Address to the National Democracy.

The undersigned, members of the National Democratic Party, supporters of its principles, and deeply anxious, by promoting its harmony, to preserve unimpaired the efficiency of its organization, desire to join in counsel with their Democratic brethren throughout the United States.

The proceedings of the convention recently assembled at Charleston have developed a divergence of opinion between the delegations of the different States in relation to the principles which form the basis of our Union.—The national democratic platform adopted at Cincinnati in 1856 met the cordial approval of all who believe these United States to be, what their very name imports, a union of States equal, sovereign, and endowed in all respects with equal rights. This approval was based on what seemed to us to be the plain meaning of the resolutions embraced in that platform.

During the four years, however, which have since intervened, it has become painfully apparent that the construction deemed by us so manifestly right is controverted by many members of our party; that other principles are supposed to find countenance in that platform—principles, in our judgment, subversive of the true theory of the Government and of the Constitution to which our Union owes its birth, and on whose preservation its permanent existence depends.

What is the history of the recent convention at Charleston?

Seventeen States, forming a majority of the whole, adopted with remarkable unanimity a platform of principles so worded as to avoid the possibility of misconstruction—principles deemed political axioms by all who uphold the equal rights of the States as the very basis of the confederacy. Many delegates from the remaining sixteen States concurred in opinion with this majority, conspicuous amongst whom were delegates from Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

The States which adopted this platform give electoral votes which can be relied on with absolute certainty in favor of Democratic nominees, and well-grounded confidence is entertained of a like result in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. These seventeen States united with Pennsylvania alone comprise a majority of the entire electoral vote of the United States, able to elect the Democratic nominees against the combined opposition of all the remaining States.

The platform was deliberately rejected by a combination composed of a small fraction of the delegates from the seventeen Democratic States and a very large majority of the delegates of the remaining sixteen States; and a resolution was adopted in its stead, simply reaffirming the principles of the Cincinnati platform, without explanation or interpretation of its disputed meaning. This was done with the openly-avowed purpose of enabling the Democratic party to wage battle with some chance of success in certain Northern and Western States, by presenting to the people as its doctrines principles openly and expressly repudiated by a majority of the Democratic State delegations, and by a majority approaching unanimity of the Democratic electoral votes of the Union.

The delegations of eight States, together with a portion of that of Delaware, faithful adherents of our party and firm supporters of principles, were thus by sheer force of votes, cast by delegates from States that will certainly vote for the Republican candidates, compelled to withdraw from the convention, because, in the language of a distinguished delegate, they felt "that it was a burning imputation upon the honor and patriotism of the party, that, claiming to be national, and claiming to have principles for its guide, it should acknowledge for its declaration of faith a creed upon which are placed two distinctly opposite interpretations by its owm advocates."

We cannot refrain from expressing our admiration and approval of this lofty manifestation of adherence to principle, rising superior to all considerations of expediency, to all trammels of party, and looking with a single eye to the defence of the constitutional rights of the States.

The delegations of other democratic States however, (including a few delegates from the seceding States,) not less faithful in devotion to principle, were more hopeful of obtaining from their brethren some satisfactory recognition of sound principles, and decided on remaining in the Convention after distinctly declaring, however, their determination also to withdraw if their just expectations should be disappointed.

It is thus apparent that there was almost entire unanimity of principle in the delegations of the only States on which absolute reliance can be placed for democratic electoral votes, whilst there existed diversity of opinion as to the line of policy best calculated to secure the triumph of those principles. Nor is it matter of surprise that in a conjuncture so unexpected and anomalous, when, in the foundation of democratic principles, the voice of Virginia was overborne by that of Ohio, and Louisiana and Arkansas were forced to succumb to Vermont and Michigan, there should be excited feelings, divided councils, and discordant action.

In the subsequent proceedings of the Convention, however, we think that distant intimations may be discerned of a disposition on the part of the convention to recede from its determination, and to afford, either by an amendment of the platform or in some other manner equally satisfactory, such recognition of principles as would effectually obviate misconstruction and secure the harmonious action of the party, and that it was only because of these intimations that the delegations of the remaining democratic States consented to join in the ballots which took place with no other effect than to induce an adjournment to Baltimore on the 18th June, whilst the seceding delegations adjourned to meet at Richmond on the 2nd Monday of the same month.

On this state of facts the path seems open for the united action of the party, and no insuperable obstacle opposes the restoration of its harmony. So believing, we insist that our position as representatives of democratic States and constituencies forms no just bar to our right, but rather imposes on us the duty, of joining our counsels with those of our democratic brethren, and uniting in their efforts to secure the triumph of our principles.

It is plain that, if the convention shall at Baltimore adopt a satisfactory platform of principles before proceeding to select its candidates, the reason which dictated the withdrawal of the delegations of the eight States will have ceased, and no motive will remain for refusing to unite with their sister States nor for holding an adjourned meeting at Richmond. On the other hand, if the convention, on reassembling at Baltimore, shall disappoint the just expectations of the remaining democratic States, their delegations cannot fail to withdraw and unite with the eight States which have adjourned to Richmond. In either event there would be unanimous action in support of our principles by all the States which can be relied on for casting democratic electoral votes.

From this statement of facts, is it not evident that the wise and prudent course now to be pursued by the delegations of the eight States is to defer assembling in Richmond until the necessity for such meeting shall become imperative? Ought they not, in view of the altered condition of affairs, to return to the convention at Baltimore and aid their sister States in the struggle for the recognition of sound democratic principles? May it not be that their votes would now suffice to turn the scale, to purge the party creed of all heresies, and to emblazon on the party banner its honored device of fidelity to the Constitution and the Union in characters so clear as to defy misconstruction?

Suppose for a moment that in this last struggle for the right they should again be overborne: Is it not, then, equally plain that the delegations of the other democratic States cannot for an instant be suspected of an intention to refuse to redeem their pledge of withdrawal from an assemblage which shall persistently determine on the sacrifice of principle, which they themselves have declared indispensable for their united action to a supposed expediency? And will not all the democratic States, thus withdrawing and adjourning to Richmond be joined by the true and faithful delegates from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, from Indiana and New York—aye, from every one of our sister States where delegates are found imbued with the living principles of our party, but whose voice has hitherto been stifled in the Convention, because of their being in the minority of their respective delegations?

For it is a striking fact not to be overlooked in this connection, that whether the vote had been taken entirely by States or by delegates, in either event there was a clear majority in the Convention in favor of the recognition of sound constitutional principles, and it was only by taking part of the votes by States as units, and another part by divided States, that an apparent and factitious majority succeeded in preventing that recognition.

The answer to all these foregoing questions seems to us to be clear and plain. The line of conduct we suggest leads, in our judgment, to a reconciliation of differences on a basis of principle. It leads to the united and harmonious action of our party. It does more, infinitely more: It secures vastly added strength to that assertion of principles which none of us would for an instant think of compromising; it compels their recognition and proudly vindicates the action of the seceding delegates who will thus have secured the object of their struggle, and have merited the applause and gratitude of their democratic brethren.

The contrary course would, we believe, be productive of mischievous consequences.—Time does not permit the action of the regular organizations of our party in the respective States, and who alone have the power to speak their will, to meet in council and give instructions to their delegates. How is the voice of California or of Oregon to be heard in time? How are the constituencies of Texas and Virginia to meet in State conventions and give authoritative expressions of their will before the middle of June? How can the machinery be put in motion by which the democratic voters will direct attendance at Baltimore or Richmond in accordance with their judgment? Evidently, this cannot be done. Evidently, the delegations already elected are the only ones that *can* act, and they *must* act on their own judgment in a conjuncture which does not allow opportunity for instruction by their constituencies. A refusal, then, by the delegates of the seceding States to return to Baltimore, a refusal to defer the Richmond meeting until there shall be an uncontrollable necessity for holding it, would inevitably result in incurable division of our party, the sole conservative organization remaining in our country; in its final disruption; worse than all, in the endangering of the successful assertion of its principles, compared with which the success of a single electoral struggle is unworthy of one moment's consideration.

R. W. Johnson,	M. R. H. Garnett,
A. Iverson,	R. Toombs,
John Slidell,	W. K. Sebastian,
Jeff. Davis,	R. M. T. Hunter,
L. Q. C. Lamar	J. M. Mason,
M. J. Crawford,	J. P. Benjamin,
Peter E. Love,	L. J. Gartrell,
John J. Jones,	John H. Reagan,
James Jackson,	Jno. R. Morrison,
J. W. H. Underwood.	

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—A gentleman who had put aside two capital bottles of ale to recreate some friends, discovered, just before dinner, that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. "Scoundrel!" said his master, "what do you mean by this?"—"Why, sir, I saw plain enough, by the clouds that it were going to thunder, so I drank up the ale at once, lest it should turn sour, for there's nothing I do abominate like waste.

An Irish sailor once visited a city, where he said they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet lead.

From the New York Ledger.

PAIRED, NOT MATCHED.

BY WILLIAM L. MORRIS.

I.

It was reading a novel that brought me to this!—
A romantic description of lovers and bliss,
And of two hearts that mingled in one as they should,
So I vowed I'd get married as fast as I could.

I remember the charms of the heroine fair:—
"The affectionate child of a great *millionaire*,
With a nature poetic—a classical face,
And a figure unequalled for beauty and grace.

And I sought through the country and city to find
A young maiden that all these attractions combined,
With a "spirit congenial"—impatient to see
The enchantress that somewhere was destined for me.

At a "hop" by the sea-side, I met with a belle,
And we waltzed to the "music's voluptuous swell;"
Then together we strolled "for the air" on the sand—
While she gazed at the moonbeams, I offered my hand.

She accepted—"Ah! happy indeed was my lot!"
I exclaimed as I pictured true love in a cot—
We were married in grandeur I could not afford,
So we took, in Fifth Avenue, "rooms without board."

II

I must take for the "far west" the four o'clock train!
It is three, and I search for my clothing in vain!
My umbrella has vanished—and oh! how it pours!—
There's no wardrobe in wardrobe—no drawers in drawers!

I must wear the old coat, which is tattered and torn,
And these shabby plaid-pants, and this felt hat forlorn,
And these leaky patched boots which my ankles distress!
For my ills and myself, I can find no re-dress!

I imagined, while single and wooing my fair,
I should happiness find in the peace of a pair—
For this error of judgment my grief is sincere—
When I courted a dear one, I caught one too dear!

Not a soul in the house!—all are out of the way,
For my wife is attending the grand *matinee*—
She embroiders, sings, promenades, dances and flirts,
"*But she will not sew buttons on any man's shirts!*

Better Late than Never.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning.
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
Just keep the wholesome truth in mind:
'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead 'tis well;
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor.
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never!

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest—
'Tis better late than never!

Choose well the path in which you run—
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never feel if left behind,
Nor shaken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind;
'Tis better late than never!

What They Say About It.

The New York *Day Book* gives its readers the following article, which we publish as a good gun from the North, whose report should be heard by Southerners with admiration:

"THOSE ELEVEN OBSTINATE FELLOWS."—The Washington *Constitution* refers in the following quite explicit manner to the proceedings at Charleston, and very forcibly shows how wrong is the course of the Northern Delegates in determining really to break up the party rather than give such a platform of principles as is just to both sections:—

A WEAK INVENTION OF THE "TRUMPETERS."—The wretched attempt of some of the "trumpeters" from Charleston to stigmatize the Southern Delegations by the charge of of aiming at a dissolution of the Union will scarcely impose on the most credulous reader. The retort, it is obvious, is both cogent and at hand for those who, obstinately bent upon denying to the South the great principle of the equality of the States and the guarantees requisite for the maintenance of that principle, have exasperated the jealousy and fostered the distrust which alienated men that, in 1856, could stand on one and the same platform. If the Democratic party is, indeed, ever to be broken up—if the Union is now endangered—the *blame* must rest not upon those who insist upon the recognition of that vital principle, but rather on those who would resist, ignore, or submerge it. When the States that are certain to give their electoral votes for a Democratic candidate find it due to their safety as well as their principles to leave a convention wherein States that are sure to go for the Republican candidate dictate a platform, they can scarcely be accused of anything but a faithful adherence to their principles and the security of their own region. For those who can scarcely promise an electoral vote to complain of their pertinacity, calls to mind the reproach of the honest juryman upon "*those eleven obstinate fellows*" whom he could not cozen, cajole or coerce into agreeing with his opinion!

FAREWELL DINNER.—On the 3rd of March, 1796, Washington gave a farewell dinner, to which many of the leading persons at the seat of Government were invited. These were the officers of the Government and members of the diplomatic *corps*, with their wives. Bishop White, whose sister was the wife of Robert Morris, was present, and described some of the events of the banquet.—'During the dinner,' wrote the bishop, 'much hilarity prevailed; but on the removal of the cloth, it was put an end to by the President—certainly without design. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company, with a smile on his countenance, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, and wishing you all possible happiness." There was an end to all hilarity; and the cheeks of Mrs. Liaston, wife of the British Minster, were wet with tears."—*Mount Vernon and its Associations.*

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 15, 1860.

DEAR SIR: I have received the polite invitation of your Committee to attend a public meeting in Charleston on the 18th inst., and to address it. It would be very pleasant to me to be with you. But while so fatiguing a trip would be a severe tax on my not vigorous health, I should neglect my duties here, at a time when they are becoming very important; and I can, in a few lines, say to you all that I could say at your meeting, to attend which I would have to travel twelve hundred miles and lose ten days from the Senate.

Practical statesmanship consists in taking the best *next step*. Honor, honesty and philosophic statesmanship require that that step should be taken on a broad lone of policy, based upon sound and comprehensive principles. In my opinion the next step which all the States whose delegates seceded from the late Convention in your city should take, and in fact bound in honor to take, is to appoint delegates to meet in convention at Richmond, on the day appointed by the seceding delegates.

At this critical time, with events deeply affecting any opinions any one may entertain as to what that convention should do crowding rapidly upon us, I think that those delegates should be chosen from among the ablest and most reliable men of each State, and that they should be clothed with ample and almost unlimited discretionary powers. The only instruction I would give them would be, that they should take care that these States should receive no detriment. It might not be improper to commission them as delegates to any other Convention which these times may bring forth, and which, in their judgment, they might see fit to unite with.

Whilst the broadest and perhaps truest policy of the whole country is to maintain the union of all the States, under the Federal Constitution, it is undoubtedly a wise policy to maintain such a union of the slaveholding States, and other immediate neighbors, but it is *essential* that the eight seceding *cotton* States should be kept together in the closest bonds of union and good feeling. With their large territorial area, their present and growing population, and their surplus productions, eagerly sought after in nearly every market in the world, and commanding annually two hundred millions of dollars in specie, they would, if organized by themselves under our present Federal Constitution, constitute a Republic that would at once command the respect of every civilized power. They have a substantial basis on which they may stand, whoever may fall!

It is, therefore, their policy, and any other would be *suicidal*, to maintain with each other at all times and in every crisis, the most intimate and fraternal association. They should then, as I have said, meet, according to appointment, at Richmond, represented by their best men, invested with almost all power.

Such a meeting, I do not think, would have any tendency towards bringing about the disunion of the United States. I believe its effect would be precisely the reverse. A large majority of the people of the non-slaveholding States, misguided by ambitious and fanatical leaders, seem bent on our destruction, ignorant that it involves their own. That it does, it is in vain to argue to them. They are told and believe that we are weak; and in the face of the fact that we have been strong enough to control this Government ever since it was established, and to make the country all that it is, they have been made to believe that the South dare not face the North on any decisive field—in short, on the issue of disunion. And that issue is what, it seems to me, they are now pressing keenly on us, in Congress and everywhere. We must meet it, and meet it now. And, in my opinion, the way to meet it is, not by wild resolves or Legislatures or Conventions, by absurd bravados of newspaper editors, or by the reckless declamation of travelling orators; but by the calm, noiseless, yet stern assemblage at Richmond of the best men of the seceding States—better, perhaps, of all the States—who shall, saying little, threatening nothing, exacting less even than our rights, and only what we must demand for the present, without, of course, sacrificing the future, leaning always, without paltering with principle, towards the conservation of this Union—so act as to show that we ask nothing and fear nothing. What that precise action should be I do not now pretend to say.

It depends on the developments of the next few weeks. No one, and least of all, our delegates to Richmond, should be trammelled by being required to prophecy. What the time demands of the whole country; of the Democratic party of the South; above all, of the eight seceding Cotton States—is representative men, invested with full authority to meet the crisis.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I not only do not despair, but I entertain not a feeling of despondency. Come what may, with our surplus productions of Cotton, Rice, Sugar, etc., and our superstructure of black slaves, *we are safe* against all the machinations of political intriguers from abroad and our demagogues at home.

I have the honor to be,
With the utmost respect.
Your ob't serv't.,
J. H. HAMMOND.

YELLOW JESSAMINE FLOWERS.—This is the season, says the Augusta *Constitutionalist* when the beautiful and highly aromatic, but dangerous, yellow jessamine flower is in bloom. Parents, and mothers particularly, should inform their children that those flowers are poisonous. We have on former occasions, called attention to this matter, and have heard of many children who have died from the chewing of these flowers. If this fact is generally known, it may save many a fond parent premature grief over loved offspring

A man will generally give you his advice without charge, but you will often be cheated if you take it.

The gleeful laugh of happy children is the best home music; and the graceful figures of childhood are the best statuary.

LITTLE-OR-NOTHINGS.

"A map of busy life—its fluctuations and its vast concerns."—COWPER.

AN ODD FELLOW.—Morpheus, for he is undeniably a Nod fellow.

CRICKETING FOR THE NURSERY.—Give a child a bat and it ll ball.

WHEN are a sweet apple and a sour apple alike?—When they are pared.

WHY is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe?—Because it is always on the *Spree*.

A gentleman having a musical sister, being asked what branch she excelled in, declared that the piano was her forte.

THERE are many doublings in the human heart; do not think that you can find out the whole of a man's real character at once.

A poet says:—"Oh, she was fair, but sorrow came, and left his traces there." What became of the balance of the harness he don't state.

IT is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true democracy to a lamp-post.

A marquis said to a financier, "I would have you to know that I am a man of quality." "And I," replied the financier, "am a man of quantity."

SCENE AT SIMPSON'S.—Waiter, (bawling to the cook:) "One roast lamb and one potatoe." Old gentleman: "No, no! Not so much lamb and more potatoes!"

A GENTLEMANLY BRIDEGROOM—The young queen of Portingal lately asked her husband at dinner what wine he preferred. "Port-you-gal!"

THE bishop of Reiz thanked the bishop of Lisieux for having consecrated him. "It is for me," said the latter, "to thank you. I was the ugliest bishop in France until you were elected."

THE life insurance companies are about inserting a clause in their policies, prohibiting their risks from risking their necks by ballooning or tight rope performances.

As gold is found but here and there upon earth, so it is with love in human life. We meet it a little in the hearts of children and in our households; but it is here and there a scale of gold and a whole continent of dirt.

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

A good man who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love and something to hope for."

A boy who was asked one day what made him so dirty, replied: "I am made, so they tell me, of the dust of the ground, and I reckon its just working out.

"Have you dined?" said a lounger to his friend. "I have, upon my honor," replied he. "Then," rejoined the first, "if you have dined upon your honor, I fear you have made but a scanty meal."

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not SET well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey." He got a glass of water in his face.

"Oh Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes, master," replied the boy; "I have been practicing since I was a child."

THE girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky *hit*, and is herself a lucky *miss*.

A man being commiserated with on account of his wife's running away, said: "Don't pity me till she comes back again."

IF misfortune comes into your house, be patient, and smile pleasantly, and it will stalk out again, for it can't bear cheerful company.

THE question, "Can a man marry his mother?" was recently demonstrated in the affirmative in Bonton. Rev. D. G. Eddy married his own mother—to Mr. Jacob Bacon.

OLD Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel, used, when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

How many a man, by throwing himself to the ground in despair, crushes and destroys forever a thousand flowers of hope that were ready to spring up and gladden all his pathway.

Baron Straatsburg, who has imported a Cashmere goat, intending to raise his own cotton to make camel's-hair shawls with, wishes to know if there is any difference between Southdown mutton, and mutton down South.

A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse, and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find *I have fallen off*.

THE following conversation recently occurred in a confectioner's shop in Bristol, between two "fast" urchins under twelve years of age. "Tom, do you smoke much now?"—"No, the cigars are so bad now that unless a man imports (!) his own tobacco, he can't get on with comfort."

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.—There is one small fact in domestic economy which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble, and temper. If the candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may therefore be easily lighted again, but if blown upon downward, the contrary is the case.

"Bridget, bring me the castor-oil, the baby is sick."

"It's all gone, marm, not a drop left."

"All gone! why, we have not opened the bottle."

"Sure you have had it every day, and I've seen you use it myself on your salad."

"Why, you don't say we have been eating castor-oil every day during the salad season?"

"Sure you have."

"But did you not see the bottle was labelled castor-oil?"

"Sure and I did, marm; and didn't I put it into the caster every day?"

S. S. Prentiss.

Emerging from a romantic dell, we came upon a high road, which led us to a small brick-enclosed cemetery, half hidden by shrubbery. We had inquired for Prentiss' grave, and we were told we should find it within this quiet enclosure, wherein three or four ancient-looking, moss-grown tombs were visible, half obscured by vines. The iron gate was locked. I climbed it, and making my way through matted grass and tangled creepers, stood before the upright slab of white marble which marked the resting-place of the great Orator. I bared my head in the presence of the mighty dead; for, with all his infirmities, Prentiss was the peer of the greatest intellects of his age. Justice has not yet been done to his noble character. His errors are all referable to his physical infirmity. He was lame—very lame, and had been so from his birth. When he grew to boyhood, sensitive, and talented, and ambitious, he felt keenly his lameness, and wept over a deformity which, in his own mind, degraded him in the presence of his school-mates. Early he learned to taste the bitterness of an ambitious and lofty spirit, feeling physical inferiority, while he was proudly conscious of intellectual superiority. When he became a man, his painful sensitiveness to his lameness led him to withdraw himself from all female society.—Under the cloud of his morbid feelings, he fancied woman scorned him. He felt humble and degraded in her presence. The barb thus rankled ever in his heart. He did not know till long afterwards, when a lovely woman gave him her heart and hand, that a true woman is interested more by the splendor of mind in man than symmetry of person; that beautiful women look rather to the intellect and are dazzled by it, no matter how plain the casket.

For thirteen years of his earlier manhood he refused introduction to ladies. Such was the sensitiveness of his proud nature! He well knew his own intellectual powers, and knowing them, he despised more and more his infirm body and believed that all others did. Yet his face was wondrously handsome. His head was large and noble and grand in outline. His smile was beautiful. His powers of conversation were imperial and unapproachable. Yet, constantly feeding upon his own morbid emotions he despised himself.—He felt (like some mighty angel in chains) bound to a body that lacked the full and perfect impress of his kind. This one, unendurable idea was never absent from him. Once an injudicious friend, indiscreet with wine, said, "Prentiss, what made you lame?"

Mr. Prentiss turned upon him a withering look of scorn, hatred and contempt, and answered in a hoarse and terrible whisper, before which the other trembled: "*God's curse, sir!*"

Then, turning his back upon him, with a lip tremulous from unfathomable feelings, he covered his face with his hands, and hastening to his chamber, cast himself upon his bed in a paroxysm of bitter weeping. Who would not pity such a man? Who shall wonder, oh uncharitable Pharisee, that he sought relief at the gaming-board, staking thousands recklessly upon a card; or in the intoxication of the wine-cup? He gambled not for money; he drank not from love of strong drink; but to escape the pressure of damning thought.—The sight of his infirm limb at times would drive this proud man to fierce despair. What cared he for the sots who flocked about him and drank at his expense? They were his tools. He used them to help drown reflection. *They* drank for sensual thirst of drink; *he* to quench the fires of thought! He despised them. Not one dared to take a familiarity with him! He who spoke to him lightly of his lameness was unforgiven by him forever!

Who will fling the stone? Who will condemn? Who can judge him, who was never in his place? What mind can conceive of the intellectual and moral torture of this proud brilliant genius, going through life hating his own form, and shunning, for years, God's greatest and best gift to man, from a sense of self-degradation in woman's presence?

No, justice has not yet been done to this great and wonderful man. He was not understood but by a few of his nearest friends—*never by his boon companions.* They fancied he was as one of themselves, when he towered above them like a prince, and despised them like a god. His own brother, who wrote his life in two volumes, did not at all comprehend his true character, and has unawares left a false and unjust impression of him upon the mind of his readers.

Even the grave lifts up its voice in echo of the vulgar opinion which classes him with ordinary inebriates and reckless gamesters.—It was with pain I read the inscription upon the headstone; it is with sorrow I copy it. I give it below:

"If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayst be feared."

S. S. PRENTISS,
BORN AT PORTLAND, ME.
SEPT. 30, 1808.
Departed
THIS LIFE
AT
NATCHEZ,
JULY 1, 1850.

Had not the Holy Bible been other verses than these bitter ones? We are all sinners; why should this man be held up, *thus* as a sinner more than all?

In a stump speech somewhere out West, the usual locality, a windy orator recently got up before an assemblage of his intelligent countrymen and said: "Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have calmly, deliberately, and carefully, come to the determined conclusion—that in cities where the population is very large, there are a greater number of men, women, and children, than in the cities where the population is less. And I firmly believe that there is not a man, woman, or child, in all this vast assembly, that has reached the age of fifty or upwards, but has felt this mighty truth rolling through his breast for centuries."

A BAD COMPLAINT.—The first physician in a certain case was discharged by his patient because he was honest and plain enough to tell the patient he had a sore throat; and the second doctor, having some hint of the fact, answered the sick man, when questioned, that his case was highly aenormal, and had degenerated into synanche tonsilaris. "Oh, doctor," cried the patient, "do say that word again." "Why, sir, I said that you were at present laboring under synanche tonsilaris." "Why, think, doctor, that fool told me that I had nothing but a sore throat, and I told him I had no use for such a dunce. Doctor, what did you call it?" "I told you, sir, in plain terms, that the morbid condition of your system was obvious, and that it had terminated in synanche tonsilaris." "Oh, doctor, it must be a monstrous bad complaint; think you can cure me, doctor?" "Now, though your diagnosis is clear, your prognosis is doubtful, yet I think, by prudent care and skillful treatment, you may recover."—"Oh, well, doctor, do stay all night, and I will pay you anything you ask."

THE ORIGIN OF "PAUL PRY."—The origin of Mr. Poole's comedy of "Paul Pry" is not, perhaps, generally known. Its construction was suggested to the author in the following manner:—An old lady, living in a narrow street had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbors, that she acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. She fell ill, and was confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window as a substitute for the performance of that duty. "Betty, what are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?"—"The first-floor lodger, ma'am." "Betty, Betty! I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?"—Why Lord, ma'am, it is only the baker with pies." "Pies, Betty; what can they want with pies at 54? They had pies yesterday."

REVOLUTION IN ARITHMETIC.—The New York *Evening Post*, of Friday, the 20th ult., has the following, which will be read by the school boys at least, with pleasure:

Mr. W. S. Hutchins is rather a short, nervous young gentleman, with a keen black eye, and a look and gait expressive of wiry activity. He claims to have made a discovery which will revolutionize the whole system of practical arithmetic, by rendering almost instantaneous the work of hours.

Mr. Hutchins visited our office yesterday, bringing a wooden slate and a piece of chalk.—On this slate an "addition sum" of five columns of ten figures was chalked down, the columns being replete with the eights, nines and sevens that so readily puzzle the reckoner. Mr. Hutchins was not allowed to see the figures until they were all marked down. He then approached the slate, seized the chalk, and with a convulsive jerk, put down the correct sum total at the bottom, doing it with a rapidity that scarcely allowed him to glance at the figures, much less go through the usual process of adding. It was as near being instantaneous as anything could be.

Mr. Hutchins also did with the same marvelous rapidity, sums in cube and square root, and in other arithmetical rules, in each proving his claim to the title of the "Lightning Calculator."

There have been before instances of similar ability in this line; but such talent has always been received and acknowledged as a personal gift of its possessor. Mr. Hutchins, however, claims that he makes his lightning calculations by a definite system, which he not only understands himself, but can impart to others. He says that during a course of studies in a western college he became impressed with the great value and importance of reducing the time usually devoted to arithmetical labors, and, after various experiments, made the discovery by which he now performs his arithmetical feats. He avers that he can teach it to any one, the pupil needing but short practice to rival his teacher.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE.—We are all imperfect creatures at the best, with more faults than virtues; still we like to have our friends know and appreciate our good qualities, such as they are. Then, why don't we do the same by them? Why must we be eternally harping on their faults, while as a general thing, though we would be both surprised and indignant at the very hinting of it by another, we maliciously keep back their perfections, most generally from fear that they will overshadow our own.

In fact this is carried to such an extent that it has become proverbial that "good men are like choice fruit trees—they get most broken and shaken than all the poor ones get together."

How many times we make some thoughtless observation about an absent friend, which we would not for worlds have that friend hear. Or how apt we are to give silent assent when a disparaging remark is made in our presence, of one whom we love, esteem, and with the strongest ties of friendship. How much more in accordance with the teachings of our Divine Master, would it be, to practice the charitable things of those with whom we daily come in contact, and dwell, only on the bright side of their characters. How many heart-aches would be prevented; how many unkind quarrels would never exist were it not for this trait in our nature, though very human, sure. The old adage, "If you can't say anything good of a person, say nothing at all," is a good one, and which would make happiness and peace here, should there be any in the world, if we would all determine to observe it.

DEPARTURE OF A GOOD MAN.—He should be about. Observe how he lays his head light and shoes gently down, how he treads the room, and the motion he makes for it is transparent and open; eyes clear and looking, ears small and neatly set on; lows cut or short and well set on; large arm and shoulder, well thrown back, and hind legs not too thin, and small boned; body round and rather light, though sufficiently large to afford substance when it is needed; full chest, affording ample play for the lungs; back strong, with the hind quarters set on rather slopingly. Any one possessing a horse of this appearance, and weighing eleven or twelve hundred pounds, may rest assured that he has a horse of all work, and a bargain which is well worth getting hold of.

There is a great rush from New York for California. The last steamer that sailed thence for the golden shores took more than a thousand passengers.