Glasgow Weekly Times.

CLARK H. GREEN: *"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."*—JEFFERSON. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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St. Louis, January 17, 1850.--1y.*

THE TIMES

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St. Louis—Miron Leslie, B.

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St. Charles and Lincoln—W. M. Allen, W., (elected to fill vacancy occasioned by the death of Dr. Woolfolk.)

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St. Genevieve, Jefferson, Perry and St. Francois—Noel, W.

Lawrence, Barry, Newton and Jasper--Mason, B.

Polk, Hickory, Camden and Dallas—Vernon, B.

Marion and Monroe—Drake, w.

Grundy, Putnam, Harrison, Mercer and Sullivan—Griffin, B.

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Wright, John S. Shields, b.
Wayne, Black, a. b.
Warren, Rufus K; Saunders, w.
A. B., anti-Benton democrats, B., Bentonites; w; whig.
Harrison, to hear from.

HON. MILLARD FILLMORE, President of the United States, was born in Summer Hill, Cayuga County, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1800. His father, Nathaniel Fillmore, is a farmer in Erie County. Mr. Fillmore, spent four years in early life, in working at the clothier's trade, and devoted all his leisure hours to reading and study. At the age of nineteen he attracted the notice of Judge Wood, of Cayuga County, who took him into his office. In 1821, he removed to Buffalo, and entered a law office, teaching for his maintenance, until the year 1823, when he was licensed to practice in the court of common pleas. In 1827, he was admitted an attorney of the supreme court. In 1829, elected a member of Assembly from Erie county, twice re-elected. Elected to Congress in 1832, and after the expiration of his term resumed practice. In 1826, again sent to Congress, and subsequently re elected for another term.—During this session, he was at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means. In 1844, he was nominated by the Whig party, as their candidate for Governor. In 1847, elected Comptroller. In 1848, elected Vice President of the United States, and on the 4th March, 1849, entered upon the duties of the office.

People are too prone to condemn in others what they practise themselves without scruple. Plutarch tells of a wolf, who, peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton, exclaimed, "what a clamor would they have raised, if they had caught *me* at such a banquet!"

Cherish a love for justice, truth, self control, benevolence. Be governed by them in all things. Swerve not from the right for any present advantage.—In all circumstances show thyself a man in unflinching rectitude.

HEALTH.

Horace Mann thus discourses of health, in his new book issued from the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields:

"Appetite is Nicholas the First, and the noble faculties of mind and heart are Hungarian captives. Were we to see a rich banker exchanging eagles for coppers by tale, or a rich merchant bartering silk for serge by the pound, we should deem them worthy of an epithet in the vocabulary of folly. Yet the same men buy pains whose prime cost is greater than the amplest fund of natural enjoyment. Their purveyor and market-man bring them home headaches and indigestion, and neuralgia, by handsfull. Their butler bottles up stone and gout, and liver complaint, falsely labeling them sherry, or madeira, or port, and the stultified masters have not wit enough to see through the cheat. The mass of society look with envy upon the epicure who, day by day, for four hours of luxurious eating, suffers twenty hours of sharp aching; who pays a full price for a hot supper, and is so pleased with the bargain that he throws in a sleepless and tempestuous night as a gratuity. English factory children have received the commiseration of the world, because they were scourged to work eighteen hours out of twenty-four; but there is many a theoretic republican who is a harsher Pharaoh to his stomach than this; who allows it no more resting time than he does his watch; who gives it no Sunday, no holiday, no *vacation* in any sense. Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicides should be buried where four roads meet, and that a cartload of stones should be thrown upon the body. Yet when gentlemen or ladies commit suicide, not by the cord or steel, but by turtle-soup or lobster-salad, they may be buried in consecrated ground, and under the auspices of the church; and the public are not ashamed to read an epitaph upon their tombstones false enough to make the marble blush. Were the barbarous old law now in force, that punished the body of the suicide for the offence which his soul had committed, we should find many a Mount Auburn at the cross-roads."

THE DEATH BELL.

"Toll—toll—toll. The grim King of Terror is again among us--the death bell rings out, and its iron voice speaks of its triumph. Some mortals brief sojourn in the 'vale of tears' is ended. Who is it--the high or the humble?—It is white-haired age, with its burden of years, and its heart of garnered griefs and faded dreams, or youth, arrested in its strength its glowing frame robbed of its manliness and vigor, its cheek of health and its opening heart of its bright young dreams? Or infancy—fragile bud withered at the first contact with the winds of life, its wail changed to an angel's home--transplanted, to bloom unfading in a fairer clime. Toll--toll--toll. That heavy peal vibrates sadly upon our heart—how much sadder upon those of the bereaved?—It admonishes the living while it knells the dead, and heralds an unfettered spirit to a shoreless world!--and yet unheeding, the tide of life flows on.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, moves the living throng—toll, toll, toll, says the bell for the gathering dead. A world of life, and a world of death. The earth is passing away.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "BROTHER JONATHAN."--General Washington placed great confidence in the good sense and patriotism of Jonathan Trumbull, who at an early period of the American revolution, was governor of the State of Connecticut. In a certain emergency, when a measure of great importance was under discussion, Washington remarked, "We must consult brother Jonathan on the subject." The result of that consultation was favorable, and the words of the commander-in-chief passed into a common phrase, applied indiscriminately by officers and men in all cases of difficulty which afterwards occured during the war. Thus, from the constant use of the expression, "We must consult brother Jonathan," which soon passed from the army to the people at large, the Americans received from the English that appellation which has stuck as closely as their "John Bull" to them.

From the Ladies' Companion.

"ANGELINA'S FAINTED."

The talk was of Hottentots—

'Don't speak of 'em,' cried Miss Angelina Daffy. 'I'm certain of it—if I were only to look at a Hottentot, I should faint—I must faint.'

'Fiddledee," said Miss Lillywhite: and there was a hush—a pause in the conversation: for when Miss Lillywhite exclaimed 'Fiddledee,' it behoved thoughtless young ladies to look to themselves. Now, Miss Daffy had a great talent for fainting. Perhaps the talent was originally a natural gift, nevertheless it could not be denied that a frequent and earnest cultivation of the endowment had brought it to perfection. Miss Daffy, at one minute's notice, could faint any time, and upon any subject. She could faint at either extreme of the day—faint at breakfast, or faint at supper; could faint with equal beauty and unhandiness, whether the matter to be fainted upon were a black beetle, or a blackbird--a bull or a bullfinch.—She had wonderful powers of syncope; though, it must be allowed, like most folks honored with a despotic sense of their own genius she now and then employed it a little out of place. Vanity, however, is human weakness. For a philosopher, to his own satisfaction, has proved that the peacock takes no pride in its own effulgent glories, but, all unconscious of their beauty, spreads them because it was ordained to do so; and, after all, had Miss Daffy been philosophically examined upon her proneness to faint, she would have attributed the habit to no self complacency, but to the simple inevitable truth that she was made to faint. She would not have recognized any beauty in the art of fainting, but nearly the natural consequences that to faint was feminine. Eve, she thought, was made for *sal volatile*.

Miss Lillywhite was spinster of seven-and-forty. 'I am six—seven—eight-and-forty next birth-day, 'Miss Lillywhite would plaintively observe, as the year might be. And this gay vivacity was the more pleasing in Miss Lillywhite, inasmuch as she might have passed for forty; nay, had she sickled ever so little for it, she might have got off with six-and-thirty at most—a happy, blooming six-and-thirty; for Miss Lillywhite, like a true English woman, carried in her unfading beauty the assertion of her British race.—How much triumphant beauty all over the world fades and yields as teens blow into twenties, and wrinkle into thirties! Now, your truly beautiful English women, with her carnation and lilies, will carry her colors up to twenty-score-and-ten. Nay, we have known some veterans, blooming with a sprinkling of years over tyrannous fifty.—And Miss Lillywhite was as jocund as she was handsome. It is said there is no better preservative against the melancholy changes wrought by time than honey. We know not whether Miss Lillywhite was acquainted with the Egyptian truth: if not, she had unconsciously acted upon the unknown recipe, and had preserved herself in the sweetness of her disposition—in the honey of her goodness. She was a pattern old maid. Yet a pattern, we would hope never to be followed: for it is such women who make the real wives and mothers. Miss Lillywhite, like Miss Venus de Medicis, should remain a single perfection; alone in sweetness and beauty, to show what celibacy and art can do: to be admired as samples, but never to be added to.

Miss Lillywhite was an old school fellow of Mrs Daffy's, and was passing the Christmas-time with her early friend and family. Now Angelina Daffy, a pretty creature, with more goodness in her than she dreamt of, had, as we have indicated, this weakness; she must faint and carrying out this will, as a first principle, she had duly fainted through the whole round of the holy-days. She had fainted at snap-dragons on Christmas eve, fainted, very emphatically fainted, when surprised under the mistletoe on Christmas day, fainted when the bells rang in 1850, and fainted, dead as a stone, as a nervous guest declared, when prevailed upon to crack a *bon bon* on twelfth night. 'Angelina's fainted!' had become household words in the homestead of the Daffys.

And so, can it be wondered at that the ingenious Miss Lillywhite, at this last threat of Angelina's, to faint at a Hottentot, should rebuke the maiden with more than ordinary vivacity? The truth is, Miss Lillywhite had been much provoked: even on the previous Sunday, when Angelina had menaced to faint at the clergyman, a very handsome, meek young man, who preached a maiden sermon with great preferment, Miss Lillywhite could only scold the maiden into firmness, by threatening to give her up, unattended, to the care of the beadle. Therefore, when Angelina, returning to her weakness, expressed herself ready to go off at the very look of a Hottentot, therefore, all previous provocations considered, can it be wondered at that the patience of Miss Lillywhite fairly exploded with 'Fiddledee!' We think now we can take up the sketch of our little story.

'Fiddledee,' said Miss Lillywhite.

Miss Angelina looked surprised, amazed, and gradually became very deeply wounded. At first, she raised her eyes towards Miss Lillywhite as though doubtful of the truth of her impressions; but, the sentiments of Miss Lillywhite, if you can couple the expression of sweetness with the thought of a clear, bright, open face, bright and clear as Dresden china, convinced Angelina that it was the lady visitor who had really spoken. What, under the new and painful circumstance, could Angelina do? Why, she fell back upon the strength of her weakness: she instantly made an ostentatious preparation to faint. Her eyelids were slightly tremulous, she swallowed one sob, her neck took one swan like curve, and, and, in another second, there would have been the old, old cry of the house of Daffy, 'Angelina's fainted!'

But;

Miss Lillywhite jumped from her chair, and resolutely passing Mrs. Daffy, made direct to the sufferer, who, half conscious of the attempted rescue, was fainting all the faster. 'Angelina,' cried Miss Lillywhite, with a restorative shake, 'this is affectation, folly, hypocrisy, nonsense!'

Miss Angelina Daffy opened her orbs, and in a moment sat upright, with her pretty cut nostrils dilated, and the tear that was coming in her astonished eyes almost frozen and indeed, altogether, in such a state of amazement that she must—no, she would not faint; it was not a time to faint, when so cruelly offended.

Miss Lillywhite drew her chair beside Angelina, who was every moment hardening in dignity. 'My dear child,' said Miss Lillywhite, 'you must give up fainting, it's gone out of fashion.'

'Fashion, Miss Lillywhite! Do you think that feelings'——

'Fiddledee,' again repeated Miss Lillywhite, and Angelina sternly resolved not to say another word to so strange a person, to so unpolite a visitor. Angelina crossed her arms in resignation, determining, since her mamma would not interfere, to suffer in silence. Miss Lillywhite might be rude, might say her worst.

'When I was eighteen, your age,' said Miss Lillywhite, 'and that, my dear, is nearly thirty years ago, I used to faint, too. I enjoyed fainting very much; indeed, my dear, I question if ever you take greater pleasure in fainting than I did.'

'Pleasure!' exclaimed Miss Angelina. Who *could* remain dumb under such an imputation.

'O, I know all about it, pleasure, my dear,' said the remorseless Miss Lillywhite. 'You see it gave me a little consequence, it drew upon me general notice, it made me, as it were, the centre of a picture, and it *was* a pleasure, not a healthy one, certainly, but still a pleasure, to enjoy so much sympathy about one. To hear, whilst I was in the fit, I don't know, my dear, whether you hear, when fainting, quite as well as I did, to hear expressions of concern, and pity, and admiration, and do you hear them distinctly?' Angelina could not answer such a question; she could only look lightning, harmless as it met lightning, at Miss Lillywhite; who inexorably continued. 'I can confess it now, I used to enjoy the excitement, and therefore went off upon every reasonable opportunity. It was very wrong, but there was something pleasant, exciting in the words 'Miss Lillywhite's fainted!' O, I can remember them, my dear, as though it was only yesterday. But, my love, said the cruel spinster, taking the young maid's hand between her own, and looking so benignly, and speaking so sweetly; 'but my love, we may faint once too often.'

Angelina was very much offended, deeply hurt that Miss Lillywhite should for a moment associate her own past affectations with the real existing weakness then and there before her. Nevertheless, there was such quietness, such truthfulness, and withal such an air of whim in the looks, and words, and manner of the elderly spinster, that the young one gradually resigned herself to her monitress.

'We may faint once too often;' repeated Miss Lillywhite, and she sighed, and then her customary smile beamed upon her. 'Of this dreary truth am I a sad example.'

'You! Miss Lillywhite!' said Angelina.

'Listen, said the old maid. 'Tis a short story, but worth your hearing. When I was nineteen, I was about to be married.—About did I say? Why, the day was fixed; I was in my bridal dress, at the altar, the ring, the wedding ring, at the very tip of my finger, when'——

'Mercy me!' cried Angelina, 'what happened?'

'I fainted,' said Miss Lillywhite, and she shook her head, and a warm smile played about her lips.

"And you were not married, because you fainted!" said Angelina, much awakened to the subject.

'As I have confessed, it was my weakness to faint upon all occasions. I enjoyed the interest that, as I thought, fainting cast about me. My lover often looked coldly—suspiciously; but love conquered his doubts, and led him triumphantly before the parson. Well, the marriage service was begun, and'

'Do go on,' cried Angelina.

'And in a few minutes I should have been a wife, when I thought I must faint. It would seem very bold of me in such a situation not to faint. I who had fainted on so many occasions, not to swoon at the altar would have been a want of sentiment—of proper feeling, on so awful an occasion. With this thought I felt myself fainting rapidly; and just as the bridegroom had touched my finger with the ring—I went off, yes, my dear, swooned with all the honors.'

'Do go on,' again cried Angelina.

'As I swooned the ring slipped from the bridegroom's fingers, fell upon the stove, and was rolling--rolling—to drop through the aperture of the stove that, from below, admitted heat to the church, when—though swooning—I some how saw the danger, and to stop the ring, put forth my foot'

'Well!' exclaimed Angelina.

'Too late—the ring rolled on—disappeared down the chimney of the stove—and then I fainted with the greatest fidelity. Hartshorn and *sal volatile* came to my aid. I was restored--but where was the ring? 'Twas hopeless to seek for it. Half-a-dozen other rings were proffered; but no--it would be an evil omen--there would be no happiness, if I were no wedded with my own ring. Well, search was made--and time flew--and, we were late at church to begin with, and the ring was not found when the church clock struck twelve.'

'Well!' said Angelina.

'Well!' sighed Miss Lillywhite, the clergyman, closing his book, said, 'It is past the canonical hour; the parties cannot be married to-day; they must come again to-morrow.'

'Dreadful!' exclaimed Angelina.

'We returned home; my lover upbraided—I retorted; we had a shocking quarrel, and—and he left the house to write me a farewell letter. In a week he was on his voyage to India, in a twelve month he had married an Indian lady as rich as an idol, and I—after thirty years, am still Caroline Lillywhite, spinster.'

It is very strange. From the time of the above narrative there were two words never again breathed beneath the roof tree of the Daffys. And these unuttered words were—

'Angelina's fainted!'

EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory was translated from the German:

Sopironius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eudalia to him one day, when he forbade her in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it."

Eudalia did so, and beheld her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened; and as it happened her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals, said Eudalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

TRUTH—ERROR.--Truth courts investigation, but error shrinks from scrutiny. Truth fears no evil from the most rigid examination, but error always fears the consequences. Truth is immutable and will stand criticism. Truth, like its author, is eternal, and will exist amidst the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, while error will be swept away with the refuge of lies. The more you examine truth, like gold, the brighter it shines. Truth is not tarnished by inspection, but discovers more splendor. Any system which shrinks from scrutiny, discovers corruption in its premises, and is unworthy the attention of an intelligent mind.