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LOUDON:
WEDNESDAY, JULY 12.

THE CROPS.

The crops along the line of railroad between Shelby and Newark and Columbus and Zanesville look finely. The corn is not generally tall, but looks thrifty, and an abundance of time yet to grow. The wheat we think was never better. On Monday we saw several hundred acres of the wheat of Licking County which will average between thirty and forty bushels to the acre. It is now ready for the sickle. A good deal of the grass is cut, and most of the rye.—The crop of Ohio, this year will be largely above an average, so far as our observation has extended. The Weevil we fear is injuring the wheat very much, in some portions of the country. A gentleman just from Wayne County, says that many fields in that region are entirely destroyed by this little insect. He showed us a head that has not less than fifty of them in it.—(Ohio Farmer.)

A NUT FOR GEOLOGISTS.

We learn from our Georgetown correspondent, that while tunneling in Mamalake Hill, the rafters of a building were found, in a perfect state of preservation, one hundred and fifteen feet below the surface.—[Columa Argus.]

THE AMERICAN NATION.

The Westminster Review, after comparing the census of Great Britain and the United States, says the whole civilized world owe respect and gratitude to the United States for what they are doing in education. "As for what the American nation is to become at its present rate of progress, it is really an overwhelming idea. There may be a democratic republic of a hundred millions of citizens at the end of this century."

JOINT WORM CONVENTION.

The Warrenton papers request editors throughout the State of Virginia to call attention to a convention of farmers, on the subject of the joint worm, to be held in that town on Thursday, the 13th July.

AT THE CITY OF PAYTA, IN PERU.

The remains of strangers are denied Christian burial, unless they have been Roman Catholics. The attention of Hon. T. D. ELLIOT having been called to this fact, he promptly addressed a note to the Secretary of State, laying the case before him. The Secretary has since transmitted a statement of the circumstances to Mr. J. R. CLAY, our Minister at Peru with instructions to endeavor to obtain from the government of that Republic the necessary authority to enclose for the purpose of sepulture a piece of land near the city of Payta.

A DEADLY REPTILE.

In Cincinnati, a few days since, a live scorpion was found in a piece of logwood which came upon the steamer Wood. It was in a partially torpid state, when warmed before the furnace doors, it would strike wickedly at any object which was presented.

THE NEW YORK HERALD SPEAKING OF THE EXTRANSEANCE.

It has characterized the living of many in New York, lately, says the "reaction has at last come. Real estate is descending from its Pegasus, and one by one the necessities of life are being reduced in price. Money is becoming daily more dear and more difficult to obtain. Many merchants and stock jobbers, living in large houses driving fine equipages, are now trembling on the brink of a fearful precipice."

HORRIBLE.

"Cathring for the last time I ax you will you 'avo me?"
William Eury, no! if all your pataulous pockets vere filled with gold, I'd still say no!"

A GENTLEMAN HAD FIVE DAUGHTERS.

All of whom he brought up to some useful and respectable occupation in life. These daughters married, one after the other, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor; the second a Mr. Little; the third a Mr. Short; the fourth a Mr. Brown; and the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter, her sisters, and their husbands, were present. After the ceremonies of the wedding were over, the old gentleman said to his guests: "I have taken great care to educate my five daughters, that they might act well their parts in life; and, from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would do honor to my family; but now I find that all my pains and exertions have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg."

TO CLEAN BEARS.

Rub it over with a bit of flannel dipped in sweet oil; then rub it with finely powdered rotten stone, then rub it with a soft linen cloth, and polish with a bit of wash-leather.

SPARK ARRESTERS.

C. Abos, of New Brunswick, N. J., has obtained a patent for an improvement in spark arresters of locomotives.—The object of the improvement, is to prevent the sparks passing out, by returning them back to the fire box by a peculiar arrangement of the draught pipe, and a self-opening and closing valve in the central pipe.

THE BOSTON SLAVE RIOT.

The Boston Grand Jury has refused to find bills against the Rev. Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Dr. S. G. Howe and others for sedition, or for aiding in the late slave riot in that city.

CONGRESS AND THE COUNTRY.

We commend the following article taken from the Charleston Mercury, a leading Democratic Journal, to the careful perusal of thinking men of all parties. Will those who voted with democratic men mainly on account of their broad assertions that they were right because "all the world is democratic," reflect for a moment and see if the "encomiums of office" does not seem to be the first principle of the present democratic Congress:

If the Congress of the United States were called on to render an account of its stewardship for the last six months, it would find it a very difficult task to perform to the satisfaction of the country. We are certainly no advocates for hasty legislation. It generally marks the selfish and oppressive career of party, bloated with power, and eager to make the best use of its temporary reign. But while eschewing hasty legislation on the one hand, we can never stand quietly by, and see the precious time for useful legislation frittered away in buncombe speeches, while the great question of interest to the country are postponed for still further postponement. The people have a right to expect some practical results from months of Congressional session.—They don't want speeches. They want to see work done, in a way and of a character which will make them feel that the Government is good for something. They want to see those important questions which concern their immediate and material welfare promptly dealt with, as become representatives boasting of their faithfulness.—Judged by this standard, what has Congress really done since it met in December last? Nay, what is it likely to do, before it adjourns? It is proper to run over a few of the facts, upon which we base our observations.

Above all other questions which demanded the attention and prompt action of Congress, there seems to us to have been two, viz, the Tariff and the Post-office. Of the Tariff, there are many and pressing reasons why it should engage the earliest and most efficient attention of Congress. The pledges of the Democratic party, the recommendations of the Executive, the high and unequal taxation of the present Tariff, and lastly, the growing surplus in the Treasury, all pointed to this question as one of prime importance. Yet, what do we see? After six months session, the Committee of Ways and Means in the House finally report a bill, which though it presents some improvement upon the Tariff of '46, is far below the wants and expectations of the country; yet, even this is to be quietly tabled for another term. We have seen but one expression of feeling on the subject, from all quarters, where Democratic principles are professed, or Free Trade regarded as a great and glorious doctrine. If the Whig party itself, headed by a Whig President, held the reins of power in Congress, it could scarcely do more in support of a high Tariff for Protection, than is now done by the most thoroughly Democratic Government the country has ever seen. What we ask, is gained by the triumph of our principles? What cause is there for congratulation at the spread of the Democratic doctrines, when the great ideas and hopes which are bound up with them, are ignored for petty interests and passing expediency? If Free Trade was one of the elements of the success of the Democratic party, one of the truths which, finding response in the intelligence and hearts of the people, bore them into power, the lukewarmness exhibited on the subject, both by the Administration and Congress, merits decided reprobation. We are told that a Revenue Tariff is the policy and pledge of the Government, yet nothing is done to carry out the one, or redeem the other: We are told that an overflowing Treasury is the fountain of danger and corruption to the Government; yet with a surplus rolling up by millions, the polluting waters are still encouraged in their flow.—The Tariff proposed by Secretary Guthrie, was the Tariff of '46, with but slight modifications. It still clung, as for life, the Protection, that anti-Democratic abomination. It still discriminated most unequally between different interests and different sections of the country. So, too, the bill reported by the Committee involves the same objections. But we want something to be done no matter how slight, which will assure us that the Democratic party is alive, and efficient for the cause that gave it birth.

A word now on the subject on the Post Office. The expenses of the Department have exceeded its receipts by \$2,000,000. Its arrangements have consequently produced inequality and dissatisfaction, in various quarters of the country. To the South, the inequality has been manifest. The Post Master General declares, however, his inability to reform matters, with such a deficiency staring him in the face. He has applied to Congress for relief by one of two modes, either an increase of postage, or a change in the franking system. And, lastly, these facts, exigencies, complaints and plans have been urged ably and zealously upon the attention of Congress. Yet the subject is quietly dropped. The Department is left to struggle on as best it may, under its embarrassments, and the country abandoned to the inconveniences of a ridiculously false and defective system. Such is the fate of two of the most important questions, which claimed the efficient action of the Government. We might easily select others but these will suffice to illustrate how wantonly Congress has, for the last six months, trifled with the great interests of the country.

RASCALITY IN SILKS.

In an action recently tried by the Court of Common Pleas, in London England, it transpired that there is a custom in the silk trade of what is called "topping," which means that the outer ends of pieces of silk are frequently made of a better quality than the interior. After the publicity given to this mode of imposture, the fair sex will do well not only to turn everything upside down, as has hitherto been their custom when shopping, but also to turn everything inside out.

MURRELL'S CAPTURE.

The celebrated Virgil A. Stewart, the capturer and historian of the land pirate John A. Murrell, died recently at his residence in Wharton county, Texas.

METHODIST SALARIES.

According to the regulations of the Methodist Church South, single men are now to be allowed \$150, married men \$300, besides family and travelling expense; children under seven years of age, \$25; over seven and under sixteen, \$40.

DEATH OF THOMAS RITCHIE.

We perceive with regret the following announcement concerning the health of this veteran editor. The Richmond Enquirer of Friday says: "We received with pain yesterday telegraphic despatches from Washington, announcing the extreme illness of Mr. Thomas Ritchie.—The members of his family in Virginia, including the senior editor of this paper, have been called to his bedside."

THE LIFETIME OF MAN.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced, and asked how long he would have to live. "Thirty years," replied Nature; "will that be agreeable to thee?" "Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement nor be refreshed by anything, but blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that time, I pray. Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted and the dog came forward. "How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature, "Thirty years were too many for the ass, but will thou be contented with them?" "Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking and my teeth for biting what else shall I be fit for but to lie in a corner and growl. Nature thought he was right, and gave him twelve years. The ape then appeared. "Thou wilt, doubtless, live the thirty years," said Nature: "thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee." "Ah, no cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be.—Should puddings ever rain down, I shall have no spoon. I shall play merry tricks and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years." Nature was gracious; and he received but ten. At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days. "Will thirty years content thee?" "How short a time!" exclaimed man. "When I shall have built my house and kindled a fire on my own hearth; when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit; when life will seem to me most desirable I shall die! O, Nature, grant me a longer period!" "Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass besides." "That is not enough," replied man. "Take likewise the twelve years of the dog." "It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more!" "I give thee then the ten years of the ape; in vain will thou claim more." Man departed unsatisfied.—Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy.—he labors cheerfully and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next; and burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth and he lies in the corner and growls. When these are gone the ape's ten years form the conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.—[Translated from the German.]

Later From Europe.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER EUROPA.

DEMAND FOR COTTON DULL.

Baltimore, June 30.

The steamer Europa has arrived, with later advices from Europe.

Consols quoted at 91 1/2. Silistria still held out.—succor moved slowly. Col. Malleus had gone with a message from the King of Prussia, recommending the Czar to accept Austria's recent summons. It was rumored that the Czar had already refused. The Baltic fleet was about twenty miles from Helsingfors. Nothing from Asia, Greece or the Black Sea. The allies were still transporting troops to Yarna. There had been a change in the Turkish Ministry. Paskewitch was severely wounded on the 30th May. The British steamers destroyed the ships dockyards and stores at Brabant. Damage done estimated at 350,000 rubles. Three steamers also, on the 31st May, destroyed the ships dockyards and stores at Swaborg, valued at 400,000 rubles. The Europa, a cavalry transport ship, was turned on her passage at Gibraltar; the troops twenty-one lost their lives—the remainder escaped in boats.

The Mexican Indemnity.

A draft for seven millions of dollars on the New York Sub-Treasurer, was paid to Gen. Almonte the Mexican Minister on Saturday, for Santa Anna.

Adjournment Fixed.

Washington, July 1.—Both Houses of Congress have agreed to terminate the present session on the 4th of August.

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THOMAS RITCHIE, Sr., died at his residence in this city about noon this day.

He was taken ill on Thursday, and little hopes had been entertained of his recovery from the violence of his attack.

The Lifetime of Man.

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DEAR SPEECHES.—Col. Forney, Clerk of the House of Representatives, states that the cost of printing the debates on the question of the public lands in the Senate and House of Representatives during both sessions of the last Congress, was \$159,145.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

On Sunday morning, the Coroner held an inquest over the body of a man found under the Presbyterian Church. When first discovered the body was in such a putrid state that the effluvia arising from it on the opening of the doors, was such that the congregation had to repair to their Lecture Room to hold divine service, and the corpse could only be recognized by the hat, clothing and shoes. It proved to be that of Mr. Thomas B. Liverman, a bricklayer by trade, who had been missing since Wednesday last and as he complained that afternoon of his head, after working in the sun during the forepart of the day, and was seen to enter the Church park to get under the shade of the trees, it is supposed he crawled through a hole in the cellar, was seized with a fit, and laid there until the body was discovered on Sunday morning.—The Coroner's Jury, after a careful investigation, brought in as their verdict, that the deceased came to his death by exposure and the excessive heat of the weather.—[Augusta Constitutionalist.]

SENSITIVENESS OF OPINION.

GEORGE N. SAUNDERS, late Consul to London, lately addressed a letter to Kosuth, in order to elicit an authoritative expression of the opinions entertained by the "Jeffersonian Republicans" of Europe; concerning American affairs—the slavery question especially. Kosuth answers explicitly for himself, and also undertakes to answer for Mazzini, disclaiming all idea or intention of interfering in such affairs. The impression is strong on our minds that a letter was read from Mazzini, at one of the anti-slavery meetings of May, 1853, in New York, which is not reconcilable with this declaration, but we cannot now refer to the document, and it is not. We only refer to the subject to introduce the following sensible comments of the New York Express, which show the spirit that we should more generally entertain on such points:

"We beg leave to assure Mr. Saunders that he need not have been in so great a hurry to have Mr. Kosuth's 'explanation' go out by the first mail steamer." We, on this side of the Atlantic, are not at all uneasy on the subject. In fact, we do not believe our wretched country would go into mourning, even if that 'explanation' should never have been sent. We have now happily learned to survive the good or bad opinions of foreigners—distinguished or undistinguished. Of course, we should all be ambitious to obtain the good opinion of the world in general, but there has been of late years so much running out of the way on the part of our domestic demagogues, to produce the favor or good opinion of this or that 'distinguished stranger,' that it must not be wondered at if the common sense portion of the American people are sick of the whole system—for it has really begun to be a system. Who cares what Mr. Kosuth may think of us or our institutions? Who cares what the Manchester Abolitionists may think of us? Who cares whether Mazzini speaks well or ill of us? We can assure those gentlemen, one and all, including Mr. George Saunders, that they are absurdly exaggerating their own importance, and the importance of their opinions, this side of the Atlantic, if they imagine for a moment that what they speak or write against us, is considered matter of consequence. We are, fortunately, not so sensitive a people, as we used to be, and can listen to the 'reproaches of distinguished strangers' with equanimity and unconcern. When the 'republican statesmen' of Europe make as good a home for freedom on the other side of the Atlantic as 'American statesmen' have made for all mankind on this side, it will be time enough then for us to defer to the particular 'opinions' which this man or that other man may be pleased to entertain or express of us or our country."

After introducing the letter of Kosuth—the purport of which we have indicated—the Express continues: "The air of self-importance and the patronizing condescension of Mr. Kosuth are set forth here with a coolness that is refrigerating. The United States do not yet appear conscious of their competent position." What a pity it is, to be sure? "I would not contribute anything to its (our) internal divisions." How thankful, indeed, we ought all to be! "Impertinences like these, however, do but disgust rather than amuse. Yet one is tempted to inquire why it is that these gentlemen, whose blarney iterations used to ring in our ears here of the mighty deeds they were going to perform for Hungary and for Europe, the moment the Russians crossed the Danube, why is it we say, that these personages are not remembering their promises at the seat of war—the war that has been going on now for months—instead of sitting in their cozy parlors near Regent's Park, inditing ridiculous epistles about America?—As Consul Saunders is given to writing letters, perhaps he will be kind enough to write one more, pressing this query: for we beg leave respectfully to assure him that there is far more curiosity on this side of the Atlantic to have some light on that subject than there is of anxiety as to what the self-distant Jeffersonian republicans of Europe may have to say of us."

We think, also, that on the part of the Southern press there has been manifested an undue sensitiveness to the anti-slavery opinions of a portion of the North. A late instance of the administration of criminal justice in our own State, and another in Alabama—the first an execution for the murder of a slave, and the second a condign punishment for *mayhem* committed on a slave—have frequently been commented on with such questions as these:—"What will the Abolitionists think of this?"—"What will Mrs. Stowe say now, &c.?"

To all this we need only reply to Southern States and Southern slaveholders both have higher and nobler motives to control their conduct, and are sufficiently possessed of their duties and responsibilities to be "a law unto themselves," subject not to the capricious or prejudiced opinions of others, but only to the Great Judge of men and States.

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MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY N. F. WILLIS

My Mother's voice! how often prayers
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.

I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasures pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of Nature and its print,
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament,
Of what I have been taught to be.

My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew on the lapse
Of a few miserable years,
But Nature's book is even yet
With all my Mother's lessons writ.

From Charleston Courier.

Metereological.

A singular phenomenon was observed here on Thursday night last, about ten o'clock, in the form of a meteor. Its direction was from South to North North-east, and of such silvered brilliancy as to cast shadows from objects of earth. The ball was about the size of a "ten pounder," and emitted a trail of light some six feet in length. We hope some of our astronomical friends who witnessed it will give us some details on the subject.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

Washington, June 26, 1854.

Sir, Mr. Varnasdale, of Newark, New Jersey, reported by telegraph yesterday that he had discovered, the night before, a bright comet in Lynx. It was observed here last night by Mr. Ferguson with the large equatorial.

The sky was partly overcast, and the comet described as "bright and round, with but little coma." The star of comparison is not in the catalogue, but the approximate position of the comet last night, at 11h. 17m. 14s., was 6h. 26m. 33s. R. A., and 60 degrees 59 minutes N. Dec. It is traveling fast—its daily motion being estimated to be about—[40 min. 33s. R. A.—12 min. 90 sec. Dec.]

Respectfully &c.
M. F. MAYER, Lieut. U. S. N.

Hon. J. C. DOBBIN, Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

A BLOOMER AFTER A LOVER.

We saw a sight in this city of sights last Friday. It was a young lady possessing beautiful features. Her eyes glistened and glowed with intense brightness; her cheeks were flushed as the rose, and her lips bore the resemblance of red cherries freshly plucked from the trees. Her costume was of black velvet. She was dressed in a bloomer—only a little more so. Her pants came to the ankles, where they were buckled neatly around a pair of white stockings. She had a black mantle thrown over her shoulder and on the top of her head sat very becomingly a black beaver hat. Her hair was combed beautifully on each side of her forehead, and fell in ringlets over her shoulders. She is about 18 years of age, hails from Philadelphia, and is now on her way to New Orleans in search of a runaway lover.—[Dayton Empire.]

THE PACK OF CARDS.

A soldier in the American army in the last war, being unfortunately surprised at a game of cards by a sergeant who owed him a grudge, was carried before the colonel of the regiment that he might be punished for gaming, against which general orders were severe. The soldier, being asked what he had to say in his defence, replied, that having been religiously educated and well instructed in the Bible by his parents, and that his pay was so small, that with the greatest economy he had not been able to save enough to buy one, he had purchased a pack of cards of one of his comrades, which not only served him for a Bible, but made a most excellent almanac besides. Then taking out his cards, he proceeded thus:

"When I see one, it reminds me that there is but one God; the two, the Father and Son; the three, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. A four calls to my remembrance the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; a five the five wise and five foolish virgins; a six that in six days God created the Heavens and the earth; a seven, that the seventh was to be kept holy; an eight, the righteous persons that were preserved from the flood, viz: Noah, his wife, his three sons, and their wives; a nine, the nine ungrateful lepers cleansed by our Saviour; a ten, the commandments. A queen reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the utmost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and the king, the Great King of Heaven.

The colonel told him he had forgotten the knave.

"That," replied he, "used to represent Judas; but from this time, when I see the knave, I shall always think of the sergeant that brought me before your honor."

"I don't know," interrupted the colonel, smiling, "whether he is the greatest knave of the two, but I am sure he is the greatest fool."

The soldier then continued as follows:

"When I count the number of spots on a pack of cards, I find 365; so many days are there in a year. When I count how many cards there are in a pack I find 52; so many weeks are there in a year. When I count how many tricks there are in a pack, I find thirteen, this reminds me of the duty I owe the thirteen united and independent States of America; thus they serve for both Bible and almanac.

The colonel called his servant, ordered him to treat the soldier well, and dismissed him, saying he was a very clever fellow.

A lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets.

His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed:—

"Oh how like the original. It's the very picture of him!"

"Taint like him," exclaimed an old farmer.

"Just show us where it's not like him," everybody exclaimed.

"Taint, no taint," responded the farmer, "don't you see he's got his hands in his own pocket? 'twould be as like again, if he had his hand in somebody else's."

It is said that Dan J. Peters, Gen. Quitman and Capt. Thrasher were ordered before the Grand Jury of New Orleans by Judge Campbell in his charge against Gillis King.

A New Type-Setting Machine.

COPENHAGEN, May 18.—Owing to the politeness of the editors, I have now been able to see the new composing machine as in actual operation in the office of the *Fædrelandet*. Instead of the usual cases and composing sticks, and the compositor standing at his work, we see a person sitting before a machine with keys like a piano, which he plays on incessantly, and every touch on the tangent is followed by a click the letter is already in its place in the long mahogany channel prepared for it. The whole is excessively ingenious. In fact it is fairy work. The most wonderful part is that it distributes the already used type at the same time that it sets the new page, and with an exactness perfectly sure. No mistake can ever occur. This compositor by this machine does four times as much work as another workman but as he requires an assistant to line and page the type set this brings it to twice the amount of type set. The whole is so clean and pleasant it will probably soon be a favorite employment for women. The machine occupies a very small space, not more than a large chair, and is beautifully made of hard woods, brass and steel. Its success is now beyond doubt. The proprietors of the *Fædrelandet* are so gratified by the one they now have that they have ordered another. The price is 2,400 Danish dollars. It will last apparently for a century or two without repair. Mr. Sorenson, the inventor, himself a compositor all his life, kindly shows us the machine to any visitor.—Of course the compositor cannot set with this machine at once; it will take him a short time, a few days, for him to become familiar with the details, but he is then a gentleman compared to his old comrades. (?)

"RECEIVING AND FORWARDING."

On and after the 1st of July, the South Carolina Railroad will discontinue the receiving and forwarding of merchandise. As this "rule will be positive," those interested will be under the necessity of employing commission merchants in Charleston.

"Millions for Defence."

The origin of the famous saying of "Millions for Defence—not a cent for tribute," which has become proverbial, is thus related on the authority of Gov. Middleton, in a diary, of which extracts are furnished in the *Southern Patriot*.

"In Paris (said Gov. Middleton to the author of the diary,) I became acquainted with Gerry, the Minister there with Pinckney and Marshall. They were not recognised as Ministers. It was intimated to them by a lady authorized by Talleyrand, that if they would give presents they would be received. I carried the lady to see my uncle Pinckney, when she made this communication. It gave rise to his famous expression—'Millions for defence but not a cent for tribute.' Talleyrand afterwards denied that this lady was authorized by him to make the communication. Gerry told me the lady was and she was arrested and imprisoned for some weeks. I saw her not many years ago, and spoke to her about this matter."

Much difference of opinion has existed as to the occasion of this expression. We have heard some orators attribute it to a revolutionary date, while others have supposed it to have been uttered in Charleston at some meeting connected with the French war under the administration of the elder Adam's. Gov. Middleton's testimony seems positive and direct.—[Courier.]

Dialogue on Newspapers.

A. How does it happen, neighbor B, that your children have made so much greater progress in their learning and knowledge of the world than mine? They all attend the same school and, for aught I know, enjoy equal advantages.

B. Do you take the newspapers, neighbor A?

A. No, sir, I do not take them myself; but I know your children have made so much greater progress in their learning and knowledge of the world than mine? They all attend the same school and, for aught I know, enjoy equal advantages.

B. Why, sir, they have a vast deal to do with it, I assure you. I should as soon think of keeping them from school, as to withhold from them the newspaper; it is a little school of itself. Being new every week it attracts their attention, and they are sure to peruse it. Thus while they are storing their minds with useful knowledge, they are at the same time acquiring the art of reading &c. I have often been surprised, that men of understanding should overlook the importance of a newspaper in a family.

A. In truth, neighbor B, I frequently think I should like to take them, but I cannot well afford the expense.

B. Can't afford the expense—what, let me ask, is the value of five or six dollars a year, in comparison with the pleasure and advantages to be derived from a well-conducted newspaper? As poor as I am, I would not, for fifty dollars a year, deprive myself of the happiness I enjoy in reading and hearing my children read and talk about what they have read in the papers. And then the reflection, that they are growing up intelligent and useful members of society. Oh, don't mention the expense—pay it in advance every year, and you will think no more of it.

The Tennessee and Alabama road has received iron enough to lay down the rails for 80 miles out from Nashville as far as Spring Hill, and will have it completed that far by fall.

A lady had written on a card, and placed it on the top of an hour glass in her garden-house the following simple verse from one of the poems of John Clare. It was the season when the flowers were in their highest glory:

To think of summers yet to come,
That I am not to see?
From dust that I shall be
To think of winters yet to come,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that dare die shall be dead—
That I must die no more!
Oh where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend eternity!

"Coms here sunny and tall what the four seasons are!" "Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar—them's what wamms always seasons with."