THE WEEKLY AMERICAN BANNER.

TERMS--THREE DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE. | AN ADVOCATE OF AMERICAN PRINCIPLES. | PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

BY MRS. HARRIET N. PREWETT. YAZOO CITY, MISS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1856. VOL. 2-NO. 31.

Professional Cards.

R. P. MAYES
MAYES,
...YS AT LAW,
...TORS IN CHANCERY,
...eir joint attention to all busi-
...ted to them in the Vice Chan-
...cuit courts of Yazoo County the
...and Probate Courts of Madison county
...e several courts at Jackson.
...ress—D. MAYES, Jackson, Mi.
R B MAYES, Yazoo City, Mi.
...pril 6, 41-ly.

J. H. LAWRENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
YZOO CITY, MISS.
WILL give prompt attention to all busin ss entrusted to him in the Circuit and Probate Courts of Yazoo and the adjoining counties, and the Supreme courts at Jackson.
Yazoo City Febuary 2

N. G. & S. E. NYE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
General Collectors & Land Agents
Yazoo City, Miss.
...ce the Courts held in Yazoo, ...Circuit Courts of Holmes, Carroll, ...Attala, Leake and Madison, and the ...Courts of the United States, the Supreme Court of Chancery, and the High Court of Errors and Appeals at Jackson.
Jan'y 11 1856.

C. F. HAMER,
Attorney at Law,
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in the Circuit and Probate Courts of Yazoo, Holmes and Madison and the Superior Courts at Jackson.
☞ Office on Jefferson Street opposite Whig office Jan. 3 27-ly

W. V. HENDERSON. T. M. ARMISTEAD.
HENDERSON & ARMISTEAD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
YAZOO CITY MISS.
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of the Law, will give strict attention to all business entrusted to their charge in the Circuit and Probate Courts of Yazoo, Holmes, and Madison Counties, and in the Courts of Law and Equity in Jackson.
jan 4 34-ly.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.
J. B. BURRUS and G. W. DOUGHARTY, will practice Law in the Courts of Yazoo, and in the High Court of Errors and Appeals, and Federal Courts at Jackson.
March 4th, 1856.

BY a special act of the Legis ature, G. W Dougharty is authorized to practice Law in all the Courts of the State except he Vice Chancery Court of the Middle District of the State of Mississippi
G. W. DOUGHARTY.
March 14th 1856. 43:tf.

E. BOWMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
YAZOO CITY, MISS,
Office near the Court House.
Yazoo City June 6-'56-ly.

SHARKEY & WITHERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
JACKSON, MISS.
WM. L. SHARKEY, has resumed the practice of law, and has formed a partnership with WM. T. WITHERS.
Especial attention will be given to business in the courts held at the city of Jackson.
When desired business will be attended to in the adjacent Circuit Courts.
☞ Office on State street over Green's Banking House. 38 t-f.

CHILTON & PERKINS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
36, CAMP STREET,
Feb 3, '54. 30-tf. New Orleans, La.

J. D. MAYES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Commissioner of Mississippi,
No. 74 Camp street, NEW ORLEANS.
Dec 14 30 tf.

HENRY LAURENCE,
DENTIST,
Office on Main st., Yazoo City
REFERENCES:
Drs Leake & Barnett,—Yazoo City, Flowers and, M D Philadelphia; G W Smith Dentist New Orleans J S McClellan M D Philadelphia; H Knapp. Dentist. New Orleans; J C Nott, M D Mobile.
Yazoo City June 6 1856.

MUSIC!
Professor Muller
WILL give lessons on the Piano, Guitar, Flute and other Instruments. He will also give lessons in Vocal Music, Painting and Drawing. Pianos tuned in the best manner at a low price. Room on Jefferson street, one door from Banner Office. October 4

L. FRANKLIN & CO.
AUCTIONEERS AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Shirts and Neck Handkerchiefs, Neckties, General assortment of Hosiery and a ... Jewelry which we offer at Auction ...
REFERENCES:
J. J. Michie, Yazoo City.
P. O. Donnell do
Link & Harrison, do
Hemingway & Friedlander & Co.
H. W. Reynolds & Co.
L. Lindsay, Vicksburg.
L. FRANKLIN
Yazoo ...
THE ... Vicksburg.

Yazoo City Cards.

ANDREW GIBB,
WINE AND LIQUOR STORE,
MAIN ST., YAZOO CITY, MISS.
Cigars and Tobacco of all qualities, Fruits in their season, Confectionery, Soap and Candles, Sugar and Coffee, &c., &c.

LINK & HARRISON,
RECEIVING AND FORWARDING
MERCHANTS,
YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI.
Dealers in all kinds of Eastern and Western Produce. Also Groceries, Liquors, Fine Teas, &c., Bagging and Rope, Plantation Goods of every kind, such as Kentucky, Jeans, and Linseys, Negro Boots and Russets, Brogans. Lowells, domestic and all kinds of Staple goods, Carpenter and Smith tools of every description, Castings, large wash kettles, Pots, Ovens, Spiders, Extra lids, Stew-pans, Skillets, enamelled Kettles, Cauldrons, Stoves, Glassware, Nails, Tar, Lime and Cement, Window glass, and Sash, Putty, Oils, Powder, Shot and Lead, Hardware, and all kinds of Cutlery.
Fine double and singled Barrel Shot Guns, Rifles, Powder Flasks, Gun Caps, Eley's patent Gun wads and Caps, Shot Pouches, Wiping rods, &c., &c., Woodware of every description, also Wagons, Carts, Wheelburrows, Corn Shellers, Straw Cutters, Pump Curbs, and Fixtures for Cisterns.
Fine chewing and negro Tobacco, Cigars of every quality. Also Agents for Geo. Page & Co., (Baltimore) Portable Saw Mills.
They are prepared with a good Fire Proof Warehouse for the storing of goods and Cotton liberal advances made in cotton stored with them.
☞ Particular attention given to receiving and forwarding of goods.
Yazoo City, June 6, 1856-ly.

COME ONE, COME ALL,
TO
TAYLOR & YOUNG'S
CHEAP CASH
EMPORIUM.
MAIN STREET, YAZOO CITY.
WHERE you will always find anything in the shape of Dry Goods, clothing, boots, shoes, queensware, hardware, saddlery, hats caps, &c. Our stock of Goods, which is the best in the outhern country, have been selected with great care by an experienced merchant in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and New Orleans. All which will be sold very cheap for the DIME. If you want good bargains call on
TAYLOR & YOUNG.
Yazoo City, August 1, '56 tf.

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND MUSIC.
H. C. TYLER,
North side of Micie's Bank.
HAS ON HAND a complete assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, of all kinds and descriptions, from the very best manufacturies. Instruction books for all Instruments, and a good assortment of Sheet Music for Piano and Guitar.
Watches and Jewelry repaired and warranted.
Yazoo City, Nov. 15, 1855.

MILLINERY
And Fancy Goods.
MRS. LACHS takes pleasure in informing the ladies of Yazoo City and vicinity, that she has just just opened her new stock of goods, consisting of
BONNETS, HEAD DRESSES, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, TRIMMINGS, MANTLES, and various other articles, too nulmerous to mention.
The ladies are respectfully invited to call—Prices to suit the times. October 16

JUST OPENED.
NEW GOODS
AND
GREAT BARGAINS,
AT
WEILMAN & BRO'S.
WE BEG LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE to the citizens of Yazoo City and icviaity, that we have opened a Store on Main St, and respectfully solicit their patronage. We have now on hand a large assortment of elegant,
FANCY DRY GOODS,
and Staple articles: Also a large stock of Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps which we offer at New Orleans prices.
As one of the firm is residing in the Crescent City, we shall always have a full supply and are enabled to offer great inducements to purchasers and they will find it to their advantage to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.
WEILMAN & BRO.
Location opposite Thompson & Emanuel's Drug Store. October 24, 1856.

Dry Goods!
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HOUSE.
J. N. HATCH has now a large stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods on hand and is daily receiving new supplies which he will sell low for CASH. The public of this and adjoining counties are respectfully invited to c... his stock consisting of ... Silks, Muslins, Calicoes, Cloaks, Mantles, Shawls, Robbins, Laces, domestics, carpeting, clothing, ... everything ... for ladies.

THE AMERICAN BANNER
IS PUBLISHED BY
MRS. HARRIET N. PREWETT
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

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" if not paid in twelve months,	5 00

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Each subsequent insertion,	50

☞ Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.
☞ Marriages and Deaths inserted as news. All Obituaries, meetings of Lodges, and all matters advancing personal interest, etc., etc., charged as other advertisements.
☞ A liberal deduction made to those advertising by the year.
☞ JOB WORK done with neatness and dispatch, on liberal terms.

AMERICAN BANNER.
YAZOO CITY:
FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 5, 1856.

Shooting down Americans.

We read with horror of the brutal attacks, says the New York Express, made by the Irish Democrats upon native American citizens in the city of Baltimore on the day of election. The Charles Hartigan, who deliberately drew a revolver at the polls, and with no other provocation than the challenging of the vote of a brother Irishman, fired it into the crowd, is out on $2,000 bail! One of the balls in Hartigan's pistol went through the fleshy part of the hand near the thumb of Mr. Wm. Bright, an inoffensive American, and thence into the abdomen of Mr. Richard Pryor, one of the most estimable members of the patriotic Ashland Club. The ball entered Mr. Pryor's abdomen just below the navel, inflicting a severe, and it is feared, a fatal wound. Whilst Pryor was being conveyed to his residence on a litter, an outrage was committed which for atrocity, goes far beyond any act of vandalism of modern times. On going to his residence, and when in the vicinity of the Eighth Ward polls, the party of friends carrying the wounded man was there attacked with bricks and stones by lawless Democrats, who rushed upon them like so many maniacs, and it was with great difficulty that the sufferer was carried to the residence of his afflicted wife and almost orphaned children.

This case, however, was but one incident of the election. Says the Baltimore Patriot:

A gentleman, whose veracity cannot be doubted, informs us that during the melee he saw a man get a rifle out of an Irish tavern and level it at a party of Americans, resting it upon a cart-wheel, and snapped it three times. It fortunately missed fire.

Henry Hand, a city police officer, was shot in the mouth early in the fight. James F. Ballard, a clerk in one of the Courts, who had retired into an alley, at the commencement of the fray, on coming out he was shot in the thigh. John Anderson, American, was shot in the groin. James Wilson, a boy 12 years old, was shot in the head. Martin Haley received a shot in the left ear. Daniel white was shot in the face, legs, and ear with buck shot, but the wounds were all slight. Mrs. Mount, while standing in front of her residence, received a ball in her leg. A girl of about 12 years was shot in the foot while entering the house. A woman on Eastern Avenue, had an eye completely driven out of the socket; by a ball fired from the Democratic ranks. A city watchman, who was on duty as policeman, was slightly wounded by a pistol ball. Stephen Wilson was shot through the neck. A young man, name unknown during the affray, while running down High-street, with a pistol in his hand, was serious injured by i's premature explosion.

Many of those shot and killed were quiet spectators. To show one of the causes of the riot, and the same cause would have created a thousand riots in this city on Tuesday last, viz: illegal voting, we read in the Patriot that,—

In the second ward, a foreigner attempted to vote with the papers of another man, and being refused by the judges, a furious fight ensued. The Democrats and foreigners, headed by the notorious George Koing, drove the Americans from the polls and up High street. The alarm was carried to the fourth ward polls, and a strong body of Americans started from here. In the vicinity of the second ward polls they were met and driven back. Further reinforcements were then received and the war renewed. A good proportion by this time were provided with muskets, whilst others used pistols, and others skirmished with knives and clubs. As either party gained a temporary advantage, men would be seen running, with others shooting at them; the wounded were limping off and being carried away by their companions, whilst others begrimmed with smoke and powder, and in some cases, covered with blood, still kept up the fight, now firing singly, and then again in volleys.

☞ The New York Times, which, throughout the whole of the late canvass, was one of the most violent and denunciatory of all the enemies of the American party, fully admits since the election, the magnitude of the evils which called that party into existence. The same paper expresses the opinion, that, although through combinations of political events the American party was shorn of its strength at the polls in the late election, there is in the hearts of the American people no decay of the sentiments which gave birth to it.

...not in the nature of things that there should have been any such decay. The sentiments which gave birth to the American party is necessarily as enduring as American nationality, and whenever it shall have free scope for the exercise of its strength, it will manifest itself with irresistible might.

In a country newspaper appears the following ... number of deaths unnaturally poison...

MUSIC.

BY MARY FORREST.

The following beautiful essay, from the pen of one of our most accomplished writers, we find in the November number of the United States Magazine:

The blind boy asks—

"What is it? and where does it dwell?"

The densely curtained windows of his soul admit no light; yet he is told that there are tranquil stars in the blue above him—God's goldenly written poem to the universe—and that the sun and moon give form and color and expression to the objects by which he is surrounded; so, when he hears music, he fancies that outside of himself those tender and mournful notes have a form and significance revealed by the light. But we are all blind listeners. No one can grasp the delicious phantom of sound. Light cannot find what is formless and void. We all cry—

"What is it? and where does it dwell?"

And only liquid echoes come mockingly back to us.

We involuntarily shut our eyes while we listen to music. They are not only incapable of detecting its mysterious outlines, but the seeing sense crosses and confuses the hearing sense. We darken our eyes to quicken our ears. If we do not see the mechanical attendants and trappings of melody, the enchanting spirit passes the portal of the soul unchallenged, hushing its tumult, or stirring its still waters at will.

Who has not felt the power of music, and vainly sought out the distinct elements of its holy and strange fascination?

Very earnestly must Saul, the demon-haunted king, have questioned, "What is it?" when the mellow harp of the shepherd boy wooed him so gently from his gloom to find the black spirit gone out and an angel sitting in its place.

The favorite Greek legend of Orpheus enchanting the wild beasts and the trees and rocks of Olympus, with the golden lyre of Apollo, is a beautiful illustration of the intense power of harmonious sounds as felt and acknowledged since—

"Music, heavenly maid, was young."

All the poets have sung to this divinity; crime-stained and hardened men have wept under its influence, and the hearts of dear innocent children have been stirred by it to a painful rapture that left them half in terror. I remember that once, during a visit at the house of a friend, a pale, spiritual boy prayed his mother, with the good-night kiss, not to sing any more songs when he had gone to his bed, for the sound made his heart ache, and he could not sleep. Beautiful boy! He did not know that it was the voice of unembodied beauty—the whisper of an angel—the sign of a great unutterable that made his sensitive soul quiver. The frail finite could bear the thrillings of the infinite. Something in kind must have been felt by Jean Paul Richter when he said of music—"Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which, in all my endless life, I have found not, and shall not find."

There is every variety of music, and every heart leaps at its own peculiar style and quality of harmony. I owe to a spell in the sorrowful refrain of the poor whip-poor-wil! and the thin regretful cry of the cricket; in the rustling of leaves when Autumn is trailing her gorgeous robes through the woods. I love a simple, soul sung ballad, and there is a holy grandeur in the peeling organ and anthem; but I am never so surrounded and pavilioned with the subtle enchantment of music as when listening to a fine opera. Though I understand no word that is uttered, there is a language in which each pure, flexible solo, and wild, undulating chorus, that appeals to my inmost soul. No other music so hovers over and broods down upon—so lifts and depresses me.

Music is an all-prevading element—ah, it is indispensable quality in the

"Pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

There is a strange inspiriting power in martial music.

"The neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit stiring drum, the ear-piercing fife."

have led many a brave boy—many a noble heart in the full rich robe of manhood, to the cannon's mouth, and a pitiless doom. And this is glory.

Among the legions of sweet glory, there is occasionally one that grinds out the sweet and balmy strain that reaches the heart; but, for the most part they are fairly represented, and immortalized in Holmes' inimitable poem;

"You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
Topluck the eyes of sentiment,
And deck the tail of rhyme;
To crack the voice of melody,
And break the legs of time."

There is a mellow pathos in the tones of the flute that thrills along our present memories and stirs the fountain of tears. Alcibiades proved himself wanting in a fine susceptibility of harmony, when he produced flute-playing a mean art, and caused it to be banished from among the profuse accomplishments of his time, because it monopolized the mouth and breath and precluded the possibility of simultaneous speaking. It was not only an insult to the lyric muse, Enterpe, whose attribute is the flute, but a great direct insult to the absorbing spirit of melody, whose office work it is to charm us into a rapt silence.

There is music in the voice of a true nobility. A refined and regal soul must needs utter itself in music. The great thought and its choice setting must be evolved in sounds harmonious, or the beautiful unity and completeness is destroyed.

"The cadences of voices that are tuned
By majesty and purity of thought,"

are closely linked to the fines modulations of angelic utterance.

Love is a universal harmonizer. There is ever a deep stealing sweetness in the voice of one we love. The roughest intonation catches a kind of persuasive euphony when it is made the vehicle of tenderness. We speak the name of the beloved in softest contralto, as we would talk low to the gods.

"Oh, never shall the rose of May
Remind me of my own sweet nightingale!"
And to such manner music is lay
Upon her bosom's glowing veil,
Then love shall ever double a tone,
And breath of the beloved one!"

"Love's tongue as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute strung with his hair."

Nature's harp has its million strings, and Nature's voice its unnumbered cadences. The pattering rain is Nature's soft lullaby. The elfish whistle of Boreas is a wierd soprano, and the rolling thunder a magnificent bass in the grand choral of the universe. The soul of music within us thrills ever to the soul of music without. This undefinable something lies coiled in the deeper mystery of being, and will be revealed only in its solution.

Mr. Choate's Manuscript.

The illegible style of the hand-writing of Hon. Rufus Choate of Massachusetts has furnished the text for many good jokes. The following which we find in the Boston Journal, will be duly appreciated by those who have spent hours in vainly endeavoring to attach a meaning to the curious characters, which Mr. C. calls Calligraphy;

On the occasion of a late political meeting it became necessary that Mr. Choate's letter of declination should be read and the chairman was called upon to fulfill the office. Chairman accordingly rose in his seat and thrust his hand in his left pocket to find the letter. Letter wasn't there. Chairman tried the right—no go. Tried the coat tail pockets—no success. Letter turned up missing. Chairman stared at Secretary, and Secretary in turn scrutinized the countenance of the Vice-President: no Choate manuscript to be found. The next step was for the person to whom it was addressed to go to his hotel, Col. Richard B. Jones, in Lock street and hunt the letter. Col. Jones was as busy when he entered as a musk-rat at high water, engaged in giving a dutch carpenter directions for making an ornamental cornice.

"What's the matter sir?" he asked as the fat gent rushed into the saloon, puffing like a porpoise; "what's yous hurry?"

"Why, Colonel, I'm as mad as thunder; I've lost Rufus Cheate's letter to the Democratic meeting, and they're waiting to hear it read."

"Ah, indeed, that's a pity," remarked the Colonel, with his usual sympathy. "Where did you leave it last?

"Well, the fact is I don't know; but I'm pretty sure I left it in my room."

Have you looked there?

"Yes but I can't find it."

"Why that's very stranger! nobody has entered your room since you left. Suppose you go up and take another look."

The fat gentleman acquiesced, and ascended the stairs together, when fat gent espied a paper lying on the floor which he declared to be the missing dobument. This he seized and hurried up the State House, where the meeting was in session. He entered and as the audience were on the climacteric of expectancy to know what Mr. Choate's sympathies were, fat gent's appearance, red as a lobster in a new suit of vermilion, with a paper in his hand produced a round of applause. Fat gentleman subsided into a chair and wiped his face with a square yard of cambric, while Secretary arose, adjusted his spectacles and neck-tie, pulled his shirt precisely three quarters of an inch higher, and then unfolded the document. When he did so, he blushed scarlet, returned the paper to fat gent and sat down. Audience began to hiss, while fat gent soon saw that instead of the Choate letter, he had brought with him, by mistake an architectural design. The house then went in an uproar. As it was too late to read the letter, and while the Secretary stated the facts of the case out fat friend returned to Col. Jones to enlist his simpathy. While the Colonel was thus listening to his chubby friends narrative in comes a Dutch carpenter with a planed board under his arm, sawed in angles innumerable. Dutchy looked irite, and as a matter of course, his employer wished to know why.

"Why, Chones, I must give up dis chob, and has noting more to do mit it—dat ish all."

"Why not?" was the surprised rejoiner.

"Yes, why not?" added fat gent, quite interested in the man's manner.

"Well, pecause it takes too much stuff, und too much work; and I loosh money on it pesides."

"Why you get all you ask, don't you?" inquired the Colonel.

"Yes; but you tell me dat de diagram was plain, and you send me one dat ish different, every ten foot, and ash hard to make ash de tuyfel."

"Why, that's odd, says the Colonel. "Let's look at it."

"Here, by tonder!" said dutchy producing the paper, and spreading it on the table. "Shoost dell me how you dinks I make dat for six dollars!"

"The deuce!" exclaimed the Colonel with emphasis.

"Goodness gracious!" said the fat gentleman "he's been making a cornice by that Choate letter."

Such was the case. The carpenter—a newly arrived Leipsiger—had by some mistake got hold of the fat gentleman's treasure, and supposing it to be the "tam Yankee cornice," had faithfully endeavored to saw out a pattern. It was a most unexampled case of perseverance under extreme difficulties as Col. Choate's manuscript looks very much what a Virginia worm fence would appear to a gentleman upon a hard spree.

THE SECCESSION TO THE THRONE OF GREECE.—A letter from Munich given in several French journals refers to the repugnance manifested by Prince Adalbert of Bavaria and his youthful wife, the Princess Amelie de Bourbon, to a renunciation of the Roman Catholic faith in order to be able, according to the terms of the Greek constitution, to succeed his brother King Otho. This latter pretends that the Greek sovereign prolongs his stay in Bavaria in order that he may overcome the scruples [illegible] in his task by a high dignitary of the Roman [illegible]

[From the True Delta.

LINES

Suggested on receiving a bouquet of wild flowers from the Hon. J. B. M.

BY V. E WILHELMINE M'CORD.

Think not, my generous trusting friend,
That heart like mine with sorrow prest,
Could not one flower of feeling lend
To those thy hand so late hath blest;
All blossoms have their native hue,
Though blown in heart or artist bowers;
And feelings are to nature true,
As varied tints of wild-wood flowers.

Fit emblems of my better years,
When life was but a flowery wild,
And free from pains or racking cares,
I roved the fields a guileless child;
For then my soul had ne'er been taught,
To yield its reverential powers
To that strange shrine with beauty fraught,
Yet changing as these sweet wild flowers.

How strange a thing is woman's heart;
And listening to the voice of love
Forgets that foils of wicked art
So soon can rend the ties she wove,
And as the dew at evening falls,
Upon the earth in misty showers,
The memories of the past recalls
Sweet feelings with those wild-wood flowers.

Like the tired bird from Noah's ark,
My spirit soared o'er ruined things,
And perching on a wearied bark,
A leaf from childhood's bower it brings,
'Tis true that bird hath passed the flood,
And dripping with the thundering showers,
Within the peaceful solitude
Of life it finds the heart's wild flowers.

There by fond memory's springs they grow;
And perfume sweet embalms the eve;
And as these pearling waters flow,
Upon their bosoms sleep the heaven;
And starry-footed shadows dance
Like winged fays in elfin bowers.
Even now my soul in dreamy trance,
Hath planted there these sweet wild flowers.

St. Charles Hotel, November, 1856.

Thaddeus Kosciusko.

During the American struggle for Independance Washington was greatly embarrassed by the arrival of foreign officers, who expected nothing less, than one of the highest posts in the army, and frequently when accepted proved unworthy of the stations assigned to them. Experience of this kind led Washington to be exceedingly cautious in receiving foreign officers into the service. At this period Kosciusko presented himself to Washington, bearing a letter from Franklin. The first interview between the gallant and generous Pole, and the no less generous Washington, is thus described in the third volume of Irving's Life of Washington, just issued from the press.

"What do you do here?" inquired the Commander in chief.

"To fight for American independance."

"What can you do?"

"Try me."

Washington was pleased with the curt yet comprehensive reply, and with his chivalrous air and spirit, at once received him into his family as an aide de camp. His subsequent noble and gallant bearing as an officer in the American service is well known, and has inseperably joined his name with with noble struggle to which we owe our present elevated rank as a nation.

For a number of years a suit has been in progress in the courts of the District of Columbia, prosecuted by his collateral heirs to recover the property left by him at his decease in this country, which now amounts to $50,000. We believe that a final decision has been rendered, establishing the relationship of the claimants and the validity of their claim.—N. Y. Sun.

NEVER.—Never tip your beaver to a fine lady and pass a poor widow without seeming to see her.

Never pass an aged woman or man without making a reverential obeisance, unless your house is on fire.

Never break your neck to bow at to a "swet sixteen," with a flounced dress, who is ashamed of her old fashioned mother; or to a strutting collegiate who is horrified at his grandmother's bad grammar.

Never keep a boy to black your boots and attend to the stable, while you frighten your wife out of the idea of keeping a nurse for the two by constantly talking of "hard times."

Never converse with a lady with a cigar in your mouth, or smoke in anybody's company without apologizing for the same.

Never remind people of personal deformities or of the relatives who have disgraced themselves.

Never leave a letter unanswered and use a stamp which was enclosed to you to 'reply with' on a letter to your own sweetheart.

Never ride in a fine carriage and keep a score of servants, while your widowed sister tries on foot and toils for her daily bread.

Never wear a finer coat than the merchant you owe for it, or the tailor whom you have not paid for the making.

Never return a deaf ear to a woman in distress because you cannot see how you would be the gainer by her bettered condition.

Never wound wantonly the sensitive nature of the constitutional invalid; one by rude jest and careless word a blunder is the temple of nobler spirits.

Never sit with a single woman about your anxiety of all women to be married, nor to your wife you manifest less attention than you do to her lonely condition.

Never go to bed at two, leaving your wife to wait with a sick baby; ... breakfast table ... late.

NOTE.—The condition of our ... is said ... present. The number of students at this early period of the session is larger than at the close of the last session, which was larger than any previous period of the history of the University. There are now six hundred and two students, when thirty-one from Louisiana, thirty-four from Mississippi, and forty-nine from Alabama.