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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Recent Confession of an Opium-Eater.

There is no necessity for telling the reader how I came into the company with which he will find me associated in the ensuing narrative; and there are several reasons why he need not be informed on that point. In the first place, he has no right to inquire; for I hold, and always have held, and maintained, both in argument and practice, that a man is responsible only to himself for the company he chooses to keep. 2dly, Supposing he had the right to ask (which, as already stated, I deny,) still it would be inconvenient for me to tell him. 3dly, Supposing he had the right, and I were willing to acknowledge it, it would nevertheless be useless to the purpose of the story I am about to narrate, and therefore a crime against art. 4thly, Because any consistency and completeness which the narrative might gain by the relation of the circumstances antecedent to the position, at once intensely horrible and highly amusing, whither they conducted me, are sufficiently attained by the mention of the fact that, while enjoying with the full appreciation of a refined and extremely sensitive nature the appliances of luxury and wealth, I have never shrunk from studying the aspect of humanity in the Rembrandt-like chiaroscura of vice and crime. In search of the harmonies which slumber in the soul of man, I have sounded the bass string of society. Leaving the splendours and decencies of the upper region of our social atmosphere, I have voluntarily descended into the depths filled with fœtid and noxious exhalations, and I have ever returned to the light of common day with an intensified sense of the unfathomable mysteries and the unutterable melodies hidden in the profoundest abysses of our nature.

Some of my readers will probably remember that particular epoch in the history of crime when murder became the handmaid of medical and surgical science, whose requirements, at that time greatly extended by the ardor of discovery, were by no means satisfied either by the legal offerings of the bodies of criminals, or the more adventurous, though less legitimate, contributions of surreptitious exhumation. The impulse communicated to that branch of study which deals with the mysteries of our physical nature, by the great anatomists and physicians who stand in conspicuous array on the line which separates dusky empiricism from luminous science, had awakened cravings in the minds of our students which could no longer be stilled by such eleemosynary and desultory aid. To satisfy these cravings, a race of miscreants arose, whose peculiar province in the field of assassination may be denominated enlightened Thuggism. But their atrocities, though serving a more practical purpose than those of the Thug, had their origin in a far less elevated motive. There is too much reason to believe that a mercenary desire to obtain the price of the body predominated, in most instances, over the wish to advance the interests of science; while even the better of these influences is still far inferior to the religious fervor which prompted the tightening of the Oriental noose. Be that as it may, it was at a time when the horrible trade had gained the utmost extent and organization it was destined to attain, before the revealment of its iniquities had caused that outburst of popular execration which extinguished it utterly, instantaneously, and for ever, as with the blast of a hurricane, that the incidents occurred to which I am about to draw the reader's attention.

The scene, then, is a squalid and dingy chamber in the topmost flat of one of the many-storied and ancient dwellings which still give individuality to the Old Town of Edinburgh. The sole furniture of the apartment was a battered and time defaced table, stained with grease and liquor, having a bench of similar character on each side. In a bottle on the table was stuck a long candle of the commonest description, whose flaring and drooping wick shed a dull light on the faces of the company. How I came to be in such a scene, and among such persons as I am about to describe, is, as I have already intimated, no business of the reader's. Suffice it that I was there, the occupant of one of the benches, while opposite me sat three individuals, two men and a woman. Long-nosed Bill, the central person of the three, possessed a remarkably villainous physiognomy, which, the index as it was to mental features equally singular and truculent, rendered him a highly interesting subject of philosophical contemplation. His nose was, as his name indicated, very long, and overhung so as almost to conceal a mouth so small, thin, and compressed, as to appear to have been made with a knife after the rest of his countenance was designed; while on each side of the main feature, sparkled an eye, deep set, small, gray, and inexorable. His head, phrenologically speaking, was not bad, being of sufficient height, though the forehead was concealed by straight black locks; the countenance, widest at the forehead and narrowing almost to a point at the chin, was of a pale clay-color; and the sole expression was one of truculent vigilance and resolution. On Williams' right was seated a more commonplace miscreant, whose coarseness of appearance and conversation betokened atrocity unredeemed by refinement, and whose name of Squabby (by which his companions addressed him) was not without a certain philological fitness. One of these external indications of character, which garments often convey, appeared in the contrast afforded by the dress of these men; for while Bill's shabby, scanty, and close buttoned black coat, rather exaggerated the unfavorable impression made by his thin angular form and cadaverous countenance, and seemed to show that he despised those little ameliorations in costume which are within reach of the humblest, Squabby's gaudy waistcoat, and gorgeous jewelry of glass and copper, showed all the inclination, without the power to be what in these latter days is denominated "a swell." The word dandy, which, at the time I speak of, was the generic term for all who cultivated ostentatiously, with whatever degree of success, the art of costume, fails to convey the idea of exuberance and floridity expressed in the newer appellation. Squabby, therefore, was a vulgar swell.

Their female companion—faded, though still young—possessed, nevertheless, a face whose expression frequently drew my gaze. This was owing not so much to her beauty, which could never have been of a striking character, as to the likeness she bore to a young girl with whom I had some years before been curiously, intimately, and most romantically connected. Ah, Catharine! even now, when I summon from the dim past thy angel face, with the mild imploring look I last beheld there—imploring a speedy return, where fate was even then writing, with iron pen, the stern decree that for me to thee there should be no return—even now, as those eyes so beseechingly beam on me through the distance of many lustres, my heart owns that there are sympathies over which time has no control. That likeness, faint as it was, perhaps altogether fanciful, awoke feelings which, as they arose, brought with them a crowd of memories—and hence the charm which a face, to others, perhaps, commonplace, had for me, though there was nothing in the manner, appearance, or conversation of this young woman which distinguished her as if any way very superior to the scene and the society in which the reader finds her.

It must not be imagined that we had no other occupation in this dreary and ill-lighted apartment than that of looking at each other. Another bottle, besides that which officiated as candlestick, stood on the table; or I should rather say, paced round it, for it seldom halted much longer than was necessary for the filling of the cracked glass which stood before each of us. Our liquor was port, a choice made at my suggestion, and Long-nosed Bill had coincided with a hearty cordiality which his appearance did not certainly promise, but the motive of which I afterwards divined. He had sent the girl out for a dozen bottles; and though almost abstaining himself, and restraining also the manifest inclination of Squabby for the generous liquor, he pressed it on me with a hospitality that seemed incapable of being repressed or chilled.

Meanwhile the conversation did not flag. Squabby, finding in me an interested and attentive auditor, talked much and loudly, but with a certain coarseness which would have disgusted me had not his loquacity perpetually started subjects which the sagacious William treated with a masterly tersness, such as I have seldom heard equalled. But the great charm of his conversation was its mystery. The numerous adventures in which he appeared to have been engaged had neither beginning nor end. Of secret expeditions, of hairbreadth escapes, of rapid flights, there were sufficient to set up a modern novellist for several seasons—but the spring and motive of all these were wanting. Why these expeditions were planned, what pursuers he had escaped from, and why flight was necessary, were questions which I had to call in my imagination and invention to respond to, and thus to string on theories of my own the broken links of his narrative. Equally mysterious, though more boisterous, was the conduct of Squabby, who frequently made jesting allusions to their peculiar vocation, which, though to me utterly devoid of meaning, caused a cynical smile to flit across the astute physiognomy of his friend while the woman responded with a low and musical laugh generally smothered in the the corner of her shawl. This mystery veiling the subject of their conversation, without concealing its main outlines, lent to it the interest which awakened and baffled curiosity has always excited in my mind from my earliest days. My part was not, however, merely that of a listener or a guesser. I hesitated not to exchange sentiments and experiences with these humble friends, who granted me the same attention which I in my turn gave to them; and I remember regarding it as a striking proof that no eloquence, if genuine, is beyond the appreciation of the rudest minds, when on one occasion, I having delivered a magnificent quotation in a mannner (as I flatter myself) to do full justice to its sonorous flow, and having told them the words were those of the great Burke, they heard his name with startled interest, and were silent for some moments after. However, I now conjecture there might be other reasons for the agitation caused by that glorious name.

I had drank probably about two bottles of wine to my own share, Squabby nearly as much, and the abstemious Bill perhaps about a bottle, when I thought I perceived a diminution in the cordiality of this latter entertainer. I am naturally extremely sensitive in such matters—indeed so morbidly alive to the faintest indications of failing hospitality, as sometimes to conceive suspicions regarding the sincerity of my welcome, which I am subsequently satisfied are groundless. However, in the present instance, there could be no doubt that Long nosed Bill not only ceased to talk himself, but listened to me with manifest impatience, and sometimes exchanged glances with his two companions, while those he cast on me bore rather the character of animosity than cordiality. Under these circumstances I considered it due to myself, as well as to my hosts, to rise and bid them good-night. This sudden move of mine produced an instantaneous change in the manner of Long-nosed Bill, who pressed me to stay with more than his former hospitality, while at the wink from him, Squabby placed himself between me and the door, and, with boisterous but good humored reproach on my breach of good-fellowship, refused to let me pass. All this, however, would have had small effect in inducing me to remain after the change in Bill's manners towards me; but just then the woman also joined her entreaties to his. In so doing she used a tone and gesture which at once arrested me. They were such as recalled vividly the tone and gesture which a young girl had unconsciously assumed some years before when I was parting from her in anger. Ah, Emily! potent indeed was the charm of thy pleading over my offended and recusant spirit. Hard indeed would it have been to turn from those eyes—to repel that offered embrace. Years had passed, Emily, since I had seen thee—many feelings and many memories had crowded in between—but the voice and look of a stranger recalling thine, showed that even the faint and distant echo of thy powerful spell could still enchain me. I need scarcely say I resumed my seat.

Long-nosed Bill now became more agreeable and hospitable even than at first, relating passages in his career still more marvellous, and passing the wine with increased rapidity, insisting at each round of the bottle on filling my glass himself, and calling out pleasantly, "No heeltaps," before doing so. For a time this amused me; and I was also interested in watching a little by-play carried on by Bill's companions. The woman was no doubt united to him in bonds more or less hallowed, and Bill, with the watchful prudence which his countenance betokened, seemed perpetually on his guard to prevent the slightest familiarity between her and Squabby. Nothwithstanding all his vigilance, I observed, however, that, whenever his attention was distracted by the friendly office of filling my glass, or whenever he grew so interested in any of his narratives as to relax his watchfulness for a moment, the woman, stealthily passing her hand behind him, clasped that of Squabby extended to meet it. To a philosopher and student of human nature this slight incident was amply sufficient to reveal a tale of passion—a tale which it saddened me to read. I saw in Long-nosed Bill an instance of the insufficiency of the most astute and powerful intellect to restrain the erratic propensities of the female heart. Here was this great man, who had lavished perchance his whole heart, staked his whole faith, on the woman beside him, while she, like the base Judæan, throwing this pearl away richer than all her tribe, bestowed in secret her love upon one conspicuously Bill's inferior in every respect, except that his personal appearance was rather less revolting. Miserable mistake! accursed error! yet one to which the feminine nature is peculiarly liable. The remembrance of such an error, of which I was myself the victim, is still as a dagger to my heart. For thee, Augusta! for thee my nights were nights of sleeplessness—my days, days of reverie; to thee I gave the thoughts of my philosophic soul. And how didst thou requite me? With undoubting faith and untiring constancy?—No! On the night of that ever memorable ball—a ball which still haunts my remembrance as if peopled with spectres and demons—there flitted before thine inconstant eye that gaudy figure, rich indeed in scarlet and embroidery and clanking spurs, but poor, beyond all measure of poverty, in that philosophic refinement which constitutes true wealth. From that moment I was forgotten, and since then a permanent shadow has settled on my soul.

This train of thought naturally made me melancholy; and my spirits were further depressed by a cause which I will now state. At this period I had resolved gradually to wean myself from my opium, and, after terrible struggles and enormous sufferings, had succeeded in limiting myself to a pint and a half of laudanum per diem. Now, on this particular day I had taken only a pint, for the following reason: the druggist with whom I generally dealt, had sent me a batch of 144 dozen, in which my experienced palate at once detected adulteration. I had therefore returned it, retaining only a bottle for the day's consumption. With this bottle in my hand I had gone down to the kitchen to speak to my cook-maid, when a family of beggars made their appearance at the door, consisting of a father, mother, and two children. The plaintive tones in which they entreated charity went to my heart. Ye gods! said I, here are people hungry, cold, miserable, craving a morsel of food, while I hold in my hand this bottle, the key of the seventh heaven. Am I justified in withholding the celestial panacea! Shall I not say, drink and be happy? In compliance with this natural impulse, I at once gave each one of them a glass of laudanum, which they drank in solemn silence and went away. What became of them I cannot say; but as I never heard of any family being poisoned about that time, I conclude they were all confirmed opium eaters. However, this liberality on my part reduced my dose for that day to about a pint, and I was now beginning to feel the effects of this unusual abstinence; the chief of which effects was of course depression of spirits—gradually my head sank on my bosom. I ceased to respond to Bill's call of "No heeltaps;" the liquor I craved was not the growth of Oporto. It was then that Bill, seeing my condition, but ascribing it to a wrong cause, used this remarkable expression: "He's pretty near done—let's finish him;" and the woman going to a cupboard returned with a bottle, which Bill uncorked, and filling my glass from it, pressed me to drink. Half-absently I complied; but the moment I put my lips to it I started with joy. Could Bill, then, read my heart?—could he pry into my soul? Why, here was the very potion for which I had been thirsting as never Arab thirsted in the desert, and now (here I sipped again)—it was no mirage, but the divine nectar itself. Tossing off my glass, I at once resumed my wonted cheerfulness.

I noticed that, instead of talking as before, Bill and the woman now intently watched me, (Squabby was by this time very nearly blind drunk); and my intellect regaining its usual vigorous clearness, I at once perceived that Bill, with what design I knew not, intended to "hocuss" me. The absurdity of an attempt to render *me* insensible with laudanum presented itself so vividly to my mind, that I had much difficulty in preventing myself from exploding in laughter. However, I managed to preserve my gravity, and entering into the humor of the thing, at once resolved to drink against my entertainer—Laudanum *versus* Port—and thus astonish his debile faculties, as Jack did the Giant's in the matter of the hasty-pudding, only that, instead of merely pretending by a mean subterfuge to consume my share, as Jack did, I would drink glass for glass. What a triumph of opium eating! How would the great Coleridge scowl in envious bitterness of spirit, when he learned that I had achieved a feat which he well knew he never could hope to surpass!

Now then for it! Bill drinks, and offers to fill my glass. I fill it myself, quaff it off, and continue to converse cheerfully. Bill drinks again—I imitate him—Bill stares and looks astounded, but nevertheless continues to drink: so do I. We each stick to our own bottles, the liquor in which grows rapidly lower. Bill gets confused, and is no longer master of his utterance—I become calmer and calmer, and flow on in a rapt strain of eloquence, which immeasurably delights myself. Presently, however, my attention is arrested by a change in Bill's aspect; he has fixed on me a gaze of unutterable malignity. He mutters to the woman in a thick husky whisper, that "he ain't a goin' to stand this much longer." In a moment I became alive to the situation I was in. I was in the presence of an exasperated ruffian, who saw in me one who put him to considerable expense in wine (to say nothing of the laudanum,) and who not only obstinately refused to part with his faculties, but was rapidly reducing his host to a state of intoxication. Affairs became presently more serious, when Squabby, utterly unable to sit upright any longer, suddenly disappeared under the table—when Bill impatiently started up, glaring fiercely on me. I instantly summoned my energies to meet the difficulty, and, falling forward with my head on the table, affected to snore heavily. I heard Bill remark that "'twas all right at last, but he believed that 'ere cove was the devil;" when the woman, taking up the candle, opened the door of an inner apartment, and entered, followed by Bill with uncertain steps.

It may easily be imagined that I now lifted up my head, and watched them with intense interest. The room they entered was small, and its only furniture were a bed and a sack. The bed was peculiar, consisting of two thick mattresses, without bed clothes, and a complication of ropes, pulleys, and weights. Presently Bill and the woman, each seizing a rope, began pulling, and the upper mattress slowly rose. Heaven and earth! what a thought flashed across my mind! I had heard of such things before—the unhappy being, stupefied by opium, was placed between two mattresses, and smothered so as to produce the appearance of natural death, and his body sold to the surgeons! The *sack* was irresistible evidence—it must be so! I was in the company of body snatchers, and was about to be MURDERED!!!

The thrill of horror which now naturally passed through my heart did not prevent me from seeing the case in all its philosophic bearings. My natural impulse was, of course, self preservation; but still, as a philosopher, I was bound to consider also the interests of the public. I had every reason to believe that my organs and functions had become so vitiated by the use of opium, as to insure, to him who should lay bare, with scientific knife and anxious inquiry, this earthly tabernacle, the disclosure of the most remarkable phenomena. Had I then, as a citizen, the right to withhold this perishable frame, which would inevitably be dissolved in a few years, and perhaps under far less important conditions, (for I might leave off opium, and, thus restoring my body to a healthy condition, render it comparatively valueless,) when I might, by submitting to the fate designed for me, remain for ages, in spirits of wine, a monument of opium-eating? This was one view of the case; but presently, with that clear view of things which the practised metaphysician inevitably acquires, I perceived an objection. I remembered that my body would probably—nay certainly, be sold to some surgeon totally unacquainted with my person and habits, and who would therefore be wholly incompetent to explain the remarkable appearances which dissection would reveal; and the theories broached to account for them, being thus based on mere supposition, might probably perplex science instead of advancing it. This view of the case, coupled with a desire to live my appointed time, decided me, and I took my measures accordingly.

All this time I have left Bill and the woman standing by the fatal bed, where Death so often took his repose, with the ropes in their hands. Fastening them so as to allow the upper mattress to remain uplifted, they turned towards me; but before they did so, and while I was still left in almost complete obscurity, I filled from my bottle of laudanum both their glasses. The perplexity of the woman, and the drunken astonishment of Bill, when, on returning for the supposed insensible victim, they found me seated upright and cheerfully surveying them, have probably never been equalled except in that remarkable passage of the literature of my childhood, when Mother Hubbard, having gone to the undertaker's to buy a coffin for her dog, (whom she had every reason to suppose dead,) returns, and finds the presumed corpse in a state of cachinnation or laughter. They were so astonished that, when I desired them to be seated, they mechanically complied, and, addressing them in a little speech, I proposed the health of the lady as a convivial toast, and, tossing off my glass, invited them to pledge me. Totally bewildered they did so, and sat for a time staring at me, while I watched them with calm certainty. Well did I know the train of symptoms by which they who dare to trespass, without due initiation and neophytism, on the imperial domains of opium, approach insensibility. Gradually their muscles relaxed—their heads sank—their inspirations lengthened and deepened—till they sank side by sid on the floor, not in the divine dream of the qualified practitioner, but in the dull stagnation of the presumptuous quack.

Having now the field to myself, and my mind being relieved from the sudden strain, I allowed myself to lapse into one of those peculiar and refreshing trances which opium commands. The vision I beheld was no doubt suggested by the events of the evening. Methought that I actually beheld by body laid upon the hateful bed which, uplifted by countless myriads of Squabbies and Longnosed Bills, was borne through the air, while I, seeming to have a separate existence from the body, (a species of duality I have often observed in these trances,) was compelled to follow and observe. After floating apparently for centuries through immeasurable regions of space, the bier was laid in a vast hall surrounded by skeletons, who shouted from their fleshless jaws, in full chorus, as my body was borne in, "Room for the Opium eater!" and all the echoes answered, "Room for the Opium-eater!"—like the people answering the priests in the service of a cathedral. Then flocked in, in endless procession, all the mighty surgeons and physicians whom the world ever saw, headed by the divine Esculapius in classic robes, and whose ample brows were crowned by a chaplet. Galen followed, and Hippocrates—and Celsus and the wizard-physician Cornelius Agrippa, and Garth and Harvey and Hunter, with all their contemporaries, till Astley Cooper headed the College of Surgeons of our day. Then the doors were closed with a mighty sound—silence was proclaimed by a herald—and the whole procession, filing past the bier, bowed to it as an army to its warrior-chief. Again the herald proclaimed silence, and the venerable Esculapius, standing forth before all, said, in purest Attic Greek, in solemn tones, "Let us dissect the Opium eater!" and all answered, "Let us dissect him."

Then the shadow of the great father of physic, approaching with reverence the bier, laid open the temple of the brain, when lo! there straightway issued forth such a swarm of ideas that the vast hall could not contain them. Upward they floated, bright conceptions, melodious utterances, imperishable images, unutterable thoughts, and thronged the atmosphere from pavement to roof; while still from that small skull flowed the unending stream, like the mighty and fertilizing Nile from its fountain source. Upward still they pressed, till their accumulation grew irresistible—joist and rafter gave way with a crashing sound, (it was the triumph of mind over matter,) and forth floated the joyous liberated thoughts to their kindred sky. And all the multitude bowed down and acknowledged the might and majesty of genius.

I know not how long the vision occupied, but when I ceased to dream, the candle was low in the socket, or rather the bottle. My companions were still prostrate, and showed no sign of existence except their heavy stertorous breathing. They might, however, shortly recover, and I therefore resolved to go at once, while they were still insensible to my movements. Hastily finishing the laudanum which remained in the bottle, I took up the candle and proceeded down stairs.

I think I had got down about ten stories, when, taking the wrong turn at the foot of the stairs, I opened the door of a room which I found full of lumber and straw. As I turned to leave it, the candle fell from the bottle among the straw, which was instantly in a flame. If I had raised an alarm, the question of *how I happened to be there?* might have arisen, which I have already said it did not suit me to answer; and if I stayed to attempt to extinguish the flames, I might fail to escape, for the fire spread rapidly. Hastily quitting the scene, I ran down to the level of the street, and slipt silently away in the darkness.

As the wind, rising by degrees, first sports with the dead leaves, then rattles at the casements, till tile and roof-tree go down before the hurricane, so arose the alarm of Fire. First a watchman shouted—a chance passenger joined him; those who lived on the basements and ground floors next issued forth, and the chorus surged and swelled into a mighty diapason. Clattering through the streets came the fire engines on their errand of salvation; beside them run the firemen. Gallant Phœnix, brave Sun!—well done both brigades! But this night your efforts shall be in vain! For see, the flames leap forth at every window! Higher they climb, story after story, with rapid step. They lick the walls—they swallow the rafters—and ever still their progress is upward, like bright thoughts pointing heavenward; while the base mortar and stones and clay, falling inward like low material natures trying to smother the light of genius, raise for a moment a dust, which vanishes, leaving the flames brighter than before. Still upward! till now they have reached the chamber where I passed the night. Bill, my purposed destroyer, where art thou? where too is thy partner, she who sleeps in thy bosom! shall she ever again repose there? Ha, Squabby, not all thy gibes and jewellery can avail thee now! See, the fire has encompassed them—see, the shadows, hurrying frantically on the ceiling, show that the floor is in a blaze! And now they rush to the window. Even at this distance I recognise Bill by the length of his nose: he tears the woman from the window and looks down. Shall he leap? No! sixteen stories is a height to appal the bravest. Destruction in front, destruction in rear! to be roasted or smashed!—dreadful the alternative, William—vain the hope of escape! And now the problem, which he dare not solve for himself, is solved for him. The woman from behind casts her arms about his neck with frantic gesture, and both fall back into the room. Higher rush the rejoicing and victorious flames, arching their crests and crackling joyously, till the walls crumble and sink, burying in their ruins the ashes of the Body-snatchers.

Death of the High Priest of Japan.

The Dairi, or High Priest of Japan, inhabits a splendid palace in the city of Miako, on the Island of Nipon. His court is composed of 20,000 priests, who are intrusted with the charge of the 4,000 temples of this immense city. His costume is a long tunic, over which he wears a large red dress; a white transparent veil, ornamented with golden fringe, is worn upon his head; falling about half way down the body. His countenance remains always invisible.

On the 1st of July, 1856, the Dairi was taken ill. Immediately the chief priest, with his ghostly colleagues, 200 priests of the first rank, who are endowed with the religious power of the empire, were summoned to the palace. By the next day the invalid's situation became more critical, and on the 3d his death was pronounced to be inevitable and close at hand. The priests repaired at once to the temple, and informed the populace that the Dairi had entered into a compact with the Seven Gods of Heaven, and was upon the eve of rejuvenating his mind in the embrace of Ted-syodai-sin, the principal of these deities, who the Japanese believe to have created the world. She has been at the head of affairs for about 25,000 years, and from her spring all the royal families of Japan. To her the inhabitants of the entire empire address their invocations as the protectress of the land.

At the conclusion of the first prayers, the priests declared that the inhabitants could immediately enter the palace and regale their eyes with the sight of their highly-venerated High Priest. At once the crowd streamed to the palace, where they beheld Dairi lying stretched upon a bed of state. He was dressed in a white tunic, and his features, covered with a very thin mask, were dimly perceptible through a veil spread over them. The priests prayed loudly, and wafted the sweet perfumes from their censers around the dying man. At 9 o'clock in the morning of the 5th of July he breathed his last. As the last breath passed through his lips, the chief priest, raising his arms as a token of the departing life, assured the bystanders that the soul of the High Priest had ascended to the abodes of the Gods, but that it would shortly return and resume its earthly habitation. Upon this announcement a solemn silence pervaded the audience. After the lapse of ten minutes the chief priest, surrounded by a crowd of his religious companions, threw over the still warm corpse of the Dairi a large white cloth, which he instantly withdrew, and in the place just before occupied by the body there appeared another similarly attired, but alive and strong, who, raising himself from his recumbent position, went to an altar standing near the bedside, and bestowed upon the people present his blessing. The crowd instantly broke out into exclamations of gladness and rejoicing.

By a well concerted stratagem, the priests had abstracted the body of the Dairi, supplying its place with his son, who inherits his father's station. The state bed being hung around with drapery, rendered it all the easier to perform the trick without arousing the suspicions of the credulous inhabitants. The corpse of the Dairi was carried in the night time to the Ycie temple by the priests, where it was laid upon a pyre and burned to ashes. This being done, the temple is closed, and all persons are forbidden to enter it. A violation of this law is punished by burning to death.

The Ycie temple, the handsomest one in the city, contains several rows of earthen statues, of the deity Ten-syo-dai-sin. These statues are about one yard high, are hollow, and have each a large opening in the back of the head. The ashes of each Dairi are preserved in one of these statues, the same as in an urn. The inhabitants are not permitted to enter the portion of the temple where these figures stand. On the day after the death occurred, ceremonies of a very different character take place—the inauguration of the new High Priest, who, as the people suppose, has had his soul renewed in the residence of the great gods.

On the 7th of July, the new Dairi, surrounded by chosen priests, issued from his palace and paraded the different portions of the city of Miako. The people threw themselves to the earth, and addressed prayers to him as a god. Upon this day all work was forbidden, all prisoners were set at liberty, and all criminal processes annulled.

A Young Lady Slandered.—At the recent Court of Common Pleas for Greenvill District, there was a case of slander—a foul slander, on a young, innocent and beautiful school girl, just verging into womanhood. She brought her action, by her father, in vindication of her character, and a Greenville jury awarded her the sum of four thousand dollars. We hope this verdict will show the world the estimate put on character by a Greenville jury. The defendant was a man of property, and he fled the country, with his family, but the verdict shall overtake him. Not one dollar however, is the plaintiff disposed to touch; but her counsel have not the same delicacy of feeling or repugnance to the touch of the defendant's money. After the payment of counsel fees, the remainder can be appropriated to various patriotic and charitable purposes, without offending the delicacy of any one. The slanderer must be punished.—*Greenville Patriot.*

New Way of Detecting Counterfeits.

Mr. John S. Dye, of New York, has come before the public with a new plan for detecting counterfeit, spurious and altered notes. He presents it in Dye's Wall street Broker, and he pledges himself to take every counterfeit, new or old, at its full value, that is not thoroughly described in his publication so nearly as to be detected; and it is to make no difference whether the bill is now in existence or should come into existence months or a year hence. The plan of detection is set forth in English, German and French. The character of all genuine and spurious bills is minutely described. Seven rules for detection are given, as follows:

First. Examine the form and features of all human figures on the note. If the forms are graceful and features distinct, examine the drapery—see if the folds lay natural; and the hair of the head should be observed, and see if the fine strands can be seen.

Second. Examine the lettering, the title of the bank, or the round handwriting on the face of the note. On the genuine bills the work is done with great skill and perfectness, and there has never been a counterfeit but was defective in the lettering.

Third. The imprint or engraver's names. By observing the great perfection of the different company names—in the evenness and shape of the fine letters, counterfeiters never get the imprint perfect. This rule alone, if strictly observed, will detect every counterfeit note in existence.

Fourth. The shading in the back ground of the vignette, or over or around the letters forming the name of the bank, on a good bill, is even and perfect; on a counterfeit irregular and imperfect.

Fifth. Examine well the figures on other parts of the note containing the denomination, also letters. Examine well the die work around the figures which stand for the denomination, to see if it is of the same character as that which forms the ornamental work surrounding it.

Sixth. Never take a bill that is deficient in any of the above points, and if your impression is bad when you first see it, you had better be careful how you become convinced, to change your mind—whether your opinion is not altered as you become confused in looking into the texture of the workmanship of the bill.

Seventh. Examine the name of the State, name of the bank, and name of the town where the bank is located. If it has been altered from a broken bank, the defects can be seen, as the alternation will show that it has been stamped on.

The New Use of Cotton Seed.—In a recent number of the New Orleans Creole, we find a very interesting description of an establishment in that city for the manufacture of oil from cotton seed. After describing the process, the Creole says:

Cotton seed has heretofore been regarded as useful only for the purpose of manure. It has added nothing to the value of Southern production; but it is now shown to be little inferior in intrinsic value to the silky fibre in which it is enclosed.

The establishment to which we allude produces five hundred barrels of oil per day, from the dry cotton seed. A novel and beautiful piece of machinery hulls it with the utmost precision and the greatest rapidity, leaving the oily meat free from every foreign substance. Exposed to a considerable heat, and subjected to pressure, oil is produced, which, by a new chemical process of clarification, becomes fit for every purpose for which olive, lard, or sperm oil is adapted.

To day, it is used on the tables of many of our citizen as olive oil. It burns in the solar and astral lamps in our parlors. It is used on machinery as a lubricator, and answers every other purpose for which fine native or foreign oil is needed.

The establishment is self sustaining. The refuse hulls furnish the fuel to drive the engines. Not a single stick of wood has been purchased since the machinery was first put in motion. As an experiment, a portion of the accumulation of the waste has been shipped to the North to be worked up into bookbinders' boards, for which purpose this material is believed to be admirably adapted. Six months have not yet elapsed since the machinery was set in motion, and now the oil is finding its way into the country in preference to lard or sperm oil, and is for sale in many establishments of this city. The sale is quite equal to the possibility of production.

The effect of this favorable experiment with cotton seed upon our domestic economy is likely to be most favorable. For years the price of pork has steadily advanced. We are burning up so many hogs, in the shape of oil, that the price of meat, unless a new source of oil had been discovered, must have proved a serious inconvenience. Let, however, the cotton seed, which now rots in millions of tons on our plantations, be pressed into oil, and the South will be independent of Northern fishermen, and instead of being consumers, will soon become exporters of oils that are superior to and cheaper than any other now used. The cotton fields will prove richer mines of wealth than the most productive gold bearing States of California. Pork, no longer wasted for light, or manufactured into table oil, or into perfumery for the toilet, can again be furnished for five or ten dollars per barrel.

A Dutch paper in the interior of Pennsylvania expresses its opinion of President Buchanan's inaugural in the following lucid and concise terms: "Und der Deutches ver samelung wher echt met die grosen Inaural foon der Shames Buchanan, sell ish shaney, der hummelrigh der Democratisy nichts cum araus! Der blatt! ein pretzel! Soon tite! Swatsacepe holtimol swei glasses iager right away. Secretary der Sweitzer Cheesen foon der Washington mit Jackson shuffleboarden. Der Schmidt?—Nit Der Vig! Nit Der Schwartzenhoverl Nit Ein blate limeerger mit strongfogo! Ein glassen bier mit pretzel! Soontite! Yah!"