

CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 9.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1857.

NUMBER 7.

THE CHRONICLE.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by

NEBLETT & GRANT,
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF THE PAPER.

\$2 Per annum in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

FRONT SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS	One insertion	\$1.00	Two months	\$4.00
	Two insertions	1.50	Three months	5.00
	Three insertions	2.00	Six months	9.00
	One month	2.50	Twelve months	15.00

MISCELLANY.

Beloved, Betrothed, Betrayed.

"Come, Charles, if you design giving me an introduction to Miss Legare to evening, I want you to do so quickly. This thing of making the acquaintance of one who possesses so much of the beauty of character, so well calculated to adorn a woman, as you represent this lady I look upon rather as embarrassing. On so rough and unwhim in his manners as myself, will hardly prove an interesting associate. But as you have promised her and myself that we should become known to each other, let us attend to it."

"Stop, stop, Harry," replied the one he addressed, "I will go cheerfully, and will go now, since you seem from your conversation, to be forming a resolution not to go. One word, however, in regard to Miss Legare. As I have before told you, she is handsome, intelligent and accomplished. She possesses a disposition, which I know you will concur with me in saying, is amiable, when once you see her. As for yourself you need not be uneasy in regard to that. I have already revealed to Miss Legare who you are and what you are. However, that is neither here nor there; so come along and you shall see her."

"And away they went. Taking advantage of their absence, gentle reader, we will take the liberty of learning something of the characters so unceremoniously introduced to you.

Charles Clarence, then, was a young man of rare endowments. He possessed a mind fully competent to embrace within its scope the most intricate subjects. His father being possessed of a liberal fortune, was not sparing in his efforts to enrich Charles' mind with learning. He was accordingly sent to one of the first colleges, where after years of toil and study, he had received a diploma, and returned to his home for the purpose of entering upon the practice of medicine.

Harry Huger, although of fine and well cultivated mind, of noble and generous disposition did not possess those pecuniary advantages with which his friend was blessed. He was of poor parentage, and his education was necessarily limited. His father had placed in his hands a good trade, which in its proper use, promised Harry a fortune. He had, indeed, commenced business, and his prepossessing manner and gentleness of disposition soon brought to his side a host of friends. Harry lived a day's journey from the spot where our story begins, and which was, in fact, the residence of Charles. He was called thence to visit an aunt, and soon became acquainted with an aunt. It was not long after these two spirits met, that a friendship, firm and lasting, was formed. The place in which these persons were introduced to the reader was at the office of Charles, in a beautiful little village, situated upon the margin of the Shenandoah, which winds its way through the Valley of Virginia. In the course of their conversation, Charles had frequently spoken to Harry of a young lady of his acquaintance, and finally determined to give him an introduction to her.

Having thus briefly described our hero, and the location of the events we design relating, we go on to finish our story. Harry was introduced to Miss Legare; and soon, almost imperceptibly to himself, was the silken cord entwined around his heart. In short, he found, as he said himself, "she was all his fancy had painted her." He was not slow to reveal to her his emotions, for he was ardent in his temperament, and was happy to learn from herself that his regard was reciprocated. It is needless to traverse the pathway that every lover has trod before he reaches the fatal question is propounded and the assent given. It is enough to say that he proposed and was accepted. Detained beyond the time he had allotted himself, he set out at last, happy to believe that he had wooed and won just such a lady as was every way calculated to make him happy.

And now, reader, allow us to take advantage of the absence of our hero again, and present to your view, another actor in the scenes we are describing. Richard Claxton was bold, impetuous and unrestrained in his disposition. Although there was much in him to admire, yet he had failed to nuzzle the best traits of the

heart and fed those which rendered him less prepossessing. For years he had indulged a most violent affection for Ellen Legare, and when he revealed to her his love, and learned that she could not, did not love him, he gave way to the violence of his rage, and resolved in his heart, that if she would not be his, she should not be another's. He was an observer of every event in which Ellen was concerned, and it was not long ere he ascertained that Harry Huger and Ellen were betrothed. How to defeat her union became the burden of his studies.

Harry Huger had been at home but a short time, when, as he promised her on bidding her adieu, he wrote to Ellen. "Oh, how much pleasure did he anticipate in the perusal of her answer. A month had elapsed, and he had as yet received no response. Fearing that possibly his letter might have been miscarried, he wrote again, pressing her at the same time, to give him an immediate answer. But again he was doomed to disappointment. Weeks passed, and no answer came. The feelings of Harry may be better imagined than described, as thus his bosom was wounded repeatedly by these disappointments. What were the emotions of Miss Legare? Had she indeed learned so soon to shake off all kind remembrances of Harry? Had she so soon repented of her solemn vow to be his? No, no; if Harry was unhappy at the saddening appearance of things, she was thrice unhappy at his neglect in his not writing to her sooner. In heart she wondered why Harry had not written to her, and she was sad, and he more so on account of a rumor, which which Richard Claxton had communicated to her, that Harry was engaged to be married to a lady of his own village. But she hoped on, determined not to harbor a thought of his inconstancy. Weeks wore away, and soon the eye of the fond parent detected the fact that sorrow had sat itself upon her brow. With honest heart she told them all—conjecturing that, at the same time, not to reproach Harry, but they knew less of him than she, and he father became angry. Little did they dream that the cause of their child's sorrow was lurking in the midst, in the form of Richard Claxton. It was nevertheless true. He had, himself, intercepted Harry's letters to Ellen.

Sick at heart, and wearied with disappointment, Harry determined to visit Ellen, and learn from her own lips the cause of her strange conduct. It would be difficult to describe the thousand and one emotions which, like lightning, flashed across the mind of Harry, as he contemplated his way to the place he had recently left Harry. Often would he catch the tear trickling down his cheek, as he rode along; but mastering his moral powers, he would resolve not to be so maidenly. It was near the close of the day when he arrived at his destined point. Hardly waiting to take refreshments, he hastened to see her to whom he was betrothed. With a trembling and he knocked at the door of the house which contained the one he so much loved, and with an agitated bosom he awaited her appearance. A servant soon presented himself, who, in reply to Harry's inquiry, informed him that Miss Ellen was not at home. For a moment Harry was staggered—he thought he would fall; but casting all his energies, he maintained his position. In another moment his back was toward the mansion of Ellen, while his heart was formed the purpose, which should serve, canker-like, to eat up all the enjoyments he had hoped to find on earth—a purpose never again to see her. As soon as he arrived at the hotel, he seated himself and penned the following note. He did not think himself rash—he was sure, and the more he thought of it, the more he was convinced, that enough had been done to dry up the fountain of affection, which once ran so freely to Ellen Legare:

MAY 10.

Miss Legare—Much as I deprecate intruding upon your time and attention, I cannot forbear the temptation to you that while you have found it so easy to persuade yourself to trifle with my feelings, and your tenderest sensibilities of my nature, fear a day of retribution will yet arrive. I release you from your engagement. I doubtless you have considered yourself resolved by your own conduct. Farewell, forever.

HARRY HUGER.

Ere the rays of the next day's sun illumined the mountain top, Harry had despatched his note to Ellen, and was on his journey home. It was a dark hour to Ellen when he received this note. Sad was her heart, indeed. When first she heard that Harry was in town she was happy, but she anticipated an explanation to his seeming kindness. Al, indeed, was she prepared to receive such a letter. When the messenger handed her the letter, she was playing carelessly with Harry's miniature which she had constantly carried with her, since their betrothal. In a moment to soul was broken and the contents read. For an instant she was blind

with anguish—her hands fell powerless at her side, and she would have fallen, had not her mother caught her in her arms. And shall we dwell upon the scene presented here? Shall we describe the inexpressible agony Ellen endured that day, as she lay almost unconscious, upon her couch? Oh! shall we portray the hearings of her bosom, as it swelled with emotions which threatened to break her heart? Shall we tell of the desolation of the once happy heart of Ellen Legare? Shall we picture the gloom of her heart as last ray of hope fled? No, no! Let the veil conceal the scene.

Harry returned to his home, resolved never again to confide in woman, and to strive to forget, partially at least, one whom he believed had so basely deceived him. That he might better succeed, he determined to settle up his business and leave forever the scenes of his childhood.

Time rolled on, and the canker-worm was faithful in its workings upon the lovely Ellen Legare. The deep, untold anguish of her heart soon imprinted, in legible characters, upon the form of that fair girl, the sorrow within. The rose upon her cheek had faded—the fire had left her eye—the cheerful look which beamed from her countenance had fled, and all without that lovely one, showed plainly the wreck within. None, save her parents knew why this change had taken place in Ellen; and all but them supposed it to be the silent workings of disease. Of all this, Harry was ignorant; for he acted and spoke as though he never knew her—he never breathed her name.

The summer waned—autumn passed—the snows of winter fell and melted, and spring in her beauty appeared. It was a calm and pleasant morning in May that Harry set out, dictated by his friendship for Charles Clarence, to bid him adieu, prior to his leaving him, no more to see him in the flesh. As Harry rode along he was moved at the songs of the spring-birds as merrily they chanted their innocent lays. All, all thought he, seems happy, and I am not. Why? And that single monosyllable brought to mind the scenes which had been enacted upon the very spot he was soon again to tread upon. Gladly would he have turned his horse's head and foregone an adieu to his friend; but a monitor within whispered to him to proceed.

It was an evening in May. It was a calm evening—not a breeze disturbed the rich foliage of the trees. Oh! there was enough to be seen, above, beneath, around, to fill the heart of the creature with gratitude, sincere and deep, as he contemplated the works of the Creator. The last rays of the setting sun were gliding the Western horizon. On such an evening as we have described, a party of some half dozen girls were entering a boat to take a pleasure ride upon the bosom of the Shenandoah.

"I declare, Mary, we should have brought a bean or two, at least, with us to row the boat," said one of the party.

"Yes," says another, "I am almost afraid to go, without a gentleman to guide the boat."

"Fie, fie upon your cowardice, girls," replied a bright eyed fair one, "a bean with us to-day would only be in the way. Have I not many a time steered this little bark? Come, Ellen, get in, and then merrily o'er the sea shall we glide light-hearted and free." The one addressed entered the boat, and being seated, after a few strokes of the paddle, the light bark was soon in the middle of the stream.

"There, now, Mary," said one of the party, "drop your oar and let the boat glide itself down the river to town. A valuable cargo, is it not, to set on shore? Plenty of customers we shall find—"

She was interrupted in her merry talk by a shriek at the other end of the bark, where two of the girls were sitting. On looking round, the girls had just time to see the form of one of the party sink beneath the bosom of the water. Susan Howard and another were sitting together, engaged in a low conversation.

"Ellen, why do you seem so very sad to-day? I know you are gloomy enough; you have enough to make you sorrowful; but why are you so cheerless to-day?" Susan replied the other, as she played involuntarily with a miniature which she held in her hand. "Susan, it was just two years ago, this evening, when Harry Huger placed this miniature around my neck. Before another year I believe I shall be no more. I wish you to put this picture on my heart, when in my coffin;—just then it slipped through her hands, he grasped it and in so doing lost her balance, and was precipitated into the river.

In a moment every one was in the boat was filled with terror. Mechanically they all looked towards the bank, where a single traveller was slowly sending his way along the road which ran by the bank of the stream. The girls wild have called to him, but they were stricken with dismay. It would have been unnecessary,

for the movements of the traveller evinced that he had witnessed the unhappy accident. It was the work of a moment, only for him to turn his horse's head, who at a single bound placed himself at the margin of the river. In another moment the rider had dismounted, and plunged into the water, which had closed over the fair form of the girl, who had only for a moment ruffled its calmness as she sunk beneath its broad bosom. A few bounds brought the traveller to the very spot where the fair one had fallen; and she rose not. He cast his eyes up and down the stream, but could see nothing of her; and was about to give her up for lost, when lifeless and unconscious she rose before him. In an instant the traveller had the fair charge in his arms, and was on his way to the shore. It was not long until his burden was safely deposited upon the bank. All the party gathered round the lifeless girl as she lay unconscious upon the ground. There was none of all that party but wept as they cast their eyes upon the pale features of their companion. Even the stranger wiped away the tears which in floods poured down his cheeks. Susan Howard was soon seated upon the grass, and taking the head of Ellen in her lap, each one strove to call back the spirit of their beloved one. She still held in her grasp the miniature of Harry Huger. After directing the girls to remain where they were, the traveller mounted his steed, and at lightning speed hastened for a physician. A few minutes brought him to the door of Doctor Clarence, to whom he related the circumstance, and directed him to take his charger, and hasten to where the drowned lady lay.

When the doctor arrived he found the girl still unconscious. After the application of several restoratives, she was restored to consciousness. Mounting the steed, and taking up his burden before him, he bore her to his father's. It was well enough the stranger concealed the accident from all, save the physician, until Ellen was restored, else had her parents known it, their agony would have been intense, indeed. As it was, the hearts of her fond parents bled as she was laid upon her couch, little better than a corpse. She was soon lulled to sleep by the kind and skillful treatment of the physician, and when she awoke the next morning, she was able to unite with her parents in their morning devotion. When that family bowed before the throne of God that morning, more sincere gratitude to their God, and more earnest prayers for the benedictions of Heaven upon the head of him who had rescued Ellen, never arose from human hearts. After they had ended breakfast, Mr. Legare said, "Now that we have thanked the author of this mercy, it is our duty next to pay the debt of gratitude we owe to the instrument of your rescued Ellen. I will see him."

All the girls of the party were accordingly waited upon, and inquired of as to who the stranger was. None of them could tell, save that he was a stranger, that he was as noble in his appearance as he was in his conduct that day. Mr. Legare went to the hotel, and learned from the landlord that the traveller was still there; but owing to indisposition was confined to his room, and his directions from the physician were that he should remain undisturbed. Mr. Legare wrote a very kind note to the stranger, requesting him to call at his home as soon as he was able, eliciting from the landlord a promise to accompany him. The stranger sent a note in reply, stating; that he had done nothing but his duty in saving his daughter's life, and therefore deserved nothing for it, but should be remain to the succeeding evening, he might call.

We ask the reader to follow us in his or her imagination, as we visit another scene. It is laid in a small, but neat and comfortable room. Everything about it depicts comfort and ease. The inhabitants are a young gentleman, who holds in his hand the long hand of a sick young man, who is stretched upon a couch, and an elderly lady, who sits by the pillow, careworn and distressed in her appearance. They are the physician, the dying son, and the ever-faithful mother. It is a gloomy picture, and the feeble rays of the candle are dimly suited to the scene. In answer to the inquiry of the mother, she had just been told that her son will die in an hour. "But see, he moves—he is awake."

"Mother, what a dream!"—he gasped for breath, "I saw—oh! God—I saw Harry Huger—how like a ghost—he looked—no, no—it was a dream"—and here he ceased for want of breath. "I am dying—mother, bend your ear—I have been a sinner, God has forgiven me—I hope—but I can't—die yet—no—but now I have—bring me my trunk—there now—open it—again his voice sank to less than a whisper—"now, get a little bundle—in the corner—wrapped in red paper—that is it—Doctor—if ever you see Harry Huger, give him that—or Ellen Legare—oh! how I have injured them! Heaven—help me—no more—his voice was hushed in death."

After calling in some friends, Doctor Clarence hastened home, amazed at what he saw and heard. Curiosity led him to open the bundle—it contained two letters directed to Ellen Legare—and Richard Claxton had thought! But we drop the curtain over Richard Claxton, as the grave conceals his form.

We will transfer the scene once more—this time to a parlor in Mr. Legare's house. Night has already spread her sable curtains around, and the room is lighted by a single taper upon the mantle piece. Mr. Legare is seated near the table, gazing upon his daughter, Ellen, who is musing, with her cheek resting upon her sylvan-like hand; Mrs. Legare is engaged in sewing. A knock is heard, and before Ellen could conceal the rising emotion of her heart, she thought that this was the stranger, who, the previous day, had rescued her from a watery grave, and the welcome was given by her father. In another moment, Harry Huger stood before them! The scene which presented itself we will not attempt to depict. Without lifting his hat, he said: "It was myself who saved Ellen yesterday; I may call again—good night." Before the astonished family could recover from their amazement, he was gone. In another moment Dr. Clarence entered. For the sake of their old friend, the family feigned composure, but it was unnecessary. He showed by his conversation that he was not acquainted with what had transpired. He tarried until a late hour, and before he left he made revelations which amazed them even more than Harry's appearance that evening. He told them of the cause of Harry's conduct toward Ellen—of the letters he had written—and, as evidence, produced them—of Richard Claxton's treachery—and of Harry's ignorance of anything, save Ellen's apparent treatment. The next evening witnessed a happy scene at Mr. Legare's—the union of cords of friendship and love, which had been broken, and as Harry supposed, never again to be united. But may we not look in upon Harry and Ellen, as side by side they sit, happy again in each others love? May we not listen to their voice, as again their joy is plighted? Oh! may we not read in each eye the joy as they are lit up with the beams of love? No, no we must not enter there. And here we intend our story shall end. But stop, says one, did Harry move away? No. Well, what of Ellen? Nothing more than there was a wedding at Mr. Legare's, and she was the bride.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—We take the following passage from a discourse on "The Religious Aspect of the Sea," by the Rev. E. H. Chapin. Alluding to the number of missing vessels that started on their voyage, and should have been in harbor long ago, the eloquent preacher asks: "Where are they? Do they still float, shattered and beaten from their desired haven?" Or are they anchored in some calm and sunny port? Or they enfolded in joy walls, that shall thicken around them and build above them with wondrous architecture, whitening in the snow-storm and flashing in the sun, a magnificent sarcophagus, that shall wander with them from latitude to latitude, and open its crystal door at last to let them drop, amid pearls, and rainbow tapestry, in some chamber of the deep?"

NEWSPAPER BLANKETS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EVENING POST: I have recently heard much about the value of newspapers as a substitute for blankets, and have considered the statements to be apocryphal. But last evening I was induced to make the experiment. I took four full sized newspapers, and pasted them together at the edges, making one large sheet of the size of a blanket. I then removed three blankets from my bed, and placed the newspaper sheet between the one remaining blanket and the counterpane. The result was a comfortable night's sleep, without any feeling of cold.

I pledge my word to you, gentlemen, that this is literally true; and my object in making the communication is, that through the medium of your paper, the fact may be generally circulated—for it is no trifling matter to the poor of our city to know that for an outlay of a few pennies they can supply themselves with comfortable bed covering through the approaching winter.

WENTWORTH TO DOUGLAS.—Long John Wentworth says, in the Chicago Democrat of Saturday:

"When the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was agitating the House of Representatives, and the proprietor of this paper was doing his part to defeat it, one night about 12 o'clock, Judge Douglas came over from the Senate directly to his seat, and with a great deal of warmth, said: 'You had better join the Whigs and Abolitionists at once, than be thus opposing the Administration.'"

We think Judge Douglas should remember the advice he gave us. He had better join the Black Republicans at once than be thus opposing the Administration.

By taking revenge, a man is but wounding his enemy, but in passing over to injury he becomes his superior.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Edinburgh Review was started by such eminent writers as JEFFRY, PROCTOR, RAM, and SIDNEY SMITH. When the Tories ruled Parliament, and flushed with the success of their armies abroad, and their policy at home swayed their power with a reckless hand, the Edinburgh unfurled the banner of opposition, and spoke with a voice of thunder, in behalf of Freedom and the inalienable rights of man. Sustained by the force of brilliant intellect, and upheld by a strong public opinion, the Edinburgh carried on its contest, single-handed, until its voice made the Tory leader quake, and the very thrones tremble.

LONDON QUARTERLY.

To meet this bold and daring champion upon its own ground, and with its own weapons, the London Quarterly was established, and such writers as SOUTH, SCOTT, LOCKHART, WORDSWORTH, MILMAN, MRS. SOMERVILLE, and a host of others enlisted as its contributors. And thus the bloodless battle raged. "Whig" and "Tory" were the rallying cries. Progress, Political Reform, and Catholic Emancipation, were objects for which the Edinburgh fought, while the Quarterly upheld conservative opinions, defended the Establishment, and opposed Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. The writers of both reviews displayed an ability, a cultivation, and a knowledge of science and letters which has never been surpassed, if equalled, in periodical literature. Of course such talent could not be secured without a large outlay, and it is said, that frequently fifty and even one hundred pounds were paid for single articles. Magazines thus conducted and

MATRIMONY.

Matrimony is a wit.
For every man's digestion,
Who is the aptly in daily cracked,
Pop! goes the garter.

Pretty girls will sigh and blush—
Smile all they can, sir—
Till, from out their peevish lips
Pop! goes the answer.

Capt! fans the holy flame—
Rankest kind of arson—
When it gains a certain height,
Pop! goes the parson.

Quite throughout the hour-glass—
Made of rosy color—
Into sandy dry ice it tils,
Pop! goes the dollars.

When a year has shown its tail,
Round the corner, (may be),
Out upon the happy world,
Pop! goes a baby.

Mother gives it catnip tea,
Father gives it brandy,
And down its gastric tube,
Pop! goes the candy.

All the sweets that earth can yield,
Won't suffice to calm it;
Daddy screws his lips—and then,
Pop! goes a "d—n—it!"

Madam lets her husband swear—
She must be the whipper;
And above the youngster's heels,
Pop! goes the slipper.

HOW SWEET 'TIS TO RETURN.

BY SAMUEL LOYE.

How sweet 'tis to return,
Where once we've happy been,
Though pale now life's lamp may burn,
And years have rolled between.

And if those eyes beam welcome yet,
That wept our parting then,
O, in the smiles of frat'ls be thou met,
We live whole years again!

They tell us of a foe, at that flow'd
In happier days of youth;
Whose waters bright fresh youth bestowed,
Alas, the font's no more!

From the Chicago Tribune.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

The periodical literature of Great Britain has long been noted for its ability, influence, and attractiveness. The various magazines, constituting this literature, are each the acknowledged representative of one great party, existing in England. Yet they are far from being grossly partisan or merely the advocates of party measures. Their pages abound with elaborate criticisms, brilliant essays, profound speculations, and with what ever of interest may be found in science, literature, morality, and religion, thus being alike indispensable to the scholar, professional man, or intelligent reader. They stand forth as the critical censurers of British literature, and present a compendium of all that is interesting in the world of letters, and no time could be better employed than that devoted to a careful and attentive perusal of their pages. For, as another has said, we have in them a Quarterly Cyclopaedia, brought up to the latest minute; various, general and comprehensive, but neither scholastic, abstruse, nor weakened with details; strong without coarseness; instructive without pedantry; practical without meanness.

Every intelligent reader should subscribe to these periodicals furnishing so much "seasonable intellectual aliment," and which the enterprise of American publishers has placed within the reach of all, in acknowledgment of which we cheerfully give place to the following terms of subscription:—

PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

For any one of the four Reviews	\$3.00 per annum
For any two do do do	5.00 do do
For any three do do do	7.00 do do
For any four do do do	9.00 do do
For Blackwood's Magazine	3.00 do do
For Blackwood and three Reviews	9.00 do do
For Blackwood and the 4 Reviews	10.00 do do

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
78 Fulton street, entrance 54 Gold street
New York.

TIPPIST.—An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him, with "Your money or your life!" Seeing that Pat was green he said: "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol."

"Agreed."

"Pat received the money and handed over the pistol."

"Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out."

"Blizzard away me hearty," said Pat, "divil the drop of powder there's in it."

The following is a literal copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West:

Subjects of Discussion.

Is the rearing of fistulas a work commendable?

If it necessary the female should receive a thrury education?

Get female talk part in politics?

The best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt him. Do not stop the rattle, but let it go out of the

sustained, could not but prove successful, and they soon became recognized powers in the British Empire.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

But there was still another party in existence, neither weak influence or numbers, which had no special organ, and to represent this organization, and to cement its elements, the Westminster was established, with such contributors as ROBERT MILL, BOYRING, Prof. LONG, Miss MARTINEAU and others. The position of this able Review was a step in advance of the Edinburgh. It devoted itself particularly to the topics most interesting to the people. It denounced boldly and fearlessly exclusive privileges, hereditary rights, kingly prerogatives, and all the abuses of Feudalism. It scouted the charge against the alliance of Church and State, and, more recently, culled with COMENIUS, in the promulgation of Free Trade doctrine. The Foreign Quarterly has been united with the Westminster, and it now stands unequalled as a literary and progressive periodical.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

The North British made its appearance as a special advocate of evangelical religion. Without assuming a political character it has always discussed political questions in their general character—and in point of talent, energy, and spirit, will compare favorably with its cotemporaries. Amongst the writers who have figured in its pages may be mentioned such well-known names as SIR DAVID BRISTOL, DR. HANNA, CUNNINGHAM, LORIMER, GOREAU, BUCHANAN, and CANDISH. Dr. CHALMERS was the founder of this Review, which, since his death, has been under the editorial charge of Dr. HANNA, and more recently of Prof. FRASER.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Of Blackwoods we hardly know what to say. Although it may be called the embodied genius of Toryism, yet its winking rhetoric, its captivating style, its profound disquisitions, its range of elegant fiction, its slashing yet brilliant criticisms, its poetry, biography, historical and fictitious narratives, so charm the sense, that criticism is disarmed, and we are lost in admiration. The circulation of Blackwood in England is said to be 40,000 copies. It is also widely circulated in this country, and is universally admired. The publisher is recently informed us that "Blackwood" edits itself, yet its list of contributors is well known, and embraces an amount of talent and genius which has rarely, if ever, been concentrated on a single periodical.

The present editor of the Edinburgh is Mr. REVE, of the North British, Professor FRASER, of the Westminster, JOHN CHAPMAN (the American London book-seller), of the Quarterly, Rev. W. ELWYNS. An able corps is attached to each Review, selected from the choicest talent of Great Britain.

Sustained, then, as these distinguished works are and ever have been, by the highest order of scholastic ability and political sagacity, we need not be surprised to find them occupying such a proud pre-eminence among the literary productions of the world; and the neglect of their high claims upon the consideration of all classes of the intelligent community, would necessarily argue a corresponding indifference to the great interests of the common weal.

Every intelligent reader should subscribe to these periodicals furnishing so much "seasonable intellectual aliment," and which the enterprise of American publishers has placed within the reach of all, in acknowledgment of which we cheerfully give place to the following terms of subscription:—

PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

For any one of the four Reviews	\$3.00 per annum
For any two do do do	5.00 do do
For any three do do do	7.00 do do
For any four do do do	9.00 do do
For Blackwood's Magazine	3.00 do do
For Blackwood and three Reviews	9.00 do do
For Blackwood and the 4 Reviews	10.00 do do

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., Publishers,
78 Fulton street, entrance 54 Gold street
New York.

TIPPIST.—An Irishman, driven to desperation by the stringency of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took the road. Meeting a traveler, he stopped him, with "Your money or your life!" Seeing that Pat was green he said: "I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol."

"Agreed."

"Pat received the money and handed over the pistol."

"Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out."

"Blizzard away me hearty," said Pat, "divil the drop of powder there's in it."

The following is a literal copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West:

Subjects of Discussion.

Is the rearing of fistulas a work commendable?