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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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From the New York Sunday Dispatch.

PAUL MERTON.

BY META GREY.

"Farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear; * * * * all good to me is lost."
MILTON.

"My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
And the hopes of my youth fall thick on the blast."
LONGFELLOW.

Night's thousand lamps shed their twinkling light over the vast city of New York; one by one the hours had sped on, and the angel of sleep spread her soft wings and wooed the countless multitude to her embrace; old and young, sorrowful and gay, forgot their pains and aches, joys and sorrows, in the arms of the angel resistent.

Many there were who disregarded the invitation; among them Paul Merton, who, unmindful of the hour, ran his eye over the cards which seemed to fascinate his gaze, and played with a recklessness bordering upon desperation. His handsome face was already flushed with wine, and his hair fell in disheveled locks over his broad brow. His companions were more composed, and with steady hands and cool heads they drew their victim on to ruin. Finally the last card is thrown and he loses. 'Lost, lost,' he exclaims, 'I will try no more,' and rises from the table.

'Come, my dear fellow, you have not lost all; one more game might give you back what you have lost, and perhaps double it. Come, let us have another hand.'

'Tempt me not; are you not satisfied with what you have already wrenched from me? Would you beggar me? No, I will go. [illegible] darkness and death.'

'Why, Merton, do not despair. Cheer up. Fortune's wheel is ever turning, and [illegible]. Take a glass to raise your spirits. We will drink to your [illegible].'

[illegible] courage to resist the coarse jests of his companions, Paul joined them once more, [illegible] till he rose a ruined, degraded [illegible] with entire confidence she placed in his trust, was gone, and he a pauper. [illegible] deeply intoxicated to realize all, he [illegible] steps homeward, where, during those long hours, two weary watchers had waited and listened for his footsteps.

'Two o'clock, and not come yet,' sighed his lovely wife, as she looked for the twentieth time at her little jeweled watch, which [illegible] 'I wonder what keeps Paul so late to-night; he has never stayed so late before. Something unusual must have happened, I know.'

'Nor can I divine the cause of his tardiness,' answered a tall stately matron, who rested her arm upon the table, whereon the midnight taper dimly burned; her brow was calm, and a look of unconcern rested upon the chiseled features that concealed effectually her inward emotion.

Paul Merton was the only son of that proud woman, who had ever looked upon him as a boy superior to the mass that surrounded him. In that one object had been centered her fondest hopes, her highest ambition; but by her own will she had crushed all, and now she must pay the penalty.

'What shall we do?' queried the young wife.

'You had better retire, and I will remain up; you look jaded. Remember, you will need your best looks to-morrow. There must be none in that gay throng to outshine the wife of Paul Merton.'

'I do not think that I shall go; I am tired of such gay scenes, and if I remained at home more, perhaps it would be some inducement for Paul to remain also.'

'Tut, tut, child! you know nothing about it. You must go; retire now; your looks are very haggard.'

'Oh, pray, let me watch; I cannot sleep. Why can I not remain with you?'

'Because I do not wish it, and I presume that is sufficient reason.'

Sadly Eveline Merton, the wife of a few short months, rose and quietly left the room. Scarce had her footsteps died away ere the mother paced the room with rapid tread, her great eyes flashing, and her hands clasped in agony.

'Ungrateful boy, is it for this I have raised you! Is it for this that I bartered the best years of my life, that you might live in affluence, and make yourself known to the world? What is the end of all my striving? A gambler and drunkard! And she, too, his child wife, dares defy my will. I will soon show her what she must do.'

Suddenly the quick ear of the miserable woman caught the sound of the uneven steps of her son. In one moment every trace of passion disappeared, and she hastened to meet him, that he might not disturb the footman who slept at his post. Leading him to his room, and finding him too stupid to understand anything, she left him, and crossing to the wife's apartment, told her that Paul had come, but did not wish to be disturbed, as he had a very bad headache.

With this falsehood upon her tongue, she imprinted a kiss upon her daughter's cheek and left her, to seek the retirement of her own couch, where she might shed bitter tears over the fate of her brightest hopes; yet had she dreamed of the worst she would have died ere the son drank in the dew from the lily cup.

Paul Merton inherited vast wealth, yet at the express command of his mother he had studied law, and at the age of twenty-five was a promising lawyer, rapidly approaching the highest point of ambition. About this time chance threw him in the way of the lovely Amy Herbert, a way-side flower, whose modesty and purity won his heart. Amy Herbert was rich in beauty of face and form, rich in all the virtues that adorn the female sex, rich in a contented mind; her humble home was surrounded by dear and true friends, who loved her for herself alone. Thus she gently and peacefully passed her life. In this world's goods she was poor, in its arts and wiles a novice, of its deceits and falsities she knew nothing; therefore she will be pardoned for indulging the tenderest feelings for Paul, who appeared before her handsome, gifted and accomplished, with a heart free and pure, no former passion having left its impress there. A few weeks' acquaintance won from him a declaration, and in return received her's. One regret remained to dim the bright halo that love shed around their hearts—that was Paul's mother. Well he knew that her consent could never be obtained for their union, and he would not have dared to brave her fierce anger.

Who was Amy Herbert? A village maiden, whose life had been spent in untiring devotion to her grand-parents, who took the lovely orphan to their hearts and homes, when the pestilence laid waste their household, carrying all before it but the tender infant, who was too young to understand or appreciate the great loss she had sustained, and now, when age crept upon them, and rendered their hands powerless, her industry furnished them means of subsistence. And do you suppose the proud house of Merton would sanction such an alliance?—Oh, no! The unity of two great names and fortunes was the great aim and object of Mrs. Merton. A few weeks of true happiness passed to the young lovers, then Paul was called home. Then the first sorrow fell upon the heart of Amy Herbert. She loved Paul with the disinterested fervor of woman's first and early love; there was no extenuating circumstances to soothe the pang of separation. She knew that it was forever. Then it was, and then only, that she sighed for fairer fortunes, that she might be no bar to their union. Paul felt the parting; but with him it was different; he could dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation; or if the disappointment was very painful, could plunge in the tide of pleasure and drown his cares in the wine cup. He loved Amy truly and sincerely, and left her with the determination of trying to gain his mother's consent, for with her, and her alone, he felt that he could be happy. He was a proud, high minded man, but not of that stamp that judged by the weight of one's purse, and true worth ever had more attraction for him than all the gilded charms that had ever been displayed to catch him.

If Paul was successful he was to return; if not, they were never to meet again until their was no longer any impediment to their union. Thus they parted, each promising eternal fidelity.

When Paul met his mother, the cloud which darkened her fair brow told of a coming storm. It seems, from some source unknown to Paul, his mother had discovered his attachment for Amy Herbert, and had immediately summoned him to her presence to learn the truth of the report, which Paul confirmed.

'Promise me that you will never marry this girl,' she said, when the storm had subsided; 'it will kill me if you do. Say, will you promise me?'

'Mother, you know not the sacrifice you require, merely to gratify your false pride. I love Amy Herbert, and were I to marry a thousand others it would be but an exchange of hands not hearts. Are you willing, for the sake of the world's opinion, to forfeit your son's future happiness, and one who is dearer than all else on earth?'

'Could you be happy when you know that you had disgraced your family, alienated your friends, and make an outcast of yourself—for rest assured, if you marry against my will, you will never see me again, or pass my threshold.'

'Labor would be sweet, if I had those to share the profits with me that loved me for myself. Mother, think well what you are doing, ere the fatal seal is set to my happiness. Do you really mean that I shall give Amy Herbert up?'

'I do; and, Paul, if you disobey my wishes, the day that sees you wedded to that low born girl sees you motherless. I will never survive the disgrace.'

'If my word is given, set your mind at rest: as long as you live I will never break my promise.'

'That is right, my boy; you well know that man's first duty after his Maker is to his parents. I now feel happy.'

Paul loved his mother, and had never disobeyed her word, and in this instance he yielded without due consideration; his feelings were deeply enlisted for Amy Herbert, and when he found that she was so dear to him, he loved her more, and often wished that he could take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost part of the earth, and be at rest.

What became of Amy Herbert? Long she waited for Paul, but when days, weeks, months passed, and no tidings came, she knew his suit was unsuccessful. She buried in the deep recesses of her bosom the memory of her short lived happiness. She turned her mind to other things, and sought in the busy duties of life to find contentment, if not the quiet happiness she had enjoyed ere the calm of her soul had been disturbed by the heavenly breeze of love. It took time to accomplish the self-imposed task; yet she conquered.

Two years had passed since Paul had given his heart to the lowly way-side flower—two years had passed since, at the command of his mother, he had plucked it from his heart, and cast it aside, perhaps to fade and die—perhaps to take root, and bloom again.

About this time his mother invited to spend the winter with her the daughter of a friend. Both were anxious for their children to marry. For this purpose had Mrs. Merton invited Bell Lorraine to visit her, thinking constant association would soon win a declaration from Paul, as in former times Bell had been something of a favorite, and was, as a beautiful and accomplished woman, he could not withstand her charms.

Her wishes were soon gratified, Paul having proposed, not for her heart and hand, but for her wealth, which was to cover his liabilities, and redeem his credit; his property, which his mother held in charge until his marriage, being mortgaged to the fullest extent.

His mother was not ignorant of the downward course he was pursuing, and thought a wife would restrain him in that. She was mistaken. He plunged deeper and deeper into the vortex of dissipation, until all hope for him was almost gone. Still, she kept the true state of affairs from the wife, who was very miserable at her husband's neglect. The morning after the last scene, Paul was well sobered. Without hesitation, he at once made the truth known. He was a beggar, dependent for the future upon his own exertions for support. His mother at first doubted his statement: but a few days confirmed the truth of this. Paul resigned all. His wife, who truly loved him, bore all without a murmur; but his mother's rage knew no bounds. Her own annuity depended upon Paul, and now that he had nothing, she too was penniless. The lesson was a hard one; yet her proud spirit had to succumb to circumstances. They removed to a small house, and Paul, awakened from his dream, set to work in earnest to reform. His loss had a salutary effect upon him—it showed him that happiness did not consist in wealth and idleness; but industry brought with it its own reward—a cheerful disposition, and sweet content.

Eveline never regretted the change; it brought out the true character of her husband, and by assiduous attention to his every want, she won his regard and esteem. As for love, that still remained with Amy Herbert, and Eveline knew it, and she was satisfied.

Mrs. Merton became querulous and disagreeable. Mortified and humbled, she was miserable, and tried to make every one around her so too.

Amy Herbert had been called upon to bury her grand-parents; thus she was left alone, but Heaven never forgets her own chosen ones, and a home was provided her, where she enjoyed all the luxuries of earth, and after a short time, when she was called upon to bury her benefactress, she was left heir to vast wealth, which she really did not know what to do with.

True to her first love, and ever seeking to do good for evil, when she heard of Paul's misfortune she queried not for his sake that he had to combat with the rude world, but for his mother, who, notwithstanding her many follies, was old and unable to compete with the trials incidental to poverty, and out of her store of wealth a portion was set aside for her use.

Paul wondered, and his mother exhausted all her thinking powers to discover the unknown friend, but not one among their former acquaintance could they credit with so much goodness of heart. So after awhile it ceased to be a wonder. Mrs. Merton finally saw the great mistake she had made, and the false light in which she saw the world. Adversity had not come upon her without working a great change, though it was not the work of a moment; she became a Christian, and blessed the day that opened her eyes to the great truth.

Eveline was destined for an early grave, and when Paul was called upon to give her up, he truly mourned her loss. After a suitable period had elapsed his mother proposed that he should seek out Amy Herbert. Now, free to make a choice, his heart bounded with old feelings, and he hastened the low-thatched cottage of Amy. But he was disappointed—all was changed. The house was closed, and all its occupants gone, save the swallows, who still built their nests under the eaves, and warbled their matin songs as blithely as if their old friends still sat in the shadows of the old trees to listen to them. Upon inquiry, Paul found that Amy's fortunes had changed, and under the name of benefactress, she had lived near him in the city for more than one year, though he had never seen or heard of her since their first parting years ago. Fearing a repulse, he delayed calling to see her; but when he did, she could no longer control his feelings, he risked all to know if she remained true. He found a brilliant woman, in place of the simple village maiden, but she still retained in one corner of her heart her old love, and willingly accepted his, though he had taken another in the place of her. She was happy now.

With less pomp and parade was Paul Merton's second marriage consummated—but both hearts were, this time, made one. Mrs. Merton could not help loving the beautiful woman who had been faithful to her son so long; and it was not until long after the wedding-day that she found out who had been the generous friend. Paul is now an honorable member of society, while Amy's time is spent in taking care of her little pets. Mrs. Merton has long since paid the last debt of nature, and sleeps quietly beneath the neat monument that Paul has raised to her memory.

PERSIA AND THE "BUSTLE."—Ladies' bustles are of Persian origin. Nott, in his Notes on the Odes of Hafiz, describes the "retaight" as a kind of bolster, which the Persian ladies fix to the under garment, to produce a certain roundness, thought by them to be highly becoming.

Why is twice eleven like twice ten. Because twice eleven are twenty-two, and twice ten are twenty too.

The New State Capitol.

As stated last week, the laying, or rather re-laying, of the corner-stone of the New State Capitol in Columbia, took place on Monday, the 9th instant—the work being done by Richland Lodge, No. 39 and the True Brotherhood, No. 84, A. F. M.—Rev. E. B. Hort, Acting Grand Master.

The following inscription was deposited in the stone:

Franklin Pierce, President of the United States.

James H. Adams, Governor of the State of South Carolina.

R. F. W. Allston, President of the Senate.

James Simons, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Gen. James Jones, Commissioner of the State House.

John R. Niernsee, Architect.

John A. Kay, Assistant Architect.

G. F. Berg, Draughtsman.

Ralph E. B. Hewetson, Time and Material Keeper.

T. J. Cullen, Assistant Time and Material Keeper.

Columbia, S. C., June 9, A. D. 1856, A. L. 5856, and in the eightieth year of American Independence.

There was also deposited the last speech of the Hon. J. C. Calhoun, which he delivered on the 24th March, 1850. Also coins of the United States.

After the Masonic ceremonies and a short address from the Architect, John R. Niernsee, Prof. J. L. Reynolds addressed the assemblage in a speech which the Carolinian gives as follows:

Prof. Reynolds commenced his address by congratulating his fellow-citizens on the laying of the corner stone of an edifice which promised to be an ornament to the State. The character of the assemblage was, he thought, beautifully significant of the liberal institutions of the country. Here were assembled the representatives of the different nations of Europe, the Englishman, the Scot, &c., uniting with the sons of the soil in presenting a common offering upon the altar of our cherished commonwealth. He then touched upon the subject of architecture, which he deemed an important portion of the history of a people. It is the external representation of their inner life, and embodies their views, feelings and hopes. Taking a rapid survey of the public edifices of Egypt and India, of Greece and Rome, he indicated the peculiar ideas of which they were the symbols, and then glanced at the lofty pile of the Gothic Cathedral, as expressing the religious sentiments of those who erected it.

Modern architecture, he remarked, has ceased to be symbolical and purely despotic. It aims at utility, but it does not neglect the intimate alliance which should ever subsist between utility and beauty. Our State House is to be both useful and beautiful, adapted to the purposes which it is intended to subserve, and yet ministering to the gratification of a cultivated taste. A State House should represent, in the grandeur of its proportions the dignity and majesty of the commonwealth. It was a broad and comprehensive wisdom, not a reckless and ostentatious prodigality, which erected magnificent public buildings. Legislation loses something of the reverence which is its due when it emanates from a shanty or a barn.

Such buildings, he remarked, are among the most effective educators of the people. They inspire a taste for the beautiful and the elegant, which, diffused through all ranks of society, appears in the cottages of laborers as well as the mansions of wealth. At this point, he introduced several illustrations, and enlarged particularly on the beneficial influence of floriculture, as exhibited in our own "City of Oaks."

The speaker now took a retrospect of the history of the commonwealth, and paid a warm and merited tribute to the men of former times, who, by their wisdom, valor, industry and energy had secured the high position, and brought about that material prosperity which emboldened their posterity to attempt this massive and costly structure. Turning from the glorious recollections of the past to survey the future, a different prospect arrests our eyes. Clouds loom up in the distant horizon, muttering thunders break upon the ear, and the troubled and agitated elements seem to portend an approaching storm. The parricides and traitors who provoked the contest for Southern institutions would meet in the end with retributive justice, but the struggle might demand whatever of wisdom, valor and endurance the South could bring into the field.

This enterprise—the erection of a new State House—commenced in times of national tranquility, might be completed amid the clash of arms. We have not invited the contest. We stand upon the broad platform of the Constitution and the law; and, however few in number, constitute the country. All others are rebels and traitors.

The speaker closed with some observations on the necessity of virtue in the people to secure the stability and prosperity of States—called upon his fellow-citizens to cultivate those moral excellencies which would enable them to transmit this magnificent donation—a State House worthy the commonwealth—to their posterity, and exhorted them to commend the State to the care and protection of Heaven.

A correspondent of a Belgian journal reports the following anecdote of Napoleon the Third: On a recent occasion, after a long interview between His Majesty and Count Orloff, and in which the conversation had taken a wide range, the Count expressed surprise at the vast general information displayed by His Majesty. "Ah," replied Napoleon, "that was because I studied four years at the University of Ham." [A State prison in France.]

From the Laurensville Herald.

The Mineral Spring.

Drink deep, or taste not of the mineral spring—
A little *iron* is a dangerous thing.—*Pope, imp.*

MR. EDITOR: I've been very sick; in fact, I may say, I've been extremely ill. My constitution, like all constitutions founded upon the will of the majority, is completely worn out, and my whole system is in a very dilapidated condition. Reading your editorial in the *Herald* a few weeks since, I was induced, as a denier resort, to have recourse to the Mineral Spring, which I was led to suppose would, upon a fair and impartial trial, furnish me with an iron constitution, prepared to resist all further encroachments of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. What results followed the following plain unvarnished statement of facts and experience will sufficiently unfold. If it may serve to benefit one fellow creature, who, like myself, has, by the potent operation of patent medicines, become a living, breathing, walking hospital, I shall consider the small amount of brains, ink and paper expended in the narrative as amply rewarded: I was one who, in the division on the question first agitated in the community, was classed anti mineral; that is to say, I had all through life been so imposed upon by quacks, and quack medicines, that I naturally followed the first blind judgment of my own mind concerning any discovery which professed to renew my liver, lights and lungs, and to restore my digestive machinery into comple working order. Added to this, the various rumors respecting the discovery, properties and effects of the mineral spring, appeared to me to be so exaggerated, that my mind, which, generally speaking, founds its conclusion upon simple, substantial facts, readily embraced the anti mineral doctrine. I was first informed that the water was so strongly magnetic in its iron qualities, that it *attracted* the original discoverers to the spot, and that they there beheld the astonishing fact of iron swimming upon the surface, uncontrolled by the laws of specific gravity. I began to wonder. Then I was informed that various worn out livers had been completely restored, re created, and that various ruined stomachs had been lined with iron, upon which the gastric juice had no more effect than boiling upon a No. 3 mackerel. I began to doubt. Finally, I was informed, and pointed to the very individual, whose digestive powers had been so recuperated that six meals per diem, including all that the market afforded, were insufficient to satisfy the demand of a new born appetite, brought about by an average of eight gallons of mineral water during the day! I began to be amazed. Then I was informed that a mine of something very much like "Challenge Blacking" had been found some distance from the spring. Now, I might have swallowed the mineral water very well, in its pure, unadulterated state, but the idea of one in my weak state of health taking in all these ingredients, naturally turned my stomach against the thing, and I ranged myself unwillingly on the an timineral side of the spring. I became then by the force of circumstances a disbeliever in modern miracles—I came to be a disbeliever in mineral water.

All this happened before the "analogy" had been received from Prof. DuPre, of Spartanburg—before I had resolved to test the matter, not with maple bark or a magnet, but by a full, fair and impartial system of imbibification, and inward taking in of the water in question. The very first gourd full mineralized me; my system was completely oxydized by the second, and the third purified my whole system, and converted me not only to a mineral man, but my system to a compound of all the known gases, salts and metallic bases.

There are several facts in connection with the effects of the water upon the system which I have noticed in my own case, and which are important to be understood in order fully to appreciate the change effected; and it is to be remarked that water, as a steady drink, is considered to be unwholesome; it is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, carbonic acid, animalcule polywogs, musquito eggs and various other substances too numerous to mention. Looked at through a spy-glass, it astonishes, and we are led to wonder that some other beverage has not long ago been substituted as the common, ordinary, every day drink of humanity. For further particulars, see Southern Quarterly Review, May number: Art.—Review of Prof. LaBorde's Physiology. Well, as I was going to remark, the natural consequences of taking such a quantity of live animals, and life promoting substances into the system, are awful to contemplate. Consider how many people die of dropsy in its various diagnoses. Consider how many live out a miserable existence with water on the brain, and "hydro-thorax." Consider how many suffer incalculable pain from dyspepsia and other forms of indigestion, which is caused by the water animalcule playing up on the digestive organs, and then say if the discovery of a mineral spring, in which no creeping thing or swimming thing, or thingumbob can live, be not a blessing to sick humanity every where. "The thousand ills that flesh is heir to" unite and raise the joyous, triumph cry, "Eureka! Eureka!" No more shall diseased livers bring sallowness and pumpkin-yellow to the cheeks of beauty. No more shall tough beef and ante-diluvian chickens try and overcome our gastric juices. No, no! the fountain of health is opened. "Throw physic to the dogs," and let doctors starve or seek more profitable employment. Who's going to the spring? I AM.

Punch for April is rich. He don't like the peace. 'What, he makes John Bull exclaim,' (under the head of swindling the Clarendon,) as landlord of the British Lion—'What! Quite the gentleman! Why he has left nothing but a portmantel full of bricks and stones and gone off without paying the bill. The cut exemplifying his dismay is excellent, and what is more, it purports to be drawn 'by a distinguished Russian.'

Central America,

Secretary Marcy has added greatly, by his last two despatches, to his already established reputation as a diplomatist and political controversialist. We lay before our readersthis morning his despatch to Mr. Dallas upon Central Amercan affairs, and commend it to their perusal, as an able and lucid discussion of the most interesting question in our foreign relations.

The despatch is intended as a reply to Lord Clarendon's proposition to submit to arbitration the points of difference between the two Governments on Central America; and it will be observed, that while the proposition is agreed to on some points, it is declined upon the question of the construction of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The propriety of this course will, we think, be manifest, upon the consideration of the facts. The English Government assumes two positions in reply to the remonstrances of the United States against its pretensions in Central America. First, that it had colonial possessions in Central America at the formation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Secondly, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, being merely prospective in its intention and operation, that the British Government was under no obligations to abandon these "possessions." Upon this claim to rightful possessions that Government has assumed dominion over a portion of the Belize, and has planted a colony in the Bay Islands. The Mosquito protectorate professedly rests upon mere treaty stipulations on the part of Great Britain to protect the Musquito Indians.

Now, Lord Clarendon, in his last despatch proposing the arbitration, seems to assume that the only difference between the two countries was on the interpretation of the Treaty, as to whether it was both retrospective and prospective, or prospective only in its operation—the United States asserting the former, and the British Government the latter, view. But it is evident that the solution of this question would not settle the matter. Lord Clarend n ignored the other point, as to whether England had any "possessions" at all in Central America, and if any, whether of such a nature as to justify her course in reference to the Belize and the Bay Islands. In confining, therefore, the matter for arbitration to the simple construction of the Treaty, Lord Clarendon omitted the most important point of difference between the two countries. For though, as Mr. Marcy clearly shows, the determination of the construction of the Treaty in accordance with the views of the United States would settle the whole difference, a determination against her would throw the whole question back upon the rights of "possession" and dominion assumed by Great Britain. In other words, this question of "possession" is prior to that of the construction, and must be first decided. It was to put an end to these very claims that the United States entered into the Treaty, and she cannot now take or assent to any step that can be construed into a recognition of them. The arbitration proposed may decide that the Treaty was intended to operate prospectively only, and such a decision would not only leave England all she claims, but make the Treaty of 1850 a nullity, so far as placing the two Governments upon a footing of equality in Central America. To e ure this equality was the chief object of the United States, and she cannot now submit it to the possibility of defeat. If England's asserted rights to possession and dominion over the Mosquito Territory, the Belize, or the Bay Islands, are to be recognised, the question of Treaty-interpretation is idle so far as these points are concerned. And they certainly would be in some manner recognised, when we concur with Lord Clarendon that the question of interpretation is the only point of difference between the two countries.

To conclude, we see in this despatch of Mr. Marcy the first glimpse of conviction on the part of the Government that nothing short of the annulment of the Treaty will bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion. We have expressed this opinion before, and expect yet to see it verified.

[*Charleston Mercury.*

SOUTH CAROLINA AND SUMNER.—The Richmond *Enquirer*, in speaking of the majority report of the Committee of the House of Representatives recommending the expulsion of Mr. Brooks, says:

"It is not at all likely that South Carolina will quietly submit to the punishment of a man whose only offence is the zealous and gallant vindication of her own outraged honor. Of course Mr. Brooks' constituents would re elect him by acclamation, if he should desire such a vindication of his character. It is probable, however, that he will not desire a return to Congress, where Southern gentlemen and Southern institutions are incessantly traduced by insolent and foul-mouthed abolitionists. Under the present *regime* Congress is little better than a kennel of curs, whose association gentlemen of refined feeling rather avoid as pollution than covet as an honor.

"We believe the expulsion of Mr. Brooks will be reproved by South Carolina by some unequivocal and emphatic expression of concern for its insulted dignity. Perhaps she may withdraw her delegation from Congress. She has the pride and the spirit to adopt some such energetic measure of resentment."

A GOOD ONE.—A gentleman, in his eagerness at the table to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife slipping on the battom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust, when a wag, who sat opposite to him, very gravely observed, while he held his plate:

"Sir, I'll trouble you for a bit, while your hand's in!"

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy, what possessed you to ask such a question?" Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anna Dominy, 1838, and that isn't mother, for her name is Sally Smith."

A Novelty.

Public benefactors are unquestionably entitled to the profound gratitude and homage of those whom they aim to benefit, but as the world has been in the habit of paying debts of this kind, such men have been suffered to pass away without receiving an adequate return for their labors. Inventors of new things are usually numbered among these unfortunates. There have been, however, some exceptions to the rule. Every now and then, some novelty in science or art starts up, of real advantage to the community, which carries the public by storm, and both inventor and people reap from it solid and substantial reward. Of this character, we predict, will prove "a new and useful game," called by its inventor "the game of equality," and played by means of "The Oracular Wheel or Unique Centre Table." This interesting invention owes its paternity to the fruitful brain and generous impulses of one of our own citizens. The design of the thing originated with the view to place the sexes on an equality in the most momentous concern of life; and in practical operation—we say it from actual observation—it works like a charm. What think you, young man, of sitting down in a parlor numbering some twenty or thirty odd, and singling out the lady you have chosen, silently conversing with her—perhaps across the room—and telling her all that you wish her to know, without disclosing the fact to any other person? What think you, young lady, of thus speaking to the object of your affections and of being understood by him, if he reciprocates your attachment, and not being understood if he does not reciprocate it? This, surely, is a game at which you may win but can't lose, and if it is verily feasible, we have no doubt you will each adopt it with a ready and willing mind. We assure you it is even so. The facts are beyond all question, and if any of the youthful, or even the elderly, readers of the *Enquirer* will take the pains to see for themselves the practical operation of the "Oracular Wheel," recently patented at the Patent Office, in Washington, they will find that the statement is true. We do not know when or how the inventor proposes to distribute on sale the "tables," by means of which the game is played, but we are assured the public will look forward to their general distribution with anxiety and increasing interest. Do let us have the "Oracular Wheel, or Unique Centre Tables" at once.

[*Richmond Enquirer.*

A SNAKE COMBAT.—Combats between the rattle and black snake are certain if they meet, and the black snake is, with rare exceptions, the conquerer. Upon seeing each other, these animals instantly assume their respective attitudes of defiance, and display the great difference in their organization. The rattlesnake coils itself up, ready for attack or defence; the black snake being a constrictor, moves about from side to side, and is in constant activity—naturally exciting each other's passions. The rattlesnake finally settles down into a glowing exhibition of animosity, its fangs exposed, its rattles in constant agitation. The black snake, seemingly conscious that the moment of strife has come, now commences circling round its enemy, absolutely moving so swiftly that it seems but a gleam of dull light; the rattle snake attempts to follow the movement, but soon becomes confused, and drops its head in despair; then it is that the black snake darts upon the back of its deadly foe, seizes it between its teeth, and springing upwards, envelopes the rattlesnake in its folds. The struggle, though not long, is painful; the combatants roll over in the dust, and get entangled in the bushes; but every moment the black snake is tightening its hold, until the rattlesnake gasps for breath, becomes helpless, and dies. For awhile the black snake still retains its grasp; you can perceive its muscles working with energy; but finally it cautiously uncoils itself and quietly betakes to the water, where recovering its energy, it dashes about a moment as if in exultation, and disappears from the scene.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE PRESIDENT.—A Cincinnati paper describes the personal appearance of some of the prominent delegates to the Democratic Convention. Of the nominee for the Vice-Presidency it says:

"Near the eastern aisle and within a few seats of the front, on the western side of the aisle, sets John C. Breckenridge, the impersonation of Democratic Kentucky chivalry, who won a high position in the last Congress, and declined to be a candidate for re election. He is a tall and gracefullyformed young man, with delicate features, and would be singularly handsome if his profile was more prominent. Looking at him side-ways, and his forehead, But his eye beams with intelligence, his nose is handsome in outline, and the habinose and chin, are nearly in a straight line. tual compression of his lips indicates resolute will. On the whole there is a poetic glimmer about him. And that there is something of this in his character, the fact that he has purchased an island in Lake Superior for a summer home would indicate. His manner in speaking is proud, defiant and full of passion, tempered by educated discretion.

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world, said a "cara sposa" to his wife at breakfast, the other morning. A sect of woman philosophers haue just sprung up!" "Indeed," said Jane, "and what do they hold?" "The strangest thing in nature—their tongues."

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson."

A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied: "You think differently from your father."

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there," returned the Jew.