The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS. ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1858. VOL. XI.—NO. 523.

TERMS:

THE POST IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements will be charged $1 per square of 12 lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year. ☞ Persons sending advertisements must mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly. ☞

For announcing the names of candidates for office, $5, *Cash.*

Obituary notices over 12 lines, charged at the regular advertising rates.

All communications intended to promote the private ends or interests of Corporations, Societies, Schools or Individuals, will be charged as advertisements.

Job Work, such as Pamphlets, Minutes, Circulars, Cards, Blanks, Handbills, &c., will be executed in good style, and on reasonable terms.

All letters addressed to the Proprietor, post paid, will be promptly attended to.

Persons at a distance sending us the names of four solvent subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis.

No communication inserted unless accompanied by the name of the author.

☞ Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, OCT. 1, 1858.

GEN. WM. T. HASKELL.—The Nashville Daily Gazette says: We regret to learn, as we do from a gentleman lately returned from Kentucky, that this distinguished son of Tennessee, now confined in the Lunatic Asylum of the former State, is still afflicted with the severest form of mental derangement.—Lately it has been necessary to keep him in the closest confinement. But little hope is now entertained that his reason will ever be fully restored.

MASSACHUSETTS AMERICAN CONVENTION.—The New York Times, of the 17th, says: The American party of Massachusetts yesterday held a State Convention for the nomination of Presidential candidates for State officers, at the Tremont Temple, in Boston. The Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, of Brookline, was nominated for Governor; Increase Sumner, of Great Barrington, for Lieutenant Governor; R. L. Allen, of Boston, for Secretary of State; and A. G. Underwood, of Milford, for State Treasurer.

MEXICO.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Courier says:

"Causes and pretexts for a rupture with Mexico are gradually accumulating. We have no counsel at Guaymas. A Mr. Ainas, who claims to be an American, has been imprisoned there. His release has been demanded, but not granted. A naval officer has heretofore, it is stated, been ordered to Guaymas, with his ship, to procure by force, if necessary, the liberation of the incarcerated.

"A person named Mr. Bates, I believe, has been appointed Consul at Guaymas. He vibrates between San Diego, California, and Tuczon, Arizonia. He would be unpopular at Guaymas, because he was a member of the patriot band, under Col. Crabbe, which came to an untimely end at some town in Sonora, because engaged in an innocent attempt to conquer the country on their individual behalf, and to rob and murder the inhabitants. The perverse people of Guaymas have got the notion into their heads that a person addicted to such eccentricities of principle and conduct ought not to reside among them, even as a Consul. Consequently, Mr. Bates does not go to Guaymas."

☞ The Democrats of Delaware have nominated Dr. Burton for Governor, and Hon. William G. Whiteley (their present Representative) for re election to Congress.

☞ A Spanish slaver, which had been abandoned, was recently found off the Colorado reef. She had landed 900 Africans at Cardenas.

THE ELECTION FOR JUDGE.—The Union of yesterday morning contains an official table of all the returns made to the Governor up to noon of Tuesday, for Judge of the Supreme Court. There were cast in the election 18,672 votes, of which Judge Wright received 12,227, and Judge Walker, 6,445.—The vote in condemnation of the Convention, while it is small, the majority as indicated by the returns, is overwhelming. Out of 24,858 votes cast, 20,931 were against the proposition, and 3,927 in favor.—*Daily News.*

HUNTING A GOVERNOR.—The Wetumpka (Ala.) Spectator says: "We have heard of several persons lately hunting the governor. The last legislature passed an act increasing the governor's salary to five thousand dollars, and requiring him to reside at the capital. But we fear this law will do no good, except that of increasing his pay. Before the law, our governors lived at home, wherever that may have been, and visited the capital occasionally. Now, the governor lives at the capital, stays at home occasionally, and is off on a visit the rest of the time."

FLORIDA SUGAR PLANTING.—An Alabama paper says that some of the sugar planters of Louisiana are turning their attention to that part of Florida from which the Indians have lately been removed. It is thought that in a few years not only will sugar become one of its principal productions, but that coffee will be successfully cultivated.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 18, 1858.—A train on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad met with a serious accident at Platte river bridge, ten miles east of St. Joseph, on the morning of the 13th, by which two laborers were drowned; George Thompson, the engineer, and two firemen, badly injured, and two or three passengers slightly hurt. The bridge is supposed to have been fired by an incendiary, and was so much burned below that when the locomotive reached it the entire structure fell, precipitating the whole train into the river.

☞ Counterfeit five dollar bills on the North Western Bank at Wheeling, Va., are in circulation. They are said to bear a striking resemblance to the genuine notes, and are only to be detected by observing the *fire* in the right hand vignette, printed upside down.—*Daily News.*

PERSONAL.—About the year 1790, a branch of the Roseburgh family left Sussex county, New Jersey, and settled somewhere in North Carolina. The descendants of this family, some of whom are supposed to reside in North Carolina and Tennessee, will hear of something to their advantage by communicating with A. M. Roseburgh, Ithaca, N. Y. Southern papers will confer a favor by copying.

THE JOBBERS IN ARMS—THE INSOLENCE OF THE SPOILSMEN.

We learn from the St. Louis papers that a Court of Inquiry, has been ordered by the Secretary of War, to meet at Fort Leavenworth, to investigate the conduct of Capt. Van Vleit, Quarter-Master of that post, in the matter of the mule purchases for the Army. The Missouri Democrat thus states the matter at issue between the Quarter-Master, the Secretary of War, and the mule men:

"The issue between the Secretary of War and the Quarter-Master, is that the latter has been too exacting in his dealings with the contractors; that in several cases he rejected mules which they allege came up to the specifications of the Department, and that the price he set on those which he accepted was below their market value. He is also accused of partiality to a few of the contractors, but the gravamen of the charges against him is that he refused, as the agent of the government, to accept all the mules which were offered to him by some contractors, and also abused the discretionary powers with which he was invested by paying them prices which, though in reality exorbitant, were below the calculations of their cupidity, and the promises of those politicians in Washington who procured for them the patronage of Secretary Floyd. Our readers may now perceive that it is not for the laxity, but the rigor of his conduct that Van Vleit is brought to the bar. He drove too hard a bargain with these injured innocents, the mule men. He had no thorough appreciation of the necessities the liberality and munificence of a government which subsists by the judicious distribution of the spoils, and which has spoils to the amount of ninety millions to distribute. He was unsophisticated enough to think that the doctrine of equivalents should be maintained to some extent in transactions between the government and private individuals.—Hence, if the mule was below the standard height, under or over the required age, broken down, diseased, or otherwise radically defective, he refused to purchase it; and if it passed inspection in all particulars, he bought it together with the rest of the drove at a price which left only some twenty or thirty dollars a head net profit to the contractors.—Out of these injuries inflicted upon those worthy men—the contractors—has sprung a Court of Inquiry."

The contractors were only permitted to make a net profit of from twenty to thirty dollars per head on the mules that were supplied at that post, which being below the usual scale of plunder, is not to be tolerated! For our part we are glad that this Inquiry has been ordered. We have seen many paragraphs and charges as to the corrupt manner in which this precious mule bussiness has been carried on; and we may now have some tangible facts upon the subject. We trust Capt. Van Vleit will make a complete exposition of his transactions with these sharks. It is quite likely that the whole business of furnishing supplies to the Utah Army would be a proper subject of investigation; and we hope this little inquiry at Leavenworth may lead to it.—*Nashville Patriot.*

FOREIGNES IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Baltimore Clipper says a movement has been steadily progressing for several years among this class of our population throughout the country, having in view the organization of an exclusive *foreign* party, that shall obtain possession of our federal and State governments, and modify them in accordance with their own peculiar European ideas. In view of this movement the Clipper has examined the records and gives the following statistics:

The State census of New York, taken in 1855, contains some interesting facts that are well worth public attention. That census is more complete than any other ever taken in the Empire State. It contains a statement of the whole number of voters in each election district and their nativity. The number of the native and the naturalized voters in the ten principal cities in the State is as follows:

	Native.	*Naturalized.*
New York,	46,173	42,704
Brooklyn,	17,143	14,003
Buffalo,	4,457	7,228
Albany,	5,060	4,562
Rochester,	3,825	2,905
Troy,	3,393	2,134
West Troy,	2,134	1,283
Syracuse,	2,633	1,677
Utica,	2,012	1,656
Oswego,	1,599	1,011
	88,429	78,168

It will thus be seen that in these cities, containg 166,597 voters, the number of native-born voters exceeds that of the foreign born only about 10,000. This proportion of naturalized to native voters is not peculiar to the cities of New York or of Atlantic States. In many of the Western cities, as in Buffalo and Chicago, the foreign vote greatly preponderates, and in others, as in Cincinnati and St. Louis, it is about equal to that of the native-born citizens.

☞ Elward Tucker, the engineer of the New Haven railroad train, which ran off the drawbridge at Norwalk, five years ago, and resulted so disastrously in the destruction of human life, committed suicide in the city of New York on Thursday evening, by severing with a razor the main arteries of his left arm. He has not run any engines since the Norwalk disaster, and this calamity is said to have preyed on his mind so forcibly as to have rendered him at times nearly insane.—He was 40 years of age, and has left a wife and two children residing in the vicinity of Troy.

☞ The treasury receipts for the past week were $855,000, being $376,000 less than the previous week. Total amount on deposit $14,681,000 of which $12,373,000 are subject to draft; $9,691,000 are in New York.

SINGING.—A New York paper says: A few Sundays ago, at one of our suburban churches, the choir sang a hymn to a tune which commences as follows: "My poor pol—my poor pol—my polluted heart." Another line received the following rendering: "And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights." And still another was sung: "And take thy pil—and take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home."

NASHVILLE—THE DEMOCRACY.

There is something dreadful on hand at Nashville—party elements are in terrible commotion, and the democratic leaders are vibrating in their boots like reeds shaken by the wind. All of which we learn from the following article, appearing in the *Banner* of that city, of the 23d ult.:

"*Treason, Stratagem and Spoils*"—"*Suthin Rumbles.*"—There is something in the wind. In the classical language of Simpkins, Jr., we "smell a rat," and are suspicious that something is to be *rat*-ified. Our semi-occasional trips through Cherry-street during the last two days have excited our apprehensions that the country is in danger. The faces of suspicious individuals meet our gaze in isolated groups, apparently bent upon some secret business.

By heav'n, there's treason in their aspect!
That cheerless gloom, those eyes that pour on earth;
That bended body and these folded arms—

Portend evil to somebody. Is anybody scared? Our candid opinion is that the democratic party is in trouble. There is some secret sorrow preying upon its vitals, and a desperate attempt is about to be made to medicine it away. The crisis is about to arrive! The patient will not survive long without relief, and there is danger of dissolution from the effects of physic. The doctors are all in town for consultation. We have seen them—some of them—and they are the choice among the Faculty. There is Senator Nicholson at the head, and Andrew Johnson, *secundem.* They are in a *yellow* study, assisted by Burch, late Speaker of the Senate; Whitthorne of Maury, Quarles of Montgomery, Hon. Harvey M. Watterson of Warren, Capt. T. C. H. Miller Gammon, Wilson, and Payne Davis of Marshal, Col. Howard of Wilson, our friend Dunnington of Maury, and last, and always handsomest, our cotemporary Faxon, of the *Jeffersonian.* There are many others in council, representing the interest which is felt in the patient. They will deliberate profoundly before they prescribe. We understand that all agree upon the nature of the complaint which has thrown their patient between the sheets. It is the *yellow* melancholy. They differ, however, as to the treatment. Some are for applying *shin plasters*, while others insist upon a strictly mineral treatment. We anticipate a warm discussion upon this point, but as it will be private, the world will be no wiser. Our special reporter will be there, but he knows better than to disclose the proceedings of secret societies.

We commend them to prudence and caution, lest their

"Plots fall short, like darts which weak hands throw,
With an ill aim, and have too far to go."

☞ If the man who owns "Jim Clay's place," once the residence of the great Kentucky statesman, has not "a brow insensible to shame," the following from the Lexington Observer will bring the blood to his callous heart:

The cry of "coalition" is now in the mouth of every Locofoco in the south from the meanest to the highest. All of the new converts to Democracy are especially loud in their denunciations of the proposed "union of the opposition," upon any platform whatever, no matter how broad and national it might be. Among these alarmists James B. Clay has been as active as any one else, when he ought to know from experience that the Locofoco cry of "coalition" is an old trick of his newly adopted party. James Buchanan (his particular friend) got up just such another cry about Henry Clay a number of years ago.—When Jackson was beaten for the Presidency by Mr. Adams, it was proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land that there had been a "bargain and sale" effected between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, and this charge, false and foul as it was, hung like an incubus upon the latter for many of the best years of his political life. This charge is now admitted by the Democrats themselves to have been false, but does not James B. Clay remember how fiercely they denounced his father during this period, and how vehemently they talked about "*that* coalition!" And if he does, it seems to us that he ought not to join in with them now in giving volume to this old party howl about the union of Southern men with traitors of the North, for the purpose of swindling and wronging the South. Let him leave this task to those who once denounced his father for the same offence, and who quoted James Buchanan as authority for the lie for years.

THE PARTY SYSTEM BREAKING UP.—No one in this city who looks at the various signs in the political heavens can fail to observe that the disposition on the part of the masses to throw off the thraldom of party is growing stronger every day. The squabble of party leaders, the corruption of the different factions and the condition of serfdom to which the voters have been reduced at the will of knaves and demagogues, have disgusted the people to such a degree that before long we should not be surprised to see a general rebellion against all party authority.

In the democratic ranks perhaps the first blow will be struck at the tyranny of Tammany Hall. Already the Irish element in the democracy—the most faithful always to party rules and obligations—is on the verge of insurrection. The neglect with which it is alleged Irishmen have been treated in the disposition of offices has left that portion of the party little reason to maintain their allegiance to Tammany, and they are not slow to admit that fact. Again, a leading paper among the Germans evidences the discontent of that element by suggesting a separate independent organization. Looking at these omens, together with the general desire among those who are not the slaves of party to elect faithful men to all the city offices, in order that that the system of plundering and rascality may be abolished, who can say that there is no limit to the tyranny of faction, and that the demolition of party rule in this city, with all its odious consequences, is not at hand?—*N. Y. Herald.*

☞ The Democrats are always preaching the doctrine that the people are capable of self-government. If they believe this doctrine why should the political organ-grinders up at Washington be so particular to send out dictators to keep the "*dear people*" straight? Mr. Breckenridge has recently been on a mission to Kentucky, Mr. A. H. Stephens to Illinois, and Old Buck, himself, has had to send an epistle to his servant Bill English with instructions for the government of the unterrified in Indiana.—*Rutherford Telegraph.*

☞ The Brandon (Miss) Republican mentions a strict application of the Mississippi duelling law:

Recently a bill was filed by the Hon. W. P. Harris and Steele & Norris, in Clark Chancery Court, to stop a sale under execution, based upon judgments rendered before Judge Hancock, on the ground that the judgments were void, because Judge Hancock was engaged in a duel.

THE CONFUSION AMONG PARTIES AND PARTY LEADERS.

Political matters are gradually getting into a perfect snarl. Scarcely a day passes which does not witness some new disintegration or combination of the elements. Confusion is the day-god that for the moment appears to reign supreme. Parties are broken up, and their constituent particles take as many shapes and assume as many hues as the kaleidascope. It is a general scramble for patriotism and—the loaves! The aspirants for the succession in 1860 are unmistakably in the field thus early, setting the pulleys in order, brushing away the cobwebs from the ropes and placing things in trim generally. Each patriot is only for himself, for the sole object of saving the country by carrying out his *principles.*

To disinterested spectators and impartial patriots like ourselves, the scene presented upon the political chess-board is highly amusing, and we watch the fight with nearly as much interest as the woman did whose husband had been collared by a huge bear, and who encouragingly exclaimed, "Go it husband, go it bear!"

Seriously, we never witnessed so general a breaking up of parties, and so general a confusion to prevail among their members, or former members, as at the present time. The odds, ends and fragments that fuse through the potent and subtle alchemy of politics, principles and patriotism, or something else, or which present antagonistic appearances and repellant properties, furnish some of the drollest and strangest characteristics imaginable, and exhibit phenomena that set the laughing philosopher into hysterics through an excess of pure delight.—We are not certain that the philosopher is far out of the way, either, enjoying himself to the full length of his tether at the patriotic evolutions of the political wheels that are constantly turning up something new, unique, *bizarre.*

First, there is the *debris* of the late American or Know Nothing party, whose candidate, with the suffrages of a great many thoroughly independent men, received about eight hundred thousand votes at the last election—no contemptible item in a hardly contested struggle. Many of these have resumed their places as conservative independents, and are doing battle against sectionalism and every form of political Don Quixotism, from whatever quarter they may hail. Some of these have gone back into the Democratic party, and are now arranging themselves along with the various fragments of the no longer united or formidable unterrified; and a few, a *very* few, forgetful of the burning and patriotic words of the noble standard bearer whom they supported, or at least professed to, have gone clean over into the pyrotechnic department, and now consider all former disunionists and revolutionists as so far behind the true point of virtue as to be scarcely worthy of their fellowship! When the laughing philosopher comes to this peculiar element in the political dish of the times, he takes out his handkerchief and "caves;" says he can't do it justice.

Next come the Republicans. Here, crawfishing, snarling, felicitous compliments over the left, choice epithets among the Simon Pure of the brethren, divisions and drawing off under distinct banners, are the order of the day. In New York, the Radicals have nominated Gerrit Smith, for Governor, and denounce their whilom friends with as much unction as they exhibit towards the veriest "slave driver," or a little more. When families fall out they are always more bitter towards each other than towards other people.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

SEVERE BUT JUST.—Dr. Howell, of Suffolk, offered the following resolutions in the recent Democratic convention at Syracuse.—To use a Western phrase, they "knock the black out," and would suit other latitudes:

Resolved, That this Convention, in behalf of the Democracy of the State, hereby tenders to Messrs. Richmond and Cagger its warmest thanks for their successful exertions in promoting and procuring the union and integrity of the Democratic party, and in making out a ticket which may emphatically be called a *unit.*

Resolved, That experience has taught the Democracy of New York that State Conventions are always expensive, frequently dangerous to union and harmony, and have now proved useless; and that, as a substitute therefor, Democratic State tickets be hereafter made up at No. 57 State street (up stairs,) and be revised and corrected at the General Office of the Central Railroad.

"ALWAYS SINGING."—While talking with a neighbor, I heard a sweet plaintive voice singing that beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul!"

The child was up stairs; I knew it was a child's voice from its silvery softness. I listened for a while, and then said, "That child has a sweet voice."

"Yes, she has," returned my friend. "She is always singing."

Always singing!

I passed that way again. Summer was here in her fullness, strewing earth with flowers, and the sky with stars. The same sweet voice was thrilling on the air.

"Oh, had I wings like a dove, I would fly!"

This time the little singer was in the yard. I gazed upon the spiritual softness of her features—the sweet eyes like "brown birds flying to the light," the fine, expressive lips, the dark silken curls; I felt that she would soon have her wish answered, and find a refuge in heaven.

Autumn came; the wild swan was turning toward the south; the leaves were dropping from the trees, and spears of frost glittering among the grass.

A strip of crape fluttered from the shutter of the house where my little singer lived.—By the great white throne, by the river of eternal gladness, she was striking her golden harp, and singing in the gushing fullness of imperishable glory!

HOW NEW CALEDONIA WAS SETTLED.—The following rhymes are afloat in the Canadian press, and are considered apt and pointed:

THE TEMPTATION.

New Caledonia's governor unto himself said he—
"Great stories told of heaps of gold will settle this country;
For there be hosts of jolly greens who never stop to think—
Who blindly swallow every hook that is hid in printer's ink."

THE RESULT.

Poll thirty thousand brawny men to Fraser river run
And find that Yankee-Doodle-do is Yankee-Doodle-done.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.

A Democratic paper having asked, "What do the people want?" the National Intelligencer mentions a few of the things which the people "want" very much, some of which we reproduce, and would like to have, but whether they will ever get them from the Democratic party is a little more than doubtful, judging from the past and the present one-hundred millions per annum condition of things:

The people want an end put to sectional agitation, as well in its causes as its effects.

They want a well regulated national currency.

They want just and adequate protection awarded to American industry.

They want a judicious *system* of internal improvements, instead of the present partial and spasmodic legislation of Congress.

They want the public lands carefully husbanded, if their proceeds cannot be equally distributed.

They want a remedy applied to the abuses connected with the dispensation of the public patronage—abuses which provoke complaint even from the party which first inaugurated the "spoils era" in politics.

They want an economical administration of the government, as well in the collection as in the disbursement of its revenues.

They want the Executive power restrained within its ancient restrictions.

They want the Judiciary, both State and Federal, respected alike for the purity and independence of its decisions.

They want no more "delusions and deceptions," growing out of an ambiguous legislation with respect to the Territories, or other topics of national concern.

They want the Federal Legislature governed more by the felt necessities of the country, and less by the exigencies of party.

The people of this country are so much accustomed to the rule or ruin policy of the party in power; they have so long borne the abuses which this party has either brought upon the country directly, or which have arisen naturally enough out of its policy, that they have actually almost lost sight of the great fact that this same party now in possession of the immense and profligate patronage of the government, is really and literally a minority party. How often is this thought present to the minds of the millions of this country who are opposed in many important respects to the tactics and measures of this dominant yet minority power? It has only been through the divisions and bickerings of the majority that the country is now governed by the minority, and while it beautifully illustrates the workings of our institutions, while it shows how readily the real majority bow to the minority, when, by the forms prescribed by the Constitution, the power of that minority is invested with the reins of government, it shows also in a striking light the folly of that majority in keeping up those feuds, those differences, which prevent them from exercising those rights which the theory and genius of our government award to the real and actual majority.

A OAD TO A MUSKEETER.

You wiked blud suker, why doant
You urn yure livin some wa beside
Liten down on people and insurten yure
Long bill to git blood, liten on
Foalkees noses, and when they get mad an
Begin to slap leave!
Haint you got no feelinks!
Great seezer! how yude git nocked ef you
Was as large as sum 2 legged blud sukers as is
Round here wot wears cloas. Whi don't
You lite down sli, as tha do, and bleed em
Fear tha no it without hollerin all the wile!

You kanable! yu do a big kizses on a
Smawl skail; you suck more blood out of a
Feller than a Eleffant can, and yure smeller
Aint half so long. You wake up folks
When tha are sleepin, and tha swair
Vengens. How do you work it to keep
Yure bill so sharp without grindin? Whi
Doant you pek wurms out of trees,
And ete insex, you long legged cus!

What tewn is it you syng so mueh,
Going rown with yur fethers shott oph,
Seekin whom yu may devower? Yu
Seam to be a con ten tid bird from yur
Singin, and syng loudis wen yur
Hungryist. I shud thynk yud want on
Boots or panty lets to keep yure long
Legs from bein koald this wether.
Inseck, yure useliss; you kan't chaw, but
Yure sum on suekin, kaus yu nevir
Git weaned. Inseck, adew!

☞ That was a bright idea of the hard-shell preacher, who, when discoursing of Daniel in the den of lions said—

'There he sat all night, looking at the show for nothing, and it didn't cost him a cent.'

A POWERFUL ARTESIAN WELL.—In boring an Artesian well at Bourn, Lincolnshire, England, recently, a spring was struck, which threw the water 25 feet above the earth's surface, at the rate 265 gallons per minute, or 191,844,000 gallons in twelve months.—It has only one equal, and that is in Paris.

BOMBAY, Sept. 9.—The Rebels near Katuritz were defeated by Gen. Robertson.

The Chinese treaty tolerates Christianity throughout the Empire.

New ports are to be opened, travel is to be unrestricted, piracy suppressed, and Missionaries placed under the protection of Chinese authorities.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23

To Telegraph Office, New Orleans:—A dispatch from Trinity Bay says the Ocean Cable is in good order again, the electric current passing through as perfectly as ever.

NEW YORK OFFICE.

☞ A lady, at her marriage, requested the clergyman to give out to be sung by the choir, the hymn commencing—

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

A PILL FOR THE FIRE EATERS.—Jefferson Davis, in a letter to Mayor James Roach, says:

"Politicians who disregard or cannot see the benefits of our constitutional Union, and who, for some minor grievance of their own, or from a fanatical spirit and arrogant assumption to pluck the mote from their brother's eye, announce their readiness to dissolve the Union, do in my opinion, trifle with a grave subject, and deserve rebuke from every reflecting citizen of the United States.

☞ The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette says that the agent for the "Pure Catawba Brandy," for that city, had some of the articles analyzed by a competent chemist last Friday, and found it to be "pure old rye whisky, colored with burnt sugar." The agent, accordingly, has thrown up his agency.

BOBTAIL'S GREAT PRIZE STORY!

The Doomed Monarch, or the Fiend Codfish.

BY B. K. BOBTAIL.

It was night, nowhere and nowhere was as dark as a bottle of ink in a barrel of pitch at the bottom of a well, and forty-four thousand times darker than the concentrated darkness of forty-four thousand midnights, when upon a throne of petrified turtle stood the mighty Gengulphus, monarch of the Fe Fo Fi Fum Island, eating a slice of buttered beeswax, occasionally wetting his lip by drinking fluidically wrought iron sheet anchors fluke foremost.

Around him stood eighty-two thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven and a half Courtiers!

"Bring forth the wang-doodle and place it on the hew-gag!" exclaimed he in a terrific voice, at the same time cutting off a courtier's head with the sharp edge of an illuminated cotton bale.

CHAPTER II.

The wang-doodle was placed upon the hew-gag—before we go further let us take a glance at the political state of America at the date our story opens. We were involved in a war with Mexico, and General Scott was carrying our victorious flag through the halls of the Monte-loosers. General Washington, commanding the home army, had formed a conjuction with Christopher Columbus at Yazoo and defeated the combined forces of England, France and Hindoostan in a sanguinary retreat on Bungtown heights. John C. Freemont, President of the United States, had appointed James Buchanan Governor Cape Cod; and Napoleon Bonaparte, as Mayor of Bunker Hill, assisted by Lieut. Barney O'Twigger, of Ireland, was preparing for a descent upon the tories, at Cerra Cordo, whilst Dr. Jane, U. S. Surgeon, was constructing a strong fort at Cairo, armed with a chain pump and one hundred of his Carminative Balsam.

Under these tremendous circumstances no wonder the men and women of the 18th century were highly intellectual, and generally speaking, born when very young. Turn we again to our story.

CHAPTER III.

The wang-doodle was placed upon the hew-gag. Dismay and terror sat upon the countenances of the nobility. Lord De Monzo involuntarily clutched Prince Blowhusky's coat tail, and the Countess of Fizfum disappeared hysterically within her hoops, whilst the bold Count de Scratch, hitherto the bravest of the brave, threw himself at the foot of the throne and elevated one foot as a signal of distress. But the mighty Gengulphus was unmoved. Drawing a golden wired safety fuse from his bosom he was in the act of attaching one end of it to the wang doodle when—Oh! horror of horrors! he beheld in one corner of the room his beloved Salleh locked in the arms of Fe-ti le-Swash, Envoy Extraordinary from the Isle of Wight!!

CHAPTER IV.

To say that Gengulphus was angry, would be but an indifferent statement of the truth. He was in a rage. He couldn't contain himself and consequently boiled in torrents that formed puddles of wrath at his feet. He foamed, raved, ripped and tore—stamped, rolled, kicked and roared. At last seizing a battering ram by the horne, he made a furious rush at the guilty pair.

CHAPTER V.

'Die!' shrieked Gengulphus, as he whirled the fearful instrument above their heads—but alas! in its swift descent it came in contact with Baron de Boosey's pipe, and glancing at right angles clove assunder the massive doors leading to the Royal Menagerie! 'Brimstone and Torpedoes!' thundered Gengulphus—but he was too late. Ere he could again raise the huge weapon a fierce domoniac howl rang through the rooms, and the next moment an infuriated grizzly codfish rushed madly forth from the demolished door and buried its deadly fangs in the seat of mighty Gengelphus' inexpressibles! He uttered a sharp cry of pain—made one desperate effort to shake off the monster—and then fell to the floor as dead as a June bug in January.

CHAPTER VI.

But little more remains to be told. Salleh, soon after the death of Gengulphus, stabbed herself with the bedwrench, and her paramour, Fe ti-le-Swash, becoming stricken with remorse, buried himself in a pot of porter—heels up. The countess of Fitz Fum eloped with an Egyptian mummy, in a good state of preservation, and the count de Scratch having lost the whole of his fortune playing "Simon says wig wag" with Lord de Monzo, he was forced to emigrate West, where he enlisted as orderly sergeant in a lime kiln, and was shortly afterwards killed by a accidental burst of a cabbage head.

"YOU MAY NEED SOME FAVOR FROM HIM."—In the late election, a certain Democrat of some importance, said to an humble countryman, "Why don't you support Judge Ellis?" The answer was, "His opponent advocates a measure that I consider of great importance to the State of North Carolina, whilst he opposes it. I shall vote against him on that ground." "Ah!" said the Democrat, "that's a humbug. *You may need some favor from him, and you might, therefore, find it to your interest to support him.*" But our humble friend understood the political depravity of suggestion, and promptly replied, '*get thee behind me Satan,* I am neither to be bought nor scared from the performance of a duty which requires service to my *country* first, and to myself *last.*—*Carolina (N.C.) Watchman.*

☞ Lola Montez, in her recent lecture, as a bit of advice to married people, said: "Part as often as possible, and stay away as long as possible, so as to give a little of freshness to their meeting again. It is a great deal easier to win a lover than to keep him.—Strange it is to see what great pains men and woman take to win each other, and how little to hold on to each other.

HAUNTED HOUSE IN MONTREAL.—Among the objects of interest shown to strangers at Montreal is "The Haunted House," an unfinished granite building of massive and imposing architecture, commenced about the beginning of the present century by Col. McTavish, the grand-father of the celebrated Mrs. Howard, whose attractions were so highly appreciated at the Court of Louis Napoleon. It stands near the foot of the mountain, in a situation of unrivalled beauty.—While the house was in process of erection, a costly mausoleum was built by Col. MacTavish, on the side of the mountain adjoining his estate, and soon after its construction he committed suicide, and was entombed within its walls. Since that event, every attempt to complete the unfinished mansion has been frustrated by some mysterious agency. Unaccountable noises were heard, heavy blocks of masonry displaced, and the tools and implements of the workmen were thrown about in the wildest confusion. After many unsuccessful experiments, the attempt was finally abandoned. The casements were bricked up, and the mansion now presents four blind and eyeless walls of masonry, without loop-hole or window. Mr. Moore, the Consul General of the United States to the Canadas, a resident at Montreal, informed me that the estate, after having remained for nearly half a century in its unfinished condition, is, during the present month, to be sold at auction. To add to the fatality attending the house of MacTavish, a son of the old Colonel has also perished by his own hand.

DANDIES IN DEMAND.—The following notice emanates from the Warsaw (R. I.) Telegraph:

Wanted—One hundred and seventy-five young men, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, graceful dandy, with hair enough on his upperworks to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the little upstart. The object is to form a Gaping Corps, to be in attendance at the church doors on each Sabbath, before the commencement of divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their persons and dress. All who wish to enlist in the above Corps, will please appear at the various church doors next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance and quantity of brains registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in the newspapers. To prevent a general rush it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacities above that of an ordinary well-bred donkey.

☞ A Yankee in Kansas, occupying an old wagon by the road side, was discovered a short time since scouring an old gun-barrel. On being asked what he intended to do with it, he replied that he was fixing up to go into the liquor business, and to avoid the law was going to make use of this tube instead of glasses, thereby making it appear that he was selling liquor *by the barrel.* The fellow is doing a thriving business. A great many persons have been "shot in the neck" by the novel contrivance.

ARKANSAS RECREATIONS.—The charming freedom of Arkansas life is well illustrated by recent occurrences in Ouachita county.—An old man named Joyce has a large family of children, who do not live in perfect harmony. A short time since a married daughter, named Miller, getting angry with a single sister, who was visiting her, thrashed the hapless maiden without ceremony. The old man, thereupon became enraged, and in company with a son retaliating by beating Mrs. Miller and her husband. For this exploit they were bound over to keep the peace, and in default of bail, committed to jail, from whence they escaped, and with 8 or 10 "lewd fellows of the baser sort," commenced burning the houses and other property of their prosecutors. At last accounts they had not been arrested.

☞ Late intelligence from Russia states that a powder magazine at Astrakan, on the Caspian, containing it is said two hundred thousand pounds of gunpowder, had exploded, destroying half the town and killing half the inhabitants. The loss of shipping was also fearful.

A CAUTION TO UNHEALTHY MOTHERS.—Invalid mothers often prolong their existence by daily contact with their children. I once knew a woman who by weak lungs and mineral doctors, had been prostrated with incurable consumption. Her infant occupied the same bed with her almost constantly day and night. The mother lingered for months on the verge of the grave, her demise being hourly expected. The child, meanwhile, pined without any apparent disease. Its once fat little cheeks fell away with singular rapidity, till every bone in its face was visible. Finally it had imparted to the mother its last spark of vitality, and simultaneously both died. I saw recently stated in a newspaper that a man in Massachusetts had lived forty-one days without eating anything, during which period he had been nourished altogether by a little water, and by the influences absorbed by him while daily holding the hand of his wife.—*Dr. E. P. Foote.*

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT ABOUT A KISS.—At Palmer, Massachusetts, the whole town is in an uproar, because the principal teacher of the high school has been discharged for kissing a female assistant against her will; that is, when one or two foolish young girls were looking at them through the crack of the door! The school committee are indignant. The people of Three Rivers, however, intend to keep the teacher employed at their own expense, and have petitioned for a general town meeting to be held on Monday, the 16th, to see whether the voters are unwilling that a school teacher shall continue to be a man. All the beautiful young ladies of the town are on the side of the expelled teacher, and are preparing to get up a strong-minded indignation meeting.

☞ The Rothschild's are said to be worth 800,000,000 of dollars. They must have at least the half of this large sum engaged actively in trade, which will yield them ten per cent., thus adding to their immense wealth $40,000,000 per annum.—This income added to their capital every year, with its compounding of interest, will soon make them felt wherever trade and commerce extend upon the habitable globe. It is stated that they own a quick-silver mine which yield them an annual income of thirty millions. The world will soon be bankrupt, owing Rothschild's more money than exists.—*Memphis Ledger.*