?'

"Yes, ma," continued Bill, 'he kneels down and 'fore I say 'now I lay me down to sleep, he jumps up every night and hops in bed and says he's done his prayers, and he ha'n't had time to say half a prayer?'

"During that narrative, my name-sake kept covering under the steadfast frown of his mother, until he transformed himself into a perfect personification of misery."

"How many prayers did you say last night, Abraham? pursued the mother, in an awful portentous tone?'

"I said one, and—(here Abraham paused)."

"One and what?'

"One and pieces of t'other one?'

"Why Ma, he couldn't have said it to have saved his life, for he ha'n't time?'

"I did," muttered Abraham, 'I said t'other piece after I got into bed?'

"Abraham, said his mother, 'I declare I do not know what to say to you, I am so mortified, so shocked at this conduct, that I am completely at a loss how to express myself about it. Suppose you had said last night, after trilling with your prayers, of you? Is it possible, that you cannot spend a few minutes in prayer to your Heavenly Father, who feeds you, who clothes you, and who gives you every good thing you can have in the world. You never said a word, I could weep over you?'

"Poor Abraham, evinced such deep contrition under this lecture, that he could not resist the temptation to conclude with sassaige; which she did in the happiest manner."

"Having thus restored Abraham's equanimity, in a measure, with a gentle encouraging smile, she continued—

"And now, Abraham, tell your mother how you come to say a part of your prayer?'

"I couldn't go to sleep till I said it, ma'am?'

"Well, that is a good sign, at least. And what part was it?'

"*God bless my father and mother?'*

"Mrs. Butler felt quickly for her handkerchief. It had fallen from her lap, and she was glad of it. She depressed her head below the table in search of it—dismissed the children before she raised it, and rose with a countenance suffused with smiles and tears."

"Poor babes," said she, 'what an odd compound of good and bad they are?'

"The grandmother returned just at this time, and discovering some uneasiness at Mrs. Butler's tears, the latter explained. As she concluded—'The Lord bless the poor dear boy,' exclaimed the venerable matron, raising her apron to her eyes, 'that shows he's got a good heart. No danger of the child that can't sleep till he prays for his father and mother?'

## AN INTERESTING STORY.

Dr. Kane, already widely known as one of the heroes who sailed in search of Sir John Franklin with Mr. Grinnell's Expedition, and who delivered last Tuesday evening a lecture in the People's Course at the Tabernacle in this city, has led a life of unexampled adventure, as the following account of it, up to his departure upon the Arctic Expedition, shows. We have not recently encountered any narrative so thrilling. Why may we not hope for a book from Dr. Kane comprising his remarkable experience?'

"No American, of his age, has ever seen so much of the perils of the world, itself. He was Surgeon of the Celestial regions, he spent some weeks on a foot tramp through the orange groves of Brazil, and about a month in tiger-hunting near Bombay. Hence, after a dozen unsuccessful attempts to smuggle himself in the forbidden lands of China, he went over to the Philippines, and by the aid of the good monks of the interior of Manila, explored its fastnesses and volcanic wonders. He was the first man to descend into the great crater of the Taal, lowered down 200 feet over the brink by a bamboo rope fixed round his middle, and brought back a bottle full of its sulphur waters, burning off his boots in the lava caverns. Leaving China, after a second visit, in which he encountered shipwreck, he passed to India as physician of the Dremohral, and was so fortunate as to penetrate through the mazes of its mountain architecture, the ancient glories of Candy, the stupendous passes of the Ghaut country, visiting Madras, Pondichery, and every spot that we have read of in the trial of Warren Hastings. Next, to Upper Egypt, and Abyssinia, crossing the desert on his camel to the base of Jupiter Ammon, climbing at breakfast the top of the sounding Colossus of Memnon, and exploring the tombs of the Pharaohs for a fortnight or three weeks, with Prof. Lepsius and his associates. Wrecked again while passing down the Nile, and wounded, in an encounter near Alexandria, he pushed across to Greece, and traversed every scene of classic interest, climbing to the Hippocrene Spring, and sleeping on the shore of Marathon. He returned by Italy, France, and England, only to rest a few weeks, before a cruise on the coast of Africa. Renouncing here some acquaintances which had been formed in Brazil, he was allowed to inspect the machinery of the slave trade, and to pass up into the interior, under the *franco* of Desouza, the great intermediary between the chiefs of the slave-making districts and the Brazilian carriers. The coast fever was his pay for this trip, and he was sent home by Commodore Read, invalided. Imperfectly patched up from the effects of this visitation, he volunteered for service with the army in Mexico, and was ordered, with dispatches, on a dangerous race through the country of troops held fast, to overtake General Scott. Availing himself at Perote, of a miscreant escort of jailbirds, that Gen. Worth had employed as a spy company, he got into a series of fights, in the last of which he received the swords of Generals Gaona and Torrejon; and had his horse killed under him, and was himself desperately wounded while protecting the lives of his prisoners against his down men. Since then he has been cruising, and practicing hydrography on the Coast Survey, up to the moment of receiving his telegraphic dispatch, accepting his urgent proffer of services for the Arctic Expedition. He had the fever fever in the Canton River, the plague in Egypt, the yellow fever at Rio, the congestive fever at Puebla, and the African fever on the coast. These, and wounds, and an organic disease of the heart, which he has had from boyhood, have been his preparations for the hazards he is encountering now."

## TERRIBLE AND ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

The Paris *Droit* has the following story: A commercial traveller, whom business frequently called on from Orleans to Paris—M. Edmund D—, was accustomed to go to a hotel, with the landlord of which he was acquainted. He arrived a few weeks ago at the hotel, where he was in the habit of staying. One evening after supper he invited the people of the hotel to go to his chamber to take coffee, and he promised to tell them a tale full of dramatic incidents. On entering the room, his guests sat on a bed, near which he seated himself, a pair of pistols. "My story," said he, 'has a sad denouement, and I require the pistols to make it clearly understood.' As he had always been accustomed, in telling his tales, to indulge in expressive pantomime, and to take up anything which lay handy calculated to add to the effect, no surprise was felt at his having prepared pistols. He began by narrating the loves of a young girl and a young man. They had both, he said, promised, under the most solemn oaths, inviolable fidelity. The young man, whose profession obliged him to travel, once made a long absence. While he was away he received a legacy, and on his return hastened to place it at her feet. But on presenting himself before her he learned that, in compliance with the wishes of her family, she had just married a wealthy merchant. The young man thereupon took a terrible resolution. "He purchased a pair of pistols like these," he continued, taking one in each hand; "then he assembled his friends in his chamber, and after some conversation placed one under his chin in this way, as I do, saying, in a joke, that it would be pleasure to blow out his brains; and at the same moment he pulled the trigger. He then discharged the pistols, and his head was shattered to pieces. The unfortunate man told his own story."

There is but one way of securing universal equality to man, and that is to regard every honest employment as honorable, and then for every man to learn in whatsoever state he may be therewith to be content, and to fulfill with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honour.

The following by Hood, is descriptive of the Englishman travelling in France, without understanding the language?'

Chaises stand for chairs,  
They christen letters Billies;  
They call their mothers maes,  
And all their daughters fillies.

A merchant in a northern city, lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed, "Boy wanted." Next morning he found a handker on his door step, with this inscription—"How will this one answer?"

## SAXE'S TRIBUTE TO JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.

All blessings may Jenny Lind receive!  
"The Nightingale," joyous and free—  
And, dying at last may she leave  
A nest full, as vocal as she!