

CHRISTMAS.—By common consent of all Christian nations, of modern antiquity, the 25th day of December, is fixed as the birth-day of Jesus Christ. Whether it occurred according to the Hebrew text in the year of the world 4004, or as the Samaritan text says 4700, or whether the world was actually 5872 years old, according to the Septuagint: is a matter of very small moment just now; since it is pretty clear, if we believe the Chaldeans, or the Chinese, that they are all wrong; because, if we dig down into the bowels of the sealed volume, we can find, that each period has written its own history, in "fossil remains," growing to prove all figures on this subject—extremely doubtful—

Some dig and bore
The bowels earth, and from its record, there,
Extract a chronicle,
By which they'd prove
That He who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses,
Was mistaken in its age.

It's a matter of small moment now, and has nothing to do with the day at hand, which is fixed by common consent of all parties, as the birth-day of One who came to reign in the hearts of mankind teaching "peace and good will," to nations. Let the day as of old, be kept sacred to the end of time, not by those who daily crucify the great and Holy character who came into existence eighteen hundred and fifty five years ago; but by those whose constant strife, it is, to live up to the excellent precepts taught by Him; without empty and vain profession.

Let mass be said for Him, not such as is swallowed up by tinsel flummery, but such as naturally springs up—silently and unseen, from the spirit within us. The common hypocrisy indulged in, at other times will not do here; because the heart is open to one Eye that can penetrate a mill-stone.

There will be no *Comet* from this office to-morrow, (Wednesday) because of a compunction of conscience we have to work on Christmas-day.

NECROMANCY AND FORTUNE TELLING.—New Egg'and is not alone, the sage, for necromancers, fortune-tellers, clair voyants and other dealers in legerdemain. New Orleans, has a formidable troupe of such speculators, who, to judge from their cards and notices in the papers—must drive a prosperous business. Madame Blanche is now there, and comes heralded by the *St Louis Herald*, as worthy of patronage. As the editor of the *Herald* says, we doubt not: "That parties may advise with her in matters of great interest, in many instances with great advantage to themselves."—"Madame Edwards" has a card flourishing conspicuously, which she winds up, by "morning" the advice she gives, will result in good if followed. This can be had anywhere without any cost; if it were as easy to do, as it is to tell what it were good to do, then as somebody says: "Poor men's cottages had been Prince's palaces."—Good will follow most certain as the night the day—an honest and industrious life. It is good to be virtuous, and true; it is good to be temperate, and act upon the unerring square and compass. Everybody is acquainted with these self evident propositions, and it needs no prophetic vision to see into next week, to be convinced of this fact. There are too many people now-a-days telling other people, what it were good to do; like the ungracious Pastor, teaching the steep and thorny road to Heaven, whilst they themselves the primrose path of dalliance tread and reck not their own need." Such—to give a show of honesty, had better pray for themselves; and be sure that they have secured an easy passage for their own souls, before fretting themselves away into "green and yellow melancholy" in looking after the souls of others.

That choice "Democratic Anti-Nothing organ," the *Iberville Gazette*, published at the town of Plaquemine—situated at the mouth of a famous stream of the same name: breaks out in an article on the contested election for Sheriff of Orleans, in the following beautiful apostrophe, or figure of speech.

"Think of it citizens of Iberville, a high-minded honorable man a native of Tennessee, and Judge of the first District Court of New Orleans, a prisoner in his own court but the Judge was not to be frightened. The blood of 'Old Blunt Robertson' was warmed up, and he told Messrs. Huey and Co., that he would not remain, but would go out—let the mob howl as it might. Just at this time, up come two of the Jury, who had awarded a verdict for Huey, and confirmed the horrible flogging that the mob was furious enraged, and wanted a victim. These reformers, who take care of the ballot-box, by destroying it—these brass knuckle followers of Sam, wanted a victim! This did not alarm the Judge, who stood up and boldly declared he was not guilty of any crime, and should not be turned aside from the path of justice and duty by a noisy mob."

The *Ib. Gazette*, finds its warrant for talking this way, in an article which appeared in that A. J. I would be organ of the Democracy in New Orleans, "The Delta," in which statements were made in reference to the trial, having for their ground work, "the baseless fabric of (distorted) vision." The fact seems to be well established in the minds of the essentially "democratic" portion of the press gang; that the only mid-night assassins, law and ballot-box breaking and judge intimidating people, in New Orleans are to be found among the native citizens; a discovery, second in importance to no other, in the nineteenth century. It is gratifying to know any truth, however mortifying and humiliating it may be. The truth, is the truth, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

THE HAWAII VOLCANO.—We find the following highly interesting letter from the Sandwich Islands in the Washington Intelligencer:

Hilo, Oct. 13, 1855.—Hawaii still burns. The great furnace on Mauna Loa is in full blast. For sixty-three days the molten flood has rolled down the mountain without abatement. Our Hawaiian atmosphere is loaded with smoke and gases, through which the sun shines with dingy and yellow rays.

The amount of lava disgorged from this awful magazine is enormous.—The higher regions of the mountains are flooded with vast tracts of smoking lava while the streams which have flowed down the side of the mountain spread over a surface of several miles in breadth. The main stream, including all its windings, must be more than fifty miles long, with an average breadth of three miles. This is still flowing direct for our bay, and is supposed to be within ten miles of us. It is eating its way slowly through the deep forest and the dense jungle in our rear, and its terminus must be the sea, unless the great summit fountain should cease to discharge.

On the 2d inst., Mr. McCulley and myself set off to explore the eruption, taking the bed of the stream, the Waikuku river, as our path. We reached the terminal crater in four and a half days, tracing up the fiery stream from the upper skirt of the forest to the summit of the mountain. In the woods we could not follow it on account of the dense jungle.

The burning stream now runs all the way in a covered duct, so that it can be seen only at its vents, which let off the gas. These are truly fearful. We looked down one of them and saw the fiery current rushing under us, in some places at the rate of forty knots. We returned via Kilauea, and were absent ten days. What we saw, and heard, and felt, cannot be described.

E. DE ROSAS LACERDA.—*Piano Tuner and Repairer*.—A note addressed to this gentleman, will meet immediate attention. Persons in the vicinity, having Pianos to tune or repair, cannot employ a more skillful artist.—We insure that he will give entire satisfaction. His charges are very moderate.

CHIROGRAPHY.—It needs no encomium from our hand to bring Mr. Dolbear before this community. His fame as a teacher of the elegant art of chirography precedes him. We hope some of our "communicants" and all our advertisers will take instruction from him; and do so more for our sake than for "their own." Many persons, there are who have good ideas—and brilliant, who might write intelligently if not elegantly, for Harris' or any other magazine; to give us a local literature, but from the fact that they cannot themselves read what they write; and compositors versed in the hieroglyphics of Memphis and Thebes and also the Aztics, cannot decipher them, and they do not. This added to the fact—that the orthography of the English, is nothing less than a tissue of absurdities woven upon a ground work of very flimsy material, does all, in putting down, keeping down, and choking out of existence much chirographical genius. The sins and short comings of society in this direction, are visited upon the newspaper publisher. What is the fact? A man who has gone through college, comes with a sheet of fools cap in his hand, whereon there are certain pot hooks, and things resembling the tortuous route of a spider, who has walked through an inkstand; and he puts it into the hand of the compositor for him to guess, at what he means. Is it to be marveled at, that we are sometimes mistaken?—Think not. We do not wish to be understood as wanting to tear down, or rub out the mark that modern genius makes for his autograph; because a mere dash or scratch, for the name of a great man, has become the sole mark by which he is distinguished from the common herd: but we do mean to say, that it is within the power of every professional man to acquire a hand writing, that himself may read, if no one else; and it would be an appreciated favoritism to the printer, that would be properly appreciated if many of such would go learn to write.

Mr. Dolbear has for years been devoted to teaching this elegant accomplishment, and gives instruction on the simplest and most approved method—let him have a good class when he opens, on the 27th inst.

ANOTHER LUSUS NATURÆ.—Through Mr. Phillip Burg, we have received from the free State of Livingston another one of the many curious products of that region. It is an Irish potatoe fashioned after the manner of the Hindoo god, Bhashan. No adequate description of its form can be given; suffice to say, that the body or parent root, has produced offshoots, in several opposite directions, representing head, hands, feet, etc. We are warranted in putting Livingston, against any other State in the Union for its remarkable animal and vegetable products. It now and then turns out a politician, hard to beat; one having the omnipotent faculty of occupying several antagonistic positions, on the political chess board at the same time.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS HARD UP.—The protracted disorganization of the House of Representatives in Washington seems to be affecting the pockets of the members. As no money can be obtained from the United States Treasury for the pay of members of the House of Representatives until a Speaker of that body shall have been elected, the funds being drawn to his order. A J. Glossbrenner, Esq., the sergeant-at-arms, with a view to the accommodation of the members, has paid out to them \$28,600 from his own resources.

MRS. MAY.—This deservedly popular lady has taken rooms at the Harney House, where her lady friends may now find her. No word of commendation, to such of our female friends as have patronized Mrs. May, is necessary. To others who have, we speak knowingly when we say, that as a cutter and fitter without a ruman form divine, she is invaluable in this male sex.

EDITOR OF THE COMET.—Dear Sir—In the *Comet* of Saturday Morning, we notice an article over the signatures of "Mary and Maria" which reflects upon the moral standing of the gentlemen living in a residence near the Asylum, and which has been slanderously called "Bachelors Hall." The author of the article does not boldly assert anything disreputable of the gentleman in question, but insinuatingly impresses the reader's mind, that they are guilty of improper conduct. We are charged indirectly, of "associating, combining, and publicly declaring ourselves bachelors for life." We will state in answer to these charges and the fair quest whose solicitudes "have gone out after us," that their suspicions are groundless, and their article entirely misdirected. Our establishment is only a temporary one; and will be abolished as soon as the nature of circumstances will allow us to have the honor of exhibiting to the world, "the doctrine we believe," by associating ourselves with the strictest of the fair, in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony." Furthermore be assured that in the meanwhile the strict rules of propriety and decorum will be observed, in and on the premises of the said "bachelors;" and nothing contrary to the above rules have been tolerated about our house. To prove our good intentions and future moral conduct, we would respectfully invite "Mary and Maria" to call and see how our domestic affairs are conducted.

THE EMERALD ISLE AND THE JAS. J. BOYD are on the way from Liverpool to N. Y. the first with four hundred Mormons from England, and the latter with a like number of Scandinavians. It is quite probable that a party of the Scandinavian emigrants may press through at once to St. Louis, as they contemplate going to Utah in the ensuing season. After these two vessels it is possible there will be nothing further until the last of January or first of February.

BLUNT.—Dr. Bailie, (who was not more famous for his medical skill than for his common sense mode of displaying it,) being called to attend an eccentric individual, styling himself Dr. Jones, the dramatist, during a nervous attack, which he was subject to, the fertile individual said—"Doctor, do you think that I write too much for my constitution?" "No," replied the discriminating doctor, "but you do for your reputation."

A SAINTLY WORK.—An exchange paper says that the Methodists in the North Ohio conference have resolved to raise \$100,000 to convert the Roman Catholics of Ireland!—The fools are not all dead yet.—*Orleanian*.

"That's a fact." It is not to be wondered, at, that in the long course, of a year—a man having just so much to write daily—should stumble, on a single truth now and then; a fact, as stubborn, as the one above, credited to the *Orleanian*. Should, the above scrap, get the extensive circulation it deserves, we beg our conferees for the truth of History, to give due credit to the *Orleanian*, for it.

A GENEROUS PROPOSITION.—George Peabody, the "American Merchant" of London, proposes a general public testimonial to Dr. Kane and his comrades. He has, it is stated offered the sum of fifteen hundred dollars as his contribution, one thousand for the doctor and five hundred for his associates. In England, we notice they have conferred the honor of knighthood on Captain McClue, the discoverer of north west passage and tendered him other rewards. But the Peabody tender being made direct to Dr. Kane he is understood to have promptly declined, it for him self, on the ground of his unwillingness to allow his name to be used in connection with any testimonial of a pecuniary nature. He has however, referred the subject as far as relates to the crew, American's head, lodging and as England in acknowledgment of the services of publicly appreciated companies.

Dr. Kane and his comrades, the modest woman who gave the "Ting look" to Capt. Jonathan, because he talked of his vessel *lying the shore*, has again had her sensibilities shocked by the naked condition of the traces. While they were stripped she retired to her room for a season of meditation. She will make her appearance on the 1st proximo, if the children won't say anything of stockings!

WHICH IS THE SAFEST SAFE?—This question seems now to be moving the Crescent City, from its centre, to circumference with excitement. Card after card letter after.—"A plain statement of facts" after "a plain statement," have followed one other in the columns of the daily papers, first from Isaac Bridge, Esq., then from Messrs. C. C. Miller & Co., then from both together, jointly and severally. The question is, upon the merits of Starns & Mavin's, manufacturer of the "Salamanders," over C. Herrings "Champions," and then both of them, over Riche's "Concrete." Miller & Co., prove that Bridge is a humbug, and Bridge having his abutments knocked from under him, falls with a heavy crash of words in a full column on Miller & Co., then they both pitch into the safe business generally, showing some of the tricks of trade, going to prove to our unbiased judgement that the very safest safe, is unsafe.—Let us examine the matter. Did not Fables, succeed in engraving his name indelibly on the immortal scroll of contemporary history, by picking the English lock? Ay, and did not Dobbs—with a thimble full of powder, blow a French patent into atoms? Even so; but it is unfair to urge these facts, against the safeness of safes.—Let us come down to the "Salamanders." We doubt not that the *iron* may pass through an ordinary fire unswinged; but throw in, a little brimstone or borax, and what becomes of him? Why he is roasted alive. Safes may be proof, against ordinary fires; but let a scientific man like Hobbs look at the safest, and the bolts and bars fly back immediately at his magic touch. We would not make such persons as have invested in safes, feel uncomfortable, because we know safes will stand such fire as a man may warm his shins by but when it comes to the brimstone and borax, they must yield and their reputation for security vanish.

Mr. Fahrenheit thought he was taking his scale high enough, when he got it up to a *lava bed*, but Mr. Wedgewood, found heat enough to take it to three hundred degrees. Fahrenheit may be called *hot*. Wedgewood hotter, but the *hottest*, is what is to come—that fire which will melt the fire-proof safe, into ashes, and the safe maker's bones into an impalpable powder. Think of this, Mr. Bridge, and tremble with becoming fear, for "Time" will not only unlock the safest safe, but mix the ashes of all safe-makers, together.

Captain EMILE GROSS, has our thanks for many and repeated favors. May he run his boat, not only safe to the end of this year, but to the end of many years; and anchor safely eventually, in that great country of unbounded shores, where deck hands never strike," and mates never swear.—Where old stagers and statesmen; steam boat captains, and stagers, of other professions, meet on a common platform and tie-up their crafts forever.

ELEGANT PRESENTS FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.—McCormick & Co., have displayed on their counters at the office, in tempting array, such a stock of splendid annuals, gifts books, albums etc., as must appeal in the most eloquent terms to the generous. Walk in gentlemen, old as well as young, and Mr. Morgan, will point you out, what it is proper to give under any circumstances of relationship with the other sex.

When a powerful and enlightened continental monarch, who reigned some centuries ago, saw his courtiers smile at an act of condescension he had just performed towards a great artist, he rebuked them in some such terms as these:—"I could easily make a hundred nobles such as you, but not one painter like him who stands among us."