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LOUDON:

TUESDAY, ... JUNE 13.

From Asheville Spectator

STOP THE MURDERER'S!

Mr. Editor:—

With the view of effecting an arrest, if possible, of the perpetrators of an awful murder, I proceed to lay the facts before the public through your paper. Two men, James Shelton and Tilman Landers, of Laural, in the County of Madison, N. C. on the 17th inst., waylaid the road and assassinated a citizen of the same County, named Drury Norton. Shelton by striking Norton on the head with a rock, and Landers on the arm. Both have since fled the county, and were last heard of on Indian creek, East Tennessee. Shelton is about 35 years of age, weighs 165 or 70 lbs., stoutly built, wore heavy whiskers of a sandy cast, black hair, with his face badly burned by powder. Landers is a man of ordinary size, sandy or red hair, red complexion, 25 years of age, had a very sore hand from a bealing in the palm, near the first joint of his middle finger. The outrage is a very aggravated one, and both Shelton and Landers are unsafe men, for any community, therefore all newspapers friendly to morality and the personal safety of our peaceable citizens, are earnestly requested to copy.

Published by request of many citizens.

A. E. Baird.

Lapland, N. C. May 22d 1854.

Hail Storm.—The Clarksville (Va.) "Tobacco Plant" states that there was a destructive hail storm along the Meherrin river, on Saturday the 21st inst.—The tobacco plants were almost totally destroyed, the wheat ruined, and gardens entirely demolished.—The space over which it swept was about three miles wide.—The forest was completely stripped of its leaves. The hailstones were to be seen in piles on the following day.

Capt. Jaques, of the steamboat line between London and Knoxville, passed through this place a few days ago, on his way to Pittsburgh, to superintend the building of two additional steamers for the river trade and travel. We understand that Capt. Jaques is the agent of the E. T. & Ga. R. R. Co., for whom the boats are to be constructed, and when it is remembered that the Company already have two or three boats, it speaks well for the trade of Knoxville and London, particularly as the Railroad between those places will be in operation by the time the boats are finished.—[Abingdon Virginian.

The President Ridden from the Democratic Party.—The New York National Democrat declares that President Pierce is now beyond the pale of the Democratic Party:

"He has no supporters (we are told) who are not moved by interest; not two friends who will accompany him to his retirement, when his official term shall have expired. If he desires supporters for his Administration, let him act up to the platform upon which he was elected. Let him discard the miserable sectionists whom he continues to favor, and take true men into his confidence, if they will accept the offer.—He now presents the spectacle of a President without a party—a man carried upon the shoulders of thousands to place, who cannot rally around him five steadfast friends."

Indian Treaties.—The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who has been most sedulously engaged of late in concluding treaties with various tribes of Nebraska Indians, completed his work yesterday so far as regards the delegations now in the city. The treaty with the Iowas was concluded on Wednesday, and treaties with the Sacs and Foxes, and Kickapoos, respectively finished yesterday. Five more tribes are on their way hither for the same purpose, viz: the Miamies, Weas, Peorias, Piankeshaws, &c.

[Washington Intelligencer, May 19.

It is the great privilege of poverty to be happy unenvied, to be healthful without physic, and secure without a guard.

A man at Alleghany City Pa., has just patented a machine for making horse-shoes which will, it is said, turn twenty or twenty five per minute, perfect in every part. By this machine the price of horse-shoes will be reduced full 50 per cent.

Augusta Horticultural Society.—This Society held a spirited and interesting meeting yesterday, at which we noticed a most beautiful collection of Roses and other flowers, from R H. Gardiner. Esq.; fruit and flowers from Dr J. D. Mackie, &c., &c. Some time was spent in the discussion of horticultural subjects, and much valuable information and interchange of opinion elicited. The Society then adjourned over until the last Saturday in September, when a full attendance is requested for the purpose of preparing for the Fair of the Southern Central Society, at which our home friends intend to be better represented than they were last year.

A Committee of three was appointed to prepare a Premium List for the Horticultural Department of the coming Fair, which list we hope soon to lay before our readers, in order that they may have ample time to prepare.

[Augusta Chronicle.

NEBRASKA BILL PASSED.

This great Congressional bug-bear has been finally disposed of in the House of Representatives. It passed the House, however, in an emasculated shape, so as to make it useless so far as the South is concerned. The following amendment, called the Clayton Proviso, was stricken out:

"*Provided*, That the right of suffrage and of holding office shall be exercised only by citizens of the United States."

With this proviso there was a possibility that some practical results might accrue to the South; but this being rejected the last vestige of hope is obliterated, unless the Senate, as we hope it will, insist upon the Proviso. If the territory is organised without this proviso, a horde of foreigners will flock thither and dictate to the native American population the character of institutions by which they are to be governed. All the foreign immigrants are opposed to slavery and of course will vote to exclude it from the territory. Then what does the South gain by the Nebraska bill in the present shape? Nothing—absolutely nothing. We will be told that it secures Congressional non-intervention for the future. This is a delusion—an ignis fatuus. No one Congress can bind future Congresses, no more than an act of the English Parliament can tie the hands of its successors. We have seen that Compromises are such, only so long as a majority are in favor of them. Moral obligations are as ropes of sand when they come in conflict with sectional interests, feelings, and prejudices. It is a very easy matter to overrule precedents when self-interest stimulates the majority. It is too late to talk about the sacredness of compromises, compacts, and precedents. The majority will rule.

We are forced to the conclusion that the Bill as it has passed the House is more favorable to the North than to the South. We were in favor of the Bill as it passed the Senate, and if it finally assumes that shape before it becomes a law, we shall still rejoice at its passage. Otherwise, we would not give a pinch of snuff for it, so far as anything *practical* to the South is concerned. We know that the enemies of the Whig party will try to make capital from an analysis of the vote. But if people will think for themselves they cannot fail to arrive or correct conclusions. Of the North Carolina delegation Messrs. Puryear & Rogers voted against the bill on its final passage. The cause of their opposition, we have no doubt, was in consequence of the Clayton proviso being stricken out. Mr. Rogers made an unsuccessful effort to have the proviso incorporated in the bill. When we spoke a short time since of the "glorious resurrection" of the bill, we did so with the hope that the Clayton proviso would constitute one of its features. We shall have occasion to discuss this matter again.—[Asheville Spectator, May 31.

The young lady who fell in love has just been pulled out by the daring fellow who successfully struggled with the world.

A New Way of Raising the Wind.—A few days since, a newly appointed country Postmaster, finding the profits accruing rather slowly, struck out an ingenious plan of increasing the revenue. Straightway, "self and better half" went to work and wrote a large number of *drop* letters, addressed to nearly all the young folks "within range." The plan succeeded and the pennies came in, but on counting up the cost of fine note paper, envelopes, &c., &c., our worthy official discovered that these valentines had cost him about three cents each. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that "all government contracts cost more than they come to."

An Ingenious Riddle.—It was done when it begun, it was done when it was half done; and yet it wasn't done when it was finished.—Now what was it? Of course you can't guess. Will this do?

Timothy Johnson courted Susannah Dunn.—It was Dunn when it was begun, it was Dunn when it was half done, and yet it wasn't Dunn when it was half done, and wasn't Dunn when it was done for it was Johnson.

A punning lawyer made allusion to the testimony of the "*vegetable witness* on the other side."

"What do mean," inquired his opponent "by a *vegetable witness?*"

"Why I mean," was the reply, "the man with *carrotty* hair, *reddish* whiskers, and a *turn up nose?*"

NEW KIND OF FENCES.

A gentleman residing in Windsor, Vt., has introduced into that region a method of fencing, which for cheapness or durability and efficiency, can hardly be surpassed. He procures stakes of a suitable wood, five feet in length, and steeps the lower portion of them in blue vitriol—one pound of vitriol to forty of water. This renders them almost indestructible by the natural process of decay. He then drives the stakes into the ground at a distance of eight inches apart, bringing the tops into a straight line, and nailing upon them a narrow strip of board, using one nail for each stake. It is said that cattle and sheep can't get through it, horses will not jump it, hogs will go a good distance round rather than climb over it, and lazy men can't sit in the shade of it.—[Boston Bee.

Duty and Beauty.—The following expresses a deal of morality. The young should always bear in mind its teachings:

Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty,
Walk by the first and you shall see
The other always follow thee.

Gen. Leslie Combs has been elected President of the Lexington and Danville railroad company. The Directors have made an excellent selection.

The man who was "filled with emotion," was unable to make room for any dinner.

"What are you writing such a big hand for Pat?" "Why, you see, my grand mother's dafe, and I'm writing a loud letther to her!"

☞ Rumor says that some one in this vicinity is using berries in fishing.

Seven Days Later From Europe.

ARRIVAL OF THE

STEAMER ASIA.

New-York, June 1.

The steamer Asia arrived at Sandy Hook this afternoon, with later intelligence from Europe.

Liverpool Cotton Market.

The market is dull, and nearly one-eighth lower. The sales on Friday were 6000 bales.

Breadstuffs were active, and on Thursday Wheat advanced 3d. to 4d. Flour had advanced in one week 2s., Wheat 5d. Corn 1s.

The general news is unimportant.

The Arctic struck and put back to Liverpool.

SECOND DISPATCH.

Flour had advanced in the Liverpool market 18d. to 2s. 6d. Western Canal 41s., Ohio 42s. White Wheat 13s., Red 12s. 4d. Corn advanced 18d. to 2s. Yellow 41s. 6d., White 42s. Lard had declined and was quoted at 50s. Beef was active, and the fine qualities had advanced 5s. Pork and Bacon were active.

Milligan's Circular quotes Middling Uplands 5¾d., and a decline of an eighth on the low grades. Speculators took 3000, and exporters 4000 bales. Western Canal Flour 40s., Ohio 41s. Yellow Corn 40s., White 41s.

At Liverpool on Saturday, the Cotton market was dull, and the sales were 5000 bales, at unchanged prices.

Breadstuffs were firm and unchanged. Fine Wheat was higher.

In Loudon sugars had advanced 1s. Rice was in good demand and stiffer. Transactions in American securities were small. Consols closed 89¼.

At Manchester the demand was moderate and prices were in favor of buyers.

The Arabia arrived at Liverpool on the 20th.

The Arctic struck at Tuskar on the morning of the 18th, and was slightly damaged. It was thought she would be ready for sea in about a week.

Havre, May 16.

Cotton.—The sales of the week are 9000 bales. All qualities have slightly declined.

From the Seat of War.

The allied fleets have been trying to range their guns against Sebastopol, preparatory to an attack.

The Russian fleet had left Helsingfors to join the Cronstadt fleet. Napier's fleet lay 25 miles from Cronstadt to intercept them.

The Turkish fleet had entered the Black Sea to destroy all the Russian possessions on the Circassian coast.

The plan of the campaign is said to be to invade Russia proper.

The Turks have gained two victories on the Danube.

Austria's position is decidedly hostile to Russia, and she has called out 100,000 men to defend the frontier from the Russians.

Prince Paskiewitch is turning the front of the war to the banks of the Streth and Dneister.

It is reported that the Vienna conference is to be renewed to form the basis of an Austrian, Prussian and Anglo French alliance.

The Spanish difficulty with the United States is exciting much attention. Mr. Soule sent a special messenger in the Asia.

The Cologne Gazette states that the Emperor of Russia had a relapse of illness. The inhabitants of St. Petersburg were obliged to find quarters for the troops, and there are in the environs of the city 20,000 Cossacks.

It is stated that the Russian Government had insured to the Greek Government a *subvention*(?) of one million drachms per month. It is also stated that the Greek Government had granted letters of marque to pirates, who at present infest the Levant.

Spain has peremptorily refused all reparation, except the remission of the fine. The London Times says that war is inevitable between Spain and the United States. [See below.]

Boston, June 1.

The United States troops remain in the Court House as a special guard to the alleged fugitive. Burns. The State military have been withdrawn from the City Hall. There are but one or two companies under orders at the Armories.

There was a large meeting of the clergymen held to-day, to consider the interests of freedom. It was called by the Rev. H. M. Dexter, who carried the clergyman's remonstrance to Washington. Dr. Barstow, of Keene, presided.

Baltimore, June 1.

The President has issued a proclamation to the Marshals to prevent fillibuster expeditions against Cuba.

Congress adjourned until Monday next.

New-York, June 1.

Cotton.—The market is unsettled; operators are awaiting steamer's advices.

Coffee.—200 bags Rio have been sold at 10¼c; 1000 bags of Java at 14c. 100 bbls. Orleans Sugar were sold at 4¾c.; Havanna 5¾c. 300 hhds. Orleans Molasses were sold at 38½c.; Muscovado 23½c. Flour has advanced 12½ to 18¾c., and 9000 bbls. have changed hands at $9 for State, $9:37½ for Ohio; 1600 bbls. Southern were sold at $9:12½ to $9:50. Wheat was easier, and 6000 bushels sold. Corn opened buoyant, but closed heavy—sales 3000 bushels at 76 to 84c.

Spain, Cuba and the United States.

Baltimore, June 3.

The Washington Star, of Friday evening, says that various of the Foreign Ministers residing in that city, has received by the Asia, positive information of the harmonious and entire settlement of the Black Warrior affair.—Spain remits the fine of $6000 exacted of the owners of the ship; disclaims any attention of insulting the American flag in what transpired on her part in the course of the affair, and orders her regulations, &c., for the port of Havana to be so altered as will practically guarantee American commerce hereafter from a liability to any such injury as occurred to it in the case in question.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, informs that journal, on the authority of the Paris *Assemblee Nationale*, of the 18th ult., that a functionary of the Spanish Department of Foreign Affairs, left Madrid on the 11th ult., for the United States, with a despatch to the Spanish Minister at Washington, containing a definitive settlement of the difference in the case of the Black Warrior.—It is further stated by the same correspondent, that the fine of $6000 imposed upon the Black Warrior, by the Cuban authorities, had been remitted by the Spanish Government.

Additional from Cuba.

Baltimore, June 3.

The Black Warrior, arrived at New York on Friday, brings the intelligence that the Captain General of Cuba, Pezuela, was organizing the Black Regiments, and had ordered a list of all persons capable of bearing arms to be made out; and that he had also said, that he would bring about the emancipation of all the slaves in the Island.—[Charleston Courier.

NEBRASKA.

Were an intelligent foreigner, coming amongst us at this moment, to read the proceedings of Congress in relation to the Nebraska bill, would he not naturally infer that our Government must be on the eve of dissolution?—And if he were to inquire the cause of this extraordinary ferment and commotion, would he not be suprized and confounded to be told, that the most important and urgent business of the nation—that which is essential to its welfare and continued existence even, were set aside and postponed for the purpose of repealing an act of Congress which involved a solemn compromise that settled and quieted a great politicial question, threatening the distruction of the Union, more than thirty years ago? And, moreover, that the repeal of that compromise had never been desired, or hardly thought of, by any portion of the people North or South!

What then, let us enquire, is the good expected from the repeal—will it expand, or will it diminish, the institution of slavery? That it will do either is scarcely *pretended;* and all parties admit that the region which is included within the limits of the immense territory in question is bound stronger by nature, than by the compromise act itself, against the introduction of slavery. What there really is, beyond pride of opinion, the point being once started, on the part of the slave holding States, to justify the breaking up of a solemn contract that has produced such happy effects upon the whole country, cannot be distinctly seen or understood. The pretence is to *quiet agitation.* A strange way of quieting agitation to get up a greater than ever existed, at a time when there really was *no agitation* upon the subject. Repeal the Missouri compromise of 1820, and how long will the compromise of 1850, with all its healing influence, last?

While the State of Maryland owes it to herself, to the South, and to the Union, to maintain existing rights in regard to slavery, we cannot overlook the fact that is fast becoming manifest, that the true interests of the State are not concerned in the extension of slavery. Her climate and soil no longer admit of the profitable extension of slave labor in competition with free labor. This, beyond all doubt, is the prevailing opinion of Maryland, as well among the slave holders as others; and, therefore, whether the object of the repeal of the Missouri compromise be to abridge or extend slavery, if indeed it have either object in view, Maryland has no other concern in the matter than what is common to the whole country—the welfare, honor and harmony of the great Union. How any man of ordinary intelligence and reflection can think these can be promoted by a repeal of the Missouri compromise, seems incredible.

May 13, 1854. A Calm Observer.

[Baltimore Patriot.

Longfellow Poetry.—An inquiry has for some time been carried on as to the English genealogy of Professor Longfellow, the American poet. In its course, the following lines have been produced by some kind investigator in Wales, certainly not very flattering to their subject. They are copied from a window shutter of an inn at Brecon, called the golden Lion, kept by one Thomas Longfellow, about half a century ago:

Tom Longfellow's name is most justly his due.
Long his neck, long his bill, which is very long too;
Long the time ere your horses to the stable is led,
Long before he's rubbed down and much longer till fed;
Long indeed may you sit in a comfortless room,
Till from kitchen, long dirty, your dinner shall come,
Long the often told tale that your host will rebate.
Long his face while complaning how long people eat;
Long may Longfellow long ere he see me again—
Long 'twil be ere I long for Tom Longfellow's Inn.

Petrified.—An Indian agent named Vaughan, who has travelled extensively in the Northwest, states that in one region of country north of Iowa everything is inclined to petrification.—Large logs of wood, limbs, vegetables and once living animals, might be seen turned to solid rock. He saw tortoise by the score, that would weigh 400 pounds; also birds, fishes and animals. He brought with him several eagle quills, petrified complete and perfect, also the head of a bird, and some curious specimens of wood and reptiles.—[Augusta Chronicle.

Speeches on Nebraska.—The Washington Sentinel thus sums up the speaking that has been done on this question: "Speeches for the principle of the bill in the Senate, 17; in the House, 45—total, 62 Speeches against the bill in the Senate 11; in the House 55—total, 66.—Besides the speeches actually delivered, Messrs. Bliss, Cook, Everhart, Sage, Howe, Stuart, of Ohio, and other gentlemen (at least twelve in all,) obtained permission to publish their speeches, not having been successful in their efforts to obtain the floor to deliver them."

The Editor.—The Home Journal, in an article upon Editors, says:

"Upon the whole, the editor is a good fellow. He has his faults, like other men. But, generally speaking, he works hard and late, does a thousand obliging things, comes as near telling the truth as the people will let him, and, above all, he produces what the world could not exist without—The newspaper. Then refuse him out his favorite adjectives, which are not able,' 'genial,' 'public spirited,' and 'whole souled."

Some villain out West perpetrated the following:

WOMAN'S RIGHTS,

When woman's rights are stirred a bit,
The first reform she pitches on,
Is how she may, with least delay,
Just draw a pair of breeches on'

Where may Rest be Found.

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my path-way roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The low winds softened in a whisper low
And sighed for pity, as they answer—"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where wretched man may find,
The bliss for which he sighs?
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies!
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile, and answered—"No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Does look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace—
Tell me, in all thy rounds,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot
Behind a cloud the moon (?) addressed (?) me then,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest!
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered—"Yes, in Heaven!"

For Loudon Free Press.

MR. OBADIAH LIMPKINS' GREEN SPECKS.

A tale supposed to be founded on fact—

BY BUNG.

Mr. Obadiah Limpkins was much troubled with a weakness in the eyes, and likewise a weakness in the—*legs* (was going to say *head*, but don't like to be particular about such matters.) Mr. Obadiah had a model woman for a wife, a lady of unimpeachable dimensions, who stood in the ratio of two to one, by the side of Mr. L., so that, instead of being his "*better half*," she was his *better* by about *two-thirds*, and, consequently it may be immediately supposed by the reader that Mr. L. was frequently obliged to stand around and 'mind his eye.'

Matters and things in general were in this state, when our story is supposed to open, in great agony. As we remarked, Mr. Obadiah Limpkins was sorely vexed with weak and otherwise troublesome eyes, and so, to remedy this defect, he concluded to purchase a pair of green spectacles. With the optics perched hautily upon his probocis, did the unfortunate Obadiah make his appearance before his blooming two-thirds.

"Well, Mr. Obadiah Limpkins" exclaimed his loving spouse in wild disgust. "Well, if you haven't been and got a pair of nasty, bottle-green specs; I am astonished; I am more than astonished—I am ashamed, yes, Mr. Limpkins, I am *ashamed* of you; you will be a laughing stock for the whole city! You are going to make a *show* of yourself!"

"Eh," ejaculated the astonished Obadiah, completely nonplussed at this new phylosophy.

"Hey!" retorted his better two thirds, "yes, sir; I dare say you never thought of that. O, the horrid things! *Green! Ogh!*"

Mrs. L. didn't faint, but manifested a perfect willingness on her part to do so, had it been possible.

Mr. L. thought perhaps the specs didn't set well on him that she objected.

"My eyes were growing so weak," he expostulated; and I think they are a nice fit, don't you, dear? Capital!"

"Fit? yes!" shouted Mrs. L. "Fit for the hogs!" after which Mrs. L. stamped her feet on the floor in a rage.

"Mr. Limpkins?" she continued, "don't you dare, *ever*, sir, to be seen in my presence with them horrid nasty green spectacles on again? Take 'em off this instant, and let that be the last."

"O, yes! yes!" said the wretched man.—meekly, taking the inconcious glasses from his nose, after which he stroked them affectionately with his silk bandana, and placed them in his left waistcoat pocked, with a deep drawn sigh. And so, for the present, the matter rested, and a delicious calm ensued.

It was not long, however, afterward, that the happy couple were walking down the street, and Mr. L. took the opportunity to pull the obnoxious glasses from his pocket, and place them over his peepers, hoping that, as they were walking side by side, she would not discover them. We forgot to say in the proper place, that Mr. L. did wear his specs on all occasions when his loving wife was not near to chide him!

The walk was finished and as they neared their house, Mr. L. cautiously removed the undiscovered optics from his nose, and slipped them unobserved into his waistcoat pocket, after which he is supposed to have entered the house, in a perfect state of happiness, slightly whistling yankee doodle, or Jordon.

"What a dear duck of a cloak Miss L. had on!" Mrs. L. first exclaimed. "Did you notice it?"

"I believe I saw it" calmly replied Mr. L. who knew well enough, by the manner in which she commenced talking that she only wanted to coax him over to get a similar garment for herself.

"O Limpkins!" she continued, "you're a real love of a man, don't you know you are?"

"Yes!" doggedly replied Obadiah, not daring to contradict his devoted two-thirds; although he knew it was a lie.

"Such a beautiful blue velvet cloak, Mr. L, —sky-blue!"

"Green!" Mr. L. begged leave to say "I believe it was green."

"Bless your soul Mr. L. no; it was a perfect sky-blue. You know I detest green."

"But, I'm sure it was green," persisted Mr. L., firm in the right cause.

"Why, Mr. L. it was certainly blue. I guess I would know."

"I know it was green!" gasped Mr. L. in agony, willing to be a martyr, if necessary, to truth.

"Mr. Obadiah Limpkins!" cried Mrs. L., growing brilliantly crimson in the face, "how dare you contradict me, sir; and persist in saying it was green, when I *know* it was blue?

"I *swear* it was green!" exclaimed Obadiah, still trembling with fear. "I be d——"

"Limpkins! Limpkins!" shouted the two-third party in a very high key—"Don't you swear at me Mr. Limpkins, you horrid man! Don't you insult me, you mean puppy, you! Remember *I'm a woman!*"

Mr. L. trembled.

"You'll drive me mad, you villian, with your insulting impudence!"

"Mr. L. quakued.

"Do you think I would take a fancy to a cloak of a green color, when you know I abominate green?"

Mr. L. shook. He thought of the spectacles.

"O such a beautiful cloak!" sighed Mrs. L. forgetting her anger a moment and bursting into tears.

Mr. L. quailed.

Mrs. L. suddenly roused up with more determined energy as a new thought flashed vividly upon her brain.

"O, I know you deceitful wretch! you've had on them horrid green specs! That's the reason the cloak looked green!"

"Mr. L. tottered.

"And only to think of it! walking the the streets with me, and making a show of yourself! O! O! Mr. L. I shall die! O! you cowardly puppy!"

Mr. L. prayed inwardly for the immediate appearance of a young earthquake; but, alas in vain!

"I suppose you thought, because I could'nt look you in the face, I should'nt know anything about it!"

"Mr. L. groaned.

"O! that I should have ever come to this! O! that I should ever have [illegible] the street by the side of a walking spectacle! —a *pair* of them!"

Mr. L. reeled; after which he suddenly vanished out of the house, leaving Mrs. L. in the midst of the most intense agony.

When Mr. Limpkins returned, he brought a flag of truce in the shape of a blue velvet cloak—sky-blue. So that put an end to difficulties for a long time again, and the verdant optics were all forgotten.

Not many months rolled by, before, one day, while Mr. and Mrs. Obadiah Limpkins were on a visit at Washington, D. C., they paid a visit to the capitol, and while examining the large pictures in the Rotunda, the unfortunate Obadiah rashly exclaimed:—

"What strange fancies painters sometimes have! It's curious, enough, I declare. Now, here all the skies in these pictures are painted green—I always thought the sky was blue! strange, but true!"

"Why, Mr. Limpkins, they *are* painted blue!"

"Well, that's curious; they look green to me, certainly."

A thought flashed across Mrs. L's. mind turning around *vis a vis*, to Mr. L. she beheld, in silent "wretchedness and wo" the detested green specs, perched unconciously upon the nose of the still more unconcious and unsuspecting Obadiah Limpkins. Horror sublime!—Agony intense! Without a moments warning, or a single word of explanation, the infuriated female seized on the hapless spectacles, and in another instant they lay in brilliant fragments, scattered over the marble floor!

As soon as this daring exploit was accomplished Mrs. L. pointed with a trembling finger at the gorgeous paintings and exclaimed with the voice of a rhinoceros:—

"*Now* are they green!"

Mr. L. felt slightly "withered and dejected;" and as he beheld the eyes of several delightful spectators fixed upon him, he seemed to change into a variety of colors, but particularly green. Perhaps this later color was but the reflection of the splintered glasses that threw back the dazzling light of the noonday sun, in a thousand directions.

Unhappy specs! Thus have we faithfully chronicled thy brief career. We might say of thee "*Hic jacet*," had not the faithful Obadiah gathered the shattered remains in his hand, and placed them affectionately in the corner of his waistcoat pocket, while a tear stood in his moist eye! Adieu!

The Nebraska bill passed the House without the Clayton amendment. This amendment, if we understand it, was designed to give to the U. States exclusive control over the subject of slavery, in the territories, and thereby relieving the South of that outside, foreign pressure which is, uniformly, adverse to Southern interests. We have contemplated this amendment as the only feature, in the bill, that gave the slightest promise of advantage to the South; and when the Badger amendment expressly provided that the repeal of the Missouri compromise shall not revive the proslavery laws of Louisiana, in force at the date of its purchase, we had hoped that the South would cling to the Clayton amendment as the last hope. But the North has proven an overmatch for us—there is nothing in the bill, as it has now passed both Houses, which the South can boast of, except the empty recognition of a mere abstraction.—Congress, denying to itself the right to legislate upon the subject of slavery, has, strangely enough, granted this power to a *territory*. Stranger still at the very moment when disclaiming all power over this question, it directly repeals the proslavery laws of Lousiana, which would have been revived by the repeal of the Missourri compromise. Then, as if to rivet the manacles so ingeniously slipped over the wrists of the South, a proposition to let the question of slavery, in the territories, be settled by the actual citizens, is rejected, and the vast horde of foreigners pouring into the North-west, is invited to throw its weight—the weight of a herd of buffalo—against the South. And more certainly to tempt the Southern members to swallow the poisoned bait, a great cry was raised, at the North, against the bill, much of which, no doubt, was intended to effect its passage.—It is now the law of the land, however, and to experience must be left the test of its influences upon Southern rights and interests.—[C. Chron.

The three great powers of the earth are Wine, Women, and Want. The former gives birth to our poetry; the second to our valor; and the third to steam engines and patent ploughs.

Geopgia and Florida.—We learn (says the Federal Union) that Governor Johnson has appointed Maj. A. A. Allen, of Bainbridge, Ga. Commissioner, and James R. Butts, Esq., of this city, Surveyor, to meet a like Commission on the part of the States of Florida, to run the boundary line between the above named States. The Commission meets on the twentieth of this month.

A newly married man declares that if he had only an inch more of happiness he could not live. His wife and sister are obliged to roll him on the floor and spat him with a shingle every day, to prevent him from being too happy.

"Jenny," said a landlady the other morning to her help, "was there any fire in the kitchen last, night when you was sitting up?" "Yes, marm," said Jenny, 'there was a spark there when I went down, and I soon fanned it into a flame." The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny, but she, innocent girl, went on scrubbing, and humming "Katy Darlint."