

Staunton Spectator.

CONSTANS ET LENIS, UT RES EXPOSTULET, ESTO.

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NO. XX.

STANTON SPECTATOR.

TERMS.

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All communications to the Editors, by mail, must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements of thirteen lines (or less) inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent continuance. Larger advertisements in the same proportion. A liberal discount made to advertisers by the year, the advertiser being confined to the particular line of his business. When the number of times an advertisement is to be inserted is not marked on the copy it will be continued until forbad and charged accordingly.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Sewell, Janney & Owings,
Wholesale Grocers, and Commission Merchants.
CORNER OF LOMBARD STREET AND CHEAPSIDE BALTIMORE.
JAMES M. SEWELL, WILLIAM H. JANNEY
SAMUEL B. OWINGS,
Baltimore, January 15, 1851.—1y.

William Brown,
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
WARRANTED PURE BLENDED
SILVER PLATED WARE AND FANCY GOODS,
276 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
Sole Agent for the Perfection Spectacles.
November 6, 1850.—1y.

J. L. McPhail & Brother,
HAT MANUFACTURERS,
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS AND FANCY GOODS,
132 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
November 6, 1850.—1y.

D. Reamer,
GENERAL FORWARDING AGENT and
COMMISSION MERCHANT, Scottsville, Virginia,
devotes his undivided personal attention to receiving
GOODS, MERCHANDISE AND PRODUCE;
and to sales of Produce consigned to him.
April 2, 1851.—1y.

John H. McCue,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Staunton, Virginia. Courts
claims, and the surrounding country. Office at the
late residence of his father.
St. Office on Augusta Street, immediately above the
Post Office Corner.
Staunton, Dec. 25, 1850.—1y.

William B. Johnson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Staunton, Virginia—Practises
in the Courts of Augusta, Rockbridge, Rocking-
ham and Albemarle.
Office on Beverly Street, one door West of the
Eagle Hotel.
Staunton, Jan. 22, 1851.

Dr. Patrick C. Irvine
HAVING settled in Staunton, respectively offers his
professional services to the citizens of the place and
vicinity. He may be found at his Office four doors
above the Virginia Hotel, at all hours, except when pro-
fessionally engaged.
Staunton, April 29, 1851.—3m.

Dr. T. A. Berkeley,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of
Staunton and the surrounding country. Office at the
late residence of his father.
Staunton, April 18, 1851.—1f.

E. Thomas Albertson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Waynesboro', Virginia—Practises
in the Courts of Augusta, Albemarle and
Nelson. Office on Main Street, near Gibbs' Hotel.
Nov. 29, 1849.—1f.

J. B. BRECKINRIDGE, T. W. COWNE, JR.,
Breckinridge & Cowne,
DEALERS in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, South-
west Corner of Beverly and New Streets, Staunton,
Virginia.

J. F. J. WHITE, E. P. JONES
White & Co.
DEALERS in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, North
East Corner of Beverly and New Streets, Staunton,
Virginia.

J. Y. JONES, M. B. WHITE
Jones & White,
DEALERS in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Beverly
Street, Staunton, Virginia, one door above Geo. E.
Wright & Co's, Jewellery Establishment.

C. T. COCHRAN, THOMAS BUTLER,
C. T. Cochran & Co.,
DEALERS, Wholesale and Retail, in Clothing To-
bacco, Segars, Sewing, &c., New Street, Staunton,
Virginia, one door below Breckinridge & Cowne's
and opposite the Court House.

G. B. WRIGHT, J. W. MEREDITH,
G. B. Wright & Co.,
DEALERS in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, &c., Beverly
Street, Staunton, Virginia. Watches, Clocks,
Jewellery, &c., promptly and neatly repaired and war-
ranted.

HENRY BARE, W. A. STERRETT,
Bare & Sterrett,
DEALERS in Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., &c.,
New Street, Staunton, Virginia. Tailoring carried
on in all its branches.

G. K. HARPER, C. N. KINNEY,
Harper & Kinney,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye
Stuffs, Beverly Street, Staunton, Virginia, one door
West of Breckinridge & Cowne.

Davis A. Kayser,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, South
East Corner of Beverly and New Streets, Staunton,
Virginia.

H. J. & W. B. Crawford,
DEALERS in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, New
Street, Staunton, Virginia.

A. J. Deakins,
DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Beverly
Street, Staunton, Virginia—old Stand of Cowne &
Deakins.

George E. Price,
DEALER in all kinds of Hardware and Cutlery, Ber-
evly Street, Staunton, Virginia.

A. M. Simpson,
DEALER, in and Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes,
Beverly Street, Staunton, Virginia—opposite the
Post Office.

E. M. Cushing,
DEALER in all kinds of Groceries, Confectionaries,
Fruits, &c., Beverly Street, Staunton, Virginia.

P. Bayne,
DEALER in Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c., New St.,
Staunton, Virginia, below H. J. & W. B. Crawford.

T. P. Eskridge,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dye
Stuffs, Beverly Street, Staunton, Virginia, one door
West of B. Crawford's.

Robert Cowan,
DEALER in Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.,
New Street, Staunton, Virginia—old door North
of B. Crawford's.

William Chambers,
DEALER in Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.,
in the Stone House, above the Virginia Hotel, New
Street, Staunton, Virginia.

POETRY.

The subjoined stanzas will revive in the minds of a
portion of our readers recollections of bye-gone times
when the water of the "City Spring" flowed over the
top of its homely wooden enclosure. They are from
the pen of one whose graceful poetic effusions have oc-
casionally appeared in our columns, and who after a
long absence from his native city has apostrophized one
of the scenes of his early boyhood.—Balt. American.

THE CITY SPRING.

"O'er the City Spring"
And art thou flowing still, old fountain,
As when thy stream, of yore,
To its old barrel'd brain would mount,
And sparkling there, run o'er?
Not there, in marble channel, led,
With Art's cramped arch on high;
Its source was Nature's gavelled bed;
Its roof the boundless sky.
"O' boys" was not forbid to rove,
Or do as we might please;
For then, thou had'st no stately grove,
No fence, no grass, no trees.
No keeper's frown—no placard's threat
Repressed our sports or griefs;
Though often when we went home, wet,
We'd rue our pranks with thee.
I'd love if thou could'st speak to hear
The tales thy tongue might tell;
They'd come, as grateful to my ear,
As notes from that "Old Bell."
As honest scraps; ten thousand joys,
Thy chronicles contain;
Thy "Old-town," and the "New-town boys"
Would live and fight again.
And pretty girls would gather round,
Who, oft, have dealt the prize,
That fits, as well as lance, have found—
The light from beauty's eyes.
Not Fanny's tales of war and love,
Or when I'll want to pore;
Could so my yearning fancies move,
As thou collectedst here.
They've hid thee, from thy place of birth,
And now, through mouths of brass,
Thy former streamlets issuing forth,
To marble basins pass.
A ponderous ladle's by thy side,
For all who seek thy brink;
And well it drest folk descend with pride,
Thy marble steps, to drink.
Not thus when all thy gifts were free,
Steps, ladle, pride, unknown;
The homage then, of bended knee,
Made thy old food our own.
Thou'rt changed, old fountain, and so am I,
Sine first our courtes began;
Thou'rt now a thing of majesty,
And I, an exiled man.
A temple reared, o'er thee, its crest,
With columns, frieze and dome;
A cottage in the far, far West,
Is now my humble home.
Well—it is so; I yet may fill
This iron cup of thine;
Nor wish it Lethæan;—no—not 'till
Some sterner lot is mine.
No—not while friends leave death's cold vale,
And, smiling, meet my call;
And living looks my presence hail
In home, in hearts, and hall.
Baltimore, May 1851. W. B. B.

The magazines of the day vie with each other
in their descriptions and plates of the
most recent fashions. It is said to be a feature
in these publications very popular with the
ladies. After all, however, they are of little
worth, as they are subject to constant
changes, and merely refer to the outward
adornment of the person. The last change
is to the shroud, when the body is to
be dressed for the grave.
We think we can suggest a few fashions of
more permanent value, in all respects more
ornamental and valuable to the wearer, and
far less expensive. Indeed, we are in favor
of enforcing these as a national costume.—
Thus, for instance:
It is recommended to married women that
their adorning should not be the outward
adornment of plaiting the hair, and of wearing
of gold or of putting on of apparel; but the
hidden man of the heart in that which is
not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek
and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of
God, is of great price. This is said to have
been the fashion at a very early age of the
world, even in the time of Sarah and "other
holy women of old times." In other
words, it is recommended that women adorn
themselves in modest apparel, with shame-
facedness and sobriety; not with brodered
hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but,
which is peculiarly becoming in women pos-
sessing godliness, with good works. We can
vouch for the beauty and attractiveness of
all these ornaments.
Ladies who have passed the meridian of
life will find a most becoming dress in a be-
coming holiness, while they are
neither false accusers or given to much wine,
but teachers of good things. They should be
well reported of for good works.
Younger ladies will much increase their at-
tractions if they are discreet, chaste, keepers
at home, good, obedient to their hus-
bands, and will avoid idleness, wandering
about from house to house, tattling, busy
meddling, and inconsiderate talking.

It is said that nothing sheds so beautiful a
radiance over the female face as faith and
hope, a conscience void of offence, and the
indwelling of kind, gentle and benevolent
emotions. They are better than any cosmetic
in keeping off the wrinkles of age. Now it
may be said that this is old-fashioned cos-
tume. So it is, but as all fashions have
their periodical return, why should not the
customs which beautified the Hannahs and
Marys of old be revived? We are very sure,
if the ladies knew how becoming they were,
and how attractive, they would at once set
about securing a supply of these spring-sum-
mer, fall and winter fashions.—Philadelphia
Republican.

THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.—A correspondent
of the Uniontown Democrat, who has visited
Monticello, the homestead of Jefferson,
says:
The interior of the house is just as Jeffer-
son left it, except the furniture, which is all
gone. save some paintings, mirrors, &c.—
The house, both outside and in, bears all the
evidences of neglect and decay, but it still
retains all its fair proportions; and its verna-
lize outline grows grey and mossy by time
and neglect, perhaps adds, rather than other-
wise, to its appearance, particularly to a
stranger. And the venerable aspen trees
growing around, throw a kind of melancholy
over everything, that seems to whisper in
your ear, and point you about three hundred
yards down in the woods, to the grave of
him who planted them—to the humblest
grave, in appearance, that ever held the
ashes of human greatness. I made a sketch of
it.

I enclose you a little flower, from a
branch of vines, said to have been planted
by Jefferson himself, beneath the window of
the room in which he died; they have grown
all over the side of the house now.

FANNY ELLISER.—A Paris letter in the
New York Journal of Commerce, says—
Fanny Elliser has recently returned from
Moscow to Vienna. Her professional cam-
paign in this ancient capital of the Czars
must have gratified her as much as any of
her triumphs in our large cities. Her per-
formances at Moscow were twenty-two, with
a golden harvest. Besides garlands and bo-
quets, composed of the costliest hot-house
flowers, white pigeons were thrown upon
the stage. Her horses were taken from her
carriage, and the goddess was drawn by her
admirers to her splendid apartments. Rich
carpets were spread in the street where she
was to alight. She is about to retire from
the stage to her princely domain in Styria.

SHORT OF A BIBLE.—Here is a laughable
instance of "A Man Short of a Bible."
A reverend gentleman, while visiting a
prisoner, had occasion in the course of
conversation to refer to the Bible, and in
this Court, the case was pending five
days; numerous depositions having been tak-
en on both sides. After the charge of the
Judge, the jury, in an hour, returned a ver-
dict, "That the said Warden Cresson was
perfectly sane and fully capable of manag-
ing his own affairs."

A PICTURE FOR BACHELORS.
It is in that chair yonder—not the one you
felt lie upon, but the other beside you—
closer yet—were seated a sweet-faced girl,
with a pretty little foot lying out upon
the hearth, a bit of lace running round the throat,
and the hair parted to a charm over a fore-
head fair as any in your dreams, and if you
could reach an arm through that chair-back
without fear of giving offence, and suffer
your finger to play lully with those curls
that escape down the neck—and if you could
clasp with your other hand these little white
taper fingers of hers which she so temptingly
within reach, and so talk softly and low in
the presence of the blaze, while the hours
slid without uncare for—if, in short, you were
no bachelor, but the husband of such a sweet
image—dream call it, rather—would it not
be far pleasanter than a cold single night,
sitting counting the sticks, reckoning the
length of the blaze and the height of the fall-
ing snow?

Surely imagination would be stronger and
purer if it could have the playful fancies of
womanhood to delight it. All toil would be
torn from mind-labor, if but another heart
grew into this present, soul quickening it,
warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God
speed. Her face would make a halo rich as
a rainbow atop of all such noisome things as
we lonely souls call trouble. Her smiles
would illumine the blackest of crowded
care; and darkness that now seats you des-
pondent in your solitary chair, for days to-
gether, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming
bitter dreams, would grow light and thin,
and spread and float away, chased by that
beloved smile. Your friend, poor fellow,
dies—never mind; that gentle clasp of her
fingers, as she steals behind you telling you
not to weep—it is worth ten friends.
Your sister, sweet one, is dead—buried.
How it makes you think earth nothing but a
spot to dig graves upon! It is more. She
says she will be a sister; and the waving
curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch
your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet
those other eyes. God has sent his angel,
surely! You mother—alas for it—she is
gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth a-
lone and homeless like this? You are not
alone. She is there—her tears softening
yours, her grief killing yours, and you live
again to assuage that kind sorrow of hers—
Then these children, rags, fair-haired—no,
they do not disturb you with prattle now;
they are yours. Toss away there on the
green sward. Never mind the hyacinths,
the snow-drops, the violets, if so be they are
there. The perfume of their healthful lips
is worth all the flowers of the world.

No need now to gather wild bouquets to
love and cherish. Flowers, tree, gun, are
are all dead things. Things livelier held
your soul and she, the mother, sweetest
and fairest of all, watching tending, care-
singly loving till your own heart grows pain-
ed with tenderest jealousy. You have no
need now of a cold-lecture to teach kind-
ness; your heart is full of it—no need
now, as once, of bursting blossoms of trees
taking leaf and greenness, to turn thought
kindly and thankfully; for ever beside you
there is bloom, and ever beside you there
is fruit for which eye, heart and soul are
full of unknown, unspoken, because un-
speakable thank-offerings.—Reveries of a
Bachelor.

THE HOME OF JEFFERSON.—A correspondent
of the Uniontown Democrat, who has visited
Monticello, the homestead of Jefferson,
says:
The interior of the house is just as Jeffer-
son left it, except the furniture, which is all
gone. save some paintings, mirrors, &c.—
The house, both outside and in, bears all the
evidences of neglect and decay, but it still
retains all its fair proportions; and its verna-
lize outline grows grey and mossy by time
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wise, to its appearance, particularly to a
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growing around, throw a kind of melancholy
over everything, that seems to whisper in
your ear, and point you about three hundred
yards down in the woods, to the grave of
him who planted them—to the humblest
grave, in appearance, that ever held the
ashes of human greatness. I made a sketch of
it.

A PICTURE FOR BACHELORS.

It is rarely that Europeans are called
upon to believe in the existence of amazons
—fighting women prepared to do battle on
all around, the terror of the neighboring
tribes, dressed in the attire of male soldiers,
armed with muskets and swords. These
sable ladies perform prodigies of valor, and
not infrequently, by a fortunate charge,
save the honor of the male soldiers, by bear-
ing down all before them, discovering them-
selves to the astonishment and abashed re-
pulsion of the women, exceeding their male
coadjutors in cruelty and all the stronger
passions.

His majesty having asked me one day if
I would wish to see a review of the amazons,
to which I acquiesced with delight,
ordered three regiments to be paraded.—
The ground was changed, the men falling
back, and a square was marked out for the
review. One regiment was distinguished
by a white cap with two devices (blue allig-
ators,) another by a blue cross, while the
third had a blue crown. The officers were
recognized by their coral necklaces and su-
perior dresses; while each carried a small
whip, which they freely plied when re-
quired. After being inspected, they commen-
ced an independent firing, whilst at intervals,
rushing from their ranks, many of them
would advance to the foot of the throne, ad-
dress the king, hold aloft their muskets, and
then return and fire them. During the re-
view the ministers assembled on the left of
the king. On his right were some high offi-
cers of the amazons in uniform and neat
accoutrements, performing their offices about
the king's person; one held a silver spit-
toon, another the royal hat, a third the club
—a handsome ebony stick ornamented with
silver; one proclaimed the conquests of the
Dahoman army, while two, as heralds, with
long trumpets, blew a blast, and then blaz-
oned forth the numerous names of Cezo,
the king of kings. Immediately in rear of
the king sat the "Light of the Harem," un-
der a handsome crimson and gold parasol;
around her many an envious maid, whose
turn it might be soon to be thus honored.
Their dresses were more gaudy than rich,
ornamented with coral and glittering beads.

In speaking of the two armies, let not the
sensualist imagine that a Dahoman cam-
paign is disgraced by a freedom it would al-
most be natural to suppose to belong to so
carefully disposed an army, half male half
female. On the contrary, the latter are in
charge of eunuchs, officered by their own
sex, and scorn the softer allurements of their
nature. To use their own words, "they are
men, not women! their nature is changed! they
will conquer or die!" Such expressions
could not be openly used, even as
mere boasts, by women standing in a jeal-
ous position, emulating the most daring acts
and achievements of man, unless funda-
mentally true; and with the certainty of
openly contradicted, and brought to
shame, by their fellow-soldiers of the op-
posite sex. Such then are the amazons,
whose chastity we may believe, when we
bear in mind that the extreme exercise
of every passion will generally obliterate the
very sense of the others. The amazons,
while indulging in the excitement of the
most fearful cruelties, forget the other de-
sires of our fallen nature.

Superstition assists in the preservation of
the chastity of this most singular army. The
amazons are accommodated within the pre-
cincts of the harem walls, and when abroad
share the honor of royal wives. The bell
announces to the traveller that he must not
gaze on them; and thus they have not much
opportunity of joining in conversation with
the opposite sex.—Commander Forbes.

THE DAIHOMY AMAZONS.
It is rarely that Europeans are called
upon to believe in the existence of amazons
—fighting women prepared to do battle on
all around, the terror of the neighboring
tribes, dressed in the attire of male soldiers,
armed with muskets and swords. These
sable ladies perform prodigies of valor, and
not infrequently, by a fortunate charge,
save the honor of the male soldiers, by bear-
ing down all before them, discovering them-
selves to the astonishment and abashed re-
pulsion of the women, exceeding their male
coadjutors in cruelty and all the stronger
passions.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S SLAVES.
AN ENGLISH LADY'S REPORT OF SOUTH-
ERN SLAVES.—In Lady Emmiline Stuart
Wortley's book of travels in the United
States, lately published in London, there is
an account of her visit to the cotton planta-
tion of General Taylor, on the Mississippi,
which must present, says the Republic, a
remarkable contrast for English readers to the
atrocious reports they have been in the
habit of receiving from other British travel-
lers in this country. Her ladyship called on
Gen. Taylor in Washington, and was invited
by him to visit his cotton plantation when
she went South. She says:
"I expressed a great wish to see
some of the small sable fry; and a whole
regiment of little robust, round, black ba-
bies were forthwith paraded for her espe-
cial amusement; it was a very orderly little
assemblage, and it cannot be imagined how
nice and clean they all looked. Such a con-
gregation of little smiling, goodnatured,
raven polylops I never saw collected to-
gether before. One perfect duck of a child
was only about three weeks old, but it com-
ported itself quite in as orderly a manner as
the rest, as if it had been used to give par-
ties and assemblies, and receive any quan-
tity of company from every nation on earth
all its days, or rather hours. It was as black
as a little image carved in polished ebony,
and as plump as a partridge, (in mourning.)
These pitchy-colored picanninies differed
from white children in one essential particu-
lar, for they were all perfectly quiet and
silent; all wide awake, but all still and
smiling."
"The late President's son was there, and
received us with the kindest hospitality. The
slaves were mustered and marshalled for us,
and cotton was picked from the few
plants that had survived the late terrible
overflowing of the Mississippi, and the in-
terior of one of the slaves' houses was exhib-
ited to us. As to the slaves themselves,
they were as well fed, comfortably clothed,
and kindly cared for in every way as pos-
sible, and seemed thoroughly happy and
contented. The dwelling house we went to
look at was extremely nice; it was a most
tastefully decorated and an excellently fur-
nished one; the walls were covered with
prints, and it was scrupulously clean and
neat."
"After the main body had departed, a
small straggler was brought in, (whose moth-
er, perhaps, had lavished additional care
upon its state toilette,) and it alone, appar-
ently alarmed at finding itself thus insup-
ported and insulted, testified its disap-
probation at the presence of English visitors
by a very mild squall. We saw an old
child afterwards, who was nearly white,
with lovely features and fair hair; the moth-
er was a mulatto, and the father almost
white."

It was highly delighted with the
whole company of little ink imps, from first
to last, nursing and fondling them in high
glee; and it may be readily conceived that
the mothers stood by equally enchanted at
having their little darlings so appreciated—
and not a little proud—showing their splen-
did glittering teeth almost from ear to ear.
"All the slaves were evidently taken the
kindest care of on Gen. Taylor's plantation.
Men, women, and children, all appeared
to adore Mr. Taylor, who seemed extremely
kind to them, and affable with them."

A CRITICAL POSITION FOR A FEMALE.—
Last evening, while Washington Street was
alive with pedestrians, and just at twilight,
a very genteely dressed young woman was
seen clinging to the hind part of a buggy
containing a male and female and which was
driven "down street" at a rapid rate, so fast
that the woman on behind was actually drag-
ged along. The scene was quite startling.
Men and women stopped, and eagerly in-
quired the cause of what they beheld. Ma-
ry ran to the rescue, and when the team
was nearly in Dock Square the horse was
stopped to the apparent mortification of the
driver. The woman in the rear was remov-
ed from her critical position, almost exhaus-
ted, and the man with the team drove on,
leaving his own wife, fainting and almost
dead, with strangers, and taking along with
him in the buggy, her own sister! A crowd
soon flocked around the woman left behind,
and heard from her the story of an unfaith-
ful husband.—Boston Commonwealth.

A CALL UP, BUT NOT DOWN.—A cer-
tain divine called to change his congregation
last evening, while Washington Street was
alive with pedestrians, and just at twilight,
a very genteely dressed young woman was
seen clinging to the hind part of a buggy
containing a male and female and which was
driven "down street" at a rapid rate, so fast
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him in the buggy, her own sister! A crowd
soon flocked around the woman left behind,
and heard from her the story of an unfaith-
ful husband.—Boston Commonwealth.

NOVELS.—There is so much literary tal-
ent called into active exercise, that we are
grieved to see any portion of it as misdirect-
ed and misapplied as it is, in the composi-
tion of modern works of fiction. We are
not readers of novels generally, and have for
that class of books but little taste and less
affection. Of the batch that issues yearly
from the press in England, France, Germany,
and America, we do not see one in a
thousand, and have no opportunity or desire
of reading one in five thousand. Judging
from the character given of them, however,
by critics of judgement, they are for the
most part execrable in design, if not in fin-
ish, and the wonder is that they are fash-
ionable or popular—but then the prurient
fancies and immature longings of the multi-
tude are so various and voracious, that it
requires pabulum of kinds to satisfy them,
an increase of appetite growing on what it
feeds. How much more useful and com-
mendable might be the influence of the
writers of these works, if they would suffer
their genius to display itself in efforts to re-
fine and enlighten mankind, rather than to
minister to the imaginations of indiscreet
youth, or the perverted tastes of older heads.
Alex. Gazette.

Dr. Duff, in his speech at the anni-
versary meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist
Missionary Society in London, on Monday,
thus described one of the heathen temples
of India:—"In Seringham you have the
largest heathen temple that can probably be
found from the north to the south pole. It
is a square, each side being a mile in length,
so that it is four miles round. Talk of your
Crystal Palace! Why, as a man would put
a penny into its pocket you might put your
Crystal Palace into the pocket of this huge
pagoda. The walls are 25 feet high, and 4
or 5 feet thick, and in the centre of each
wall rises a lofty tower. Entering the first
square you come to another with a wall as
high, and with four more towers. Within
that square there is another, and within that
again another, and you find seven squares,
one within another, crowded by thousands
of Brahmims. The great hall for pilgrims
is supported by a thousand pillars, each cut
out of a single block of stone."

HERE are two or three hints for juve-
nile tobacco smokers and chewers, which we
extract from the Boston Olive Branch.
They are worth being treasured up:
Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined
thousands of boys, inducing a dangerous
precoity, developing the passions, softening
and weakening the bones, and greatly injur-
ing the spinal marrow, the brain, and the
whole nervous fluids. A boy who early and
freely smokes, or otherwise largely us-
es tobacco, never is known to make a man
of much energy of character, and generally
lacks physical and muscular, as well as
mental energy.

SACRIFICES AMONG VARIOUS NATIONS.
The custom of sacrifices has existed in
almost every nation since its establishment
as a divine institution. But as the knowl-
edge of the true God became supplanted by
dreams of deities, the personifications of hu-
man vices, the sacrifices of brute animals,
as ordained by Divine Wisdom, were either
forgotten, or considered insufficient to gain
the favor or appease the wrath of the new
deities, and man was made the more accept-
able victim. In times of public calamity
the princes of Phœnicia offered up their
dearest offspring to the avenging deities.—
The Ethiopians sacrificed boys to the sun
and girls to the moon. The Scythians per-
formed their rites in gloomy groves, the
oak-trees of which were sprinkled with the
blood of every hundredth prisoner. Red-
headed men were sacrificed at the tombs of
Osiris by the Egyptians; and they were ac-
customed, it is said, to throw a young and
beautiful virgin into the Nile. Human vic-
tims were immolated in Persia by the sword,
or by burying alive. In the heart of a wood,
the Druids sacrificed their captives, and in
Gaul they set up an immense figure of bas-
ket-work in the shape of a man, in which
a hundred human victims were at once
burned alive. The Greek States, in the he-
roic age, offered human sacrifices, before
their troops set forth on an expedition. A
man was sacrificed every year by the Ath-
enians; and this custom existed among the
Romans even after it was forbidden by law,
and scarcely ceased before the downfall of
paganism: It existed among the Goths and
the Arabians, and was practiced with
peculiar atrociousness by the Carthaginians.—
Among the northern tribes of Europe it pre-
vailed until the advent of Christianity. The
Maharattas fatten for the altar victims re-
markable for their bloom and beauty. At
the burial of Congo and Ashantee princes,
hundreds of their wives and attendants have
been destroyed. The Peruvians when they
offer solemn prayers for their princes,
slew children in great companies. But in
Mexico, human sacrifice was carried to an
awful extent. In the city of Mexico alone
the yearly victims were estimated at twenty-
thousand; and the altars of slaughter a-
rose in the other cities of the empire. Sev-
enty thousand human beings are said to
have perished at the dedication of one great
temple. The skulls of such sufferers were
not unfrequently used in building certain
edifices. One of these noticed by the com-
panions of Cortez, and which consisted of a
central tower and enclosing wall, formed
wholly of skulls, is said to have contained
at least one hundred and thirty-six thousand
of these relics of pagan cruelty. Stretched
on a block of stone, the Mexican victim
was fast by several priests, while one in
a scarlet mantle, opened his breast with
a knife, tore out his heart, held it towards
the sun, and then threw it at the feet of
the idol. Previous to the sacrifice the victim
had been splendidly arrayed, and every luxury
heaped upon him. In Mexico, as often
elsewhere, the sacrifice was associated with
cannibalism.

TOMATOES AND POTATOES.—Tomatoes
and potatoes, grown with care, are said to
possess a vastly superior flavor, and to be
less liable to rot. The cause is, "that corn,
from its superior powers of attraction and
assimilation, appropriates to itself the solu-
ble nitrogenous matter contained in the soil
and thus prevents the less energetic plants
in its neighborhood from absorbing those
compounds of nitrogen which experience
has shown to be injurious to the quality of
their products."

The eccentric Dr. Byles said one day
to his servant, "Go tell your mistress that
Dr. Byles has put an end to himself." The
girl flew up-stairs, with a face of horror at
his dreadful news. The astonished wife
daughter rushed into the parlour—and there
was the Doctor, calmly walking about with
a part of a cow's tail, that he had picked up
in the street, tied to his coat behind.

Dr. Darwin was of the opinion that if
a deaf person dreamed of hearing, the inter-
nal parts, essential to the function, were un-
impaired. The same remark, says Dr.
Smith, of Boston, is applicable to the Blind.
I have invariably found that the incurably
deaf, as well as the incurably blind, never
dream of hearing or seeing.

He that loses his conscience has noth-
ing left that is worth keeping.
Age without cheerfulness, is a Lapland
without a sun.
Graves are but the prints of the footsteps
of the angel of eternal life.
The greatest truths are the simplest, and
so are the greatest men.

There are seasons often in the most
dark or turbulent periods of our life, when
we are suddenly called from ourselves, by
the remembrance of early childhood; some-
thing touches the electric chain; and lo!
a host of shadowy and sweet recollections
steal upon us.
It is not in the order of nature, that
a man becomes suddenly virtuous or sud-
denly vicious to an extreme degree, any more
than it is that the full grown fruit should
fade immediately the place of the opening
bud.

Prentice says a Mr. Bently has been
indicted for severely wounding a stranger
with an axe, alleging as a reason, that he
didn't know what he was a robber.—
"He didn't know," adds Prentice, "so he
axed him."

The poultry of the United States is
valued in the statistics at \$20,000,000—the
State of New York having over two millions
invested in it. In the egg trade the city
of New York expends nearly a million and
a half of dollars annually.

Benevolent associations for the relief
of the female portion of our race are multi-
plying. There is a call in some of the New
York papers for the formation of a society
for the amelioration of women with moring
husbands!

If your wife be of opinion that a pure
despotism is better than a constitutional
government, be resigned; you cannot say
your sovereign was not of your own choosing
—comfort enough for a republican.

FOR SALE.—A cook stove, four years old,
and well broke. Will draw anything, from
green oak to anthracite.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S SLAVES.

THE DAIHOMY AMAZONS.
It is rarely that Europeans are called
upon to believe in the existence of amazons
—fighting women prepared to do battle on
all around, the terror of the neighboring
tribes, dressed in the attire of male soldiers,
armed with muskets and swords. These
sable ladies perform prodigies of valor, and
not infrequently, by a fortunate charge,
save the honor of the male soldiers, by bear-
ing down all before them, discovering them-
selves to the astonishment and abashed re-
pulsion of the women, exceeding their male
coadjutors in cruelty and all the stronger
passions.

His majesty having asked me one day if
I would wish to see a review of the amazons,
to which I acquiesced with delight,
ordered three regiments to be paraded.—
The ground was changed, the men falling
back, and a square was marked out for the
review. One regiment was distinguished
by a white cap with two devices (blue allig-