The Louisiana Democrat.

VOLUME 15.} ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1859. {NUMBER 10.

PLENTY TO WEAR AND PLENTY TO DO.

Some people there are
Who have nothing to wear,
And others have nothing to do;
Young ladies of fashion
With thousands to dash on,
And young men in their purple and blue.

The languishing maiden,
With wardrobe laden
With robes that make nests for the mice;
She can wear them no more,
She has worn them before!
And 'tis vulgar to wear a dress twice.

Be the cost what it may,
Cast the bright thing away—
Display not its beauties again;
Though papa may scold,
Yet mother'll uphold
Lest 'tis said that "your daughter is plain."

'Tis the way the world goes,
And the way to catch beaux,
Young gallants of elegant leisure,
Who have "nothing to do"
But drink, smoke and chew,
And go courting for pastime and pleasure.

Though rich their attire,
And strong their desire
To marry an heiress, 'tis plain
Their pockets are bare
Of cash, I declare,
As their thick heads are empty of brain.

Yet the silly mammas
And foolish papas
Will scoff, while their noses grow shorter,
At the hard-working youth,
Who in love and in truth,
Dares to ask for the hand of their daughter;

While the gamester and loafer
Successfully offer
To cherish, to love and protect her,
But soon he will spend
Her money, and then
He will cease both to love and respect her.

THE YANKEE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

As poor as a hatchet I've grown,
As poor as Job's Turkey, by Golly
I stand like a scare-crow, alone—
Sad victim of love's melancholy.

I feel most confoundedly blue,
Life's rose is turned into a thistle;
My sweetheart has turned out untrue,
And sacked me as slick as a whistle.

Though lively and keen as a rat,
And playful as any young kitten,
She has got the sharp claws of a cat,
And shows 'em to me through the mitten.

Of our village girls she is the belle—
As plump as a partridge she grows,
Her lips for two cherries would sell—
Her cheeks are of red as a rose.

Like two bran new dollars her eyes—
Her figure is neater than wax—
In beauty, with Venus she vies—
Her hair—it is finer than flax.

I courted her day after day,
Expecting a wedding to follow,
Alas! for my love thrown away—
Her heart, like a pumpkin was hollow!

As thin as a hatchet I've grown,
And as poor as Job's Turkey, by Golly
I stand like a scare-crow alone,
A victim of love's melancholy.

Political Movements.

The editorial letter of the Baton Rouge Advocate dated New York Aug., 1 says:

As the time approaches, the question of the succession to the Presidency assumes more interest in this political as well as commercial centre. Gov. Wise's last letter (or what was his last up to July 15) is alternately admired for its brilliant ingeniousness, its great inconsistency with his position assumed during the Lecompton controversy, and lastly for the perseverence which it exhibits on the part of the author to win the great stake for which he has entered. People laugh at the Governor, read his letter with great relish and avidity and invariably come to the conclusion that he won't do for the Presidency.

The Herald gives out that Judge Douglas has in preparation another Presidential manifesto; one that is either to "make a spoon or spoil a horn" before the Charleston Convention. He has evidently lost his hopes for the Southern vote, and henceforward his game is to lead big trumps from the North. The two-thirds rule, however, will stand like a mountain in his way to success, and while it stands our section will take tricks enough from the board to prevent the Little Giant's hand from winning.

The letter of Mr. Buchanan declining the use of his name for re-nomination at Charleston evidently makes the friends of many small aspirants breathe more freely. Mr. Buchanan has thus honorably carried out the intention he expressed in 1856, and I trust every Administration that may come after him will find in his course an example worthy of following. It is said that our venerable Executive, after his time shall have expired, will retire to Wheatland and prepare an elaborate defense of the measures of his Administration. If he does so, the document will undoubtedly take its place side by side with the ablest papers issued by our former retired statesmen.

Gen. Simon Cameron is in Philadelphia, and is said to be playing most skillfully for the Black Republican nomination. He will prove a dangerous antagonist to Seward, besides whose absence, one of his first lieutenants, Horace Greely, is out West, leaving his leader's interests almost unprotected in this powerful seat of corruption. Thurlow Weed must have Horace at his post, or the game is up with Seward. Nothing can be accomplished among the Rocky Mountain goats Master Greely, so you'd better set your face homeward in quick order.

Yours, T.

The Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
$4 00 per Annum.....In Advance.

AUGUST::::::24, 1859.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN ITALY.

A Chronicle of Eleven Weeks, embracing the Campaign from the Po to the Mincio—Its Battles, Encounters, Victories, Reverses, Retreats and Peaceful Termination.

1859. *Preliminary Events.*

April 19. Departure of the first body of French troops from Toulon. Austrian ultimatum dispatched from Vienna to Turin.

April 23. It is received at Turin.

April 26. The limit fixed by the ultimatum expires. Count Cavour declines the Austrian conditions. Statement of the war question addressed to the Corps Legislatif by Count Walewski. French troops first cross Mont Cenis.

April 27. Revolution in Tuscany. The Grand Duke retires. Address of Victor Emanuel to his army.

The First Week of the War—The Austrians enter Sardinia.

April 29. The Austrian declaration of war posted at Vienna. The Austrians under Count Gyulai pass the Ticino. Marshal Canrobert and General Neil reach Turin and assume command of their respective corps d'armee. Gen. McMahon arrives at Genoa. Death of Gen. Bouat. Appeal of Victor Emanuel to the Italian people.

April 30. The Austrians occupy Novara. The French Embassador quits Vienna. Revolt of Massa and Carrara.

May 1. King Victor Emanuel leaves Turin to take command of his army. The Austrians occupy Mortara. Their steamers seize the Sardinian ports on Lake Maggiore. Three Austrian vessels repulsed on the lake. The Duchess of Parma withdraws from the Duchy.

May 3. Manifesto of Napoleon III, addressed to the Corps Legislatif. The Austrians pass the Po at Cambio. They are repulsed in an attempted crossing at Frassinetto. They burn the bridge over the Scrivia at Piacenza. The Austrian vanguard reaches Tronzano.

May 4. The conflict at Frassinetto continues. The Austrians, passing the Po at Vacarizza, advance to Sale. A cannonade at Valenza.

The Second Week of the War—The French Emperor Proceeds to the Seat of War.

May 5. The Duchess of Parma returns to her capital.

May 6. Gen. Cialdini, issuing from Cassale, seizes a convoy of the enemy.

May 7. The Austrians repass the Po at Gerola.

May 9. Imperial decree establishing the Regency in France.

May 10. The Emperor Napoleon III, and the Prince Napoleon-Jerome leave Paris for the seat of war. The Austrians complete a retrograde movement to the left of the Sesia.

May 11. The Emperor embarks at Marseilles. The Austrians pause at Vercelli, and return reconnoitering parties to the right bank of the river. They occupy Rivergaro.

May 12. The Emperor lands at Genoa, and issues an Order of the Day to the Army.

May 13. The English Declaration of Neutrality published.

The Third Week of the War—The Austrian Retreat.

May 14. The Austrians occupy Bobbio, and push their advanced posts to Casteggio.

May 15. The French Emperor arrives at Alessandria.

May 16. The French Squadron of Admiral Jurien-Graviere anchors before Venice. The Emperor visits the outposts at Valenza.

May 17. The Austrians threaten the Bridge at Stella. The Emperor visits the head-quarters of the King at Occimiano. The Austrians vainly attempt to take the Bridge at Valenza.

May 19. The head-quarters of Count Gyulai transferred in retreat to Garlasco.

The Fourth Week of the War—The Battles of Montebella and Vercelli.

May 20. Great speech of M. Kossuth on the War, delivered at London Tavern. Battle of Montebello. The Allies, numbering 6300, under General Forey, defeat 25,000 Austrians under General Count Stadion. The Emperor visits Casale.

May 21. The Piedmontese, under Gen. Cialdini, forced the passage of the Sesia at Vercelli, routing the Austrians. Garibaldi, with his corps, leaves Biella, and marches for North-western Lombardy. The blockade of Venice established.

May 22. Death of the King of Naples.

May 23. Garibaldi, passing the Ticino at Sesto Calende, defeats the enemy and captures Varese.

May 25. Garibaldi attacked by the Austrians, beats them. Col. Cristoforis, with a portion of Garibaldi's forces, beats the Austrians near Sesto Calende. The Emperor at Voghera.

May 26. The Emperor arrives at Vercelli. Garibaldi again beats the Austrians at Malmate.

The Fifth Week of the War—The Battle of Palestro

May 27. Garibaldi marches upon Como. Rapid movement of the French army from the south to the north of the Po. Montebello and Casteggio evacuated by them, and occupied by the Austrians.

May 28. Garibaldi beating the Austrians at San Fermo, occupies Como, Camerlata and Lecco. Austrian vessels bombard Canobbio, on Lake Maggiore. The Valtelline rises in insurrection.

May 31. Battle of Palestro. The Allies, commanded by Victor Emanuel, attack the Austrians. The Emperor of Austria, attended by Field-Marshal Baron Hess, arrives at Verona.

June 1. The Allies defeat the Austrians at Palestro. Gen. Niel occupies Novara. Proclamation of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Tyrolese.

June 2. Garibaldi, retiring before a powerful body of the enemy, attacks Laveno unsuccessfully. The Austrians attack the Allied outposts at Robbio, but speedily retreat. The advance of the Allies under McMahon, enters Lombardy by the bridge of Turbigo.

The Sixth Week of the War—The Great Battles of Magenta and Malegnano.

June 3. The Austrians hastily evacuate Sardinia. Severe action at Buffalora. Garibaldi again marches upon Varese, beats the Austrians and reoccupies it.

June 4. The conflict at Buffalora concludes in a splendid victory of the Allies at Magenta.

June 6. Milan rises upon the Austrians. The garrison retires. Victor Emanuel proclaimed King. Lombardy annexed to Sardinia. Grand *Te Deum* at Paris for the victory at Magenta.

June 7. The Emperor and King enter Milan. The Austrian custom-houses on Lake Maggiore seized by Garibaldi's corps.

June 8. Garibaldi pursues the Austrians, who retreat towards Monza. Proclamation of Napoleon III to the Italians.

June 9. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers attacks the Austrians at Malegnano, and after a severe contest, carries that post. On the same day the Austrian Count d'Urban is beaten by Marshal Canrobert, at Canonica. The Austrians evacuate Laveno on the Lago Maggiore. The Emperor and King attend mass at Milan.

The Seventh Week of the War—the Retreat of the Austrians.

June 10. Garibaldi enters Bergamo. The Austrians evacuate Pavia and Piacenza. The Duchess of Parma arrives at Verona.

June 11. The Austrians evacuate Lodi. They also evacuate Bologna and Ancona. Resignation of the Derby Ministry in England. Lord Palmerston invited to form a Cabinet. Head-quarters of the French anvanced to Gorgonzola.

June 12. The vanguard of the French army passes the Adda at Cassano. The Sardinian army passes the Adda at Vaprio. The Austrians complete the evacuation of the Papal territory, and also withdraw from Modena. Death of Prince Metternich.

June 13. The Austrians abandon Pizzighettone. Garibaldi at Brescia. Cremona and Brescia declare for the King of Sardinia. The Allied army passes the Seria. Gen. d'Urban retires from Coccaglia.

June 14. The Duke of Modena arrives at Mantua. D'Urban occupies Cavriana, but evacuates it the same night. Revolt at Venice.

June 15. Garibaldi repulsed by an overwhelming force of the Austrians at Castenedolo. He retreats towards Lonato.

June 16. Gen. Count Schlick takes command of the Second Austrian army, replacing Gyulai. The head-quarters of Napoleon III removed to Covo. The Austrian Emperor at Travigliato.

The Eighth Week of the War—Preparations for the Final and Decisive Battle.

June 17. The Austrians occupy Montechiaro and Castiglione. Kossuth leaves London for Italy.

June 18. The Emperor and King enter Brescia. The Austrians occupy the pass of the Stelvio. The Emperor Francis Joseph reviews a portion of his army at Lonato. He assumes supreme command of the army. The Papal troops, having through the treachery of the priests captured Perugia, indulge in a ferocious massacre of the inhabitants.

June 19. The Third Division of the Adriatic Fleet sails from Toulon.

June 20. The Austrians abandon Montechiaro, Castiglione and Lonato.

June 21. The Emperor and King leave Brescia for the Camp. The Austrians re-occupy Montechiaro and Castiglione. Francis Joseph fixes his head-quarters at Villa Franca.

June 22. The French pass the Chiese at Montechiaro, and push a reconnoissance as far as Goito. The head-quarters of Francis Joseph at Vallegio. Kossuth arrives at Genoa.

June 23. The French Emperor and the King urge a reconnoissance as far as Desenzano. The Austrians in full force repass the Mincio, and occupy Pozzolengo, Solferino and Cavriana. Tumults at Milan against the Jesuits.

The Ninth Week of the War—The Battle of Solferino—The Allies Pass the Mincio.

June 24. Great battle of Solferino, 250,000 Austrians defeated by the Allies, numbering 150,000. The Austrians repass the Mincio. The Allied head-quarters at Cavriana.

June 25. Prussia proposes in the Diet the mobilization of the Federal army. Panic-retreat of French troops at Brescia.

June 26. Kossuth arrives at Parma, and after conferring with Prince Napoleon, proceeds to the Imperial head-quarters.

June 27. A portion of Garibaldi's troops, under Maj. Medici, occupy the pass of Tonal, between Val Camonica and the Tyrol.

June 28. The Allies crossing the Mincio, enter the Venetian States.

June 29. The vanguard of the Allies advances to Villa Franca.

June 30. The Imperial head-quarters removed to Volta. The corps of Prince Napoleon joins the main body of the Allied army at Vallegio. The Sardinians commence the siege of Peschiera. The new British Ministry declares in Parliament its determination to maintain an inviolable neutrality.

The Tenth Week of the War—Repose after the Battle.

July 3. The Emperor removes his head-quarters from Volta, and crossing the Mincio, fixes them at Vallegio.

July 4. Ten thousand French troops landed at Lussin-Piccolo, in the Adriatic. Grand Te Deum for the victory of Solferino in Notre Dame.

July 5. The Austrians retire from Bormio, after a sharp action, in which they are defeated by Garibaldi.

The Eleventh Week of the War—The Armistice and the Peace.

July 8. Armistice concluded between the two Emperors at Villa Franca. Zara bombarded by the French frigate Impetueuse.

July 11. Interview between Napoleon III and Francis Joseph. The War terminated by the Peace of Villa Franca. [N. Y. Times.

BITTER SATIRE.—A caricature, it is said, was circulated in Vienna, representing the Austrian rank and file, adorned with the heads of lions, their officers with those of asses, and the generals with no heads at all!

A BEAUTIFUL EULOGY.

EDWARD EVERETT ON RUFUS CHOATE.

The Boston Courier contains an account of the meeting in Faneuil Hall in honor of Rufus Choate. The hall was draped in deep mourning, and men of all parties made speeches. We copy in full the beautiful eulogy delivered by Edward Everett:

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens: I obey the only call which could with propriety have drawn me at this time from my retirement, in accepting your invitation to unite with you in the melancholy duties which we are assembled here to perform.

While I speak, sir, the lifeless remains of our dear departed friend are expected; it may be, have already returned to his bereaved home. We sent him forth, but a few days since, in search of health, the exquisite bodily organization overtasked and shattered, but the master intellect still shining in unclouded strength. Anxious but not desponding, we sent him forth, hoping that the bracing air of the ocean, which he greatly loved, the respite from labor, the change of scene, the cheerful intercourse, which he was so well calculated to enjoy, with congenial spirits abroad, would return him to us refreshed and renovated—but he has come back to us dust and ashes, a pilgrim already on his way to

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns."

How could I refuse to bear my humble part in the tribute of respect which you are assembled to pay to the memory of such a man; a man not only honored by me, in common with the whole country, but tenderly cherished as a faithful friend, from the morning of his days, and almost from the morning of mine; one with whom through life I was delighted to take sweet counsel; for whom I felt an affection never chilled for a moment, during nearly forty years since it sprung up. I knew our dear friend, sir, from the time he entered the law school at Cambridge; I was associatied with him as one of the Massachusetts delegation in the House of Representatives of the United States, between whom and myself there was an entire community of feeling and opinion on all questions of men and measures; and with whom, in these late years, as his near neighbor, and especially when illness confined him at home, I have enjoyed opportunities of the most intimate social intercourse. Now that he is gone, sir, I feel that one more is taken away of those most trusted and loved, and with whom I had most hoped to finish the journey; nay, sir, one whom, in the course of nature, I should have preceded to its end, and who would have performed for me the most kindly office, which I, with drooping spirit, would fain perform for him.

But although with a willing heart I undertake the duty you have devolved upon me, I cannot but feel how little remains to be said. It is but echoing the voice, which has been heard from every part of the country—from the bar, from the press, from every association from which it could with propriety be uttered, to say that he stood at the head of his profession in this country. If, in his own or in any other part of the Union, there was his superior in any branch of legal knowledge, there was certainly no one who united to the same extent profound learning in the law, with a range almost boundless of miscellaneous reading, reasoning powers of the highest order, intuitive quickness of perception, a wariness and circumspection never taken by surprise, and an imagination, which rose on a bold and easy wing to the highest heaven of invention. These powers, trained by diligent cultivation—these attainments, combined and applied with sound judgment, consummate skill, and exquisite taste, necessarily placed him at the head of his profession of his choice, where, since the death of Mr. Webster, he shone without a rival. With such endowments formed at the best schools of professional education, exercised with unwearied assiduity, through a long professional life, under the spur of generous ambition, and the heavy responsibility of an ever growing reputation to be sustained—if possible to be raised—he could fill no second place.

But he did not, like most eminent jurists, content himself with the learning or the fame of his profession. He was more than most men in any profession, in the best sense of the word, a man of life. He did not think it the part of either wisdom or good taste to leave behind him at school, or at college, the noble languages of the great peoples of antiquity; but he continued through life to read the Grecian and Roman classics. He was also familiar with the whole range of English literature, and he had a respectable acquaintance with the standard French authors. This wide and varied circle of reading not only gave a liberal expansion to his mind, in all directions, but it endowed him with a great wealth of choice, but unstudied language and enabled him to command a richness of illustration, whatever subject he had in hand, beyond most of our public speakers and writers. This taste for reading was formed in early life. While he was at the law school at Cambridge, I was accustomed to meet him more frequently than any other person of his standing, in the alcoves of the library of the university. As he advanced in years, and acquired the means of gratifying his taste in this respect, he found a miscellaneous collection, probably as valuable as any other in Boston; and he was accustomed playfully to say that, every Saturday afternoon, after the labor of the week, he indulged himself in buying and bringing home a new book. Thus reading with a keen relish as a relaxation from professional toil, and with a memory that nothing worth retaining escaped, he became a living storehouse of polite literature, out of which, with rare facility and grace, he brought fourth treasures new and old, not deeming these last the least precious.

Though living mainly for his profession, Mr. Choate engaged to some extent in public life, and that at an early age, as a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and of the National House of Representatives, and in riper years as a Senator of the United States, as the successor of Mr. Webster, whose entire confidence he enjoyed, and whose place he, if any one, was not unworthy to fill. In these differ ent positions he displayed consumate ability. His appearance, his silent demeanor in either House of Congress commanded respect. He was one of the few whose very presence in a public assembly is a call to order. In the daily routine of legislation he did not take an active part. He rather shunned clerical work, and consequently avoided, as much as duty permitted, the labor of the committee room; but on every question that came up while he was a member of either House of Congress, he made a great speech; and when he had spoken there was very little left for any one else to say on the same side of the question. I remember, on one occasion, after he had been defending, on broad national grounds, the policy of affording a moderate protection to our native industry, showing that it was not merely a local but a national interest, and speaking to establish this point by a great variety of illustrations, equally novel and ingenious, a Western member, who had hitherto wholly dissented from this view of the subject, exclaimed that he "was the most persuasive speaker he had ever heard."

But though abundantly able to have filled a prominent place among the distinguished active statesmen of the day, he had little fondness for political life, and no aptitude whatever for the out door's management, for the electioneering legerdemain, for the wearisome correspondence with great local men, and the heart breaking drudgery of franking car-loads of speeches and public documents to the four winds, which are necessary at the present day to great success in a political career. Still less adroit was he in turning to some personal advantage whatever topic happens for the moment to attract public attention—fishing with even freshly baited hook in the turbid waters of an ephemeral popularity. In reference to some of the arts by which political advancement is sought and obtained, he once said to me, with that well-known characteristic look, in which sadness and compassionate pleasantry were about equally mingled: "They did not do such things in Washington's days."

If ever there was a truly disinterested patriot, Rufus Choate was that man. In his political career there was no shade of selfishness. Had he been willing to purchase advancement at the price often paid for it, there never was a moment, from the time when he first made himself felt and known that he could not have commanded anything which the party could bestow. But he desires none of the rewards or honors of success. On the contrary he, not only for his individual self, regarded office as a burden—an obstacle in the way of the cultivation of his professional and literary tastes—but he held that of necessity, and in consequence of the strong tendency of parties to assume a sectional character, conservative opinions seeking to moderate between the extremes which agitate the country must, of necessity be in the minority; that it was the "mission" of men who hold such opinions, not to fill honorable and lucrative posts which are unavoidably monopolized by active leaders, but to speak prudent words on great occasions, which would command the respect, if they do not enlist the sympathies of both the conflicting parties, and insensibly influence the public mind. He comprehended and accepted the position; he knew that it was one liable to be misunderstood and sure to be misrepresented at the time, but not the less sure to be justified when the interests and passions of the day are buried beneath the clods of the valley.

But this hstracism, to which his conservative opinions condemned him, produced not a shade of bitterness in his feelings. His patriotism was as cheerful as it was intense. He regarded our confederated Republic, with its wonderful adjustment of State and Federal organization; the States bearing the burden and descending to the details of local administration, the general government moulding the whole into one general nationality, and representing it in the family of nations,—as the most wonderful phenomenon in the political history of the world. Too much of a statesman to join the unreflecting disparagement, with which other great forms of national policy are often spoken of in this country; he yet considered the oldest, the wisest and the most successful of them, the British Constitution, as a far less wonderful political system than our confederated republic. The territorial extent of the country, the beautiful play into each other of its great commercial, agricultural and manufacturing interests; the material prosperity, the advancement in arts, and letters, and manners already made; the capacity for further indefinite progress in this vast theater of action, in which Providence has placed the Anglo-American race; stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic circle to the tropics, were themes on which he dwelt, as none but he could dwell; and he believed that with patience, with mutual forbearance, with a willingness to think that our brethren, however widely we may differ from them, may be as honest and patriotic as ourselves, our common country would eventually reach a height of prosperity of which the world as yet has seen no example.

With such gifts, such attainments, and such a spirit, he placed himself, as a matter of course, not merely at the head of the jurists and advocates, but of the public speakers of the country. After listening to him at the bar, in the Senate, or upon the academic or popular platform, you felt that you had heard the best that could be said in either place. That mastery which he displayed at the forum and in the deliberative assembly was not less conspicuous in every other form of public address. As happens in most cases of eminent jurists and statesmen, possessing a brilliant imagination and able to adorn a severe course of reasoning with the charms of a glowing fancy or a sparkling style, it was sometimes said of him, as it was said before him of Burke and Erskine, of Ames and Pinkney—that he was more of a rhetorician than a logician, that he dwelt in words and figures of speech more than in facts or arguments. These are the invidious comments, by which dull or prejudiced men seek to disparage those gifts which are furthrest from their own reach.

It is, perhaps by his discourse on academical and popular occasions that he is most extensively known in the community. as it is these which were listened to with delighted admiration by the largest audiences. He loved to treat a purely literary theme; and he knew how to throw a magic freshness—like the cool morning dew on a cluster of purple grapes—over the most familiar topics at a patriotic celebration. Some of these occasional performances will ever be held among the brightest gems of our literature. The eulogy on Daniel Webster, at Dartmouth college, in which he mingled at once all the light of genius and all the warmth of his heart, has, within my knowledge, never been equal among the performances of its class in this country for sympathetic appreciation of a great man, discriminating analysis of character, fertility of illustration, weight of sentiment, and style at once chaste, nervous and brilliant. The long sentences which have been criticised in this, as in other performances, are like those which Dr. Channing admired and commanded in Milton's prose—well compacted, full of meaning, fit vehicles for great thoughts. But he does not deal exclusively in those ponderous sentences. There is nothing of the artificial Johnsonian balance in his style. It is often marked by a pregnant brevity as by a sonorous amplitude. He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatic clauses, to skirmish with his light troops and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated and solemn truths told; when some moral and political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his thought; that you hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance; and when he has stormed the heights, and broken the centre, and trampled the squares, and turned the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion along the whole line of battle, and moves forward with all his hosts in one overwhelming charge.

Our friend was in all the personal relations of life, the most unselfish and disinterested of men. Commanding from an early period a valuable clientlage, and rising rapidly to the summit of his profession, and to the best practice in the courts of Massachusetts, and in the Supreme Court of the United States, with no expensive tastes or habits, and a manner of life highly unostentatious and simple, advancing years overtook him with but slender provision for their decline. He reaped little but fame, where he ought to have reaped both fame and fortune. A career which in England would have been crowned with affluence, and probably with distinguished rank and office, found him at sixty still chained to the treadmill of laborious practice.

He might, indeed, be regarded as a martyr to his profession. He gave to it his time, his strength, and neglecting due care of regular bodily exercise and occasional entire relaxation, he might be said to have given to it his life. He assumed the racking anxieties and feverish excitements of his clients. From the courts where he argued the causes entrusted to him, with all the energy of his intellect, rousing into corresponding action an overtasked nervous system, these cares and anxieties followed him to the weariness of his midnight vigils and the unrest of his sleepless pillow. In this way he led a long professional career, worn and harrassed with other men's cares and sacrificed ten added years of professional usefulness to the intensity, with which he threw himself into the discharge of his duties, in middle life.

There are other recollections of our friend's career, other phrases of his character on which I would gladly dwell, but the hour has elapsed and it is not necessary. The gentlemen who have preceded me, his professional brethren, his pastor, the press of the country, generously allowing past differences of opinion to be buried in his grave, have more than made up for any deficiency in my remarks. His work is done—nobly, worthily done. Never more in the temples of justice—never more in the Senate Chamber—never more in the crowded assembly—never more in this consecrated hall, where he so often held listening crowds in rapt admiration, shall we catch the unearthly glance of his eye or listen to the strange sweet music of his voice. To-morrow we shall follow him—the pure patriot—the consummate jurist—the eloquent orator—the honored citizen—the beloved friend to the last resting place; and who will not feel, as we lay him there, that a brighter genius and a warmer heart are not left among living men!

The death of J. B. Steel, so long and favorably known in this city occurred at Black River in this State, a few days ago, is an event that has excited great regret among a large circle of friends. His many excellent personal qualities endeared him to everybody, with whom he held intercourse. As the founder of the house of J. B. Steel & Co., one of the largest and best conducted book and stationary establishment in the South, he was well known throughout the South-west. That establishment has survived him, and is now conducted at the same place on Camp street, by his long associate, Benj. Bloomfield, Esq., and by Edgar Steele, Esq., a brother or the deceased, gentlemen eminently qualified to sustain its reputation and enlarge its business.

Mr. Steele was a native of Hudson N. Y., was fifty years old at the time of his death, and resided in this city twenty-five years.

[Delta of 16th instant.

CLASSICAL ANECDOTE.—A certain pedantic gentleman presented himself at Cambridge for a doctor's degree, and as is usual on such occasions, the questioning was commenced in Latin, when the following classical wit was exhibited:

Questioner—*Quid est creare?* (What is it to create?)

Pedant—*Ex nihil facere.* (To make out of nothing.)

Questioner—*Ergo te doctorem creamus!* (Therefore, we make you a doctor.)

☞ A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a pair of of shoes, and, not knowing exactly the peculiar style she required, he dispatched a written missive to her, inquiring whether she would have them "Wround, or Esq. Toad." The fair one, indignant at this nice specimen of ortography, immediately replied "Knethre."