

# Edgefield Advertiser

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

VOLUME XIV.

EDGEFIELD, S. C. MAY 30, 1849.

NO. 19

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BY  
WM. F. DURISOE,  
PROPRIETOR.

### NEW TERMS

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, per annum  
\$3 paid in advance—\$3 if not paid within six  
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be charged \$1 per square. Advertisements  
not having the number of insertions marked  
on them, will be continued until ordered out  
and charged accordingly.

Communications, post paid, will be prompt-  
ly and strictly attended to.

### JOSEPH ABNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL be found in his office at Edgefield  
Court House, adjoining Bryan's Brick  
Store, on Saturdays, Sale-days, and Court-  
weeks.

He will attend promptly and strictly to busi-  
ness in his profession.  
January 10. if 51

**DR. E. F. TEAGUE**  
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional  
services in the practice of Medicine, Sur-  
gery, and Obstetrics, to the Citizens of Edge-  
field Village and vicinity. Office in the Drug  
Store of Drs. Bland, Teague & Co.  
May 9, if 16

### CANDIDATES.

#### FOR SHERIFF.

The friends of **WESLEY BODIE**, Esq.,  
announce him as a Candidate for the Office of  
Sheriff of this District at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **Capt.  
HUMPHREY BOULWARE**, as a Candidate  
for Sheriff, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **Col. THOS. W. LAN-  
HAM** announce him as a Candidate for the  
Office of Sheriff at the next election.  
The friends of **Col. JOHN HILL** an-  
nounce him as a Candidate for Sheriff of Ed-  
gefield District at the next election.  
We are authorized to announce **T. J.  
WHITAKER**, as a Candidate for the Office  
of Sheriff, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **ALFRED MAY**,  
announce him as a Candidate for Sheriff,  
at the ensuing election.

#### FOR TAX COLLECTOR.

We are authorized to announce  
**Capt. T. DEAN**, as a Candidate for Tax  
Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce  
**LITTLETON A. BROOKS**, as a  
Candidate for Tax Collector, at the ensuing  
election.  
We are authorized to announce  
**ROBERT CLOY**, as a Candidate for  
Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **Maj. ISAAC BOLES**,  
announce him as a Candidate for the Office  
of Tax Collector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **Capt.  
B. F. GOUDY**, as a Candidate for the  
Office of Tax Collector, at the ensuing  
election.  
Jan. 2  
The friends of **Maj. F. W. BURT**, an-  
nounce him as a Candidate for Tax Collec-  
tor, at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **Col. J. QUATTLEBUM**,  
announce him as a Candidate for Tax Col-  
lector, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **WM. L.  
PARKS** as a Candidate for Tax Collec-  
tor, at the next election.

#### FOR ORDINARY.

The friends of **VIRGIL M. WHITE**,  
announce him as a Candidate for the office  
of Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **EDWARD  
PRESLEY**, as a Candidate for the Office of  
Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce **Col.  
WILLIAM H. MOSS**, as a Candidate for  
the office of Ordinary at the ensuing  
election.  
The friends of **HENRY T. WRIGHT**  
Esq., announce him as a candidate for the of-  
fice of Ordinary of this District, at the ensuing  
election.  
We are authorized to announce **Maj.  
W. L. COLEMAN**, as a candidate for  
Ordinary at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **HUGH A. NIXON**, Esq.,  
respectfully announce him as a Candidate  
for the office of Ordinary, at the next  
Election.

#### FOR CLERK.

We are authorized to announce **THOS.  
G. BACON**, a candidate for re-election as  
Clerk of the Court, for Edgefield District.  
The friends of **E. PENN.** announce  
him as a Candidate for the Office of Clerk  
at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce  
**WM. M. JOHNSON**, Esq., a candidate  
for Clerk of the District Court of Edgefield  
at the ensuing election.  
The friends of **PETER QUATTLE-  
BUM**, Esq., announce him as a candidate for  
the Office of Clerk of the Court of Common  
Pleas, of this District, at the ensuing election.  
We are authorized to announce  
**Col. O. TOWLES**, as a Candidate for  
Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, at  
the ensuing election.

### JOHN SMITH.

Some few years since, a gentleman  
residing not an hundred miles from this,  
travelling in the neighboring State of  
Arkansas, on a collecting expedition had  
occasion to call upon a customer  
who we shall call John Smith—net the  
immortal John Smith Jr., who writes  
for the newspapers but in all probability,  
a relation of the great original whose  
portrait hangs upon a peg against the  
cabin wall. Being, as he thought in the  
neighborhood, not knowing precisely  
the whereabouts of the aforesaid John  
Smith, he accented a copperas-stripped  
specimen of the old North Carolina  
State, who was rather listlessly engaged  
in front of a cabin, hewing out an axle-  
tree for an ox-cart, from a pine sapling.

Traveller.—Good morning sir; will  
you have the goodness to direct me to  
John Smith's?  
N. C.—Certainly sir; if there is any  
thing in this world I do know, it is the  
way to John Smith's. Why, John  
Smith and me came out together from  
North Carolina. We cut out that new  
road leading across that branch and over  
that hill. We—

Traveller.—But sir, will you have  
the goodness to tell me where he lives?  
N. C.—To be sure I will. As I was  
saying, if there is any thing in this world  
I do know, it is the road to John Smith's.  
Why, sir, John Smith and me married  
sisters; and has got the smartest wife in  
all these parts. She—

Traveller.—No doubt of it; but I  
want to see him, and have nothing to  
do with the good qualities of his wife.  
Will you direct me?  
N. C.—Of course I will, as I said  
before; if there is any thing in the world  
I do know, it is the way to John Smith's.  
But as I was observing, his wife spins  
her six cuts a day, besides attending to  
family fixings.

Traveller.—She may spin sixty for  
all I know or care, but that has nothing  
to do with my question. I wish to find  
her husband—will you tell me where he  
lives?  
N. C.—Will I tell you where John  
Smith lives?—Well, that's a good one.  
I tell you again, that if there is anything  
in the world I do know, it is where John  
Smith lives. Why, sir, as I said before,  
we came from North Carolina together.  
And he has a yoke of the tuest pulling  
oxen in these parts. His negro man  
Jim is the smartest—

Traveller.—My dear sir, it is grow-  
ing late and I wish to get on. If you  
can direct me, why don't you do it? I  
ask you again if you will direct me to  
John Smith's?  
N. C.—Hav'n't I told you a dozen  
times if there is any thing in this world  
I do know, it is where John Smith  
lives? Hav'n't I told you that we come  
from North Carolina together? But  
speaking of his boy Jim—he can pick  
out his hundred weight of cotton in a  
day, and shell out "a turn of corn for  
mill" at night, and no mistake. Beside  
sirs—

Traveller.—Zounds, man! what have  
I to do with Jim—or his cotton, or his  
corn? I have asked you a plain ques-  
tion, which I will ask again. Is there,  
or is there not, such a man as John  
Smith living in this section, and if you  
know the way to his house, will you  
point it out to me?  
N. C.—And Zounds, man! hav'n't I  
been telling you all the time, that there  
is such a man as John Smith living in  
these diggings; and if there is anything  
in the world I do know, it is the way to his  
house? I tell you again, we not only  
came from North Carolina together,  
but cut out a new road leading across  
that branch and over the hill.

Why, sir, John Smith has the smart-  
est little daughter you ever saw. She  
has only been to school two years, and  
has got as far as *amplification*.

Traveller.—Confound his daughter,  
and her *amplification* too! I think you  
have got that far yourself. For when I  
ask you a plain question, which you  
might answer in a half dozen words,  
you spin a long yarn about roads, negroes,  
wives, oxen and little girls. Now do,  
that's a good fellow, just talk a little  
more like a man of sense, and show me  
the road to John Smith's.

N. C.—Don't you confound John's  
*darter*, mister; she's my niece, and a  
smart one she is, too. Why, you, are  
as *tetchous* as a skinned bel, and won't  
let a body direct you when they are  
trying with all their might. To be  
short with you as you seem to wish it—  
I tell you again, we came from North  
Carolina together—we bought land to-  
gether at a dollar and half an acre; we  
bought three hundred a piece. John  
Smith's land lies just across that swamp,  
but he don't live there now. You see—

Traveller.—I see I am not likely to  
get an answer of you to-day; so I may  
as well keep on. I ask you now, and  
for the last time, will you, or will you  
not direct me the way to John Smith's?

N. C.—And I tell you now, for the  
twentieth time, if there is *any thing in  
this world I do know, it is the way to  
John Smith's*.

But I must tell you about his fine  
blooded mare and Timoleon filly. She  
lucked the purse last Saturday was a  
fortnight, at the Big Deer Lick course,  
like falling off a log. She's a holy critter  
I tell you—and throws it down on the  
grit—and shoots ahead a *leettle* faster  
than the fastest kind of lightning.

Traveller.—Good day sir. And may  
old Nick take John Smith, his wife,  
daughter, negroes, and sundries in gen-  
eral; and you and your *amplification* in  
particular. (Puts to his horse in a fit of  
absolute despair of obtaining a direct  
answer to a simple question.)

N. C.—The same to you, sir. And  
may old Nick take you and your horse  
too. Why, I never seed such a man.  
He kept asking, and asking; and I kept  
telling and telling—and he wouldn't lis-  
ten a single bit. Why, he wouldn't  
even wait till I told him what John  
Smith give for his mare, besides a hundred  
other little things, that would have been  
news to him, and made the time pass off  
agreeable. Well, let him go ahead. But  
if he goes the road he's started on in  
such a hurry he won't get to John  
Smith's, and that's some comfort, any  
way. (Resumes the hewing of the axle  
tree.)

### WINCHELL.

A travelling acquaintance relates the  
following story of this inimitable ven-  
triloquist:

He was travelling somewhere in Penn-  
sylvania, where a dispute or misunder-  
standing took place in relation to the  
rent of a lecture room, which he had  
hired of the city authorities, for which  
they affirmed they charged twenty-five  
dollars, and had so informed him prior  
to his taking it, while he as stoutly al-  
leged that they had told him distinct-  
ly, and in plain terms, that the price was  
five dollars, and that they now wished to  
extort that amount from him on account  
of his success. This insinuation provoked  
the ire of the principal member of the  
board, an old Dutch Justice, who insisted  
upon it that inasmuch "as to show  
fellow had taken away all the monish  
vram de beuples, for to see to slight of  
hand business, dat he ought to bay twenty-  
five dollars any how, and be fery glad  
to kid off so."—Mr. W. bent a  
searching glance at the old Judge and  
asked him if there was not a still small  
voice within that admonished him not to  
swindle strangers; to which his honor  
replied, "You ish berry impudent tel-  
lor sir; I kin dell you tat you musht pay  
fifty tollars for contempt of the Court and  
imbrison you till te small voice say I  
must pay you pack again. Vot you tink  
for dat, hey?"

Winchell.—And you think this jus-  
tice, do you?  
Justice.—Yes, dat ish my justice to  
you for your impudence.

Winchell.—I think I can alter your  
opinion.

Justice.—Vell, you make me say  
different, den I will act different.

Winchell.—Do you think from the  
inmost recesses of your heart that this is  
a righteous decision?

A voice that sounded like the Jus-  
tice's thrown so deep into his body that  
it seemed to issue from the Dutchman's  
very heart, immediately answered, No!  
(The President and Board were thun-  
derstruck.)

Winchell.—Do you think now that I  
ought, under the present circumstances,  
to pay one cent?

Voice within the Justice. No, I ton't  
tink you ought to pay one cent; I was  
only choking; you can get clear.

Winchell.—Thank you, gentlemen.  
Before the astonished Justice and Al-  
derman could recover their surprise, the  
artist was out of the court-room and at  
his hotel.—He was soon followed by the  
entire party, and prevailed upon to  
repeat his astonishing performances,  
which it is needless to add drew crowds  
upon crowds during his sojourn in the  
village.—Chicago Journal.

### A GOURMAND.

The following is a passage from Meg  
Dod's amusing cookery-book, relating  
to a Mr. Rogerson, an enthusiast in the  
science of eating, and she says, a mar-  
tyr: "He as may be presumed, was  
educated at that university, where the  
rudiments of palatic science are the  
most thoroughly impressed on the ductile  
organs of youth. His father, a gentle-  
man of Gloucestershire, sent him  
abroad to make the grand tour, upon  
which journey he attended to nothing  
but the various modes of cookery, and  
methods of eating and drinking luxuri-  
ously. Before his return his father  
died, and he entered into the posses-  
sion of a very large monied fortune, and  
a small landed estate. He was now

able to look over his notes on epicuri-  
sm; and to discover where the most  
exquisite dishes, and the best cooks  
were to be procured. He had no other  
servants in his house than cooks; his  
butler, footman, house-keeper, coachman,  
and groom were all cooks.—He had  
three Italian cooks: one was from Flo-  
rence, another from Vienna, and a third  
from Viterbo, for dressing one dish, the  
*douce piccante* of Florence. He had a  
messenger constantly on the road be-  
tween Brighton and London, to bring  
him the eggs of a certain sort of plover,  
found near St. Maloes. He has eaten  
a single dinner at the expense of fifty-  
eight pounds, though himself only sat  
down to it, and there were but two  
dishes. He counted the minutes bet-  
ween the meals, and seemed totally ab-  
sorbed in the idea, or action of eating;  
yet his stomach was very small. It  
was the exquisite flavor alone that he  
sought. In nine years he found his  
table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of  
his fortune, and himself hastened to  
poverty. This made him melancholy,  
and brought on disease. When totally  
ruined, (having spent one hundred and  
fifty thousand pounds,) a friend gave  
him alms to keep him from starving;  
and he was found in a garret soon after  
roasting an agoutin with his own hands.  
We regret to add, that a few days after-  
wards this extraordinary youth shot  
himself."

### BUSINESS-AND RELIGION.

Young man, just entering upon the  
business of life, if this article strikes  
your eye, tarry a moment and read it.  
Business and Religion! Do you under-  
stand the intimate connexion of these  
two words? If not, let us consider  
them.

Suppose we should put the question  
to an audience composed of such men  
as many of the business men of this or  
any nation are: "What is the chief end  
of business? What would be the answer  
we might naturally expect, from almost  
any of that audience? Would it not be  
"The chief end of business? Why,  
the accumulation of money, to be sure;  
to acquire property. Acquisition; this  
is it." And would not the answer ac-  
cord with the fact? We fear it would.  
The father too often advises his son, the  
merchant his clerk, the tradesman his  
commissioner, the dealer in wares his  
pedler, "Alake what you can. Lose no  
opportunity of adding cent to cent, and  
dollar to dollar. This is your business.  
Be about it; see to it always."

What but this do you read in the  
continued strife of most of the business  
world?—In its watchings and worry-  
ings, its expedients and achievements  
in trade, its success in making the pres-  
ent gain attraction for the future; what  
but this in the main desire too generally  
expressed, that all will be when the in-  
dividual becomes wealthy? And what  
but this is the homage generally paid in  
the heart to mere property, when this  
property may have least to do with the  
riches that are of more value than all  
silver and gold?

Now here is an error of the most  
pernicious kind. Such is not the just  
aim of our exertions, such is not the  
great end of the business of life. It is  
a libel on the nature seriously to pre-  
tend so. The chief end of business is  
its moral, its religious end.—We can  
come to no other conclusion, if we con-  
sult the New Testament. We never  
find an intimation here, that business  
and religion are disconnected. Such  
was not the idea of the apostle when he  
wrote, "Whatsoever ye do, do in word or  
in deed, do all in the name of the Lord  
Jesus. Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily,  
as to the Lord, and put unto men, know-  
ing that of the Lord ye shall receive the  
reward of the inheritance, for ye serve  
the Lord Christ." Nor this his concep-  
tion when he gave his brethren direction  
to be "not slothful in business, fervent  
in spirit, serving the Lord." The busi-  
ness of life is blended with the religion  
of it. It is to be pursued not with the  
idea of accumulating riches as its end;  
but with the conviction that money is a  
means only, and truth, honor, and in-  
tegrity the great ends. And there is a  
noble field for the cultivation of these  
virtues in the life of every business man.  
It is falsehood and shame to pretend  
that men can be only honest as trade and  
the times may admit, when they pursue  
the business of life. As well might we  
decide every calling in life a game of  
deception of ourselves and our race.  
No such thing. Let the tradesman, let  
every man of business remember, that  
business is one of Heaven's ordinations  
to instruct us in truth, goodness, benev-  
olence, and that eternal justice which  
says to all, "As ye would that men  
should do unto you, do ye even the  
same unto them; for this is the law and  
the prophet."

Young man, consider this' connexion

of the business with the religion of life.  
Never lose sight of it. So shall you gain  
that treasure of heaven, which "gold  
and a multitude of rubies" could not  
secure, and which no vicissitudes of cap-  
ricious or outrageous fortune can annul  
or destroy.—Gospel Teacher.

### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Acids and alkalis are to each other  
like negative and positive, and when  
mixed in equal proportions neutralize  
each other, and when neutralized, are in  
equal proportions.

Acids change blue, purple and green  
colors of vegetable into red; and neu-  
tralize alkalis and earth. The elemen-  
tary principle is oxygen. There are  
eighteen mineral acids, nine vegetable,  
and five animal.

Alkalis have the power of changing  
the blue vegetable juices to green and  
yellow, the yellow to orange, the orange  
to red, and the red to purple. Acids  
change vegetable blues to red. Chloro-  
line destroys all colours.

Alumina is the chief constituent of  
clay; it combines with lime, and hence  
the use of lime in iron stone.

Lime is obtained by burning parts  
of rock and mountains which are often  
composed of it. When burnt it is  
corrosive, and tinges blue vegetable  
infusions green; it is slaked by pour-  
ing water upon it, which becomes fixed  
and solid, gives out the excite-  
ment or heat which rendered it fluid.  
This is the cause of the heat which  
accompanies the slacking of lime; one-  
fourth in weight being water.—  
Limestone in its native state being uni-  
ted with carbonic acid, which the burn-  
ing drives off. Water then swells it  
and reduces it to powder, in which state  
it is converted into mortar, after which  
it combines with carbonic acid, and hardens  
again.

The term gas, is German for ghost,  
and was first applied by Van Helmont  
and Mayow, who discovered their ex-  
istence, but did not analyze them. All  
of them owe their existence, to their  
own aqueous motion, and if this is im-  
mediately destroyed, the return to a  
fluid or solid state.

Galileo discovered the weight of the  
atmosphere; Boyle its elastic charac-  
ter and connexion with sound. Priest-  
ley, Scheele, and Mayow, in 1774 in-  
vestigated its chemical relation.

A middle sized man consumes 40000  
cubic inches, or 26 cubic feet, or nearly  
a cubic yard of oxygen per day, making  
twenty respirations in a minute, and  
10. cubic inch in each.

Air of the density of that near the  
earth, would be opaque in a thickness  
of seventeen miles.

Fluids consist of minute atoms separa-  
ted by gases, and the motion of heat  
creates this one degree of granification  
while another degree converts the whole  
into gas.

The aqueous vapour in atmospheric  
air seems essential to animal and vege-  
table life; the dried winds of Africa  
called Harmattan being very destructiv-

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—For my-  
self, I am sure that a different mother  
would have made me a different man.  
When a boy, I was too much like the  
self-willed, excitable Clarence; but the  
tenderness with which my mother al-  
ways treated me and the unimpassioned  
but earnest manner in which she re-  
proved and corrected my faults, sub-  
dued my untuly temper. When I be-  
came restless or impatient, she al-  
ways had a book to read to me, or a  
story to tell, or had some device to save  
me from myself. My father was neither  
harsh nor indulgent towards me; I  
cherish his memory with respect and  
love. But I have different feelings  
when I think of my mother. I often  
feel, even now, as she were near me  
—as if her cheek were laid to mine.  
My father would lay his hand upon my  
head, caressingly but my mother would  
lay her cheek against mine. I did not  
expect my father to do more—I do not  
know that I would have loved him bet-  
ter had he done more; for him it was a  
natural expression of affection. But no  
act is too tender for a mother. Her kiss  
upon my cheek, her warm embrace,  
are all felt now, and the older I grow, the  
more holy seem the influences that sur-  
rounded me in childhood.—"The Moth-  
er." by T. S. Arthur.

The following advertisement the  
Knickerbocker found posted on a hand-  
post in Canal street, Albany:—  
Strayed or Stolen—My wife Ann  
Murrah. Whoever returns her will get  
his head broke. As for trusting her,  
any body can do so who sees fit—for, as  
I never pay any of my own debts, it  
is not at all likely that I will lay awake  
nights thinking about other people's.  
JAMES Q. DOBSON.

The world is full of fools.

### From the Olive Branch.

#### EVIL SPEAKING.

Many a man despises another, with  
whom he never had dealings, or to whom  
he scarcely ever spoke. Some person  
has whispered a slander in his ear. He  
believes the ill report and thus shuns  
and despises his neighbor. A slander  
stops not here. This man has intimate  
friends to whom he opens his heart, and  
who catch his feelings and also become  
prejudiced against one, who perhaps  
may be one of the best men in the com-  
munity. "Behold how great a fire a  
little spark kindleth," says the Apostle.  
A man who breathes a word against  
another, is little aware of the danger he  
produces. He cannot recall that word  
if he would. It has gone forth and is  
repeated and believed by scores. Men  
are not careful when they speak, and  
the slander is added to, until the char-  
acter of one comparatively pure, is  
made black and offensive in the extreme.  
Stop man! Do not speak at random.  
Utter no falsehood, no matter what may  
be your feelings towards another. Evil  
speaking is a sin of which hundreds are  
guilty, who are not sensible of the in-  
jury they are producing. They imag-  
ine that language dies, when it falls from  
their lips. Not so; it lives, and is ever  
active for good or for evil. Be careful  
then when you speak and how you  
speak. Misrepresent nobody. It is a  
good rule to observe—if you cannot  
speak well of another, not to speak ill.  
A little care will save a deal of trouble  
and prevent these animosities and hat-  
reds that embitter the sweets of life, and  
are never healed this side of the grave.  
Will you speak evil of another? Will  
you slander? Will you lie? If so,  
we never desire your acquaintance. We  
are sure if there is a God, he will pre-  
sent his coldest frown to those who  
backbite, and defame, and labor to cov-  
er with infamy a name that is above  
reproach.

**WILLIAM PITT.**—Pitt was tall and thin  
with a gloomy, sneering expression. His  
language was cold; his intonation mono-  
tonous; his gestures positionless; his sil-  
lucidence and fluency of his ideas, and his  
logical reasoning illuminated by sudden  
flashes of eloquence, made his abilities  
something extraordinary. I saw Pitt pre-  
sented often, as he walked across St. James'  
Park, from his house, on his way to the  
king. George III on his side, had perhaps  
just arrived from Windsor, after drinking  
beer from pewter pots with the farmers of  
the neighborhood; he crossed the ugly  
court yard of his ugly palace in a dark  
carrage, followed by a few horse guards.  
This was the master of the kings of Eu-  
rope, as five or six merchants are masters  
of India.

Pitt, in a black coat and brass-billed  
sword, with his hat under his arm, went  
up stairs, two or three steps at a time; on  
his way he only saw a few little emigres,  
and glancing disdainfully at us, passed on  
with a pale face and head thrown back.  
This great financier maintained no order  
in his own house; he had no regular  
hours for his meals or his sleep. Plunged  
in debt, he had paid nothing, and could  
not make up his mind to add up a bill.  
A valet managed his household affairs.  
Ill-dressed, without pleasure, without pas-  
sion, eager for power alone, he despised  
honors, and would be nothing but William  
Pitt. Lord Liverpool took me to dine at  
his country house in the month of June,  
1822; and on his way thither, pointed out  
to me the small house where died in pov-  
erty the son of Lord Chatham, the states-  
man who brought all Europe into his pay,  
and distributed with his own hands all the  
millions of the earth.—Memoirs of Cha-  
teaubrand.

**BE EASY.**—A Frenchman, who was  
totally unacquainted with our language,  
being lately introduced to a circle of  
young ladies and gentleman of Boston,  
after the usual compliments has passed,  
seated himself beside a beautiful young  
lady, and being deprived of the satisfac-  
tion of conversing with her (his  
contentance, however, expressed the  
emotion of his heart,) seized her by the  
hand—she requested him to be easy  
—which he mistook for the French  
word *Baisez*, (kiss me,) and began kiss-  
ing her to the mirth of the whole com-  
pany. The consequence was that the  
ladies came to an unanimous determi-  
nation never to say "be easy" to a French-  
man.

**TEXAS.**—The Matagorda Tribune, in  
an able article defending Mr. Calhoun  
against the aspersions of Senator Houston  
has the following just and discriminating  
remarks:

"Respecting Mr. Calhoun's disunion  
notions and movements we think our Sen-  
ator greatly at fault. A strict construc-  
tionist will never dissolve the Union, a  
latitudinarian may. He is the disinunion-  
ist at heart who tamely submits to an in-  
fracture of the Constitution, not he who stands  
up in accordance with his oath to maintain  
it and uphold at every hazard the rights it  
was intended to protect and vindicate."

Bachelor's wives and maids' children  
are always well taught.