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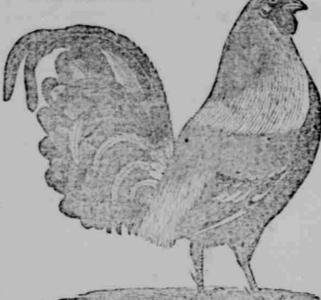
STATE

SPEAKING WITH THE FREEDOM OF A MAN,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

Vol. I.]

INDIANAPOLIS,



SENTINEL

HIMSELF FREE, TO AN AUDIENCE OF FREEMEN.

(BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN.

AUGUST 17, 1841.

[No. 4.

"CROW OR FEZZY, CROW!"

WIT AND HUMOR.—The distinctions between wit and humor are, that

Wit is intellectual; humor, sensuous. Wit is artificial; humor, natural;

Wit is employed on artificial objects—the follies of fashion; humor represents real objects, and the traits of less refined society than the world of fashion.

A humorist is not, necessarily, a man of humor but of humors. He cannot describe or point out humorous peculiarities in others; but, affords, in himself, a subject for the comic painter.

Wit is the scholar's quality, and partly learned; humor is the quality of genius, and cannot be derived.

Wit is perceptive; humor, redolent. Learning assists wit; but rather impedes humor. The best instances of learned wit are, Rabelais, Butler, Swift; of learned humor, Aristophanes and Lamb.

Humor is, in part, constitutional—matter of temperament; wit, rarely so. There is a sturdiest, gray, delicate, and powerful humor. It ranges from a subtle association to broad burlesque.

Wit is exceedingly versatile and multifarious in its modes, but of one texture—always intellectual. A satire poet is a wit; a humorist writes mock heroic. Wit is bitter; humor good natured.

Humorous and satirical wit are very opposite. The first is melancholy concealing tenderness; the last is brilliant, pointing malice.

In description, humor appeals to the eye; wit to the mind. The finest humorous writers have generally been poor talkers, because humor requires a fullness of development and detail, too complicated and extended for conversation.

Wit, merely glancing at a topic, is, for that reason, admirably adapted to animated colloquy. There is a marked difference between the styles of humorous and witty writers. Humorous writers are more fluent and melodious; witty authors are generally staccato and pointed. It is all the difference between the style "periodic" and "couplet."

Humorous thoughts glide into the mind, are sympathetic; witty ideas, like cold abstractions, dazzle, but never charm. Wit and fancy, humor and imagination, are correlative.

A humorous satirist, sympathizes with the object of his ridicule, as Cervantes with his hero; but a witty satirist always despises the subject of satire.

Humor points directly; wit illustrates indirectly. Wit is never descriptive at length; it paints minutely, or sharpens an epigram. Humor is vividly graphic; wit is occupied with analyzing character; humor rather paints manners.

Dialogue is the forte of a man of wit; monologue the property of the humorous author.—Aretina.

A JUDICIAL SCENE IN VIRGINIA.—On looking over some old magazines lately, we came across the following capital description of a curious scene in a court-room in Virginia, during the last war with Great Britain:

It was during the last war, when the vessels of Admiral Gordon were making their way up the Potomac to Alexandria, that a negro woman was arraigned for killing one of her own sex and color; she had been committed for murder, but the evidence went clearly to establish the deed to manslaughter, inasmuch as it was done in sudden heat, and without malice aforethought.

The attorney for the prosecution for murder, requested British authorities to show that she might be convicted of manslaughter, though committed for murder. The counsel for the accused asked, and in the most solemn manner asked the court if it was a thing ever heard of, that an individual accused of one crime and acquitted, should be arraigned immediately for another, under the same prosecution.

At intervals, boom—boom—boom—the British cannon. "British authorities!" exclaimed the counsel—"British authorities, gentlemen! Is there any one upon the bench so dead to the feelings of patriotism, as at such a moment to listen to British authorities, when the British cannon is shaking the very walls of your court-house to their foundation?"

"Matter? Fire and—stranger!—Don't you see many there shaking with the anger?—Daddy's gone a-buzzing!—Jim's got every cent of money there is, playing poker at a bit antee!—Bob Stokes is gone on a head with Nance!—Sal's so cov'ring she don't know that stick of wood from seven dollars and a half!—Every one of the horses is loose!—There is no meal in the wagon!—The skillets broke!—The baby's in a bad fix, and it's half a mile to the creek! and I don't care a d—d if I never see Texas!"

"Ba!—a—!—Ba!—a—!" roared pines wood. The old gentleman rode up to him, and in a tone of voice calculated to soothe the lady's distress, addressed him:

"What's the matter, my son?" "Matter? Fire and—stranger!—Don't you see many there shaking with the anger?—Daddy's gone a-buzzing!—Jim's got every cent of money there is, playing poker at a bit antee!—Bob Stokes is gone on a head with Nance!—Sal's so cov'ring she don't know that stick of wood from seven dollars and a half!—Every one of the horses is loose!—There is no meal in the wagon!—The skillets broke!—The baby's in a bad fix, and it's half a mile to the creek! and I don't care a d—d if I never see Texas!"

"Ba!—a—!—Ba!—a—!" roared pines wood. The old gentleman gave spur to his horse and again moved forward not having any desire to prolong his chance visit to a family going to Texas.

YAZOO WHITE. GOOD—VERY GOOD.—The writer of the following do not doubt had a cross wife, and speaks from experience. The advice here, is good, that we should not forbear commending it to the particular attention of all wives, mothers, and daughters. Read it often and practice its precepts:

A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends which are appointed to torture lost spirits.

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN ENGLAND.—A gentleman of the "fast anchored class" received the following from a native tradesman. It is copied verbatim of literature, for the benefit of those aspiring foreign critics who once asked "Who reads an American book?"

Mr. — Dir. to Jas. Smith, p. 6. Ams, 7 6. Atakenomom, 0 6. 8 0."

An American schoolmaster would probably give this beautiful English idiom the following translation—"An ass," a talk on him home!"

LOVE AND GOOSEBERRIES. A SENTIMENTAL STORY.

We had a cousin—highly! she is the anxious mother of half-a-dozen little cousins, now—well, she was in form and feature as far above the concentrated charms of all the models that ever were or will be written, as Amanda Fitz Allen was superior to Mr. Jerry Sneaks.

Her voice, it was like the wild wailings of an Aeolian Harp as it lulls the Zephyrs to their slumbers—her eyes, look not upon the stars, you can't match them there, and the coming little gibes had such a way of half closing the brilliant orbs, veiling their dangerous beams, and then with a sudden start, flashing their death-dewling rays upon you, that your very heart instantly felt the process of combustion—her brow, shaded with her autumn hair, was like a hand's breadth of white cloud and the rich lustre of a Southern sunset—her hands were fitted for nothing but to sweep over the harp's mellow chords, and to be kissed by a lover—and her feet—oh, how we adore a pretty foot!—Titania, Queen of the Fairies, would have given her most beautiful but shell chariot, just to have seen that perfect feature, we must call it.

Well, we were in a dreadful condition about this cousin—sometimes we'd call her "cousin," it was delightful to claim relationship with such a perfect creature—and then we couldn't call her cousin, for we laid a sort of trap, that if she asked, as we hoped she would, why we used not that costly title, we had a very pretty speech made up, to intimate that we desired, when manhood came, to call her by a dearer name. But the provoking little mink never seemed to notice whether we *coined* her or not.

She was older than we—and her name was Elegantina! One day, walking in the garden with the fair one, we determined to divulge the yet unspoken tale of affection which encharged the heart. We were in a beautiful walk, fringed with gooseberry bushes, when, after the most approved fashion of romance, sinking gracefully upon one knee, in burning words we poured forth the story of our eternal love.

Elegantina calmly listened—we thought we perceived a kind tear dimming her radiant eye—we rose, and stretching out our arms, of course, that she would sink upon and murmur the gentle confession of reciprocal attachment. Reader, she did so such thing.

She serenely turned and pulled a handful of green gooseberries, and gravely asked, "Cousin John, what are these?" "Gooseberries, my darling Elegantina!" answered cousin John.

"Eat them," she replied, "gooseberries must be good for your complaint!" Reader, "Cousin John" made tracks.

GOING TO TEXAS.—Not long since I had been seen on the Vicksburg and a stand looking old gentleman on horseback, with a stout lute tucked tight around him and an umbrella hoisted over his head, protecting him from a drizzling rain that had that evening "set in" with every indication of a continuance. His horse moved sluggishly along, as though jaded by a long journey. The rider seemed anxiously looking for a whereabouts to pass the night, when a fire a short distance from the road attracted his attention. He rode to the spot, and beheld what is very common in this section of the country, an encampment of a family "snowing."

By the fire, with bags of wood for pillows and each wrapped in a blanket, were lying two females—near them a small child. Learning against the fore-wheel of the wagon was a lid of about ten or eleven years of age; he wore a pair of flannel-wool trousers, too short for him, a roundabout that reached down half way from his shoulder to his waist, no hat, and possessing one of those tow-heads of hair so frequently to be met with among the piny wood-nodders of Alabama. There he stood crying most vociferously.

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"What's the matter, my son?" "Matter? Fire and—stranger!—Don't you see many there shaking with the anger?—Daddy's gone a-buzzing!—Jim's got every cent of money there is, playing poker at a bit antee!—Bob Stokes is gone on a head with Nance!—Sal's so cov'ring she don't know that stick of wood from seven dollars and a half!—Every one of the horses is loose!—There is no meal in the wagon!—The skillets broke!—The baby's in a bad fix, and it's half a mile to the creek! and I don't care a d—d if I never see Texas!"

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THE MOTHER.—At Belknap Falls, Vt., a few days since, a child aged five years, was accidentally precipitated head foremost into a well about 50 feet deep. The mother, who was in feeble health, having a child and five weeks old, descended, and rescued the sufferer, who was clinging to the wall and crying for help.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. LINES WRITTEN BY A LADY.

As an excuse for her and in the cause of Temperance, and addressed to a friend who told her that she "was almost a maniac on the subject of alcoholic drink."

Oh, feel what I have felt, Go, bear what I have borne— Sink 'neath a blow a friend dealt, And the cold prober water's scorn— Thus struggle on, from year to year, Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept, For a lov'd father's fall, See every cherub'd beam, except, A youth's sweetness turn'd to gall, Hope's faded flowers strew'd 'l the way That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt, Implore, beseech, and pray— Strive the lessened heart to melt, The downward course to stay— Be cast, with bitter cease, aside, Thy prayers 'twixt us, thy tears defied.

Go, "and where I have stood, Thy own dream anguish hide, With gnashing teeth, he bathed in blood, And cold and livid brow; Go, catch his wand'ring glance and see There mirror'd his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard, The woe of sad despair, As memory feelings' fount hath stir'd, And its revealing's there, Have told him what he might have been, Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to thy mother's side, And her crush'd spirit cheer, Thine own dream anguish hide, Wipe from her cheek the tear— Mark her dimm'd eye, her furrow'd brow, The gray that streaks her dark hair now,

Her toil worn frame, her trembling limb, And trace the ruin back to him, Whose night and day in early youth Promis'd her love and truth— But who, forsaken, hath yielded up This promise to the deadly cup,

And led her down from love and light, From all that made her pathway bright, And chain'd her there, 'mid woe and strife, That lovely thing—A Drunkard's wife! And stamp'd on childhood a brow so mild, That withering light—A Drunkard's Child!

Go, hear, see and feel and know All that my soul hath felt or known— Then look upon the wine cup's glow, See if its brightness can atone, Think if its flow will e'er be dry, If all proclaim'd—" 'Tis drink and 't is."

Tell me I hate the low! Hate is a feeble word— I loathe, abhor—my very sight With strong disgust is stir'd, Where'er I see, or hear, or tell Of the dæmon beverage of hell!

GRAND SCHEME OF EMIGRATION. The lovers should to Malta go, The lovers should to Sicily, The quakers to the Friendly Isles, The furriers all to Chili, The little wailing, squalling babes, Should break out into early youth, Should be pack'd off to Babylon, To L'upland, or to Brest,

From Spitzland, cooks go 'er to Greece, And while the miser waits His passion to the Guinea coast, Spendthrifts are in the Straits, Spinsters should to the Needles go, The bachelors to Hong-kong, Gamesters should lunch at Sandwich Isles, Wags at the lay of Fanny.

Maitreans hasten to the South, The surplised priests to Rome (room), While still the race of hypocrites At Canton are at home, Lovers should hasten to Good Hope, To some Cape Horn is gain; Debtors should go to Odessa, And suitors to the Maine.

He bachelors to the United States, Made to the Isle of Man, Let gardeners all to Baiting go, And shoe blacks to Japan, Thus emigrate, and misplaced men Will ne'er no longer vex us; And all that said provided for, Had better go to Texas.

From my Former Recollections. TO M. W. B. A word, a smile, a parting and a tear, Seen at the most best of friendship here; We meet to part, we meet to part again, So are life's friendships mingled still with pain.

Lady, there's a friendship fresh and pure, Unmarred by discord and unstained by feud, Not the frail friendship of a truster hour, Nor formed in romance "neath some shady bow— It is the friendship of a pure climate, That rocks no soul from any love-sick rhyme; To pure for earth, it dwells not here below, Save where it makes the christian's bosom glow, My thy soul worship at the holy shrine, Where angels wander still, admire and love, Clap their glad wings and soar to realms above; Then though afflictions tear thy soul in twain, Though thy soul bend beneath severer pain, Though tears of anguish trickle down thy cheek, Though loved ones die, and life doth show a wreck, Heaven's pure affection heals all sorrow's wounds, And gives us peace in more than earthly sounds; Invites us to the realms of joy and love— To the bliss'd home of God in Heaven above.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR. Berkshire Medical Institution, Pittsfield, Mass., 1848. How overcoming it is to set beside a sentimental lass and listen to her sympathetic song accompanied by the piano, if:

"YES—YES! yes—yes! 'Tis I—no—faintly—thine eyes? O—DEAR—SWEET OR MY?"

There is a toper in our borough, says the Harrisburg Telegraph, whose nose is so large and fiery red that the Common Council thinks it a source of intimidation, and are about to fine him because it projects over the sidewalks.

I may B of the lovers of U, as the miles of 6 teen said 2 a 10 d of 4 lbs of mutton B 4 she is a piece of it.—Mr. News.

A threadbare coat is armor proof against a high wayman.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.

The season for this very fatal disease to children is rapidly approaching, and we know not of any remedy so efficacious as a remedy of sufficient strength to arrest it in any stage. We know of one, the Bene Plant, of the eastern cultivation, and of unfailing power. It is used in the following manner:—When a child is affected, take a tumbler of water, and pull a leaf or two from the plant and stir it round in the water for several minutes, which then becomes a tasteless liquid, and has the resemblance of water with a few drops of milk in it. The effect is instantaneous, relieving the child entirely from the complaint. How many lives can be preserved from the discovery of this simple vegetable, and of what importance is it to every parent to secure himself from danger by its cultivation.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

BENE PLANT.—The *Siamensis*, of botanical, an exotic, somewhat scarce in the West, but can be had at the garden of J. Mount, Seventh, south of Main street, Zanesville.

The following prescription was handed us by a friend, who says it is equally efficacious with the above, not only in summer complaint, but also in dysentery and has the advantage of being within the reach of every one.—Zanesville Gazette.

Take of Rhubarb, Sassafras, Peppermint and Cinnamon, two scruples each, put over a fire, and strain in half a pint of boiling water—cool, and then add two table spoonful of good brandy, and sugar enough to make it palatable. Dose—one table spoonful every four till the discharge assumes a natural appearance, which will generally be in a few hours.

Another.—Take of rectified whiskey, one wine-glass full; add as much salt as will dissolve in it. This is a dose for an adult. We have seen this remedy cure when every other means had failed. It generally cures in four hours.—Sentinel.

TO DESTROY TICKS ON SHEEP.—Sir—Having noticed an article in your paper of May 1st, in regard to destroying ticks on sheep, I wish to send you a more simple method, and one which I have found effectual, having practised it for several years. If you think it worthy of notice, you are at liberty to publish it in your paper. Immediately after shearing, I apply lamp oil, poured from a common tin quart, the whole length of the sheep, from the ears back, so that it will spread equally on each side—one quart is sufficient for eight sheep.

The lambs are treated in the same manner, varying the quantity according to the size of the lamb. If the lambs are large, care should be taken to part the wool on the centre of the back, and the oil so applied as to cause it to spread equally on each side.

In the fall of the year, when the sheep are brought to the barn, I again apply the same. Oil is a deadly poison to the ticks, and when applied as above described, the insects may be seen dead, entangled in the ends of the wool. The above method, I think, has several advantages to recommend it. First, the ticks are exceedingly annoying to sheep after shearing, will not light on them for many days after.

Second. The wool starts much quicker for being oiled. Third. Sheep treated in this manner will endure the cold storms, which frequently occur after shearing, with half the risk of those that have not been oiled.

And lastly, I have no doubt but the next year's clip is considerably increased in quantity, without injury to its quality.

I have nothing but my own experience to sustain me in the above statements, as I do not know that any other person ever practised it.—Hankie Farmer.

DIARRHOEA.—People need not be long troubled with that disorder, so generally prevalent at this season, commonly known as the summer or bowel complaint, when the certain remedy hereafter may be used on every man's dinner table, in the shape of salt and sugar, which are exceedingly annoying to sheep after shearing, will not light on them for many days after.

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KEEPING ICE.—The following from the Kentucky Farmer is the receipt for keeping ice, noticed by us yesterday.

We take, at sunrise, from the ice house, as much ice as will probably be wanted through the day, and cover it up in some easy dust placed in a barrel which sits in the dairy house. At night, the size of any given lump is scarcely perceptibly diminished. It is a perfect charm. Away with your half ton of lumber, charcoal, and zinc, with which you are lumbered, under the name of ice-cream generator.

The editor of the Franklin County Commonwealth adds that he has tried the method here recommended, and that it answers perfectly.

LABOR SAVING SOAP.—Mr. Gibbs—I herewith send you a Receipt for making the Labor Saving Soap (see column) which is an excellent article for washing and saving labor.

The Receipts for making have been sold in this place from five to ten dollars—and the soap seven cents per pound; but can be manufactured for about two cents. If you see it you may publish it for the benefit of the public.

Take two pounds Sal Soda, Two pounds of yellow bar soap, Ten quarts of rain water, Cut the soap into thin slices and boil all together two hours—then strain through a cloth, let it cool, and it is fit for use.

Directions for Using the Soap.—Put the clothes in a sack the night before you wash, and convey said sack to water in which you have dissolved one pound of soap, the clothes will need no rubbing, merely time them out and they will be perfectly clean and white.

Great Falls, N. H., Oct. 4, 1838.

POTTERIES.—Say, Bill, what's all dat er mess, Mr. Adams er M'Wain? "Why, Cumberbidge, I tell you, I fac children, er de deen de fader want no right to give to him cause he can't. At the same time he no right to tell the child he wont hear it cry, cause dat would be interfere wid de right er p'nt'n."

"Dat ar's de ground is a I. Well, I guess they can't trouble de B'n Adams er M'Wain. Now, Bill, what's de matter?" "De agent for selling Moffat's Pills. Why don't you read de papers, nigger?"

A simple and frugal Government, confined within strict Constitutional limits. No public debt, either by the General Government, or by the States, except for objects of urgent necessity.

No assumption by the General Government of the debts of the States, either directly, or indirectly by a distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.

No extensive system of Internal Improvement by the General Government, or by the States. A constitutional barrier against improvident loans.

The honest payment of our debts and the sacred preservation of the public faith. A gradual return from an extensive credit system.

No national bank to swindle the laboring population. No connection between the Government and banking corporations.

No grants of exclusive charters and privileges, by special legislation, to banks. No connection between Church and State.

No proscription for honest opinions. Fostering aid to public education.

Georgia vs. Down East.—[Bar room of a Tavern.] Nutmeg (Addressing Cracker, a Georgian). I say, Mister you haunt show nothing of no umbrella, no where about here, haunt you!

Cracker. Now, I tell you what, stranger, if you'll just waitwat that and say it over again, I'll gin you an answer.

Nut. Now—do tell! I guess you are about as snappish as Deacon Holmes' new invented sheep shears; they not only took the wool clean off, but shave the ears and tail with it!

Crack. You are a screamer! Come, figure in with me in a mit jump, if you know what's what. Mint's all the go South—and if you want to git the first chop, go to the grave of any southern nullifier, who might have recently died, and there you'll find the mint as they say, shooting up spontaneously.

Nut. No, you don't say so! Well now that's a good one. How-stever, mister, I guess you never drank no black-strap, did you? I guess you hav't.

Why bless your tarriol soul, it's the sweetest drink ever strangled it down a common sized gullet. Lasses ad run, with a little dash of water—why, do you know when Deacon Snooks died he was buried in farmer Greg's old lot, just behind Major Staples' grocery and liquor store; you know where it is! Well, ever since he was laid there, which may be, I guess, about twelve years ago, there's been a spring of black-strap running.

Crack. Well, stranger, you can take the rag off the lamb, about a bottle the cleanest I ever heard tell. I reckon you'll beat our old nigger Crack, who once run again a lawyer, and has never been able to tell the truth since. You can can make huckleberry over my precision to day.

Nut. Well, I guess I am not quite as slow as a rumpkin-vine or as dull as a rainy day. But you appear to be a green in these parts—how do you like the middle of Maryland?

Crack. Why I can't zactly say—I reckon your niggers are about a notch too indispensible—why, it's a fact, the vile catamounts are so plazy slow on their trotter when a feller speaks to 'em, that they might run a race with a gourd and then be distanced after all. I reckon you had ought to see our Georgia niggers—there's a leveler in the sense, than the hard end of nothing walled down, if they can't dodge a panther at three months old, I once seed a nigger strike it up the Savannah river again stream and mid, middle deep in the water at the rate of ten miles an hour; if I didn't may I be screwed down to a hoe-axe in a cider press.

Nut. Well—do tell; you must have a rail headlong climate in Georgia.

Crack. I tell you what, stranger our climate's got no nature at all. In the uplands it might be the same as this 'ere one day, and another just about hot enough to roast a common sized salamander. Some folks there can't count their children, and don't die until they're 90 countries! old that they can't slip into their coffin. But I reckon you've never been in the low countries! The fog there is so thick that you have to cut your way through it with a pick axe. A steamboat was once smashed to pieces by running agin a Georgia fog.

Nut. I s'wore 'nister, I should like to know what school you got your children in! May be you were brought up in the fong-in-hospital—was fed on raw eggs. I guess if you were put into a cedar mill you'd come out a regular built Cholema morbus.

Crack. Right, stranger—and you'd have to pass through all the cotton gins in Georgia afore you'd come to an honest man. How-stever, you're a screamer, so gin us a shake of your corn-stealers—and let's paddle canoes together.

THE GREAT MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.—An account of the means and intentions of the new packet line, which is to touch at New Orleans on its way from England to the West Indies, is published in the Bee of the 21 instant. From this, it appears, that the Company has been chartered by the Crown with a capital of 1,500,000 pounds, divided into fifteen shares of one hundred thousand pounds each.

The steamers appropriated for this service are fourteen in number, of about 450 horse power and 1500 tons burthen each. They are all constructed of equal size iron-hull that each may be able to take in its turn the long voyage to England, by which means each will return to that country twice every year, and thus whatever repairs may become necessary may be readily and easily made. They are intended chiefly to carry passengers, and are constructed very much on the plan of the steamers of Cunard's line.

In the transmission of the mails no more time is to be occupied at any place than is sufficient to exchange mails and passengers. The course outward from Europe to the continent, is by Madeira, (probably also Corunna,) Barbadoes, St. Thomas, Porto Rico and Havana. The time that will be required to accomplish it, including stoppages, is 25 days. The course to England is by Havana, Nassau and Fayal. The time from New Orleans to London will be 42 days, but about the steamers perform their work at the average rate of Cunard's line, the time between New Orleans and London, both outward and inward, will be nearly two days less either way. At Nassau the great line is connected with North America, and also connects all North America with the whole of the West Indies including the coast of South America and the Gulf of Mexico. A sailing vessel connects Madeira with Fayal.

The agent appointed to carry the plan of the company into effect, is now in New Orleans.

We are indebted to the Nashville Whig for the following "good 'n'."—A gentleman of the bar, pleading before the Circuit Court of an adjoining county the other day, on behalf of a client who had sued his neighbor for slander, thus appealed to the pathos of the jury. "Gentlemen, (said the barrister, in his most pathetic tone, place yourselves in the position of my client; how could you bear the thought, after you are dead and gone, that you had left a child behind to be pointed at as the natural of the man who stole the Cutting Knife?"

The Charleston Mercury says that the man sent by Government to keep the light-house at New West, having committed a great outrage, contra bonam consuetudinem, has been tarred and feathered by the people of Key West, and shipped for Washington in a pig-stick box to lay in wait before Secretary Ewing.

An Arabian having brought a black to a maiden's check by the sweetness of his gaze, said to her: "My looks have planted roses in your cheeks—why should we not gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest. What think you