

# WESTERN UNION.

VOLUME 1.

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## WESTERN UNION.

OFFICE ON BIRD STREET, BETWEEN FIRST AND MAIN.

TERMS OF THE WESTERN UNION.  
One subscriber, one year, (in advance), \$2 00  
Five subscribers in a club, (in advance), 8 00  
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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written for the Western Union.

Patrick Henry.

BY AMBICUS.

HENRY, the Forest Born Demosthenes,  
Whose thunders shook the Philip of the seas,  
Age of Bronze

Nature's great orator! Columbia's child!  
Born in a forest, tutored in the wild;  
Free was thy step to roam thy native hills,  
Or slumber softly by the murmuring rills.

Upon a bank perchance thy form is laid,  
In listless ease beneath a quiet shade;  
Gazing idly on the babbling brook,  
Where cautious trout just nibble at the hook.

Or round the laughing bay as gambols play,  
Escorting herpe, then peckily darts away.  
Overcraggy steep now lies the affrighted deer,  
His hasty footsteps echo in the rear;

Deep bays the hound as the pursuit he leads,  
Sharp cracks the rifle, see the victim bleed;  
And leaps into the air with one wild bound,  
The struggle o'er he quivering bids the ground.

What cares the youth for the black lettered page?  
And all the learned folly of the age?  
Since nature's volume better pleased his mind,  
And taught a truer lesson of mankind.

He knew to apply the match and then pursue,  
Each varying shade as on a mirror true—  
The fiery thought that o'er the features glow,  
Now bright with joy, now fits a shade of woe.

The human breast with answering passions full,  
He knew what core to shun and what to pull;  
Where strike the blow, and when the lash apply,  
And where to dart the lightning of his eye.

So well the workings of the mind could trace,  
He knew its depth, its slow, or quickening pace,  
When all was ready with an artist's skill,  
Could draw it forth and mould it to his will.

Though free from letters as from birchen rind,  
Yet deep the knowledge learned in nature's school;  
Well were his hours employed since he could scan,  
With one wide gaze the very soul of man.

The Western world had felt a fearful shock,  
Her ship of state was dashed upon a rock,  
By heading pilots on a foreign shore,  
While round the threatening billows hoarsely roar.

The little hand now groped upon the deck,  
With horror viewed each panting of their wreck;  
Saw piece by piece their platform rudely torn,  
Swift from their reach upon the current borne;

Slavery or death seemed stalking on apace,  
And spread a fearful gloom upon each face.  
Both argument and prayer, alike were vain,  
Each day was fought some new and gallant train.

Whose clanking filled their souls with new alarms,  
Convulsively they grasp their glittering arms,  
Some dared to speak of exit when they feared,  
Some only whispered lest their words were heard;

Low murmurs raised to words, words to debate,  
Each flashing speech some smothering fire ignited,  
They saw their thoughts swollen to a mighty bill,  
But motionless with Virginia's hall.

It seemed to rest upon a cloud as yet to roll,  
The giant monster that o'erturns the world—  
Young Henry saw the struggle must begin,  
E'er England's fetters clanked upon their limbs.

And held them powerless in the form's grasp,  
Or crushed them 'neath his iron hoof at last,  
Already had the Lion's fearful roar,  
Shook like an earthquake our New England shore;

Which drove the blood in icy curls through throats,  
The shrieking venoms fleet on fleet they viewt,  
With Briton's flag proud floating o'er their crest,  
Their living freight in scolding vestments dressed.

Poured forth upon their shores a lava flood,  
Ripped for violence, and deeds of blood,  
Henry arose, with lightning eye and cheek,  
Oh! for the tongue of Cicero to speak.

The smothered thoughts that rankle in his breast,  
To wake his countrymen from torpid rest,  
To put that ball in motion was a task,  
That glowing eloquence alone might grasp.

He felt how strong and nerved his powerful arm,  
His mighty effort drove it bounding on,  
The wise and great, were startled at the sound,  
But onward still the echoing ball resounds.

The name of freedom held them in a trance,  
Frenzied Henry's words, they knew not to advance,  
Chains were broken, they knew not what before,  
But hilt methinks that sound the cannon's roar.

From Lexington that death knell now was heard,  
And Bunker's hill, now views the smoking sword,  
Upon the field their dying comrades bleed,  
They dare not pause, yet fearful to proceed;

See now young Henry leads the dubious way,  
His flashing eloquence around them play,  
They left their strength, receive their bosoms glow,  
With burning words that like a torrent flow.

From the Oquawka Spectator.

## LOUISA WILLIAMS; OR THE ORPHAN BOUND GIRL.

A TALE OF THE QUEEN CITY.  
BY MRS. P. FARMER.

CHAPTER II.

"My dear, have you gained any information upon the subject we were speaking of this morning?" said Mr. Langley, as he seated himself at the dinner table.

"Very little," replied his wife; who then related the conversation that had passed between Louisa and herself.

"A stranger and from Philadelphia!" repeated Mr. Langley, who for several minutes seemed pursuing a train of thoughts which were of no very pleasant nature, judging from his troubled countenance and firmly compressed lips; at length arousing from the reverie into which he had fallen, he said,

"Rebecca, I fear this may prove a serious matter. Can it be that old Mrs. Dennis is still living and this Wilson is acquainted with her? I had hoped she was dead long ago, but I fear now she has lived long enough to tell the secret; for I cannot be deceived in this stranger; he is well educated, although he tries to conceal it; yet there is a grace and dignity in his bearing that belongeth not to a laborer.

"What course is it best for us to pursue?" inquired the wife, who appeared as much interested as her husband.

"Keep perfectly silent; I will watch an opportunity to converse with him, and then I may be able to read his motives more accurately."

He did not have to wait long, for that evening Henry Wilson called to see Louisa, and Mr. Langley managed to draw him into conversation, and to get him to reveal some of the particulars of his life.

Henry thought he understood his questioner, though he feigned as much ignorance as possible. Can it be that he suspects me? thought he, as Mr. Langley rose to leave the room with a dark frown on his brow, which he strove to conceal, as he very politely bade him good evening.

Henry Wilson was a young man about twenty-five years of age, of a tall but firm build. His countenance wore an open and pleasant expression. His noble brow bore evident marks of a high order of intellect and generosity; although he tried to conceal it beneath a mass of dark brown hair, which to all appearance had been much neglected of late. An aquiline nose, and large hazel eye combining energy & gentleness—altogether presented a specimen of true nobleness rarely to be met with in a young adventurer. His dress seemed to shroud his form in a deep mystery; it was coarse and slovenly, and none but a penetrating eye would be likely to see aught save a mechanic or common laborer in the outward appearance of the stranger.

But Mr. Langley's eye was too keen, and his interest too deeply invoked, to be easily imposed upon. He studied man too deeply to be thrown off or resumed at leisure. It may well be imagined then, that he returned to the sitting room with a viper at his heart, which had already commenced its work.

"Well, what did you make of him?" said Mrs. Langley, as soon as her husband closed the door yet had she looked into his face for a single moment the question would have been answered ere it was asked.

"Make of him! Why, just what I expected."

"Do you think he knows anything about it?"

"I am confident that he knows more than I would have him or any one else to know."

"Did you ask him if he knew any person by the name of Dennis in Philadelphia?"

"I did, but he avoided the question as much as possible, by remarking that he believed there were several persons there by that name; but I noticed his eye rested on me with a peculiar expression while he spoke, and that look revealed all."

"What is to be done?"

"Done! why I can head him yet."

"How?"

"You know it will be nearly a year before Louisa is of age; in the meantime I can marry her to whom I please; but she must be prevented from seeing this Wilson again or all is lost. You had better go immediately and order her to bed."

It was a calm and lovely night, the moon shone with unrivalled splendor; the new blown roses filled the air with their sweet odor; while in the distance might be heard the murmuring of the streamlet as it hurried onward to its destination in the bosom of the Ohio. Henry Wilson and Louisa Williams were seated under the little oak porch, as if to enjoy the delicious night air which at this season comes loaded with delicate perfumes. Yet they heeded it not, for their minds had received food of a far unpleasant nature. But as yet neither had spoken of that which weighed upon their spirits. They were suddenly aroused from their meditation by the voice of Mrs. Langley reminding Louisa that it was time to close the doors and retire. Henry felt no surprise at this sudden warning, for he understood it all. He arose and whispered a few words in Louisa's ear, and bade her good evening. Slowly venturing his way towards his lodgings, he ruminated deeply upon the course he had now to adopt; but ere he reached his own room his mind was made up.

Louisa retired to her bed, her thoughts filled with a thousand strange fancies. The few words Henry had whispered in her ear, made a deep impression on her mind. There was some secret connected with all she saw and heard, which she could not fathom. She had noted all that had passed between Henry and her guardian with deep interest. And by what had already passed, together with the request Henry had made at parting, she guessed at what he had already divined, that all further intercourse would be prohibited. It was not until a late hour that she could compose herself to sleep; and

when at length she fell into a troubled slumber, strange dreams visited her pillow of lonely castles haunted by skeletons; with but a solitary ray to light their drear abode. Then she would be suddenly waked away to some strange land where bright and happy faces flitted around her, amid all the luxury and enjoyment that sleeping fancy could arouse.

Notwithstanding her broken slumbers, Louisa was astir long before any other individual about the house save the errand boy. She felt a constant dread of meeting her guardian, which made her heart beat violently at every foot-fall that met her ear. But she had firmly resolved that she would be the consequence what it might she would not be forced to any measure that her judgment condemned.

As Louisa anticipated, she was asked a variety of questions concerning her new acquaintance, when she was summoned to remove the breakfast things; and the scene wound up by her receiving positive orders not to speak to Henry Wilson again under a penalty of severe punishment. While to give their severity a plausible coloring, they had represented him as a low, base villain who was seeking her ruin. Although she did not believe it, yet there was something so reasonable in such a conclusion, that it made a deep impression upon her mind. His intellectual acquisitions were far superior to her own, and that he had been well bred if not highly educated. She could discover nothing which placed him on an equal footing with herself save his dress. But he had not mentioned his circumstances to her, or his future prospects, farther than that he thought of purchasing a small farm in the country.

Not a word, or act, had escaped him to arouse suspicion that his motive in visiting her was not of the purest kind. Although a poor orphan, thrown penniless upon the world in her earliest infancy, and compelled to toil incessantly for her food, and a scanty supply of clothing, yet she possessed a natural dignity of character, which raised her mind above the degrading influences of her station. Her spirit, although considerably subdued, had not been broken; and often while casting her eye to the future, she imagined she could see better days in store for her, and it would not be surprising if her late acquaintance with Henry Wilson had not revived these pleasing anticipations in all their brilliancy. The unlooked-for blow which her guardian had now given to her bright hopes, would have crushed one of less moral firmness; but she felt assured there was one above who had promised to be a father to the fatherless, and who would not forsake her in her most trying hour.

CHAPTER III.

That night Louisa repaired to her room at an early hour, but not to sleep. Extinguishing her lamps she seated herself at the casement, with the appearance of one deeply engaged in the study of astronomy. Yet her eyes did not soar heavenward, only at intervals, to see how far the bright full moon had advanced on her night's journey—as if she was measuring time by its progress. Presently her eye caught a figure advancing towards the house, and disappear beneath a little arbor of vines. Louisa waited but a few moments to assure herself that all was quiet about the house, when she noiselessly glided out, and in a moment had gained the arbor where she had seen the well known form of Henry Wilson disappear.

"You have not disappointed me," said Henry, as he took Louisa gently by the hand, "but let us seek a safer retreat than this, for I have much to say."

Drawing her arm within his own, he led her across the lawn. The moon was floating high above, and threw a soft and bewitching smile upon the green and dewy earth; and seemed by her clear and holy radiance to invite the oppressed hearts to unburthen their weary load of cares, and confide them all to her sacred keeping. Louisa felt this winning influence exerted over her, as she wandered along unconscious whether her steps were leading—

On the opposite bank of the little stream before mentioned, lay a beautiful garden; into which rare and elegant flowers and shrubbery had been gathered. From the north had been brought the softly sighing pines, and the silver firs; from the south, the most exquisite plants, with the ever blooming and bearing orange—all tastefully arranged in their proper order. The most delicate flowers forming borders to the pleasant walks which led through the large garden in every direction. From the little mounds scattered here and there, rose the lilac, the snowball, and flowering lotus. Roses of every variety and hue, from the damask to the spotless white, seemed to vie with each other in beauty and fragrance. A pleasure garden of such rare loveliness near a city could not fail to draw thousands of visitors from the crowded streets, and heated pavements, to revel amid its luxuries, and refresh themselves on the delicious ice cream, and strawberries, which awaited them. Long after the period of which I write, it continued to be the resort of the pleasure loving community of all classes, until circumstances transpired, which I shall name, to destroy its popularity.

But it is not among the flower bordered walks which I shall introduce you; but into a delightful grove of pines and cedars, which skirt the little creek at the eastern extremity of the garden. To thisylvan retreat Henry had led his companion. Behold them now seated on one of the rude benches which had been placed there for the accommodation of visitors. Louisa's eyes rested upon the ground, while those of her companion gazed upon her lovely features.

At length Henry broke the silence which was becoming painful, by inquiring, why his companion appeared so thoughtful?

"Perhaps he who appointed this private meeting can guess," said Louisa, casting a scrutinizing look upon him, in order to read his own thoughts.

"You have been forbidden to see me, have you not?"

"I have."

"I expected as much, and that was why I appointed this meeting. I saw too plainly that my

visits were disagreeable to your guardian, yet I hoped they were not so to you."

Henry felt the hand he held, slightly tremble, while with the other Louisa brushed away a tear-drop, that started unbidden to her eye. Her heart was too full to speak, but she did not withdraw her hand, and Henry felt he was answered. But just at this moment Louisa saw a light moving about the house, and was almost stifled with terror. "They have missed me," she screamed as she darted from him and rushed towards the house, only hearing the words "to-morrow night!" Happily she gained her own room unobserved; and as no one came to it she was soon satisfied of her mistake.

We will leave Louisa to her slumbers while we go back to the early part of that evening and listen to a short dialogue in Mr. Langley's parlor.

"Well, Rebecca, I have my plans in respect to Louisa, all nicely laid; to-morrow I will fire the train and see how it takes," said Mr. Langley to his wife, as he seated himself by her side on the sofa.

"What are they?" she eagerly inquired.

"Louisa must marry before her birth day."

"Well, I have chosen a husband for her, and got his consent."

"Who is it?"

"David Grant."

Understanding as Mrs. Langley was, that name caused her to shudder. "Believe me," said she, "Louisa will never marry him."

"But she shall." This was spoken so decidedly that she was silent. She knew that if her husband willed it, nothing short of the interposition of Providence could prevent it.

"To-morrow morning I shall inform her of my wish; and if that Wilson has not poisoned her ear, I think I can hold out such inducements as will make her accept the offer without resorting to force."

"I hope you may not be disappointed," said the wife in a despairing tone. She knew too well that Louisa's feeling most revolted at the idea of marrying a man who was but a grade above an idiot. But she knew how much depended upon her marrying one, over whose actions she could hold entire control; and such an one she knew David Grant to be; therefore she thought it best to carry the plan into execution if possible; and doubtful as the case appeared, she determined to leave nothing undone that she could do to forward her husband's plans. On the following morning as soon as Mr. Langley had finished his coffee, a sudden jerk of the bell told Louisa she was wanted in the breakfast room. A sudden tremor seized her, the light she had seen the night previous flashed upon her mind, she was sure she had been suspected of being absent, and was now summoned before the family tribunal to receive her sentence. As she laid her hand upon the latch, her heart beat so violently that it threatened to deprive her of breath; she waited a moment to gain composure, and then timidly entered the room. But who shall picture her astonishment when instead of dark frowns, she met smiling faces, and was requested very blandly to be seated.

Mr. Langley had very prudently adopted the plan of persuasion first, and force afterwards. Accordingly he had assumed one of his most gracious smiles, the first and last, that ever shone upon the poor orphan, but instead of reassuring her, it filled her mind with darker apprehensions. Scarcely conscious of what she did, Louisa dropped into the first seat that offered her support.

"Calm yourself, child," said Mr. Langley, noticing her agitation. "I have something of importance to communicate to you; but first I would inquire if Henry Wilson has made any proposition to you?"

"He has not."

"He has not asked you to marry him?"

"No."

"Believe me, child, he never intends to, as I told you before, he only intends to make a fool of you. I know from his very look he is an unprincipled libertine, and I feel it my duty as your guardian to put a stop to his further imposition by repeating the request that you have nothing more to say to him. And to guard you against similar deception, I have chosen a husband for you who cannot fail to make you happy. I will give you that neat little cottage on Ludlow street, and furnish it handsomely; it will be a perfect paradise: what say you to the proposal?"

Louisa was so bewildered by what she had just heard that she was completely deprived of speech; she tried to connect the whole subject in her mind, but her surprise and agitation had thrown her reasoning faculties into confusion.

"You are silent, Louisa? perhaps the name of your future husband will bring back your speech. It is David Grant; he has been in love with you for a long time. Yesterday he asked my consent to address you, which I only gave, but promised to lay his case before you myself, and plead it for him if necessary; but I am sure your good judgment will not require it."

"I have ordered you a beautiful set of silver," remarked Mrs. Langley, persistently, "with the initials L. G., it is to be executed in the latest style."

Poor Louisa looked from one to the other, but a thick vapor obscured all objects from her sight; a table on which she leaned prevented her from falling from her chair.

"Do you wish time to consider the matter?" said Mr. Langley, seeing she hesitated: "Why do you not speak?" added he after another minute of profound silence.

That piercing, and slightly ferocious gaze brought Louisa to a full sense of her situation, and caused a sudden reaction in her entire system. Her courage and self-possession returned as she fixed her determined gaze upon her unprincipled guardian, and returned his own with such haughty indignation, that he was forced to change his position ere he could proceed.

"Have you made up your mind?" he again asked as he peered up and down the room, and cast another scrutinizing look at the changed appearance of Louisa.

"To what?"

"To accept the husband, the house, and the furniture."

"I have no objection to the house and furniture, but the husband I shall decline."

"But you must take all or none."

"Then I shall refuse all." This was spoken so decidedly that it caused Mr. Langley to twitch nervously in his seat.

"Not so fast girl," he hissed; remember it is in my power to make you accept all, especially the husband. But I will give you twenty-four hours to think of it; but on your peril do not attempt to leave the house, or speak to any one upon the subject, or the consequence be upon your own head.

From the *Dol. Newspaper*.

## CHIMNEYS.

A subscriber to your paper asks "how to prevent chimneys from smoking without pulling them down?" We will suggest a few facts in regard to this subject, knowing at the same time that they are known to a large number of your readers. In the first place, the reason why smoke is carried through the chimney into the air above is, that the fire creates a partial vacuum in it, and the air below rushing in below to supply the void, produces a current which carries out the smoke and watery vapor; for the ascent of smoke is entirely mechanical, and not owing, as some imagine, to its being lighter than air. The draft of a chimney is influenced by several things.—Long chimneys have a stronger draught than short ones, because they have a longer column of warm air. But here observe that they may be so long as to cool the air before it has reached the top, and the smoke then will fall down, owing to its weight. A narrow throat opening into a large pipe makes a strong draught. But the throat must be wide enough to allow all the smoke, vapor, rarified air, &c., to ascend freely. Small pipes are more easily rarified than large ones, and hence are to be preferred. But if they are too small, they cause so much resistance to friction, as to impede the action of the draught. The size of the chimney ought to be regulated by the kind of fuel used—green wood requiring a larger aperture than dry, and bituminous coal more than anthracite. A fire-place with a low front causes a stronger draught because none but rarified air is then permitted to enter the chimney, and thus it is kept constantly warm. One thing in constructing chimneys is to exclude all air from entering that has not first passed through the fire, and keep all air out that is not necessary to support combustion. These things if properly attended to, will obviate any necessity of a smoky chimney; but some directions to those who have such nuisances, will not be amiss, in order that they may in part, if not entirely, avoid all inconvenience arising from them.

1. Your chimney may be too large, so large indeed, that descending currents of air meet the smoke and drive it down; if so, this is obviated by putting a long, narrow crook on the top of it, a plan followed in many places.

2. The breast may be too high. This is quickly remedied by placing a piece of sheet iron so as to cover over part of the orifice.

3. One plan followed by an old gentleman we have heard of, was to knock out the corner bricks in the chimney, about two-thirds of the way up from the fire-place to the top so as to afford room to insert in each corner a cow's horn, having first sawed them off so as to allow a free passage of air through them, and having placed them in, little end foremost, and turned up at an angle of about 35°; then secured with plaster all orifices around them. This is from a very scientific man, who knew the plan to succeed, from whom we obtained all our information in regard to chimneys.

The last thing is to cut your wood, and have it thoroughly dry, and very probably your chimney, which has so long smoked from using green wood, will be effectually cured.

## Air-Exhausted Coffins.

Among the inventions offered at the fair of the American Institute, now open at N. York, and also at the recent fair at Boston was the "air-exhausted metallic coffin," which, as it appears by the testimony of the persons who are fully entitled to be believed has preserved the dead from the time of its invention, nearly three years, apparently unchanged. Only a short time ago the body of a child which had been kept in a vault in Greenwood cemetery for two years and four months in one of these coffins, was examined, and it was discovered that the countenance had undergone no change whatever. To all appearance the body was in the same state it was when placed in the coffin, and the wreath of flowers around the head as fresh and beautiful as they were the moment they were placed there. The New York correspondent of the Boston Post says this invention has excited the attention of scientific men, and is really regarded as one of the most wonderful discoveries of the present age. Its extreme simplicity is what increases the surprise. The coffin is made of a combination of various indestructible metals, impervious to the air, and after the body is placed in the coffin, the air is exhausted, by means of an air pump, as far as can be done without collapsing the coffin. It is supposed that bodies thus enclosed will remain unchanged to all appearance, for any length of time.

The present number of post-mistresses in the United States is eighty-one.

## Lard Oil and Turpentine.

I have been interested this week with an account in your paper, of some experiments made by Professor Custard, with lard and resin, and having made some experiments of the same kind about a month or two ago, I thought I would send you the result. I took of lard oil two parts, and of soft, or what is called rough turpentine, one part, and placing them over a slow fire, they united easily. I then filled a common glass lamp, such as oil is burned in. It gave an excellent light, and burned freely from dark until the next morning, without going out. The only difficulty in using it in common lamps is, that it smokes a little, making it offensive in a tight room. I think, with a lamp such as is used for camphine, with a glass chimney and a heater, such as is used in lard lamps, it would be useful improvement, and make a cheap light. Two gallons lard oil would cost about \$1 25, and one gallon soft turpentine over a slow fire, so that the cost of the composition would be not more than 80 cents per gallon, and I think it would be equal to lamp oil costing one dollar. I hope some of your lamp makers will try the experiment, and construct lamps suitable to burn the composition.

## Vinegar from Beets.

Good vinegar is an almost indispensable article in every family, many of whom purchase it at a considerable annual expense; while some use but a very indifferent article; and others for want of a little knowledge and less industry, go without. It is an easy matter, however, to be at all times supplied with good vinegar, and that, too, without much expense. The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty five cents, and which any farmer can raise without cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made of cider or wine. Grate the beets, having first washed them, and expressed the juice in a cheese press, or in many other ways which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor in an empty barrel; cover the bung-hole with gauze and set in the sun, and in twelve or fifteen days it will be ready for use.

"IRISH STILL UP, JEMMY."—An Irishman had been sick for a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him—

"An' how! 'e know, Jemmy, when you're dead—you're after wakin' up every time."

"Bring me a glass o' grog an' say to me: Heres til ye, Jemmy, and if I don't raise up and drink, then bury me."

[We have often heard it said that fraternal love is common, but there is no such thing as fraternal admiration. The following seems substantiated:—]

"When Chalmers was preaching in London at the height of his popularity, his brother, Mr. James Chalmers, was asked if he had heard his wonderful countryman.—

"Yes," said James dryly, "I have." "What do you think of him?" continued the inquirer. "Very little, indeed!" exclaimed James.

"Dear me," exclaimed the other, "when did you hear him?" "About an hour after he was born," added the imperturbable Scotchman, "and I never wanted to hear him again."

"This was a fact. James Chalmers never would go to hear Thoms preach."

The Manchester *Guardian* notices the arrival at Manchester of two hundred and fifty bales of saw ginned cotton from India.

The subscriptions of the City of London Committee towards the great Exhibition, amount to £26,189 18s. 9d.

A great chess match, to be played by the amateurs of all nations, during the Exhibition of 1851, is being arranged for.

The number of French exhibitors at the London exhibition will be one thousand five hundred.

It is proposed to erect a monument in Edinburgh to Wallace, the Scottish hero.

A country girl, writing home about the Polka, says the dancing is not much, but the hugging is heavenly! That young woman should be dieted.—*Home Journal*.

Amin Bey has only one wife!

Mormon women it is said have commenced dressing in pantaloon.

The quantity of gold coined at the Philadelphia Mint, this year, to the first of November, is nineteen millions, six hundred and eighty-five thousand, nine hundred and twenty-seven dollars.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.

Let others act as they please; but do thou always act according to the dictates of thy own judgment, and take heed of being self-condemned.

Every man's actions form a centre of influence upon others; and every dead, however trivial, has some weight in determining the future destiny of the world.

"It is a curious fact," say some anatomologists, "that it is only the female musquito that torments us." A bachelor friend says it is not at all curious.

The Portsmouth *Clipper* states that a young lady of delicate health in that city a few days since attempted to commit suicide by eating seven ears of green corn. No cause is assigned for the rash act.