

Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, I

"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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TERMS.

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THE TWO SCHOLARS OF WESTMINSTER.

During the wars between Charles I. and the Parliament, and when the cause of the latter was triumphing in every direction over that of the royalists, Sir Patrick Newcastle was one of the magistrates specially commissioned to try, as rebels, all persons taken with arms in their hands. He was a man of strict moral character and undeviating integrity, based on the only stable foundation, true religious principle. A constitution naturally sickly and feeble had not permitted him to serve in the army; but he powerfully aided the Parliamentary cause by his great talent and sound judgment, and was not only distinguished by Cromwell with peculiar favor, but generally respected and esteemed as the most active, intelligent and equitable magistrate in the country.

One day a party of his friends were assembled at his house in honor of his birthday, and Sir Patrick was gaily supping with them and his family, when a body of soldiers brought in a royalist whom they had just taken prisoner. It was an officer, who after the defeat of the king's troops was endeavoring to make his way to the coast, in the hope of escaping to France. Sir Patrick ordered him to be introduced into the room, and a covert to be placed for him, courteously inviting him to take his place at the board.

"This is my birth-day," he said, "and I must not have its good cheer marred by being obliged to enact the part of judge. Will you, sir, for a few hours, try and forget you are not a voluntary guest."

And it seems as if the prisoner had caught up the good knight's tone, and willing to play his part, both in good cheer on the board and the hilarity around it; for he addressed himself to his supper with appetite, and to his host and the guests with cheerful courtesy.

Sir Patrick now resumed the subject from which he had been diverted by his interruption. "As I was saying, at fifteen, I was such a poor puny creature, that every one either despised my weakness or took advantage of it to trample upon me. At home, I was exposed to the harshest treatment from a relative; and between my school-fellows and a severe master, I was little better off when I went to Westminster school. Courage in a child is but little more than the consciousness of his own strength, and my weakness rendered me a coward, so that I literally lived in a continual terror of the brute force that, in some form or other was perpetually assailing me. I became daily more sensitive to pain, and that to such a degree that perhaps no one here could ever conceive. The master's formidable rod had already twice left me without power to use my hand; and so terrible was my recollection of it, that the mere thought of again being exposed to its chastisement made me tremble from head to foot.

"I told you I was a pupil at Westminster. In my school room the classes were divided merely by a curtain, which we were positively forbidden to touch. One very hot summer's day sleep completely overpowered me while listening to a lecture on some passage in Aristotle from one of the masters, and I was quickly dozing on the form, when a sudden movement in the class awoke me. I started, and was about to fall forward, when, to save myself, I caught at the curtain, and, to my great consternation, tore it down the middle. For some moments the teachers and the boys in the two classes, now no longer divided, stood gazing at each other through the rent. Suspicion immediately fell on me and another boy, as being nearest the curtain, when the mischief was done; but my confusion was too evident to allow any doubts as to the culprit, and was angrily ordered to the middle of the room, and desired to hold my hand for a dozen slaps.

"I staggered forward as if I were drunk, with my knees knocking together, and the drops of perspiration rolling down my face, while terror so paralyzed my tongue, that when I would have begged for pardon, I could not get out a word. Already was the dread instrument of punishment uplifted, when I heard the cry of 'hold! do not touch him; I cannot let him bear the punishment.' The speaker was the lad whose place was at the other side of the curtain. I knew not whether the master was indignant as to who the real culprit was, provided that he had some one upon whom to inflict the exemplary punishment; but certain it is that my deliverer was brought up, and received the round dozen. My first impulse was to own all and to arrest the unmerited punishment; but my courage failed me, and having allowed the first blow to be given I was ashamed to speak. How false that shame was, how great my moral cowardice, I now see, my friends, as clearly as you do.

"After bearing bravely the penalty of a fault he had not committed, the gener-

ous hearted boy, as he returned to his place, passed close to me, and while my eyes were riveted on his poor wounded hands, he whispered, with a smile, I shall never forget: "Do not be caught meddling again with the curtain, my little man: for I can tell you the master hits hard when provoked."

"I fell on my knees and sobbed till I was sent out of the room. From that time forth I became so ashamed of my cowardice and nervous weakness, that I determined to make every effort to conquer it; and I trust, by the blessing of God, I have at length succeeded."

"And I think you told us," said one of the guests, "that you never have seen the noble and generous hearted boy since?"

"Never, I am sorry to say. He was not in my class, and I almost immediately after, and very suddenly, removed from Westminster. I assure you, my friends," continued Sir Patrick, and as he spoke the tears were in his eyes—"I assure you my friends, I would give up much of my fortune to be permitted to see him once more. I trust I may yet have this happiness?"

"At this moment, the royalist prisoner said: I assure you, your memory fails you somewhat, for it was not one dozen, but a good two dozen that the master gave me. I got it on the double allowance for not coming for it at once."

"It is quite true—I remember it well," said the magistrate. "But can it indeed be true that I at length beheld him whom I have so much longed to see? Yes, yes, I recognize the features; nay, the voice seems scarcely changed. But in what position do I behold you? In what uniform?"

"In the uniform of my king, Sir Patrick, and in the position prescribed as my duty as a subject; and best befitting a gentleman and a cavalier. I followed my father to the camp of Charles; and my father died in his service. A similar fate mine, it is only, I think, as it ought to be."

And so saying the officer resumed the seat from which he had risen to make himself known to his host and quietly went on eating his supper.

During the remainder of the evening Sir Patrick was absorbed in thought, and that night he left the castle without mentioning to any one in what direction he was going or the object of his sudden journey.

At the end of three days he returned and ordered the royal officer to be brought before him, who, during his absence, had, by his orders, been treated with every possible consideration. The prisoner was the first to speak: "I implore you by the memory of the past, as the only favor I can now ask at earthly hands, to end this dreadful suspense, and to let me know my fate, be it what it may; nothing can be worse than this delay. I have to thank you for your kindly courtesy; but I had rather not stay too long with you, lest I might learn to regret life."

"Lord D—," said the magistrate, in tones of deep emotion, "twenty years ago, you showed me your hands, and said to me, 'Do not be caught meddling with the curtain again, for I can tell you the master hits hard when provoked;'"

At these words Sir Patrick and Lord D— threw themselves into each other's arms, and sealed with this embrace a friendship, which, notwithstanding the difference of their political opinions, remained uninterrupted during the remainder of their lives.

Prince Gortschakoff. A London correspondent of the National Intelligencer, though favoring the course of the allies, says it is impossible to read the various accounts which are nearly every day received from the Crimea relating to the last days of South Sebastopol without arriving at the conclusion that Prince Gortschakoff is a consummate general. "It is now clear," says the Daily News, "that the evacuation of the south side of the harbor was not the result of sudden panic. Arrangements must have been deliberately made some time before for retreating as soon as it was no longer tenable. As far as the safety of the Russian troops is concerned these arrangements were completely successful. Every man who could be moved was conveyed across the harbor in the face of a victorious enemy. The colossal preparations for inflicting destruction on a great scale upon the conquerors who should first enter the abandoned forts happily failed in a great measure; but they were skillfully designed. The calm foresight of their chief was worthily seconded by the devoted valor of his soldiers. The assailants were obliged to fight hard for every inch of ground on the day of the assault, and only in the Malakoff were they able to maintain the positions which their impetuous onset had wrested from the enemy. Sebastopol has been won by fair fighting; its late defenders have now shown that they are no babes to play with."

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—If the naked eye is to be believed, the astronomers were at fault as to the hour of the commencement of the eclipse on the night of Wednesday. It was half past 12 before the earth's shadow touched the south-east upper portion of the moon.—Towards two o'clock the obscuration was complete, and the phenomenon grand in all respects. After the clouds of the early part of the night had passed off, the moon shone out in peerless beauty and brightness, and the opportunity for observation was all that the man of science could desire.—National Intelligencer.

THE LITTLE FROCK AND SHOES.

BY BEN. B. MITCHELL.

A little frock but slightly worn,
Of blue and white delain,
With edging round the neck and sleeves,
Lay folded neat and plain;
Beside a little pair of shoes
With here and there a flaw,
Lay half concealed among the things
In a mother's bureau draw!

Summer has passed away from earth
With all her sweetest ties,
The birds had left their Summer haunts
For more congenial skies;
The twilight breezes sweetly played
Among the dewes at even—
An angel left his home on high,
To gather flowers for heaven!

The angel near and nearer came,
Where sister sick lay;
And gently fanned her faded cheek,
And pointed to the sky;
The morn shone upon the bed,
The Autumn wind blew fresh,
The Angel waved its silvery wings,
And whispered "come with me!"

We gather'd round her dying bed,
With hearts to weep and pray—
And many were the tears we shed
When sister went away!
"No bitter tears had she to weep."
No sobs to be forgiven,
But closed her little eyes in sleep,
To open them in heaven!

We laid her in green earth's breast,
Down by the village green,
Where gently weeps the dewy grass,
And summer flowers are seen;
And often, when dear mother goes
To get her things to use,
I see her drop a silent tear
On sister's frock and shoes.

THE PROMISSORY NOTE.

A German Baron, Von D—, at present residing at Paris, was some few years since living in baronial ease at his castle of F—, situated in a somewhat secluded, but romantic district of his native land. On the score of worldly possessions, fortune had smiled most favorably on the hero of our narrative; but, by way of amends, Nature had been proportionally unpropitious as regarded his personal appearance, and the adornments of the outward man. In sober truth, the Baron Von D— was the ugliest man that Germany had produced for the last century and a half at least; so ungraciously indeed was his appearance, that with the full consciousness of his inferiority in this respect, he lived in a manner secluded from society, to mix in which his rank and station otherwise fully entitled him. Like his storied prototype, Prince Ricquet with the Tuit, however, our baron's rude exterior was but the husk that covered a tender heart, sensitively alive to the bewitching influence of the fairer sex. In plain English, the Baron Von D— was well over head and ears in love—a predicament from which even the potentates of this, our nether world, to pay nothing of Teutonic barons, are occasionally not exempt. A young and beautiful girl, a daughter of a goodly pedigree, but of slender fortune, living in his immediate neighborhood, was the object of his adoration—the cynosure of his reveries. Thenceforth, his mind, his every thought, became fixed, absorbed, he as it were equally divided between her sylph-like image and his beloved "meerschaum" nor is this, by the way, by any means, a disparaging compliment to the lady, when speaking of a German lover. Having by a mighty effort of resolution, such as only the tender passion can inspire, surmounted the bashful diffidence to which we have before alluded, the baron made his proposals in form, which on the part of the parents of the young lady, were most favorably and gladly received. With the lady herself, however, matters fell out far less prosperously; a cold reception of his proposals and a chilling demeanor afforded but too certain an indication that his suit was disagreeable and his attention irksome. Still haunted by the painful consciousness of his personal defects, the baron was very naturally led to attribute his failure to that cause. A far different motive, however, lurked at the bottom of the young lady's conduct. A cousin (oh! these cousins!) had long been, in secret, the suitor; but the narrowness of his prospects in life had hitherto precluded all hope of his wishes meeting with the parental sanction.

The Baron Von D— was one evening, seated as was his wont, in his antique chair, in the spacious hall of his ancestral dwelling, in one of the wide recesses of the huge gothic chimney, before the dull embers of a wood fire, smouldering, like his own ill-starred love, in a shapeless heap, in sole companionship, with his beloved and inseparable "meerschaum;" his second passion—musing in sad and melancholy reverie on the unstable composure and thoughtless vanity of the female heart; when half mentally he ejaculated his willingness to sacrifice the betwixt portion of his fortune in exchange, if that were possible, for the boon of personal attraction and exterior endowment. Suddenly, in the dim twilight, and through the dense volumes of smoke, curling in rapid succession from the volcano of his pipe-bowl, he perceived a tall and singularly accoutred figure standing erect beside him, as though it had issued from the huge gothic mouldings. Somewhat startled at the appearance of the unexpected visitor, he was about to call for his attendants, when the stranger, with a polite bow, and in a voice which, although of peculiar tone, yet betokened no hostile purpose, thus addressed him:

"My visit, Herr Baron, is perhaps somewhat unceremonious; but I come with a friendly intent. I am aware of the subject of your present thoughts; are you willing to abide by them?"

"My present thoughts! who in the devil's name—"

"Hush!" mildly interrupted the visitor; "the least said is the soonest mended. But I have no time for explanation. If you are sincere in your desire I have the power of gratifying your wish. Of that, you may rest perfectly assured. Only it is requisite that you should sign this little document," producing a slip of paper.

"A document! what sort of a document?" cried the bewildered baron.

"A mere trifle," responded his interlocutor;—"merely a memorandum of our words. So, if you are in earnest, let us proceed to business. To every person but yourself, you will henceforth appear a perfect altered man. Your suit will be accepted, you know in what quarter. Are you content? Answer on the instant, or the opportunity will be lost to you forever."

The baron as we may well imagine, felt some little misgiving. But the tone, the manner, the whole demeanor of the stranger was imposing. That he possessed the power of divining into the most hidden thoughts of the human mind was clear from the short colloquy that had just taken place. Why should he be denied the power he mentioned? Beside the opportunity might never occur again. In a word, what between surprise and bewilderment at the strange and sudden occurrence, the brightness of the prospect thus unexpectedly opened before him; and last, though not least, no inconsiderable bias towards superstitious credulity, he affixed his name to the proffered document. Whereupon the stranger, with another polite bow, disappeared in one of the dark recesses of the hall.

The baron, recovering in some degree from his dream, for such he at first imagined it to be, albeit he, on the other hand, felt perfectly satisfied of his being broad awake, after musing for a few moments on his late adventure, resolved to put the fact of his metamorphosis to an immediate test. He rang for his attendants. The summons was obeyed, and the servants made their appearance. In the evident surprise depicted on their countenances, he read an assurance of some remarkable change having really taken place in his outward form. He consulted his looking-glass, but to his own eye no alteration whatever seemed to have supervened.—This, he recollected, was in strict accordance with the stranger's undertaking.

The following day, the Baron lost no time in still further assuring himself of the reality of the auspicious change in his appearance; on some trifling pretext, he summoned together his whole household and presented himself among them. This time there was no room left for doubt on the matter. From whisperings and other indications of surprise, one or two of the more confidentially employed among them, ventured on a respectful congratulation to their master on the manifest and surprising improvement that had so suddenly taken place in his person. Full of the most pleasing anticipation, and clad with hope, he ordered his equipage, and paid a morning visit to the house of his hitherto obdurate love. Here too, as though by magic, he found that a most propitious change had taken place. His reception by the fair one was as favorable as it had previously been discouraging. In short the happy day of union was arranged, and nothing now seemed wanting to his felicity.

The evening preceding his wedding day found the Baron Von D— seated as before in his antique chair, in the same corner of the huge gothic chimney piece, and whiffing the perfume of the faithful "meerschaum." But how different the tone of his thoughts and the subject of his meditations. All was now aluring hope and blind anticipation. Imagine, however, his surprise, when, feeling a hasty tap on the shoulder, he turned round and beheld his quondam mysterious visitor at his elbow.

"There was one little circumstance I forgot to mention at our last interview," said the stranger; "your wish as to a favorable change in appearance has, you know, been gratified, and your suit has been successful. Should you, however, persist in espousing the object of your attention, you will fall a lifeless corpse on the very steps of the altar! Be careful, therefore. The young lady is secretly espoused to her cousin F—. Take my advice, renounce in public all claim to the hand of the lady, and recommend her parents to sanction her union with her cousin. Mark me! it is the only course you have left!"

The poor baron would vain have remonstrated with his visitor; but he had disappeared as before. At first he was tempted to hazard the issue; but reflecting that one part of the drama had already come to pass, the denouement might possibly follow with equal certainty, he wisely resolved on following the stranger's advice, however unpalatable; and this resolve he carried into effect the next day.

Disgusted with the scene of his disappointment, the Baron Von D—, having arranged his affairs in Germany, shortly after retired to Paris, and in the gaieties of the capital, had nearly lost sight of his adventure, when lately, to his surprise, he received a legal summons to pay 100,000 francs and three years interest on a promissory note. In vain the baron protested that, in the whole course of his life, he had never affixed his name to any security of the kind. The note was produced with his genuine signature attached. It was then only that his former adventure recurred to his recollection, and that the whole mystery began to unfold itself.

A trick as the reader may by this time well imagine, had been dexterously played off on the baron's credulity, by bringing the household, and by preconcerted arrangement with the young lady. The main incidents of the plot were easily conceived; credulity and a predisposition

did the rest.

The foregoing narrative however romantic it may appear, is nevertheless the succinct outline of an actual occurrence, the particulars of which, are shortly about to engage the attention of the legal tribunals of France. The circumstances recall to mind some of the most picturesque legends of necromancy and diablery of the Middle Ages.

ONE OF JOHN PHOENIX'S STORIES.

Dr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed naturally a strong mechanical genius and a fine appetite; and finding his teeth of great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world, and create more real happiness therein, by putting the teeth of the inhabitants in good order, than in any other way; so Tushmaker became a dentist. He was the man that first invented the method of placing small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food, and he claimed to be the original discoverer of that method of filling cavities with a kind of putty, which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job. Tushmaker was one day seated in his office, in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn. The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture, and opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth, on the right hand side, about as large, as he afterwards expressed it, (as a small Polyglot Bible.) "I shall have trouble with this tooth, thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps, and pulled. But it didn't come.—Then he tried the turn-key, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth wouldn't stir. "Go away from here," said Tushmaker to Byles, "and return in a week, and I'll draw that tooth for you, or know the reason why." Byles got up, clapped a handkerchief to his jaw, and put forth.—Then the dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made, and the machine put in the office, over an iron chain, rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite buildings. In a week old Byles, returned; he was clamped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine attached firmly to the tooth, and Tushmaker stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet in length.—He turned it slightly. Old Byles gave a groan, and lifted his right leg. Another turn; "What do you raise your leg for?" asked the doctor. "I can't help it," said the patient. "Well," rejoined Tushmaker, that tooth is bound to come now." He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk, and snapped old Byles' head clean and clear from his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the severed parts! They had a post mortem examination—the roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side, through the right leg, and turning up in two prongs under the sole of the right foot! "No wonder," said Tushmaker, "he raised his right leg." The jury thought so too, and five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide." He was a little shy of that instrument for sometime afterward; but one day an old lady, feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth drawn and thinking it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine. He did so, and at the first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in the chair! Tushmaker took her home in a pillow-case. She lived seven years after that, and they called her the "Indian-Rubber-Woman." She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurrence never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case. After this, the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston Custom House, and it was found that a child of three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons. Smaller ones were made, on the same principle, and sold to keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were used for boning turkeys. There is no moral to this story whatever, and it is possible that the circumstance may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course, there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.

REVOLUTION IN MONTEVIDEO.—By the way of Southampton we have dates to the 1st of September from Montevideo. On the 28th August, Flores was driven from his position, and on the following day hoisted the banner of another legal presidency. The British Packet says:

Flores is reported to be at the head of 500 or 600 cavalry, a force against which the town of Montevideo can easily defend itself, but a force more than sufficient to form nucleus for a war in the country districts. The Brazilians are snugly shut up in the barracks. They might have upheld the legal presidency in the capital; they cannot put down the legal presidency in the camp. They have placed themselves in a false position, and it may require many sacrifices and much blood to retrieve the error. It appears that the President of the Senate declined the provisional presidency, in consequence of which Don Lui Lamar was proclaimed by popular vote. It is said that some of the departments have declared for Flores and others for Oribe.

Of all the ills which love brings, jealousy is one for which woman has the least sympathy.

A Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.

Sir Jas. Mackintosh, the historian, was married in early life, before he attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catharine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for excellency of her character than her charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children, she died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband wrote to a friend, depicting the character of his wife in the following terms:

"I was guided (he observes) in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who by the tender management of my weakness, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love to me.

"During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gradually reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually a band to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment for which I too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullessness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years' struggle and distress had bound us together, and moulded our tempers together; when knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived of it much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.—Home Journal.

LT. GENERAL SCOTT'S SALARY.—The Union of yesterday contains the official opinion of Attorney General Cushing, under which the President has allowed back-pay from May, 1847, to Lt. General Scott. The decision is to the effect that the 5th section of the act of 1798, creating the grade of lieutenant general, had been effectually and finally repealed by the act of 1821, so far as regards the title, but as to the salary it does not clearly appear that that portion of the act was also repealed. The joint resolution of the last Congress having revived the grade, it is held that the statute provision as to pay and emoluments previously annexed to the grade or office is, by legal consequence, revived, whether that provision of the statute had or not been repealed. Under this decision, therefore, Lieutenant General Scott receives his back-pay.—The act of 1798 allows the following pay and emoluments:

Two hundred and fifty dollars monthly pay, fifty dollars monthly allowance for forage, (when the same shall not be provided by the United States,) and forty rations per day, or money in lieu thereof at the current price.

The act further provides that the Lieut. General shall have authority to appoint, from time to time, such number of aids, not exceeding four, and secretaries, not exceeding two, as he may judge proper, each to have the rank, pay, and emoluments of a lieutenant colonel.

FIGHT BETWEEN A RATTLESNAKE AND HOGS.—The State Rights Democrat, published at Elba, Alabama, narrates the following incident:

"Two gentlemen were lately in the woods, when their attention was attracted by an uproarious noise of hogs. Thinking that something uncommon was to pay, they repaired to the spot, and found that the hogs had been in a fight with a very large rattlesnake. The fight, from appearances, had been a long and desperate one. The snake was torn to pieces, three hogs dead, and a fourth dying.—They say that, as the last hogs would groan, the snake would raise his head, being unable to do anything else. The snake and fourth hog soon died. They report that for thirty yards around the grass and ground were torn up. The snake was six and a half or seven feet long.—The hogs in the fight, had demolished all the rattles except two."

GENERAL McMAHON, THE HERO OF THE MALAKOFF.—General McMahon under whose command the French troops captured the Malakoff at Sebastopol, is the old Oriel scot, his ancestors having followed James II into exile. His immediate ancestors—father or grandfather—the Marquis McMahon, was Diplomatic Agent or Commissioner to the first Congress of the United States. He was one of the first members admitted into Washington's order of the "Cincinnati," and is mentioned in Hood's "Friendly sons of St. Patrick," as being present at the memorable celebration of the Irish anniversary at Philadelphia, in 1782, with Washington, Lafayette, Count Dillon, Generals Hand, Maylon, &c. It was on that account Washington was "adopted" as "a son of St. Patrick." "Strange reminiscences!"—American Celt.

Little Ellen, a child five years of age, and the only one of the family who had escaped an attack of the measles, on being asked, the other day, how it happened that she had not had them, promptly replied that it must have been because there was not enough to go round.

BE CAREFUL OF SMALL THINGS.

Irving, in his life of Washington, dwells on the particularity with which the great hero attended to the minutest affairs.—The Father of his Country, as his correspondence and account books show, was "careful of small things" as well as great; not disdainful to scrutinize the most petty expense of his household; and this even while acting as the first magistrate of the first republic in the world.—In private circles in this city tradition preserves numerous anecdotes of this characteristics, which, if necessary, we could quote.

The example of Washington in this respect might teach an instructive lesson to those who scorn what they call "petty" details. There are thousands of such in every community. We know more or less of them. Nothing is worthy of attention in their opinion, unless it can be conducted on a grand scale. They will not condescend to the pennies; it is only the dollars to which they will attend.

They spurn a small business. They talk superciliously of those who do not overlook the little leakages that waste so much money in every concern. To hear them one might think they were above the ordinary affairs of life, and that nothing was worthy of their time except discovering a California or conquering a kingdom.

Yet no man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being "careful of small things." As the ocean is composed of grains of sand, so the millionaire is the aggregation of the profits of single ventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details.

Few distinguished lawyers have ever practised in the courts who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic.—It was one of the most striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most petty details of his household expenses, the most trivial facts relating to his attention as the tactics of a battle, the plan of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his argument as its garniture of words: Before such great examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of small minds who despise small things.—Phil. Ledger.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he has only spent five shillings for fire wood in eight years."

"Did he ever come in collision with you in any matter?"

"Only once, and that was when he was drunk and mistook me for a lamp post."

"From what you know of him would you believe him under oath?"

"That depends on circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was doing, I would. If not intoxicated, I shouldn't."

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The New York Times has the following story from Washington:

"The British representative here has discovered a secret circular of the Irish Emigrant Aid Association, whose object is to Aid Ireland to free herself from England's rule, now while the latter is now engaged in the Eastern war. Britain is seriously alarmed, and beseeches the President to take instant measures to save Ireland from the Irish."

GENERAL CASS.—A visitor to the residence of this veteran statesman writes: "I spent a forenoon with Gen. Cass. The old man 'still lives' in the autumnal glories of a well spent life; is hale, hearty and worth four millions. His career has, indeed, been successful. He speaks in foreboding language of our national prospects, and is strong in the belief that disunion will yet carry its banners over the Republic."

ADVERSITY EXASPERATES FOOLS, DEJECTS COURAGE, DRAWS OUT THE FACULTIES OF THE WISE AND INGENIOUS, PUTS THE MODEST TO THE NECESSITY OF TRYING THEIR SKILL, AWES THE OPULENT, AND MAKES THE IDLE INDUSTRIOUS. Much may be said in favor of adversity; but the worst of it is, it has no friends.

SUBSTITUTE BUTTER FOR BUTTER.—Marry the girl that you love. You will then have her to preside at your breakfast table, and, unless you are a sad dog, indeed, you will not require any but her.

VALUE OF PURE AIR.—The most trifling alteration of the constitution of the atmosphere causes a disturbance of the regular functions of our organs. Pure air is the bread of respiration.

The best mosquito bar we know of is a pretty fly. No intelligent mosquito would attempt to bore the nutmeg-grater face of a man, when soft cheeks and rosy lips were close along side.

The first step to reason is to feel the want of it: folly is incompatible with this knowledge. The best thing we can have next to wit, is to know we have it not.

IN FULL RIO.—A Cincinnati paper contains an advertisement of bonnets and petticoats for young men's wear, to correspond with the shawls now so universally worn.

"A dreadful little for a shilling," said a penurious fellow to a physician who dealt him out an emetic; "but you give more?"