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### TERMS.

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### Miscellaneous.

From the London Court Journal.

#### The Fortune Teller and the King.

##### I.—THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

Theodore Primi was a young man of some talent and of great assiduity, which two qualities would have sufficed to have insured his success in life had he been in any other place than his native town; but Primi had never left Bologna, and even a prophet is not regarded in his own country, much less a cap maker. It is therefore not to be wondered at if Monsieur Frederic Leonard, an artist of eminence, and a man of some property, should hesitate before he gave his daughter to a man whose good qualities were his only recommendation, and who had far more ready wit than ready money. Theodore and Louise—the lady in question—thought differently, and wished to be united, and to live even upon nothing rather than in separation, and, like all wise young people, were satisfied that something would turn up in their favor. Mons. Theodore Primi was a handsome man; that was stronger than all the arguments of her father; but more, he was clever, witty, tender, and affectionate, and with all these attractions he completely stole her heart, and she was equally inconsolable with her lover when his suit was rejected by her only surviving and otherwise indulgent parent. "Go," said the painter, addressing Primi, "to Paris, try your fortune there, Louise shall wait twelve months for you; in the mean time, do your best, and if you earn a tolerable position in the world you shall have her. During the interval, silence is the word—I will allow no correspondence—nothing to perpetuate an affection which your failure must put an end to forever."

Theodore vowed he would carry the whole world before him, make a rapid and noble fortune, return and marry his mistress in triumph; the painter thought differently, but kept his doubts within his own mind, contenting himself with wishing him a *bon voyage*, and presenting him with a five franc piece to aid him in the commencement of his journey, loved him quietly to the door.

##### II.—THE DILIGENCE.

The lover was a prudent man, he had forty-six francs in his pocket, he spent forty-one in paying his coach hire, and carefully laid the rest out in Adynising himself, as he depended more upon his good looks than on anything else to make his way in the world. Theodore Primi was by no means a modest man, bashfulness was not imprinted lightly upon his countenance, and he felt satisfied that he had but to present himself at the gates of the great city, to have silver and gold in abundance in his possession. He therefore ascended the steps of the diligence, and set himself down in a very contented state of mind, though his pockets owned but four sous, one liard, and two centimes, for which in English, a term *non est inventus*—i. e., has not been invented. Louise, in the enjoyment of every comfort of life in the home of her parents, and with every attention paid her, was dull, nay miserable—but Louise was a woman, and one of strong feeling, and more, she was not going to Paris. Her lover, it was true, every instant was whirled or rather dragged, farther from her; but then, he was in the busy world, starting on the grand errand we all run—she, like too many of her sex, secluded and in solitude.

Theodore's first thought was to examine his companions in the *rotonde*, and his eye instantly caught that of one whom he knew.

"Ah, Duval! c'est vous!"

"Yes, Primi, and is it possible that it is you?"

Wonderful similitude of expression! Extraordinary sympathy of kindred spirits! Primi and Duval were instantly the best friends in the world, confiding to each other their plans and hopes, and displaying their resources in a very ostentatious manner. A conversation of a very interesting nature ensued, for they spoke of the tender passion, and, besides, both were bound for Paris in search of fortune as adventurers and wits. While the words of communication were passing rapidly from one to the other, the olfactory nerves of Signor Primi were attracted, and as soon repelled, by "a very ancient and fish-like smell," proceeding from some part of the coach.

"Out! out!" said the cap-maker.

"Qui? qui?" replied Duval.

"Can't say," quoth his friend in a whisper, scanning the proportions of their comrades.—Opposite him sat an old lady, next to him a well cloaked individual, exhibiting an evident desire to retain his incognito, and in the corner, a person in a new leathern jerkin, not over well tanned, upon whom his suspicious rested. Primi said nothing, but waiting until the coach stopping gave him an opportunity (the man in the leathern jerkin stepping out) of informing his companions of a plan he had hit upon to rid himself and his friends of the strong scented jerkin. Shortly after the obnoxious stranger's return, Duval addressing Primi, said, "I believe you pretend to fortune telling, *non est?*"

"I certainly do not pretend to it, but I have the gift of prophecy, if I behold the handwriting of the person concerning whom I have to speak."

"Bah!" said Duval, "all nonsense, I have heard this before, but never believed you could have the consummate impudence to assert it."

##### III.—THE EXPERIMENT.

After some further preliminary colloquy,

Duval signed his name with a pencil on a piece of paper, and Primi gave a most elaborate and apparently correct answer, at which the whole company, and especially the leathern jerkin, appeared greatly surprised. The rest of the passengers were tried in the same manner, perfectly to their own satisfaction, without noticing the strongly-odored individual against whom the plot was directed. Primi proceeded to converse on some other subject.

"*Est moi, Monsieur,*" inquired the leathern jerkin, modestly, "will you not oblige me by making the same experiment? Here is my name written with my own hand."

"With pleasure, sir," replied Primi, taking the paper, and, without casting his eyes on it, addressing the stranger, "anything to oblige, and, moreover, there is something in your countenance so very amiable I could not refuse you. 'Dio mio!' cried he, as soon as he saw the handwriting, returning the paper hastily and apparently shocked—"I cannot tell you anything. Pray Heaven I am mistaken, but God's will be done as I was saying, Duval, it is this faculty on which I depend for success in Paris."

"And will not Monsieur oblige me?" said the leathern jerkin, earnestly; "my curiosity is very much roused, and besides, I am sure it is something unpleasant."

"Seriously," replied Primi, "I am very disagreeably placed, but as, perhaps, prophesying will enable you to falsify the assertion of the facts, let me tell you that I see from your handwriting that you are to be assassinated the instant you enter Paris."

The leathern jerkin sank back in his place in the utmost terror and astonishment, and at the next stage disappeared.

##### IV.—THE ADVENTURER IN PARIS.

Travelling night and day, one must overcome the slowness of a diligence and the ostentatiousness of French post-horses, which look quite out of place in a gallop, and our travellers accordingly did at length reach Paris, where Duval introduced Primi to the Abbe de la Baume, not then Archbishop of Embrun, which accounted for his condescension. The Abbe, taken by the wit and humor of his new acquaintance, after spending several very pleasant hours with him, introduced him to the Duke de Vendome, and to his brother, the Grand Prior.

The Duke de Vendome, being a man whose time was wholly devoted to pleasure and amusement, was delighted with Primi, whom he took about with him everywhere, and found in his ready wit, aptitude of manners, and fertility of invention, a great resource against idleness and ennui. But what chiefly recommended the Italian to his new friend, was the capital manner in which he narrated a lively story, and the Duke would never be satisfied unless he told him one at his breakfast table. Amongst others, Primi described the scene in the diligence, at which the Duke was convulsed with laughter.

"Primi," exclaimed he, "you are a treasure, by heavens!"

"My lord is very flattering."

"No, *par di*, I am not, but this must not be lost—it is too good to be thrown away. If we could enact this over again, what a capital source of amusement and wonder for the Parisians!"

"Anything, my lord duke, which can procure you satisfaction, I am prepared for."

"Well, let us talk it over and see how it can be done. *Attendez*, Ah! I have it. Let us shut you up for a couple of months, during which time I will tell you the genealogy and secret history of the whole court, their connections, amours, rivalships, enmities! Ha! ha! ha! capital idea! I foresee, Monsieur Theodore, a world of amusement!"

Primi acquiesced in the plan above mentioned, and the duke, the prior, and the abbe, presided themselves in supplying him with facts and matters connected with the persons about the Court, to enable him to know their histories, should they present themselves to his notice.

##### V.—THE KING.

Primi secluded himself during the two months and having a most retentive memory, did not fail to acquire the knowledge requisite for so novel an undertaking. An apartment was prepared for him with all the paraphernalia of magic—a wand mirror, dark curtains, long flowing robes, grey beard and slouched hat, in addition to which he was furnished with a book, filled with cabalistic figures, but in reality containing private and secret notes concerning the persons whom he expected would present themselves. The confederates then spread about the news of an extraordinary fortune-teller and magician, who could divine merely from perceiving the signature of the person seeking information. No sooner was the rumor noised abroad, than crowds presented themselves, composed entirely of the rank and fashion of France. Men and women, old and young, the rich, the titled, and the beautiful—and, as the fee was considerable, Primi began to entertain certain hopes of attaining the object of his dearest wishes, and his spirits rising accordingly, his success was the greater. The duke and the prior, who concealed themselves in an adjoining cabinet, were often so convulsed with laughter at the distress and astonishment manifested by the visitors, that Primi felt alarmed for himself lest they should betray him, but fortunately they had sufficient command over themselves to restrain an explosion.

Among other persons who visited Primi, were the Countess of Soissons and the Duchess of Orleans; and the fortune teller astonished the latter by declaring accurately all the circumstances attending her correspondence with the Comte de Guiche. Her surprise was unbounded, and she displayed a liberality which strongly testified her terror at the conjurer's power, and her fear that he might impart the knowledge he had gained to others.

Some days after the interview above mentioned, Vendome was driven to his cabinet, which he had quitted on the departure of the Countess of Soissons, after her third visit to make some inquiries as to what she had sought to know,—by the announcement of visitors.—The Duchess of Orleans entered, attended, by a stranger, habited in an ample cloak, whom,

surveying for an instant Primi, without noticing the Duchess, led with the deepest respect to a seat, and then, addressing Madame of Orleans; inquired her orders.

"Tell me," said she, unrolling a sheet of paper and displaying a letter sealed with the royal arms, and signed, Louis—"tell me the character and disposition of him who signed this letter."

"*Permettez, votre Altesse,*" replied Primi, taking the letter from the hand of the Duchess, and approaching the light, and then adding, without a moment's hesitation, "*it is written by a miserly old carmudgeon, who has not one good quality to recommend him.*"

The Duchess in the utmost confusion, with trembling limbs, advanced towards the stranger, and said softly, but still so as to be heard by Primi, "forgive him, it was my fault, he does not know you."

"Sire," exclaimed Primi, falling on his knee, "I knew your Majesty the instant you crossed my threshold, but thinking you wished not to be known here, I forbore recognizing you."

"What!" said the Duchess, still more astonished and confounded, "do you add to your criminality by thus declaring your knowledge, that in the King's presence you insulted him?"

"Stay, stay, cousin, not so fast!" interrupted the King, quietly, and at the same time giving evident tokens of embarrassment and vexation at his position. "You have induced me to test the powers of this man, and I have not been disappointed. That letter is in the handwriting of Rose, my cabinet secretary, and his character has been fairly hit!"

Both the Duchess and the concealed Duke were in amazement at this new proof of Primi's wit and power of discrimination; but the latter was soon overcome with terror, rather than any other feeling, when the King turning to the Fortune-teller, said, "Now, Primi, I have only two words to say to you—disclose to me your secret, for which I will pay you with a pension of two thousand livres for life, or else make up your mind to be hanged.—Cousin, you may leave us."

Primi, (the Duchess having retired,) detailed without hesitation his whole story, from the time of leaving Bologna until that morning, and during the recital the Duke entered, threw himself at the King's feet and besought his forgiveness.

The King pardoned both, kept his promise to Primi, and in addition to this, not only preserved his secret, but when going that evening to the Queen's apartment, mentioned before the courtiers that he had seen (he did not say he had visited) Primi, and that "he had told him things which no being of his kind had ever before revealed to any one."

This added wonderfully to Primi's reputation, and, not to weary the patience of our readers, it is sufficient to say that ere the year's termination, Primi had realized sufficient, in addition to his pension, to enable him to return and claim his bride in triumph, which he did—and living to a good old age, never failed to bless the man in the leathern jerkin for the fortune which he had procured him.

A VISION.—One sultry summer day, having fallen into a doze over "Plutarch's Lives," he thought I was suddenly transported to the regions of the dead, where as I wandered about seeking some of my old friends, my attention was suddenly arrested by a loud clamor of voices that seemed to come from persons engaged in hot contention, and attention of Rhadamantus, who presides over the Supreme Court in that unexplored region. On enquiring the cause of this disturbance, he was informed that it originated in a dispute between Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Tamerlane, Nadir Schah and Napoleon Bonaparte, as to which was the greatest hero and conqueror.—The judge directed them all to be called before him, and ordered them to set forth their pretensions in as few words as possible.

"I," said Julius Caesar, "conquered Gaul, and Britain, and finally laid all Italy at my feet."

"And I," said Tamerlane, "conquered Asia, and shut up the representative of the Prophet in an iron cage."

"And I," said Nadir Schah, "conquered Persia, Armenia and Hindostan."

"And I," said Napoleon, "conquered Italy, Germany and Prussia, laid Europe at my feet and subjected France to my sway."

"And I," said Alexander the Great, "conquered the world."

"Very well," said the judge. "You are all great conquerors but I will show you a greater."

Accordingly he beckoned to a tall, majestic figure, standing apart contemplating the scene with calm indifference, who advances and stood erect before the great Judge of mankind.

"Here," exclaimed Rhadamantus—"Here is the conqueror, greater than the desolators of nations, and the subjugators of Empires, who after giving freedom to his country and emancipating a world overcame his ambition and conquered himself!" It was Washington.

KEEP YOURS.—There is no surer destroyer of youth's privileges, and powers, and delights, than yielding the spirit to the empire of ill-temper and self-hood. We should all be cautious, as we advance in life, of allowing occasional sorrowful experience to overshadow our perception of the preponderance of good.

Faith in good is at once its own retributive and reward. To believe good, and to do good, truly and trustfully, is the healthiest of humanly conditions. To take events cheerfully, and promote the happiness of others, is the way to ensure the enduring spring of existence.

Content and kindness are the soft vernal showers and fostering sunny warmth that keeps a man's nature and being fresh and green. If we would leave a gracious memory behind us, there is no way better to secure it than by living graciously. A cheerful and benign temper, that buds forth pleasant blossoms, and bears sweet fruit for those who live within its influence, is sure to produce an undying growth of green remembrances, that shall flourish immortally after the present stock is decayed and gone.

An editor at a dinner table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, I am unable to find room for it."

### Religion of the Chinese Rebels.

Several English officers in April last visited the camp of the Chinese rebels, and in their account of their trip they state, at a place called Tantoo, they had destroyed all the idols and thrown them into the river. One of the rebels asked an officer to repeat the ten commandments, and on his doing so they appeared to be highly delighted. The officers also presented them with copies of the Bible, in English and Chinese. The rebels treated them with great respect after they ascertained their visit was not for hostile purposes.

The Hong Kong Register of May 17, however, pronounces the statement that "the leaders of the movement are not merely formal professors of a religious system, but practical and spiritual Christians," sheer nonsense and humbug. It contends that the Christianity of these men has shown itself in robbery, licentiousness and bloodshed. They glory in stating that they put to death 25,000 Tartars, without distinction of age or sex, since they have had possession of Nankin. It considers them as using religion merely as an engine to serve their ambitious ends. The way these men became acquainted with any part of Christian truth is said to be through Dr. Gutzlaff, a missionary, who formed among them a Christian Union.

Some of the members of this society, it is supposed, are the leaders of this rebellion. The Register adds, there is undoubtedly great imposture and wild fanaticism among them. The leader, Tae-ping-wing, gives out that his origin was divine, and asserts that he is often taken up to Heaven, has direct personal communion with God, and is the brother of Jesus Christ! His followers seem to entertain the same belief! In practice, he has thirty-six wives!

It is further stated that the use of opium is disallowed in their ranks, and forbidden to their followers. In fact, it is said they have added the interdiction of the use of tobacco and opium to the ten commandments, tacking it on to the end of the seventh. It is stated they have plenty of money. As they were poor men, they must have obtained this by plunder.

SOCIETY OF THE LAST MAN.—Nearly twenty-one years ago, seven young men of this city, then in the early flush of manhood, entered into an association for an annual meeting and supper so long as any of their number should survive. These seven were Dr. Vartier, Dr. James M. Mason, William Stansbury, William Disney, Jr., Henry L. Tatem, Joseph R. Mason and Fenton Lawson. For several years, the pleasure of their meeting was unalloyed with sorrow by death. In 1839, one vacant seat and one unused plate announced the beginning of the wreck which Death was sure at last to make of all their number. By and by a second empty plate bore its quiet testimony to the stern reality of the relentless fate of the grave. Soon but four met at the annual commemoration, and another unoccupied chair told its silent story. A year or two longer, and the dead were more than the living; three survivors remained—four had died; and now another, Fenton Lawson, swells the triumph of the grave. Next October, Dr. Vartier and Henry Tatem, will meet alone if death is not too urgent, and how sadly and solemnly, as they look upon the memorials of their departed associates will they mentally agitate the question which of the two will finally sit solitary in the shadowy presence of the dead, and say to the grave, thou art my sister! How awful that last supper, when the sole survivor enters the room, and sees there of the seven plates and the seven chairs, each of which tells him, "what shadows we are, shadows we pursue."—*Cin. Gazette.*

### The corrupt tendency of Fashionable American Literature.

By H. W. MILLER.

Is it not lamentable that throughout our whole country, and especially in our populous cities, the most frothy, ephemeral and corrupt productions of the day have become the favorites of the reading public? that the scholar's study and the lady's drawing room are considered more tastefully decorated by the works of the licentious novelists of the nineteenth century, than they would be by all the literary learning of the past? How often are the mother and daughter occupied in poring, with apparent delight, over the vicious productions of Dulver or Eugene Sue, when they would scorn to appear even to countenance one who is suspected of frequenting haunts of vice, for which the reading of these very works may have given him a taste? Yes, chaste indeed must be the thoughts, pure the reflections of her who has just emerged from a scene drawn by the pen of the novelist which she herself would blush to relate! And yet all this is encouraged. Go into any of your bookstores, visit your reading-rooms, look around you in your public saloons—whose productions first meet the eye? Those of the graphic, the virtuous, the immortal Scott; of the elate Addison, and their compeers? No; but there lies open the Don Juan, or the Vision of Judgment of Byron, the Ernest Maltravers, or Falkland of Bulwer, the Temptations of Eugene Sue, and scattered here and there, as if to infuse into the whole mass the lowest, filthiest, blackest vice, the eye rests upon the vulgar and profane effusions of Paul de Kock! And can the mind spend days and nights, weeks and months in contemplating such scenes as are described, such characters as are delineated in much of the fiction of the day, and still retain its purity, its strength, its capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, to detect error and elucidate truth? Can it, by the graphic power of the novelist, be induced to lie down in mental association with the debauchee or libertine—look arms of the most intimate companionship with the shrew or the termagant—sit for hours in close communion with the leaener, the swindler, or the assassin—enter into all the schemes, the dark and cunning machinations of the gambler or political juggler, join in their feelings, participate in their sympathies; can it pass through all this, I ask, and still retain unsoiled those moral sensibilities, that well balanced state of moral feeling, as would fit it for the duties of life? As well might you expect the conflicting youth to learn the true principles of the Christian faith by the study of the writings of Bolingbroke or Paine! Thus do we meet around us melancholy victims of the fashionable reading of the day. In the case of the young female, there is exhibited a total unstringing of the mental nerves, a morbid restlessness of desire. It has produced upon the mind an effect similar to that which some medicines have upon the bodily organs. An ideal world is created. It is inhabited by every species of unnatural being. Visions indistinct and unsettled are constantly flitting before it. Vague and incomprehensible ideas of right and wrong, of virtue and vice, of truth and error, are incessantly haunting it. The charms of domestic life, the duties of the parent, are forgotten or neglected, smothered beneath the mass of mental confusion! So has an intellect, which would, with proper culture, have proved a blessing and delight to every circle, become the architect of its own ruin!

### UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

A laughable illustration of the heading of this article occurred in Illinois lately, as will be seen by the following from the Peoria, News:

"Mr. B. was out hunting with his rifle, and crossing the field of Mr. C., a Frenchman, C.'s large dog attacked him savagely, while C. stood looking on, without attempting to call off his dog; B., getting out of patience, shot the dog, and he fell apparently dead. C., in high indignation, forthwith got out a warrant and had B. arrested for killing his dog—swore to the killing—and was corroborated by two of his neighbors, who were present at the shooting. The magistrate fined B. ten dollars and costs, which amounted to about ten more. B. paid his fine and costs, and when the parties got home from the trial the dog had come home also and was not killed. B. then got out a warrant against the Frenchman and his two associates for perjury, in swearing B. had killed the dog. They were frightened and made peace with B., paid him back his twenty dollars, and ten more for his trouble, and no trial was had; and when the parties returned home from the last suit, lo! the dog was dead."

### TO ESCAPE THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

1. Avoid standing under trees to escape from the rain during a thunder-storm, but boldly expose yourself to the wet; it will preserve you from the lightning. 2. Avoid standing close to any metallic bodies, as lead pipes or iron rail-ings, &c. 3. When in-doors during a thunder-storm, sit or stand as near to the middle of the room as convenient; avoid standing at the window, or sitting near the wall.

### From Wiley's North Carolina Reader.

#### Avarice and Prodigality to be alike Avoided.

BY WILLIAM H. BATTLE, NORTH-CAROLINA.

Avarice cuts off man from his brother, and concentrates all his hopes, wishes, and affections upon himself. It turns a deaf ear to the voice of sympathy, and is callous to the calls of gratitude and friendship. Its devotee has no feeling, no hope, no love but for self. Cold as his money-bags, his heart grows harder and harder, until it can claim kindred with nought but the nether millstone. It is said to be our national vice, whether truly or not, I will not now stop to inquire, but charge you to avoid it as you would the desolating torjudo or burning sirocco. But, in shunning Scylla, beware of Charybdis. Prodigality and extravagance produce results almost as disastrous as those of avarice. Without a proper attention is paid to providing suitably for yourself, and for those of your own household, and the exercise of a prudent economy in the management of your affairs, they will soon become involved, debts will accumulate, and pecuniary embarrassment and distress will not be slow to follow on; and then you will have nothing left to you but the name of a freeman; for a state of indebtedness beyond the ability to pay is essentially a state of slavery. I allude not to the power which the law gives to the creditor over the body of his debtor, but to that which he exercises over his feelings, his principles, and his characters. I mean no offence by the declaration; but all observation shows that I do not speak too strongly when I say that the condition of a debtor, who is utterly unable to meet his engagements, is a condition of thralldom—thralldom, not of the body, if you please, but what is infinitely worse—of the soul. In bitter experience of the truth of this remark it was that the poet, in an epistle equally remarkable for beauty of language and correctness of sentiment, advised a young friend:

"To catch dame fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her,  
And gather gear by every wile  
That's justified by honour:  
Not for to hide it in a hedge;  
Not for a train attendant;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent."

### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—HONESTY.—The man who would steal a pin, would perform the same operation on a crowbar, where it is an easy concealment. The man who steals not from fear of the mill far outstrips the highwayman, for the latter has a good quality the former lacks—courage. Honesty is in the heart, and not in the fingers; it is a moral and not a cultivated plant. There are not gradations in roguery—all who overstep the charmed line of honesty, bear the same stamp. Honesty is the half-way house to piety; and it is there the fatigued wayfarer, on his journey of competition, takes rest and refreshment. Honesty may be ragged for a season, but the sound heart that beats 'neath the tatters, feels a contempt for well-dressed roguery as the paces, and a confidence in the path before him. The man who makes not a sacrifice in the cause of honesty is but a bubble on the dirty water of roguery, that sooner or later bursts, and forms a part of the filth.—*Diogenes.*

### MISS LESLIE ON SLANG.—"There's no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as polking, when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance, too fashionable not long since; but happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say: 'Last night, I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies who having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence) and try to excite laughter, and attract the attention of gentlemen by talking slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers, or from vulgar books! Surely not from low companions! We have heard one of these ladies when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk—also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to any thing unwillingly, she was 'brought to the scratch.' Sometimes 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast. She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties she always had half a dozen gentlemen about her; their curiosity being excited as to what she would next say. And yet, she was a woman of many good qualities; and one who boasted of having always 'lived in society.'

### WHISPERING IN COMPANY.—This habit, so often indulged in by young ladies, in the presence of friends and strangers, savors strongly of rudeness. The vainest being, the most conceited or the most perfect, suffers alike under that emancipation from the government of true politeness. We cannot help, though perfect we may imagine ourselves, to consider ourselves the theme of merry whispers, and the pain rankling in our wounded self-love, leaves a thorn which sooner or later will sting the aggressors and prove a thorn to them. Whispering in the presence of strangers, without some cogent apology, is therefore entirely out of place, and ought to be avoided, be it what it may.

### THE STREAM OF LIFE.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurs of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; and we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are au-

mated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry that is passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and land lessens from our eyes; the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants; and of our future voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal!

DOMESTIC PEACE.—If there is one spot above all others where peace should reign, it is the domestic circle. What gives home its attractions? 'Tis love—'tis the absence of every storm of passion to disturb the quiet of the first side circle. Brothers and sisters, strive to maintain unintermitted peace. Fear the first unkind word. Be generous and forgiving—drive far away the green-eyed monster jealousy, or your quiet will be marred forever. Bridle your tongue before you speak or act. Ask yourselves, "will this be right?" and if your conscience will not answer in the affirmative be silent. So shall peace and true happiness bless your family circle.

Fathers and mothers, see that your children live in perfect harmony,—be just and fair, not—but let your precepts be strengthened by your examples. Let unbroken conjugal peace reign in your home, from your bridal till your dying day. Then shall wars and tumults cease. Continual family contention will inevitably foster a spirit of war and conquest. Think of these things every day you live.

### PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—HONESTY.—The man who would steal a pin, would perform the same operation on a crowbar, where it is an easy concealment. The man who steals not from fear of the mill far outstrips the highwayman, for the latter has a good quality the former lacks—courage. Honesty is in the heart, and not in the fingers; it is a moral and not a cultivated plant. There are not gradations in roguery—all who overstep the charmed line of honesty, bear the same stamp. Honesty is the half-way house to piety; and it is there the fatigued wayfarer, on his journey of competition, takes rest and refreshment. Honesty may be ragged for a season, but the sound heart that beats 'neath the tatters, feels a contempt for well-dressed roguery as the paces, and a confidence in the path before him. The man who makes not a sacrifice in the cause of honesty is but a bubble on the dirty water of roguery, that sooner or later bursts, and forms a part of the filth.—*Diogenes.*

MISS LESLIE ON SLANG.—"There's no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as polking, when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance, too fashionable not long since; but happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say: 'Last night, I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies who having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence) and try to excite laughter, and attract the attention of gentlemen by talking slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers, or from vulgar books! Surely not from low companions! We have heard one of these ladies when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk—also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to any thing unwillingly, she was 'brought to the scratch.' Sometimes 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast. She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties she always had half a dozen gentlemen about her; their curiosity being excited as to what she would next say. And yet, she was a woman of many good qualities; and one who boasted of having always 'lived in society.'

WHISPERING IN COMPANY.—This habit, so often indulged in by young ladies, in the presence of friends and strangers, savors strongly of rudeness. The vainest being, the most conceited or the most perfect, suffers alike under that emancipation from the government of true politeness. We cannot help, though perfect we may imagine ourselves, to consider ourselves the theme of merry whispers, and the pain rankling in our wounded self-love, leaves a thorn which sooner or later will sting the aggressors and prove a thorn to them. Whispering in the presence of strangers, without some cogent apology, is therefore entirely out of place, and ought to be avoided, be it what it may.

### THE STREAM OF LIFE.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurs of the little brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; and we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are au-

### TO ESCAPE THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.

1. Avoid standing under trees to escape from the rain during a thunder-storm, but boldly expose yourself to the wet; it will preserve you from the lightning. 2. Avoid standing close to any metallic bodies, as lead pipes or iron rail-ings, &c. 3. When in-doors during a thunder-storm, sit or stand as near to the middle of the room as convenient; avoid standing at the window, or sitting near the wall.

### UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

A laughable illustration of the heading of