THE REPUBLICAN.

BY W. B. GULICK. NEWBERN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1847. VOL. I, NO. 50.

The Last Leaf.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he loiters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found,
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
But he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said
'They are gone.'

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has press'd
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My old grandma has said—
Poor old lady she is dead
Long ago,
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin,
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaked bough
Where I cling.

THE WIFE.

It needs not guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, and untidy dress and cheerless home, forbidding scrowl and deserted hearth; these and other nameless neglects, without a name among them have harrowed to the rock the heart of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of black despair. Oh! may woman before that dark sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of youth; and cherish the idea of that tunefull time, awake and keep alive the promises she then kindly gave; and though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the forgetful wife—a happy allusion to the hour of love—a kindly welcome a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish trouble words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man, will yield to her charms, bid her live, as she had loved, her years in matchless bliss—loved, prized, and content—the soother of the sorrowing heart—the source of comfort, and the spring of joy.

ENGLISH CREDIT.

THE COMMERCIAL CRISIS.—To that class of statesman among us who hold that government ought to constitute itself the regulator of the industry of a nation under the pretext of "protection," and the regulator of its paper currency through the agency of a great central money power, the present financial history of the most opulent country in the world offers a most instructive lesson and a most solemn warning. English commerce and English industry seem to be fast approaching a dead lock. English credit is tending to its centre. The merchant, with his warehouses crowded with merchandise, and with the most incontestable securities in his hands, cannot find the means of paying his notes as they mature, and sees imminent bankruptcy staring him in the face.

To this complexion have come at last the commerce and the industry of England—the national home of the system of protection—government interference in monetary affairs and in the regulation of capital and of industry. How emphatic a condemnation of the present state of things in England—a state upon that artificial restrictive system to which she has clung so tenaciously, and out of which much of her present calamity has grown!—*Union.*

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Like the olive tree—said to fertilize the surrounding soil—there are some few ministering angels in female guise among us all, and about our paths, who sweetly serve to cheer and adorn life. Our amusements are insipid unless they contribute to them; our efforts of ambition feeble, unless they applaud, reward valueless, unless they share them. There are, too, some rude spirits in the world, whose colder nature female influence admirably serves to refine and temper; and perhaps is an extreme eulogium of the peot, that without that influence, many a man had been a brute indeed!" The concurrence of both sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the existence of it. Man may be like a fine melody, but a woman is also required to make up harmony.

"That's a pretty bird grandma," said a little "Yes," replied the old dame, "and it cries." "That's because he's never married," rejoined the youngster.

From the Sunday Mercury.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

BY DOW, JR.

The following will serve as a text to my present discourse:

Naked as from the earth we came,
And entered life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.

My hearers—It has been truly said that we bring nothing into the world with us, and can take nothing out of it when we absquatulate. Of course, then, we own nothing—nothing belongs to us; but all we have is a loan from Providence. Therefore, certain philosophers will say, you have no right to claim anything as your own; the earth was made, not for any individual, but for the multitude; and you have just as good a right to this or that piece of land as you have. Now this kind of reasoning may apply very well to beasts and brutes; but it is the climax of nonsense to endeavor to bring it to bear upon civilization.

Keep what you have got and get what you can—honestly, of course—is the true practical doctrine. But, according to the spirit of the text, you came naked into the world, and naked you must go out of it. So why take ye too much thought as to how ye shall be clothed? You can't take any baggage with you when you travel into eternity; and you will have to shed even your coats and petticoats before you start upon your journey.—God clothes the beasts of the forest, the fowls of the air, and the flowers of the field; but he has left you, my friends to tog yourselves—to see that you are properly protected from the winter's cold, and sheltered from the summer's heat. I doubt, though, whether he ever intended you to wear stays, bustles and padding, to the disparagement of nature and her works. No, brethren, I believe in the plain, simple, neat and straight-up-and-down Quaker style of dress—no deforming superfluities nor fashionable enormities. Let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay; and your clothes correspond with your conversation. Perhaps, then, you may ask why I don't go about looking like a big, overgrown, locomoting toadstool. This is no business of yours. If I am weak enough to be led astray by the wicked customs of the world it is no reason that you should follow suit. I advise you to trump and take the trick.

My dear friends—it is the inner being only that is worth bestowing extra pains upon.—Garnish the mind with the unfading flowers of loveliness—decorate the heart with evergreens of virtue and morality—array the soul in the spotless garments of integrity and piety, and you will command respect wherever you go, even though your outward appearance should fail in comparison with a that of a weather damaged scarecrow. So mote it be!

CUBA.

This noble Island, which now belongs to imbecile Spain, is attracting a good deal of attention as well in this country as in Europe. Most persons seem to agree on one thing. It cannot much longer remain a dependency of the mother country; and another thing seems to be pretty well settled in the United States' it must not pass into the hands of any European power. For one, we would like to see it an independent Republic. The people of Cuba, themselves, from every thing we can learn, would prefer becoming a State of the American Union to any other destiny. The following, which we find in a late leading N. Orleans paper, will be read with interest in connection with this subject:

"The *Patria* of yesterday announces that it is informed, through a respectable source, that a new Spanish journal will, in the course of a very short time, be established in this city, "dedicated exclusively to advocate the emancipation of the Island of Cuba, and its annexation to the United States." One of the two principal editors will come hither from Havana, where the sum of $10,000 is already available for this new enterprise; the other is already in the United States, and if not now in New Orleans will soon be here. With regard to its introduction into Cuba, in anticipaton of the hostility of Gen. O'Donnell, it is stated that the persons interested have so well established relations there, that there will be no difficulty in distributing 5000 copies of the paper among the inhabitants of the Island."

MEXICO A MONARCHY.

"Mustang," of the 'Delta," writes, on the 13th October, from Mexico, of a plan, under the auspices of Parades, of the King of the French to place the Duke of Montpensier on the throne of Mexico, if she will produce the signatures of 3,000 landholders, pledging themselves to support the measure. He says:

"A paper to that effect is now in circulation, and every effort being made on the part of its friends to accomplish the object. Nearly the whole church are giving it their power to carry it successfully through, looking upon it as the only means of perpetuating the interests and influence of the ecclesiastical body.

"A great many of the Centralists, of wealth and strength, who have heretofore opposed the measure with decision and energy, conceiving their power and place to be among the things that were, hoping by this movement to be able to regain a portion of what they have lost, are not only coinciding with it, but are lending it their undivided aid and influence. Also, some of the Conservatives and those of a neutral temperament in politics have yielded to the project.

"The main body of the opposition to Santa Anna are busy combining all the elements of their forces to avert the threatened blow, and retain the advantages gained over their political adversaries. They are very seriously alarmed with reference to the new movements, and we are led to believe that they are doubtful of success against their new competitors."

The Washington Union also has a letter from a gentleman in Vera Cruz, disclosing a similar project, in which he seems to think the English figure most prominently.

From the Baltimore Sun.

MR. CLAY.

We have been greatly surprised to find Mr Clay in the position he has assumed by his recent speech on the war with Mexico. We expected to find him differing with the administration upon some prominent points connected with an affair of so much national importance, but certainly were not prepared for the ultra and studiously anti-national sentiments he has thought it proper and expedient to promulgate. It may savor of presumption on our part to say, that *we* differ with Mr. Clay, but as we happen to live in a country in which every citizen is not only at liberty to entertain but to express his opinions, we take this occasion to say a word or two upon the subject. Presuming that the resolutions offered and spoken to by the distinguished statesman, together with the sketch of his speech accompanying them, have been transmitted to us with tolerable accuracy from the other side of the mountains, we shall do no injustice under such a qualification, by referring to one or two of the questions at issue.

Mr. Clay says, that the primary cause of the was the annexation of Texas. This fact standing alone is unimportant. It may or may not be true. But when the speaker deduces therefrom the right to charge falsehood upon those who declared by their vote that the war existed by the act of Mexico, it is an allegation of the original wrong as against the United States in assenting to the annexation of Texas, and casts upon us, not only the responsibility but the implied odium of the primary cause. Now, for the sake of the argument, let us admit that the primary cause was the annexation of Texas, then we maintain, upon the very principle on which our revolutionary war was fought, and our independence effected, that this war existed by the act of Mexico. It grew out of the obstinacy, insolence, intolerance and fatuity of the Mexican character; and had the first act of hostility been ours, the gross provocation would have amply justified it, according to all the rules of nations by which war is ever justified.—How stands the fact?

Texas had then fought her revolutionary war, and her independence had been acknowledged by the United States and England and France, and possibly several other nations. England was negotiating with the Texan Government, as that of a free and independent nation. International treaties were in existence, and Texas stood before the world a distinct republic. This recognition of her independence was either with or without meaning. It was a substantive thing, and its effect was to secure to her the rights of nations, and the sympathies of the most potent governments with her in the exercise of those rights, as against the whole world. After such a recognition of Texan independence, one of the obvious rights of Texas as an independent nation was to annex herself with the United States, or to become a colonial dependency of the British crown. Now, while the latter was not contemplated, the former was, and carried into execution. Mexico thereupon directs the fury of her jealousy against the United States, hurls at us an insolent defiance, and finally meets our army upon territory which she holds to be in dispute, and attempts to intercept our way. And we are told that the primary cause of the war was the annexation of Texas, and *therefore* the war was not the act of Mexico. This is the very error of the moon.

Mr. Clay further asserts that the immediate cause of hostilities was the order of the President for the removal of the army under Gen. Taylor from Corpus Christi to a point opposite Matamoras, subsequently known as Fort Brown. We believe this order was in conformity with the suggestion and wish of Gen. Taylor, but however this may be, it was no doubt by order of the President. The merit of this order we cannot now discuss, but it was the obvious duty of our government to cover the whole territory, alleged to be annexed, with its protection, at a moment when it was threatened with Mexican outrage. It is also a fact worthy of notice, that our army was met in its march on the banks of the little Colorado by a party of Mexican cavalry, and threatened with annihilation if it ventured to cross the stream. This formidable party, however, prudently fled upon witnessing the determination of the American troops to carry out the old Crockett system of going ahead.—But what business had the Mexican cavalry there? This was an act of Mexico—there can be no doubt about that, and if hostilities had commenced there, we suppose it would have been by the act of Mexico. Yet the same thing was done upon this disputed territory under the immediate command of the Mexican General Arista, at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. The "occasion" of hostilities was the order of the President, says Mr. Clay. Yes; and upon the same principle the "occasion" of hostilities at Monterey was the order of General Taylor; and the occasion of hostilities at Vera Cruz and throughout the whole line to the Mexican capital, was the order of Gen. Scott.

The opinions of the independent press, as far as we have seen, and some of those devoted to his own party, are most decidedly opposed to Mr. Clay's proposition to abandon our conquest in Mexico. The New York Courier, commenting on the speech, is not disposed to go so far with him as to give up all the Mexican territory. The *Courier* is for holding on to California, at least. It says—

"Considering the extent of our commerce in the Pacific, all parties unite in opinion that a port on that side of the continent is absolutely necessary; and under existing circumstances the feeling of the country generally will be averse to the surrender of *the whole of California*; in our judgment, such surrender is not necessary—is not demanded by public sentiment—and will not be acceded to by the people."

The Washington Union says:—

"It is a direct attack upon high and important interests of this country—interests the incalculable magnitude of which increases and expands in exact proportion to the comprehensiveness of statesmanship with which they are viewed—to oppose the acquisition of such a territorial indemnity as is now justly within our grasp, and as is fully and imperatively demanded to compensate for the wrongs and the losses which we have borne. In taking these positions, therefore, the whig party plants itself in direct opposition to the highest instincts and the most authoritative sentiments of the American people. Yet, considering the whole past and present attitudes of the whigs in relation to the war, and the war policy, it is not easy to see how they could in any way avoid these perilous issues, without the sacrifices of all party consistency. Mr. Clay, as a whig statesman, found these issues prepared before hand and forced upon him by the whole course of his party. For the sure and signal defeat which these issues bring with them whenever they shall be tried before the people, Mr. Clay himself cannot fairly be held by his friends to be individually responsible."

The New York Sun says—

"Politicians may connive, or quake and tremble as they will—Wilmot Provisos, Abolition and disruption of the Union, are lost in the tremendous shout of the American people: "*Mexico must not—shall not be abandoned!*" The destiny of Mexico is now in the hands of the people, and the next election turning upon this point, not all the powers of earth can alter their decision. Their determination is made, and neither Henry Clay nor the combined politicians of the Union can avert it."

The New York Herald says:—

"Is it possible that any man pretending to be a statesman, claiming to be an American, and willing to stand by his country, can come forward and calmly propose that all these advantages—all this blood and treasure—that all these fruits—should be abandoned and thrown away, and that we should call back our armies, evacuate the country, and retire to our own borders without exacting indemnity for the past and security for the future?—We do not believe there is a fraction of the people of this country that would sanction such a course of action on the part of their Government, their President or Congress."

The New York True Sun says:

"Mr. Clay proposes that we should call home our forces, pocket our long list of losses and spoliations, abandon a part of Texas, and give up the contest. In this he will have but few supporters. To bring about such a state of things the magic of his name will be wholly incompetent."

The Philadelphia Ledger says:—

"With the highest respect for Mr. Clay's talents, we have no high estimate for his political sagacity and foresight. He is behind the age.

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"Peace without indemnity! Will the country submit to *that?* Will it sacrifice so much of its precious blood, and throw away so many millions of money, for nothing?—Will it tell other nations that they can always insult and plunder it with impunity, because they can always rely, for aid, upon one of its parties? Will it reject as worthless weeds, the laurels won at Palo Alto, Monterey, Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, Mexico? In supporting *that*, both Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay have grieviously mistaken their countrymen. No more territory! Do they expect to confine the indomitable Anglo Saxon by artificial boundaries? Do they believe that he will stand still under resolutions? Let Mr. Webster go back to Plymouth, and Mr. Clay to Daniel Boone. And then let them return through the progress since made, and ask themselves where the race shall stop. No more territory! As well might he say to the Ohio, 'no more flowing.'"

The Philadelphia Bulletin says:

"If Mr. Clay really advocates the abandonment of all our conquests, and that without any indemnification for the expenses of the war, he will find few but *very* few, to support him. Such a proposition would rend the whig party into two bitterly hostile factions, and that without conciliating for him the abolitionists or even the Wilmot Proviso men."

The tones of Henry Clay's voice have scarcely ceased ringing from the political platform at Lexington, yet their sound has vibrated over the Union, scattering confusion through the great political party of which he has been called the embodiment, and creating astonishment among the intelligent masses of American people of all parties. His speech is the political death-knell of millions who pinned their faith to his skirts, but who at length have found him abandoning his country in the proudest and most perilous moment of her destiny, and advocating a policy that would bring her peerless name to dishonor and contempt amongst the nations of the world.—*N. Y. Sun,*

There is the most intense solicitude, in the public mind, for the speech which Mr. Clay delivered at Lexington on Saturday. If that speech, as a whole, realize the expectations which our telegraphic sketch has raised, it settles the Presidential question!—*Albany Journal,* (*Whig.*)

It is generally believed here that it has settled the presidential question—so far at least as one candidate is concerned, and he is Mr. Clay. His stock is not only below par, but beyond the hope of redemption in the market to-day.—*N. Y. Post,* (*Dem.*)

In a political point of view, Mr. Clay, tho' he has asserted in his speech that he could settle our difficulties in sixty hours, will never be permitted to settle them in the way he proposes. He has in our judgment destroyed every hope of his election. In the west and south he can now have no strength, and in the north, where a vast body of the whigs are in favor of prosecuting the war, he will find his power diminished.—*N. Y. True Sun,* (*Neutral.*)

Mr. Clay's speech and resolutions, presented at the Lexington meeting on Saturday last, have created great astonishment in this community. His proposition to abandon all the brilliant advantages gained in the war—to throw up California and both sides of the Rio Grande—to heat the poker for Mexico, without asking indemnity for the fuel used in the operation—are beginning to be considered the emanations of a mind oppressed with years, or misfortune. Among the democrats, such a policy is, of course, laughed at and ridiculed; among some portions of the whig party the same feeling is almost displayed, besides among the great mass of independents and stragglers belonging to every camp.—*N. Y. Herald,* (*Neutral.*)

It may be, it is possible, that the policy now proclaimed by Mr. Clay will become national whig policy, but all our experience leads us to predict its abandonment by the next Congress, and by the people. It seems to us to be too violently opposed to the grain of the people's feelings to secure their approbation.—*National Whig.*

THE TRIUMPH of INTELLECT.

BY URIAH H. JUDAH, ESQ.

What is its earthly victory? Press on!
For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the splendor of your lofty thoughts,
Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh, press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!
Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought.

N. P. WILLIS.

What can surpass the power of intellect? Riches may be acquired by untiring exertions and unceasing industry in the daily pursuit of a profitable calling, but *intellect* is a god-like gift of Heaven to man, and elevates him to a position a little lower than that of angels around the throne of the ever-living God.

Behold how rapidly it lifts up its possessor to a dazzling eminence! No matter how obscure may be his origin, or how insignificant the blood which is "the standard of the man," he can from the pinnacle of fame "look down on monarchs."

The Triumph of Intellect! Like the immortality of the soul, it will survive long after the gold of the miser becometh dross. Fame has twined around the gifted brows of the poets and orators of olden times a chaplet of glories, and although generations have come and gone, it has lost none of its pristine freshness. Was it not *splendor of talents* that caused Demosthenes to subdue the defects of nature and surmount the obstacles of birth? It may be asked, what but his pursuasive eloquence gave the Athenian power to shake the throne of Macedon, quell the proud spirit of Phillip, and palsy the schemes of Alexander?

The Triumph of Intellect! How thickly are the pages of History adorned with the bright names of those, who rising Antæus-like above every impediment that obstructed their onward progress, have finally obtained the brightest laurels and enjoyed the purest honors! It was *mind* that caused Roger Sherman to throw down the last and hammer for the pen and book, and exchange the "bench" for one of the loftiest seats among the champions of freedom. It was the *force* of intellect that raised up the sage Franklin from destitution, and placed him upon the floor of Congress; and more than *this*, it threw around his brow an imperishable wreath of glory, and he stood before the world the greatest philosopher of the age.

The Triumph of Intellect! Ay! the most magnificent names that grace the annals of History, have sprang from comparative obscurity to reflect eternal honor upon the land of their nativity. It was the *intellect* of Washington that gave to Columbia a conspicuous stand among the nations of the earth. It was the *wisdom* of Jefferson that penned for this Repnblic the most lucid document on record. What but the *genius* of Fulton has crowded our noble rivers with innumerable "floating palaces?" What but the mighty *talents* of Clinton opened the waters of the canal, that this, our "Empire State," might be enriched thereby?

The Triumph of Intellect! Let us wander back to the time of our struggle for liberty, to ascertain if the consumate *eloquence* of Patrick Henry was of no avail! What but "earthly victory" of *mind* caused the name of great Cæsar to stand against the world, and placed the brilliant fame of Napoleon on the page of History? Perchance thou sayest it was bravery on the field of battle. Art thou of Rome and sayest thou that the *mind* of thy illustrious countryman planned not his many victories? Art thou of France, and sayest thou that the *intellect* of thy greatest General never developed itself in the cabinet? "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Art thou of *this* land of liberty, and sayest thou that the "*Pater patria*" displayed no *intellectual* superiority? Art thou of England, and sayest thou that the memory of the "Bard of Avon" is not revered throughout the dominions of "Her Most Gracious Majesty?" Art thou of Scotland, and sayest thou that the "author of Waverly" never manifested the *power* of intellect? Art thou of Italy—the land of poetry and song—and knowest thou not that the pride of thy country was the *talented* Tasso? Art thou of Germany, and knowest thou not that the *able* productions of Goethe adorned the literature of thy "fader land?" Art thou of unhappy Ireland, and sayest thou that the unrivalled *eloquence* of the lamented Robert Emmet is not recognized through every county of the "Emerald Isle?"

The Triumph of Intellect! It made the author of "Iliad," the most celebrated of the ancient poets, conferred upon Herodotus a high rank as a historian, created Hippocrates the father of physic, and Draco the most celebrated lawgiver of Athens. Was it not *brightness of parts* that raised Solon to the government of his country? Was it not *genius* that hid the deformities of Æsop, who although but a slave, and endured the hardships of servitude was *master* of a mighty intellect. And what but the *extensive knowledge* of Confucius made *him* everywhere known?

The Triumph of Intellect! Why it took Cincinnatus from the plough as he was tilling the soil, and advanced *him* to the dignity of Consul, at the age of four score years. It gave to Pythagoras the title of philospher, that he might astonish the world by great discoveries in astronomy and mathematics. It made the eloquent Cicero one of the most celebrated men of antiquity, and whether we regard him as an orator, a statesman, or a philosopher,

"His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country raised his name."

The Triumph of Intellect! Ye can view i from the gentle Atlantic, to the ever flowing streams of the mighty Pacific. By it Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton and Wright, have commanded "the applause of listening Senators" Through it alone Willis, Bryant, Hallock, Sprague, Wilcox, Percival and Morris, have reaped eternal glory. It has clad with renown the names of Wirt, Irving, Cooper, Paulding, and Bancroft, and enrolled the names of Dumas, Bulwer, James, D'Israeli and Sue, on the scroll of fame.

Hail, thrice hail the glorious gift of intellect! Not to *man* alone has its *triumphs* been limited, for it has graced the brow of Hemans, Landon, Norton, Edgeworth, Sigourney, Stephens, Embury, Childs and Davidson.

Language is inadequate to delineate the *triumph of intellect* in all its beauty and sublimity. Behold with what *facility* the learned advocate expounds the laws of the land, and by rapid flashes of eloquence restores to the captive his liberty! mark ye the noble sentiments of the sacred preachers, as they wend their way to the Eternal's throne! hie thee to the capital and note the "purer language of one who has presided over the destinies of millions of freemen! seest thou a venerable form bending beneath the weight of four score years? Ah! 'tis the "old man eloquent" occupying the attention of the "House;" he has "the floor," and is determined to make a *coup de main* to abolish slavery.

"Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought."

The Triumph of Intellect! America would never have been discovered but for the stupenduous mind of one Christophe Columbe: God speed the man of talents, that *his* course like the eagle may be onward and upward; dazzling, piercing and massive be his intellect; for by it he can evidence his high origin and glorify the image of his Maker.

Say, what were History, so wise and old—
And Science, that reads the sky,
Or how could Music it sweetness store,
Or Fancy and Fiction their treasures pour,
Or what were Poesy's heaven-taught lore,
Should the pen its aid deny!

SKEETER NETS.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille says, the other evening we were strolling lazily along through the market, and hearing a stout, raw-boned countryman, sitting on a barrel near his wagon, grumbling to himself, as he scratched his tanned, visage, we came to a stand and made ready for a talk.

"Musquitoes troublesome!" inquired we.

"Some," answered our friend on the barrel "That thar tavern,"—pointing to one opposite—"whar I put las nite, kontains a few, and they do nibble pretty free, sartin."

"You ought to have made the landlord give you a net, my friend," was our next, whereupon the "sovereign" rose from his barrel and was delivered of the following phillippic against that useful article of bedroom furniture:

"Ef you mean skeeter nets stranger, they ain't wurth shucks. I got tuck in with them things once, but it can't be done again, no way. I had heered of skeeters afore I cum here, and was agoin' through town, behind my wagin cursin' the nature of a place whar such things was hatched, when I seed a sign hanging out—"skeeter nets for sale"—I splurges into the shop and bought a pair on em.

'Well, I got into the darndest place fur them bugs you ever seed or tho't uf. I just settled thar fur spite and speculashun, fur," ses I, "they can't hurt me no how—I'm loaded, primed and cocked, just ready to go off, and look out, skeeters, for I'm arter you fast.

"Well, jest to cut the matter short, the tryin' time is come at last. I thought it was too square to hold, em (for the cend war just as big as the mouth,) but the maker orter know; so I spreads my net, and baited her with a stump of a candle, andlays down in as near the state Adam did in the garden, afore he got tuck in, as any specimen of human natur' could.

"They didn't trouble me at first, but bym-by they come at me strong. 'Bite, ses I, and sing over it like an Ingin; bite and be darned; I'll have you afore long—I'll clare you clean out uf this secshun, like Saint Patric did the snakes in France! But they come at me too fast; I swar, stranger, thar warn't a spot on my body bigger than a pin head, whar one of them hadn't sot his self to work—so I had to go to fitin'; and we had it hard for some time, but the skeeters got a little the best of me that nite. The wust was to cum yet; for I got up in the mornin' swelled so that I'd grow'd most too big for my britches; and thinkin' how I'd make the children ring off the necks of them in the net, and when I cum to look, thar warn't but one in it, and he got away! So my old 'oman jest cut the darned thing up, and made Sunday frocks out of 'em.

"They may do down here stranger, whar the skeeters are tamer, but they won't do up in our diggins—ourn are too noin', and I wouldn't sleep in a room whar them things was sot, no how!"

A lady entering a room where a friend of her's sat reading, she pleasantly inquired—"what book he was so attentively engaged with;" to which he replied that he was reading "Watts on the Mind." "Indeed!" returned the lady, "then you might better resign the task, for a dish of chat; for, believe me, it is so intricate and various a subject, that it will be an endless undertaking to read what's on the mind.

FASHIONABLE READING.—A lady wishing definitely to benefit her mind and heart by instructive reading, went into a book-store the other day, and inquired for some *new* book—she did not care what one. The attendant recommended her to consult the Catalogue.—"The Catalogue?" asked she, "is that a genteel—is that a *fashionable* work?"