

# Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, J.

"WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—Jackson.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 135.

## TERMS.

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## THE GREYHOUNDS OF AFRICA.

Nothing evinces more the aristocratic tastes of the Arabs of Sahara, than their treatment of their greyhounds. Here as in all other countries, the common dog, whatever the utility of his employment in protecting the tents and flocks, is still regarded as a contemptible and troublesome servant—a disagreeable necessity. The greyhound alone, as the companion of his chivalrous pastimes, is treated by the Arab with affectionate attention and respect. While, therefore, the faithful watch dog is driven forth from the tent, treated as a vulgar brute, and allowed to seek his food among the offal and bones that have been thrown out, the greyhound sleeps in the men's apartment, on a carpet beside his master, or even on his bed. He is abundantly but carefully fed with kouskous; and in the summer, cakes made for him of milk and stoned dates, which are said to be highly tonic. If a thorough bred animal, he will not drink out of a dirty vessel, nor will he taste milk in which any one has put his hands. He is defended from the cold with covers like the horse, the Arabs having no objection to his being sensitive in this respect—it is evidence of high blood. They delight in decking him with ornaments, and make for him collars of cowry shells, to which they attach talismans to secure him from the blight of an evil eye. At the age of forty days the pups are removed from the mother, and fed with goat's or camel's milk, mixed with dates and kouskous.

At the age of three or four months the education of the greyhound is begun by the children starting jerboas, or small deer, and inducing him to give chase.—He soon becomes so fond of this pastime, that he will bark round the holes, to induce the youngsters to renew the sport. The next game on which he is tired is the hare; the young gazelle. At the end of a year he has attained his full strength, and is advanced to become the companion of the master of the tent, who teaches him to hunt the full sized gazelle. The Arab talks to him as a human being.—"Listen to me, friend; thou must bring me some venison; I am tired of eating nothing but dates." Whereupon the dog leaps, wheels about, and intimates, as plainly, as possible, that he understands his master's wish, and is abundantly willing to comply.

When the dog perceives a herd of thirty or forty gazelles he trembles with joy, and looks wisely at his master. "Hail, young Jew," says the Arab, "thou wilt not say this time that thou hast not seen them." He then unties an ox-skin, and refreshes the body of the dog with a sprinkling of water. The impatient animal turns on him an imploring eye; he is loosed on the game, and bounds away; but yet conceals himself, crouches down if he is perceived; makes a zigzag course and it is not till fairly within reach that he darts with all his strength choosing the finest of the herd as his victim.—When the hunter cuts up the gazelle, he gives the dog part of the lot; if he were offered any refuse, he would reject it with disdain.

A thorough bred hound will hunt with no one but his master; and he manifests due self-respect in his choice of a prey.—If on loosing him his master has pointed out a fine gazelle; and he has succeeded only in taking a small and middling looking one, he seems to feel the reproach that attaches to failure, and sinks away ashamed instead of claiming his accustomed share. He always accompanies his master when visiting, and shares whatever hospitalities he receives. By his extreme cleanliness the kindness of his manners, and his respect for the usages of society, he shows himself worthy of the attentions thus bestowed on him. When the Arab returns home after a somewhat prolonged absence, his dog makes a single bound from the tent to the saddle, and welcomes him with caresses.

The greyhound of Sahara is very superior to that of the coast. He is tall and fawn colored, has a thin muzzle, black tongue and palate, large forehead, short ears; muscular neck, very soft hair, no paunchy dry limbs, and the muscles of the croup well marked. A pretty good one is considered worth a fine camel; but those which take the largest gazelles will bring as much as a horse. A family hunter, however, is never sold; an Arab would almost as soon think of selling one of his sons. When he dies, it is a time of mourning in the tent; the woman and children weep and lament as for a member of the family.

It is a bitter thing when a guileless woman first learns to regard any manly character, no matter where she finds it, with contempt; it weakens that better estimate of humanity which gives sunshine to life; it breaks down womanly faith, where womanly faith ought to be strong.

## PETE WHETSTONE AND THE MAIL BOY.

Peter Whetstone, of Arkansas, was once traveling through the interior of the State, and called one evening to stay all night at a log house near the road, where entertainment and a post office were kept. Two other strangers were there, and the mail rider rode up about dark. Supper being over, the mail carrier and the three gentlemen were invited into a small room, furnished with a good fire and two beds, which were to accommodate the four persons for the night. The mail carrier was a little shabby, dirty looking wretch, with whom none of the gentlemen liked the idea of sleeping. Pete Whetstone eyed him closely as he asked: "Where do you sleep to night, my lad?"

"I'll sleep with you, I reckon," he replied, "or with one of them fellows. I don't care which." The two gentlemen took the hint and occupied one of the beds together, immediately, leaving the other bed and the confab to be enjoyed by Peter and the mail boy together as best they could. Pete and the boy both commenced hauling off their duds, and Pete getting into the bed first, and wishing to get rid of sleeping with the boy, remarked very earnestly:

"My friend, I'll tell you beforehand, I've got the itch, and you'd better not get in here, for it is catching." The boy, who was just settling into bed too, drewled out very easily:

"Wall, I reckon that don't make a bit o' difference, I've had it now for nearly three theven years," and into bed he pitched along with Peter, who pitched into it as great a hurry as if he had waked up a hornet's nest in the bed.

The other two gentlemen roared, and the mail boy who had got peaceable possession of the bed to himself, drawled out:

"Why, you must be a that o' darned wizen, mam and dad's got the each a heap wuzth than I is, and they thieft in that bed last night when they were here at the quilting."

The other two strangers were now in a worse predicament than Peter had been, and bouncing from their nest as though the house had been on fire, stripped, shook off their clothes and put them on again, ordered their horses, and though it was nearly ten o'clock, they all three left, and rode several miles to the next town before they slept, leaving the imperturbable mail carrier to the bliss of scratching and sleeping alone.—*Southern Watch Tower.*

From the Lewisburg Chronicle.

## Mr. Wise and the Gilley Duel.

As some of the pop gun prints of the present day are trying to manufacture capital against Mr. Wise out of the Gilley affair, we copy from the Richmond Whig of 16th of March, 1833, the following editorial, which shows the opinions of the people upon the subject when the matter was fresh in every body's mind. We have read the letter and the sworn statement alluded to in this article, and we think Mr. Wise did all in his power to prevent a tragic end to the affair:

Mr. Wise's LETTER TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.—The various misrepresentations put in circulation by party malignity, touching the conduct of Mr. Wise in the late duel at Washington, a laudible sensibility to public opinion, and a due respect to his constituents, have very properly induced Mr. Wise to present the whole of his agency in the affair to the world. He has done so, in a letter to his constituents, covering a statement made by him under oath to the Committee of the House. We publish both in another column, and a-ker for them a calm and impartial personal—confident that a knowledge of the facts, as there detailed, will acquit Mr. Wise of every shadow of blame. In truth, since the first false rumors which reached the city, were dispelled by an article in the Whig some ten days ago, we have not heard of any censure being imputed to Mr. Wise. He is regarded on all sides in this community, to have departed himself in the affair, honorably and humanely, and to have exercised himself to the utmost limit allowed to his position, to bring the affair to an honorable and bloodless termination.

While public opinion not only sanctions duelling, but forces gentlemen to settle difficulties by a resort to deadly weapons, the conduct of both Mr. Wise and Mr. Graves must be held unexceptionable.—If the practice of duelling be baneful, (though we do not view it in so odious a light as many do, but as it unquestionably is) let the war be made upon it, and not upon gentlemen who submit to its stern requisitions, and to avoid, what is universally reputed, disgrace.

GIVE ME DRINK!—Mr. McLeod, an English writer, puts the following language in the mouths of those who visit the rum seller's den:

There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothes and my food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from the schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shopkeeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, for more I will pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind—there's my character as a man and my profession as a Christian—I give up all—give me drink! More yet I have to give! There's my heavenly inheritance and eternal friendship of the redeemed—there—there—is all hope of salvation! I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I resign all! All that is great, good and glorious in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be—DRUNK!

## "THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE'S LAZARUS TO NAPOLEON."

This exquisite morsel, was given me by a very talented young Officer of the Army, and neglecting the time to ask the name of the gifted author, I cannot now learn it, as he fell in one of the battles of Florida—but I feel sure that none but a woman could have conceived such entire and unqualified disinterestedness:

The fearful strife of feeling now is o'er,  
The bitter pang can read my heart no more!  
A martyr spirit now within me burns,  
And love, that burns  
All thought of self, is waking, till its power,  
Can conquer o'er the anguish of this hour!

Yes! for thy sake I can resign e'en thee,  
My noble husband, though there yet may be  
Enough of woman's weakness in my heart  
To bid tears start.  
Yet not one murmur of reproach shall swell  
Amid the accents of my last farewell.

I loved thee in thy lowliness, ere fame  
Had shed a halo round Napoleon's name;  
In the wild lightnings of that falcon eye  
I read the high  
And God like aspirations of a mind,  
Whose loftiest aim was power to bless mankind,

And when thy name throughout all earth was  
Known,  
When monarchs quailed before thy triple crown;  
When Queens believed me in mine hour of pride,  
Thy glorious bride—  
No selfish vanity my heart could swell—  
I shared a throne, but would have shared a cell.

Like thine, my soul was formed for glorious fate:  
I loved thee as the Eagle loves its mate,  
Nor did I seek with honor'd strength to climb  
Where thou hadst built thine eyre—twas  
Enough that thou wert there—I followed thee.

And in thy toils, too, late I borne a part;  
In scenes where night had quail'd man's stern  
Or heart;  
When dark rebellion roar'd his hydra crest;  
My hand was rais'd  
And soothed the dreading monster, 'till he smiled  
And bow'd his down submissive as a child.

Though all t'outreach the warrior's wand to wield,  
Yet went my spirit with thee to the field,  
When charging squadrons met in fierce array,  
Nor mid the fray  
Awoke one terror for a husband's life,  
Such fear were idle in Napoleon's wife.

Alas, how has my pride become my shame?  
I saw thee mount the rugged steed of fame,  
And joy'd to think how soon thy mighty soul  
Would reach its goal;  
Nor ever dream'd, ambitious though thou art,  
That thy last step would be upon my heart!!

Vain sacrifice! no second thy race  
Shall wield the world's dread sceptre in thy place;  
Rude nature might have taught how false should  
Such hope of thee;  
For lofty minds but with like minds should wed,  
In the dove's soft nest are angels bred.

Ours was the soul's high union, and the pain  
That wears my spirit down breaks not its chain,  
No earthly hand such fetters could untwine;  
And I am thine;  
As faintly, proudly thine in exile none—  
As when the diadon bright my brow.

From the American Farmer.  
ON THE ACTION OF LIME.  
To the Editors of the American Farmer.

I wrote you last, on an inclement day, "pour ser le temps." I write to-day to substantiate what I then advanced. I regret to see, from the tone of Mr. Pendleton's reply, that he has not understood the spirit of my communication. I have no other motive than the one I mention, viz: to correct error and elicit truth. Having no desire to enter into controversy, I should let the matter rest where it is, had not the remarks of Mr. Pendleton appeared to be an acknowledgment of error. This being the case, and finding no reason in any thing he has said, to make me change the opinions (or rather suggestions) advanced, I shall proceed, as succinctly as possible, to substantiate what I before said.

The question at issue is simply this.—Advanced the proposition, that lime when exposed to the atmosphere, would absorb carbonic acid, and when mingled with the soil, does not remain uncombined. This Mr. P. denies, yet it appears to me simple, elementary, and incontrovertible. He adduces two examples to prove that I am incorrect. He says that reliable chemists allege, that if a barrel, or heap, of lime be slacked, it will require a great many years before the entire mass be "carbonated." If the lime is thrown into a heap, there is neither exposure to the atmosphere, nor mingling with the soil, consequently it does not bear on the proposition; but as he, himself, admits that the carbonate immediately begins to be formed, he thus substantiates the principle I contend for. We are all aware that there can be no chemical combination without intimate contact at insensible distances. His second example is not more conclusive. He says, that "careful analysis of lime, (I suppose he means mortar) from certain ancient walls, built before the christian era, shows that the lime was, after a lapse of 2000 years, but partially combined with carbonic acids." This proves nothing.—Lime the lime may have combined with other substances. 2d. The outer coat of the mortar would naturally form an impervious cement, which would protect the other portions from actual contact with the air. 3d. All mortars are chemical compounds, and cannot enter into the category.

Again, Mr. Pendleton says he never stated that lime, in an uncombined state, ever existed in any soil naturally. I found in his first article the following words—"again he examined a soil, which he supposed to be acid, and he finds no traces of carbonate of lime in it, he infers, therefore, from the entire absence of salt, (though

there may be an abundance of the alkali, ("lime") which is a better anti-acid than the carbonate of lime) that the acid is certainly in excess in the soil, and it needs carbonate of lime to neutralize it." I can only say, that if this does not mean that lime is found in the soil, I do not know what it does mean. His explanation of his meaning, in his last article, would appear to be, that lime existed in the soil in combination with other substances (which would not mean in my conception the "alkali lime") and that if a sufficient quantity of caustic lime were thrown upon the soil to-day, all traces would not have disappeared by to-morrow. If this be his meaning, both propositions are undeniably correct; but he must excuse me for saying that it would be difficult, without the explanation, to discover all this in the phrase I quote above, and upon which, alone, I could find my conception of what he meant. His explanation as to soluble lime would appear to enter into the same category. If he uses, as he allows he does, an incorrect form of expression, his readers must be liable to mistake his meaning. At the same time I must insist, that according to my information, no soluble salt of lime (even as he explains the use of that expression) can any more exist as a constituent of a soil, than caustic lime. The elementary and fundamental laws of science forbid it. When two soluble salts come into contact, and an insoluble salt is possible, by double decomposition, the interchange always takes place. If that law be true, and I give it upon authority of all chemists, from the time it was promulgated by the immortal Berzelius, how is it possible for a soluble salt of lime to exist in the presence of a Phosphate, an Oxalate, a Fluorate, Carbonate, &c., of Potash, Soda, or Ammonia, the salts of which are all soluble.

In the next paragraph Mr. Pendleton says, he does not know of any soils above tide water, so remarkably free from lime as I have found them. I have no doubt he may have found lime, and that in notable quantities. If he will look at my remarks, he will perceive that I say I have failed to find carbonate of lime in those soils, except where I had reason to suppose it had been added, and that they are remarkably free from lime, but I have never asserted the entire absence of lime, in some form, for my examinations have not been sufficient to warrant such a sweeping conclusion. If I do not, however, misapprehend, the present discussion has, in a great measure, reference to middle Virginia, where, to use his own words, "no calcareous manures are to be had." I am borne out in the observations which I made on this subject in my former communication, by the Geological formations, which extend from Pennsylvania to Georgia, following a general direction, north 20d east—south 20d west. It may be objected by some, that the original rocks from which the soil was formed, have disappeared. To this I answer, that the strata are all highly inclined. I know of no horizontal recent formation west of what may be termed the ocean littoral. So far as I have examined, and my observations have not been limited, the convulsion to which they owe their origin, was anterior to the deposition of any horizontal strata on the eastern littoral, and I therefore conclude that the rocks which give rise to the soil, are the same with those we find still in evidence. I have then in substantiation of what I advanced, not only personal observation, but the nature and composition of the rocks, which proves that the soil spoken of must be poor in the salts of lime. The blue limestone formation, as far as I have traced it in the United States and Cuba, is a hard, non-disintegrating, non-decomposing rock, under the action of the atmospheric agents.—The clay which overlies, has no connection with it, further than that of position. There is nothing astonishing, therefore, that this soil should be free from the salts of lime. The great sandstone formations, and the coal measures, cannot be a source of lime. Nor would you look for it in the schistous rocks; (whether talcon, argillaceous, or micaceous) so largely developed in portions of that region. Where felspar exists in the rocks, it may occasionally decompose, or occasionally give lime, but both cases are the exception rather than the rule.

As Mr. Pendleton cites granite as one of those rocks, yielding lime, (and in reality it is the only dependence in this region, for that base) let us examine, and ascertain its value in that respect. Granite is a heterogeneous mixture of three distinct mineral substances—Orthose, Mica and Quartz. Of those, the first named alone ever yields lime. But lime is not essential to its composition, nor always present. The quantities of lime in each were as follows. The first a trace. The second 0.35. The third a trace.—The fourth 1.25. The fifth none.—The sixth 3. The seventh a trace—and the eighth 0.75 per cent. These analyses were made by Berthier, Bendant, Klapproth, Rose, Vaquelin, and Bucholz.—When we reflect, then, that Orthose is one of three constituents of granite—that its decomposition is exceptional, and when it does decompose, the yield in lime is small, (never according to the above analysis higher than three per cent) the result is conclusive that soils originating from the decomposition of granite, must not only be remarkably free from lime, but in the majority of instances, would probably contain none at all.

Mr. Pendleton next takes me to task on the subject of ammonia. He says, that Boursingault admits that plants may absorb by their leaves a little nitrogen.—Further on, he remarks, "nor has there been found ammonia, such ample quantities as he supposes; according to the best chemists it is found in neither constantly, nor in large quantities in either." Now to use Mr. P.'s own authority, Mr. Boursingault states, that he always found dew to contain ammonia. The proportion by

several experiments were six milligrammes to the litre, but this amount is reduced to 1.02 after a rainy day. He says, from the 14th to the 18th of November a thick mist prevailed, so rich in ammonia that the water had an alkaline reaction. A litre of the water contained about two decigrammes of the carbonate of ammonia. He also says that rains always contain ammonia, and that it is more abundant at the beginning than at the end of the shower.

M. Ville presented to the French Academy, a communication, on the quantity of and the absorption of nitrogen, by plants. He proved that the quantity of ammonia usually contained in a minion of kilogrammes of air, equalled 22.47 grammes, and that it varied between 17.14, and 29.43 grammes. So much for the contested presence and quantity of ammonia. Another source of nitrogen into combined state is nitric acid. Dr. Gilbert stated, before the British Association, that this acid was most abundant after storms, and varied very greatly at different periods of the year. He expressed his opinion that nitric acid and ammonia, were about equally efficient in supplying nitrogen for plants, and therefore as nitric acid was more abundant in the atmosphere, he was convinced that it afforded the larger quantity of azote to the vegetable world.

Now as to the absorption of nitrogen. I stated that it bathed the leaves and penetrated the soil, and I now add, (the question is one of great intricacy,) that I not only believe nitrogen itself is absorbed by the plant, but that the sources of nitrogen in the atmosphere, are equal to the requirements of vegetation; that gas existing, in the air, in much greater plants, for no matter how essential that substance may be to the formation of vegetable and animal bodies, it is not to be denied, that it is found in relatively small quantities in either. The quantities required by plants being so small, is one of the reasons which makes it difficult to fix accurately the amount absorbed. M. Ville says, "though the nitrogen of the air is absorbed by plants, ammonia is not an auxiliary of vegetation. He states categorically, as a conclusion, after many experiments, "that the nitrogen of the air is absorbed by plants, the cereals as well as all others."

I have said that ammonia was destructive of animal vitality, but Mr. Pendleton remarks that it does not follow that it is equally destructive of vegetable vitality. It was a mistake on my part, or that of the printer, as the sense of the text shows, that the vegetable vitality was not included. Dr. Gilbert says further that "75 rains, including the dew and mists, examined contained as a mean, half a milligramme of ammonia. The great quantity of ammonia contained in the mist appears interesting in its bearing on vegetable pathology, in fact although ammonia in small quantities is favorable to vegetation, a large proportion would be injurious, and would show its effects especially on the leaves of flowers."

M. Ville says that if ammonia be used when the plant is flowering, that function is stopped. To prove how well it is known that ammonia is destructive to vegetable vitality, I have before me a seed dealer's catalogue, where speaking of the application of guano he says, "be careful to place the guano where it will not touch the embryo, or young shoots, or stalks of corn, potatoes, cabbages, tobacco, sugar and cotton, for it is of such a burning nature that if a portion no larger than a small pea came in contact with a plant, before being watered or rained on, or undergoing a partial decomposition, it instantly kills it." It would appear, then, from the carbonate of ammonia in guano, is known to seed dealers and others, to be injurious and destructive of vegetable vitality.

You have requested short articles. I regret that it has not been in my power to have made this, in justice to myself, as much so as I desired. Even as it is, I have left much unsaid, and might have swelled the list of my authority, and given results of my own observation, but I have said all that I care, and all that is perhaps essential. I have no desire to tax longer your patience, or that of your readers, and shall not willingly pursue the matter further.

NIGHT-RUNNING UPON RAILROADS.—We have sometimes heard it remarked by timid persons that they would not travel by night on the railroad—their impression being that there is more danger of accidents in the dark than there is during daylight. Upon first thought, this would seem to be the fact; but a writer in the *Railroad Advocate* takes a different view of the matter, and certainly makes out a good case. He says there are many circumstances which make night-running comparatively safe. All work upon the track is stopped. Comparatively few other trains are on the road. No drawbridge would ever be likely to remain open in the night. Switches are more likely to be right than at any other time, as they are not in use for other trains, and are locked. The signals for night-trains being made by night would scarcely fail to be observed and obeyed; and what is important would be seen at a greater distance than any other signal in daylight. The engineer has less to attract his attention than in the day-time. While, after all, a rock or ice falling across a bend in the track in broad daylight, or an intended obstruction, is nearly as much a "hidden danger," as if encountered in the night. There are many places in nearly all the roads where the range of view is less than the reflecting of the "head light" at night. So, after all, it would appear that one could take a night's rest in a railroad-car with comparative safety.

Hard times and worse a'coming.

## MRS. BELCHER ON GOING TO KANSAS.

Mr. Belcher has come to the conclusion to join the next party en route for Kansas, and carry his family with him. He comes home one evening, singing a new Kansas song, as follows:

We leave the hearth-stones of our youth,  
With this devoted band,  
And like the Israelites of old,  
We seek a foreign strand.

A land of promise to the brave,  
Whose hearts are firm and true;  
And quail not, though familiar things  
Are passing from their view.

He then proceeds to inform the astonished Mrs. Belcher that they must be ready to go in a fortnight.

Mr. Belcher, will you have the goodness to inform me whether you are crazy or not? If not, you've certainly been taking something strong. Fix upon you, Belcher, for a church-member add teetotaler, as you pretend to be. Pretty dogs, these. What do you suppose deacon Smith will say, when he learns how you have been led astray?

Deacon Smith may go to—  
Don't swear, Belcher.  
Who's going to swear? I say again, Deacon Smith may go to grass for all me. I haven't been drinking any more than you have, nor half so much.

Mr. Belcher, do you dare to insinuate that I, the wife of your bosom, am guilty of drinking?

Just wait till I get through. I said I haven't drunk so much as you, and as I haven't had anything to drink since dinner, I suppose it is true enough. But as I was saying, we shall have to be as busy as bees to get ready for Kansas in a fortnight.

Are you in earnest, Belcher? Never more so.  
And you have fully decided to go? Certainly.  
And to take me—and the children. Of course.

Very well—very well, Mr. Belcher. Allow me to inform you that not a step do either I or the children budge, and if you take us at all, you take us by main force.

Poor, that's all nonsense. Don't you know that when we once get there we can make our fortune in no time. Everybody says that it's a land flowing with milk and honey.

Milk and honey, forsooth! You might as well say that it's a land flowing with rattlesnakes and anacondas, and hit nearer the mark.

All travellers in that region unite in asserting—  
I beg you won't interrupt me, Belcher. It doesn't make any difference to me what they assert. Then besides, if we should escape the rattlesnakes and anacondas, which isn't very probable, there's the savage Indians that'll be breaking in upon us, and shooting us down dead with their bows and arrows, and maybe scalp us with their tomahawks. How should you like to come home some night and find the children weltering in their gore, with their scalps hanging to some Indian's war-belt. I don't say anything of myself, for Heaven knows, Belcher, it don't make much difference to you what becomes of me.

## WARD, WILL BE INCLUDED MR. AND MRS. BELCHER AND FAMILY.—*Times Blade.*

From the Lewisburg Chronicle (Whig.)  
The Prospect.  
We are frequently asked our opinion of the canvass, and our answer has uniformly been, that we had no doubts, but that we were daily gaining confidence in Mr. Wise's election. "We are gaining confidence in Mr. Wise's election." We are gaining confidence. We now think Mr. Wise stands the best chance for an election. To make assurance doubly sure, however, his friends have only to organize and go to the polls. Know-Nothingism is in a minority, we sincerely believe. There are still 100,000 democratic votes in Virginia, which exceeds the number of initiated Know-Nothings at least 45,000. Let us, for argument's sake, admit that 10,000 Democrats have joined the Know-Nothing order, and that 20,000 will not vote. This will bring the Democratic vote down to 80,000. The Know-Nothings have, say, 55,000 initiated members, 5,000 of whom will not vote. This will leave about 50,000 Know-Nothing votes to be cast for Mr. Flournoy. There are, we suppose, 30,000 whig votes in the State, who will be left free to choose between Mr. Wise and Mr. Flournoy, 15,000 of whom will vote for Mr. Flournoy, 5,000 for Mr. Wise, and 10,000 will not vote at all. We calculate then, that Mr. Wise will receive—

Democratic votes,	70,000
whig votes,	5,000
	75,000
Flournoy, K. N. votes,	50,000
whig votes,	15,000
	65,000
Leaving Wise a majority of	10,000

If these figures are not realized, it will be because Wise's friends fail to vote. This, we hope, they will not do. We begin to receive assurance from every quarter, that the people are awake to the issue at stake, and will be at the polls. If such is the case there will be no doubt of the result. Wise's majority will rather exceed than fall under 10,000.

Our exchanges are filled with accounts of withdrawals in every section. Know-Nothings are getting tired of the yoke, and are resolving again to be free. In some counties they are just organizing, and are in a sickly puny condition, while in others they are abandoning their order. We are convinced that there have been withdrawals in this county within the last two weeks. From Fayette the news is good. A letter from the Court House of that county, dated the 19th of April, 1855, says:

"Rest assured, sir, we are making sure and good locks in this county and Raleigh against our common and secret enemy. About 30 have recently withdrawn from the council in this county, also a good number in Raleigh. Scores will yet be off before the election, which will leave but few. We have them by the foretop here, and will keep them so. In some of the precincts of this county Wise will get very nearly a unanimous vote."

General Jackson a Gentleman.  
Instead of being a rude and unpolished man, as many have erroneously supposed, Gen. Jackson was considered by all who knew him intimately as the very perfection of a gentleman. His manners were courteous in the extreme, and to illustrate this fact Mr. Buchanan related a striking incident. He said on one occasion, he received a letter from an American lady who had a daughter married to an individual of high rank among the English nobility. In her note to Mr. Buchanan, she informed him she bore a message to the President of the United States from William IV, and she desired him to accompany her to the White House in order that she might present it in person. Mr. B. obeyed her request, and they went to the President's mansion. He excused himself for a few moments and went to the private room of the President, where he found him in the most wretched dishevelled state. He was clad in an old gray suit coat, a dirty shirt, his beard long, and to crown all, was smoking an old blackened pipe. Mr. B. acquainted him with the fact that Mrs. ——— was in another part of the mansion, with a message to him from the King of England.—He was fearful the old General might walk down stairs to receive his visitor in that sorry plight, and therefore suggested to him whether he had not better arrange his dress and shave. His reply was, "Buchanan, I once knew a man who made a fortune by minding his own business—go down stairs, and say to Mrs. ——— I shall be happy to see her presently." He left the apartment, and in a very short time the old gentleman gracefully entered the room, dressed in a suit of rich black cloth, clean shaved, with his fine head of white hair carefully brushed, and received the lady with the greatest ease and polish of manners. She bore to him the kind salutations of the King, with the request that he would, after the expiration of his Presidential term, visit England. On their return from the White House, the lady expressed her high gratification, and the pleasure she had derived from the interview, and said she had visited every principal court in Europe, and mingled with those of the highest rank, but that Gen. Jackson, in all the attributes of gentlemanly courtesy, and highly refined manners, excelled every other man she ever met.

A friend relates the following.—A mile or two from town he met a boy, on horseback, crying with the wail. "Why don't you get down and lead him? That's the way to keep warm." "No," said the boy, "it's a hired horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze."

What made you marry me then?  
It was sheer pity, Belcher, and not love. You needn't flatter yourself.

You might add that when a woman is twenty-nine, she isn't very particular.

Belcher! You are a brute! You know perfectly well that I was only twenty four when you married me. Whistling, are you? I should like to know what you mean by that.

Only to ask how many years you had been twenty-four, and how it happened that your next youngest brother had at that time been a voter for six years.

That has nothing to do with what we are talking about, Belcher. It seems as if you think more of niggers than you do of your own children. What advantage do you think they could have there? And what kind of style do you think could support in the woods. And if I wanted to go shopping some day, I should like to know how I'm going to do it? And my poor dear mother! How do you suppose she can get along without me?