THE REGISTER.

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BY C. TELLES.

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THE REGISTER.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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The True Friends of our Country are Democrats.

An aged and intelligent gentleman who had emigrated from the land of his birth, bringing all his family with him, told a friend of ours lately that after a thorough examination of our laws and institutions, and after a careful study of our political history, he could not conceive it possible that any friend of our country could be else than a Democrat. This gentleman spoke simply and truly. History will sustain the pointedness of his remark. Every true friend of our country is, or ought to be, a Democrat in principle and in practice. Those men who fought the battles of our Revolution and laid the foundations of our national independence were Democrats in theory and practice. This was proved when the first demarcation line was drawn between the Democratic party and their opponents, the Federalists, at the election of Jefferson over the elder Adams in 1800. The rank and file of the army of the Revolution, with most of their bravest officers, were found on the Democratic side. Those men who fought our country's battles during her second war of independence, and laid the foundations of her greatness and glory, were almost to a man Democrats. The Federalists said, "the Democrats made the war—let them fight it out."

"Let them leave their homes and go forth to the war,
We will sit in our corners and smoke our cigar."

Thus they said and thus they sang, and most truly did they practice what they said and sang. No Federal blood was spilt in that war. Well do we remember the names of some of the brave and illustrious men who fought and sustained that war, and who were ever true to the Democratic party—Jackson, Tompkins, McComb, McDonough, Perry, Lawrence, Pike, Solomon Van Rensselaer, Worth, Wool and a host of other leaders, besides the subordinate officers and the brave men who composed the rank and file of the army and navy.

The Democratic party has fought the battles of our country with her internal foes no less successfully than with her external foes. This party throttled the monster bank and crushed it out, notwithstanding its herculean efforts to overthrow our liberties and all our institutions. The Democratic party overthrew disunion principles and disunion sentiments in '32, '50 and '56, and is now engaged single-handed in battling the Black Republican party and all its allies who have reared aloft again the black banner of disunion. Under these circumstances, can there be any doubt where the true friends of our country will be found in the present contest? If they love their country, they will be found under the Democratic banner, because there the lovers of their country rally. If they desire their country's glory and prosperity they will rally there, because there are those who have sustained its glory and who laid the foundations of its prosperity. Need we offer any other facts or arguments to prove that the true friends of our country are Democrats?—*N. Y. Daily News.*

From the Kansas Mines.

From the St. Joseph *Gazette* we extract the following:

The mail in from Denver City yesterday brings us papers to the 15th inst. The Rocky Mountain *News* has the following items, which will be read with interest:

We hear from the mountains that new gulch has been discovered a few miles beyond Gregory's, of fabulous richness, excelling even the famous Russell's. The gulch is ten miles long.

Seventeen hundred dollars was realized one day last week from the crushing, by the Le Nevre mill, of two cords of quartz, mixed with iron pyrites, from the Gunnell Lead.

The weather still continues very pleasant, the snow is all gone from the plains and disappearing rapidly from the mountains. The days are so warm that we are not obliged to keep fires in our office, except in the mornings and evenings.

THAT BIG NUGGET.—Quite a stir was created last week by the report of the discovery of a six-pound nugget near Gregory's. It was said to have but little quartz about it. Some of our heavy merchants sent immediately to purchase it, offering $16 per ounce in coin—came back with fleas in their ears. Our sprightly little neighbor, the Mountaineer, gave the names of the fortunate finders, and valued the "chunk" at over twelve hundred dollars; but the mother declined to part with the little darling for even those fabulous figures—all in coin—and the value of big lumps has materially depreciated among bachelor speculators. How is it gentlemen?

Discussing the probability of a heavy influx of miners, the News says:

Adventurers are disposed to be too sanguine, thinking that every day's delay is a loss of ten, twenty or a hundred dollars, while the fact is, that in nine cases out of ten they will not be advantaged one dollar for all the time they may spend here prior to the opening of the mountain regions for advantageous prospecting and mining operations, and every day's idleness after their arrival is a positive loss, not only pecuniarily, but in the anxiety and depression of spirit and energy consequent upon idleness.

The title of "Prof." is coming in vogue.—Any man that can hazard his neck on a wire, or in a balloon, is a "Prof!" any man that can tame a horse or skin a cat, is a "Prof!" any man who can play a few tricks of legerdemain or charlantry, is a Professor.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us the more they fume the less they fret.

Mr. William Hood was robbed near Corinth, Alabama. The Corinth paper says that the name of the highwayman is not known, but there is no doubt that he was Robin Hood.

Telegraphed to the N. O. Picayune.

Important from Mexico.

CITY OF VERA CRUZ ATTACKED BY MIRAMON.—BESIEGERS REPULSED BY THE LIBERALS.—ARRIVAL OF THE U. S. PRIZE STEAMER GEN. MIRAMON.—MARINE DISASTER.—LATE FROM HAVANA.

Southwest Pass, March 19.—The U. S. prize steamer Gen. Miramon, Lieut. R. D. Minor commanding, arrived at the bar this morning, with dates from Vera Cruz to the 13th inst.

Gen. Miramon made his appearance in force before the city of Vera Cruz on the 5th inst., and besieged it.

Previous to making an attack, he notified the representatives of foreign governments at Vera Cruz that it was his intention to cannonade the city.

On the night of the 7th the city was attacked by a force of the besiegers, but they were repulsed by the Liberal army.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Preble was to sail for New Orleans on the 14th inst.

The schooner Emily Kitch was also to sail on the same day for New Orleans.

The U. S. sloops-of-war Savannah, Saratoga and Preble were at Vera Cruz on the 13th inst., anchored close to the Castle of San Juan de Ulua.

MARINE DISASTER.

ARRIVAL OF SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS.

Pass-a-l'Outre, March 19.—The bark Pilgrim, Capt. Hallock, from Bordeaux, arrived here this morning from Bordeaux.

On the 14th March, in lat. 26 deg., long. 85, spoke ship Shatemuc, of Bowdoinham, Oxnard master, from New Orleans, bound for Liverpool.

The bark Pilgrim received from the Shatemuc the officers, passengers and crew of the brig Susan Emily, of St. George, Me., Captain Geyer, from Cardenas, bound for New Orleans, which came in collision with the Shatemuc on the night of the 13th, and sunk immediately.

The brig, together with a full cargo of molasses, are a total loss.

GENERAL CUBAN NEWS.

The public interest at Havana still centered in the Moorish war, the successful prosecution of which was the subject of universal rejoicing. Among other things, the Captain-General had issued an address of congratulation to the army, incorporated in which is a similar one to the Queen.

Very destructive fires had broken out, and at last accounts were still prevailing near Matanzas. Some ten sugar estates between that city and La Union had suffered very severely.

The new steamer Matanzas was expected out at that port on the 15th.

Latest from Mexico.

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

Head of Passes, March 20.—The day the prize steamer General Miramon sailed from Vera Cruz, Gen. Miramon sent word to the commanding officers of the vessels of war in port, that he would commence the bombardment of the city that night, and that he would not be responsible for the damage done to the shipping anchored under the Castle de Ulua.

At 8 o'clock in the evening, on the 13th of March, the officers on the deck of the steamer Gen. Miramon heard the report of a heavy cannonade in the direction of Vera Cruz.

When this report was heard the steamer Gen. Miramon was then on her way to New Orleans.

It is supposed that the sloop-of-war Preble, with Maria and the balance of the prisoners captured by the Saratoga, has been delayed in consequence of the bombardment.

Latest from Washington.

RECEPTION OF THE NEWS FROM MEXICO

Washington, March 20.—The receipt of the news from New Orleans of the capture of the two steamers near Vera Cruz, by the American squadron, has given much pleasure to the Administration.

The news is generally received, at all points, with decided approbation.

The capture of the two vessels is stated to be in obedience to orders to the Home Squadron, emanating from the Executive.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE JUAREZ GOVERNMENT.

The President yesterday communicated to the Senate the information that in May and June last, Mr. McLane was authorized to offer $10,000,000 to the Liberal Government for Lower California, and the right of way for a railroad from the Rio Grande to Mazatlan, and from Arizona to Guaymas.

President Juarez desired to make separate treaties on these points, and the negotiations failed.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

The Democratic National Committee have determined not to change the place of meeting of the Democratic Convention next month.

The deputations from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Richmond and Savannah, it is understood, have chartered steamers to take them to Charleston, and they will live on board with their friends during the session.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS.

Washington, March 20.—The House of Representatives met this morning at the usual hour.

The military academy bill was amended by making an appropriation to provide for a mounted regiment of volunteers in Texas.—The bill was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs by a vote of 111 ayes against 72 noes.

A bill was introduced providing for a regiment of volunteers to suppress Indian hostilities in the Territory of New Mexico.

In the Senate, to-day, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill providing for the construction of five steamers, for service on the African coast, in the suppression of the slave trade.

Mr. Gwin introduced a bill of a somewhat similar character.

The House bill providing for the overland California mail service, was taken up and discussed.

Mr. Green offered a joint resolution to adjourn over from the 20th of April to the 20th of May, to allow members to attend the Charleston Convention. Resolution laid over.

THREE HUNDRED INDIANS MASSACRED.

St. Louis, via Washington, March 20—Later advices from Oregon state that the white population of the interior, having been driven to desperation by the repeated outrages of the Indians, had assembled a large number of men and made a simultaneous attack upon the Indian villages on Eel River, indiscriminately massacred some 300 men, women and children.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.

Washington, March 20.—The National Executive Democratic Committee are considering the propriety of calling a meeting to endeavor to quiet the general apprehensions as to the incapacity of the accommodations at Charleston to furnish the necessary comforts which will be required for the large number of visitors who wish to be there during the session of the Democratic Convention.

They also propose to confer with the hotel keepers at Charleston relative to the prices they will charge at that time.

Wigfall's Reply to Trumbull.

Mr. Wigfall. I merely desire to ask a single question, with the permission of the Senator.

Mr. Trumbull. Certainly.

Mr. Wigfall. The Senator's colleague has explained that the Declaration of Independence does not apply to negroes; and the Senator himself explains, to my entire satisfaction at least, that it does not apply to white men.—Now, I should be glad to know from the Senator, if he has the leisure, to whom it does apply? That is all.

Mr. Trumbull. I stated distinctly that it applied to every body—to negroes just as much as white men, in my judgment. I apprehend the Senator from Texas did not hear me. I think that declaration applies to every body.

Mr. Wigfall. And therefore you have not a right to hang a man for murder?

Mr. Trumbull. No, sir; I believe you have such a right.

Mr. Wigfall. Or put him in jail?

Mr. Trumbull. Undoubtedly.

Mr. Wigfall. Liberty is an inalienable right, you say.

Mr. Trumbull. Unquestionably in a state of nature it is, but society may deprive a man of a right which would be inalienable, considering man as an individual.

Mr. Wigfall. If you can deprive a man of an inalienable right, I am satisfied.

Mr. Trumbull. I trust the Senator from Texas and myself both agree that there are natural rights which cannot justly be alienated or transferred.

Mr. Wigfall. I do not think there are any inalienable rights. I think man was intended to live in society, and society has a right to regulate its own affairs in its own way, and hang those who commit crimes.

Mysteries of the Deep.

The report of the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey for 1858 contains many matters of interest to scientific men as well as to practical navigators. Among a variety of papers and diagrams is a report from Assistant L. F. Pourtales on the progress made in the microscopical examination of the minute shells which cover the bottom of the ocean, sometimes to such a degree as to exclude all other material. The recent invention of the deep sea sounding instruments, in which Lieut. Brooke, United States Navy, has acted an important part, makes accessible a vast domain in which to prosecute scientific investigations of this character. As yet comparatively little is known respecting the little creatures inhabiting the ocean bed where Old Neptune sleeps, notwithstanding (as remarkable by the report under notice) "They are modifying and increasing the crust of our globe in a manner probably still more extensively than the corals;" but the numerous specimens of sea-bottom obtained by the Coast Survey and now in course of examination afford materials from which to determine many curious facts. A fine collection obtained in the Gulf stream, off the coast of South Carolina, by Commander Sands, United States Navy, consists almost entirely of *green sand*, and is found to be identical with the so-called marls or fertilizers of New Jersey.—This substance, as discovered a few years ago, is produced by the incrustation of the cells of a minute marine creature with a silicate of iron. It is one of the marvels of modern science that, for the exuberance of vegetable growth whereby epicures regale themselves in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, we are indebted to the fertilizing properties of the remains of infusoria, fish and marine monsters, which may have flourished long before the creation of man, and that these same vegetables are prepared as food by the use of stone fuel, the substance of forests which shrouded the earth in demi-urgic days.

Death of a Hero and Patriot.

There died lately, in Belgium, at an advanced age, almost unnoticed, a man whose name, little more than a quarter of a century ago, stirred the soul like the sound of a war trumpet. We allude to Skrzanecki, the Wallace of Poland, the champion of his unhappy country in her last fatal struggle with the despotism which succeeded in crushing out the last sparks of her national existence. Had he fallen upon the field of battle, in the full tide of his glory and of his success, the world would have been filled with his renown. There is such a thing, even, as dying with propriety.—Skrzanecki was doomed to outlive the freshness of his fame. He died full of years and of honor, but almost forgotten by the world, in spite of the tremendous scenes in which he was a principle actor. We recollect the day when scarcely an American paper issued from the press without a panegyric upon the hero of Poland. Now, that he is dead, not one is found to do him the poor honor of a short obituary.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

THE FRENCH ARMY.—It is authoritively stated that the French Government has resolved to reduce the army to 150,000 men.

Scene in a Kansas Court Room

Some two years ago, quite an amusing and novel scene transpired in the presence of his Honor, a Probate Judge of Kansas, while he was holding court.

We shall not give the real names of the parties, and we hope no one will take offence.

The court room was a little log hut; ten by twelve, with a dirt chimney and floor. Chairs were very scarce, and His Honor had several chunks of wood rolled in, for seats. Upon one of the said chunks, His Honor sat, with all of his judicial dignity. Before him was arraigned some poor fellow, for borrowing his neighbor's chickens without permission, confronted by his accuser. Upon the opposite side of the fire-place, sat the Sheriff and one of his friends, engaged in a pleasant game of "old sledge." We will call them Brown and Smith.

The Judge, after adjusting his quill, pushed back his hair, that his legal bumps might be thoroughly exhibited, and looking the prisoner full in the face, pronounced an interrogatory like this:

Judge—Sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Brown—Smith, I beg.

Smith—I'll see you d—d, first.

Judge—Sheriff, keep silence in the court.—Well, sir, what have you to say about these chickens?

Brown—(aside)—Run the kurds, Smith.

Prisoner—I intended to pay Mr. Wiggins for the chickens.

Judge—Why didn't—

Brown—Smith, don't you come that new kick over me; follow suit; none of your renigging.

Judge—The court finds it impossible to proceed, unless you have order in the court-house.

Smith—In a moment, Judge. Count your game, Brown.

Judge—Did you eat or sell those chickens?

Prisoner—I sold them.

Judge—How much did you make on—

Smith—High-low-jack-gift and the game.

Brown—Who give you one?

Smith—I beg your pardon. 'Twas you that begged—

Judge—Silence in the court.

Everything was quiet again for a few moments; the "kurds" were shuffled and dealt, and, in the meantime, his Honor proceeded with the examination.

In the hight of some other question being propounded by the Judge, Smith begged, and Brown gave one, hallooing out:

"Now, rip ahead, old hoss; five and five."

The Judge, indignant and angry, arose from the court-bench, and crossed to the players.

Before he could speak, he spied Smith's hand, holding the jack and ten of trumps; at the same time, glancing at a big stone between the two, he saw two half dollars.

"Brown," says the Judge, "I'll bet you five dollars Smith beats the game."

"Done," says Brown, and up went the ore.

Smith led on, and won the trick; led again and won; led a third time, and won; but no game yet: commenced whistling and scratching his head.

Judge—(*Leaning on Smith with one eye shut.*)—"Smith, play 'em judiciously."

Smith led a little heart, and lost the trick.—Brown played the queen at him, and won the ten.

"Hold," said the Judge, "let me see."

Brown—"What's the matter, Judge?"

Smith—(*impatient.*)—"Lead on, Brown."

Brown—"Play to the ace."

Judge—(*raving.*)—"This was a made up thing—you have defrauded me—I fine you both twenty-five dollars, for contempt of court."

Brown pocketed the money; the prisoner sloped, and so the court adjourned, without any formal process.

The nervous close of Hon. Jeff. Davis's reply to Mr. Seward, will be read with interest. It is as true as it is eloquent:

"Is there nothing of the balm needed in the Senator's own State, that he must needs go abroad to seek objects for his charity and philanthrophy? What will he say of those masses in New York now memorializing for something very like an agrarian law? What will he say to the throngs of beggars who crowd the streets of his great commercial emporium? What will he say to the multitudes collected in the penitentiaries and prisons of his own State? I seek not, sir, to inquire into the policy and propriety of the institutions of other States; I assume not to judge of their fitness; it belongs to the community to judge, and I know not under what difficulties they may have been driven to what I cannot approve; but never, sir, in all my life, have I seen anything that so appealed to every feeling of humanity and tenderness as the suffering of the poor children imprisoned in your juvenile penitentiaries—imprisoned before they were old enough to know the nature of crime—there held to such punishment as we never inflict save upon those of mature years. I arraign you not for this; I know not what your crowded population and increasing wants may demand; I know not how far crime follows in the footsteps of misery; I know not how far the parents have become degraded, and how far the children have become outcast, and how far it may have devolved on the State to take charge of them; but, I think my God, that in the state of society where I reside, we have no scenes so revolting as these.

Why, then, not address yourselves to the evils which you have at home? Why not confine your inquiries to the remedial measures which will relieve the suffering of, and stop the progress of crime among your own people?—Your intent looking into the distance for the mote in your brother's eye, is it to be wondered that we turn back and point to the beam in your eye?"

A Mr. Beatly has been indicted in Alabama, for striking a stranger with an axe. He says he didn't know but that the stranger was a robber. He didn't know, and so he *axed him.*

A quizzical editor in Arkansas, who rejoices in the rather quizzical name of Harry Hurry, says that "truth is rather slow in its progress." Probably it is never in so much of a hurry as he is.

Slyness, or cunning, is a characteristic of a pretty large proportion of the better sexes.—Many a woman like the Spartan boy, carries a fox in her bosom.—*Planters Banner.*

How often have you hunted that fox neighbor?

How the Yankees Make Shoes.

The manufacture of a shoe is divided into two parts. The first is that work which is done upon it previous to leaving the factory of the boss, which consists of the cutting out, shaping, sewing of the uppers, and preparing the materials, or "findings," as they are technically called, necessary to finish the shoe. These "uppers" are then sent to the journeymen by the "case," each case containing sixty pairs. The second part of the work is that which is performed by the journeymen, and consists of shaping the upper to the "last," "pegging" the sole and heel, and "trimming" them down. To facilitate the latter operation, and get out a greater number of shoes, it is customary for the journeymen to work in couples, and divide their wages between them. One of these confines himself exclusively to lasting and shaping the shoe; this being done, he hands it to his chum, the "pegger and heeler," and his duty being performed, it is again given to the other, who trims down the edges of the sole and removes the last. So far as they are concerned, the shoe is then done, and their money earned. It is then returned to the factory, where the bottom is scraped and finished, the shoe is cleaned, stamped, hung up to dry, and finally packed for transportation.

Two workmen will, in this manner, make on an average, fifteen pairs of shoes a day, or a case and a half per week, for which, at the old prices, they would be paid about ninety cents a day each; at the prices now demanded, they would receive between them an advance of forty-five cents, or from one dollar and fifteen cents to one dollar twenty-five cents each.

Much of this work is done by farmers, who take two or three cases with them into the country; but the regular "jours" work in shops which are rented for the purpose by some of their number more enterprising than the rest.

This "jour" then re-lets the "benchroom"—a space about three feet by five—to the extent of his accommodations, and charges for the same at the rate of a shilling a week. The hands congregated in this manner are called "a crew," and as the lessee of the premises generally takes his place among them, he thus derives from the two sources, namely, the revenue of the seats and his own labor, a comfortable income.—[N. Y. Herald.

Names of Women, and their Meaning.

Mary, the commonest of all female names, is also one of the sweetest given to woman. It is not strange that it prevails so universally,—it signifies exalted. Maria and Marie—the latter French—are only other forms of Mary, and of course have the same meaning. Martha, signifies bitterness. Anne and Anna, probably Nancy, are from the same source, and signify kind or gracious. Ellen, was originally Helen—Helena, (Latin,) and Helene, (in French,) according to some etymologists it has the meaning of alluring, but others define it as one who pities. Jane, now generally familiarized Jenny, signifies, like Anna, kind or gracious.—For Sarah or Sally, there are two definitions, a princess or a morning star. Susan, signifies a lily and is a fitting name for a tall, slender, drooping girl of delicate complexion and native grace. Rebecca, plump. Lucy, signifies light, and was anciently given to girls born at day-break. It may also be considered as meaning brightness of aspect, and applied accordingly. Bertha, bright; and Alberte, all bright. Louisa, in French Louise, is the feminine of Louis, and signifies one who projects.—Fanny or Frances, signifies frank or free. Catherine, pure or classic, is one of the best of our female names. Sophia, from the Greek, means wisdom. Caroline and Charlotte, queenly. Emma, tender, affectionate, motherly. Margaret, a pearl. Julia, soft-haired. Juliet and Juliette, are the same as Julia. Agnes, means chaste. Amelia, Amy, Amis, beloved. Clara, clear and bright. Eleanor, all fruitful. Gertrude, all truth. Grace, favor. Laura, a laurel. Matilda, a noble or brave maid. Phebe, light of life.

THE CUE FOR EVERY BILLIARD PLAYER.—1. Enter the saloon as though it were inadvertently. A careless, somewhat weary manner impresses the markers. Survey the scene, through the smoke of your cigar, with a calm and grave deliberation, that forbids suspicion of a frivolous purpose.

2. A protracted debate upon the relative strength of your own and your adversary's game is demanded by every consideration of time and place. End it by "playing even."

3. Whistle. Begin low. Gradually get high. Express surprise by a prolonged and fierce note. For the ordinary progress of the game select a very popular tune. The more familiar the better. This shows a graceful deference to the tastes of the other players. One air has thus been known to do for all the tables. But whistle.

4. If you miss a simple carom, indignantly devote yourself to chalk, or, lost in amazement gaze vacantly at the meeting of the wall and ceiling.

5. Swear. "Well, you'll be ——," at every point. Let the oath be the rippingest. "Luck" will stand any amount of cursing. Never forget this, and pile it on the leather, the balls, the cushions, and—your own stupidity.

6. Mention "Mike," in the subdued tone of sacred friendship. Mention him often.

7. Show a slet or two you saw Mike make.

8. Have an account.

9. Call it "no account." [*Vanity Fair.*

Two old maids conversing with a young lady who was about to be married, one exclaimed petulantly—"Well, if you will do it you must bear the responsibility." "Certainly, I expect to," was the reply.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue. A heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions; a man may be a great scholar and yet a great sinner.

A couple of robbers fell upon John Bush, of Baton Rouge, and robbed him of a shin-plaster of Mississippi railroad bank. That was fairly taking the *rag* from the *Bush*.

Presence of Mind of a Boy.

A friend informed us that, as he was proceeding yesterday through one of our streets where the habitations of the poor do most abound he was startled by an infantine voice crying "Help! help!" proceeding from a basement he was passing. Rushing into the room he found a little boy, about five years old, with a blanket from the bed thrown over and wrapped around a little sister, one and a half or two years younger, whose clothes had been set on fire while playing near the stove. The clothes not being of a very inflamable material had not burned rapidly, and the boy had almost extinguished the flames. The little girl was not much burned, but very much frightened. The boy, in answering the question why he wrapped the bed blanket around his sister's burning clothes, said that his ma had told him that it was the best way to put out fire; and as to why he hallooed "Help, help," that he was afraid he could not succeed and wanted some one to help him. He was then asked, why he did not leave his sister and run into the street and cry for help? He answered, with tears in his eyes and a fixed determination of countenance: "No; I never would have left her. She was my sister. Had she burned up I would have burned too."—*N. Y. News.*

Singular Bequests.

Mrs. Mary W. Dale, lately deceased in Philadelphia, (says the Ledger of that city,) has left several bequests in her will, and among them the following:

"To James Baxter, a colored servant, who has been in the service of my late husband, Captain Dale, and myself, for twenty-three years, $12,000, to be paid to him within three months after my death; also, I give to said Baxter all my silver plate, furniture, music, etc., for his own use; and he is to occupy my house for three months after my death, and to receive his usual wages, twenty dollars per month, during that time, besides his expenses for keeping the house."

The second bequest is as follows:

"I give and devise all my estate, right, title, etc., in the property known as the Draw Bridge estate, unto J. C. Miller, in trust, and out of the rents and income thereof to pay the board of my old horse "Sam," during his life, and also $15 per month to James Baxter for his services in taking care of the horse; and in case the said Baxter dies before the horse, the executor is to employ some one else to attend to his duty."

At the death of the horse the estate is to go to a sister of the deceased. The sum of $1,500 is left to the waiting maid of the deceased during her lifetime, after which the said sum is to go to the hospital of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia.

SWEETER FAR, IN HEAVEN.—It was evening. We were seated alone at the piano, breathing a song of beauty and joy; and as our fingers glided gently up the silver keyed octaves, and the music "soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to our touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth could there be hearts beating heavily—so light and joyous was our own.—The last echo had died away in the distance, and turning from the instrument, our eyes rested upon the silvered locks and bending form of one whose countenance bespoke a pure and noble heart. We had never before met, but he whispered softly, while a smile of beauty wreathed his colorless lips, "Young maiden, 'twill be far sweeter in heaven." Oh, how those few simple words changed the current of our thoughts; and when in words of winning eloquence, he spoke of the comforts of our holy religion and urged us to concentrate our life, our talents, our all, to the services of our Maker, we thought no sacrifice too great, if like him we too might see unfolding before our spirit's vision, the glories of the Celestial City.

Weeks fled, and that old man, wearied of earth, folded his thin arms and went to sleep. They laid him to rest, away in the churchyard; but we know that there was but the casket, that the spirit, no longer fettered, was basking in the sunlight of the Saviour's smile; and that his voice, no longer tremulous, mingled in the anthems of the "just made perfect." And when, at twilight hour, we breathe a song of "olden time," beautiful indeed, through the vista of the past comes the remembrance of those joy-inspiring words: "'Twill be sweeter far in Heaven!"

TRADE IN CHARLESTON.—The Mercury says:

Trade has at length fully opened in Charleston, and has made good headway. More than fifty country merchants came in yesterday by one train from Augusta. Yesterday morning the array of dry goods and other goods boxes on the pavements of Meeting and Hayne streets was unexampled in Charleston. It was a sight to gladden the eyes of all, and to shut the mouths of croakers. Merchants generally are not disposed to look for so extensive and varied stocks in Charleston. They knew that plain goods can be brought here, but they find that the selection of several of our leading houses is fully equal to what they have been accustomed to seeing in New York jobbing houses. This evening and up to the small hours past midnight, the lighted floors, from sidewalk to roofing, showed how busy our heavy merchants are in hailing the goods they sold yesterday. If any citizen is incredulous, let him take an early stroll this morning in the vicinity of the Charleston Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewer, of Wayne County, have twenty-two children. There is, perhaps, the most extensive brewery in the West.

An impudent anonoymous correspondent signing himself "Ned Bucket," expresses the wish that we were dead. Very well—let him show himself in person, and we pledge ourselves to "*kick the bucket.*"

A Southern lady has abandoned the Shaker establishment near Hopkinsville, to marry Mr. James Bean, aged seventy-five. She must be fond of dried beans.

He who follows his recreation instead of his business will in a little time have no business to follow.

An English View of the Impending Crisis.

An English editor enlightens his readers upon the subject of American affairs in the following strain:

The boastful Republic so much vaunted by vain glorious Yankees seems on the brink of a precipice, from which retreat will be disgrace and advance destruction. The very wisest of American Statesmen—Bonner, the Smith Brothers, Aaron Burr and others—are wrangling in the House of Parliament in the Columbia District, over a little volume called the "Impending Crisis," written by an Octoroon named Helper, in which the author proves that, unless the States South of the State of New Orleans agree to abolish negro slavery, the North will supply them with no more shoe-pegs, and utter financial ruin will be the consequence. The members of Parliament who quarrel over this singular book, betray all the American characteristics in their savage abuse of each other, and sometimes they even come to blows. The Hon. Charles Sumner, one of their number, was recently fired upon by a man named Hooks; and just before the Asia sailed, it was reported that a member named Asking was detected in the act of throwing away a heavy rifle, which he had previously managed to carry in a pocket made expressly for it.

Though we have no particular faith in the stability of what the Americans call their Republican Institutions, we are sorry to see our cousins working their own ruin with the edge-sword of political incompatibility. As freeborn Englishmen, we are bound to sympathise with the so-called "Abolitionists" of the Northern States of Georgia, Nashville, Harper's Virginia, etc., in their efforts to free the negroes from bondage. Some of the greatest men now living in America are blacks—the famous James Brown was a negro, therefore the Governor of Harper's Ferry hung him. Horace Greely, the famous journalist, is a negro; their great sensation preacher, Henry Wood Beecher, is said to be a quadroon. Yet despite such evidences of the African's natural equality with the whites in intellect as well as in everything else, the Southern members of Parliament, led on by a Mr. Sippi, are threatening to dissolve the American Union if they are not allowed to hold their slaves in New York.

Suffocated by Coal Gas.

The Easton (Pa.) Express, of the 24th ult., gives the following account of the death of Mr. Wm. Wechler, from sleeping in a room exposed to the exhalations of burning coal:

"It appears that William Wechler, an old citizen of Bethlehem, who had been in very ill-health for some time past, took medicine on Tuesday last, which seemed to relieve him very much, and in the evening the whole family, consisting of himself, his wife and an adopted daughter, retired to rest about nine o'clock, after Mrs. Wechler had filled up the coal stove, which stood in an adjoining room, and thrown open the door leading into that apartment.—The woman and her daughter were worn out with waiting upon the sick husband and father, and soon fell into a sleep, from which, singular to say, they never awoke until Wednesday evening, having slept something over twenty-one hours. Mrs. Wechler was first to awaken, and supposing it to be nearly day, she jumped out of bed and commenced preparing the breakfast, when a neighbor knocked at the door to inquire whether they did not desire some assistance, as the water (near which they lived) was rising very rapidly.

Mrs. Wechler here remarked how singular it was that it grew darker and darker instead of lighter, when she discovered, by her neighbor's reply, that it was evening, and that she and her family had slept the whole day. In the meantime, the daughter had left her bed and dressed, remarking, as she entered the room where her mother and the neighbor were, that she was "glad there was no school to day, as it was Washington's birth day." Mrs. Wechler now ran in to her husband with the intention of calling him up, but was horror-stricken to find that he was dead, and had been so for some time. It was supposed by all that he must have died during the night before, and the wife, of course, lay part of that night and the whole of the 22d in bed with the corpse.

The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death by gas escaping from the coal stove in the adjoining room, only a few feet from the bed."

Oldest Manuscript of the Bible.

The new MS. Bible discovered by Prof. Tischendorf in the library of the monastery on Mount Sinai, is to be printed in St. Petersburg with great magnificence, under his care and at the cost of the Imperial Government. A letter adds:

Prof. Tischendorf finds strong reasons for fixing its date in the first half of the fourth century; and he says, that as a means of determining the text of the sacred writings, especially those of the Apostles, it is far more important than even the MS. of the Vatican.—The age of the new MS. has already been the subject of lively controversy, a concerted attack having been made upon Prof. Tischendorf's deductions by a number of St. Petersburg Academicians. His replies were, however, so satisfactory that his opponents have become converts to his belief.

This MS. is the oldest MS. of the Bible which has been preserved in the Christian world. It is far older than any other except the Vatican MS., to which it is superior in age and in completeness; for the MS. of the Vatican lacks five books entirely and one in part. Its authority is also confirmed by the quotations of the early Fathers, which agree with it more nearly than any other MS.

Prof. Tischendorf has already filled ten folio volumes with little documents, and may be presumed to know as much about the correct version of the bible as anybody. His seventh edition of the New Testament is the standard. He will illustrate this edition with philosophic facsimiles; and while he is sure that the original MS. will, as soon as it becomes known, be esteemed throughout Christendom as a great national treasure for Russia, he hopes to make the *edelst passage* of it a worthy monument of Imperial munificence, and one which the whole world shall receive with grateful thanks.

AN EX-CONGRESSMAN DEAD.—On the morning of the 16th inst., D. A. Bokee, an ex-Congressman of New York, was found dead in his room at Washington. From facts and circumstances it is supposed he died suddenly while preparing for dinner. He had previously appeared in his usual health.

PENNSYLVANIA (MEDICAL) UNIVERSITY.—On the 15th inst. the commencement of the Pennsylvania University, at Philadelphia, took place. There were one hundred and seventy-three graduates, including ninety-nine Southerners.

A rabid Southerner, boasting to a Northerner, said: "You woolly heads should remember that "Cotton is King." "True; but you ought to remember that "Wool is General" was the calm rejoinder.

Wit is brush wood; judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.