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"God—and our Native Land."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Sketches of the Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.

SQUIRE A. AND THE FRITTERS.

Now, in the times we write of, the flourishing village of M. was in its infancy. She had not dreamed of the great things in store for her when she should have reached her teens, and railroad cars crowded with visitors, should make her the belle-village of all the surrounding country. A few log houses hastily erected and overcrowded with inmates, alone were to be seen; nor did the inn, either in the order or style of its architecture, nor in the beauty or comfort of its interior arrangements and accommodations, differ from the other and less public edifices about her. In sober truth, it must be confessed that, like the great man after whom she was named, the promise of her youth was, by no means, equal to the respectability of her more advanced age. It was the season of the year most unpropitious to the development of the resources of the landlord and the skill of the cook. Fall had set in and flour-made cakes were not set out. Wheat was not then an article of home growth, and supplies of flour were only to be got from Mobile, and not from thence, unless when the Tombigby river was up; so, for a long time the boarders and guests of the tavern had it to rough it on *corn dodger*, as it was called, greatly to their discontent. At length the joyful tidings were proclaimed, that a barrel of flour had come from Mobile. Much excitement prevailed. An animated discussion arose as to the form in which the new element should [illegible] A., who eloquently seconded his own resolution, it was determined that *Fritters* should be had for supper that night. Supper time dragged its slow length along: it came, however, at last.

There were a good many boarders at the Inn—some twenty or more—and but one negro waiter, except a servant of J. T., whom he kept about him, and who waited at table. Now, if Squire A. had any particular weakness, it was in favor of fritters. Fritters were a great favorite even *per se*, but in the dearth of edibles, they were most especially so. He had a way of eating them with molasses, which gave them a rare and delectable relish. Accordingly seating himself the first at the table, and taking position next the door nearest to the kitchen, he prepared himself for the onslaught. He ordered a soup-plate and filled it half full of molasses—tucked up his sleeves—brought the public towel from the roller in the porch, and fixed it before him at the neck, so as to protect his whole bust—and stood as ready as the jolly Abbot over the haunch of venison at the widow Glendinning's, to do full justice to the provant, when announced.

Now, *A.* had a distinguished reputation and immense skill in the art and mystery of fritter eating. How many he could eat a meal I forget, if I ever heard him say, but I should say—making allowances for exaggeration in such things—from the various estimates I have heard, well on to the matter of a bushel—possibly a half a peck or so, more or less. When right brown and reeking with fresh fat, it would take as many persons to feed him as a carding-machine. Sam, Harkness used to say, that if a wick were run down his throat after a fritter dinner and lit, it would burn a week—but I don't believe that.

He used no implement in eating but a fork. He passed the fork through the fritter in such a way as to break its back and double it up in the form of the letter W, and pressing it through and closing up the lines, would flourish it around in the molasses two or three times, and then convey it, whole, to his mouth—drawing the fork out with a sort of c-h-u-g.

If A. ever intended to have his daguereotype taken—that was the time—for a more hopeful, complacent, benevolent cast of countenance, I never saw than his, when the door being left a little ajar, the cook could be seen in the kitchen, making time about the skillet, and the fat way heard cheerfully spitting and spattering in the pan.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread," and so forth. As when some guileless cockrobin is innocently regaling himself in the chase of a rainbow spangled butterfly, prising himself on the wing and in the very act of conveying the gay insect to his expectant spouse for domestic use, some ill-omened vulture, seated in solitary state on a tree hardby, unfurls his wing, and swoops in fell destruction upon the hapless warbler, leaving nothing of this scene of peace and innocence but a smothered cry and a string of feathers. So did J. T. look upon *this* scene of Squire A.'s expectant and hopeful countenance with alike and kindred malignity and fell purpose. In plain prose,--confederating and conspiring with three other unsatisfied fritter eaters and Sandy, the amateur waiter at the Inn, it was agreed that Sandy should station himself at the door, and, as the waiting girl came in with the fritters, he should receive the plate, and convey the same to the other confederates for their special behoof, to the entire neglect of the claim of Squire A. in the premises.

According the girl brought in the first plate--which was received by Sandy--Sandy brought the plate on with stately step close by Squire A.—the Squire's fork was raised to transfix at least six of the smoking cakes with a contingency of sweeping the whole platter; but the wary Sandy raised the plate high in air, nor heeded he the Squire's cajoling tones--"Here, Sandy, here, this way, Sandy." Again the plate went and came, but with no better success to the Squire. Sandy came past a third time--"*I* say, Sandy, this way—this way—come, Sandy—come now—do—I'll remember you"—but Sandy walked on like the Queen of the West, unheeding: the Squire threw himself back in his chair and looked in the puddle of molasses in his plate sourly enough to have fermented it. Again—again—again and yet again—the plate passed on the fritters getting browner and browner and distance lending enchantment to the view; but the Squire could'nt get a showing. The Squire began to be peremptory, and threatened Sandy with all sorts of extermination for his contumacy, but the intrepid servitor passed along as if he had been deaf and dumb and his only business to carry fritters to the other end of the table. At length Sandy came back with an empty plate and reported that the fritters were all out. The Squire could contain himself no longer—unharnessing himself of the towel and striking his fist on the table, upsettin thereby about a pint of molasses from his plate, he exclaimed in tones of thunder, "I'll quit this dratted house: I'll be eternally and constitutionally dad blamed, if I stand such infernal partiality!" and rushed out of the house into the porch, where he met J. T., who, cooly picking his teeth, asked the Squire how he "liked the fritters?" We need not give the reply—as all *that* matters afterwards honorably settled by a board of honor.

Was it Providence?

Take, for example, a young girl, bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in childhood, in a boarding school through her youth, never accustomed to air and exercise—two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demand upon it. Her beauty fades early. 'What a strange providence that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children?' Was it Providence? No! Providence has assigned her three score and ten years, a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws of which life depends, and of course lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his day. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of 'What a striking providence!' This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the law on which health depends. Did providence cut him off? This evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary in some of our cities for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy blooming, girl who thus dresses, in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty—a checked circulation cold, fever and death. 'What a sad providence!' exclaimed her friends. Was it providence, or her own useless and sad folly?

A beautiful bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slight sore throat perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for who ever heard of a bride in a close evening dress?—She is consequently seized with inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal day are over. 'What a providence!' exclaims the world. Alas! Did she not cut the thread of life her own self?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl set down tranquilly, with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it to her own vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating, drinking, in study of business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, and pure air; by indirect dressing, tight lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence!' Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end of the frightful diseases that cut life short, and long list that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body 'goodly temple, would gradually decay, and men would die as falling asleep.'

Lola Montez and her Maid.

The New Orleans *True Delta* of Wednesday, says that on the previous day Lola Montez had a quarrel with her maid, who demanded payment for her work and dismissal from service, and urged the demand with so much democratic daring, that the Countess grew furious, and forgetting the aristocratic distinctions of rank, "pitched into her," vulgarly so speaking, and gave her what a comical Irishman, said to have been named Paddy, once gave a drum.

The maid then proceeded to the Recorder's office and obtained a warrant for Lola's arrest, which two officers of the city police attempted to execute at her residence.

The *Danseuse*, however, refused to submit to the law, and threw herself on her dignity, and declared that she was a Countess. The officer declared that Countesses did not pass current in this country. Then, drawing a dagger, the fair Lola declared that she would defend her own liberty and honor.

Matters had now arrived at a pretty pass. The flashing eye of the heroine of Bavaria was as fearful and brilliant as the bright blade which she held in her dexter hand, and the two officers quailed before her.

At length, when one of them engaged the attention of the heroine in front, and with a bravery which did honor to his Mosiem badge, parried her passes, the other, by a counter movement, made an attack from the rear, and seized the Countess by the arms. Now came the tug of war. The Countess lost her dirk, but her teeth were left, and she used them on the hands and persons of her opponents with an energy which proved their soundness.

While this storm was going on within, the friends of the Countess gathered around her dwelling, and appeared to be sadly grieved at the turn which things had taken. Some of them at length got into the room, and the Countess by a move, for a moment obtained her liberty, at their request.

She then stepped up to the sideboard, seized a small vial labeled poison, swallowed its contents, and then, with a triumphant voice, exclaimed: "*Now I shall be free from all further indignity!*" It followed of course that the Countess fainted, came to, smoked two segars, fainted again, and the officers though doubting the reality of the poison, were fain to leave their fair arrestee under a promise made by her friends, that in due time she would appear before the Recorder.

The *True Delta* concludes its statement by saying that the matter has been compromised between the mistress and her maid, and that the poison has luckily turned out most harmless.

English and American Beauties.

A lady correspondent of the National Intelligencer gives quite an interesting account of a ball given to the Queen by the city of London, from which we clip the following in regard to the beauties of England and America:

"In the quadrille was the most famed unmarried beauty of England, Lady Clementina Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey. She has classically chiseled features, delicately pure complexion, large light eyes, and pretty brown hair, and is what we should describe, with our expressive Americanism, as exceedingly *lovely;* but I really remember to have seen in Washington several of my young countrywomen who might safely contest with her the plan of beauty. As I have told you, there are few *pretty* women but in cast of feature, figure and carriage they are vastly superior to Americans. Accustomed to the dignified soberness of dress for middle age customary in my own country, the gorgeous and inappropriate apparel of the old persons in a ball room here is really painful. The ladies generally [illegible] *very* dowdy, so badly put on, that one wonders if the race of French dressing maids is extinct. *Why, even her Majesty's gown was abominably laced, not meeting behind.* In grace, especially in dancing, I think them not comparable to Americans; they want the litheness and ease of movement almost universal with us; the gentlemen, indeed, dance better than their partners, having a careless sort of swinging way, which is rather attractive."

Just in my Place waiting for Business.

Some twenty years since Mr. Watts a practitioner of law in Carlisle, Pa., and one of the ablest in the State, had some difficulty with the president judge of the Court of Common Pleas. One morning before the court was called to order Mr. Watts placed himself directly before the bench, and looked the judge in the eye so sternly and so long, that his honor was so annoyed that he demanded, "Why do you look so at me?" at the same time casting back a defiant look. "Just in my place, waiting for business," was the reply of the apparently imperturbable lawyer. The court was immediately called to order, and Mr. Watts commenced an able and eloquent appeal to the jury on an important case, which he won.

But the reply of the lawyer is worthy of consideration by every business man. He was in his place, and ready to attend the clients or customers, if you please. His attention to business, together with his ability as a jurist, secured to him a large and lucrative practice. So it will be with every man who attends strictly to the duties of his calling and profession. They never have long to wait for business—it will come to them, while the man who neglects his place of business to run around to hunt it, seldom finds it. In saying this we do not wish to be understood as intimating that exertion is not necessary to attract customers as probity is to secure them. But neither of these ends are secured by leaving a place of business to drum up customers, if, when they call, the principal is not to be found. A man should always be in his place, whether it be in the shop, behind the counter, in his office or in the court room. To attract custom, advertising is much the cheapest plan, because an advertisement reaches, daily, hundreds to one that a solicitor could not see. Therefore, to succeed, be always in your place, and if not doing business, waiting for it, and if you advertise it will not be long before you have as much to do as you can attend to.

The Deaf, Dumb and Blind.

We take much pleasure in transferring to our columns, from the Spartanburg *Carolina Spartan*, of the 27th ult., the following communication from N. P. Walker, Esq., who is so well and favorably known in our State from his exertion in behalf of the deaf and dumb, and we cordially recommend his remarks to the serious attention of the benevolent.

In answer to the many questions respecting the education of the blind of this State, I would say that it is my intention to provide for them as soon as possible.

I trust that the parents and friends of such children will not regard it as a want of proper sympathy, that we have heretofore bestowed as much attention on the blind, as we have on the deaf and dumb. It has been the want of means to prepare suitable rooms and obtain competent instructors. We now think it possible, that we may receive a class of some eight or ten in 1854. We have a plan for a building before us, which, it is believed, when completed, will meet the approbation of the State, a copy of which will be transmitted to the Governor, and may be seen, I presume, in the Secretary's office. Three thousand five hundred dollars has been placed at my disposal, which, it is thought, will build the first wing. The cost of the building will probably be about twenty-two thousand dollars.

In looking over the various reports of the different institutions of the kind both in Europe and America, I see there is a general disposition prevailing with those who have the means to settle the [illegible] munities, &c., on such institutions, thereby perpetuating their usefulness under the care of the State or otherwise.

This institution is, at present, private property, but it is my intention, at proper time, to ask the State of South Carolina to receive it, and carry out the plan.

In the mean time, should any citizen of this or any other State, desire to contribute in any form or amount to aid, at once, the building contemplated, even yet while it is private property, we are desirous that they should be gratified, and that too in a manner, that the same may be applied to the benefit of the unfortunate, and not to individual interest. *I*, therefore, propose that such person or persons desiring to settle on the institution any amount in any form, forward the same to the Governor, who is Chairman of the Board of Commissioners, directing in what manner such amounts is to be applied, which will be publicly acknowledged in the annual report which we propose henceforward to publish. And for the better security of such gratuity thus appropriated, until, this becomes a State Institution, *I* will at all times, keep, in the care of some proper person, a Will, by which *I* will place the Institution in a condition that the State can possess it, through her Commissioners, within five years from and after my death—they being, in that case, negotiators between the State and my heirs.

Should I live to petition to the State to accept the institution, then in that case, said Commissioners on the part of the State, and by my consent, and pledge heretofore given, shall have the right, as may be directed by the State, to value the property, and therefrom deduct such amount or amounts as may have been settled on the institution by individuals.

I have thought proper to submit this plan to the public, not because I intend or believe it necessary to beg individual subscriptions for the support of this institution, the wants of which, have been so promptly met thus far by the Legislature of the State, but to meet the wishes of any who may feel disposed, from their abundance, by gratuity, to lend their helping hand for the more speedily uprearing of a perpetual Stete Institution for the deaf, dumb and blind of our State, and for all whose lot may be cast with us.

Such individual aid would, without doubt, be appreciated not only by the immediate participants, but also, to those perhaps unborn.

N. P. WALKER.

Cedar Springs Asylum,
Jan. 1853.

MARRIAGE.—Dr. Forbes Winslow, speaking of marriage says: "Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge of industry, have joined heart and hand, and engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials, and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, while, perhaps, the little darling sits prattling on the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle, and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands, and 'the best of fathers, when he shall come home from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance, and bright prospects, are all here. But it has come a prevalent sentiment, that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries, that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most pleasure consists; and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy: it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to [illegible] their fortunes, endangering virtue [illegible] prompting vice; it destroys the true [illegible] design of the domestic institution [illegible] more inefficiency among [illegible] who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained [illegible] concern on the part, and [illegible] a wife becomes, as a general [illegible] remarked, not 'a helpmate' [illegible] a 'help cat.'

RANCID BUTTER.—A French scientific journal states that it has been ascertained by frequent experiments, that the bad smell and taste of butter may be entirely removed by working it over in water mixed with chloride of lime. The discovery was made by a Brussels farmer, whose practice is to take a sufficient quantity of pure cold water to work it in, and put into it from 25 to 30 drops of chloride of lime for every 10 pounds of butter. When it has been worked until the whole has been brought into contact with the water, it should be worked again in pure water, when it will be found to be as sweet as when originally made. The experiment can easily be tried, and we commend it to our citizens who are driven to the necessity of buying rancid butter, or of using none.

Another effectual mode of renovating butter is said to be, to churn it over with milk until the old salt and bad taste are all removed, and then work it over and salt it fresh.

ON INNOCENCE.—O Innocence! how glorious and happy a portion art thou to the breast that possesses thee! Thou fearest neither the eyes nor the tongues of men—truth is thy strongest friend, and the brighter the light in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy transcendant beauties. Guilt, on the contrary, like a base thief, suspects every eye that beholds him, to be privy to his crimes, and every tongue that mentions his name to be proclaiming them—Fraud and Falsehood are his weak and treacherous allaies, and he lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should discover him and give him up to shame and punishment.

The poorest should console themselves that though few of the good things of life are their lot—Innocence is always within their power; for though fortune can make a man unhappy, she can never make him completely and irreparably miserable without his consent.

LIME ON COTTON.—We heard the other day of an experiment made by a friend of ours, which resulted so favorably that we have been induced to get the particulars from him, in order that others may be benefitted by it.

During the month of February, he opened deep trenches in a piece of old upland, which were at once filled up with leaves from the neighboring woodland, trampled down hard. On the top of the leaves he sowed lime at the rate of 15 bushels to the acre. At the usual time for planting cotton he opened the ridges with a coulter, dropped and covered the seed, and cultivated the cotton in the usual manner. The result was a crop of cotton double what the land would have produced otherwise—that is, it brought 1,000 lbs. when its usual yield was from 400 to 500.

It has struck us that this plan of manuring cotton would pay well. Perhaps some of our planting friends can throw some light on the subject.—*Athen's Herald.*

GOOD HUSBANDS MAKE GOOD WIVES.—There is something very lovely in seeing a woman overcome those little domestic disquiets which every mistress of a family has to contend with, sitting down to her breakfast table in the morning with a cheerful countenance, and endeavoring to promote innocent and pleasant conversation among her little circle. But vain will be her amiable efforts at pleasure, unless she is assisted by her husband and other members around, and truly it is an unpleasant sight, to see a family, when collected together, instead of enlivening the quiet scene with a little good-humored chat, sitting like statutes, as if each is unworthy the attention of the other. And then, when a stranger comes in, O dear! such smiles, and animation, and loquacity! An ingenious writer says, "if a painter wished to draw the finest object in the world, it would be the picture of a wife, with eyes expressing the serenity of her mind, and a countenance beaming with benevolence, one [illegible] rest on her arm a [illegible] beloved in [illegible] baby, who stands [illegible] knee listening to the words of truth and wisdom from its incomparable mother."

PENALTIES.—The penalty of buying cheap clothes, as that of going to law—the certainty of losing your suit and having to pay for it.

The penality of marrying, is a mother-in-law.

The penalty of remaining single, is having no one who "cares a button" for you, as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirt.

The penalty of thin shoes, is a cold.

The penalty of a pretty cook, is an empty larder.

The penalty of stopping in Paris, is being shot.

The penality of tight boots, is corns.

The penalty of having a haunch of venison sent to you, is inviting a dozen to come and eat it.

The penalty of a baby, is sleepless nights.

The penalty of interfering between man and wife is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both.

The penalty of kissing a baby, is half a crown, (five shillings if you are liberal) to the nurse.

The penalty of a public dinner, is bad wine.

The penality of a legacy or a fortune, is the sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamed of: and a number of debts you had quite forgotten.

The penalty of lending, is—with a book or an umbrella—the certain loss of it—with your name to a bill, the sure payment of it; and with a horse, chance of ever seeing him back again sound.—*Punch.*

To c[illegible] hache, take a paper of tobacco [illegible] on it a wine glass [illegible] warm w[illegible] ese out [illegible] moisture, [illegible] up on a sl[illegible] ter to the f[illegible] it, says an e[illegible] and it is the [illegible] worst form, t[illegible] may be a fac[illegible] twenty years, [illegible] dose of epsom [illegible] dies, but extract[illegible] er failed with us.

The editor of t[illegible] asks the following [illegible] low has nothing whe[illegible] and the gal has notl[illegible] hizen, or is his things [illegible]

Why are the count[illegible] cheeks like French calico? [illegible] they are "warranted to was[illegible] retain their color."

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes, but on the contrary, press right forward with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

An infallible criterion, so far as it goes, of a good Inn is a clean mustard pot. If that is in proper order, you may be sure that the beds will be well aired, the sheets clean, and all the *cæteros* properly looked after.