Judge M. Lieu

THE INDEPENDENT.

L. S. U. Library Baton Rouge La.

Vol. 1. A Family Journal of Literature, News, Education, Philosophy, Morals, and the Mechanic Arts—Neutral in Politics. No. 22.

W. A. BRYAN, HARRISONBURG, LA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1854. PUBLISHER.

THE INDEPENDENT,

Is published on every Wednesday morning at the following rates: Subscription for one year, $2 50, due upon subscribing; six months, $1 25. No subscription taken for a less term than six months—and no subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are settled, unless at the option of the proprietor.

Advertisements will be inserted at $1 per square, (ten lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

For announcing candidates for office, the following are our rates: For a State, $20; for a Parish, $5; for Ward officers, nothing will be exacted if subscribers.

All communications of a personal nature, will be charged *double* the usual rates, and payment demanded in advance.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser, will be charged for, separately, and at the usual rates.

Book, Stationery, and Fancy Store,

BATON ROUGE, LA.

J. McCORMICK & CO., have opened in the fine brick Store on Third street, occupied by the Post Office, a new and choice assortment, consisting in part of the following articles, which they are prepared to sell low for cash, at wholesale or retail:

Envelopes.—Official, letter and note; envelopes of all qualities, white and buff, satin, embossed and plain.

Blank Books.—Ledgers, journals, day books, record books, order, leetter, pass, bank, writing, and blank books, and pocket ledgers, of all sizes furnished to order.

Port Folios or Blotting cases.—Quartos, plain, sheep, turkey, morocco, cap, &c.

Lead Pencils.—Common lead, best drawing, and Faber's best.

School Books.—An assortment of the latest and most popular schools in use; Globes, celestial and terrestial.

Writing Ink.—Black, blue and red.

Inkstands.—School inks, several numbers; bronze cocoa, spring top, glass tupe, Wheeler's celebrated patent.

Quills and Steel Pens.—A great variety.

Sand Boxes.—Tin, wood and glass.

Slates.—Transparent slates for drawing, porcelian, American, English and German slates.

Miscellaneous.—India rubber; indelible ink—Harrison's, Payson's and Eson's; bill files; desk weights; twine reels; paper folders—ivory, bone, wood and tin; visiting cards, printers cards and playing cards, of all quantities; perforated bound Bristol boards; saucers of colors; water colors in boxes; camel's hair pencils; wafers—plain, fancy, and motto; india ink; ladies paper weights; court plaster; tissue paper; metalic memorandum books; parchment, pounce, red tapes, pen-holders, seal and wafer stamps, sealing wax, twine, letter clips, book rests, black sand, black lines.

Paper.—Cream laid satin post gilt edged; Cream wove satin post, gilt and plain; Quorto post, blue wove; commercial blue wove; Bath post; American, English and French paper of all qualities.

Note Paper—Plain, crimped, flowered; illuminated, mourning, silver stripe, etc.; Gauze paper, tracing, drawing, engine, glazed, [illegible] green and yellow paper.

Cheap Publications.—The latest and most popular at publishers' prices.

Magazines and Newspapers.—Harper's, Graham's, Godey's Ladies Book, Putnam's, Blackwood and the Quarterlies, Knickerbocker, DeBow's Review, constantly received and for sale at publishers' prices.

☞ Agents for all the principal newspapers. Orders for French, German or English books promptly attended to.

Baton Rouge, September 1st, 1853. aug14tf

TO THE LOUISIANA BAR.

THE undersigned has the following works relating to the Laws of Louisiana, which he is prepared to sell for cash, at a very great reduction upon the prices formerly demanded.

Martin's Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of the Territory of Orleans, and in the State of Louisiana—by Francois Xavier Martin, one of the Judges of said Court. With reference to subsequent decisions of the Supreme Court, up to the Seventh Annual Reports; references to the Amendments of the Constitution, Statutes and Civil Code of Practice, since those decisions were rendered, by Thomas Gibbes Morgan, Counsellor at law. New edition, 1852. The original 20 volumes comprised in 10 volumes, without abbreviation. Price $5 per volume to subscribers, prior to March 1st, 1853, and to non-subscribers $6 cash.

Robinson's Reports, 12 volumes; embracing the decisions of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, from October 1841 to March 1846. This valuable work is now offered, either by the volume or by the set, at a much lower price than heretofore. Nothing need be said in commendation of a work so well known to every Louisiana lawyer. Its possession is indispensable to secure the continuity of the decisions of the Supreme Court.

Greiner's Louisiana Code of Practice, new edi-

Benjamin & Slidell's Digest, enlarge. A Digest of all the Supreme Court of Louisiana, down to the 15th volume of Louisiana Reports.

Dunlap's Digest.—This is a continuation of Benjamin & Slidell's Digest, and is brought down to the 24 Volume of Robinson's Reports.

Dunlap's Civil Law, from 1809 to 1852. An alphabetically arranged table of all the cases decided during the above mentioned long period.

sep14y J. B. STEEL, 60 Camp street.

11th Judicial District.

EDWARD BARRY, of Caldwell, Judge.
W. H. HOUGH, of Caldwell, Dist. Attorney.

Is composed of the Parishes of Catahoula, Caldwell, and Franklin. The Jury and Probate terms are held as follows:

CATAHOULA.
Sheriff—F. W. Spann.
Clerk—C. C Dunn.
Jury terms, first Monday of April and September.
Probate terms, first Monday of December and June.

CALDWELL.
Sheriff—C. J. Mandwell.
Clerk—B. Duckworth.
Jury terms, first Monday of May and November.
Probate terms, first Monday of February and Aug.

FRANKLIN.
Sheriff—William Hampton.
Clerk—Henry Harlee.
Jury terms, first Monday of April and October.
Probate terms, first Monday of January and July.

SELECT CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

[illegible]

FEMALE
LITERARY INSTITUTE.
ELMIRA, CHEMUNG COUNTY, N. Y.

Mrs. MARY ELIZA HILLS, Principal.

THE situation of this Institution combines the advantages of both town and country, being pleasantly located in a retired part of the beautiful village of Elmira, with every regard to the taste, comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The rooms are large, well warmed and ventilated, with in-door exercises in bad weather. Every effort being made to combine home-comforts with school advantages.

The primary object of the Institution is to qualify the young for the cheerful discharge of the duties of subsequent life, and as this cannot be accomplished by the development of the intellectual powers alone, special attention will be directed to the education of the physical system and the heart. Every pupil will be taught to cultivate a proper reliance on her own powers—a love of pure morality and a just appreciation of the responsibilities which her relation to time and eternity involves.

The government is purely parental, uniting mildness with great decision.

Very particular attention will be paid to the refinement and elegance of the manners.

On the Sabbath, no calls or visits are allowed; and all are expected to attend punctually upon public worship, at such places as their parents may prefer, under the care of a governess. The number of boarders will at no time exceed twenty.

Bath rooms, to which all young ladies have access, are provided with ample accommodations for both warm and cold ablutions. The most accomplished and efficient teachers will oe in attendance.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION INCLUDES

Belles Letters, Mathematics, Natural Sciences,
Biblical and all the usual branches of a finished education.

Board and Tuition, payable Quarterly in advance, per annum,	$200
Tuition for a Day Pupil per Quarter, in advance,	
Junior Class, " " " " do.	5 00
Middle Class, " " " " do.	6 00
Senior Class, " " " " do.	8 00
Music on the Piano, Guitar or Organ,	do. $10 each.
Use of instrument,	2 00
Drawing,	3 00
Painting and Chromatics,	4 50
Painting in Oil,	10 00

Language will be taught by able Professors, $10 each.

☞ French will be the language of the family, under the care of a Parisian Governess. ☜

Washing and light,	$5 00	Stationery,	$1 00
Fuel for the season,	2 00		

School Term, from the first September to first July. There will be no vacation during this period, except the Christmas and New Year Holliday. Quarters commence on 1st Sept., 15th Nov., 30th Jan., and 19th April. No deductions made for absence, except in cases of extreme illness.

Parents are to furnish a Pillow, Sheets, Blankets, Napkins, Silver Fork and Spoon, all marked in full.

Rev. W. H. Bidwell,	New York City.
Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D.,	do
Chancellor Ferris, D. D.,	do
French Episcopal A. Verren, D. D.,	do
Richard Reed, Esq.,	do
Rev. Samuel Cox, D. D.,	Brooklyn.
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,	Brooklyn.
Rev. P. H. Fowler,	Utica.
President Nott,	Schenectaday.
S. Brewster, Esq.,	Hannibal.
Professor Metcalf,	Geneva.
W. Thorburn,	Albany.
L. G. Bancroft,	do
A. Diven, Esq.,	Elmira.
Hon. Judge Gray,	do
Rev. C. N. Chandler,	do
Rev. D. Murdoch, D. D.,	do
Hon. David Rumsey,	Bath.

aug31 y*

J. B. STEEL,
BOOK-SELLER AND STATIONER,
No. 60 Camp Street, New Orleans.

AMONG his extensive and well selected stock of *LAW BOOKS*, will be found the following, which he offers at very low prices:

Abbot on Shipping,
American Criminal Law,
Angell's Law of Carriers,
Angell on Water Courses, &c.,
Angell on Corporations,
Arnould on Insurance,
Betts' Admiralty Practice,
Blackstone's Commentaries,
Burrill's New Law Dictionary,
Brown's Civil and Admiralty Law,
Burlamaqui's Nat. & Pol. do.
Burge on Suretyship,
Chitty on Bills of Exchange,
Civil Code of Louisiana, 1808,
Civil Code of La., by Upton,
Code Napoleon,
Collyer on Partnership,
Conklin's U. S. Adm'y.,
Conklin's Treaties,
Cooper's Justinian,
Digest of N. Y. Reports,
Duponceau's Civil Law, English,
Duponceau on Jurisdiction,
Dunlap's Admiralty Practice,
Emerigon on Insurance,
Gordon's Digest Laws U. S.,
Gow on Partnership,
Greenleaf's Evidence,
Greenleaf, overruled cases,
Howard's U. S. Sup. Court Reports, 11 vols.
Kent's Commentaries, 4 vols.,
Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws,
Phillips on Evidence,
Pothier on Sales,
Roscoe's Criminal Evidence,
All the works of Judge Story,
U. S. Digest, to 1851, inclusive.

FRENCH LAW BOOKS—CIVIL LAW.

Bugnon, Code Civil Expl.
Troplong, Priv. et Hypoth.
Pothier, Oeuvres compl.
Duranton, Contrat de mar,
Do Obligations convent,
Do Traite de la vente, &c.,
Story, Lois et Arrets,
Marcadé, Report. de Jurisp.
Do. Questions de Droit,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Persil, Comm. du droit commercial,
A. de St. Joseph, correspondance entre les ordres.

NOTICE.

THE public are hereby notified and warned against purchasing or trading for any promissory Notes executed by me in favor of D. P. Chilcoat or order, bearing date 5th August, 1853, each for one thousand dollars, ($1000;) one payable on the 1st January, with eight per cent interest from date; the other for same amount, bearing the like rate of interest from same date, and commonly known as "Mr. Fortune," by Wm. B. Chandler, Notary Public for Caldwell Parish. The consideration of the property for which those Notes received, wrongfully and fraudulent, I am determined to resist to the last extremity. I am determined to resist the payment of the said Notes in the title and possession of the land, in consideration of which they were executed.

F. OLIVER.

August 27th, 1853. aug31 w*

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Lord, we are thankful for the air,
For breath of life, for water fair,
For morning burst, for noonday light,
For alternation in the night,
For place in thy infinity,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For years and seasons as they run,
For wintry clouds and summer sun,
For seed-time and the autumn store
In due succession evermore,
For flowers and fruit, for herb and tree;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For beauty and delight of sound,
That floats the universe aroud;
For carol of the happy birds,
For fall of streams, for gush of words,
For music of the earth aud sea;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For sight, for touch, for taste, for smell,
For sense of light ineffable,
For health of mind and strength of hand,
For power to know and understand,
For every joy we feel or see;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For daily toil that we endure,
For labor's recompense secure,
For wholesome zest of appetite,
For food and drink and slumbers light,
For vigorous health and pulses free;
Lord we are thankful unto Thee!

For fellowship with human kind,
For pure emotions to the mind,
For joy, that were not sincere
Unless for sorrow's previous tear,
For hope, and love, and sympathy;
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

For conscience and its voice of awe—
Thy whisper when we speak the law;
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom mighty as benign;
For all we are, or hope to be,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

"OUR HATTY."

BY FANNY FERN.

She might have twenty other names, but that was the only appellation I ever heard. I was "Get out of the way, Hatty!"—"I dare say, Hatty broke that vase, or lost that book!"—"Don't come here; what a fright you are, Hatty!" till the [illegible] almost felt as if she had the mark of Cain upon her forehead. She had brothers and sisters, but they were bright, and saucy, and bold, and cunning: and, when they wished to carry out a favorite scheme, could throw their arms about the parental neck, flatter some weak side, carry the day, and then laugh at their juvenile foresight; so their coffers were always filled, while poor Hatty's was empty;—and she laid all these things up in her little grieved heart, and, as she saw duplicity better rewarded than sincerity, began to have little infidel doubts whether the Bible, that her father read so much out of, was really true; while Joseph's "coat of many colors" flaunted ever before her tearful eyes! All her sweet, childish impulses were checked and crushed; and, when the sweet flowers of love and confidence should have sprung up, the weeds of distrust and suspicion took bitter root!

She took no part in the conversation of the domestic circle. "She was stupid," so they told her; and she had heard it till she believed it true. Sometimes, as was often the case, some talented person made part of the family circle; on such occasions, Hatty would listen in her corner, till her great, wild eyes glowed and burned like living coals of fire. But there was one spot where none disputed Hatty's right to reign—a little lonely room at the top of the house, which she had fitted up in her own wild way, and where she was free from reproof or intrusion.

You should have seen her there,—with her little yearning heart half broken by neglect,—doubtful of her own powers, and weeping such passionate tears, that she was "so stupid and ugly, and disagreeable," that nobody could ever love her! And she made friends with the holy stars, the fleecy clouds, and the brilliant rainbow, the silver moonbeam, and the swift lightning; and an artistic eye, seeing her soul-lit face at that small window, might have fancied her some Italian improvisatrice! There, the fetters fell off, the soul was free, and the countenance mirrored it forth. Back in the family circle, she was again "Our Hatty!"

"That young daughter of your's differs very much from the rest of the family, Mr. Lee," said a maiden lady, who was visiting there.

"Yes, yes!" said the old man, with a shrug. "She don't look much like a Lee: in fact, she's very plain. She's a strange, unaccountable child—likes her own company better than anybody's else, and don't care a rushlight for all the nick-nacks other girls are running for. Sometimes I think she belongs to another brood,—got changed in the cradle, or something."

"How does she spend her time?" said Miss Tabetha.

"I'm sure I don't know. Wife says she has a little den at the top of the house, where she sits star-gazing. Queer child, that Hatty—plain as a pike-staff;" and Mr. Lee took up his newspaper, and put his feet on the mantel.

Miss Tabetha was confounded! She had an uncommonly warm heart, for an old maid. She had never been a parent;—she wished she had, just to show some people what a nice one she'd have made! She inwardly resolved to know more of "Our Hatty."

Rap, tap, on the door of Hatty's little den—what on earth did it mean? She hoped they were not going to take that away from her; and, with a guilty, frightened look, she opened the door.

Miss Tabetha entered.

"Are you vexed with me for coming here, child? You dont look glad to see me."

"No, no!" said Hatty, pushing back a tangled mass of dark hair; "but it's so odd you should want to come. Nobody ever wanted to see me before"

"And why not, Hatty?"

"Well, I don't know," said she, with touching meekness and simplicity; "unless it's because I'm stupid, and ugly, and disagreeable."

"Who told you that, Hatty?"

"All of them down stairs," said she; "and I don't care about it, only—only,"—and the tears rolled down her cheeks,—"it is so dreadful to feel that nobody can ever love me!"

Miss Tabetha said, "Humph!"

"Hatty," said she, "come here. Do you ever look in the glass?"

"Not since a long while," said the young girl, shrinking back.

"Come here, and look in this little mirror Do you see those large, dark, bright eyes of yours? Do you see that wealth of raven hair, which a skillful hand might render a beauty, instead of that tangled deformity?—Do you see those lithe, supple limbs, which a little care and training might render graceful as the swaying willow! There is intellect on your brow; soul in your eyes; your voice has a thrilling heart tone. Hatty, you are a gem in the rough!—you cannot be 'ugly;' but, listen me. It is every woman's duty to be lovely and attractive. You have underrated and neglected yourself, my poor child. Nature has been no niggard to you. I do not say this to make you vain, but to inspire you with a proper confidence in yourself.—But—what have we here?" as a large portfolio fell at her feet.

"O, Miss Tabetha, please don't! It's only a little scribbling, just when I felt wretched!—please don't!"

"Yes, but I shall though. It's just what I wan't to see most;" and she went on reading paper after paper, while Hatty stood like a culprit before her. When she had finished, she said, very slowly and deliberately:

"Hatty, come here! Did you know that you were a genius?"

"A what, Miss Tabetha?"

"A genius! You'll know fast enough what means; and to think I should have been the first to find it out!" and she caught the astonished child in her arms, and kissed her, till Hatty thought a genius must be the most delightful thing in the world, to bring so much love with it.

"Look here, Hatty—does anybody know this?" holding up the manuscript.

Hatty shook her head.

"So much the better. 'Stupid, ugly and disagreeable?' humph! Do you know I'm going to run off with you?" said the little old maid. "We shall see what we shall see. Miss Hatty!"

Five years had rolled away. A new life had been opened to Hatty. She had grown into a tall, graceful woman. Her step was light as a fawn's. Her face—not beautiful, certainly, if tried by the rules of art,—and yet, who that watched its ever-varying expression, would stop to criticize? No one cared to analyze the charm. She produced the effect of beauty; she was magnetic; she was fascinating. Miss Tabetha was satisfied;—"she knew it would be just so."

They had almost forgotten her at Lee house. Once in a while they wondered "if Miss Tabetha was'nt tired of her." Miss Tabetha thought she would let them know!—Unbounded was their amazement, when Miss Tabetha ushered "Our Hatty" in. It was unaccountable! She was really "almost pretty!" Still there was the same want of heart in their manner to her; and the little old maid could not have kept within bounds, had she not had powerful reasons of her own for keeping quiet awhile.

"By the way, Miss Tabetha," said Mr. Lee, "as you are a blue-stocking, can you enlighten me as to the author of that charming little volume of poems, which has set all the literary world astir? It isn't often I get upon stilts, but I give something to see the woman who wrote it."

Miss Tabetha's time had come. Her eyes twinkled with malicious delight. She handed him a volume, saying, "Well, here is a book I was commissioned to give you by the authoress herself."

Mr. Lee rubbed his glasses, set them astride his nose, and read the following on the fly-leaf: "To my dear father, James Lee; from his affectionate daughter, The Author."

Mr. Lee sprang from his chair, and seizing his child by both hands, ejaculated, "Hatty Lee! I'm proud of you!"

Tears gathered slowly in her large eyes, as she said, "O, no that! Dear father, hold me once to your heart, and say, 'Hatty, I love you.'"

Her head sank upon his shoulder. The old man read his child's heart at last; he saw it all—all her childish unhappiness—and as he kissed her brow, and cheek, and lips, said, in a choking voice, "forgive your old father, Hatty."

Her hand was laid upon his lips, while smiles and tears chased over her face, like sunshine and shadow over an April sky.

O, what is Fame to a woman! Like the "apples of the Dead Sea," fair to the sight, ashes to the touch! From the depths of her unsatisfied heart, cometh ever a voice that will not be hushed,—take it all back, only give the love!

☞ We take the following witticisms from the January number of the Knickerbocker:

A lady one day observed her little boy of some six summers, who was playing in the garden, showing signs of anger, she said nothing, but he soon came in, and approaching her, said:

"Ma, do the phrenologists say we have a swearing bump in our heads?"

His mother told him she did not know of any, when the little fellow remarked that his head felt very queer, and he came near swearing, and added:

"Grandpa has got a large bump on his head, and he swears awfully some times!"

A little girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in 'clustering curls' down her neck. One hot summer's day, she went up stairs and cut all her curls off. Coming down, she met her mother, who exclaimed with eurprise:

"Why, Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?"

To which she responded that she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt Nancy did!

The following 'suckumstance,' as Yellowplush would say, occurred here a few days since. We have many turkeys and chickens about the premises. Several persons were sitting in the bar-room talking about the Turks and Russians fighting. A little boy, living near by had been listening attentively. He ran home to his mother, exclaiming:

"Ma! Ma! the *Turkeys and Roosters* are fighting over to Mr. Hyde's."

"What do you learn at school?" said I to my little boy, four years of age.

"Reading and spelling, Papa, if you please."

"And wat do the other boys learn?"

"Oh! 'rithmetic, and 'gography, and *Velocipede*."

"What! velocipede?"

"Yes, papa; but not about wooden horses, but about other things."

Now, what do you suppose he meant?—*Philosophy*!

"Papa!" said the same little urchin to me, when he was but three years old and had just begun to catch the phrases of older children—it was the pensive hour of thilight, and drawing near his bed-time—"Papa, will you

"Yes, my darling, if you wish it; but why not let your mamma say your prayers for you, as she does on other nights?"

"O, papa, I don't want to say those prayers: "Our Father,' 'Now I lay me,' but pray yourself; *make* a prayer to God for me."

So I put up, with all my heart, a serious petition to his Heavenly Father for my son. He listened attentively, and, as it seemed, with seriousness; but, just as I concluded, he exclaimed, with eyes sparkling with mirth:

"Good, papa! Good! Now pray again—pray again! *Go it!*"

We remember an anecdote of one of the sweetest and most simple-hearted of our little friends. Sitting on a foot-stool at her mother's side, she had been recounting her list of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and the like. "Now," said she, "I have got all the relations but one: I should like a *fort-mother*. I haven't got any, have I, Mother?"

It was the sad fate of this sweet child, in after years, to perish in that compound of calamity and infatuation, which the law decides to be no crime—the burning of the Henry Clay. She passed from among us radiant in youth and goodness, leaving four little children, one an infant, to prove the tender mercies of those that may come after.

It often happens in Vermont, that the very tops of the Green Mountains are dotted with little villages, affording a very pleasant relief from the sultry heats of summer, and a secure refuge from all dog-day epidemics.—But if in summer these mountains are pleasant, and not inaptly termed 'Green,' from November till May they are blue enough, and bleak enough. Here, storm after storm accumulates, bedded on older storms, until you might fancy nature wrapped in her last winding-sheet, did not the pointed crests of evergreen remain to tell that, though cold stiff in its wintry shroud, the heart of the Green Hills yet throbs beneath.

One peculiarity of these snows is their extreme lightness; being hardened by frost till they are as movable as the sun-dried sands of Libya. Here, then, the winds, howling as only hill-top winds can howl, delight to hold wild dalliance with these silent seas of ever-shifting snow. Valleys are unceremoneously exalted, and hills brought low; fences are covered, the roads turned out of their courses; or, again, your windows are darkened, or your doors barricaded by some huge drift; till '*shovelling out*' becomes a term of significant import, and is an operation only exceeded in difficulty by 'turning out,' if you venture abroad with a heavy team.

It was in such an uncongenial clime, rendered less genial even, to the in-door world, by the December employment of butchering, that our pet, Nanny, presented herself to her father, with an aggrieved look, as if suffering from some recent injustice.

Wouldn't you like to get away from these troubles," said her father, "wouldn't you like to go to Heaven, where there is no trouble?"

"Yes," said Nanny, "I would go in a minute, if Tommy Henney would shovel me a path!"

The thought seemed to us quite natural; for, in such a climate, we could hardly help thinking ourselves, that the way to Heaven must lead through 'shovelling out.'

The Gadsden Treaty.

The Washington Evening Star, of the [illegible] inst., has the following speculations regarding the Gadsden treaty, which may be looked upon as semi-official:

There has evidently been long and earnest consultations in Cabinet meeting over the propriety of submitting this convention to the Senate. Half a dozen sessions have been devoted to it, it is believed by those in Washington connected with the press. We apprehend that the prospect for its submission is by no means bright. We should not be surprised if it turns out that the condition of affairs in Lower California generates much of the indisposition to close with Santa Anna's Government on the terms of this treaty which, we think, the President entertains.—So long as Mexico holds that territory, nominally, without being able to do aught for its protection against the wild spirit of aggression which affects all new populations, American included, so long will it be subjected to such inexcusable forays as that of Col. Walker. It lies adjacent to those of our people furthest from the control of the General Government, and most disposed to forget the rights of defenceless territory adjacent to them. There is probably a strong desire on the part of the President to remove this cause of interminable difficulty with Mexico, whenever another treaty may be finally concluded with her.

The Gadsden treaty fails to do this, it seems to be admitted by all, while the impression that, but for the state of things in that quarter arising out of the Walker affair, there would have been little trouble in inducing Mexico to have included Lower California in the transfer of territory embraced in the treaty recently negotiated. Under such circumstances we have taken up the idea that most of the hestation to communicate it to the Senate is in connection with this Lower California question. However difficult it may be to permanently check Walker in that quarter, while Congress entertain their indisposition to grant men and money to the Executive for such purposes, peace can be restored there, for a time at least, by a vigorous application of the means now at command. Our belief is that they will promptly be applied thus; and that after restoring Mexico to all her rights there, the negotiations for a general treaty, to embrace the cession of Lower California, will be renewed and prosecuted with [illegible] vigor. The American [illegible] powerfully affected with the pride at the foundation of the Mexican character, and will be more likely to hearken to overtures from the United States for that region, when its authority may be supreme there than while it may be questionable whether its sovereignty over this particular territory is not merely nominal.

The Squire's Story.—"Oh," says the Squire, "I wish't I was married and well of it. I dread it powerful. I'd like to marry a widow; I allers like widows since I knowed one down in Georgia that suited my ideas adzactly.

"About a week after her husband died, she started down to the graveyard, where they'd planted of him as she said, to read the prescriptions on to his monument. When she got there, she stood a minute a looking at the stone which was put at each end of the grave, with an epithet on dem that the minister had wri for her. 'Oh, boo-boo, Jones—he was one of the best men. I remember now the last time he came home, about a week ago, he brought down from town some sugar, and a little tea, and some store goods, for me, and lots of little necessaries, and a little painted hoss for Jeems, which that blessed child got his mouth yaller with sucking of it, and then he kissed the children all round, and took down that good old fiddle of his'n and played up that good old tune,

"Rake her down, Sal, oh rang dang diddle,
Oh, rang dang diddle, dang dang dang da."

"Here," says the Squire, "she began to dance, and I just thought she was one of the greatest women ever I seed."

The Squire always gives a short laugh after telling this anecdote, and then filling his pipe, subsides into an arm chair in front of the Exchange, and indulge in calm and dreamy reflections.

Old Age.—Wrinkled, crippled and helpless. Grey hair and tottering limbs—failing memory—sight and hearing passing gradually away. The last scene of life nearly at a close. Old age has its pleasures too, and its comforts, and oftimes gives pleasure to others. It is a second childhood, yet how unlike the other! There is no hope this side of the grave, of long, sunny days to come; and yet, it oftimes clings to life with the same tenacity as of old

How comforting is the belief, that a perpetual spring awaits the good man in another land beyond the grave. The life that lasts through endless eternity—forever! think of it What a theme for meditation!

"Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for?"

"Bill hove the bible at me, and hit me on the head."

"Well, you are the only person of my family on whom the bible ever made the least impression."

Mistress Partington, in a characteristic paragraph about Fern Leaves, says: "I know the Fern family from their very roots—They mostly live in the woods; they are a sweet, good race, but carry their heads pretty high, and Fanny is no deception to the general rule."

What is a bloomer? A woman who pants for notoriety.